That Son-in-Law of Pa's

THE MOST THRILLING STORY OF THE FIGHTING ON THE GALLIPOLI PENNINSULA

The Courier Took It From Correspondence of Captain C.E. W. Bean, Official Press Correspondent With the Australian Expeditionary Force—A More Graphic Pen Picture Was Never Given of Unparalleled Heroism.

(Otago Daily Times, New Zealand).

Gaba Tepe, August 15.

It differed from the charge of the Light Brigade in that it was made by horsemen who had volunteered to fight on foot, or in any other way, provided they could only get to Gallipoli and help the other Australians there. There are the two scaling ladders which they carried with them, lying outside in the scrub, about half way to the enemy's trench, and a number of tumbled little heaps of that peasoup-colored Australian khaki, which is the hall-mark of unrecorded heroism on every battlefield in this peninsula. You can piece together a few simple deductions as to the details. There are no Victoria Crosses; there are no birthday honors. But I know that for sheer self-sacrificing heroism, there was never a deed in history that surpassed the charge that two Australian Light Horse Brigades made in the first light of Saturday, August 7, in order to help their comrades in a critical moment of a great battle.

FOR FOUR LONG MONTHS.

The charge was made against the centre of the Turkish position. Four long months we and the Turks have faced one another, a line shaped like two sides of a triangle, the third side or back, being the sea. We held an inner triangle, and the Turks an outer one, and at the apex the two have from the first come very, very close together. At various times we have been separated from one another only by a single barricade of sandbags, 6 feet in width, hastily piled across a communication trench, but of late, conditions have been less strained, and the two sides have been facing one another on both sides of the angle at about 15 or 20 yards at the closest. If you imagine the main ridge here, and its spurs as a fish's backbone, running between north and northwest, with the sea on the west of it, then the right of our line is on the backbone, and the left on one of the ribs. We do not hold the actual point where they meet—that is a knob of the main ridge, marked 700 feet high on the map. That point is held by the Turks, and the slope of the crest as it gradually rises to it, is seamed with line after line of trenches—about eight feet deep in some places. Our line ends just before the two ridges join—we hold the crest of one side,—then a hill in the middle of the gully—then the crest on the other. Those three points and the two gullies between them the First and Third Light Horse Brigades were ordered to attack at daylight on August 7.

The men of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps had been in these trenches for 16 weeks, without rest, and without relief. Each corner of the war had its own peculiar difficulties, and what distinguished Anzac from them all is that from the first hour of landing, almost all the heavy carriage that goes on wheels in other places has here to go on the backs of men. No part of the army is at any time more than 1200 yards from the enemy's trenches. Consequently without making a song about it, as they say,—it may be imagined how the men longed for any relief from this constant, never-ending, trench digging and water-carrying. When the orders for the next attack came along the men grasped at the fact that this might be the last they would see of those intermingled trenches. The next night they would bivouac in the scrub on the ridge out beyond those Turkish lines in God's open country. How enticing it seemed.

WHAT THEY HAD SEEN.

During the afternoon of the day before, when the battle began, they had seen the wonderful rush of the 1st Australian Infantry Brigade against the Turkish trenches on Lonesome Pine. They had seen crowd after crowd of small khaki fighters, each with the white patches on its arms and back, racing across the interval of scrub, half hidden in the dust of the bullets and a hell of bursting shrapnel whilst the waning light of a glorious day spread its warm, rosy flush over the landscape. They had seen what looked like the strongest section in a tremendously formidable position captured by a series of determined rushes which went forward for two hours, wave after wave, and from which not one single unwounded man turned back. What the infantry had done that evening they themselves would do the next morning. When the grey light appeared again in the sky the Australian Light Horse were to make their own attack.

SOUNDS THROUGH THE NIGHT

It was all a very small part of a very big movement. After dackness other columns issued out from the northern end of our lines, and one after another turned to its right into the tangled and almost unknown foothills of the main ridge. All through the night came outbursts of rifle firing—first from fairly close at hand where the New Zealand Mounted Rifles and the Maris, amidst widldy fierce lighting, were clearing the Turks out from the redoubt amongst their strongly-held positions in the nearer foothills. A little before daylight there came over ever so faintly the sound as of water bubbling and boiling. It was the first sign of the new British force landed that night four miles to the north at Suvla Bay.

