

The Anzac Book

Written and Illustrated in Gallipoli by
The Men of Anzac

*For the benefit of Patriotic Funds
connected with the
A. & N. Z. A. G.*

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INTRODUCTION

By SIR W. A. BIRDWOOD

IT is my privilege to have been asked to write an Introduction for *THE ANZAC BOOK*, and to convey the cordial thanks of all the inhabitants of our little township here to those who have so kindly given us the free use of their brains and hands in writing and illustrating this book in a way which does as much credit to them as the fighting here has done to the Force. We all hope that readers of our book will agree in this, while those who are more critical will perhaps remember the circumstances under which the contributions have been prepared, in small dug-outs, with shells and bullets frequently whistling overhead.

It may be of interest to readers to hear the origin of the word "Anzac."

When I took over the command of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps in Egypt a year ago, I was asked to select a telegraphic code address for my Army Corps, and then adopted the word "Anzac." Later on, when we had effected our landing here in April last, I was asked by General Headquarters to suggest a name for the beach where we had made good our first precarious footing, and then asked that this might be recorded as "Anzac Cove"—a name which the bravery of our men has now made historical, while it will remain a geographical landmark for all time.

Our eight months at "Anzac" cannot help stamping on the memory of every one of us days of trial and anxiety, hopes, and perhaps occasional fears, rejoicings at success, and sorrow—very deep and sincere—for many a good comrade whom we can never see again.

I freely believe, though, it has made better men of every one of us, for we have all had to look death straight in the face so often, that the greater realities of life must have been impressed on all of us in a way which has never before been possible. Bitter as has been my experience in losing many a good friend, I, personally, shall always look back on our days together at "Anzac" as a time never to be forgotten. For during it I hope I have made many fast friends in all ranks, whose friendship is all the more valuable because it has been acquired in circumstances of stress and often danger, when a man's real self is shown.

In days to come I hope that this book will call to the mind of most of us incidents which, though they may then seem small, probably seemed very large before us at the time, and the thought of which will bring to mind many a good comrade—and only on land, but on the sea. From the day we were put ashore

Introduction

In His Admiral Thursby's squadron up till now we have had the vigilant ships of His Majesty's Navy watching night and day, in all weathers, for any opportunity to help us. We will all of us look back in years to come on *Queen Elizabeth*, *Prince of Wales*, *London*, *Triumph*, *Bacchante*, *Grafton*, *Fodgeson*, as well as such death-debonders of the ocean as *Celene*, *Chelmer*, *Pincher*, *Rattlesnake*, *Mosquito*, and many others, as our best of friends, and will think of them, their officers and ship's company, as the truest of comrades, with whom it has been a privilege to serve, and as the best of representatives of the Great Fleet and Service which carries with honour and ensures respect for the British flag to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Boys! Hats off to the British Navy.

It may be that, in thinking of old "Anzac" days, the words of the Harrow school-song will spring to one's mind:

"Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Fitsful of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?"

But it has indeed helped us all to have been with strong men at "Anzac," and whatever the future may have in store, I, personally, shall always regard the time I have been privileged to be a comrade of the brave and strong men from Australia and New Zealand, who have served alongside of me, as one of the greatest privileges that could be conferred on any man, and of which I shall be prouder to the end of my days than any honour which can be given me.

No words of mine could ever convey to readers at their fire-sides in Australia, New Zealand and the Old Country, one-half of what all their boys have been through, nor is my poor pen capable of telling them of the never-failing courage, determination and cheerfulness of those who have so willingly fought and given their lives for their King and country's sake. Their deeds are known to the Empire, and can never be forgotten, while if any copy of this little book should happen to survive to fall into the hands of our children, or our children's children, it will serve to show them to some extent what their fathers have done for the Empire, and indeed for civilisation, in days gone by.

I sincerely hope that every one of my old comrades may meet with all the good fortune his work here has deserved, and live to a ripe old age, with happiness, and be occasionally reminded of old times by a glance at *THE ANZAC BOOK*.

W. G. Lindwood

ANZAC,

December 29, 1915.



"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR W. R. BIRDWOOD

Has been the soul of ARABIA. Not for one single day has he ever quitted his post. Chery and full of human sympathy, he has spent many hours of each twenty-four inspiring the defenders of the front trenches, and if he does not know every soldier in his force, at least every soldier in the force believes he is known to his chief."

Sir Ian Hamilton's dispatch.

EDITOR'S NOTE

THIS book of Anzac was produced in the lines at Anzac on Gallipoli in the closing weeks of 1915. Practically every word in it was written and every line drawn beneath the shelter of a waterproof sheet or of a roof of sandbags—either in the trenches or, at most, well within the range of the oldest Turkish rifle, and under daily visitations from the smallest Turkish fieldpiece. Day and night, during the whole process of its composition, the crack of the Mauser bullets overhead never ceased. At least one good soldier that we know of, who was preparing a contribution for these pages, met his death while the work was still unfinished.

THE ANZAC BOOK was to have been a New Year Magazine to help this little British Australasian fraternity in Turkey to while away the long winter in the trenches. The idea originated with Major S. S. Butler, of the A.N.Z.A.C. Staff. On his initiative and that of Lieutenant H. E. Woods a small committee was formed to father the magazine. A notice was circulated on November 14th calling for contributions from the whole population of Anzac. Any profit was to go to patriotic funds for the benefit of the Army Corps.

Between November 15th and December 8th, when the time for the sending in of contributions closed, THE ANZAC BOOK was produced. As drawings and paintings began to come in, disclosing the whereabouts of some of the talent which existed in Anzac, a small staff of artists was collected in order to produce head- and tail-pieces and a few illustrations; and a dug-out overlooking Anzac Cove became the office of the only book ever likely to be produced in Gallipoli.

It was after the contributions had been finally sent in, and when the work of editing was in full swing, that there came upon most of us from the sky the news that Anzac was to be evacuated. Such finishing touches as remained to be added after December 19th were given to the work in Indrag. The date for the publication was necessarily delayed. And it was realised by everyone that this production, which was to have been a mere pastime, had now become a hundred times more precious as a souvenir. Certainly no book has ever been produced under these conditions before.

Except for this modification in the scheme of its production, THE ANZAC BOOK remains to-day exactly the same as when it was planned for the Australasian and New Zealand Army Corps still clinging to the familiar holly-clothed sides of Sari Bair.

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Editor's Note

The three weeks during which this book was being produced will be remembered by the men of Anzac as being the period during which we were visited by the two fiercest storms which descended upon the Peninsula. During the afternoon of November 17th the wind from the south-west gradually increased to more than half a gale, and brought with it, after dark, a most torrential thunderstorm. A day or two later this subsided, leaving a dishevelled Anzac. But the wind swung slowly round to the north, and by November 27th it was blowing a northerly blizzard; and the next day five out of every six Australians, for the first time in their lives, woke to find a white countryside and the snow falling. How deeply that snow impressed them can be seen in these pages—for drift, frost and flur were much more typical of Gallipoli.

The book was composed from first to last in the full prospect of Christmas at Anzac, and it remains a record, perhaps, all the more interesting on that account. The Printing Section of the Royal Engineers, especially Lieutenant Tuck and Corporal Ashwin, and Lieutenant G. L. Thomson, R.N.A.S., and certain Naval Officers helped us with some drawing-paper, ink and points, and the Photographic Section with some excellent panoramas; but for the rest, the contributors had to work with such materials as Anzac contained: iodine brushes, red and blue pencils, and such approach to white paper as could be produced from each battalion's stationery.

The response to the committee's request for contributions was enormous, and in consequence the editors have been able to use only portions, even if they be a half or a quarter, of the longer articles and stories submitted to them—but they have done this without hesitation, rather than reject the articles altogether. The competitions for certain contributions resulted as follows: COYER—Private D. Barker, 3th Australian Field Ambulance; DRAWING—Trooper W. O. Hewitt, 9th Australian Light Horse; DRAWING (Comic)—Private C. Leyshon-White, 6th Australian Field Ambulance; PROSE SKETCH—H. Downing, 9th Co., Australian A.S.C.; PROSE (Humorous)—Second-Lieutenant J. E. G. Stevenson, 2nd Field Co., Australian Engineers; VERSES—Captain James Sprent, 3rd Australian Field Ambulance; VERSES (Humorous)—T. H. Wilson, A Co., 16th Battalion A.I.F. The greater number of the contributions were private soldiers in the Army Corps. The sole "outside" contribution is Mr. Edgar Wallace's poetic tribute to the Australian and New Zealand Force, which is included in these pages with the consent of the author.

The thanks of those particularly concerned in the production are especially due to General Bindwood, for his close and constant interest; to Brigadier-General C. B. B. White, who, though at the time burdened with most anxious duties, never failed to give some of his few spare moments to the solving of difficulties incidental to this publication; to the Commonwealth authorities and the Publicity Department in London; and particularly to Mr. H. C. Stuart.

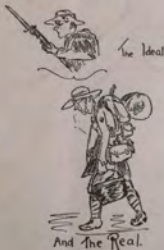
Editor's Note

for his untiring assistance, invaluable advice, and for the help of his outstanding ingenuity in organisation, and of the splendid business system and abundant facilities which he has created in the Australian Military Office in London; to the War Office and the Admiralty, and the Central News for permission to use valuable photographs; and to many others, both in the A. and N.Z. Army Corps and outside it, who have given their best help to make this book a success. For the Staff—C. E. W. Bean, editor; Privates F. Crozier, T. Colles, D. Backer, W. O. Hewett, C. Leyshon-White, artists; A. W. Bailey, clerk—the work has been a labour of love for which only they realise how little thanks they deserve.

THE ANZAC BOOK STAFF.

EGGAN SEA,

December 28, 1915.





COMPLAINTS of the SEASON

The Anzac Book

THE LANDING

By a Man of the Tenth

COME on, lads, have a good, hot supper—there's business doing." So spoke No. 10 Platoon Sergeant of the 10th Australian Battalion to his men, lying about in all sorts of odd corners aboard the battleship *Prince of Wales*, in the first hour of the morning of April 25th, 1915. The ship, or her company, had provided a hot stew of bully beef, and the lads set to and took what proved, alas to many, their last real meal together. They laugh and joke as though picnicking. Then a voice: "Fall in!" comes ringing down the ladderway from the deck above. The boys swing on their heavy equipment, grasp their rifles, silently make their way on deck, and stand in grim black masses. All lights are out, and only harsh, low commands break the silence. "This way No. 9—No. 19—C Company." Almost blindly we grope our way to the ladder leading to the huge barge below, which is already half full of silent, grim men, who seem to realise that at last, after eight

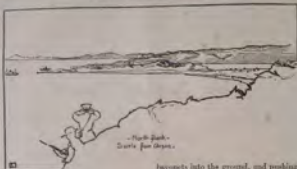
months of hard, solid training in Australia, Egypt and Lemnos Island, they are now to be called upon to carry out the object of it all.

"Full up, sir," whispers the midshipman in the barge.

"Cast off and drift astern," says the ship's officer in charge of the embarkation. Slowly we drift astern, until the boat steps with a jerk, and twang goes the hammer that couples the boats and barges together. Silently the boats are filled with men, and silently drop astern of the big ship, until, all being filled, the order is given to the small steamboats: "Full steam ahead." Away we go, racing and bounding, dipping and rolling, now in a straight line, now in a half-circle, on through the night.

The moon has just about sunk below the horizon. Looking back, we can see the battleships coming on slowly in our rear, ready to cover our attack. All at once our pinnace gives a great start forward, and away we go for land just discernible one hundred yards away on our left.

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-North Beach -
Dardanelles, June 1915.

Then—crack-crack! ping-pong! zip-zip! Trenches full of rifles upon the shore and surrounding hills open on us, and machine-guns, hidden in gullies or redoubts, increase the murderous hail. Our men splintered, boats are perforated. A sharp woom, a low gurgling cry, tells of a comrade hit. Boats ground in four or five feet of water owing to the human weight contained in them. We scramble out, struggle to the shore, and, rushing across the beach, take cover under a low sand-bank.

"Here, take off my pack, and I'll take off yours." We help one another to lift the heavy, water-soaked packs off. "Hurry up, there," says our sergeant. "Fix bayonets." Click! and the bayonets are fixed. "Forward!" And away we scramble up the hills in our front. Up, up we go, stumbling in holes and ruts. With a ringing cheer we charge the steep hill, pulling ourselves up by roots and branches of trees; at times digging our

bayonets into the ground, and pushing ourselves up to a foothold, until, topping the hill, we found the enemy had made themselves very scarce. What had caused them to fly from a position from which they should have driven us back into the sea every time? A few scattered Turks showing in the distance we instantly fired on. Some felt to rise no more; others fell wounded and, crawling into the low bushes, sniped our lads as they went past. There were snipers in plenty, cunningly hidden in the hearts of low green shrubs. They accounted for a lot of our boys in the first few days, but gradually were routed out. Over the hill we dashed, and down into what is now called "Shrapnel Gully," and up the other hillside, until, on reaching the top, we found that some of the lads of the 2nd Brigade had commenced to dig in. We skirted round to the plateau at the head of the gully, and took up our line of defence.

