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BRITISH LANDING AT SUVLA BAY GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF KIND IN MILITARY ANNALS

London Press Correspondents Describes in Graphic Detail the Terrific Fighting on Gallipoli from the Disembarkation at Anafarta Up to the Middle of August. Australia and New Zealand Won a Great Victory by Valor of their Troops.

London, Sept. 17—Every fresh item of news concerning the British descent on Suvla or Anafarta Bay, in Gallipoli, goes to confirm the impression that it was the greatest landing in military history.

The enemy were utterly deceived. They expected a landing on the Asiatic coast, and our troops were all disembarked and had advanced miles inland before the Turks appreciated what had happened.

Hurriedly the foe brought up all the forces they could and fiercely attacked the invaders. Our men, however, stuck firmly to the ground they had won. One grimly picturesque feature of the fighting was that the scrub caught fire, and friend and foe alike had to dodge flames as well as bullets.

Describing the historic landing, Mr. George Renwick, special correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle, says:

Details which I have been able to obtain show that the latest operation on the Gallipoli Peninsula—the landing at Suvla Bay—was one of the most brilliant pieces of work yet carried through during the war. The battle which followed the highly successful disembarkation was one of the most stubborn and sanguinary battles yet fought for the possession of the Hellespont and Constantinople.

Never before in history has a landing of such a nature been carried out. In April, at Gaba Tepe and other points on the peninsula, the Allied forces performed, in the face of serious opposition, a feat of landing which verged nearer on the impossible than perhaps anything ever yet accomplished in modern warfare. It might be said with truth that, by all rules and theories, we ought to have been beaten; and therein lies the immortal glory of that April achievement, making it worthy to be coupled with Waterloo, Badajoz or Inkerman.

But the brilliance of the landing at Suvla Bay lies in another direction—through its immediate consequence was a fierce and long struggle which called for, and brought out, all that is best in the fighting qualities of the British troops.

The point about the latest achievement is that it was a complete and staggering surprise. The Turks anticipated a new attack on the Asiatic side, and they had been feverishly fortifying the coastline as far south as Point Baba. Demonstrations made by us had strengthened their belief in our intention. Then suddenly came to them the news that a great force landed at Suvla Bay. Never in military operations before has any enemy been so completely hoodwinked.

The utmost secrecy as to the Allies' plan was preserved, even among high officers, the various units composing the landing force departing from several bases, each unknown to the other. On the appointed night the stars alone witnessed that strange armada on those calm Aegean waters—warships, transports, destroyers, trawlers, ships big and little—steaming towards the one destination.

Landing in The Dark.
That armada arrived before Suvla Bay while darkness still reigned, and while the Turks on the shores of the other continent were waiting sleeplessly—from Kumkale (at the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles) to the Gulf of Adramytti (north of Smyrna) for our coming.

The navy took charge of the landing, and hardly had anchors found a resting place in the sandy sea bottom than hundreds of small boats—pinnaces, launches, etc.—were making swiftly and silently for the shore. Every soldier carried three days' rations, as well as entrenching tools. As the men landed they formed up and advanced on both sides of what the map gives as the "Salt Lake," but which during the burning days of summer is a heat-baked, salt-crusted uneven desert.

Daylight came, and still the work was proceeding with the greatest possible speed. Artillery and supplies in vast quantities were put on shore, and still no opposition was experienced. Unlike the experience at Seddul Bahr and Gaba Tepe, the warships were silent, and for twenty-four hours the operation was

carried out without a single shot from big gun or rifle being fired.

The northern section of the great force moved forward in a north-easterly direction and the southern section in a south-easterly direction, towards the left of the Anzac lines.

The only Turks on the spot—an observation post of fifty men—surrendered to the first comers, and no enemy was reported in sight until almost nightfall, when our advanced forces were six miles inland.

The enemy had, during the day, received information of our surprising coup, and their forces were rushed to the spot. That night—the second night—saw an extraordinarily weird picture. Turks and British had come to within striking distance of each other, and both feverishly, nay, madly—began preparations respectively to effect and oppose further advance.

Hot Bayonet Work.

