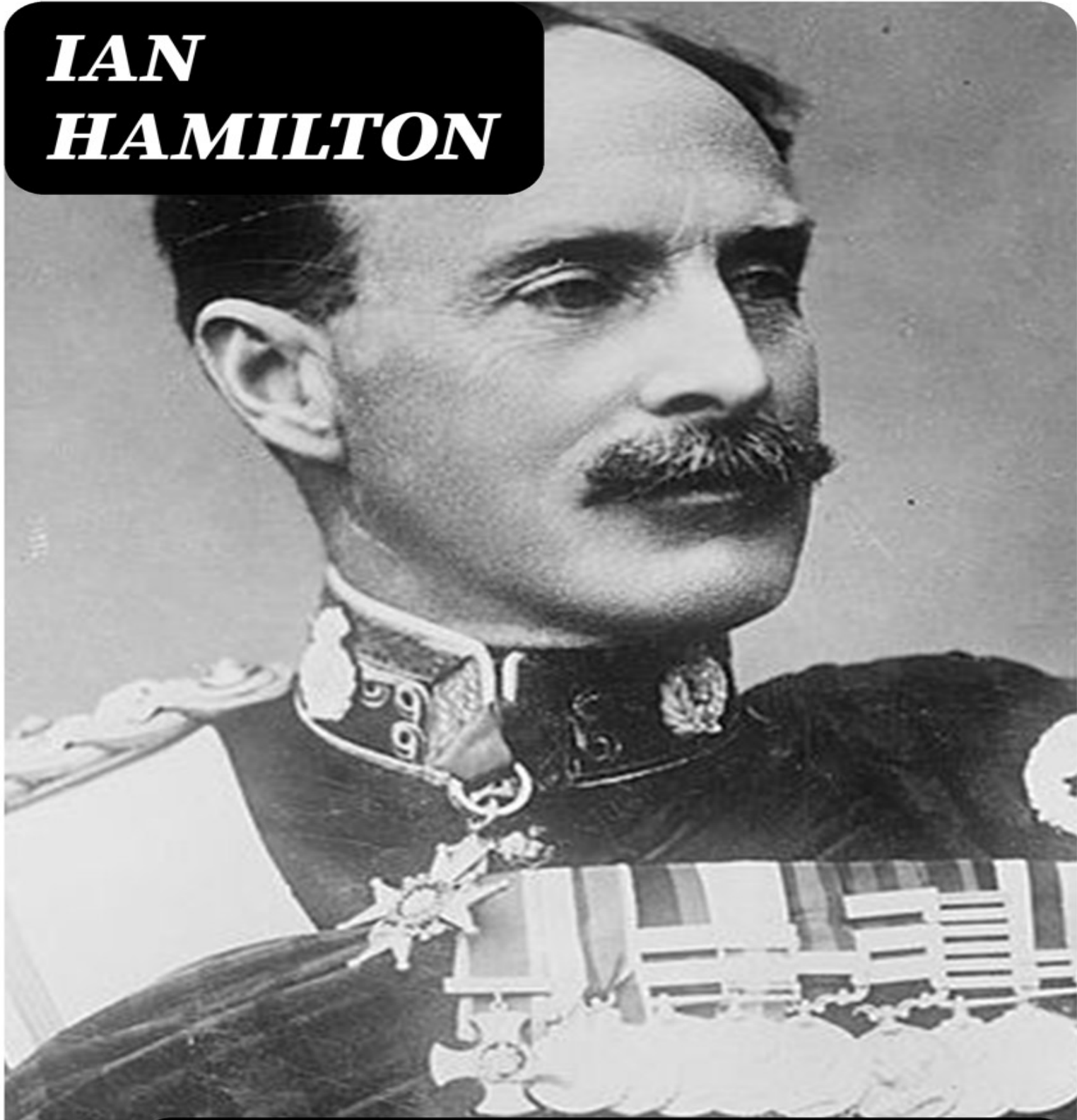


***IAN
HAMILTON***



***GALLIPOLI
DIARY***

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Ian Hamilton

Gallipoli Diary

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PREFACE

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On the heels of the South African War came the sleuth-hounds pursuing the criminals, I mean the customary Royal Commissions. Ten thousand words of mine stand embedded in their Blue Books, cold and dead as so many mammoths in glaciers. But my long spun-out intercourse with the Royal Commissioners did have living issue—my Manchurian and Gallipoli notes. Only constant observation of civilian Judges and soldier witnesses could have shown me how fallible is the unaided military memory or have led me by three steps to a War Diary—

(1) There is nothing certain about war except that one side won't win.