As soon as it was light enough to see, the guns on Gaba Tepe, on our right, and two batteries away on our

The Landing

left opened up a murderous hail of shrapnel on our landing parties. The battleships and cruisers were continuously covering the landing of troops, broadsides going into the batteries situated in tunnels in the distant hillside. All this while the seamen from the different ships were gallantly rowing and managing the boats carrying the landing parties. Not one man that is left of the original brigade will bear a word against our gallant seamen. England may well be proud of them, and all true Australians are proud to call them comrades.

Se-ce-ee . . . bang . . . swish! The front firing line was now being baptised by its first shrapnel. Ze-air . . . rip-rip! Machine-guns, situated on each front, flank and centre, opened on our front line. Thousands of bullets began to fly round and over us, sometimes barely missing. Now and then one heard a low gurgling moan, and, turning, one saw near at hand some chum, who only a few seconds before had been laughing and joking, now lying gasp-

ing, with his life blood soaking down into the red clay and sand. "Five rounds rapid at the scrub in front," comes the command of our subaltern. Then an order down the line: "Fix bayonets!" Fatal order—was it not, perhaps, some officer of the enemy who shouted it? (for they say such things were done). Out flash a thousand bayonets, scintillating in the sunlight like a thousand mirrors, signalling our position to the batteries away on our left and front. We put in another five rounds rapid at the scrub in front. Then, bang-swish! bang-swish! bang-swish! and over our line, and front, and rear, such a hellish fire of lyddite and shrapnel that one wonders how anyone could live amidst such a hail of death-dealing lead and shell. "Ah, got me!" says one lad on my left, and he shakes his arm. A bullet had passed through the biceps of his left arm, missed his chest by an inch, passed through the right forearm, and finally struck the hip between him and me a bruising blow on the wrist. The



Sketchy Front -
C. G. R. T. P. S. J. S. J. S. J. S.

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man next him—a man from the 9th Battalion—started to bind up his wounds, as he was bleeding freely. All the time shrapnel was falling down on us. "Oh-h!" comes from directly behind me, and, looking around, I see poor little Lieutenant B——, of C Company, has been badly wounded. From both hips to his ankles blood is oozing through pants and puttees, and he painfully drags himself to the rear. With every pull he moans. I rise him to his feet, and at a very slow pace start to help him to shelter. But, alas! I have only got him about fifty yards from the firing line when again, bang-again! and we were both peppered by shrapnel and shell. My rifle-butt was broken off to the trigger-guard, and I received a smashing blow that laid my cheek on my shoulder. The last I remembered was poor Lieutenant B—— groaning again as we both sank to the ground.

When I came to I found myself in Shrapnel Gully, with an A.M.C. man holding me down. I was still clasping my half-rifle. Dozens of men and officers, both Australians and New

Zealanders (who had landed a little later in the day), were coming down wounded, some slightly, some badly, with arms in slings or shot through the leg, and using their rifles for crutches. Shrapnel Gully was still under shrapnel and snipers' fire. Two or three platoon mates and myself slowly moved down to the beach, where we found the Australian Army Service Corps busily engaged landing stores and water amid shrapnel fire from Gaba Tepe. As soon as a load of stores was landed, the wounded were carried aboard the empty barges, and taken to hospital ships and troopships standing out offshore. After going to ten different boats, we came at last to the troopship *Seang Choon*, which had the 10th Australian Battalion aboard. They were to disembark the next morning, but owing to so many of us being wounded, they had to land straight away.

And so, after twelve hours' hard fighting, I was aboard a troopship again—wounded. But I would not have missed it for all the money in the world.

A. R. PENNY,
10th Battalion A.I.F.



One for Choon.



Photograph by C. L. W. SEAN

THE SUNRISE OF APRIL 15, 1915

The small boats taking troops to the shore can be seen beside the transports and close to the land

THE REMINISCENCE OF A WRECK

[It may be necessary to explain that wood—for the most-beasts of *disposita* and the churning up of *literature* in wet weather—was *proliferate* in Gallipoli. But whilst this book was being compiled Providence sent a storm. In the morning the beach was littered with portions of a wrecked steamer, stranded lighters, pieces of pier—all strictly the property of H.M. Government as represented by the officer commanding the Royal Engineers. "A gift from Heaven," one Australian was heard to remark as he looked at the desolate scene next morning. Not were his British brethren less grateful.—Eds.]

THE storm had ceased, the sea was calm, the wind a trifle raw,
And miles and miles of wreckage lay upon the sandy shore;
And every time the waves came up they brought a little more.

The Sergeant and the Junior Sub. in contemplation stood.
They wept like anything to see such quantities of wood—
And then they smiled a furtive smile which boded little good.

The wood lay round in lively heaps and smiled invitingly.
"Do you suppose," the Sergeant said, "that this is meant for me?"
"I doubt it," said the Junior Sub. "Here comes the C.R.E.*"

"If fifty kings and fifty queens and fifty C.-in-C.'s
Presented fifty indents and bowed low upon their knees,
I hardly think that they would get more than a few of those."

The Sergeant and the Junior Sub. walked on a mile or so,
Until they found a shelving bank conveniently low;
And there they waited sally for the C.R.E. to go.

"Oh, tinkers," quoth the Junior Sub., who spoke with honeyed
speech,
"I hardly think it safe for you to lie upon the beach."
And as he spoke he stroked the backs of those within his reach.

* C.R.E.—Officer commanding Royal Engineers.

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The timbers leapt beneath his touch and hurried plank by plank;
They crowded round to hear him speak, and lined up rank on rank—
But one old timber wagged his head and hid behind a bank.

"The time has come," the Sergeant said, "to talk of many things—
Of bully beef and dug-outs, of Kaisers and of Kings,
And why the rain comes through the roof, and whether sheepskin
stings.

"Some good stout planks," the Sergeant cried, "are what we chiefly
need,
And four by fours and spars besides are very good indeed—
So if you're ready, sir, I think we may as well proceed."

"Oh, C.R.E.," remarked the Sub., "I deeply sympathise."
With sobs and tears they sorted out those of the largest size,
While happy thoughts of days to come loomed large before their eyes.

Next morning came the C.R.E. to see what could be done;
But when he came to count the planks he found that there was none—
And this was hardly odd, because they'd collared every one.

TAYLOR'S HALL, W.
S. 12.13.

Lieut. A. L. PEMBERTON,
R.G.A.



Study of a battalion in *Repose*,
C.W.B.

AN AUSTRALIAN HOME IN 1930

WHEN you come to an old spotted gum right on the saddle of Sandstone Ridge, after an eighteen-mile ride from Timpanundi, you're very close to Freddy Prince's war selection. There's a well-made gate in the road fence on your left, and it bears the legend, "Prince's Jolly." Through that the truck will lead you gently uphill into a wide and gradually deepening sap, until you think you've made some mistake. Then look to your left, and behold the front entrance to Freddie's dog-out.

An odd shell-case hangs near by, and when you strike it you'll hear an echo of children's voices, and a small platoon of youngsters charge you at the double. First time I blew in it was just on bedtime, and my first glance in at the well-lit gallery and the smell of the welcome food are worth the recollection. Fred came out and led my ruddy round to the stable up, where he was given what had been on his mind for some hours past. I didn't lose much time in settling down to tea—it was already too dark to look around outside. Besides, as Fred explained, there was nothing to see of the homestead bar the inside, and by the third year of excavation most of that had

been dumped into the gully and pretty well all washed away.

The meal finished, we played games with the kids. Fred seldom read the papers—he said he didn't want to strain the one eye that was left to him—as Mrs. Prince retired to absorb the news I had brought in their mail-bag, and to prepare herself to issue it to her husband later.

Long after the children went to burrow, he and I smoked and pitched away about the past. He told me how he and many others had come to adopt the underground house. It had been the case of making a penny do the work of a pound, and Fred himself had done the work of a company. It had been a hard struggle, but the win was a treasure, and never grumbled except when things were going well—as some people will do. It was just a case of dig in, dig up, and dig down. Anything in the way of iron or steel was prohibitive. Timber was too expensive, and in any case the timber that stood on the selection he had been forced to sell in order to stock the farm. It had been a problem of years, but he had made a job of it; and when he showed me round the house I didn't grudge him his little bit of pride.

The main gallery opened to the out-

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face at the front and back, and was about forty-five paces long. It was driven through hard ground, and was well arched so that it required no timber. On one side there was a trench to the pantries and the galley, and on the other side the dining-room and the bedrooms, which were really one big chamber with arched pillars of earth left at intervals, forming a grating of rooms each with a dome roof and canvas partitions. A hatchway had been put through to the surface at the centre of every room for ventilation and light, a device of reflectors enabling one to bring the sunlight in at all hours of the day.

Once, as we sat and smoked, a subdued chattering came from the adjoining room. I looked up and saw the top of a periscope over the partition. Instantly it disappeared with a noise like the scattering of furniture. Then a voice: "Oh, daddy, do you know what?"

"What's happened, Kid?" replied the father.

"Two of your blazet photo-frames are smashed."

"Oh, never mind, old girl," said Fred: "it's time they began to break up after fifteen years. Go to sleep, both of you."

As I lay awake next morning I overheard some homely details. How the bulky steers had hopped over O'Dwyer's

parquet into his lucerne patch; and Jimmy ought to have widened the trench last week when he was told to; and the milking sap hadn't been cleaned out the previous day because Georgie had forgotten he was pioneer; and Jerry O'Dwyer had shot two crows from the new snipe's pond* down at the creek—and so on.

When we sat down to breakfast Mrs. Prince was primed with news. "I told Fred," she said, "I didn't believe we'd taken Lake Arbi Bala; the latest cable says it's still occupied by the German submarines." Fred nodded as if he didn't care much.

"Arbi Bala used to be a bill once, wasn't it, daddy?" chipped in one of the youngsters.

"Yes, it used to be one time," replied his father, looking into the blue puffs that drifted away from his pipe and out past the waterproof sheet of the dug-out door. In those blue mists of the past what he saw was the bald pate of the great bill, with the howlters tearing earth out of the crest of it by the hundredweight, while the Turkish miners ever heaped the outside of it with the spoil from their tunnels. "Yes, it was a bill once."

Thus Freddy and his wife and family live their life as happily as if there were no war.

"SOLDIERBOO,"

2nd Field Co., Aust. Engrs.

* Fred's in French—destroying warner's shell for "putting," at last.



FROM MOBIS

NOT unto us, O Lord, is hid
Thy purpose in the thick,
When thou, thy secret counsel doest
And we were asleep.

We cannot guess how goodness springs
From the black serpent's track,
Nor scan the birth of gentle things
In those sad hearts of death.

We only know: from good and
evil
Nothing were good can flow;
That where the cedar cradled its
slough
We crushed trees shall grow.

That from their ribs a better grain
May for these eyes be seen
May clothe you, for the valleywide
Your robes of green. C. B. W. R.

RENDER

THE "RIC"



New Anzard (as something home post the paragon): "Stewth! Wat's that?"
 Officer: "Only a rinchet."
 N.A.: "An' d'we use 'em, too, sir?"



THE DESTROYER ON THE FLANK

Drawn by GILBERT T. R. BOACH

THE ÆGEAN WIND

THE winter winds of Lemnos,
They blow exceeding fast;
There's nothing quite so stiff on earth
As that persistent blast.

It ducks around the corners,
Through all the hills it shoots;
It blows the milk from out your tea,
The laics from your boots.

Is this the soft Ægean wind
Which Byron moved about,
That whirls across the ridges
And turns you inside out?

Or is it some invention
Which Providence has made
To give a breezy welcome to
The Third Brigade?

H. R. K.



WANDERING spirits, seeking lands unknown,
Such were our fathers, stout hearts unafraid,
Have we been faithless, leaving homes they made,
With their life's blood cementing every stone?
Nay, when the beast-like War God did intone
His horrid chant, was our first reckoning paid
For years of ease. Their restless spirits hode
Us fight with those whose Homeland was their own.

Rest easy in your graves, the spirit lives
That brought you forth to claim of earth the best.
Ours it is now, and ours it shall remain;
Mere jealous greed no honest birthright gives.
Shades of our fathers, hear our faith confessed,
We shall defend your Empire or be slain.

Capt. JAMES SPRENT,
A.M.C. (2nd Field Amb.).



Engraved by F. R. CROZIER

**"Wandering spirits, seeking lands unknown,
Such were our fathers, stout hearts unafraid."**



Picture of a Native Resting.

