

Sept. 1913 I found myself with a few other Submarine ratings standing in Barrow-in-Furness Lanc. England standing by two Submarines, being built for the ~~the~~ Australian Govt. H.M.A. Submarine A.E.1 & A.E.2. I myself standing by A.E.2 these two submarines were the very latest in Submarines.

They were both finished about the end of Dec. and we were joined by the rest of the Officers and crew and then began a very hard worked period; for a heavy task lay ahead in the long passage to Australia, and extreme care had to be taken in tuning up and trial of engine + machinery.

The oil engines of the E. class submarine were still practically in the experimental stage, and the few boats ~~lay~~ already in commission were having constantly recurring breakdowns and troubles. In fact, when A.E.1. covered the 500 miles from Barrow to Portsmouth in 42 hours it constituted a record non stop run for an E. boat without breaking down! Which was not a very heartening record to face a ten-thousand odd mile voyage to Australia.

So preparation had to be carefully made.

In due course they were completed, & early on the morning of March 2nd 1914 in company of ~~a~~ a British cruiser we left Portsmouth on our long voyage

A voyage filled with incidents of technical interest to submarine sailors, but a tale of dull monotony to other folk. Through a long list of mechanical difficulties and mishaps overcome by hook and crook, the miles were pushed astern; the weariness of it but lightly relieved by a few days in ports of call. Gibraltar, Malta, Port Said, Aden, and ^{then} Colombo, appearing a haven of delight after the long hot miles of the Indian Ocean. From Colombo on to Singapore, Batavia, and then Port Darwin our first sight of Australia. then on to Cairns and then Sydney where we arrived on the 24th May 1914 steaming through the Heads just as dawn was breaking we made our way up to Garden Island.

Eighty three days since leaving England of which sixty had been spent at sea, thirteen thousand miles covered, and no insurmountable defects had developed.

Consequently, the moment when ~~these~~ two submarines were safely tied up alongside Garden Island in Sydney Harbour, marked the end of a chapter in submarine history, -which proved the enormous advance made in this type of war vessel in the last few years.

Then straight into dry dock and refit, two months of hard work and then ~~soon~~ war was declared on Germany. Ye Gods what beastly luck, Since

joining the Navy we had been taught to believe that the sole reason of our existence, and the main demand on our efficiency, was that one day we would fight the Germans, and that day had dawned to find us thousands of miles from the main scenes of naval activity. It seemed cruel luck.

Our self pity was extreme. We had a long fortnight to exercise it; and thus came orders to join the rest of the Australian fleet, under Admiral Sir George Patey, which had left Sydney a few days before with orders to take Rabaul. Here it was hoped we would find the German Pacific Squadron of five cruisers under Admiral Von Spee, but when we entered Rabaul it was found clear of ships, the Germans had flown.

To the Submarines & Destroyers was detailed the duty of guarding against the approach of enemy ships during the fighting ashore, on the first day A.E. 2. performed this duty, lying ready for action with a destroyer scouting ahead of her. Next day A.E. 2. remained in harbour, while A.E. 1. sailed at daybreak, accompanied by the destroyer Parramatta. The weather was hazy, ~~at~~ with visibility varying from five to 100 miles; consequently, while scouting during the day, the destroyers frequently lost sight of the submarine

In the afternoon the Parramatta steamed up quite close to the A.E.1. when apparently all was well, and then scouted away again, losing sight of the submarine about 3.30 P.M.

This was the last ever seen of A.E.1.

Search was ordered by the Admiral. When A.E.1. failed to return to harbour at sunset and proceeded, with all available ships throughout the night and the following three days, but not the slightest trace or sign of the ill-fated submarine was found. Her loss was, and must ever remain a complete mystery. As far as we could see there seemed to be four possible solutions of her sinking by:

1 Operations of the enemy.

(Had she been sunk by the enemy they would quickly have boarded of it)

2 Internal explosion.

3 Ordinary navigational accident.

(Either of which would have left something on the surface to be found by searching ships)

4 Accident while carrying out diving practice.

We could find no explanation of why she should be diving at that time of the day. The Parramatta was certain that no shipping approached which might cause A.E.1. to dive for investigation. If she had

needed a practice dive she would most certainly have had it in the morning when she first went to sea.

Australia's first completed submarine had proved Australia's first war ship to be lost. In her had died three skilful officers, and thirty-two specially selected and trained ratings. To us, their companions and jesting rivals over many a mile of sea; who were also losing, in many cases, friends of long years standing; our loss was a loss indeed.

Three weeks passed at Rabaul, and informations filtering through confirmed the suspicion that Admiral von Spee was moving toward the American coast with his ships; orders were received for the Australian Squadron to shift its base to the Fiji Islands, some seventeen hundred miles distant. As the shores of Rabaul disappeared from sight astern, the lingering hope that we might, even yet, find some clue as to A.E.1. fate seemed to die; and the other ships of the Squadron did little to remove the sense of loneliness felt in A.E.2. When we arrived in Suva, the capital of the Fiji, the Flagship and cruisers proceeded to search the surrounding seas, leaving the submarine as day guard, and the destroyers

as night guard, of the fleet store and supply ship at anchor in Suva harbour. Occasional short runs to sea gave us the opportunity of visiting some of the small islands to the eastward of Suva. These trips often carried us across the 180th degree of longitude, and so half-way round the world. While in Suva, as a bombshell, came the news of the disastrous action off the Chilean coast, when von Spee, falling in with Admiral Braddock's inferior force, sank two ships the Good Hope & Monmouth.

