

**WITH THE TWENTY-NINTH
DIVISION IN GALLIPOLI: A
CHAPLAIN'S EXPERIENCE**

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With the Twenty-ninth division in Gallipoli: a chaplain's experience by O. Creighton

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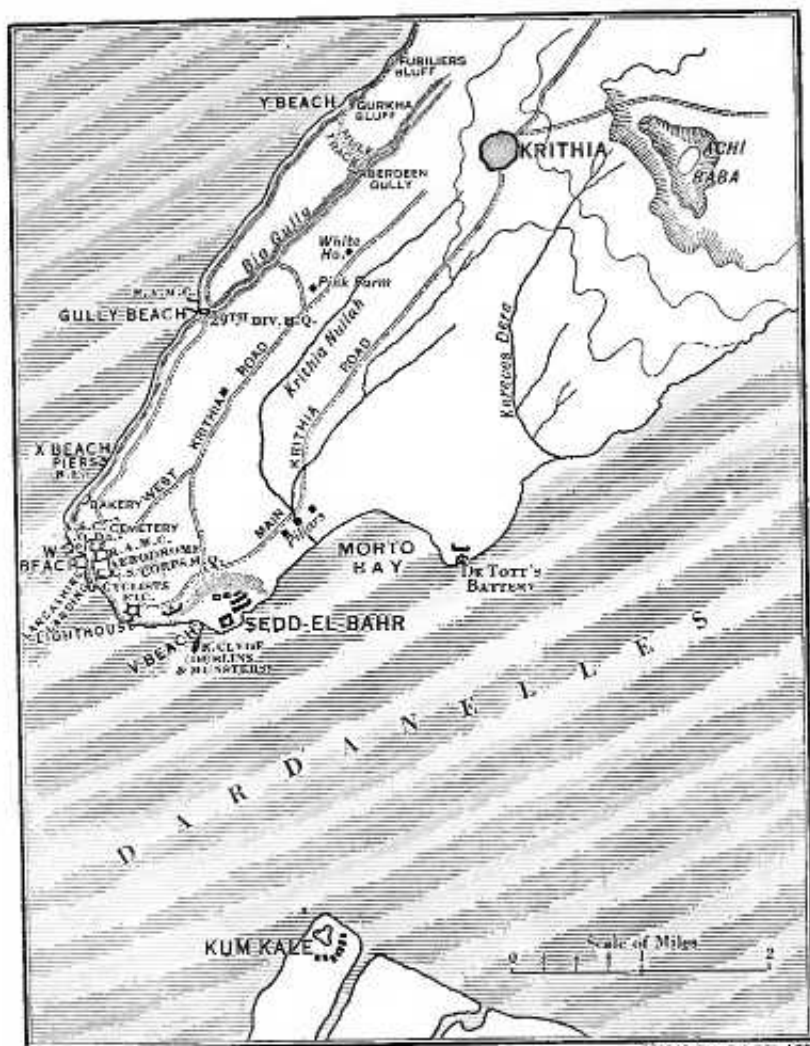
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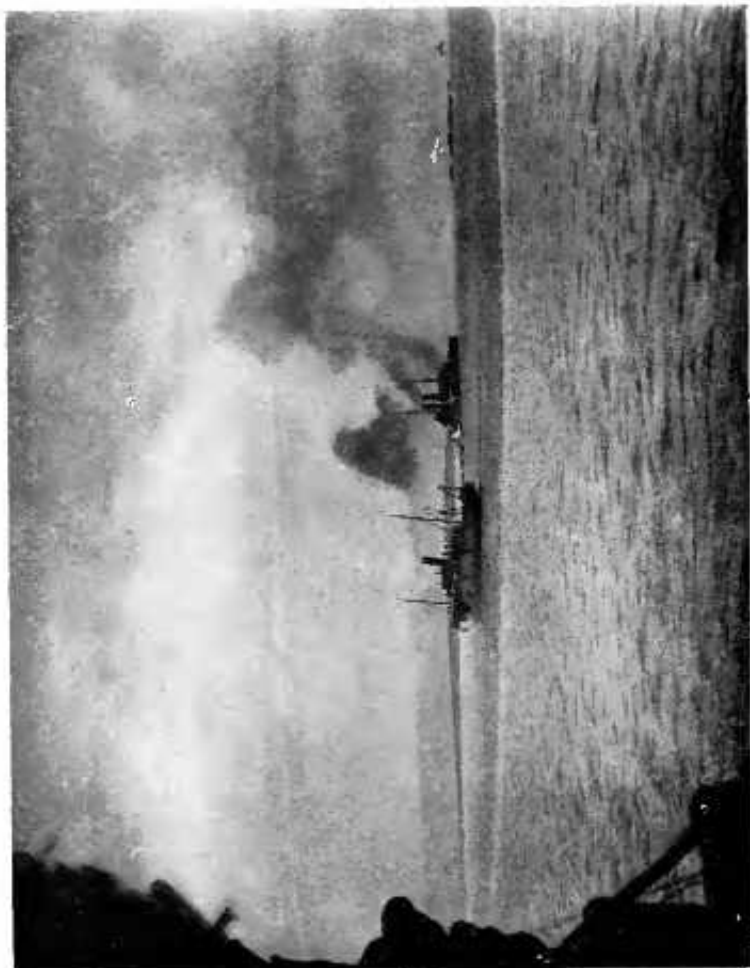
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H.M.S. 'IMPLACABLE' FIRING, WITH 2ND ROYAL FUSILIERS IN BOATS, TOWED BY PINNACES
MAKING FOR LANDING ON 'X' BEACH