GLIMPSSES OF ANZAC

IT'S the monotony we revile, not—to a like degree—hard work or hard fare. To look out on the same stretch of beach or the same patch of trench wall and the same terraces of hostile black and grey sandhills day after day is to be wearied. There is the same sitting in the same trench, shelled by the same guns, maimed, perhaps (though that we endeavour to avert), by the same Turks. Unhappily it is not the same men of ours that they maim and kill daily.

And if one's dug-out lies on a seaward slope there is, every morning, the same stretch of the lovely *Ægean*, with the same two islands standing over in the west.

Yet neither the islands nor the sea are the same any two successive days. The temper of the *Ægean* at this time changes more suddenly and frequently than ever does that of the Pacific.

Every morning the islands of the west take on fresh colour, and are trailed by fresh shapes of mist.

To-day *Indros* stands right over against you; you see the detail of the fleet in the harbour, and the striated brights of rocky *Samothrace* reveal the small ravines. To-morrow, in the early morning light, *Indros* lies mysteriously afar off like an Isle of the Blest, a delicate vapour-shape reposing on the phleoid sea.

Nor is there monotony in either weather or temperature. This is the late autumn. Yet it is a halting and irregular advance the late autumn is making. Fierce, biting, raw days alternate with the comfortableness of the mild late summer. This morning, to bathe is as much as your life is worth (despatch disregarded); to-morrow, in the gentle air, you may splash and ghost an hour and desire more. And

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you probing the joy by washing many garments.

Here in Anzac we have suffered the tail-end of one or two winter storms, and have had two fierce and downright gales blow up. The wind came in the night, with a suddenness that found us most unprepared. In half an hour many of us were homeless, crouching about with our bundled bedclothes, trespassing tyrannically upon the confined space of the slender dug-outs of our friends—a sore tax upon true friendship. They lay on their backs and held down their roofs by mere weight of body until overpowered. Spectral figures in the driving atmosphere collided and wrangled and swore and blasphemed. The sea roared over the shingle with a violence that made even revellings inaudible.

The morning showed a sorry beach. There were—there had been—three piers. One stood intact, the landward half of the second was clean gone; of the third there was no trace, except in a few splintered spars ashore. A collective dogged grin overlooked the beach that morning at the time of rising. The remedying began forthwith; so did the bursting of shrapnel over the workmen. This stroke of Allah upon the unfaithful was not to go unavenged.

With sighing we foresee the winter robbing us of the boon of daily bathing. This is a serious matter. The morning splash has come to be indispensable. Daily at six-thirty you have been used to see the head of General Birdwood bobbing beyond the sunken large inshore; and a host of noses lined the beach. The host is diminishing to a few isolated fellows, who either are fanatics or are come

down from the trenches and must clear up a vermin-and-dust-infested skin at all costs.

Not infrequently "Beachy Bill" catches a mid-morning bathing squad. There is ducking and splashing shorewards, and scurrying by men clad only in the garment Nature gave them. Shrapnel bursting above the water in which you are sporting raises chiefly the question: "Will it ever stop?" by this you mean: "Will the pellets ever cease to whip the water?" The interval between the murderous lighting flash aloft and the last pellet-swish seems, to the potential victim, everlasting.

The work of enemy shells behind the actual trenches is peculiarly horrible. Men are struck down suddenly and unmercifully where there is no heat of battle. A man dies more easily in the charge. Here he is wounded mortally unloading a cart, drawing water for his unit, directing a male convey. He may lose a limb or his life when off duty—merely returning from a bath or washing a shirt.

One of our number is struck by shrapnel retiring to his dug-out to read his just delivered mail. He is off duty—in, in fact, far up on the ridges overlooking the sea. The wound gases in his back. There is no smothering it. Every thump of the aorta pumps out his life. Practically he is a dead man when struck; he lives but a few minutes—with his pipe still steaming, clenched in his teeth. They lay him aside in the hospital.

That night we stand about the grave in which he lies beneath his ground-sheet. Over that wind-swept headland the moon shines fitfully through driving cloud. A monitor bouchards off

THE STORMS OF NOVEMBER



Transport in Trouble, November 17



After the Blizzard of November 29



Antarctic Piers in the Storm of November 17

Photographs by C. E. W. DEAN



Photograph by Central News
General Birdwood taking a Dip



Photograph by C. E. H. BEAN
Shrapnel over Anzac Beach
The shrapnel cloud can be seen, and also the water off the beach whipped up by the pellets from the shells

Glimpses of Anzac

shore. Under her friendly screaming shell and the stinging bullets of the Turks the worn, big-hearted padre intones the beautiful Catholic intercession for the soul of the dead in his cracked voice.

At the burial of Sir John Moore was heard the distant and random gun. Here the shells sometimes burst in the midst of the burial party. Betsers are laid low. A running for cover. The grave is hastily filled in by a couple of shovel-men; the service is over; and fresh graves are to be dug forthwith for stricken members of the party. To die violently and be laid in this shell-*except area* is to die lonely indeed. The day is far off (but it will come) when splendid mauveolas will be raised over these heroic dead. And one foresees the time when steamers will bear up the Aegean pilgrims come to do honour at the resting places of friends and kindred, and to move over the charred battlegrounds of Turkey.

Informal parades for Divine Service are held on Sabbath afternoons for such men as are off duty. Attendances are scanty. The late afternoons are becoming bleak; men relieved from labour seek the warmth of their dog-outs.

The chaplain stands where he can find a level area and awaits a congregation. When two or three are gathered together he announces a hymn. The voices go up in feeble unison, punctuated by the roar of artillery and the crackle of rifle fire. The prayers are offered. The address is short and short of crust. This is no place for canting formulae. Reality is very grim all round. There is a furtive under-watchfulness against shrapnel. One almost has forgotten what it is to sit in security

and listen placidly to a sermon at church.

The chaplains have *come out* to do their work simply and laboriously. They are direct-minded, purposeful men. One is a neighbour in a Light Horse regiment—a colonel. He flouts it in no undignified palace. His *shag-out* is indistinguishable from those of the privates between whom he is sandwiched—mere waterpouf sheet stuff and bed laid on the Turkish clay; a couple of biscuit boxes with his odds-and-ends—jam, and milk, and bread; writing materials and toilet requisites. A string line beneath the roof holds his towel and lately washed garments. He is a simple parson, hard-worked by day and night in and about the trenches, careful for such comforts as can be got for his men in this benighted land; lying down at nights listening to the fearful lingo of his neighbours, and *confessedly* admiring its graphic if well-guarded eloquence. He sees his duty with a direct gaze—a faithful Churchman at work in the thicket of war.

In a land of necessarily hard fare a regimental canteen in *Iskender* does much to compensate. Unit representatives proceed thence weekly by trolley for stores. One feels almost in the land of the living when in *one* lie tinned fruit, butter, cocoa, coffee, sausages, *sauces*, *chutneys*, *pickles*, tobacco, and chocolate. Such a repertoir, combined with a monthly visit from the paymaster, removes one far from the commissariat hardships of the Crimea.

The visualizing of untainted civilian meals is a prevalent pastime. Men sit at the mouths of their *shag-outs* and relate the minutiae of the first dinner at home. Some men excel in this. They

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do it with a curial power of graphic description which makes one fairly pine. One has heard a colonial chaplain talk for two hours of nothing but grub, and at the end unconsciously exempt himself from any charge of colonial-mindedness. Truly we are a people whose god is their belly. But that we never admitted until this period of enforced deprivation.

Those comforts embraced by the use of good tobacco and deliverance from vermin at night are the most desired; both hard to procure. There is somehow a great gulf fixed between the civilian quality of any tobacco and the make-up of the same brutal for the Army. Once in six months a friend in Australia dispatches a parcel of cigars. Therein lies the entrance to a fleeting paradise—fleeting indeed when one's comrades have snuffed or ferreted out the key. After all, the pipe, given reasonably good tobacco, gives the entrée to the paradise farthest removed from that of the fool.

Of the plague of nocturnal vermin little need be said explicitly. The locomotion of the day almost denigrates the evil. But it makes night hideous.

The tendency is to retire late and thus abridge the period of persecution. One's friends drop in for a yarn or a smoke after tea, and the dreaded hour of turning-in is postponed by reminiscent chit-chat and the late preparation of supper. One rescues, here, a surprising bulk of old acquaintance. Old college chums are dug out, and one talks back and lives a couple of hours in the glory of days that have passed. Believe it not that there is no deliverance possible from the loneliness of active service. The retrospect, and the prospect, and the ever-present

faculty of visualization are ministering angels sent to minister.

Mails, too, are an anodyne. Their arrival eclipses considerations of life and death—of fighting and the handing of rations. The mail-barge coming in somehow looms larger than a barge of supplies. Mails have been arriving weekly for six months, yet no one is callous to them.

Of incoming mail, letters stand inevitably first. They put a man at home for an hour.

But so does the local newspaper. Perusing that, he is back at the old maternal habit of picking at the news over his eggs and coffee, rising against the suburban business train. Intimate associations hang about the reading of the local sheet—domestic and parochial associations almost as powerful as are brought by letters.

And what shall be said of parcels from home? The boarding-school home-hamper is at last superseded. No son, away at Grammar School, ever pursued his voyage of discovery through tarts, cakes and preserves, sweets, pies and fruit with the intensity of gloating expectation in which a man on Gallipoli discloses the contents of his "parcel."

"'Struth! a too pipe, BB!—an' wame er the ale terbarrey. Blinney! Cigars, too!—'ave one, before the mob smells 'em. . . . D——d if there ain't chochut! Look 'ere. . . . An' 'ere's wame er the dinkum* con'nat'ice the taff wate smoke. . . . Hallo! more socks! Nev' mind; winter's namin'! 'Ere, 'ave er yer art for socks, clobber! . . . Take these—bomer 'and-knitted. Sling them home-things into the sea,

* Dinkum—Australian for "true."



"AT THE LANDING, AND HERE EVER SINCE"

Drawn in Blue and Red Pencil by DAVID BARKER

Parables of Anzac

... I'm d—d!—soup for the voy'ge 'ome. . . . 'Angkerb' 'is!—cel' right w'en the — blizards come, ah' a chap's sniffin' for a — week on end. . . . Writin' paper!—well, that's the straight — tip, and no error! The beggars or bin puttin' it in use letters

lately too. Well, I'll write ter-night on the stren'th of it. Gaud! 'ere's a chavin' dick!—'andy, that! I was clean run out—min' carbolic soap, — it! . . . Aw, that's a dinkum — parcel, that is!"

HARRY DUNN.

Ant. A.S.C.



PARABLES OF ANZAC

I

FROM SHELL GREEN

From a Correspondent in Australian Field Artillery, "Sea View," Boltons Knoll, near Shell Green.

I WAS looking out from the entrance of my dug-out, thinking how peaceful everything was, when Johnny Turk opened on our trenches. Shells were bursting, and fragments scattered all about Shell Green. Just at this time some new reinforcements were eagerly collecting spent fuses and shells as mementoes. While this fusillade was on, men were walking about the Green just as usual, when one was hit by a falling fuse. Out rushed one of the reinforcement chaps, and when he saw that the man was not hurt he asked: "Want the fuse, mate?"

The other looked at him calmly.

"What do you think I stopped it for?" he asked.

II

THE TURK IN THE PERISCOPE

The same Correspondent writes:

I AM sure that wherever the old 3th Light Horsemen, who put in such a warm spell at "Chatham's" * some time ago, congregate after this war the following incident will be told and retold:

Bill Blackson was a real hard case, happy-go-lucky, regardless of danger. Bill was put on sapping for over a fortnight, and at the end of that time had a growth of stubble that would have brought a flush of pride to his dirty face if he had seen it. But he hadn't seen it—one does not carry a looking-glass when sapping.

At the end of the fortnight he was taken off sapping and put on observing.

* Chatham's Post at the southern end of the line was attacked by the Turks for several days in November 1915.

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Anyone who has used a periscope knows that unless the periscope is held well up before the eyes, instead of the landscape, one sees only one's own visage reflected in the lower glass.

Bill did not hold the periscope up far enough, and what he saw in it was a dark, dirty face with a wild growth

of black stubble glaring straight back at him. He dropped the periscope, grabbed his rifle, and scrambled up the parapet, fully intending to finish the Turk who had dared to look down the other end of his periscope.

He had mistaken his own reflection for a Turk's.



THE YARNS THAT ABDUL TELLS

ONE of the chief pastimes of the Turks who live behind the black and white sandbags opposite (writes an officer who knows them intimately) is that of listening to stories told by the storytellers in the cafés of the Asia Minor villages. The hero of these stories is very often a certain Nastradi Hodja (who really existed at one time, and made a reputation by his wit as well as through his stupidity). Here is an example of the sort of story about Nastradi which especially pleases the Turk:

Nastradi Hodja's wife woke up one night through hearing a noise. She got up, and going out on to the landing on the upper floor, outside her bedroom, called out:

"Nastradi, what was that noise?"