It now seemed unlikely that the German Fleet would return to the Western Pacific, and orders were received for A.E.2. to return to Sydney for refit. To break the long journey we stopped for a day at Noumea, in New Caledonia, a French convict settlement. Just before leaving there we heard the good news that H.M.A.S. Sydney had destroyed the notorious Emden at Cocos Island; and not long after our return to Australia occurred the Falkland Island Battle, when the remainder of Admiral von Spee's squadron were destroyed. As the Pacific was now clear of enemy ships, the Australian Navy Board cabled offering A.E.2. for service in home waters, the Admiralty accepted, and orders were received for the submarine to sail as soon as the refit was completed. We left Sydney again about the middle of December 1914.

A short call at Melbourne and then on to Albany, where the second Australian Expeditionary Force, embarked in eighteen transports was assembled, waiting for A.E.2. to escort them across the Indian Ocean.

On the last day of 1914 we started the long voyage to Colombo three thousand four hundred miles, with all torpedoes and war gear aboard and the submarine ready for instant action; the passage was much more unpleasant than any of the voyages from England. Only two days in Colombo, and then on again for another long trip to Suez.

Arrived at Suez, we found attack hourly expected from a large Turkish force then a few miles to the eastward. We were rushed through the canal to avoid being blocked at the Red Sea end; the attack took place two days later, and failed. Thus to Port Said, where orders were received to join the Mediterranean Fleet off the Dardanelles, and so early in February we joined up with the Fleet at shelter under the lee of Tenedos Island, near the mouth of the Dardanelles. Sheltering behind the defences of the Dardanelles was the Turkish Fleet, reinforced by the German ships Goeben and Breslau. The Dardanelles patrol had the duty of guarding the mouth of the Strait against a raid by the Turkish ships, and in

this duty A.E.2 fell for a large share, as she was, at the time, the largest and most modern submarine present. Great preparations were being made for an attack on Dardanelles defences, more ships were arriving from England, the base was moved to Port Moudros in Lemnos Island about 40 miles from the mouth of the Dardanelles. The first big bombardment took place toward the end of February, the outer forts were reduced, and parties sent ashore to destroy the guns. There was quite a lot of talk of whether it was possible for a submarine to dive through the Dardanelles Strait and into the Sea of Marmora. The military value of the feat would obviously be enormous, the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment were obvious too. Roughly they were: The Strait was thirty-five miles long, with a continuous current running out into the Mediterranean at a rate of from three to five knots. The total distance an E. class submarine can dive is fifty miles, and it was doubtful if this distance would be sufficient to carry her through against the current. A rise to the surface would mean destruction by gunfire. The Strait was known to be mined. If mines are laid for surface ships a submarine can dive under them, but only by going to such a depth that her periscope is submerged,

and she is therefore blind. In navigating through the narrow strait, against such a strong current, constant observation would have to be made through the periscope, to accomplish she would have to come near enough to the surface for a mine to strike her.

It was possible that nets had been put down across the harbours. It had been reported that an old bridge had been brought from Constantinople and sunk off Hagara Point, a few miles above the harbours.

The difficulty of ~~nego~~ navigating a submarine while submerged, through a strait whose narrow passage and strong currents made it a difficult task even in a surface ship. Lt. Commander H. G. Stoker, the captain of A.E.2 was the only officer present who thought the feat possible. I would like to state now that Lt. Com. Stoker was a man absolutely loved by his crew, and there was not one of us who was not willing to go anywhere he ~~did~~ cared to take us. It was a difficult business trying to persuade the Admiral or any of his Staff that it was possible, and Lt. Com. Stoker's application to be allowed to make the attempt was not favourably received. While returning to Mudos harbour a few nights after the first bombardment A.E.2. had the misfortune to run on the rocks while entering the inner harbour, through no fault of her captain, the damage was not

serious, but it meant go ^{ing} into dry dock, so we were ordered to Malta. The dock work proceeded feverishly to repair the damaged hull. In the meantime Admiral Sir John de Robeck became Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet. A grand attack was made on the forts at the Narrows by the Battle Fleet. Three of our battleships were sunk by mines, launched at Chanak and carried down by the fast running current. The appearance of this weapon, enforced a considerable modification in the action of our ships. Then the arrival in Malta, on their way to the Dardanelles, of three new submarines E.11. E.14. and E.15. This event caused much heart-burning to us in H.E.2. These boats would reach there before we could possibly complete our repairs, and instead of being the only pebble on the beach, when the opportunity for work ^{came}, we would have but one chance in four of being chosen to perform it. And as all three captains were senior to ours our chance seemed all the smaller. The arrival of these boats pointed to the probability of the new Commander-in-Chief having decided that an attempt to dive through the Dardanelles should be made. Two weeks later we were ready, and as we were leaving the harbour we received the news that E.15. had made ~~the~~ an attempt at the Dardanelles passage, only to strike on Kephez Point,

sleek to the surface, and be destroyed. It was sad news to think over as we made our way back to Mudros. It was the 21st of April when we arrived, and what a change, the huge harbour was absolutely packed with ships. Battleship, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and transports. The date fixed for the landing of troops was fixed for 25th of April. Speculation was rife as to whether the Admiral would risk another submarine in attempting to make the passage after the loss of E.15.

Two days elapsed, then a signal was received saying the Admiral wished to see the commanding officer of A.E.2 on board the flagship at once.

