



***Sergeant David(Stuart) McFarlane***  
***Killed in Action while carrying out Trooper McDonnell***

We went up in open order that night, and it was very difficult to keep in touch but we managed it alright. We went up at the charge, probably to prevent the Turks from cutting off those on the crest. We went up in successive lines. The 6th did not encounter any live Turks going up. The hills were strewn with dead and wounded as the ground had been in dispute since Saturday morning and in the darkness one was in constant dread of stumbling over a wounded man. No words can describe the heroism of the severely wounded. They cheered us on as we passed them and if you apologised for kicking against one they would reply it's alright mate, I know you did not mean to. Such things fill men with grim purpose.

As we approached the top an enemy counter attack was being repelled. A little to the right was a Gloucestershire Battalion. In the darkness you could tell where they were by their loud yells in dialect, not only during an attack but all the while. Such things give a position away badly. In this and other respects we were rather surprised at the lack of discipline among many of the men of Kitchener's Army. Discipline is usually spoken of in a general way and Colonials are continually spoken of as lacking in it, but in fighting discipline they are second to none. The Gloucesters were relieved by our 2nd Squadron and a few of the 6th. The rest of the 6th occupying a trench on the crest to the left. My troop being engaged in digging a supporting and a communication trench to the same. Then a large fatigue party, of which I was one, was told to go off down and get rations.

It was very solid toil going back up those hills with the stuff. I had a tin of water which did not grow lighter as we struggled through the darkness. I arrived at the top again, I could not help laughing at the grim purpose displayed in the face of a big infantry man and the poise of his rifle and bayonet as he rushed past someone crying out that a Turk was trying to sneak away from behind our lines, and sure enough there was this crouching form making for the left shoulder of the hill, but shortly after a despairing "Allah" announced that the big man's bayonet had got home.

**Meanwhile young McDonnell, our bombing boy, had been wounded and in carrying him out [to safety] our splendid Sergeant Stuart McFarlane was killed.** Behind our trenches the hill was strewn with the dead and severely wounded. The endurance and valour of those hard-hit men thrilled me with pity and admiration and with pride in my race. There is nothing comparable to the undecorated bravery of such men, who were to die where they lay, and yet with parched throats cheered with others when an attack was repelled. I had taken two water bottles up the hill and did what little I could among some of them.

*Letter from the Gallipoli Trenches by eyewitness Roy Dalrymple(Rangitikei)...*

*"Dick MacDonnell(Taihape) was bombed in the legs rather badly, saw him again at Malta, but not since. Major Grant turned out trumps in the way of looking after our wounded, he went everywhere. He said he was going to complain about the state of affairs on the beach, it was simply beyond description. We were aboard the Hospital ship by 2 p:m: In the evening we left for Imbros, then to Mudros and then Malta."*