Nastradi's voice came up from below. "Don't pay any attention to it," he said. "It was only my shirt that tumbled down the stairs."

"Does a shirt make such a noise?" she asked.

"No," was the reply; "but I was in it."

A. P. M.



THE GRAVES OF GALLIPOLI

THE herdsman wandering by the lonely hills
Marks where they lie on the scarred mountain's flanks,
Remembering that wild morning when the hills
Shook to the roar of guns and those wild ranks
Surged upward from the sea,

None tends them. Flowers will come again in spring,
And the torn hills and those poor mounds be green,
Some bird that sings in English woods may sing
To English lads beneath—the wind will keep
Its ancient lullaby.

Some flower that blooms beside the Southern foam
May blossom where our dead Australians lie;
And comfort them with whispers of their home;
And they will dream, beneath the alien sky,
Of the Pacific Sea.

"Thrice happy they who fell beneath the walls,
Under their father's eyes," the Trojan said,
"Not we who die in exile where who falls
Must lie in foreign earth!" Alas! our dead
Lie buried far away.

Yet where the brave man lies who fell in fight
For his dear country, there his country is.
And we will mourn them proudly as of right—
For meaner death be weeping and loud cries:
They died pro patria!

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Oh, sweet and surely so to die, indeed,
In the high flush of youth and strength and pride,
These are our martyrs, and their blood the seed
Of nobler futures. 'Twas for us they died,
Keep we their memory green.

This be their epitaph. "Traveller, south or west,
Go, say at home we heard the trumpet call,
And answered. Now beside the sea we rest.
Our end was happy if our country thrives;
Much was demanded. Lo! our store was small—
That which we had we gave—it was our lives."

L. L.



TO A LYRE-BIRD

OH, Lyre-bird! tethered to the earth,
Thou envy'st not the skylark in the sky,
But pour'st a thousand mocking notes of mirth,
Drowning the ravished songsters singing nigh,
If sing'd—so pure thy voice—thou might'st aspire
To drown indeed the whole seraphic choir!

And, listening to thee—captive in thy chains—
I think me of a singer such as thou
Who captured Nature's notes for lovely swains,
And reared them behind a mountain plough;
And wooed and sang, to prove to Gods above
The charm of earthly singing and of love.

Leave to the soaring minstrel of the sky
Her privilege of song at heaven's gate;
Leave to the nightingale the thornes whereby
She lights the grove and hatches strife and hate.
As great a boon—oh, blessed bird!—is thine,
Giv'd to the smiling earth, yet singing still divine!

H. J. A.
4th Bait., 2nd Infantry Brigade,

GRAVES AT ANZAC



The Cemetery in Sheppard Valley



*The Grave of a Brigadier—
Col. H. N. Maclean, killed April 27,
1915*



A Cemetery by the Beach

Photographs by C. E. W. SEAN

THE HOPELESS DAWN



"STANDING TO!"—4.30 a.m.

by

THE NEVER-ENDING CHASE



WHILST seated one day in my
dog-out,
Weary and ill at ease,
I saw a gunner carefully
Scanning his sunburnt knees;

I asked him why he was searching.
And what he was looking for,
But his only reply was a long-drawn
sigh
As he quietly killed one more.
AM. PARK.

ANZAC DIALOGUES

IT was a fine day, and they were standing by waiting for instructions from the warrant officer to commence unloading and loading; and in the general murmur of voices he noted the broad tones of the British Tommy and the harsher ones of Tommy Kangaroo, the latter less careful of his grammar than the other; also he heard the broad tones of the Indian Tommy, or rather Johnny, who condescended now and then to break into (Sdgin-English (with a smile).

Presently from amongst a group sitting in the shelter of a stack of bully-ruf came the request: "Give us a ght, mate," in the blunt style which belongs to Tommy Kangaroo.

"Aw, yes," replies Tommy Atkins, a "Kitch," as he is beginning to be called. "Aw, yes." And while the other is pulling at his tag: "Have you got any badges, chums?"

"No, I gave mine to a little nipper who used to sing on the stage at the El Dorado in Cairo."

"Did you now? She must have a fair stack of badges now, that 'un. You're about the fifteenth lad that I know has given his badges to 'er. Aw, thanks"—taking back his cigarette. "I see you're from Australia. What State did you live in?"

"Vic," is the reply.

"I wonder if you knew my brother? He went to Victoria a couple of years ago. Got a job on the railways, he

did, and wanted me to come out too. I'll go when this is over; but 'we's married now, 'e is, and got a couple of pet buns that 'e said was given to 'im by a chap named Drovers; 'is name is Dobbs."

"Never met him, matey, but he is all right, you bet. A Pommy * can't go wrong out there if he isn't too lazy to work."

"Ah, yes, he tells me they called 'im Pommy, but that they was good lads. I could not understand them slinging off at 'im and 'im thinking they were treating 'im like as 'e was one of themselves."

"Oh, well, yer see, mate, we don't call the like of 'im 'Pommies' because we dislike 'em, but just as a matter of description. Of course, sometimes one of 'em gets 'is back up and calls us sons of comicks in return for us chuckin' off at 'im, and then he's told lots of things—sometimes true and very often untrue; but Australia's all right, mate. You need not be ashamed to be called a 'Pommy' out there."

"Illine, there's old 'Beesky' † at it again," breaks in another. "'E's a fair cove, 'e is. Made me spill two buckets of water this mornin', and our flamin' cook told me I was too lazy to go down for it. I'll give 'im 'Beesky' "

* Pommy—short for *gompomies*, and used as a nickname for *hompomies*.

† "Beesky"—a variety of Tasmanian grass, well known in *Antar Beach*.

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after this job is over if 'e don't look out. Hallo, Johnny, Nearly catch-em made, eh?"

"Nearly no good—made good," replies the tall spare Lillian, with a smile, as he tries to bring his pair of mules under the shelter of the stack. "Made very good," he says, as he spurs in front of his pair.

"Ow long yer been 'ere, choom?" asks Kitch of Kangaroo.

"Nearly six months now, Blime, I could do with a spell now, too. I've beginnin' to get a 'unip like a candel from carryin' those blime's bones."

"Aw, yes, but it's better than bein' in the trenches, ain't it?" asks Kitch.

"Blime, no," is the reply. "A man's got a chance to hit back there, but down 'ere it's up to potty. It's bad enough to be ratin' bully beef, but carryin' it as well is rotten. I couldn't look a decent bullock in the face now for what I've said about 'im when 'e's fatted."

"Did yer 'ear wot was doin' up at Narks Post last night, Bill?"

"Yes; some d—d gobblers thought they would catch our mob nappin' but missed the bus, and some of 'em are still runnin' yellin' to Aller to stick to 'em. Blast 'em! I'll give 'em Aller when I get a chance. Keepin' a man stuck on 'ere when 'e might be havin' a good time somewhere else. I'll bet—"

"Come on, Bill, 'ere comes the W.O.,"* says his mate.

"D— 'im—see yer later, matey; and I'll try to get a hodge for yer."

"Don't forget, choom. Ah want it to send to my married sister's little lass. She thinks youn lads be prime boys."

"Prime boys," mutters Bill, as he grabs his case of bully. "Yes, prime boys jagglin' Best Prime Bully Beef."

"D— 'e—shut up, Bill," says his mate. "You're always growlin'—you'll want flowers on your grave next."

N. ASH.

*W.O.—Warmed Officer.

FROM QUINN'S POST

C ELESTIAL star that crossed my path,
Leaving fair visions in my soul;
Oh! why did you e'er leave your realm
And break my heart? With mournful dole
Now restless night doth me pursue,
And fends do tempt my soul to hell.
Ah! gentle maid, if you but knew
My inner shrine, and it could tell
My hidden love, as deep, as true,
As gentle as sweet birds at play;
Drift back, bright star, and comfort me
In this unending, dreary day.

V. N. HORTENS,

Pie., A.M.C., att. 17th Aust. Bn.



"KITCH"

Brushed with the Indian Brush by C. LEYSHON-WHITE

The Happy Warrior

(A SOLILOQUY)
SOMEWHERE IN THE
ANZAC ZONE



I

In my sandy dug-out by the sea
Of Saros beyond Samothrace,
'm as happy as happy can be,
And I'm bent upon washing my face
Before I go into my tea;

But the water's so scarce in this land
That we do all our washing with
sand—
And we always have sand in our tea.



II

In my fly-filled dug-out by the sea
Near Anzac, beyond Samothrace,
Both the cook and colonel agree
That you must have some resemblance
of grace
At breakfast, at dinner, and tea.



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To prevent you from darning the
eyes
Of the savage and pestilent flies—
For you *always* have flies in your tea!

III

In my shell-swept dug-out by the sea
Of Saros, beyond Samothrace,
I'm as happy as happy can be,
Tho' the shrapnel comes flying apace
Over moorland and mountain and sea—
For I wish you to quite understand,
Tho' the hens have vacated the land,
Yet we *always* have shells with our tea!



HOW I SHALL DIE

I ONLY wait the eventide,
The rising of the moon—
My little barque I'll gently slide
Into the still lagoon.

Here storms are fierce and nations wage
Across the seas their strife,
And death's wild billows break their rage
Against the rocks of life.

I only wait the last, long call—
Perchance a short farewell—
Then gently for the mists to fall
O'er silent hill and dell.

Private CHAS. LOWRY,
9th Aust. Battalion.



BEACHY

OUTSIDE was a cold, dark, windy and cheerless night, and the world seemed cowering under the black, threatening rain-pall above, which could be felt rather than seen. Inside my host's diggings we were lounging back in the warmth and light, smoking and yarning of other times and places, while the partner of his home brewed the warm, fragrant, comforting decoction which seemed to contribute so much to the good and proper appreciation of such friendly comfort in the midst of the audible turmoil of unfriendly outer circumstances.

Once again from outside there came a whirl and rattle past the door, and I smiled significantly and glanced in that direction.

"Oh, don't go until after the next one," urged my host's companion, seeing my attention diverted to things outside of our present cheery circle.

With this my friend seemed to concur, and drew himself closer to the fire. "Yes, there's plenty of time yet," he said. "There'll be a lot more of 'em. So you might as well sit tight in, safely and comfy, and try another cup."

I didn't need much coaxing, and thrusting the thought of the long, un-

pleasant journey home out of my mind, I settled down to further cheery chat and the enjoyment of stimulating internal comforts.

The conversation seemed to have progressed but a little further when above the wind outside could be heard again the warning roar and rumble, fading away and terminating in a muffled clang and clatter in the distance. "That settles it, Billo, old chap," I said, half rising. "Paw over my coat. If I hurry off now I'll be just in time."

But my friend didn't move to oblige. "Now, what's the use of hurrying?" he urged once more. "They'll be paining every minute now for a long time yet. So why not settle down and enjoy yourself a bit longer? 'Taint very often you come this way."

By the time I had finished my reply to his persuasions I found, again, that my chance had gone—and I would have to wait now, anyhow.

And so the time passed. We talked and talked, while a useful youth who lived next by, and had attached himself to my friend Billo, made three reappearances with hot water for the cups that cheered as the night went on.

"I wonder where 'Rarry' is?"

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prettily remarked my book; "the jug wants refilling."

Just then the disturbing rumble passed the door again, and I rose to my feet. "Don't bother to disturb him," I said. "I suppose he's retired to his digs. Besides, now's my chance to send too; I've a long way to walk. They see that too."

Finding that all protestations were useless, my friends reluctantly allowed me to go, but not without willy-expressed forebodings as to what unpleasantness might await me outside now that I had refused to enjoy their society and comforts any longer.

They accompanied me to the door, and a cold blast of wind met us. There were ominous thunder rumbles in the dusky distance.

"A boulder* right for a walk," I remarked, buttoning my coat about me.

"Yes," grinned my friend, peering out into the darkness. "And they're running to a peculiar sort of time-table to-night—passing about every seven minutes. You'd better get a wriggle on. There's a short cut that way," he added, pointing to the right, "just past the corner of the cemetery. That's where they stop. So for God's sake shake it up; if you don't, they won't see you home at all. It's an unhealthy night to be out."

I asked them to say good night to the youth "Bazzy" for me, and to thank him for his comforting ministrations, then bade them farewell and moved off.

I lumbered along the sloppy, vapored footway, peering tensely into the uneasy blackness about me, and

hurried usually in the direction of a patch of faint pale blotches that I hoped and took to be the monuments in the little burying-ground down beyond. I found that my direction was right, and presently I was hurrying past it as fast as I could manage in the wind and darkness. From somewhere behind me—it sounded miles and miles away through the noise of the wind—a faint low moaning sound reached my ear. I stepped forward anxiously, but before I had advanced a yard it had become more prolonged, and growing ever louder and closer until I seemed to feel it coming—coming with tremendous and ever-increasing speed: a horrible, nerve-shattering, deafening, wailing shriek. I stood dazed and paralyzed—rooted to the spot. With a scream of hellish intensity—it was all within a second, really—it was on me. There was a flash of blinding light, then everything ended so far as I was concerned.