When he returned he told us that we were to be permitted to attempt the passage. The Admiral had told him that he found it difficult himself to believe thefeat was possible, but its military value would be so great that it must be tried. If we got through other boats would be sent after us, but if we failed no other boats would be allowed to attempt it. ~~And~~ And finally wishing us luck he concluded: "If you succeed there is no calculating the result it will cause, and it may well be that you will have done more to finish the war than any other act accomplished." Our Captain then told us that he honestly believed it possible to get through, but if any man wished to leave the boat

he was at liberty to do so, not one man asked to be relieved. We immediately commenced to take in provisions and prepare for sea. Two hours later we were threading our way out through the crowded harbours. A practice dive and to an anchorage in the lee of Tenedos Island to await the fall of night.

All hands in A.E.2 knew that the chances were in favour of tomorrow bringing our deaths, so most of us had letters to write, mine were sent under cover to my Grandfather in London, with instructions to post them if we were lost. They made interesting reading, when I received them back a few years later. It was after midnight when we joined the destroyers at the mouth of the Dardanelles. Our plan was to enter the Strait after the moon had set, and proceed as far as possible on the surface to save our battery power, as we would need all we had to get through, then as day began to break we would dive.

At last the moon ~~sank~~ below the horizon, and in the darkness we crept away from the destroyers, and at six or seven knots we followed our course in the centre ^{of the} strait, slowly so that our white wash would not be seen in the dark by anyone on the lookout for us.

There was only one hand on the bridge on lookout, besides the Captain, all others standing by their diving stations,

with the boat partly turned ready for instant diving, so we crept on slowly getting nearer the two searchlights on the southern shore, one at White Cliff and the other at Kephez ~~both~~ ^{higher} a few miles further up the strait, which were sweeping the water with their long rays, it seemed that progress on the surface must soon be stopped if we were to remain undiscovered, when the White Cliff light spluttered and went out, so we crept along with a renewed sense of security. Creeping on we passed White Cliff and so on into the strong ray of the Kephez light when that also went black. So we crept on until we were opposite the Saundre River, when without any warning the clear ray of Kephez light shot across the water, to remain on the surface meant instant discovery so the order was given to dive. And then our luck, which had allowed us to get further than our greatest hopes had allowed us to think possible on the surface-changed, and the shaft, which worked the foremost diving rudders broke. Ye Gods! stranded right underneath the enemy's searchlights and guns. There was only one thing to do, try and regain the entrance before the Turks found us. But luck was with us again and we managed to regain the watching destroyers just a day was breaking without being seen. We proceeded to an anchorage and set to work to repair the

damaged shaft, which was finished about noon, a short practice dive and we were ready again. Towards evening the Flagship arrived and the Admiral sent for the captain of A.E.2. The words of the Admiral this time were. "It was very bad luck. You did well to get so far. Try again tomorrow. If you succeed in getting through there is nothing we will not do for you."

This time however, there were to be minor alterations in the orders. Instead of trying to pass Chanak without being seen, we were to attack and sink if possible and ships likely to be used for dropping mines found in the Narrows.

As the next day Sunday April 25th was the day of the landing of our troops and some of our battleships would be working inside the entrance of the Strait engaging the forts, so it was expected that many floating mines would be launched in the Narrows.

So A.E.2 was to try and hamper the movements of any mine dropping ships, and in the words of the Admiral, "Generally run amuck off ~~Chanak~~ Chanak."

Our task seemed almost impossible before, but to the crew of A.E.2 at least, it now seemed hopeless. For I am sure if you searched the world over you would not find a worse spot for a submarine attack than the Narrows. It is half a mile wide with a current of five knots running through it, that alone would be bad enough

but on top of that we would have forts on both sides, mines, and Turkish Fleet which were bound to be somewhere handy.

Early on the morning of April 25th, with the sea dead calm, H.E.2 entered the Dardanelles on her second attempt to force the Strait, following the same plan as on the previous morning, crept slowly along on the surface, and edging nearer and nearer to the European coast to try and escape the bright beam of the two searchlights knowing ~~not~~ we had no chance of reaching as high a point as on the previous morning but getting bolder and bolder as the lights passed over us without finding us.

We had edged to within a mile of the European shore when a battery of 8 guns sighted us and opened fire. Within half a minute we were submerged. As it was too dark to see through the periscope we remained at twenty feet below the surface and at dead slow speed continued on our course until day began to break. Correcting our course and lowering our periscope we dived to seventy feet for the passage through the minefield. The next hour provided an experience never to be forgotten. The rappings and scrapings on the hull of the boat by the mooring wires of the mines seemed never ending.

On two occasions something much harder than wires hit the bow of the boat and rattled away astern,

and once some object seemed to catch up ~~forward~~ forward before it and remain knocking for several minutes before it broke away and rattled away astern. Twice we rose in the minefield for quick observation and correction of course and then back to seventy feet. The third time we rose for observation we were through the minefield and about three hundred yards below the barrow.

The water being a flat oily calm the periscope was immediately sighted and a heavy fire opened from the forts on either side. Anchored abreast Bhanak, the captain observed an old battleship hulk from which mines might be dropped. From higher up the barrows, approaching at great speed, were a number of destroyers and small craft. The captain decided, the battleship hulk covering the periscope, we edged towards her.

Raising the periscope again, he found a small cruiser hurrying out from behind the battleship dropping mines across our course, as this was a better quarry than the old battleship he fired the bow ~~torpedo~~ ^{to attack} tube at her.