(2) The winner is asked no questions—the loser has to answer for everything.

(3) Soldiers think of nothing so little as failure and yet, to the extent of fixing intentions, orders, facts, dates firmly in their own minds, they ought to be prepared.

Conclusion:—In war, keep your own counsel, preferably in a note-book.

The first test of the new resolve was the Manchurian Campaign, 1904-5; and it was a hard test. Once that Manchurian Campaign was over I never put pen to paper—in the diary sense^[1]—until I was under orders for Constantinople. Then I bought a note-book as well as a Colt's automatic (in fact, these were the only two items of special outfit I did buy), and here are the contents—not of

the auto but of the book. Also, from the moment I took up the command, I kept cables, letters and copies (actions quite foreign to my natural disposition), having been taught in my youth by Lord Roberts that nothing written to a Commander-in-Chief, or his Military Secretary, can be private if it has a bearing on operations. A letter which may influence the Chief Command of an Army and, therefore, the life of a nation, may be "Secret" for reasons of State; it cannot possibly be "Private" for personal reasons.^[2]

At the time, I am sure my diary was a help to me in my work. The crossings to and from the Peninsula gave me many chances of reckoning up the day's business, sometimes in clear, sometimes in a queer cipher of my own. Ink stands with me for an emblem of futurity, and the act of writing seemed to set back the crisis of the moment into a calmer perspective. Later on, the diary helped me again, for although the Dardanelles Commission did not avail themselves of my formal offer to submit what I had written to their scrutiny, there the records were. Whenever an event, a date and a place were duly entered in their actual coincidence, no argument to the contrary could prevent them from falling into the picture: an advocate might just as well waste eloquence in disputing the right of a piece to its own place in a jig-saw puzzle. Where, on the other hand, incidents were not entered, anything might happen and did happen; *vide*, for instance, the curious misapprehension set forth in the footnotes to pages 59, 60, Vol. II.

So much for the past. Whether these entries have not served their turn is now the question. They were written red-hot amidst tumult, but faintly now, and as in some far echo,

sounds the battle-cry that once stopped the beating of thousands of human hearts as it was borne out upon the night wind to the ships. Those dread shapes we saw through our periscopes are dust: "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" and "the destruction that wasteth at noonday" are already images of speech: only the vastness of the stakes; the intensity of the effort and the grandeur of the sacrifice still stand out clearly when we, in dreams, behold the Dardanelles. Why not leave that shining impression as a martial cloak to cover the errors and vicissitudes of all the poor mortals who, in the words of Thucydides, "dared beyond their strength, hazarded against their judgment, and in extremities were of an excellent hope?"

Why not? The tendency of every diary is towards self-justification and complaint; yet, to-day, personally, I have "no complaints." Would it not be wiser, then, as well as more dignified, to let the Dardanelles R.I.P.? The public will not be starved. A Dardanelles library exists— nothing less—from which three luminous works by Masefield, Nevinson and Callwell stand out; works each written by a man who had the right to write; each as distinct from its fellow as one primary colour from another, each essentially true. On the top of these comes the Report of the Dardanelles Commission and the Life of Lord Kitchener, where his side of the story is so admirably set forth by his intimate friend, Sir George Arthur. The tale has been told and retold. Every morsel of the wreckage of our Armada seems to have been brought to the surface. There are fifty reasons against publishing, reasons which I know by heart. On the other side there are only three things to be said—

(1) Though the bodies recovered from the tragedy have been stripped and laid out in the Morgue, no hand has yet dared remove the masks from their faces.

(2) I cannot destroy this diary. Before his death Cranmer thrust his own hand into the flames: "his heart was found entire amidst the ashes."

(3) I will not leave my diary to be flung at posterity from behind the cover of my coffin. In case anyone wishes to challenge anything I have said, I must be above ground to give him satisfaction.

Therefore, I will publish and at once.

A man has only one life on earth. The rest is silence. Whether God will approve of my actions at a moment when the destinies of hundreds of millions of human beings hung upon them, God alone knows. But before I go I want to have the verdict of my comrades of all ranks at the Dardanelles, and until they know the truth, as it appeared to me at the time, how can they give that verdict?

IAN HAMILTON.
LULLENDEN FARM,
DORMANSLAND.
April 25, 1920.