This photo must be almost unique. Taken on a mine-sweeper at dawn on April 25.

*To the Memory
of many new-found Friends,
whose bodies lie on the Gallipoli Peninsula,
but the fruits of whose devotion
and sacrifice are ours,
and in honour of every officer and man
of the Twenty-ninth Division,
these pages are offered*

FOREWORD

AT a time when so many books are being written on the war, it is with a feeling of great hesitation that I have decided to add to their number. It was only on returning home for a month's sick leave, after the evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula had been completed and one distinct chapter of the war had been finally closed, that, in the press of all that is and will be happening elsewhere, there seemed a danger of the wonderful exploits of the Division which played so leading a part in the Eastern Campaign being forgotten. We had had to abandon the Peninsula. But this does not mean we must forget those who played so heroic a part in this desperate undertaking. Their graves lie in the hands of our enemies, but their memories and examples are ours.

I had been in the somewhat exceptional position of being able to keep a diary throughout the six months that it was my great privilege to be with the 29th Division, and to see different aspects of its life and work from those visible to the ordinary war correspondent or military historian. I am a civilian, and know nothing of military matters beyond what any average civilian may pick up in a campaign. Accordingly, the picture I give is almost solely a human one. Naturally, being in the position of Church of England Chaplain to the 86th Brigade, my diary is very full of allusions, often of a personal

nature, to my own special work. And while the diary is published as a memorial to the 29th Division, it would be very difficult to avoid all mention of my work, or my impressions as Chaplain, without destroying the symmetry of the whole.

In war time, as every one knows, the air is full of rumours, and statements made with the most positive certainty are full of inaccuracies. Knowing this, in keeping my diary I took pains to write only what I got at first hand and from personal observation (unless otherwise stated), and in all statements of numbers, etc., tried to be as accurate as possible. Hence the diary is very incomplete. It is no history of the doings of the 29th Division. The regiments I saw most of naturally figure the largest for this reason only, and not because their deeds were more worthy of mention than those of other regiments. I simply give my diary almost in full as it was written, only omitting what would not be of general interest, or personal comments which it would hardly be right or wise to publish. If worth printing at all, the diary must stand on its own merits. I have added some notes here and there, amplifying the text a little, from first-hand information I have since gathered. The photographs have been lent me by Lt. Colonel Newenham, of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, with which regiment, together with the 1st Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers, circumstances brought me most in contact. I wish time had allowed me to collect others illustrating other regiments.

I am greatly indebted to Lt. Colonel Newenham of the Royal Fusiliers, and Major Farmar, formerly of the 86th Brigade Staff, for the valuable accounts of

the landings on "X" and "Y" beaches, and the subsequent operations, they have sent me.

I can only feel how inadequate the whole account is. So much more might be said which time and opportunity make it impossible to say. Some may appear to have been signalled out for special mention, while many others, whose deeds are equally worthy of record, are passed by with barely recognition. The limitations under which a diary kept in the midst of such rapidly occurring events must labour, must be the excuse.

I can only hope that the relations and friends of those who took part in the campaign and who fell on the Peninsula, whether recorded or not, will feel that something, however little, has been done to their memory.

February 16, 1916.