One of the destroyers was now almost on top of us trying to ram us, so at the moment of firing he ordered seventy feet, the destroyer almost scraping the top of our hull as we started to sink. Almost immediately after we heard the big explosion as the ~~top~~ torpedo struck the cruiser. With the object of passing

astern of the sinking cruiser, he altered course a point to starboard. At the danger of remaining off our course in such narrow and fast current was obvious, after three minutes he altered back to what he considered was the correct course for regaining the centre of the Strait, at the same time ordering twenty feet for observations. We had risen to about 40 feet when we struck bottom hard, and slid quickly up to a depth of 10 fut. The current had swept us across on to the eastern shore right under the guns of a fort. With the depth gauges in A.E. showing 10 feet almost the whole of her conning would be out of water. With the boat fast aground and the din of falling shell, things did not look too pleasant. The effort which eventually proved successful in sliding the submarine down the bank left her pointing down the strait.

A.E. 2 had been at a depth of 10 feet for 5 minutes under fire of two forts and several ships and was not hit. At a depth of 70 feet we turned as quickly as possible and straightened up on our correct course, when, Bump, from a depth of 70 feet we slid up to 8 feet. The cursed current had again caught us and swept us across the strait this time having us hard and fast under a fort on the western shore.

The current now gave us its aid by swinging the boat's stern round to port, leaving her touching more aft than forward, and with an inclination down by the bows. A gunboat and several destroyers about a hundred yards off were blazing away with all their guns, and straight ahead the open Strait. Full speed ahead both motors, two or three great bumps and A.E.2 slithered down to thirty feet, after being at 8 feet for four minutes. Again luck had favoured us. Down to 70 feet, fearing that the bumping had caused some of our ballast tanks to leak, and that the boat might not be under sufficient diving control, but all seemed well, so after a spell we rose to 20 feet for observation. Surrounding us was a host of small craft, a gunboat, several destroyers a number of tugs and launches. Right ahead was Hagara Point, the last of our navigational obstacles, from where the strait widens and ^{becomes} comparatively easy. The destroyers were not long in trying to ram us, so down again to 70 feet. The captain now decided that he would try and turn Hagara Point at 90 feet without observation, to try and escape the pursuing craft. So to 90 feet we went, and when we rose again Hagara Point was astern of us. The periscope was immediately sighted and the chase renewed,

To 70 feet again and this time, with plenty of room we remained below for three quarters of an hour, hoping to find our friends gone, but no they were still in close attendance, so close that we began to fear that we had picked up an observation net and were towing a little boat behind us. About a hundred yards ahead of us, coming toward us, one on either bow, were two tugs, and stretching between them a wire rope right across our track. so we dived again and turned away to starboard to avoid them. The captain now decided, that as a battery was beginning to run low, and as there seemed to be no chance of shaking off our pursuers he would lay on the bottom until night. So turning at right angles to our course we ran direct for the Asiatic shore. here we knew the bank shoaled slowly, and so approaching it at dead slow speed, we grounded and rested on the bottom at 70 feet. Then began the most anxious period of the day. If we had caught an observation net the end must soon come. After about an hour ships started to pass backward and forward overhead, evidently they had missed us and were starting to sweep for us, once a sweep hit the side of the boat but jumped over without catching. After a few hours the captain decided that we ~~must~~ must

move to another place in the hope that the passage of ships overhead would not recur. Being Sunday, prayers were read, and then we went to our diving station. We attempted to dive the boat off the bottom, only to find that the diving control of the boat had been lost. Evidently the bumping earlier in the day had caused several of her ballast tanks to leak. Two attempts were made to regain diving control, both unsuccessful, each time we tried to dive off the boat simply slid down the mud beyond the 100 feet depth which was the limit marking of A.E.2 depth gauge. So we had to go astern and pull her back up on the mud, there to remain, helpless, until darkness permitted us to rise to the surface and ~~say~~ readjust our ballast tanks. With ships passing and re-passing at steady intervals the day seemed never ending - until at 8.45 P.M. A.E.2 rose to the surface, no ship having passed overhead for two hours. A.E.2 had been submerged for over 17 hours. First of all our ballast tanks ^{were} ~~to~~ readjusted and then we commenced to recharge our batteries. We then tried to get in touch with the Fleet by wireless, but no answering call came. Obviously ~~so~~ there was something wrong with our receiving instruments. It was of the utmost importance that we get a message through to the Admiral, for on the success of our

failure of our attempt depended whether other submarines would be risked, so all we could do was to send out our signal in the hope that some ship would pick it up. It was some years later that we learnt that our signal had been received and was delivered to the Admiral at a critical moment during a Council of War on board the Flagship. The council was discussing the question if the troops could hold out on shore or must be evacuated - less than 24 hours after landing - and had almost decided for evacuation, when the news that a submarine had got through changed the whole tide of the discussions, and it was decided to hold on. We were laying close inshore under the shadow of the land, and about midnight it commenced to rain and any ~~se~~ vessel searching for us might well have passed within 20 yard of us without seeing us. About 3.0 A.M. with our batteries fully charged, we resumed our passage up the Strait remaining on the surface until dawn began to break and then diving. Just after diving we sighted two men-of-war approaching, and fired a torpedo at one, but ~~as~~ the sea was still a flat oily calm, the torpedo was seen as soon as it left the submarine the ship dodged and the torpedo passed ahead of her. Towards seven o'clock we approached the head of the Strait, and found stretched across

from shore to shore a vast fleet of fishing boats so ~~plunging~~ diving to 70 feet we pass under them and so out into the Sea of Marmora. The first submarine to dive through the Dardanelles.

About two hours later we came to the surface and hoisting the White Ensign, we spent the rest of the day steaming around the fishing fleet to let them see, and to carry the tale to their villages, that a submarine had arrived in the Sea of Marmora.