LETTER FROM GENERAL D'AMADE TO THE AUTHOR

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Mon Général,

Dans la guerre Sud Africaine, ensuite en Angleterre, j'avais en spectateur vécu avec votre armée. Avec elle je souhaitais revivre en frère d'armes, combattant pour la même cause.

Les Dardanelles ont réalisé mon rêve. Mais le lecteur ne doit pas s'attarder avec moi. Lire le récit de celui même qui a commandé: quel avantage! L'Histoire, comme un fleuve, se charge d'impuretés en s'éloignent de ses sources. En remontant le cours, dans votre Journal, j'ai découvert les causes de certains effets demeuré, pour moi des énigmes.

Au début je n'avais pas cru à la possibilité de forcer les Dardanelles sans l'intervention de l'armée. C'est pour cela que, si la décision m'eût appartenus et avant d'avoir été placé sous vos ordres, j'avais songé à débarquer à Adramit, dans les eaux calmes de Mithylène, à courir ensuite à Brousse et Constantinople, pour y saisir les clefs du détroit.

En présence de l'opiniâtre confiance de l'amiral de Robecq j'abaissai mon pavillion de terrien et l'inclinai devant son autorité de marin Anglais. Nous fûmes conquis par cette confiance.

Notre théâtre de guerre de Gallipoli était très borné sur le terrain. Ce front restreint a permis à chacun de vos soldats de vous connaître. Autant qu'avec leurs armes, ils

combattaient avec votre ardeur de grand chef et votre inflexible volonté.

Dans le passé ce théâtre qui était la Troade, venait se souder aux éternels recommencements de l'Histoire.

Dans l'avenir son domaine était aussi vaste. "Si nos navires avaient pu franchir les détroits, a dit le Premier Ministre Loyd Georges le 18 décembre 1919 aux Communes, la guerre aurait été raccourcie de 2 ou 3 ans."

Il y a pire qu'une guerre, c'est une guerre qui se prolonge. Car les dévastations s'accumulent. Le vaincu qui a eu l'habileté de les éviter à son pays, se donnera, sur les ruines, des manières de vainqueur. Le premier but de guerre n'est il pas d'infliger à l'adversaire plus de mal qu'il ne vous en fait?

Si nous avons atteint Constantinople dans l'été 1915 c'était alors terminer la guerre, éviter la tourmente russe et tous les obstacles dressés par ce cataclysme devant le rétablissement de la paix du monde. C'était épargner à nos Patries des milliards de dépenses et des centaines de milliers de deuils.

Que nous n'ayons pas atteint ce but ne saurait établir qu'il n'ait été juste et sage de le poursuivre.

Voilà pour quelle cause sont tombés les soldats des Dardanelles. "Honneur à vous, soldats de France et soldats du Roi! ainsi que vous les adjuriez en les lançant à l'attaque.

"Morts héroïques! il n'a rien manqué à votre gloire, pas même une apparence d'oubli. Des triomphes des autres vous n'avez recueilli que les rayons extrêmes: ceux qui ont franchi la cime des arcs de triomphe pour aller au loin, coups égarés de la grande gerbe, éclairer vos tombés.

"Mais 'Ne jugez pas avant le temps.' Le crépuscule éteint, laissez encore passer la nuit. Vous aurez pour vous le soleil Levant."

Vous, Mon Général, vous aurez été l'ouvrier de cette grande idée, et l'annonciateur de cette aurore.

GÉN A D'AMADE.

Fronsac,

Gironde, France.

22 décembre, 1919.

CHAPTER I

THE START

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In the train between Paris and Marseilles, 14th March, 1915.

Neither the Asquith banquet, nor the talk at the Admiralty that midnight had persuaded me I was going to do what I am actually doing at this moment. K. had made no sign nor waved his magic baton. So I just kept as cool as I could and had a sound sleep.

Next morning, that is the 12th instant, I was working at the Horse Guards when, about 10 a.m., K. sent for me. I wondered! Opening the door I bade him good morning and walked up to his desk where he went on writing like a graven image. After a moment, he looked up and said in a matter-of-fact tone, "We are sending a military force to support the Fleet now at the Dardanelles, and you are to have Command."

