

Ev. Peam.  
Chiton  
orlonas R  
Lutfield

The Landing

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Officers, cadets, and old comrades of the A.I.F.,  
eight years ago  
at this hour on this day/ the dawn which ~~was~~ <sup>lay</sup> hurrying across the  
world ~~had~~ not yet reached the Aegean sea. Night still ~~lay~~ <sup>lay</sup>, and  
~~would~~ ~~lie~~ <sup>that</sup> lie for two hours yet, on the coast of Turkey and on these  
the wild coast-line of the Gallipoli Peninsula. About eight miles  
from the shore there lay six ~~battleships~~ warships, idle on the  
water; ~~waiting for~~ One of them had come thither overnight,  
and had anchored in order to serve as a mark, and the others  
had just come up to her and were waiting for a signal. Three  
of them carried Australian troops-three half battalions of the  
3rd Brigade. The 3rd Brigade was the covering force of the  
Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, which ~~xxxxx~~, like its  
then also on the sea  
magnificent compeer, the 29th Division/some 20 miles away to the  
south, ~~xxxxx~~ was to fling itself upon that coast at the dawn.

The Australian and New Zealand Army Corps consisted of a  
number of citizen units, not so many different from those among  
which you cadets will be working when you graduate a commence  
your work in the citizen army of Australia; they were adventurous  
they were older, they were intensely virile, but they were <sup>in many respects</sup> civil-  
in spirit and by  
ians ~~xxxxxxx~~ upbringing from the first day of their service  
to the last. Among them were all those Duntroon boys who at the  
time when they sailed were available to serve. They were serving  
both in the New Zealand and Australian forces  
/not ~~xxxxxxx~~ of the staff, but as members of the different  
battalions ~~xxx~~ batteries and field companies, with the same cares  
and difficulties, and <sup>with</sup> the same pride in their regiments, as the  
other members of their units. One of them, Lieutenant Talbot Smith  
of the 10th Battalion, ~~-in the Prince of Wales-~~ had been lecturing  
his platoon - the scouts - late the night before in one of the  
6 inch gun-casemates of the Battleship Prince of Wales- drawing  
for them on a gun barrel ~~xxx~~ a sketch of the site of a Turkish  
battery which they were to capture and destroy. He had got one  
of the ships gunners to <sup>demonstrate to</sup> ~~xxxx~~/them how to damage the breach of a  
gun by burring the screw. The men had turned in for a sleep. At  
midnight they had been called by the seamen, who had insisted in  
giving them a cup of hot cocoa all round out of their very slender  
funds. When the ships stopped the men were assembled on deck and



were then sent down over the ~~stern~~ sides on rope ladders into strings of ~~ships~~ rowing boats which had been brought ~~to either~~ ~~side of the ships~~ alongside. About this very hour - that would be half past two over there, - the strings of boats were allowed to trail behind the battleships, ~~xxxxxx~~ every three boats being in tow of a small steambot. Shortly before three oclock, when the moon was <sup>sinking</sup> very low, the battleships began to move ahead towing these boats behind them. Unseen, but not far behind them were seven destroyers, which had just taken aboard the rest of the 3rd Brigade; and behind them again there were slowly coming up transport after transport carrying the rest of the Army Corps. All moved steadily in toward the land. The moon went down - the darkness became intense. An hour before dawn the order was given ~~on~~ ~~xxx~~ the battleships for the small tows to go ahead and land.

For exactly an hour the small steamboats with their strings of rowing boats behind them were puffing and panting <sup>respective</sup> towards the ~~shore~~. The naval officers in the/steamboats may have been able to see each others tows but the soldiers could not for a long time -/they were simply ~~xxxxxx~~ forging slowly ahead into complete darkness. After about half an hour the outline of a dark land could be seen faintly ahead. It came closer and closer, gradually <sup>looming</sup> ~~xxxxxx~~ higher above their heads; but it gave no sign of life or movement. They were almost at its foot - the leading steamboat had cast off its rowingboats, and the plug of their muffled oars could be heard as they pulled for the shore, when from the funnel of one steamboat there suddenly trailed a ~~xxx~~ yard of flame and sparks, which flared away for a full half-minute. Almost instantly high on the horizon about a thousand yards south of the tows there broke out a bright yellow light which burned for a minute or so. On the summit immediately above the boats the appeared for an instant the figure of a man. A voice called from the shore. A shot rang out and the bullet whizzed overhead into the sea. A few rifle shots broke the silence, increasing <sup>swiftly into a continuous</sup> ~~xxxxxx~~ fusillade. At that moment the ~~leading~~ boats were touching the beach, the men tumbling into the water and <sup>wading</sup> ~~xxxxxx~~ ashore.

