The Man with the Donkey

The battle was fierce and many of us were soon out of the action and placed out of the line of fire for evacuation as soon as possible. After a terrible night daylight eventually arrived and soon after came Simpson. Some of our cases were pitiful, but this cheerful digger had a word and smile for all. He came to me and asked what was wrong and when I told him I’d been shot through the right leg just above the knee, he asked me could I walk. I told him... it had got cold and stiff and I doubted my ability to do so. He rebandaged my leg and said, “That was a nasty spot we have just passed. [The Turkish] snipers are wonderful shots. It doesn’t do to loiter in such spots.” He brought me safely to the beach clearing station and I thanked him he smiled and said “Glad to help you”.


The report of Colonel Monash

Private Simpson and his little beast earned the admiration of everyone … They worked all day and night throughout the whole period since the landing, and the help rendered [given] to the wounded was invaluable. Simpson knew no fear and moved … amid [explosions] and rifle fire, steadily carrying out his … task day by day, and he frequently earned the applause of the [soldiers] for his many fearless rescues of wounded men from areas subject to … rifle fire. Simpson and his donkey were yesterday killed.


A Mother’s Letter

Now my dear son write and let me know how you are keeping, for mind my lad, that this is a terrible anxious time to me.

I am anxiously following the war in the Dardanelles. I am thirsting for every detail of news that I can get for I still get my papers night and morning. I couldn’t live without them.

Now my dearest son hoping and trusting that the Lord in His great mercy will guard and protect you in these terrible times and that He will hear my prayers for you.

From your ever loving and affectionate,

Mother.


[In fact the donkey was not killed]
Nurses did not land at Gallipoli. Some were in hospital ships offshore from the fighting. Most were in hospitals in the nearby island of Lemnos, where many of the wounded from Gallipoli were taken for treatment.

Here is some information about the conditions in which the nurses worked, and their feelings about their job. Use this information to continue your story about Gallipoli and the Anzacs in your Storybook.

### The skill of nurses

*At Lemnos the physical discomforts were great; the heat was intense. Bell tents they had, mattresses and bedding and 'hard' army ration, but little else. Facilities for personal cleanliness were primitive … (there was), almost total absence of nursing equipment, linen, and means of cooking and scanty supply of medical comforts … However the training in the nursing enabled these women to adapt themselves … cleanliness, care of skin, attention to the calls of nature, feeding and dressing of wounds and ward discipline … all that makes effective ministration (help) possible.*


### Difficult conditions

#### October 21, 1915

*How interested you would all be in our hospital could you only pay us a visit. We have beds for 1,040 patients, but as we have more patients than beds, some are still on mattresses on the ground…*  
*We are roughing it rather, but are happy to know that we are doing what we came to do, and as long as we can serve the boys and make them comfortable and contented we do not mind…*  
*Such a number of our Sisters has been sick. We nearly lost one, but she has recovered now…*

#### December 6, 1915

*On night duty*  
*I haven’t written for some days. The truth is I felt too downhearted and miserable, the foundation of it being the weather… We all suffered terribly with the cold, and with our warm clothing we couldn’t get warm day or night. Personally I shivered for three nights without sleep. I have chilblains and my two small toes are frostbitten – agony.*  
*During those fearful days our thoughts were constantly with the boys [at Gallipoli]… they endured agonies. Sentries were found dead at their posts, frozen, and still clutching their rifles … some we have in hospital are losing both feet, some both hands. It’s all too sad for words, hopelessly sad.*

The nurses do a hard job

Since coming to Egypt, many men I knew have [died] on Gallipoli. I felt sick at heart to think of them. One sister received news that her brother had been killed. She bravely buried the sorrow and carried on smiling among the sick. My next case was a mental boy from Gallipoli suffering from [sickness]. The following day two more mental cases were added to my care … One poor boy regained his reason but lost his voice. This was [because of] shock. He told me in the faintest whisper that he saw his two brothers killed in one day on the Peninsula. He went mad and wanted to rush the Turks’ trenches.