Something in voice or words touched a chord in my memory. We were once more standing, K. and I, in our workroom at Pretoria, having just finished reading the night's crop of sixty or seventy wires. K. was saying to me, "You had better go out to the Western Transvaal." I asked no question, packed up my kit, ordered my train, started that night. Not another syllable was said on the subject. Uninstructed and unaccredited I left that night for the front; my outfit one A.D.C., two horses, two mules and a buggy. Whether I inspected the columns and came back and

reported to K. in my capacity as his Chief Staff Officer; or, whether, making use of my rank to assume command in the field, I beat up de la Rey in his den—all this rested entirely with me.

So I made my choice and fought my fight at Roodewal, last strange battle in the West. That is K.'s way. The envoy goes forth; does his best with whatever forces he can muster and, if he loses;—well, unless he had liked the job he should not have taken it on.

At that moment K. wished me to bow, leave the room and make a start as I did some thirteen years ago. But the conditions were no longer the same. In those old Pretoria days I had known the Transvaal by heart; the number, value and disposition of the British forces; the characters of the Boer leaders; the nature of the country. But my knowledge of the Dardanelles was nil; of the Turk nil; of the strength of our own forces next to nil. Although I have met K. almost every day during the past six months, and although he has twice hinted I might be sent to Salonika; never once, to the best of my recollection, had he mentioned the word Dardanelles.

I had plenty of time for these reflections as K., after his one tremendous remark had resumed his writing at the desk. At last, he looked up and inquired, "Well?"

"We have done this sort of thing before, Lord K." I said; "we have run this sort of show before and you know without saying I am most deeply grateful and you know without saying I will do my best and that you can trust my loyalty—but I must say something—I must ask you some questions." Then I began.

K. frowned; shrugged his shoulders; I thought he was going to be impatient, but although he gave curt answers at first he slowly broadened out, until, at the end, no one else could get a word in edgeways.^[3]

My troops were to be Australians and New Zealanders under Birdwood (a friend); strength, say, about 30,000. (A year ago I inspected them in their own Antipodes and no finer material exists); the 29th Division, strength, say 19,000 under Hunter-Weston—a slashing man of action; an acute theorist; the Royal Naval Division, 11,000 strong (an excellent type of Officer and man, under a solid Commander—Paris); a French contingent, strength at present uncertain, say, about a Division, under my old war comrade the chivalrous d'Amade, now at Tunis.

Say then grand total about 80,000—probably panning out at some 50,000 rifles in the firing line. Of these the 29th Division are extras—*division de luxe*.

K. went on; he was now fairly under weigh and got up and walked about the room as he spoke. I knew, he said, his (K.'s) feelings as to the political and strategic value of the Near East where one clever tactical thrust delivered on the spot and at the spot might rally the wavering Balkans. Rifle for rifle, *at that moment*, we could nowhere make as good use of the 29th Division as by sending it to the Dardanelles, where each of its 13,000 rifles might attract a hundred more to our side of the war. Employed in France or Flanders the 29th would at best help to push back the German line a few miles; at the Dardanelles the stakes were enormous. He spoke, so it struck me, as if he was defending himself in argument: he asked if I agreed. I said, "Yes." "Well," he

rejoined, "You may just as well realize at once that G.H.Q. in France do not agree. They think they have only to drive the Germans back fifty miles nearer to their base to win the war. Those are the same fellows who used to write me saying they wanted no New Army; that they would be amply content if only the old Old Army and the Territorials could be kept up to strength. Now they've been down to Aldershot and seen the New Army they are changing their tune, but I am by no means sure, *now*, that I'll give it to them. French and his Staff believe firmly that the British Imperial Armies can pitch their camp down in one corner of Europe and there fight a world war to a finish. The thing is absurd but French, plus France, are a strong combine and they are fighting tooth and nail for the 29th Division. It must clearly be understood then:—"

(1) That the 29th Division are only to be a loan and are to be returned the moment they can be spared.

(2) That all things ear-marked for the East are looked on by powerful interests both at home and in France as having been stolen from the West.

Did I take this in? I said, "I take it from you." Did I myself, speaking as actual Commander of the Central Striking Force and executively responsible for the land defence of England, think the 29th Division could be spared at all? "Yes," I said, "and four more Territorial Divisions as well." K. used two or three very bad words and added, with his usual affability, that I would find myself walking about in civilian costume instead of going to Constantinople if he found me making any wild statements of that sort to the politicians. I laughed and reminded him of my testimony before the Committee of

Imperial Defence about my Malta amphibious manœuvres; about the Malta Submarines and the way they had destroyed the battleships conveying my landing forces. If there was any politician, I said, who cared a hang about my opinions he knew quite well already my views on an invasion of England; namely, that it would be like trying to hurt a monkey by throwing nuts at him. I didn't want to steal what French wanted, but now that the rifles had come and the troops had finished their musketry, there was no need to squabble over a Division. Why not let French have two of my Central Force Territorial Division at once—they were jolly good and were wasting their time over here. That would sweeten French and he and Joffre would make no more trouble about the 29th.