at this moment  
And It was/then that the manhood of Australians was- for the first

time in history - before the eyes of the world put to one of the  
crude, simple, terrible tests by which the world judges its nations.  
~~/tests which the world recognises.~~

The landing had been carefully planned. At high water mark  
on a beach there is almost always a bank. The troops were to  
rush across the beach, assemble under cover of this bank, ~~fix~~  
fix bayonets, change magazines, close cut-offs, drop their packs,  
and then advance across a hundred yards or so of level against  
a low ridge of hills which would probably be held by the enemy.  
They were to ~~capture~~ capture this ridge. There they would be  
joined by the second instalment of the 3rd Brigade, which would  
now have landed from the destroyers and after ~~fixing~~ again  
main ridges and heights  
forming up were to proceed to certain ~~ridges~~ inland,  
where the rest of the Army corps would gradually come up and  
extend the position. That was to be the first stage. But  
at the whole plan was blown to the  
~~from~~ the moment of landing ~~the plan was~~

winds. There was no open stretch with a low ridge bounding it. In-  
stead there towered above the landing force a steep rugged half-  
precipitous hill/<sup>rising</sup> three hundred feet almost sheer from the shore,  
and ~~from~~ <sup>along</sup> the crest of which ~~ran~~ <sup>ran</sup> a continuous fringe of  
rifle flashes. ~~The plan was~~ But The plan was  
~~gone.~~ gone. But there were men present,  
in the ranks and among the company leaders, who determined in  
the first instant what was to be done. Captain Ray Leane, for  
instance, whose company of the 11th landed at the end of Ari Burni  
point, did not even wait to change magazines. He led his men across  
the Beach, fixing their bayonets as they ran, and scrambled ~~up~~  
straight up the steepening slope towards the enemy. That same  
Duntroon boy whom I have mentioned before - Talbot Smith - hurried  
his men from the boat "Come on boys" he cried, "they can't hit you."  
He climbed the bank beyond the Beach and without waiting for  
others called: "Scouts of the 10th Battalion - are you ready?" and  
led them up the hill. Platoons were scattered - different boat-  
loads could not even see each other; <sup>taking the word from various officers</sup> but/as they saw the figures  
of their own men moving up the hillside against the sky, ~~about~~  
bulk of the six companies which had been fixing their bayonets and dropping  
their packs beneath the bank scrambled up the hill and rushed the

enemy out of his trenches on the summit. Within twenty minutes or half an hour they had gained about a mile of rugged hill immediately above the coast.

I cannot follow the details of the battle. About all of the plan of operations that remained was a general understanding among officers and men that they were to reach the third ridge inland and the main hill in the north from which it led down. It was an enormous objective. They chased the fleeing enemy through the scrub, and as the day brightened and they advanced through the sunlight over the ridges, knee deep in wild thyme and other herbs, with the few scattered bullets humming here and there like bees, everything seemed to be going well. Presently a column began to appear marching ~~xxxxxx~~ from the south up the Third Ridge, infantry and guns on the skyline, about a mile away. It was the enemy's local reserves. Then more men began to appear pouring over the Third Ridge further north. This was the head of the nearest of the enemy's reserve divisions, which had been camped only four miles from the landing place, under one of the most famous leaders of the war - Mustafa Kemal Pasha Bey, ~~xxxx~~ to cut us off, as he did, from the high hill - 971. Very little was seen of either of these columns after it first appeared. But Colonel MacLagan, commanding the 3rd Brigade, saw that it was impossible to reach the 3rd Ridge, and he stopped the line on the second. A few advanced troops who had managed to reach the third ridge - some of them looking down in the distance on the waters of the narrows - were soon outflanked and forced back. And from then on the fight resolved itself into a struggle for two positions - the highest point of the second ridge ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ Baby 700, in the north; and a prominent plateau in the same ridge further south - known as the 400 Plateau. All day long over those two heights the battle swayed backwards and forwards. At an early hour General Bridges had come ashore, and strode straight to the firing line, and having gained an idea how it lay came back to the Beach. From that time on it was his fight - his and that of the firing line lying out on the second ridge. As the bright cheerfulness of the morning gradually turned to a strain that resembled a delirium; as the bullets which had sung so