Sleep was impossible at night for the patients’ ravings filled my brain. On the fourth day I disgraced myself by fainting when I came off duty. Two days later I contracted [severe illness] … my temperature rose to [39.8º C] and I could hardly struggle through the days. After eight days of strenuous duty for 13 hours I was relieved for three hours each day.

Jim Martin

Private James Charles (Jim) Martin is thought to be the youngest Australian to have died on active service.

He was born in the Melbourne suburb of Hawthorn, on 3 January 1901.

He left school to work as a farmhand.

He enlisted in the Australian Imperial Force (AIF) in April 1915 at the age of 14 years and 3 months. He told the recruiting officers that he was 18.

He left for Egypt on the troopship HMAT Berrima in June.

In late August, he was sent to Gallipoli on the steamer HMT Southland.

When the ship was torpedoed by a German submarine off Lemnos Island, he spent four hours in the water before being rescued.

Private Martin landed with his battalion on Gallipoli on 8 September.

He wrote to his family that the “Turks are still about 70 [metres] away from us” and asked them not to worry about him as “I am doing splendid over here”.

On 25 October he was sent to the hospital ship Glenart Castle suffering from disease caught in the trenches. He died of heart failure that evening. He was buried at sea. His name is recorded on the Australian memorial at Lone Pine.

Over twenty other Australians under the age of 18 died in the First World War.
Two letters which Jim Martin wrote home from Gallipoli are in the Australian War Memorial’s archives.

**A  Gallipoli, 4 October 1915**

The Turks are still about 70 [metres] away from us. We have not had many casualties yet there has only been one poor fellow of our old company been shot and killed … It is very disheartening to see all the others getting letters from home and me not getting one … It is very quiet where we are so we are not seeing much of the fun.

Australian War Memorial

**B  Gallipoli, Sat 9th Oct 1915**

We are expecting rain which will not be welcomed by us. This place will be a mud hole when it rains. One Turk … got shot by the sentry. We dragged him into our trench … he died in the morning and you ought to see the state he was in. He had part of an old pair of trousers and an old coat. We are not doing bad for food we got that little parcel from Lady Ferguson. That was 2 fancy biscuits, one half stick of chocolate and 2 sardines.

Australian War Memorial
Interview with Jim Martin’s sister

Jim was the only boy in a family of five children. When war broke out, Jim’s father was not a young or a fit man. Jim said to him: ‘Well dad, one of the men in this family has to do the right thing and enlist’. My parents did not want Jim to join. But he said that if they refused him permission, he would run away from home and join somewhere else in Australia.

Ryebuck Media interview, 1984

Letter from a nurse to Jim Martin’s mother

26.10.15
H.M. Hospital Ship
Union Castle Line
S.S. ‘Glenart Castle’

Dear Mrs Martin,

Before this reaches you, you will already heard of your very sad loss in the death of your son. I thought you might like a few lines from me as I was with him for the very short time he was in the hospital boat. He was brought on board from the shore yesterday at 5 pm in a very collapsed state. We got him to bed comfortably and did everything possible for him, he said he was feeling much more comfortable and thanked me so nicely for what had been done for him.

He then settled down to get a sleep but died quite suddenly and quietly of heart failure at 6.40 pm. That was yesterday evening 25th October. He will be buried at sea. I found the enclosed amongst his papers. The remainder of his little treasures that were in his pockets I have done up in a little parcel which will be sent through the regimental office, with everything else of his there may have been, that did not come with him.

I know what a terrible grief it is to you to lose him, but you must feel very proud of him for so nobly coming forward to fight for his country.

Yours in all deep sympathy

(Mrs) Sr. H.L. Reddoch, Matron.

Australian War Memorial
Choose one character from the three Worksheets (13A-13C) to write about in your Storybook.

**Private Billy Sing**

355A Private William Edward (Billy) Sing of Clermont, Queensland, enlisted on 26 October 1914.

He survived the war and returned to Australia on 21 July 1918.

While serving with the 5th Light Horse Regiment on Gallipoli in 1915, Trooper Sing was an accurate sniper.

He was believed to have shot over 150 Turkish soldiers at Gallipoli between the months of May 1915 and September 1915.

