

would fix bayonets, slope arms, and move on Krithia precisely at 5.30 p.m.

At 5.15 p.m. the ships' guns and our heavy artillery bombarded the enemy's position for a quarter of an hour, and at 5.30 p.m. the field guns opened a hot shrapnel fire to cover the infantry advance.

The co-operation of artillery and infantry in this attack was perfect, the timing of the movement being carried out with great precision. Some of the companies of the New Zealand regiments did not get their orders in time, but acting on their own initiative they pushed on as soon as the heavy howitzers ceased firing, thus making the whole advance simultaneous.

The steady advance of the British could be followed by the sparkle of their bayonets until the long lines entered the smoke clouds. The French at first made no move, then, their drums beating and bugles sounding the charge, they suddenly darted forward in a swarm of skirmishers, which seemed in one moment to cover the whole southern face of the ridge of the Kereves Dere. Against these the Turkish gunners now turned their heaviest pieces, and as the leading groups stormed the first Turkish redoubt the ink-black bursts of high-explosive shells blotted out both assailants and assailed. The trial was too severe for the Senegalese tirailleurs. They recoiled. They were rallied. Another rush forward, another repulse, and then a small supporting column of French soldiers was seen silhouetted against the sky as they charged upwards along the crest of the ridge of the Kereves Dere, whilst elsewhere it grew so dark that the whole of the battlefield became a blank.

Not until next morning did any reliable detail come to hand of what had happened. The New Zealanders' firing line had marched over the cunningly concealed enemy's machine-guns without seeing them, and these, re-opening on our supports as they came up, caused them heavy losses. But the first line pressed on and arrived within a few yards of the Turkish trenches which had been holding up our advance beyond the fir wood. There they dug themselves in.

The Australian Brigade had advanced through the Composite Brigade, and, in spite of heavy losses from shrapnel, machine-gun, and rifle fire, had progressed from 300 to 400 yards.

The determined valour shown by these two brigades, the New Zealand Brigade, under Brigadier-General F. E. Johnston, and the 2nd Australian Infantry Brigade, under Brigadier-General the Hon. J. W. McCay, are worthy of particular praise. Their losses were correspondingly heavy, but in spite of fierce counter-attacks by numerous fresh troops they stuck to what they had won with admirable tenacity.

On the extreme left the 87th Brigade, under Major-General W. R. Marshall, made a final and especially gallant effort to advance across the smooth, bullet-swept area between the ravine and the sea, but once more the enemy machine-guns thinned the ranks of the leading companies of the South Wales Borderers, and again there was nothing for it but to give ground. But when night closed in the men of the 87th Brigade of their own accord asked to be led forward, and achieved progress to the extent of just about 200 yards. During the darkness the British troops everywhere entrenched themselves on the line gained.

On the right the French column, last seen as it grew dark, had stormed and still held the redoubt round which the fighting had centred until then. Both General d'Amade and General Simonin had been present in person with this detachment and had rallied the Senegalese and encouraged the white troops in their exploit. With their bayonets these brave fellows of the 8th Colonials had inflicted exceedingly heavy losses upon the enemy.

The French troops whose actions have hitherto been followed belonged, all of them, to the 2nd Division. But beyond the crest of the ridge the valley of the Kereves Dere lies dead to anyone occupying my post of command. And in this area the newly arrived Brigade of the French 1st Division had been also fighting hard. Here they had advanced simultaneously with the 2nd Division and achieved a fine success in their first rush, which was jeopardised when a battalion of Zouaves was forced to give way under a heavy bombardment. But, as in the case of the 2nd Division, the other battalions of the 1st Regiment de Marche d'Afrique, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nieger, restored the situation, and in the end the Division carried and held two complete lines of Turkish redoubts and trenches.

This net result of the three days' fighting had been a gain of 600 yards on the right of the British line and 400 yards on the left and centre. The French had captured all the ground in front of the Farm Zjimmerman, as well as a redoubt, for the possession of which there had been obstinate fighting during the whole of the past three days.

This may not seem very much, but actually more had been won than at first meets the eye. The German leaders of the Turks were quick to realise the fact. From nightfall till dawn on the 9th-10th efforts were made everywhere to push us back. A specially heavy attack was made upon the French, supported by a hot cannonade and culminating in a violent hand-to-hand conflict in front of the Brigade Simonin. Everywhere the assailants were repulsed, and now for the first time I felt that we had planted a fairly firm foothold upon the point of the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Meanwhile in the Northern Zone also, the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps had strengthened their grip on Turkish soil. Whilst in the south we had been attacking and advancing they had been defending and digging themselves more and more firmly into those cliffs on which it had seemed at first that their foothold was so precarious.

On the 11th May, the first time for eighteen days and nights, it was found possible to withdraw the 29th Division from the actual firing line and to replace it by the 29th Indian Infantry Brigade and by the 42nd Division, which had completed its disembarkation two days previously. The withdrawal gave no respite from shells, but at least the men were, most nights, enabled to sleep.

The moment lent itself to reflection, and during this breathing space I was able to realise we had now nearly reached the limit of what could be attained by mingling initiative with surprise. The enemy was as much in possession of my numbers and dispositions as I was in possession of their first line of defence; the opposing fortified fronts stretched parallel from sea to straits; there was little scope left now, either at Achi Baba or at Kaba Tepe, for tactics which would fling flesh and blood bat-