

From Heliopolis Camp,
Cairo Egypt

PR 82/8

Extract from letter received by his
parents from Trooper John B. Fisher a few
days after his reported death.

We are on the verge of leaving
here, whether for the front or only shifting
to another camp I don't know but the general
idea is that we are going to the front without
our horses and in support of that we
greased all our saddlery this morning
and packed it away to be put in the
stores, so I suppose we will get away
at last. After that lot of Infantry moved
off for the Dardanelles from here a lot
of the Light Horse volunteered to leave
their horses in the Depot and go as
reinforcements to the Infantry but the
authorities would not let us at the time
although later on they called for reinforcements
for the Red-cross and about half the Regiment
volunteered, they did not pick any of them
but the next day we were ordered to
grease all our saddlery and put it away
so things look more promising.

That was a great fight the Australians
put up. We have been getting particulars

from the wounded men who came back here to Hospital. It seems that the place where they had to land was a sandy beach and they took them off in little boats towed by launches. The boats were tied one behind the other and one launch towed several boats. When they got in near the shore the Turks opened fire on them from some trenches which they had rigged up on a hill just above the beach. It came as a surprise and the boats being all bunched together offered a good target, although it was not quite daybreak, so the men were ordered to jump out and paddle in to the beach.

The water was about up to a man's chest and they only got in a few paces when they struck barbed wire entanglements under the water so they had to tear them out and all the time the Turks were pouring lead down on them. When they eventually got on the beach they threw off all their gear retaining only the rifle and bayonet and 30 rounds of ammunition and then they got some

of their own back. They tore straight up the hill and drag the Turks out of their trenches with the bayonet and put them to flight. They were given a certain time to do this job in and it was not expected to be half so difficult yet they did it in four hours less than the stipulated time.

When they got on top of the hill they were told to advance a mile and take up another position. Well they advanced three miles and took everything before them. How is not that a fight to be proud of? One officer told us that while the bullets were whistling through the air over the boats the men started singing "There's Music in the Air".

Just fancy the difficulties under which they effected that landing. It was practically a case of achieving the impossible, because if the authorities had known what extensive preparations were made for their reception they certainly would not have tried to land at that spot, but would have tried somewhere else, where the Turks had not made

such preparations. One man of ours picked up a Machine Gun on his back and a box of ammunition under each arm and carried them up the hill into position and opened fire on the enemy. What do you think of that for physical strength? A Machine Gun and its paraphernalia are just a comfortable load for a pack-horse and we have a couple of them here for that purpose. There was a fearful lot of men lost in the encounter but I'm game to bet there were a few Turks lost too.

The French and English Territorials landed on the right and left flank respectively of our men and they took a tremendous lot of prisoners but the Australians took hardly any and I'm of the opinion that they did not try to take any. The Medical Staff rigged up a temporary Hospital on the beach and it was no sooner up than the Turks exploded a couple of shells in it from their big guns. The Doctor and a Chaplain who was there both took up

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arms and went into the fight after that.

The Chaplain is still alive and well but I have not heard for certain yet whether the Doctor is above or below the ground. He received a telegram of congratulations from the King this morning and also one from the Admiralty commenting on the splendid work done by the Australians and New Zealanders at the Dardanelles.

Trooper J. B. Fisher Killed.

Word was received in Coonamble on Saturday last that Trooper J. B. Fisher had been killed in action in the Dardanelles. The deceased, who was 22 years of age, joined the 1st Light Horse at Coonamble. He was well known in the Quambone and Cooramble districts, having been engaged for some years on Quambone, Narraway, and Emby stations. At the time of joining he was with his brother-in-law, Mr. A. T. Fisher, of Wilgara. The deceased's parents reside at Bondi, but for many years they lived at Quambone, where Mr. Fisher held an important position with the proprietors of Quambone station.