As soon as night came we again tried to get into wireless communication with the fleet, but with no success.

In the clear light of a nearly full moon, and a dead calm sea, and all the small craft of the Turkish Navy looking for us, they were not long in finding us, and from that moment they never gave us a ~~moment's~~ moments' rest. We would hardly be on the surface five minutes before one of them would find us and down ~~we~~ we would have to go, and so on till at daylight we rose to find our pursuers gone. The second day we fired a torpedo at a ship of about 1500 tons, closely guarded by two destroyers, and although we did not hear the torpedo explode, as we attacked by the destroyers as we fired and were kept under for about three quarters of an hour, we were told afterward by the Turks that she had been hit.

and sank. As we had been now for 48 hours without sleep the captain decided that we would go to the bottom for the night, so finding ~~a~~^{to} suitable place close to the northern shore we sank to the bottom and enjoyed a night sleep.

For several days we roamed around the Sea of Marmora without finding any ship large enough to torpedo. The Turks knowing we were there were only using small boats and lighters to transport their troops, and as A.E.2 was not fitted with a gun, we could not hit them. On the fourth day after entering the Sea of Marmora we were on the surface steaming towards Constantinople, the captain having decided that the next day we would try and enter the harbours to see what was inside, when E.14 broke surface quite close to us, having just come through the Dardanelles. Her commanding officer, Lieut. Com. Boyle, was senior to the captain of A.E.2 so with him lay the future direction of our operations. He considered it advisable to get in touch with the Admiral that night by wireless, and directed us to meet E.14 at the same rendezvous at 10.0 A.M. on the morrow. Next morning while waiting at the ~~same~~ rendezvous, two gunboats and a destroyer approached us, we remained on the surface until they were close enough to command

firing at us. we dived to 50 feet and shaped our course to avoid them. The submarine was diving easily and comfortably, and not a suspicion of impending disaster lay in our minds. Suddenly, for no accountable reason, the boat took an inclination up by the bows and started to rise rapidly. the diving rudders had not the slightest effect towards bringing her back to the horizontal position or stopping her rising toward the surface. We increased to full speed, to give the rudders their maximum power, and shifted water ballast forward as quickly as possible, but she continued to rise and at last broke surface. The torpedo boat was about one hundred yards off firing hard, and we were told later she fired two torpedoes at us but missed. It was obvious that we could not stop on the surface long enough to readjust our trim so one of the forward tanks was flooded, and after a few seconds the boat took an inclination down by the bows and slipped away under the waves. The order was given to catch her at 50 feet, but again the diving rudders seemed powerless to stop her with an ever increasing inclination down by the bows she went past 60 then 70 and 80 feet, obviously quite out of control. Water ballast was blown from the tanks as quickly as possible, yet down and down she went, 90 and 100 feet.

here was the limit of our depth gauges, and still sinking rapidly. The captain then ordered full speed astern, slowly and reluctantly the boat pulled herself out of her terrible dive and started rising towards the surface, as most of our ballast had been blown and the boat was light she shot with increasing speed to the surface. On the surface the Turks opened fire, so under we must go again, so away we went again with the same terrible inclination down by the bows, this time blowing our ballast tank as soon as she left the surface, but down and down she went, faster even than before, the inclination down by the bows became more and more pronounced, she seemed to be trying to stand on her nose, past the 100 foot, everything movable tumbling down forward, men slipping and struggling, holding on to valves and pipes, anything to keep themselves on their diving stations. Full speed astern again, to this time we were gone for good, every ones eyes were on the sides of the boat waiting for it to cave in. And then again the fateful needle left the 100 foot mark and A.E.2 shot up stern first out of the water. And then at last the Turk got the range and we were hit three times in the engine room in quick succession. We ~~were~~ finished we could no longer dive. All ~~had~~ hands were ordered over the side the officers remaining aboard to sink the boat. The two gunboats continued firing at us after we had taken to the water, but the torpedo ^{boat} aboard which there was two

German officers, commenced steaming round us until she stopped the gunboats firing on us, then she lowered a boat and picked us up. In the meantime valves in the boat had been opened and she was slowly flooding. all had left the boat except the Captain, he was standing on the stern waiting for her to sink, which she soon did, slowly ^{and} gracefully, without sound or sigh, without causing an eddy or a ripple on the water, A.E.2 just slid away on her last and longest dive into 65 fathoms of water. A.E.2 had been in commission as a unit of His Majesty's Australian Fleet for exactly 14 months. During that time she had traversed 35,000 miles. the greater portion, ~~the~~ under war conditions the first submarine to travel half way round the world, she ~~all~~ but completed the return journey, to her fell the honour of being the first submarine to pass the Dardanelles.

If the men who served in her, of whom about half were Australian born, I don't think I can do better than quote Lieutenant Commander H. G. Stoker's own words; "No Captain has been more proud of the men under his command than I was while commanding, in my good fortune, that Australian submarine. Good comrades, loyal servants, and brave men."

Then began a life for us which was nothing but a sorry existence, and I don't think, if we had known what was ahead of us, that one of us would of left the boat. And when we were released from Turkey three and a half years later, leaving four of our number behind, we were nothing more than living skeletons.