Now it was a matter of intense urgency to hold the Turks to their positions around Anzac, while these other columns had time to do their appointed work before the Turks could find out what they were at and forestall them. It was possible that they would be in such a position by daybreak as greatly to help in the attack made by the Light Horse. On the other hand it was possible that they might not be in the position in which the attack by the Light Horse would have to help them get there. And this is what actually happened. When the moon rose late the northern columns were still winding their difficult way through the foothills, driving the Turkish snipers and entrenched outposts ahead of them. As daylight began to fringe the sky some of them were beginnig to make their way up the slope of the main ridge. It was clear that the attack of the Light Horse against the centre could expect no help from the north; and an attack upon a trench to the south of them, from which two machine guns were known to play upon the ground they had to cover, had been made twice during the night, and had failed.

THEIR TREASURES

Before daybreak the attacking parties filed into the trenches from which they were to make the rush. They were in their shirts, with the sleeves rolled up and the brown forearm muscles showing. Their knees were bare and sunburnt. Each one carried his full kit, with 200 rounds of ammunition. Water bottles were full and they carried food for a day or two. Each man had stowed carefully into his pack, such little mementoes as he especially prized—a fragment of a Turkish shell, some Turkish coins bought off a prisoner, a home letter and a photograph or two. They were saying their good-bye to their own trenches. That night they would sleep in the scrub.

The attack on the left hand side of the apex was to be made by the 8th Light Horse, with the 10th Light Horse following. Four lines would start of 150 each, the first and second lines being from the 8th Light Horse (Victorias), and the third and fourth lines being the 10th Light Horse (West Australians). The first line was to carry, among other things two scaling ladders made for the occasion. The fourth line would carry picks and shovels and a dozen sorts of engineering supplies; but it was to fight like the others if necessary.

In order to help the men to get out of the trenches like a flash pegs had been driven into the sides of the trenches and footholds cut. As the moment for the charge came near, the first line got its foothold on these, and the second line stood in the trenches behind it ready to give it a leg up. At 4 o'clock to the moment, the bombardment by our guns began. I have seen such bombardments often at Helles, but never since the first week of our landing has the like of it been seen in Anzac. Every gun on land and shore that could be brought to bear emptied itself as fast as the gun's crew could load, into the maze of Turkish trenches on the backbone of the ridge in front of the apex of our position. The dust of the bombardment rolled across the ridge in clouds, shutting out any view of the place from a distance. For half an hour the slope in front of our trenches was an inferno. and then the uproar ceased as suddenly as it had begun—ceased as if cut off short by the stroke of a knife. And that same moment the Light Horse attack was launched.

The men were standing there in the trench, without the least sign of excitement hitching up their packs and getting a firm foothold below the parapet. The colonel of the 8th (Lt.-Col. A. H. White) insisted on leading his regiment. Ten minutes before the start he walked into the brigade office, and held out his hand to the brigade major, "Good-bye" he said. A couple of minutes later he was at his place on the parapet with his men.

AN APPALLING FIRE

Colonel White stood by the parapet with his watch in his hand. He and two other officers had carefully set and compared their watches, and the three now stood under the parapet at three points in the line, watching the second hand fidget its way around. "Three minutes to go," said the colonel. Theen simple, "Go."

They were over the parapet like a flash, the colonel amongst them and the officers in line with the men. I shall never forget that moment. I was making my way along a path from the left of the area, and was passing not very far away, when that tremendous fusilade broke out. It rose from a fierce crackle into a roar, in which you could distinguish neither rifle nor machine gun, but one continuous roaring tempest. One could not help an involuntary shiver—God help anyone who was out in that tornado. But one knew very well that men were out in it. The time put the meaning of it beyond all doubt. Exactly 4.30—the Light Horse were making their charge. There were no British rifles in all that fire. It was the greeting of the Turkish rifles and machine guns as the Light Horse cleared the Australian parapet.

NONE WILL EVER KNOW

One knew that nobody could live in it. Many fell back into the trench wounded, before they had cleared even the parapet. Others, wounded just outside, managed to crawl back and tumble in before they were hit a second and third time and killed, as they certainly would be if they remained lying out there. Practically all those who were wounded were hit in this way on our own parapet. Col. White managed to run eight or ten yards before he was killed. The scaling ladders are lying out there, about the same distance out. Exactly two minutes after the first line had cleared the parapet the second line jumped out, without the slightest hesitation, and followed it.

No one knows how it happened, and probably no one will ever know; some, either of the first line, or of the second, managed to get into the extreme right hand corner of the enemys trench. They carried with them a small flag to put up in the enemy's trench if they captured it, and the appearance of this flag was to be the signal for a party of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers to attack up the gully to the right. Two men were put in the head of one of our foremost saps, with periscopes, to watch for the first sign of this flag in the enemy's trench. This time a French 75—a gun captured by the Turks from the Serbians in the Balkan war— was pouring her shells at the rate of about 1 in 10 seconds into the neck. Machine guns, far too many to count by their noise, were whipping up the dust, and it was next to impossible to distinguish anything in the haze. But in the extreme southeast corner of the Turkish trench there did appear just for 10 minutes the small flag which our party had taken.