This war, so full of thrilling pictures, has probably never furnished one quite so eerie as that which that night saw. Along the extended lines the opponents worked desperately and without a pause at the labor of making trenches and gun positions, and erecting wire entanglements. Here and there little battles were fought; bodies of Turks would sometimes rush out in an endeavor to obtain a more suitable section of ground for the construction of their line.

Then the British soldiers would drop their entrenching tools and wipe out the attackers in silence with the bayonet. Then, again, our men, leaving behind spades and axes and wire-cutters, would seize their rifles and advance cautiously to annihilate some group of the enemy; and so would return to their work on their own ground. Little fights of that sort punctuated the long night of heavy work.

During the darkness (it is estimated) the Turks brought up no fewer than 70,000 men; and with the morning light—the second morning—the terrific battle began. The scene of this struggle was beyond effective help from the ships, but a strong force of artillery had been landed and placed in position.

The Turks threw strong bodies of troops against several points of our new line; these were driven back, and then the British replied with counter attacks. It was costly work, especially for the Turks, despite their numerical superiority and the

advantage they had by holding higher ground.

All day long the two lines turned and twisted, twisted and turned again, but neither broke. Our artillery did magnificent work; the machine-guns were particularly deadly. Sandy ravines, scantily covered with stunted grass, scantily often quickly transformed into veritable fortresses, raked and raked with ferocious fire, taken and retaken with tremendous courage.

Behind and amidst terrible scenes of carnage men worked away strengthening their positions, and tending and carrying off the wounded. Turks in mass formation on more than one occasion penetrated to the trenches where our men were digging, and fights with spades and bayonets ensued.

Often, in these melees, rifles were fired at distances of inches, and hand grenades were used with awful effect. Thick clouds of choking dust thrown up by the struggle added enormously to the hardships experienced by these heroic soldiers.

Night came again—the third night—bringing the relief of coolness, but little rest. The trench diggers worked steadily, on which attack after attack was launched by the enemy and driven back—with hideous losses for him. Now here, and now there, shattering answering fire from rifles, machine guns and artillery burst forth during the hours of darkness.

The morning of Sunday saw the British line unbroken and strengthened. All men were weary; but ready and alert for more work. This consisted of a heavy attack on the enemy's left flank, by which they were routed in disorder and with exceptionally severe losses.

Linking Up The Lines.
Meanwhile, during the whole course of these operations, the Australians and New Zealanders (to the south) had been heavily engaged, and an attack from the Suvla forces on their right and the Anzac forces on their left was so successful that a junction was effected—bringing into being a 12-mile continuous battle-line.

Through this line passes one of the main routes for the supply of Turkish forces now facing the Allied forces in the south of the peninsula. The communications of the Turks are, therefore, seriously threatened. The other road (to the east) is an inferior artery of supply, and even this is now under the fire of the artillery on our new line, which can also sweep Bokali Dere—a valley stretching away east and south from the middle of the peninsula inland from Suvla and Anzac to the Dardanelles, near Nagara, on the Narrows.

Road and valley have been constantly swept by our guns. The great battlefield is described to me as presenting an awful sight, though a feature of the operations was the rapid manner in which the wounded were attended to and carried away. The Turks, however, buried many dead too hastily.

Rifles, ammunition cases, packs and provisions, and other grimmer remains made a terrible litter, while the horror of the scene was added to by the burning funeral pyres of the enemy. Most of the British dead lie fenced off in little cemeteries by the shore.

The Turks, who fought with the utmost gallantry, lost at least 27,000 men—four times as many as our own losses.

Fight Among Flames.
Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett also sends an interesting account of the Suvla landing: "Simultaneously with the new landing in Anafarta Bay, the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps at Anzac, reinforced, has been engaged in a desperate struggle to obtain possession of the main ridge running northeast from the Anzac position. I am indebted to Mr. Malcolm Ross, the New Zealand official representative, for the following details of the role played by the New Zealanders on August 6. Throughout Friday, Aug. 6, there was a furious bombardment of the Turkish positions northeast of Anzac from our Allied field guns and howitzers, assisted by destroyers.

(Continued on page 3.)

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