On being picked up by the destroyer we were sent down below, and told to take off our wet clothes, which the Turkish sailors took down to the engine room to dry for us, and we were left in our birthday suits until they were returned to us several hours later. After picking us up the destroyer had immediately left the scene of the actions, for the town of Gallipoli, where we arrived about 4.00 P.M. and tied up alongside a Turkish hospital ship, which had just arrived with wounded from the ~~Peninsula~~ Peninsula. Shortly after tying up the German C. in C. General von Sanders came aboard and we were fell in on deck for him to inspect. I have often wondered what he must of thought of us, we certainly were a nondescript lot, most of us in nothing but trousers and singlets the only ones decently dressed were our three Officers, and coming from a Service that is renowned all over the world for its smartness & I am afraid we did not create a very good impression.

About eight o'clock we were given our ~~first~~ first meal, first we were served out with wooden spoons, and then the food was brought to us in tin ~~dishes~~ dishes and we all sat round, ten men to a dish, but as it was the first we had had to eat since seven o'clock in the morning we were not too particular. At nine o'clock the destroyers left Gallipoli with A.E.2's crew aboard for Constantinople where we arrived next morning. We were taken ashore and marched in single file, with armed guards on either side of us, through the streets to the military barracks

I think all the people of Constantinople ~~were~~ were in the streets to see us go past, but with the exceptions of the children drawing their fingers across their throat there was no hostile demonstration. On arrival at the barracks we were given a Turkish sailors suit, a soldiers overcoat, a pair of slippers and a fez, all second hand, and ~~had~~ our own clothes taken from us. We were then inspected and had our photos taken. The Turkish commandant then spoke to us, through an interpreter, and told us that we were not to consider ourselves as prisoners but the honoured guests of the Turkish Government, anything we wanted - we had only to ask him and he would do his best to get it for us. All this sounded very nice, but we were young in the ways of the Turks. We always found that Turkish officers would always listen ~~to~~ very politely to all our complaints and promising to do his best for us but it usually finished up with him making things a bit harder for us.

Our food here consisted of a two pound loaf of brown or black bread every day, in the morning we were given boiled wheat sometimes crushed and sometimes whole a dish between 10 men which we sat round on the floor and ate with wooden spoons like a lot of pigs and at night time we got potato or cabbage soup with a drop of olive oil on the top and plenty of tobacco.

We were taken away separately & questioned, but as we had been warned by our ~~captain~~ captain, some of us would say nothing at all, to which the Turks replied that it did not matter as Enver Pasha knew, others told

fantastic tales of dozens of Submarine being in
The Marmora, carrying enormous numbers of torpedos.
After about a week in Constantinople we were one morning
brought out of our cell and marched through the town
to the ferry taken across the Bosphorus and put on a
train, where we were going we had no idea, after
travelling all day we arrived in Eskisehr ~~at night~~
where we remained ~~the~~ overnight, leaving again in
the morning, we arrived late at night at ~~Afion Kara Hissar~~
~~Afion-Karakusar~~, a fairly large town over three thousand four
hundred feet above sea level, here we left the train and were
put into a room about forty feet square, with seven large
windows with iron bars but no glass, as the ground outside
was still covered with snow the temperature inside was
very little above freezing and we had very little clothes
and were by this time half starved we had rather a terrible
time, sleep was impossible all we could do was run round
the room until we were exhausted and then lay in heaps
on the floor until the cold started us moving again. We were
kept in this room for three days and nights, ~~except~~ to except
to go to the ~~battery~~ lavatory when we were taken out singly
by a guard armed with a rifle of about 1 inch calibre and a
bayonet about 2 foot long on the end of it, and they always
stood in the doorway with the rifle at the ready, rather
embarrassing until you got used to it. We were taken
from here to a building the other side of the town
where we found the survivors of E.15. and several soldiers

who had been captured on the Peninsula, making 60 prisoners in all with H.E.2's crew. Here we were placed in two rooms 15' x 12'. 30 men in each room. In these two rooms we ~~were~~ remained for about ~~of~~ four weeks never leaving them except to go to the lavatory which was about six yards from the door, our food consisted of a two pound loaf of bread a day a dish of boiled ^{wheat} between ten men in the morning and in the afternoon a dish of cabbage or potato soup with olive oil. The building we were in was built of wood and was absolutely alive with lice and as we had no way of washing our clothes or even our bodies we were soon as much alive as the building, to break the monotony some one suggested that we start a competition to see who could catch the most lice off their own clothes and body each man being allowed to strip twice a day. the record catch for one man was 250 in a day, the competition went on until we left this place and the numbers of our catch was just the same at the end as at the beginning somewhere about 200 a man. Every opportunity we got to complain ~~to~~ to the Commandant we did, asking to be allowed to ~~go~~ go out to work anything to get exercise, eventually we were sent out to work on the roads. being ^{given} ~~given~~ our first meal before ~~at~~ daylight we were marched out of the camp at daybreak to where we were to work about a mile and a half away, here we were put to work.

cracking stones. we had an armed guard of thirty
to look after us. about twenty of them were posted
round us to stop us escaping the rest were in among
us to see we worked these were armed with sticks
about three foot long and about two inches thick
which they made full use of. I ~~can~~ remember one
day when the guard were more vicious than usual
some wag started singing Rule Britannia. Britton never
shall be slaves. At mid day we were given half
a hours rest and then back to work finishing
in time to get back to our camp at dark.