K. glared at me. I don't know what he was going to say when Callwell came into the room with some papers.

We moved to the map in the window and Callwell took us through a plan of attack upon the Forts at the Dardanelles, worked out by the Greek General Staff. The Greeks had meant to employ (as far as I can remember) 150,000 men. Their landing was to have taken place on the North-west coast of the Southern part of the Peninsula, opposite Kilid Bahr. "But," said K., "half that number of men will do you handsomely; the Turks are busy elsewhere; I hope you will not have to land at all; if you *do* have to land, why then the powerful Fleet at your back will be the prime factor in your choice of time and place."

I asked K. if he would not move the Admiralty to work a submarine or two up the Straits at once so as to prevent reinforcements and supplies coming down by sea from

Constantinople. By now the Turks must be on the alert and it was commonsense to suppose they would be sending some sort of help to their Forts. However things might pan out we could not be going wrong if we made the Marmora unhealthy for the Turkish ships. Lord K. thereupon made the remark that if we could get one submarine into the Marmora the defences of the Dardanelles would collapse. "Supposing," he said, "one submarine pops up opposite the town of Gallipoli and waves a Union Jack three times, the whole Turkish garrison on the Peninsula will take to their heels and make a bee line for Bulair."

In reply to a question about Staff, Lord K., in the gruff voice he puts on when he wants no argument, told me I could not take my own Chief of Staff, Ellison, and that Braithwaite would go with me in his place. Ellison and I have worked hand in glove for several years; our qualities usefully complement one another; there was no earthly reason I could think of why Ellison should *not* have come with me, but; I like Braithwaite; he had been on my General Staff for a time in the Southern Command; he is cheery, popular and competent.

Wolfe Murray, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was then called in, also Archie Murray, Inspector of Home Forces, and Braithwaite. This was the first (apparently) either of the Murrays had heard of the project!!! Both seemed to be quite taken aback, and I do not remember that either of them made a remark.

Braithwaite was very nice and took a chance to whisper his hopes he would not give me too much cause to regret Ellison. He only said one thing to K. and that produced an

explosion. He said it was vital that we should have a better air service than the Turks in case it came to fighting over a small area like the Gallipoli Peninsula: he begged, therefore, that whatever else we got, or did not get, we might be fitted out with a contingent of up-to-date aeroplanes, pilots and observers. K. turned on him with flashing spectacles and rent him with the words, "*Not one!*"

15th March, 1915. H.M.S. "Phaeton." Toulon Harbour. Embarked at Marseilles last night at 6 p.m. and slept on board. Owing to some mistake no oil fuel had been taken aboard so we have had to come round here this morning to get it. Have just breakfasted with the Captain, Cameron by name, and have let the Staff go ashore to see the town. We do not sail till 2 p.m.: after special trains and everything a clean chuck-away of 20 hours.

I left off in the S. of S.'s room at the War Office. After the bursting of the aeroplane bomb K. did most of the talking. I find it hard to remember all he said: here are the outstanding points—

(1) We soldiers are to understand we are string Number 2. The sailors are sure they can force the Dardanelles on their own and the whole enterprise has been framed on that basis: we are to lie low and to bear in mind the Cabinet does not want to hear anything of the Army till it sails through the Straits. But if the Admiral fails, then we will have to go in.

(2) If the Army has to be used, whether on the Bosphorus or at the Dardanelles, I am to bear in mind his order that no serious operation is to take place until the whole of my force is complete; ready; concentrated and on the spot. No piecemeal attack is to be made.

(3) If we do start fighting, once we *have* started we are to burn our boats. Once landed the Government are resolved to see the enterprise through.

(4) Asia is out of bounds. K. laid special stress on this. Our sea command and the restricted area of Gallipoli would enable us to undertake a landing on the Peninsula with clearly limited liabilities. Once we began marching about continents, situations calling for heavy reinforcements would probably be created. Although I, Hamilton, seemed ready to run risks in the defence of London, he, K., was not, and as he had already explained, big demands would make his position difficult with France; difficult everywhere; and might end by putting him (K.) in the cart. Besika Bay and Alexandretta were, therefore, taboo—not to be touched! Even after we force the Narrows no troops are to be landed along the Asian coastline. Nor are we to garrison any part of the Gallipoli Peninsula excepting only the Bulair Lines which had best be permanently held, K. thinks, by the Naval Division.