softly began to whip in at shorter range; as the shrapnel, at hour after hour interminably first distant, began to shriek down on the unprotected backs of the ~~line~~ men, thinning them out until each survivor scarcely knew whether any were left but himself, the line broke half a dozen times but was brought back by brave charges of the supports. All day it was Bridges duty to endeavour to estimate the urgency of the continuous calls for reinforcements, and to parcel out his reserve to those sections of the line which most required it. By the end of the afternoon the ~~thin line on Baby 700~~ reserve was exhausted, and then at last the thin line on Baby 700 broke. The ~~on the second ridge began to be shot at from behind.~~ hill, the key of the position, was never regained. And the story of Anzac during most of the months which followed is the story of the holding - by sheer valour - of a position of which the key was from first to last in the enemy's hands.

*The line of Australian  
At that time the  
many men the  
look of the day  
on must have  
appeared  
desperate.*

*How did they do it? Well -  
I think not day a scene which  
has not a parallel it -  
(On Razor Edge)*

Well - it is eight years today since the Landing.

~~The ~~many~~ ~~men~~ ~~disappeared~~. The familiar ~~men~~ ~~and~~ ~~many~~ ~~graduates~~ ~~of this college~~ ~~and among them~~ ~~have disappeared from our streets~~, Talbot Smith and tens of thousands of his comrades lie buried in ~~our~~ ~~land~~.~~

The great soldier whose fight that was, and young Talbot Smith, and many other Duntroon boys and ~~many~~ ~~thousand~~ of their comrades fell ~~in Gallipoli~~ in Gallipoli; but their work and their <sup>live</sup> ~~deads~~ are not dead. <sup>after them for</sup> Eight years ago today it fell to the lot of these men to found a tradition for Australia; and ~~they did it eight years ago~~ how amply they fulfilled that task I need not tell you. What Crecy and Agincourt are for the British the Landing is for us: a story that will be told to young Australians at their mother's knee as long as our ~~race~~ ~~lasts~~ ~~and~~ ~~example~~ of service and <sup>daily</sup> ~~manhood~~ to be lived up to in peace and ~~war~~. If ever the evil day comes - and I fear there can be no certainty that it will not come - when the graduates of Duntroon go again into action as members of an Australian army - they will have to create no fresh tradition. The standard by which they will be judged was set for them - high for all the world to see - upon this morning eight years ago, and it will remain for a monument and an example as long as our race endures.



Ex. Dean.  
Chilton  
Ortona B  
Linstfield

The Landing

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Officers, cadets, and old comrades of the A.I.F.,  
at this hour on this day <sup>eight years ago</sup> the dawn which ~~was~~ <sup>lay</sup> hurrying across the  
world had not yet reached the Aegean sea. Night still ~~lay~~ <sup>lay</sup>, and  
~~would~~ ~~xxx~~ lie for two hours yet, on the coast of Turkey and on these  
the wild coast-line of the Gallipoli Peninsula. About eight miles  
from the shore there lay six ~~battleship~~ warships, idle on the  
water; ~~writingxxxx~~ One of them had come thither overnight,  
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of them carried Australian troops-three half battalions of the  
3rd Brigade. The 3rd Brigade was the covering force of the  
Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, which ~~xxxxx~~, like its  
magnificent compeer, the 29th Division/some 20 miles <sup>then also on the sea</sup> away to the  
south, ~~xxxx~~ was to fling itself upon that coast at the dawn.