My next interest in life was a feeling that I had just been hauled up at the moon, over it, and had descended slowly, ever so slowly, like a feather, to earth again. In fact, I wasn't quite sure that I was not a feather; and I opened my eyes carefully and tried to feel myself. "'Sh-sh-sh! Don't disturb yourself—remain quiet and comfy," said a persuasive voice beside me. I looked around as far as I could move, and knew that I was in a hospital, but where or of what kind I could not think for the moment. I lay awhile gazing blankly and unthinkingly at a low white ceiling above me. Presently I fell to wondering.

In what suburb, in what town (it seemed to have been hundreds of years ago that it had happened), and what

* Boulder, boulder, boulder—Anzacian slang for epidemic.



RACING BEACHY BILL

Drawn by H. C. WINBUR



ACHI BABA, SEEN FROM ANZAC

(The deserts and gullies of Anzac are seen in the foreground. Above them on the sky line is the massive Kilid Bahr plateau, the near promontory in the center is Gaba Tepe, and above is the peak of Achi Baba. The British position at Helles comprised the distant coast up to a point a little north of the destroyer)

Drawn by G. T. N. B054CH

Beachy

part of Australia could it be that a powerful citizen, walking a darkened street, homeward bound, could be violently assailed, near the resting-place of its harmless sleeping dead, by an awful uncanny horror descending from the thick unknown? Was I cursed, haunted, bewitched—or what? Then there came to me the vague memory of a friend, one whom I familiarly knew as "Billo," and in some way associated with my terrible, mysterious experience. But somehow it didn't seem to fit in with the slowly gathering evidence of my returning senses, for it seemed to me that "Billo" had long before quitted suburban civilization for some great adventure—perhaps—yes, it was a war somewhere—in which I, too, had later resolved to follow his example and do my share. Then how came it that this terrible experience had befallen me in the midst of the enjoyment and comforts of civilization?

I had a positive though hazy memory of a comfortable, warm room, pleasant drinks, cheery conversation; "Billo" and his companion, the latter a rough, kindly sort of being—no, it could not have been a woman; besides, "Billo" was a bachelor. I remembered that distinctly.

Suddenly it became clear to me, and I remembered a silent, rugged man facetiously dubbed "Emory" by my friend—a kindly chap, of very few words, with whom I had not been long acquainted. Where had "Billo" picked him up? There also came before me the memory of a small, dilapidated man or youth, dark complexioned; somehow also attached to "Billo." His name was—yes, that was it. . . . Who the deuce was "Razzy"? My mind here became

dazed, and speculation drifted off me to a confusion of reflections; that "Razzy" was a forefinger of some sort, living with us under the same conditions, yet in some way very different and in a degree inferior; that the hour at which I left my friend "Billo's" home and his inexpressible associates was quite early in the night—perhaps only nine-thirty. This latter fact seemed to linger in my mind, for presently—with a hazy conviction that there were sure to be other pedestrians abroad on a suburban street at that hour—I heard my own voice asking no one in particular: "Was there anyone else there?"

It came as no surprise to hear a man's rough voice reply:

"Only a Maltese—at least, we think he was. He was blown to smithereens. But don't let 'em see you talking too much, mate."

The room seemed to rock. I opened my eyes, and with diffidently caught sight of the speaker. He was in khaki and wore an A.M.C. badge on his arm. I was on a hospital ship.

"Then that must have been poor 'Razzy,'" I muttered at last. Before my mind's eye there seemed to unfold a disabbling scene. The cosy rooms of my friend "Billo" became a dug-out in a hillside, lit by a slash lamp made from bacon fat. "Billo" and his rugged, silent companion were wearing the familiar time-tattered uniform that I knew so well ages and ages ago (actually it was five days back); the door through which I had passed into the unpleasant night was an gibber't tied down to keep the weather out; and the frequent rumbling roar was not that of a passing suburban train which I was training myself to catch. On the

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contrary, it was the intervals between that sound which interested me. For each of those rushes past the door of my friend's dug-out was a hurrying Turkish shell, and I wanted to make my escape at a reasonably safe moment. Also, the place where "they" chiefly lobbed was the cemetery at the foot of the rugged track (I had dreamed of it as the improved footpath of a new suburb), where rest a score or more gave Australian lads who had taken part in the landing on Gallipoli. The unfortunate "Rassy," by the way, was but one of a gang of Maltine labourers brought by the authorities, at a later and safer period, to help in the landing of stores from the transports in the bay at Anzac. He had become friendly with my luxury-loving friend "Billo," and, in gratitude for various kindly considerations, was willing to provide the hot water to make our hot-rum drinks on that memorable night at "Billo's" station on our right wing. (I was quartered miles away on the extreme left.)

So it was near the cemetery that the

unexpected shell got me; and apparently "Rassy" also, who was retreating to his camp a hundred yards away. There seemed something so droll about the whole strange illusion that, although in a state of dazed depression, I might have laughed but for an indescribable pain in my left side. I saw that my left arm was supported on something and lay above the bedclothes and seemed very heavy.

"Feel comfortable?" said the A.M.C. man.

"Yes, except for the pain in my left hand," I answered.

He looked down, and I followed his gaze.

"You haven't got no left hand," he said quietly.

I saw that he was right, and this new illusion struck me as being about the last straw.

With a dazed sort of conviction I muttered: "Well, it's a rummy world"—and promptly lay back and drifted out of it for the time being.

TED COLLIER,
2nd L.I.L. Field Ambulance.



Portrait of an
Australian
soldier returning
from the field of
glory at Gallipoli.
May 11th 1915

THE ANZAC HOME—AND A CONTRAST

I AM sitting, at the moment of writing, in a dug-out, one of those dismal, dark, damp holes cut into the clay of the Dardanelles, serving us as a haven of refuge by day and by night from the ubiquitous Turkish bullet.

The proportions of this extemporised dwelling resemble those of an exceedingly small family tomb—one which might belong to a family too proud not to possess a family tomb at all, but too poor to possess one of adequate size and comfort (if one can speak of comfort in such a connection). Its dimensions should be about ten feet by four, but I am not enthusiastic enough at the moment to ascertain them precisely. Its three walls are of crumbling clay. Where the fourth wall strictly should be is an exit which lets in the drought. Over my head are stretched waterproof sheets which let in the water. On the floor, in fine weather, is an inch of dust, and in bad weather a proportionate amount of slimy mud. A few sandbags ranged round the parapet threaten to tumble in and annihilate my existence. I am sitting on a roll of bedding. My haversack, water-bottle, field-glasses, webbing, pistol, gas helmet, and india-rubber basin are arranged round my feet like so many pet dogs begging for biscuit; and in such an entourage I think of my room at home

—and that is where this matter of contrast comes in.

It was the same at dinner. We—that is to say, my brother officers and I—sat in another variety of dug-out; this time an open one—open to all that blows and falls. Our repast consisted of an exceedingly stringy rabbit, extracted from a tin of an ominous purple hue—an evil-looking dish eked out with somebody or other's baked beans, which are all very well in their way, but when used as an unvarying vegetable at all meals begin to pall; bread, with the crust like a cinder, to which fondly cling bits of sacking and mule's whisker; the corpse of a cheese; and the whole washed down with tea made in the stew dish, and boiled more of dice and stew than of tea.

As I lean back against the clay wall of my dug-out, and innumerable particles of dust cascade down my neck, a soft reverie steals over my senses. It seems to me to be about six or seven o'clock on a murky November afternoon in London. I have splashed home from my work in the wind and rain-swept streets—the motor-buses have covered me with black mud—my umbrella has afforded me the most inadequate shelter. But these things seem of little account to me here in Gallipoli. I see myself reaching my home in the best of spirits, entering

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3rd L.H. Field Ambulance.



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the hall, and shutting off the outer darkness. My sense of contrast gives me a lively notion of dry clothes, of a comfortable room, of a genial fire, and of an absorbing book. In future I shall be grateful for the rain and the mud and the murky streets for making these good things seem by contrast so much more valuable.

Think of it! To curl into a great arm-chair in front of my library fire, after a hard and unrelaxing day's work, and contemplate the new approach of an excellent evening meal. How comfortable and warm and hospitable my room appears as I lean back and listen to the rather depressing, smothered rumble of the traffic in the street below. Thick curtains hide away the melancholy November London atmosphere. Sweet-smelling logs crackle cheerily on the hearth; a reading-lamp by my side sheds subdued lustre on the immediate vicinity of my chair. My servant glides into the room noiselessly over the soft carpet, and places the evening paper by my side. I choose a cigar from my case, light it, and then I am perfectly content—and my con-

tentment is due to contrast between my content with the existing situation and my past discontent with other situations at other times and in other places.

After a refreshing siesta I go upstairs, exchange my workaday clothes for a smoking-suit. Two or three bachelor friends are due to dine with me, and by the time I have dined and descended again to the sitting-room they are there ready for my greeting.

And what a pleasant evening it is with their company. We talk of old times, old acquaintances, and old places. We talk of our big-game shoots, of our campaigns, and of our travels, the recollection of which seems so delightful now that distance lends enchantment to the view. Dinner is over; a glass of brandy and old port, some smokes, and we are just adjourning to the next room—

"Wake up, old chap—three o'clock. Your turn for the trenches. It is morning hard and the Turks are very active."

Contents indeed!

E. CAROGAN,
1/1 Suffolk Yeomanry.



It's not what
You wear.—



but what
You are
to-day—



The Asa: "Are you wounded, mate?"

The Victim: "E'yer think I'm doing this for fun?"

FLIES AND FLEAS

REGARDING these two particular pests, my attitude in the past has been characterised by the utmost forbearance; I tolerated them and looked upon them as harmless and possibly of some usefulness to the community. The Gallipoli specimens, however, have changed my state of "benevolent neutrality" into one of most deadly warfare. No "Hymn of Hate" has yet been composed which would give expression to the hatred which has possessed me.

Do you but go into the trenches in the endeavour to perform your duty to your country, and the flies immediately try to dissuade you by getting into your eyes, ears, nose and mouth. Nothing will drive them away; they delight in this; they are entirely without pity. Retire to your dug-out in the hope of escaping their attentions, and they are sure to follow you. Smoke till you all but asphyxiate yourself, and you find them as active as ever. Nothing that human ingenuity can devise will cause them to retreat; they defy our puny efforts. You may irritate the Kaiser and "stele" them for all you are worth, but it is only waste of breath; they glory in this and come back all the more.

What we frequently distrust in the way of tucker holds no terrors for the Gallipoli flies; they delight in taking risks if only to impress us with their friskiness. Stepping boldly on the edge of a syrup-covered biscuit, they immediately get their feet entangled;

but they will not retreat—that would be against all their traditions. Instead, they will struggle their way towards the centre, where they gladly give up the contest and die.

They are born conquerors. I doff my hat to them in spite of my hate.

With the setting sun the flies retire, but operations are simply handed over to their allies, the fleas; and no weather ally could be found than these pilgrims of the night. You may feel best to the world, but there is no rest for you; as soon as you lie down to enjoy a well-earned rest the attack commences. Advancing in open or close formation, according to circumstances, the enemy attacks on every flank with fixed bayonets, in the handling of which his units are experts. If driven off, they come again in still greater numbers; they appear to have unlimited reserves of reinforcements which can be mobilised on the shortest notice. Their organisation is perfect. Counter-attacks in the dark are all in the favour of the enemy, and morning finds that they have withdrawn their forces to advantageous cover in the blankets, from which it is impossible to dislodge them. Keating's Powder is of no avail against the Gallipoli fleas; it requires a still higher explosive to have any effect.

The honours have so far fallen to the enemy. Personally, I would be inclined to discuss terms of peace, but I doubt not he is too depraved to accept my advances.

A. CARUTHERS,
3rd Australian Field Ambulance.



ANZAC TYPES

I.—WALLABY JOE

HIS real name matters little; suffice it that he was known among his comrades as "Wallaby Joe."

He came to Gallipoli via Egypt with the Light Horse. Incidentally, he had ridden nearly a thousand miles over sun-scorched, drought-stricken plains to join them.

Age about 38. In appearance the typical bushman. Tall and lean, but strong as a piece of hickory. A horseman from head to toe, and a dead shot. He possessed the usual bushy beard of the lonely prospector of the extreme backblocks. Out of deference to a delicate hint from his squadron commander he shaved it off, but resolved to let it grow again when the exigencies of active service should discount such flinching notions.