When we get into the Marmora I shall be faced by a series of big problems. What would I do? From what quarter could I attack Constantinople? How would I hold it when I had taken it? K. asked me the questions.

With the mud of prosaic Whitehall drying upon my boots these remarks of K.'s sounded to me odd. But, knowing Constantinople, and—what was more to the point at the moment—knowing K.'s hatred of hesitation, I managed to pull myself together so far as to suggest that if the city was weakly held and if, as he had said, (I forgot to enter that) the bulk of the Thracian troops were dispersed throughout

the Provinces, or else moving to re-occupy Adrianople, why then, possibly, by a *coup de main*, we might pounce upon the Chatalja Lines from the South before the Turks could climb back into them from the North. Lord K. made a grimace; he thought this too chancy. The best would be if we did not land a man until the Turks had come to terms. Once the Fleet got through the Dardanelles, Constantinople could not hold out. Modern Constantinople could not last a week if blockaded by sea and land. That was a sure thing; a thing whereon he could speak with full confidence. The Fleet could lie off out of sight and range of the Turks and with their guns would dominate the railways and, if necessary, burn the place to ashes. The bulk of the people were not Osmanli or even Mahomedan and there would be a revolution at the mere sight of the smoke from the funnels of our warships. But if, for some cause at present non-apparent, we were forced to put troops ashore against organized Turkish opposition, then he advocated a landing on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus to hold out a hand to the Russians, who would simultaneously land there from the Black Sea. He only made the suggestion, for the man on the spot must be the best judge. Several of the audience left us here, at Lord K.'s suggestion, to get on with their work. K. went on—

The moment the holding of Constantinople comes along the French and the Russians will be very jealous and prickly. Luckily we British have an easy part to play as the more we efface ourselves at that stage, the better he, K., will be pleased. The Army in France have means of making their views work in high places and pressure is sure to be put on

by them and by their friends for the return of the 29th and Naval Divisions the moment we bring Turkey to book. Therefore, it will be best in any case to "let the French and Russians garrison Constantinople and sing their hymns in S. Sophia," whilst my own troops hold the railway line and perhaps Adrianople. Thus they will be at a loose end and we shall be free to bring them back to the West; to land them at Odessa or to push them up the Danube, without weakening the Allied grip on the waterway linking the Mediterranean with the Black Sea.

This was the essence of our talk: as it lasted about an hour and a half, I can only have put down about one tenth of it.

At odd times I have been recipient of K.'s reveries but always, *always*, he has rejected with a sort of horror the idea of being War Minister or Commander-in-Chief. Now by an extreme exercise of its ironic spirit, Providence has made him both.

In pre-war days, when we met in Egypt and at Malta, K. made no bones about what he wanted. He wanted to be Viceroy of India or Ambassador at Constantinople.

I remember very well one conversation we had when I asked him why he wanted to hang on to great place, and whether he had not done enough already. He said he could not bear to see India being mismanaged by nincompoops or our influence in Turkey being chucked out of the window with both hands: I answered him, I remember, by saying there were only two things worth doing as Viceroy and they would not take very long. One was to put a huge import duty on aniline dyes and so bring back the lovely vegetable

dyes of old India, the saffrons, indigoes, madders, etc.; the other was to build a black marble Taj at Agra opposite the white and join the two by a silver bridge. I expected to get a rise, but actually he took the ideas quite seriously and I am sure made a mental note of them. Anyway, as Viceroy, K. would have flung the whole vast weight of India into the scale of this war; he would have poured Army after Army from East to West. Under K. India could have beaten Turkey single-handed; aye, and with one arm tied behind her back. With K. as Ambassador at Constantinople he would have prevented Turkey coming into the war. There is no doubt of it. Neither Enver Pasha nor Talaat would have dared to enrage K., and as for the idea of their deporting him, it is grotesque. They might have shot him in the back; they could never have faced him with a war declaration in their hands. As an impresser of Orientals he is a nonesuch. So we put him into the War Office in the ways of which he is something of an amateur, with a big prestige and a big power of drive. Yes, we remove the best experts from the War Office and pop in K. like a powerful engine from which we have removed all controls, regulators and safety valves. Yet see what wonders he has worked!