The Australian and New Zealand Army Corps consisted of a  
number of citizen units, not so many different from those among  
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your work in the citizen army of Australia; they were adventurous  
they were older, they were intensely virile, but they were/civil-  
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ians ~~xxxxxxx~~ upbringing from the first day of their service  
to the last. Among them were all those Duntroon boys who at the  
time when they sailed were available to serve. They were serving  
both in the New Zealand and Australian forces  
/not ~~xxxxxxx~~ on the staff, but as members of the different  
battalions ~~xxx~~ batteries and field companies, with the same cares  
and difficulties, and <sup>with</sup> the same pride in their regiments, as the  
other members of their units. One of them, Lieutenant Talbot Smith  
of the 10th Battalion, ~~in the Prince of Wales~~, had been lecturing  
his platoon - the scouts - late the night before in one of the  
6 inch gun-casemates of the Battleship Prince of Wales- drawing  
for them on a gun barrel ~~xxx~~ a sketch of the site of a Turkish  
battery which they were to capture and destroy. He had got one  
of the ships gunners to ~~xxxx~~ <sup>demonstrate to</sup> them how to damage the breech of a  
gun by burring the screw. The men had turned in for a sleep. At  
midnight they had been called by the seamen, who had insisted in  
giving them a cup of hot cocoa all round out of their very slender  
funds. When the ships stopped the men were assembled on deck and

were then sent down over the ~~stern~~ sides on rope ladders into strings of ~~ships~~ rowing boats which had been brought ~~to either~~ ~~side of the ships~~ alongside. About this very hour - that would be half past two over there, - the strings of boats were allowed to trail behind the battleships, ~~xxxxxx~~ every three boats being in tow of a small steamboat. Shortly before three oclock, when the moon was <sup>sinking</sup> very low, the battleships began to move ahead towing these boats behind them. Unseen, but not far behind them were seven destroyers, which had just taken aboard the rest of the 3rd Brigade; and behind them again there were slowly coming up transport after transport carrying the rest of the Army Corps. All moved steadily in toward the land. The moon went down - the darkness became intense. An hour before dawn the order was given <sup>on</sup> ~~for~~ the battleships for the small tows to go ahead and land.

For exactly an hour the small steamboats with their strings of rowing boats behind them were puffing and panting <sup>respective</sup> towards the ~~shore~~. The naval officers in the/steamboats may have been able to see each others tows but the soldiers could not for a long time -/they were simply ~~xxxxxx~~ forging slowly ahead into complete darkness. After about half an hour the outline of a dark land could be seen faintly ahead. It came closer and closer, gradually <sup>looming</sup> ~~xxxxxx~~ higher above their heads; but it gave no sign of life or movement. They were almost at its foot - the leading steamboat had cast off its rowingboats, and the plug of their muffled oars could be heard as they pulled for the shore, when from the funnel of one steamboat there suddenly trailed a ~~xxxx~~ yard of flame and sparks, which flared away for a full half-minute. Almost instantly high on the horizon about a thousand yards south of the tows there broke out a bright yellow light which burned for a minute or so. On the summit immediately above the boats the appeared for an instant the figure of a man. A voice called from the shore. A shot rang out and the bullet whizzed overhead into the sea. A few rifle shots broke the silence, <sup>swiftly</sup> ~~xxxxxx~~ into a continuous fusillade. At that moment the ~~leading~~ boats were touching the <sup>wading</sup> beach, the men tumbling into the water and ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ shore.

at this moment  
And It was/then that the manhood of Australians was- for the first  
time in history - before the eyes of the world put to one of the  
crude, simple, terrible tests by which the world judges its nations.  
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The landing ~~had~~ been carefully planned. At high water mark  
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fix bayonets, ~~change~~ magazines, close cut-offs, drop their packs,  
and then advance across a hundred yards or so of level against  
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They were to ~~xxxxxxx~~ capture this ridge. There they would be  
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forming up were to proceed to certain ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ <sup>main ridges and heights</sup> inland,  
where the rest of the Army corps would gradually come up and  
extend the position. That was to be the first stage. But  
at ~~xxxx~~ the whole plan was blown to the  
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winds. There was no open stretch with a low ridge bounding it. In-  
stead there towered above the landing force a steep rugged half-  
precipitous <sup>rising</sup> hill/three hundred feet almost sheer from the shore,  
<sup>along</sup> and ~~xxxx~~ the crest of which ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ <sup>ran</sup> a continuous fringe of  
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in the ranks and among the company leaders, who determined in  
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instance, whose company of the 11th landed at the end of Ari Burni  
point, did not even wait to charge magazines. He led his men across  
the Beach, fixing their bayonets as they ran, and scrambled ~~xxxx~~  
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his men from the boat "Come on boys" he ~~shbed~~, "they cant hit you."  
He climbed the bank beyond the Beach and without waiting for  
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of their own men moving up the hillside against the sky, ~~about~~ the  
bulk of the ~~six~~ companies which had been fixing their bayonets and dropping  
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enemy out of his trenches on the summit. Within twenty minutes or half an hour they had gained about a mile of rugged hill immediately above the coast.