His conversation was laconic in the extreme. When the occasion demanded it he could swear profusely, and in a most picturesque vein. When a bursting shell from a "75" on one occasion blew away a chunk of prize Berkshire which he was cooking for breakfast, his remarks were intensely original and illuminative.

He could also drink beer for indefinite periods, but seldom committed the vulgar error of becoming "tasked." Not even that locality "east of Suez," where, as the song tells us, "There ain't no Ten Commandments and a man can raise a third," could make his steps erratic.

He was very shy in the presence of the softer sex. On one occasion his unwary footsteps caused him some embarrassment. Feeling thirsty he turned

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into one of those establishments, fairly common in Cairo, where the southern proprietors try to hide the villainous quality of their beer by bribing sundry young ladies of various nationalities and colours to give more high-class tangle-ville turns. The shewn-up young ladies are aided and abetted by a coloured orchestra, one member of which manipulates the bagpipes.

A partly dinned had just concluded, amidst spontaneous applause, the haunting strains of "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay." She sidled up to Joe with a large-sland grin on her olive features.

"Gib it kiss," she murmured, trying to look ravishing.

But Joe had fled.

Henceforth during his stay in Egypt he took his beer in a little Russian bar, the proprietor of which could speak English, and had been through the Russo-Japanese War.

When the Light Horse were ordered at last to the front, Joe took a sad farewell of his old boy mare. He was, as a rule, about as sentimental as a drummer, but "leaving the old nag behind hurt some."

On the Peninsula and under fire his sterling qualities were not long in coming to the surface. Living all his life in an environment in which the pick and shovel plays an important part he proved himself an adept at digging and mining. At this game he was worth four ordinary men. No matter how circuitous the name of trenches, he could find his way with ease. He could turn out all sorts of dishes from his daily rations of flour, bacon, jam, and of course the inevitable "bully" and biscuits. An endless amount of initia-

live showed itself in everything he did. His mates learned quite a lot of things just by watching him potter about the trenches and bivouacs. His training at the military camps of Australia and, later, in Egypt, combined with the knowledge he had been inhaling from Nature all his life, made him an ideal soldier.

He was used extensively by his officers as a scout. As the Turkish trenches were often not more than twenty yards from our own, needless to say the scouting was done at night, the Turks' favourite time to attack being just before dawn. Often during these nocturnal excursions a slight rustle in the thick scrub would cause his mate to grasp his rifle with fixed bayonet and peer into the darkness, with strained eyes and ears and quickened pulse.

"A hare," Joe would whisper, and probably advise him to take things easy while he himself watched.

This went on for some time until one night his mate came in alone, pale-faced and wild-eyed. Interrogated by the officer on duty, he informed him that Joe had been shot.

We brought the body in. He had been shot through the heart—a typical affair of outposts.

Tucked away in one of the innumerable gullies, a little grave, one among hundreds, contains the body of one of Nature's grand men. On the wooden cross surmounting it is the following:

NO. 988 TROOPER J. REIGAN,
26th Australian Light Horse.
Killed in Action.

W. B. C.,
8th A.L.H.

Anzac Types

2.—THE DAG

YES: 'Ensey was a dag if ever there was one! I remember the day 'e came into camp at Liverpool 'e was wearin' 'is best Sunday grin, and when some bloke wot was in the mob yelled out "Marshallade," 'e turns round and says to 'im: "Wot's your complaint, mate?" The bloke 'e repeats "Marshallade." And 'Ensey says: "Ah! That's wot I thought it was. You'd better see a doctor, and 'ave it operated on right away, me man!"

'E could eat like a 'orse. Blime! The way 'e used ter stoke up on their bread and jam was a treat for sore eyes. 'E always used ter ask to be put on the job of picket round the quartermaster's store, and they never fumbled to 'is game for a long while. 'E used ter watch 'is chance, and every night would dip in and pinch a loaf of bread and a tin of jam, and as 'is job consisted of keeping the cook's fire a-going all night, 'e always 'ad a cup of coffee ready when 'e wanted it. One night 'e slips into the store to git 'is usual bit of supper, and 'e lounks right into the bloke wot was just put in new at the Q.M. that day.

"Wot are you doin' 'ere?" asks the bloke.

"Blime! I thought I 'ad a fair cop," says 'Ensey, quick as lightning. "I 'eard someone moving about in 'ere, and thought it was a chap pinchin' stuff."

"And who are you?" says the bloke.

"Me! I'm the bloomin' picket," says 'Ensey.

"Oh! Alright, picket," replies the bloke. "I sleep in here, so you needn't worry about the store while I'm here."

"Alright, mate!" says 'Ensey. "Can yee give us a bit of grub? Fair dinkins, I'm 'ungry!"

So 'e gets 'is grub after all, but 'e couldn't come the double no more after that.

When 'e came over the water and first sees the Turkish trenches, 'e says: "Strike me pink! But where's them Turks they talk about?"

Says I: "They're right there behind them sandbags, old cock! And don't you forget it, neither!"

"And don't they come out and show themselves?" 'e asks.

"Wot for?" says I.

"Why, for us blokes to shoot at, of course!" 'e says.

One mornin' early while we was standin' to arms 'e lights up a bumper, so I tells 'im not to let the officer cop 'im or there'd be trouble. Just then along comes the bloomin' officer, so 'Ensey sticks 'is lighted bumper down south into 'is overcoat pocket, and holds it there out of sight. The officer sniffs about a bit, then 'e asks 'Ensey: "Are you smoking?"

"No, sir!" says 'Ensey.

"Well, I can smell smoke!" says the officer. Then 'e looks pretty 'ard at 'Ensey and says: "What's your name?"

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"'Encow, sir."

"Well, Hencow, your pocket's on fire!"

'Encow looks, and bang me if that bloomin' cigarette 'adn't set fire to 'is coal pocket. But the officer only says: "'Don't do it again!" and whips off.

It was when we came out of the fire-line for a week's spell that 'Encow met 'is Waterloo. 'E was detailed for guard duty at the drinkin' water, and 'e was to take all his nap and camp down there. The first night, when 'e was doin' 'is shift 'e sees a dark shape movin' along and challenged it three times, but never gets no answer. So 'e ups with 'is gun and lets fly. When the corporal rushes along to know what the blazes was the matter, 'Encow ups and tells 'im, so they goes forward together pretty careful, and soon they sees a black heap lyin' on the sand ahead of them. Gor blime! If 'Encow 'adn't gone and shot one of them poor little Indian donkeys which 'ad strayed along the beach. Well, 'e

was chaffed pretty considerable by 'is cobbens,* and got fairly sick of beavin' about it.

Next night when 'e was doin' 'is shift again, 'e sees another black shape movin' along the beach, so thinkin' 'is cobbens were 'avin' a joke with 'im, 'e picks up a big stick and goes forward with it. 'E 'ad gone about twenty yards, when suddenly there was a flash and a report, and 'Encow drops down with a bullet through 'is chest. Strike me pink! A real Abdul 'ad come up this time, and it wasn't no bloomin' donkey, neither! 'Encow was 'it pretty bad, but 'e grabs 'is rifle and lets fly, and one more bloomin' Abdul 'ad gone to join 'is Prophet. Next day 'Encow was taken away on a 'ospital ship, but that was near three months ago. I 'ear that the blighter is back on the beach now, and you will be able to see him yourself when 'e comes back to the squadron. But strike me! 'E's a bloomin' dog!

F. A. M. W.

* Cobbers—mates.



"Remember that tale was more of
Gumtree Part 2."

Anzac Types

3.—BOBBIE OF THE NEW ARMY

BOBBIIE'S gone sick.
This probably doesn't interest you. But, oh, how we miss him. So we must tell somebody.

Bobbie, the ever-smiling embodiment of breezy youth; the spirit of cheerfulness; the Boss Brummell of the trenches.

Bobbie landed with the regiment, and went through thick and thin with it. But always with a smile and never a scratch. Bullets flew off Bobbie at a tangent.

Of our officers, three only of the original arrivals were left when Bobbie went. He had watched the others go away one by one, some wounded, some sick, and some—well, just left.

"When the fox and the stranger will tread a've
their heads
When we're far away on the hills."

Bobbie had grown quite proud of his staying powers, which carried him through three months of real hardship and trying work night and day. But for Bobbie's smile in adversity and his way—for he has a way with him—many of his brave boys would have given up. But Bobbie's bright example spurred them on and they "stuck it," like their idol.

Bobbie's only a youngster, but he is made of the real "stuff that's hard in the army." When he found himself exalted to the command of a company his head didn't swell. The added responsibilities were not too heavy for Bobbie's shoulders, which really were not broad relatively when compared with his broad smile. Bobbie acted like a tonic to a man run-down.

But, at last, Nature (in collusion with the M.O.) asserted her insidious will, and Bobbie just had to go to hospital. So Bobbie bowed to the inevitable, and, still smiling, went away.

Bobbie in hospital! What a picture! His bright smile, his rosy cheeks, and his immaculately parted hair, framed in snowy-white pillows. Bobbie—the irresistible!

Bobbie, we were loath to lose you; Bobbie, we miss you; but, Bobbie, won't there be a weeping and a wailing when the nurses have to let you go?

Still, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Bobbie's absence sweetened the bitterness of parting; Bobbie's tinned fruit sustains us in his absence; Bobbie's cigarettes soothe our sorrow.

"TEMMATE,"
11th London Regt.



THE INDIAN MULE CORPS

MY work in the A.S.C. has brought me very much in touch with the Indian Mule Corps; and I don't think "The Anne Book" would be complete without some mention of that admirable body of men.

What should we at Anne have done without "Johannie" and his sturdy little mules? Horse or motor transport could not have faced the difficulties of Anne. The mules are sometimes stubborn and unmanageable, but we knew that before. And the drivers are—most of them—hard workers, intelligent and anxious to please. I often marvel on a rough day, when the loaded carts, nearly up to their axles in mud or sand, are beached on that wild

shore, on the watery edge of which they are kept during the day; and wonder still more when, after standing there for a few hours, the mules draw them out when the convoy leaves at night. For the mules do not like the sea, and when the weather is rough it is very difficult to get the little beasts anywhere near it.

One thing, however, really does hang up work for a time, and that is "Becky Hill" in action. Even then some of the "Johnnies," who are less fearsome than the rest, go on with their work, and have from time to time been hit.

Therefore, all praise to the Indian Mule Corps.

B. H.

HILL 60

As sane far swimmer, turning, views once more
England's white cliffs, and strongly cleaves t'ward shore,
But, tide-encumbered, faints; so far and dear
Thy crystal arms and pillared throat appear,
Love, to thy soldier who makes earth his bed
In this grey catacomb of unnamed dead.
Thy valor, o'er toiling seas of eyes and dusks,
Comes like din music heard on magic lawns;
And, when in prayer thou kneelest, this grim brow
Feels the cool benison of hands which thou
Wouldst often grant. Now know I 'twas not vain
Our love, whose memory softens present pain.

C. J. N.



Drawn by F. H. COZIER

"HILL 60"

JENNY

FOR the delightful diversion which little Jenny, with her frolics and gambols, provided for the A.S.C.'s when they really had a moment to spare another medium will have to be sought. Though of short duration, her life appeared a charmed one whilst it lasted. Her freedom of action was the envy of every soldier along the beach. Her disregard for the enemy's bullets and shells commanded our unbounded admiration. But whether her immunity for six months was due to the kindness of the Turks or their bad shooting, or her own good judgment, who can say?

Jenny's origin is enveloped in some obscurity; but it is said that with her parents, Murphy of Red Cross fame and Jenny Senior, she toddled into our lines when quite a wite; and, once having crossed over the border into civilization, the three emphatically refused to return whilst the objectionable Hun element obtained in their native country.*

Jenny the younger was no more cryptic mascot for the humouring of an especially created superstition. Her congenial company and high spirits, her affectionate ways and equable temperament, were the factors which gained for her the obvious rank of "Camp Pet." Her friendly regular visits will be missed, and the picture of her patrician head and dark-brown shaggy winter's coat. Her refined voice was music compared with the common "hee-haw" which characterizes her kind, or the peremptory foghorn of the sergeant-major.

But now she is no more. Our sorrow is immeasurable. The mother never left the babe whilst it suffered excruciating agony through a deadly shrapnel pellet. Skilful, indefatigable attention, innumerable applications of the "invincible iodine," proved futile. Jenny Senior is grief-stricken, and now lies upon the neat little grave in which her infant was placed by the big Australian playmates who now assure their irreplaceable loss.

F. C. DUNSTAN, L.-C.,
R Depot,
OLD A.A.S.C.

*This might be a myth. The parents landed with the troops on April 26, 1915. Murphy, who lost a leg some time before his departure, is said to have gone with his master, Pvt. Simpson, but Australian Field Ambulance is here carried. He wounded many from the living line through German rifles, at the time when that rifle thoroughly scared the enemy, before his master and his death and one of those moments of mercy. Murphy himself was subsequently hit by a shell but happily survived, and was, we believe, brought safely away from Anzac—Edw.