After a few weeks of this our clothes were in rags
and bare footed and we had not had a shave
or a haircut since being captured and were filthy
dirty and half starved I am sure no-one would
of recognized us as British sailors and soldiers
how we ever lived through those first few month
of captivity without going mad I don't know.
After about two month of this one day the Turks became
very active and instead of going to work we were
taken to a Turkish bath in town and allowed to
get some of the filth off our bodies and wash our
clothes and were given a haircut and a shave and
our rooms were washed and the walls whitewashed
and a few days later we received a visit from
the American Ambassador and he brought with him
about ten or twelve cases of tinned food, and after

spending about three hours chatting with us he gave us each a Turkish sovereign and promised to do what he could to better our conditions. Things did improve for a few week after but were soon as bad as ever. I have forgotten to mention that we were allowed to write home once a week and then only four lines, but we were told that if we did not tell our people what wonderful treatment we were getting our cards would be destroyed. After a couple more months all the Australians we taken to the station and put on a train and told that as we we always complaining we were going to be shifted to another camp, after three days in the train we arrived in Angora, where we joined about three hundred other prisoners who had been captured on the Peninsula most of whom had been wounded and been in hospital, all of them were half starved andragged the same as we were. After two days here one morning we were given a handfull of dried olives and a loaf of bread and were told that we were going on foot to a place called Bhangre a place about 90 miles from Angora. This place was reached in four days marching over twenty miles a day on two pound of bread and a hand full of olives, starting at daylight every morning and reaching a village about nine or ten at ~~night~~ night half of the men were usually knocked off by midday and had to be helped or carried the

rest of the day we knew enough of the Turks by this time to know that anyone left ~~the~~ behind would soon be killed. As long as I live I will not forget that four days of my life the suffering and misery of that march would fill a book it was a wonderfull example of how Britisher will stick together and help one another and not be beaten when the need arises. When we arrived at Changr we were put into a big military barracks and a few weeks later it commenced to ~~snow~~ snow and a few days later everything was snowed up. We were given quilts to keep us warm at night, and were not long in finding out that they were filled with raw wool a few weeks later all the wool had been taken out and spun and knitted into warm underclothes. Here we were given permission to buy any extra food we wanted from the town, but as very few of us had any money left it was not much good to us. We had our first Christmas as Prisoners of War in this camp and the day before we received a large parcel of puddings and cakes and other ~~luxuries~~ luxuries from British subjects interned in Constantinople, for which we were very thankful. We remained in this camp until the end of the winter the ~~snow~~ snow had almost gone when we commenced our march back to Angora but this time we were in much better condition for the long march and this time the Turks were much

easier with us, we covered the distance in five days after two days in Angora we were put on the train again, and three days later arrived Bela Medik, ~~near~~ at the end of the railway into Asia Minor, from where the railway was being pushed through to Bagdad.

This ~~work~~ work was in charge of German Engineers, we were to be employed in the tunnels, about twelve in all, which were being cut through the mountain, some of them about a mile in length others only a few hundred yard but all of them solid ~~rock~~ rock right through, here we were not fed by the Works but were paid the sum of 1/4 a day and had to keep ourselves in food and clothes, our work at first was loading stone into trucks after it had been blasted from the walls of the tunnel, after a few days of this I was lucky to get a ~~job~~ job looking after an air compressor and switch board, compressed air was used for the drilling machine in the tunnel, this was an easy job for which I received 2/- a day. After a few months some of our men ~~were~~ were put on to drilling machine a soon became so efficient that they were earning up to 3/- a day so I left my job on the air compressor and went to work on a drilling machine, this was much harder work and rather dangerous, as it was a common thing to drill into an unexploded charge, as the Turks & Greek who had ~~rooted~~ ~~there~~ before us charge of the firing.

had never troubled to look for an unexploded charge but left it for some ~~other~~ one else to find, which they usually did with the end of a drill, to be blown to pieces for their trouble, the gang I was ~~with~~ with was lucky, we had with us a sergeant who had been an underground manager in a coal mine before joining the A.T.F. and by mutual consent he took charge of us and always remained with the firing party and would not allow us back until he was sure it was safe, some of the other gangs were not so lucky a quite a few of these men were blown to pieces or crushed by falling rock. It was from here that our first attempts were made to escape, but none succeeded, two seamen of A.E.2 did actually reach the coast where they remained for about ten days, but had to give themselves up for want of food, myself & two others made an attempt from our camp and were away for four days but could not get clear of the mountains and our food running short we had to return, which we did without the Turks missing us.

Malaria broke out very bad and men began to die like flies, four of A.E.2's crew were among the victims, after three months of malaria there was about one hundred of those remaining who were too weak to work, myself among them, so we were put on the train and sent back to Afion-Karakusar

Here we found quite a large camp of prisoners of War mostly men who had been captured in Palestine. Here we set about trying to get our strength back a hard thing to do on Turkish food. In this camp we received the only parcels sent from home, that we received all the time we were in Turkey altogether during three and a half years in Turkey I think I received about nine parcels, eight of which came from England and one from Australia. Here prisoners did not have to work except the work in the camp. Several times small parties were picked out and sent away to work somewhere, after a few months here I began to get my strength back a bit and I decided to try and join one of these parties, one day the Turks asked for any engineers who would like to go to work so I took a chance and volunteered with eight others and was sent on the train to Eskisehir and the next day we were ^{sent} in a wagon to a farm a few miles out of town to work Our work was to run an old fashioned threshing machine Nine engineers to run a threshing machine, we laughed but not for long it took the nine of us working about fifteen hours a day to run it all the tools we had was an axe, a couple of hammers and about four spanners. We were not sorry when after about a week of this we were sent back to Eskisehir.

