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THE FIELDS OF DAISIES AT CAPE HELLES



“For two hundred yards [185 metres] we sprinted, thinking oddly how beautiful the poppies and daisies were, then from sheer exhaustion we rushed to ground in a slight depression and lay there panting ... Now the storm was let loose, and increased every moment in fury, until a splashing, spurting shower of lead was falling like rain on a pond. Hugging the ground in frantic terror we began to dig blindly with our puny entrenching tools, but soon the four men nearest me were lying, one dead, two with broken legs, and the other badly wounded in the shoulder. A sledgehammer blow on the foot made me turn with a feeling of positive relief that I had met my fate, but it was a mere graze and hardly bled.”

Cecil Malthus, *Anzac: A Retrospect*



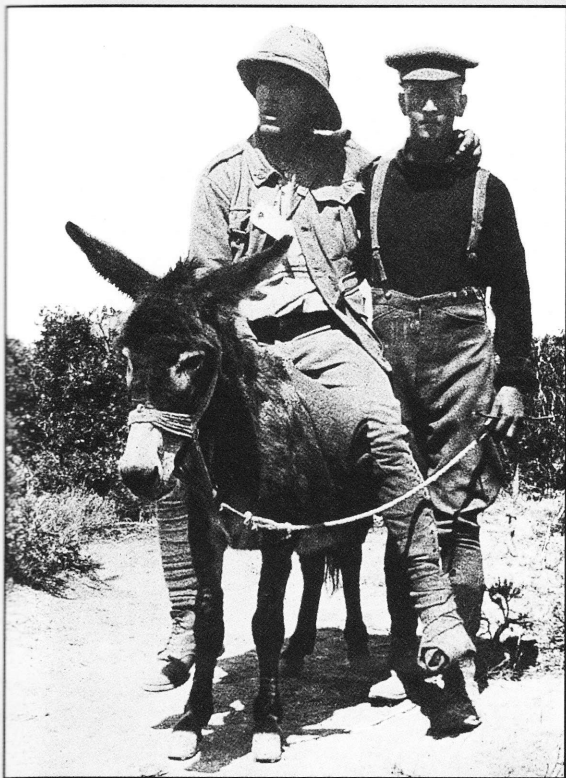
(Cross Collection, Taranaki Museum)

Tired, dispirited New Zealanders dig trenches at Helles after the failure of the attack on 8 May 1915.

Cecil Malthus, a 25-year-old from Timaru, was a member of the Canterbury Battalion on Gallipoli. He was also a school teacher and had landed in the confusion that was Anzac Day and dug the tiny holes called 'coffin trenches', big enough to hold a man, along the ridges that became the front line at Anzac. After a disastrous Anzac attack on Sunday 2 May, a week after the landing, it was clear to the British commanders that the Anzacs could only hold on until help arrived from the British and French forces that were attacking up the peninsula from their position at Cape Helles. It was decided to send some Australian and

New Zealand forces down to help with these attacks.

On 8 May 1915 first the New Zealanders and then the Australians attacked over the open fields of daisies at Cape Helles. It was no better planned or organised than the shambles on the hills above Anzac Cove. Everyone, whether British, French, Australian or New Zealander, still had much to learn. The Turkish soldiers in their trenches shot the attackers down as they advanced in broad daylight. Nine hundred New Zealanders were killed or wounded at Cape Helles. Now there were only half of the New Zealanders left from those that had landed a fortnight before.



(Australian War Memorial A1011)

A DONKEY MAN



James Henderson, from Kihikihi in the North Island, was one of the donkey men on Gallipoli. Each day he, and the more famous James Kirkpatrick Simpson and his donkey Murphy, brought wounded soldiers down through Shrapnel Valley to the beach. Both were a familiar sight — a gentle-faced donkey, a bloodied figure slumped on its back, and Simpson alongside. Simpson was killed in May 1915 but Henderson survived the war. This photo of Henderson became the model for the famous painting by the New Zealand artist of Gallipoli, Horace Moore-Jones.