MARCHING SONG

BOOTS, belt, rifle, and pack—
All you'll need till you come back;
All you'll doff when you lie down to sleep;
All they'll take off when they bury you deep.
Boots, belt, rifle, and pack.

Boots that went light down the Suffolk lane
Will shuffle and drag ere they tread it again.
Nails that ring gay on the cobbled street
Will have pierced through the sock into somebody's feet.
Boots, belt, rifle, and pack.

Belt—for water-bottle and sword:
One to save life; the other—oh, Lord!
'Fore you've finished with them, you bet,
One will be dry and the other wet.
Boots, belt, rifle, and pack.

Rifle—the soldier's only friend—
True, if you treat her well, to the end:
Feed her with fire, and the tune she'll play
Will reach the heart of a Turkish Bey.
Boots, belt, rifle, and pack.

Pack—that holds what a man most wants:
A shirt, an overcoat, socks and pants,
A Bible, a photo of heart's desire;
But you'll throw it away when you charge—or retire.
Boots, belt, rifle, and pack.

Leather and canvas, steel and wood,
They'll stand by you if you're good;
Keep them oiled and keep them dry,
They'll see you home safely—by and by.
Boots, belt, rifle, and pack.

C. J. S.

TRANSPORT



FURPHY

IT was the colonel who propounded the theory first, on hearing some rumour more optimistic than reliable. "These purples* are the very devil," he said.

Now, I had a theory about Furphy. I was waiting for an opportunity of following it up, and it came this way:

I was on the beach one day when a friend met me and asked if I had heard the latest dinkum. On learning that I hadn't, he informed me that Greece had declared war on Turkey, and was going to land 100,000 men within the next few days on the Peninsula. I inquired for the source, and he said he got it from a fellow who had just gone along the beach towards the left. I asked what the man was like. That sort of pointed him. He said he was a tall man—no, he thought he was only middle height or perhaps a bit on the small side. His hair was dark—no, now that he thought a bit, he fancied it was fair. In fact, the more he tried to describe him the less could he remember him. "He's my Moses," I said, and hurried off in the direction he had gone.

Passing through the up to Shrapnel Gully, I met another friend.

"Heard the latest?" he inquired.

I said "No."

* *Purphy* was the name of the contraption which was written large upon the rainbow's arch that he supplied to the Melbourne crowd. The name was considered to a certain class of horse men, very common since the war, which furnished greatly upon all the beaches—Eton.

"Four Italian staff officers seen on the beach to-day," he said breathlessly. "Two hundred thousand Italian troops being sent here."

"Who told you?" I asked.

"Fellow just going into White's Valley."

"What was he like?" I inquired excitedly.

"An ordinary fellow—not tall, and not short."

"His hair?"

"Well, it wasn't dark—yes, it was—no, I don't know."

"How did he walk?"

"I never noticed," he said; "in fact, he didn't seem to walk at all."

I left him standing, and got down the up and over into White's Valley in a record time, and bumped into another acquaintance.

"Heard the news?" he said.

"No."

"Why, three hundred thousand Indians have landed at Helles, and Archibald is to be taken to-night."

I asked who his informant was, and he began to flounder into contradictions. I rushed off, knowing that I was well on the track of Furphy.

In Victoria Gully I heard that Roumania had declared war, and 400,000 troops were marching through Bulgaria to Constantinople.

"Who told you? What was he like?" I gasped at the teller.

"Just a blake," was the answer.

"E. had two legs, two arms, and a

From My Trench

"*bad, two eyes—*" Then he added in a puzzled fashion: "*But, dammit, did 'e?*"

I didn't wait any longer, but was off again. At Shell Green I heard that a man—just a feller, rather—had told them that the Russians had surrounded and captured Hindenburg's army, and that 200,000 Russians were to make a landing in Turkey. The Russian officers were here already. The man who had seen them had just passed five minutes before. I wasn't far from Purphy now.

At Clatham's Post they were humming with excitement over the news that 600,000 French were going to be landed between Kaba Tepe and Helles.

I asked if they thought it was true, and they assured me that they had heard it from a man who looked as if he knew. No two descriptions of him, however, agreed. I was getting closer to Purphy.

I hurried along the trenches as fast as I could, but got no information till near Lone Pine, where I heard that a big mob of Turks was expected to surrender that night. It was odd they could not see the prospect of the

coming landing of the whole Italian army. Besides, they were short of food and water, they were being badly treated by their officers, and their guns had hardly any ammunition left. A TS just then knocked a portion of parapet over me. I remarked that anyone could see the information was right about Abdul being short of ammunition, but where did the information come from?

"A fellow that just went by," they said; "looked like a staff officer."

Getting near Steele's Post, I saw in front of me a man with an indescribable gait. He seemed to float along instead of walk. It was Purphy!

I hurried, but seemed to make no gain on him. I began to run. Near Courtney's Post I was twenty yards from him, and called to a man to stop him. My quarry brushed past. I put on a spurt. I was within about five yards of him when, all of a sudden, he sank into the earth. As his head disappeared he smiled an evil grimace at me.

And I noticed that there were small horns behind his ears.

Q. E. D.

FROM MY TRENCH

A CLEAR, cold night, and in the southern air
Those far-off thunderings so often there; *
A Turkish moon is shining fitfully—
My thoughts are 'neath another moon where we
Paced slowly through the tree stems—*you* and I.
And, looking back at *you* farewell, I sigh
And wonder whether then I cared as much
As now I do when far beyond your touch.

Cpl. CONN, 2nd Bat., A.I.F.

* Cape Helles is about 12 miles north of Anzac, and the distant thunder is the guns there was constantly in the air at Anzac—D.H.

ABDUL

WE'VE drunk the boys who rushed the hills,
The men who stormed the beach,
The sappers and the A.S.C.,
We've had a toast for each;
And the guns and stretcher-bearers—
But, before the bowl is cool,
There's one chap I'd like to mention,
He's a fellow called ABDUL.

We haven't seen him much of late—
Unless it be his hat,
Bobbing down behind a loophole . . .
And we mostly blame at that;
But we hear him wheezing there at night,
Patrolling through the dark,
With his signals—hoots and chirrupa—
Like an early morning lark.

We've heard the twigs a-crackling,
As we crouched upon our knees,
And his big, black shape went smashing,
Like a rhino, through the trees.
We've seen him flung in, rank on rank,
Across the morning sky;
And we've had some pretty shooting,
And—he knows the way to die.

Yes, we've seen him dying there in front—
Our own boys died there, too—
With his poor dark eyes a-rolling,
Staring at the hopeless blue;
With his poor maimed arm a-stretching
To the God we both can name . . .
And it fairly tore our hearts out;
But it's in the beastly game.



ABDUL

Drawn by TED COLLEY

A Confession of Faith

So though your name be black as ink
For murder and rapine,
Carried out in happy concert
With your Christians from the Rhine,
We will judge you, Mr. Abdul,
By the test by which we can—
That with all your breath, in life, in death,
You've played the gentleman.

C. E. W. B.



A CONFESSION OF FAITH

WHO would remember me were I to die,
Remember with a pang and yet no pain;
Remember as a friend, and feel good-bye
Said at each memory as it wakes again?

I would not that a single heart should ache—
That some dear heart will ache in my own grief.
Friends, if I have them, I would fondly take
With me that best of gifts, a friend's belief,

I have believed, and for my faith reaped tears;
Believed again, and, losing, was content;
A heart perchance touched blindly, unawares,
Rewards with friendship faith thus freely spent.

Bury the body—it has served its ends;
Mark not the spot, but "On Gallipoli,"
Let it be said, "he died." Oh, Hearts of Friends,
If I am worth it, keep my memory.

Capt. JAMES SERENT,
A.M.C. (attached 3rd Field Amb.).

OUR FRIEND THE ENEMY

(A Sketch by One who knows him very well)

IN a shady spot beneath the scarlet-blossomed Judea trees, Abdiel sat sipping his coffee, contemplating the busy scene in the small market-place. There were happy fishermen hanging their nets to dry on the lime-trees for which the village is famous, after their night's toil in the Black Sea. Their catch was a good one, and was even now being put up for sale in the narrow alleys by the Jews. The village barber was a hard-worked man that day, for the Turk is vain and also dignified, and was it not the eve of the Bairam Festival! Groups of gaily coloured villagers among the fruitvenders' baskets were busy haggling over their bargains. The word "Cumam" (my lamb) would often be flung by an infuriated vendor at stalwart Kurds, workers in the neighbouring quarry, who fingered his luscious grapes whilst cavilling at his prices. From a latticed window a veiled woman with a shrill voice called to a little red-faced boy creeping from his mother.

The *Moukter* (mayor), with a jasper-handled stick, was pointing to the new fountain, its gilded inscription of extracts from the Koran shining in the sun. Had not the *Moukter* sat day after day outside the door of the great *Dahle* Nazir (Minister of Interior) waiting to obtain a credit for the con-

struction of the fountain whose waters were from the Beicos bendi?

"God is great, and Mahomet is His prophet," murmured Abdiel, as he slowly counted off another bead from his amber rosary. "I am a happy man," he murmured to himself. "Was not my Kismet good; when lifting the veil of my wife at the marriage ceremony I found that she was beautiful? She is a good housekeeper; her coffee resembles that of the creamy Arabian coffee bean. Is not the gilded ram that I bought for to-morrow's sacrifice worthy of her cooking?"

Abdiel wandered along homeward to his cottage near the shore; for it was drawing close to the midday call to prayer, and his heart was full of thanksgiving to Allah.

* * * * *

Abdiel is struggling along the main road leading to Stamboul with many others. He no longer hearkens to the beating of the tom-toms, and to the patriotic exhortations of a straggling mob following behind with green banners. "It is Kismet," he murmurs, as he turns once more for a last look at the silvery winding thread below—the Bosphorus, on whose shores lies his home, his all. He has been told there is a war. He does not question; he knows

Army Biscuits

not the man. It is fate. He trudges on.

The fighting has been fierce. He is hard pressed. Sweating with blood he draws back. His regiment is hard put to it, and, like sheep without a master, the men are preparing to disperse. Already German machine-guns from their rear are on to them. The road

before means death. Like a man he faces the rush of his opponents.

He sees strange faces—the pain from his wounds is dulled. Once more there swims before his eyes his home, his wife, his plantation of maize so promising.

Ahah was great—it was Kismet.

H. E. W.,

A. & N. Z. A. C.

ARMY BISCUITS

BISCUITS! Army biscuits! What a volume of blessings and curings have been uttered on the subject of biscuits—*army biscuits*!

What a part they take in our daily routine: the carrying of them, the eating of them, the curing at them!

Could we find any substitute for biscuits? Surely not! It is easy to think of biscuits without an army, but of an army without biscuits—never.

Biscuits, like the poor, are always with us. Crawling from our earthly dens at the dim dawning of the day, we receive no portion of the delicacies which once were ours in the long ago times of effete civilisation; but, instead, we devour with eagerness—biscuit porridge. We eat our meat, not with thankfulness, but with biscuits. We lengthen out the taste of jam—with biscuits. We pound them to powder. We boil them with bully. We stew them in stews. We fry them as fritters. We curse them with many and bitter curings, and we bless them with few blessings.

Biscuits! Army biscuits! Consider the hardness of them. Remember the

cracking of your plate, the breaking of this tooth, the splintering of that. Call to mind how your finest gold crown weakened, wobbled, and finally shivered under the terrific strain of sustaining Punley and Chalmers' No. 5's.

Think of the aching void where once grew a goodly tooth. Think of the struggle and strain, the crushing and crunching as two molars wrestled with some rocky fragment. Think of the momentary elation during the fleeting seconds when it seemed that the molars would triumphantly blast and scratch through every stratum of the thickest-hardened rock. Call to mind the disappointment, the agony of mind and body, as the almost victorious grinder missed its footing, slipped, and snapped hard upon its mate, while the elusive biscuit rasped and scraped upon bruised and tender gums.

Biscuits! Army biscuits! Have you, reader, ever analysed with due carefulness the taste of *army biscuits*? Is it the delicious succulence of ground granite or the savoury toothlessness of powdered marble? Do we perceive a delicate flavouring of ferro-concrete

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with just a dash of scraped iron railings! Certainly, army biscuits, if they have a taste, have one which is peculiarly their own. The choicest dishes of civilised life, whether they be baked or boiled, stewed or steamed, fried, fried, roasted or roasted, whether they be composed of meat or fish, fruit or vegetable, have not (thank Heaven!) any like taste to that of army biscuits. Army biscuits taste like nothing else on the Gallipoli Peninsula. It is a debatable question indeed whether or not they have the quality of taste. If it be granted that they possess this faculty of stimulating the peripheral extremities of a soldier's taste-buds, then it must also be conceded that the stimulation is on the whole of an unpleasant sort. In short, that the soldier's feeling, apart from the joy, the pride, and the satisfaction at his completed achievement in transferring a whole biscuit from his outer to his inner man without undue accident or loss of teeth, is one of pain, unease, and dissatisfaction.