The flag no one ever saw them get there. No one will ever know who they were, or how they did it. Only for 10 minutes the flag fluttered up behind the parapet, and then someone unseen tore it down. The fight in that corner of the trenches, whatever it was, was over; and it can only have ended one way.

In the meantime, 10 minutes after the second line and third line had gone over the parapet, as straight and as quick as the other. The attack was then stopped, and fortunately was stopped in time to prevent a small party of this third line from reaching the fire, Zonecull Point. There was one point where our trenches were under cover of the slope, and the men had to crawl out some ten yards or so before they put their heads into the torrent of lead. A dozen or two were stopped here before they made their rush.

ONLY A QUARTER OF AN HOUR

It was all over within a quarter of an hour. Except for the wild fire which burst out again at intervals, there was not a movement in front of the trenches—only the scrub and the tumbled khaki here and there. All day long the brilliant sun of a perfect day poured down upon them from a cloudless sky. That night, after dark, one or two maimed figures appeared over our parapet and stumbled home into the trench. They were men who had fallen wounded into some corner where there was a scrap of cover, and had waited for this chance to get back. One of them came from below the parapet of the Turkish trench on the right. He had lain there all day too close to the parapet for the Turks to see him without exposing themselves. There was another wounded Australian near him. After dark they heard the Turks come out over the parapet of their trench, searching for the bodies of the men there for papers and diaries, so they arranged to make as fast as they could for our trenches. The man who arrived back was shot through the ankle. His mate never came back.

From that man we know all that will probably ever be known of what those Light Horsemen found facing them as they ran through the dust haze. The nearer trenches seemed crammed with troops. The bayonets of the front row of Turks could be seen just over the parapet, and behind them appeared to be two rows of Turks, standing waist high above the parapet, emptying their rifles as fast as they could fire them. This is confirmed by the accounts of officers in other parts of the line who had a view of the Turks in the trenches opposite this.

There is no question that the charge of the Light Horse pinned down to that position during its continuance, and hours afterwards every available Turkish soldier within call. Our own machine guns were able to get in some work amongst those crowded Turks, and those who know say that their losses must have been an ample set-off to our own.

FROM QUINN'S POST.

So much for the charge of the First Light Horse Brigade against the neck. The First Light Horse Brigade attacked partly from Quinn's Post, on the opposite side of the gully, and partly from the hill in the gully between the two. The second regiment was to attack from Quinn's in four lines of 50 each. The first line, led by Major T. J. Logan, scrambled from the trench the instant the signal was given, but more than half were actually killed or wounded before they were clear of the parapet. The first few out managed to reach a few yards before they were killed. They left their trenches at two points, and there were only from 15 to 25 yards to go. Major Logan is said actually to have reached the Turkish parapet and fallen into it. Lieutenant Bourne, who led the other party, fell about 10 yards from our trench. The boy who fell beside him had his leg practically severed by machine gun bullets. The Turkish machine guns drew a line across that narrow space that none could pass. The one man who went out and returned unwounded puts his escape down to the fact that he noticed the point of our sandbags on which the machine gun bullets were hitting low, and a man who was hit once by them was often hit again half dozen times as he fell through the stream.

As the whole of the first line was either killed or wounded within a few seconds, the attack was stopped, and the other lines did not start.

INTO THREE TRENCHES

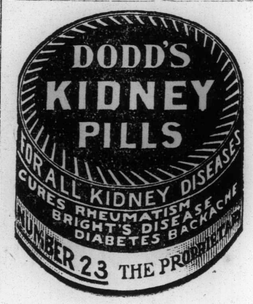
The first regiment attacked from the hill in the gully. In front of that hill is a small branch of the main valley, very steep on both sides, and only about 40 yards from one side to the other. On the northern slope of this gully the Turks have three lines of trenches, the furthest up being on the edge of the gully, with many other lines of Turkish trenches across the gentler slope above it. Some of these lower Turkish trenches were really those made by the 13th Australian Infantry as its support lines when it temporarily won this part of the hill on Sunday, May 2. Two squadrons of the 1st Light Horse went out, one working up the gully and the other going straight over the parapet as soon as the first was in position. The lower trench is never held by the Turks by day, and the Light Horse, by using sticks, drove the Turks clean out of the other two. One party rushed the second trench, and from there began to bomb the trench ahead of it. Suddenly a white hand appeared over the parapet of the trench in front, furiously waving. The colonel of the regiment, who had come out with his men, recognized it for the hand of a subaltern who had led his men right over into the third trench, and immediately leapt over the parapet and joined the party in the third trench, which had previously been in the uncomfortable position of being bombed by its friends from behind and by the enemy from in front. There for two hours this party remained fighting the Turks in the trenches further uphill as best they could with the slender supply of bombs that came over to them. Even to supply those bombs men had to imperil their lives by running over the top from their own trench in full view of the Turks. But the Turk in his trenches up the hill had it all his own way in this bomb battle. His higher trenches were connected with the trench that we held by frequent narrow manhole tunnels. At the same time as a Turk pitched a bomb through the air towards the lower trench he would bowl a second bomb down the tunnel in the same direction, and our men intent on dodging the bomb that was coming through the air, would find a bomb bursting underneath their feet.