I cannot follow the details of the battle. About all of the plan of operations that remained was a general understanding among officers and men that they were to reach the third ridge inland and the main hill in the north from which it led down. It was an enormous objective. They chased the fleeing enemy through the scrub, and as the day brightened and they advanced through the sunlight over the ridges, knee deep in wild thyme and other herbs, with the few scattered bullets humming here and there like bees, everything seemed to be going well. Presently a column began to appear marching ~~xxxxxx~~ from the south up the Third Ridge, infantry and guns on the skyline, about a mile away. It was the enemy's local reserves. Then more men began to appear pouring over the Third Ridge further north. This was the head of the nearest of the enemy's reserve divisions, which had been camped only four miles from the landing place, under one of the most famous leaders of the war - Mustafa Kemal Pasha Bey, ~~xxxx~~ to cut us off, as he did, from the high hill - 971. Very little was seen of either of these columns after it first appeared. But Colonel MacLagan, commanding the 3rd Brigade, saw that it was impossible to reach the 3rd Ridge, and he stopped the line on the second. A few advanced troops who had managed to reach the third ridge - some of them looking down in the distance on the waters of the narrows - were soon outflanked and forced back. And from then on the fight resolved itself into a struggle for two positions - the highest point of the second ridge ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ Baby 700, in the north; and a prominent plateau in the same ridge further south - known as the 400 Plateau. All day long over those two heights the battle swayed backwards and forwards. At an early hour General Bridges had come ashore, and strode straight to the firing line, and having gained an idea how it lay came back to the Beach. From that time on it was his fight - his and that of the firing line lying out on the second ridge. As the bright cheerfulness of the morning gradually turned to a strain that resembled a delirium; as the bullets which had sung so

softly began to whip in at shorter range; as the shrapnel, at hour after hour interminably first distant, began to shriek down on the unprotected backs of the ~~line~~ men, thinning them out until each survivor scarcely knew whether any were left but himself, the line broke half a dozen times but was brought back by brave charges of the supports. All day it was Bridges duty to endeavour to estimate the urgency of the continuous calls for reinforcements, and to parcel out his reserve to those sections of the line which most required it. By the end of the afternoon the ~~xxxxxx~~ reserve was exhausted, and then at last the thin line on Baby 700 broke. The ~~the second ridge began to be shot at from behind~~ hill, the key of the position, was never regained. And the story of Anzac during most of the months which followed is the story of the holding - by sheer valour - of a position of which the key was from first to last in the enemy's hands.

*The time of Australia  
At that time the  
many men (the  
look of holding)  
on must have  
appeared  
desperate.*

Well - it is eight years today since the Landing.

*How did they do it? Well -  
I (Wade) and many a good  
man were able to do it  
(On Razor Back)*

The ~~xxxxxx~~ A.I.F. has been disbanded. The familiar uniforms <sup>Many graduates of this college</sup> and among them have disappeared from our streets. Talbot Smith and tens of thousands of his comrades lie buried in foreign lands. The great soldier whose fight that was, and young Talbot Smith, and many other Duntroon boys and <sup>many</sup> ~~xxxxxx~~ thousand of their comrades fell ~~xxxxxx~~ in Gallipoli; but their work and their deeds are not dead. Eight years <sup>after them for</sup> ago today it fell to the lot of these men to find a tradition for Australia, and they ~~did it eight years ago~~ <sup>we</sup> how amply they fulfilled that task I need not tell you. What Crecy and Agincourt are for the British the Landing is for us: a story that will be told to young Australians at their mother's knee as long as our ~~xxxx~~ <sup>nation</sup> lasts; ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>it is an example of</sup> service and of manhood to be lived up to <sup>daily</sup> in peace and ~~xxxxxx~~ If ever the evil day comes - and I fear there can be no certainty that it will not come - when the graduates of Duntroon go again into action as members of an Australian army - they will have to create no fresh tradition. The standard by which they will be judged was set for them - high for all the world to see - upon this morning eight years ago, and it will remain for a monument and an example as long as our race endures.