as they wanted to ride in the waggon, ~~too far~~
there was one other Australian beside myself and
we quickly volunteered to ride the horses, we were told
to keep in sight of the waggon and not to leave
the road, which was nothing only a waggon track
across the plains, quite easily seen in the moonlight
we stopped in sight of the waggon for a few miles
but as they were very slow, and we could see the
track quite plain we thought we would push on
ahead and as the horses were quite good and dying for a
gallop we let them go, we were ~~not~~ not long before we
found that the track we had been following had
disappeared, we waited a while for the waggon to catch
up to us but as it did not we scouted around until
we found another track going in the same direction
and followed that but after following it for miles
and getting nowhere we decided to give the horses
their head and see if they would take us home
which they eventually did about four o'clock in
the morning to find everyone asleep and no one
worrying about us. In the morning we found
that we were on a farm of about 45,000 acres
which had been owned by a Frenchman before the war
and had been well stocked with machinery even to
a light railway, which the Turkish military had already
taken, of the machinery left there was two large
English threshing machines with English tractors to drive

from there ~~there~~ we were sent on the train to Konia in charge of one Turkish soldier. When we arrived there he took us to a house and told us that we would have to stay there for a few days, as he wanted to visit a relative who lived in Konia, he told us if we wanted to look round the town we could as long as we did not get into trouble, as most of us by this time could speak Turkish well enough to make ourselves understood. We had quite a good time for the next three days when our soldier turned up and told us that we had to go with him out to a farm to see some machinery, we had visions of more threshing machines but when we arrived there we found two motor ~~but~~ tractors ploughing these were in charge of two Germans sailors from the Goeben one of whom could speak English very well, he told us that we were working for the Turkish Red Crescent Society a society similar to the Red Cross and that we were going to a large farm where several of these motor tractors and a lot of other machines were being used. After two days with the German sailors we were again on the train to be put off at a village about nine o'clock at night here we were met by a wagon and two officers on horses, the farm we were going to was about eight miles from the village the officers asked if two of us would ride their horses

them, two large German steam ploughs, and three International Harvester motor tractors which pulled large five furrow ploughs and about one hundred small bullock ploughs and about thirty ~~reapers~~ reapping machines over work was to run the larger machine, and to keep the smaller ones in repair. Here the Turks gave us food, the usual Turkish food, and paid us about one pound a month. We had to work six days a week from daylight till dark but on Sunday we were allowed to visit the villages round about of which there were several, to buy food, and as we were just beginning to receive money sent to us by the English and Australian Government things did not seem quite so bad. There were about fifty Russian prisoners of war and about one hundred and fifty Turks and Greeks and we were later joined by ten French prisoners of war and another two German sailors off the Goben. We started ~~for~~ work right away and eventually had about 20,000 acres under crop, wheat and barley, but as the seed was put in without manure and in ground that had been worked for centuries we had our doubts about the crop that was going to come off. Food was beginning to get very scarce in Turkey, sugar and tea could not be bought at all, sheep or goats which we sometimes bought for meat cost us twenty eight or thirty Turkish pound each. We woke up one morning to find it snowing and

in a few days everything was covered with about three foot snow, work out in the fields ceased, and as ~~soon~~ as we could not get through to the villages we had to live ~~on~~ the Turkish food and anything extra we could steal, we had by this time become expert thieves and if there was a ~~to~~ storeroom without a guard we were not long in picking the lock and getting what we wanted one night, actually stole a bullock, killed it and salted the meat down, and burned the hide and bones before morning, the Turks thought the wolves must of got it as there were quite a lot of wolves about. Life went on fairly smooth here until the crop was ready for harvesting and then we had about three months of hard work. The Turks were very pleased with their crop, but to us, who had seen good crops it was a failure. Ploughing commenced again as soon as the harvesting was finished but it was not long before we began to hear rumours of the war finishing, and then one day we were told to pack up and catch ^{the} train back to Afyon-Karahosah. When we arrived there we found that all the prisoners of war were being concentrated there, but there was still no definite news of war having finished, but we were allowed to roam round the town as long as we behaved ~~as~~ ~~ourselves~~ ourselves. After about four weeks here we again found ourselves on the train and after two days travelling we arrived in the

seaport of Smyrna here we were again given the run of the town until some of the more reckless got into trouble with the police then we were stopped from going into the town at all. after about two weeks here we were picked up by an English Transport and landed in Alexandria and were sent to an English rest camp to recuperate, we were here only a few days when the Australian military authorities claimed all the Australians and we were sent to an Australian rest camp in Port Said, here we were given a wonderful time. The Australian soldiers who had been prisoners of war were being sent straight back to Australia so the Australians from A.E.2.s crew asked to be sent with them, but were told that we were to be sent to England to be decorated, where we eventually arrived a ~~few~~ few weeks before Christmas 1918, but the only ones to receive decorations were the three officers, the Captain receiving the D.S.O. and the other two officers the D.S.C. After a few weeks leave in England we were sent back to Australia by transport arriving in Fremantle on Feb. 19th 1919. I have tried in this short account to tell you some of the misery and suffering we underwent for three and a half years as prisoners of ~~war~~ war in Turkey but I am afraid it would take a much abler pen than mine to do justice to it. The Turk is sometimes called the unspeakable Turk, he is all that, and some more he cannot stand pain himself, but he will inflict

the most terrible tortures on human beings and
dumb animals and laugh, some of the things I seen
in Turkey I dread even now to think of after twenty
years, one for instance was the hanging of a Turk,
what he had done I could not find out, their method of
hanging was very crude, a tripod was formed of
three poles and the Turk - was stood underneath and
a rope tied round his neck and to the top of the tripod
then three men pushed the bottom of the tripod in
until he ~~was~~ was raised off the ground and he was
left ~~there~~ there until he was dead.