Still, he remains, in the War Office sense, an amateur. The Staff left by French at the W.O. may not have been von Moltke's, but they were K.'s only Councillors. An old War Office hand would have used them. But in no case, even had they been the best, could K. have had truck or parley with any system of decentralization of work—of semi-independent specialists each running a show of his own. As late (so-called) Chief of Staff to Lord K. in South Africa, I

could have told them that whatever work K. fancies at the moment he must swipe at it, that very moment, off his own bat. The one-man show carried on royally in South Africa and all the narrow squeaks we had have been completely swallowed up in the final success; but how will his no-system system work now? Perhaps he may pull it through; anyway he is starting with a beautifully cleaned slate. He has surpassed himself, in fact, for I confess even with past experience to guide me, I did not imagine our machinery could have been so thoroughly smashed in so short a time. Ten long years of General Staff; Lyttelton, Nicholson, French, Douglas; where are your well-thought-out schemes for an amphibious attack on Constantinople? Not a sign! Braithwaite set to work in the Intelligence Branch at once. But beyond the ordinary text books those pigeon holes were drawn blank. The Dardanelles and Bosphorus might be in the moon for all the military information I have got to go upon. One text book and one book of travellers' tales don't take long to master and I have not been so free from work or preoccupation since the war started. There is no use trying to make plans unless there is some sort of material, political, naval, military or geographical to work upon.

Winston had been in a fever to get us off and had ordered a special train for that very afternoon. My new Staff were doubtful if they could get fixed up so quickly and K. settled the matter by saying there was no need to hustle. For myself, I was very keen to get away. The best plan to save slips between cup and lip is to swallow the liquor. But K. thought it wisest to wait, so I 'phoned over to Eddie to let Winston know we should not want his train that day.

Next morning, the 13th, I handed over the Central Force Command to Rundle and then, at 10.30 went in with Braithwaite to say good-bye. K. was standing by his desk splashing about with his pen at three different drafts of instructions. One of them had been drafted by Fitz—I suppose under somebody's guidance; the other was by young Buckley; the third K. was working on himself. Braithwaite, Fitz and I were in the room; no one else except Callwell who popped in and out. The instructions went over most of the ground of yesterday's debate and were too vague. When I asked the crucial question:—the enemy's strength? K. thought I had better be prepared for 40,000. How many guns? No one knows. Who was in command? Djavad Pasha, it is believed. But, K. says, I may take it that the Kilid Bahr Plateau has been entrenched and is sufficiently held. South of Kilid Bahr to the point at Cape Helles, I may take it that the Peninsula is open to a landing on very easy terms. The cross fire from the Fleet lying part in the Aegean and part in the mouth of the Straits must sweep that flat and open stretch of country so as to render it untenable by the enemy. Lord K. demonstrated this cross fire upon the map. He toiled over the wording of his instructions. They were headed "Constantinople Expeditionary Force." I begged him to alter this to avert Fate's evil eye. He consented and both this corrected draft and the copy as finally approved are now in Braithwaite's despatch box more modestly headed "Mediterranean Expeditionary Force." None of the drafts help us with facts about the enemy; the politics; the country and our allies, the Russians. In sober fact these "instructions" leave me to

my own devices in the East, almost as much as K.'s laconic order "git" left me to myself when I quitted Pretoria for the West thirteen years ago.

So I said good-bye to old K. as casually as if we were to meet together at dinner. Actually my heart went out to my old Chief. He was giving me the best thing in his gift and I hated to leave him amongst people who were frightened of him. But there was no use saying a word. He did not even wish me luck and I did not expect him to, but he did say, rather unexpectedly, *after* I had said good-bye and just as I was taking up my cap from the table, "If the Fleet gets through, Constantinople will fall of itself and you will have won, not a battle, but the war."

At 5 o'clock that afternoon we bade adieu to London. Winston was disappointed we didn't dash away yesterday but we have not really let much grass grow under our feet. He and some friends came down to Charing Cross to see us off. I told Winston Lord K. would not think me loyal if I wrote to another Secretary of State. He understood and said that if I wanted him to be aware of some special request all I had to say was, "You will agree perhaps that the First Lord should see." Then the S. of S. for War would be bound to show him the letter:—which proves that with all his cleverness Winston has yet some points to learn about his K. of K.!