He was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal (DCM) for “conspicuous gallantry from May to Sept 1915 at Anzac as a sniper. His courage and skill were most marked and he was responsible for a very large number of casualties among the enemy, no risk being too great for him to take.”
Albert Jacka

**Date of birth:** 10 January 1893

**Place of birth:** Layard, VIC

**Date of death:** 17 January 1932

**Place of death:** Caulfield, VIC.

Albert Jacka completed primary schooling before working as a labourer, first with his father and then with the Victorian State Forests Department.

He enlisted in the Australian Imperial Force on 18 September 1914 as a private in the 14th Battalion. After training in Egypt Jacka’s battalion landed at Gallipoli on 26 April 1915.

On 19 May the Turks attacked the Anzacs. Some Turks captured a small section of trench at Courtney’s Post. Early attempts to drive them out failed, until Jacka leapt in, killing most of the occupants. For this he was awarded Australia’s first Victoria Cross of the First World War.

Jacka quickly became famous — he was used on recruiting posters and newspapers wrote about him.

He survived the war and returned to Australia.
Verania McPhillamy

Verania MacPhillamy was born in 1889.

She was usually called ‘Rania’.

She was the daughter of a wealthy squatter from Forbes, NSW.

In 1915 she went to Egypt as a civilian volunteer to help nurse the wounded from Gallipoli.

After the death of her sweetheart, Ronnie MacDonald of the 1st Light Horse Regiment, Rania stayed on in Egypt and worked with an older Australian, Mrs Alice Chisholm. Together they set up a canteen for the Light Horsemen at Port Said in Egypt.

In early 1917 she took over the running of another canteen at Kantara, a busy railway junction on the Suez Canal. Known as the ‘Empire Soldiers Club’, this became one of the best-known and best-loved places in Egypt. Thousands of soldiers were able to enjoy low-cost meals and friendly hospitality on their journeys to and from the front line. The club was open 24 hours a day and operated without a break from early 1917 until after 1918.
What was daily life like for the Anzacs at Gallipoli — things like food, keeping clean, clothing and living conditions?

Here is some information. Write a short sentence about the main thing you learnt about life on Gallipoli from each document. You can write these words in the box beside or under the document. One example has been done to help you. Once you have completed the Worksheets, choose some to cut out and paste in your Storybook.

1. **Trooper IL Idriess**
   
   [As soon as] I opened [my tin of jam] the flies rushed [in] … all fighting amongst themselves. I wrapped my overcoat over the tin and gouged out the flies, then spread the biscuit, then held my hand over it and drew the biscuit out of the coat. But a lot of flies flew into my mouth and beat about inside … I nearly howled with rage …


   Flies were terrible

2. **Private Tom Usher**
   
   You can’t imagine what it was like, the filthy conditions, and especially using those latrines with all those paper (for cleaning) blowing all over the shop. And flies! Look, you’d open the tin and there’d be millions of them, crikey, filthy, filthy conditions …


3. **Guard duty, winter**

4. **Cooking a meal in a trench**
**5 Captain F Coen**

I have not had a wash now for 4 weeks, not had my clothes off. I accomplish my toilet with the corner of a towel steeped in a [small] tobacco tin. Water for washing purposes is out of the question.


---

**7 Colonel AG Butler, Official Medical Historian**

Men who were just skin and bone; hands, arms and legs covered with [infected] sores; ill with [severe stomach pains]; had to work in the trenches on [cans of] bully-beef, bacon and biscuits.

The Australian Army Medical Services in the War of 1914-1918, Vol 1, “The Gallipoli Campaign”, Angus & Robertson, Melbourne, 1930, page 352

---

**6 Getting ready to go and collect water**

---

**8 Trooper IL Idriess**

… This is the most … uncomfortable line of trenches we have ever been in … We are … “resting”, about fifty [metres] back of the firing-trench. For a couple of hours, to rest our nerves, they say. There forty-eight of us in this particular spot, just a [45 cm wide] trench with iron overhead supports sandbagged as protection against bombs. We are supposed to be “sleeping”, preparatory to our next watch. Sleeping! Hell and tommy! Maggots are crawling down the trench; it stinks like an unburied graveyard; it is dark; the air is stagnant; some of the new hands are violently sick from watching us trying to eat. We are so crowded that I can hardly write in the diary even. My mates look like shadow men crouching expectantly in hell. Bombs are crashing outside, and – the night has come! … The roof of this dashed possy is intermixed with dead men who were chucked up on the parapet to give the living a chance from the bullets while the trench was being dug. What ho, for the Glories of War.