THE FUSILIERS

The first regiment saw the third line melt out as the 3rd Light Horse Brigade charged across the ridge to their left. The Welsh Fusiliers, in the valley on their left, advanced through the dust haze until their two first lines fell almost in a heap at the foot of a cliff, down which the Turks rolled bombs upon them when the attack was stopped. The Turks at once, good soldiers that they are—swooped down this cliff face until some of the Light Horse saw what they were at, and detached two or three snipers, who shot 20 of these Turks in quick time. In the meantime, all the other attacks, having ended, the whole of the Turkish machine guns that could bear upon the spot were turned upon the three trenches still held by the First Light Horse, and after two hours of furious fighting the commander of the regiment ordered a retirement. They managed to get most of their wounded to steal up the gully side and rescue one or two of their comrades of the Third Brigade whom they could still see lying on their side of the slope. Of the first regiment only about one in six of the men who went out came back unwounded. And by some miracle the one officer who returned without a scratch, in spite of the fact that he had been through the thickest of that two hours' turmoil, was the commander himself.

So ended the attack of the two light horse brigades. The one man who came back from the parapet of the Turkish trenches on the neck reported that the Turks there had their packs on, and were in full marching order—evidently part of a battalion that had been hurried up from the reserves, or else which was being hurried off to reinforce further north when this attack in the centre delayed it. The Australian Light Horse, in the highest and fullest manner, achieved the object for which their help had became necessary at a critical period of a great movement, and as for the boys—the single-minded loyal Australian country lads, who left their trenches in the grey light of that morning with all their simple treasures on their backs, to bivouac in the scrub that evening, the shades of evening found them lying in the scrub with God's wide sky above them. The green arbutus and the holly of the peninsula, not unlike their native bush, will some day again claim this neck in those wild ranges for its own. But the place will always be sacred as the scene of two very brave deeds, the first—let us not forget it—the desperate attack made by the Turks across that same neck on the dawn of June 30, and secondly of a deed of self-sacrifice and bravery which has never been surpassed in military history—the charge of the Australian Light Horse into certain death at the call of their comrades' need during a crises in the greatest battle that has ever been fought on Turkish soil.

LABATT'S LAGER
IS MILD, PURE, APPETIZING
Just the Beverage for the busy man:—rests the nerves and ensures sound sleep.
If not sold in your neighborhood, write
JOHN LABATT, LIMITED
LONDON - - CANADA
Special arrangements for direct shipment to private consumers.
52
E. C. Andrich, BRANTFORD DISTRIBUTOR
88 Dalhousie Street
Bell Phone 9 - - Auto Phone 19

One
HYDRO QUALITY LAMP
Is equal to
Three
CARBON LAMPS
CARBON Lamps were invented *over 25 years ago* and like many other things they are now *out of date.*
Constantly increasing knowledge and the perfection of *many new discoveries* have been *combined to make* Hydro Quality Lamps *the best* that your money *can buy.*
Now you can replace *three wasteful old style Carbon Lamps* with *one modern Hydro Quality Lamp.* By making this change you will get a *brighter, softer* light—*easier* on the eyes—*better* in every way. But the point of *greatest importance* is that you will use *only 1/3 as much current*—yet get the *same amount* of light. Why not *stop this waste* in your home to-day?
We'll gladly give you full information and see that you get *genuine Hydro Quality lamps.*
The Brantford Hydro Electric System
303 Colborne St., Brantford, Ontario

Why do you keep on paying high prices for imported beers, when you can get a finer lager for about half, by asking for
O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager
"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle."
MAY BE ORDERED AT 25 COLBORNE ST., BRANTFORD.
116