My Staff still bear the bewildered look of men who have hurriedly been snatched from desks to do some extraordinary turn on some unheard of theatre. One or two of them put on uniform for the first time in their lives an hour ago. Leggings awry, spurs upside down, belts over shoulder straps! I haven't a notion of who they all are: nine-

tenths of my few hours of warning has been taken up in winding up the affairs of the Central Force.

At Dover embarked on H.M.S. *Foresight*—a misnomer, for we ran into a fog and had to lie-to for a devil of a time. Heard far-off guns on French front—which was cheering.

At 10.30 p.m. we left Calais for Marseilles and during the next day the French authorities caused me to be met by Officers of their Railway Mobilization Section. Had my first breathing space wherein to talk over matters with Braithwaite, and he and I tried to piece together the various scraps of views we had picked up at the War Office into a pattern which should serve us for a doctrine. But we haven't got very much to go upon. A diagram he had drawn up with half the spaces unfilled showing the General Staff. Another diagram with its blank spaces only showed that our Q. branch was not in being. Three queried names, Woodward for A.G., Winter for Q.M.G. and Williams for Cipher Officer. The first two had been left behind, the third was with us. The following hurried jottings by Braithwaite:—"Only 1600 rounds for the 4.5 Howitzers!!! High Explosive essential. Who is to be C.R.E.? Engineer Stores? French are to remain at Tunis until the day comes that they are required. Egyptian troops also remain in Egypt till last moment. Everything we want by 30th (it is hoped). Await arrival of 29th Division before undertaking anything big. If Carden wants military help it is for Sir Ian's consideration whether to give or to withhold it." These rough notes; the text book on the Turkish Army, and two small guide books: not a very luminous outfit. Braithwaite tells me our force are not to take with them the usual 10 per cent. extra margin of reserves to fill

casualties. Wish I had realised this earlier. He had not time to tell me he says. The General Staff thought we ought certainly to have these and he and Wolfe Murray went in and made a personal appeal to the A.G. But he was obdurate. This seems hard luck. Why should we not have our losses quickly replaced—supposing we do lose men? I doubt though, if I should have been able to do very much even if I had known. To press K. would have been difficult. Like insisting on an extra half-crown when you've just been given Fortunatus' purse. Still, fair play's a jewel, and surely if formations destined for the French front cross the Channel with 10 per cent. extra, over and above their establishment, troops bound for Constantinople ought to have a 25 per cent. margin over establishment?

17th March, 1915. H.M.S. "Phaeton." At sea. Last night we raced past Corfu—my birthplace—at thirty knots an hour. My first baby breath was drawn from these thyme scented breezes. This crimson in the Eastern sky, these waves of liquid opal are natal, vital.

Thirty miles an hour through Paradise! Since the 16th January, 1853, we have learnt to go the pace and as a result the world shrinks; the horizons close in upon us; the spacious days are gone!

Thoughts of my Mother, who died when I was but three. Thoughts of her refusal as she lay dying—gasping in mortal pain—her refusal to touch an opiate, because the Minister, Norman Macleod, had told her she so might dim the clearness of her spiritual insight—of her thoughts ascending heavenwards. What pluck—what grit—what faith—what an example to a soldier.

Exquisite, exquisite air; sea like an undulating carpet of blue velvet outspread for Aphrodite. Have been in the Aegean since dawn. At noon passed a cruiser taking back Admiral Carden invalided to Malta. One week ago the thunder of his guns shook the firm foundations of the world. Now a sheer hulk lies poor old Carden. *Vanitas vanitatum*.

Have got into touch with my staff. They are all General Staff: no Administrative Staff. The Adjutant-General-to-be (I don't know him) and the Chief Medico (I don't know who he is to be) could not get ready in time to come off with us, and the Q.M.G., too, was undecided when I left. There are nine of the General Staff. I like the looks of them. Quite characteristic of K., though, that barring Braithwaite, not one of the associates he has told off to work hand in glove with me in this enterprise should ever have served with me before.

Only two sorts of Commanders-in-Chief could possibly find time to scribble like this on their way to take up an enterprise in many ways unprecedented—a German and a Britisher. The first, because every possible contingency would have been worked out for him beforehand; the second, because he has nothing—literally nothing—in his portfolio except a blank cheque signed with those grand yet simple words—John Bull. The German General is the product of an organising nation. The British General is the product of an improvising nation. Each army would be better commanded by the other army's General. Sounds fantastic but is true.^[4]