9 Where soldiers lived — Dugouts on a hill

10 Winter conditions on Gallipoli
11 Private PS Jackson

I had the misfortune to break another tooth a couple of days ago a good back tooth . . . when I was trying to bite through a particularly hard biscuit.


12 Lieutenant RC Hunter

A wash would be a great luxury, lice and flies . . . (are) in everything. I wear my clothes inside out every few days, but still the brutes are scratched for.


13 Washing

14 Captain DG Campbell

The worst things here (Turks excepted) are the flies in millions, lice . . . & everlasting bully-beef & biscuit, & too little water. Also it will be a good thing when we get a chance to bury some of the dead.


15 A cartoon about the soldiers’ food

Here is some information about the Turkish soldiers on Gallipoli, whom the Anzacs were fighting.

How are their uniforms different to the Anzacs?
How do they seem similar to the Australians and New Zealanders?
How do they seem different from them?

Turkish prisoners

Here is a drawing of a Turkish soldier made by an Anzac, and a drawing of an Anzac made by another Anzac. How is the drawing of the Turkish soldier different from the way the Anzac is presented?

How have the cartoonists exaggerated the way Turkish and Australian soldiers looked?
Why do you think cartoonists draw people in an exaggerated or comical way?
A Turk, Nazim Hikmet, wrote a poem about a Turkish soldier at Gallipoli. Part of the poem is shown below.

Write what the underlined words tell you about the Turkish soldiers at Gallipoli.

One example has been done to help you.

I was wounded in eight places on
The night of [19] May
We were fighting the [Australians]
Their trenches so close
Their grenades reaching our trenches
And ours theirs.
We rose to attack
I was hit before taking three steps.
After a while I lifted my head and
Looked up: stars in the sky.
Our unit has moved back. Trenches of
[Australians] firing continuously.
Bullets passing over my head.
I started to crawl back …

The fallen martyrs* touch me,
Actually I am touching them …
Some with blood in their mouths,
Some face down, some on their knees.
Some with guns in their hands …

I prayed to Allah*
“If you are going to kill me
It should be with a gun in my hand. Facing the
Infidel* …’

Kevin Fewster, Vecihi Basarin, Hatice Hurmuz Basarin, A Turkish View of Gallipoli: Canakkale; Hodja, Richmond, 1985, page 127

* A martyr dies for his or her beliefs
* The Muslim word for the one and only God
* An infidel is a Muslim term for one who does not believe in Allah

What qualities did this Turkish soldier show?
In December 1915 the Anzacs left Gallipoli. The leaders decided that they could not defeat the Turkish soldiers.

It was a very difficult job to get all the soldiers off the land in secret. There were very few soldiers wounded while they were leaving.

One way to leave quietly was to bring a few men into shore from the ships during the day, so that the Turks would think there were more soldiers there, not fewer. Then a lot more soldiers would leave secretly at night.

They set up self-firing rifles, so it sounded as if the soldiers were still there and firing at the enemy. The rifle could only fire one shot.

Here are the estimated number of casualties (people who died or were missing, or were wounded or taken prisoner) for the Gallipoli campaign.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Countries</th>
<th>Died/Missing</th>
<th>Wounded/Prisoner</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Britain</td>
<td>21,255</td>
<td>52,230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>France</td>
<td>10,000</td>
<td>17,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Australia</td>
<td>8709</td>
<td>19,441</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Zealand</td>
<td>2721</td>
<td>4752</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>India</td>
<td>1358</td>
<td>3421</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newfoundland</td>
<td>49</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ottoman Empire (Turkey)</td>
<td>86,692</td>
<td>164,617</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOTAL</td>
<td>130,784</td>
<td>261,554</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>