It may seem almost incredible, wholly unbelievable indeed, but armies have marched and fought, made sieges, retired according to plan, stormed impregnable cities, toiled in weariness and painfulness, kept lonely vigils, suffered the extremes of burning heat and of freezing cold, and have, in the last extremity, bled and died, hauled-down and greatly triumphant, the heroes of legend and of song, all without the moral or physical, or even spiritual aid of army biscuits.

Agamemnon and the Greeks camped for ten years on the windy plains of Troy without one box of army biscuits. When Xerxes threw his pontoon bridge across the Narrows and

marched 1,000,000 men into Greece, his transport included none of Treck Green and Co.'s paving-stones for the hardening of his soldiers' hearts and the stiffening of their backs. Caesar subdued Britons, Gauls, and Germans. Before the lines of Dyrhachium his legions lived many days on boiled grass and such-like deficiencies, but they never examined their jaws upon a rough, tough bit of—*army biscuit*.

Biscuits! Army biscuits! They are old friends now, and, like all old friends, they will stand much hard wear and tear. Well gladd, they would make excellent tiles or fine flagstones. After the war they will have great pecuniary value as curios, as souvenirs which one can pass on from generation to generation, souvenirs which will endure while the Empire stands. If we cannot get physical strength from army biscuits, let us at least catch the great spiritual ideal of enduring hardness, which they are so magnificently fitted to proclaim.

The seasons change. Antwerp falls, Louvain is burned, the tide of battle surges back and forth; new reputations are made, the old ones pass away; Warsaw, Lemberg, Serbia, the stern battle lines of Gallipoli, Hindenburg, Mackensen, each name catches our ear for brief moments of time, and then gives way to another crowding it out; but army biscuits are abiding facts, always with us, patient, appealing, enduring. We can move to other theatres, we can change our clothes, our arms, and our generals, but we must have our biscuits, army biscuits, else we are no longer an army.

O. E. BROWN.

N.Z.M.C.



"Gawd help the first bloomin' Turk I see to-night"

A PRESENT FROM HOME



"Do they think we're on a kitchen?"

THE LOST POEM

I CALLED to see our regimental poet last evening. He had previously told me that he intended to "write something" for "The Anzac Book." Our poet is also Q.M. Sergeant, and when he is not writing requisitions or taking "huk-shush" out of our rations, and watering our rum, he writes poetry.

When I called on him he was in his dug-out, surrounded by bully-beef tins, empty cans, and his ill-gotten shares of our daily issues. He has many callers, and I am afraid their inquiries rather spoilt his verses. When I arrived the Q.M.S. was already in a poor humour for writing poetry. The O.C. had been worrying him about galvanised iron for cover for some dug-outs; three men had complained about the scantiness of their rum issue—which somehow always annoys the Q.M.S.; and he had received no letters in the day's mail except a bill from a chap he had borrowed a pound from in Charleville two years ago. Still, our Q.M.S. is a stickler, and he read me the covering letter which he was sending to the Editor.

He said he thought it would be as well to get the letter off his mind first. That would make the writing of the verses necessary, and he would have

in complete the job in order to keep faith.

Before I arrived he had written:

"Yes, Mr. Editor, I will try to 'write something' for your book. 'Tis a glorious day, bright with sunshine, and the moon has melted away from the sides of the hills—more than in many Anzac-like new hills for the first time. I know a state where no more hills. And, to-night, being run loose night, I would sing to you of black soil plains and silent hills, of waves easily boundary riders' hats, and of holidays where plump music join you in surf-bathing excursions. But you are fast a Q.M.S., and at other times when I have tried to verify I have been disturbed. We have a Quartermaster, but, of course, I do all the work. Well, let's rhyme. Day, being run the type. The Quartermaster? No, I don't want the Quartermaster. I want a keep that I may sing to my name. . . ."

He had just read this much out when the sergeant came in and reported that the C.O. insisted on the galvanised iron being processed to-morrow. Then a corporal called and wanted to know could six men in his section have new boots, and when would the rubber boots be ready for the coves in the trenches?

"How can a man write when he is interrupted like this?" asked our poet. "I had a lovely inspiration, too, about surf bathing. It ran like this—"

But again there was an interruption. The sergeant cough was the caller, and he was angry and hostile. "How the

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— one I rank seventy best tens, forty guidings and two hundred milk diets with the bloomin' quarter issue of water I get! Later on, when I was working for shooting slabs out on the flanna, where it never rained, I could get as much water as I wanted. If you want them bloomin' milk diets you got to get me water—on cook them yourself."

I don't know whether our poet had a rod with which he taps the rock and brings forth water, but he modified the sergeant cook by getting water from somewhere. It tasted well in the rum, too. I would have heard the first line of the poem if one of the sergeants in our hospital had not called down for three hot-water bottles, a tin of Bovril, and some brandy for a sick soldier. I wonder how sick you have to be before you get brandy? Before the sergeant had gone the orderly officer came in. He berated the Q.M.S. about not getting some tents repaired.

"It's hard work trying to write a poem here," said the Q.M.S. sadly, when the orderly officer departed. "For two pinn I'd chuck writin', but that idea about the surf girls is too good to lose. I was going to start with this line—"

"Those patients up in Number Three Ward must have more blankets. And you will have to get another forty beds ready to-night," yelled a voice at the door.

"Excuse me a bit," said the poet. He was gone about an hour. When he returned there were five men waiting to interview him. The corporal wished that the Q.M.S. would explain how men were to keep their boots on without laces, and whether socks were supposed to be everlasting. The second

order came on a more powerful mission. He simply wished to know if the Q.M.S. had heard anything about a consignment of Christmas billy-cans that good people in Australia are supposed to be sending us. I don't know why, but this query made my friend very angry. "Do you think I've got your bloomin' billy-cans?" he yelled. Why should a Q.M.S. say a thing like that? And he seemed so indignant about it, too. The third chap wanted some paper and an envelope to write to his girl; the fourth wanted an old blanket and some twine to make a shroud for a man who had died; and the fifth asked whether the Q.M.S. knew what was the latest war news. When he was told to go to a place warmer than Port Darwin, he asked quietly if either of us could tell him if sheep would do well around Adirampole after the war.

It was growing late, but I thought I would wait a bit and hear that first line about the surf bethers. Two men came in for soup; a doctor chap called to ask whether there was any fruit to make a fruit salad for a sick man; a lance-corporal said his boots hurt, and got a bigger pair; the cook came back and complained that somebody had pinched six tins of condensed milk; and an officer's servant inquired whether his boss could have an old box and a ground-sheet to make a bath.

Then the Q.M.S. had another rum and took up his pencil again. He spread out a piece of paper and commenced to write. "I'll get that first verse off and read it to you," he said. He would have done it, too, but for the sergeant-major. Our sergeant-major is a—well, he is just a sergeant-major, and he does not write verse.



THE HOSPITAL CAMP



WATER CARRIERS



A Y.M.C.A. CANTREIN QUEUE

ANZAC SKETCHES

By DAVID BARRIE

A Little Sprig of Wattle

"What about those great-coats?" he roared. "Didn't I tell you to get them to-day? And they are not here. Weeks ago I ordered you to get them. I don't suppose you ever requisitioned for them. What's that you're writing now—requisitions?"

"No, sir," said the Q.M.S. "It's a poem."

Then the 'major saw red. "What the blazes have I got here?" he yelled. "Men dying from cold because they've got no coats, and you writing poems. What the——?"

He fainted away, and I was present

when the doctors came out of the hospital tent to which they carried him. One of the doctors said the sergeant-major was a splendid soldier, but he had received a tremendous shock from some unknown cause, and they don't think he can recover.

When the Q.M.S. heard that he became very despondent. "I won't write that poem now," he said; "but it would have been a splendid thing. All about a pretty girl in the surf who met a fellow from the bush. . . ."

R. A. L.

1st Australian Stud. Hosp.



A LITTLE SPRIG OF WATTLE

MY mother's letter came to-day,
And now my thoughts are far away,
For in between its pages lay
A little sprig of wattle.

"The old home now looks at its best,"
The message ran; "the country's dressed
In spring's gay cloak, and I have pressed
A little sprig of wattle."

I almost see that glimpse of spring;
The very air here seems to ring
With joyful notes of birds that sing
Among the sprigs of wattle.

The old home smug amidst the pines,
The trickling creek that twists and turns
Round tall gum roots and undermines,
Is all ablaze with wattle.

A. H. SCOTT,
5th Battery, A.F.A.

THE TRUE STORY OF SAPPHO'S DEATH

*Deciphered—with much labour—by a bomb-thrower of the
New Zealand Infantry Brigade from a very old tablet
 dug up in the trenches at Quinn's Post*

THE Isles of Greece! The Isles of
Greece!

Where burning Sappho sang,
Both day and night, without surcease—
She didn't care a hang!

She sang so much by night, by day—
She couldn't sing at all.
Her manager he docked her pay:
She didn't fill the hall!

At length, distraught, in fustian
gave.

From cliffs that I have seen,
She flung herself into the sea,
One mile from Mitylene!

'Twas then that Sappho hold did end
Her gay, voluptuous days;
And monks, who never can unbind,
Press-censored all her lays!

The moral of this tale is that
You guard what Dyon sends;
You cannot burn the candle-fat
At both the candle ends!

M. R.

[Note.—The epic loses much of its beauty through a hurried translation from the Ancient
Greek during a Turkish attack.]

THE EVERLASTING ARGUMENT

S AID Pat Malone to a big, brown Dick,
"They say at fighting you're mighty sick."
Said Jack McNab, "Have you noticed the Sicks?
They wear their shirts outside their backs."
Said Constatk Joe, "Say what you like,
I'll swear S-i-k-k spells Sike."
Ses I to 'em all, "What need to bicker?
Pronounce it so's to rhyme with shikker."

C. D. Mc.,
R.S.D., 11th Aust. A.S.C.

THE UNBURIED

NOW snowflakes thickly falling in the winter breeze
Have cloaked alike the hard, unbending fœx,
And the grey, drooping branches of the olive trees,
Transmuting into silver all their lead;
And, in between the winding lines, in No-Man's Land,
Have softly covered with a glittering shroud
The unburied dead.

And in the silences of night, when winds are fair,
When shot and sword have ceased their wild surprising,
I hear a sound of music in the upper air,
Rising and falling till it slowly dies—
It is the beating of the wings of migrant birds
Wafting the souls of these unburied heroes
Into the skies.

M. R.,
S.Z. Hendygarters.





THE BOMB EXPERT



COLLES -
3rd WHFA - A.M.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY

Drawn by TED COLLES

THE STORY OF ANZAC

THE following extracts from the despatches of Sir Ian Hamilton form a short official summary of the history of Anzac:

The Australian and New Zealand Army Corps sailed out of Madras Bay on the afternoon of April 24, escorted by the

The Landing

2nd Squadron of the Fleet, under Rear-Admiral Throsby.

The anchorage was reached just after half past one in the morning of the 25th, and there the 1,500 men who had been placed on board H.M. ships before leaving Madras were transferred to their boats. This operation was carried out with remarkable expedition and in absolute silence. Simultaneously the remaining 2,500 men of the covering force were transferred from their transports to six destroyers. At 2.30 a.m. H.M. ships, together with the laws and the destroyers, proceeded in within some four miles of the coast, H.M.S. Queen (lying Rear-Admiral Throsby's flag) standing on a point about a mile north of Kioia Taps. At 3.30 a.m. orders to go ahead and land were given to the laws, and at 4.10 a.m. the destroyers were ordered to follow.

All these arrangements worked without a hitch, and were carried out in complete orderliness and silence. No breath of wind ruffled the surface of the sea, and every condition was favourable save for the moon which, sinking behind the ships, may have illuminated them against its orb, betraying them thus to watchers on the shore.

A rugged and difficult part of the coast had been selected for the landing, so difficult and rugged that I considered the Turks were not

at all likely to anticipate such a descent. In fact, owing to the laws having failed to maintain their exact direction, the actual point of disembarkation was rather more than a mile north of that which I had selected, and was more closely screening by steep cliffs. Although this accident increased the initial difficulty of driving the enemy off the heights inland, it has since proved itself to have been a blessing in disguise, inasmuch as the actual base of the force of occupation has been much better defended from attack.

The beach on which the landing was actually effected is a very narrow strip of sand, about 1,000 yards in length, bounded on the north and the south by two small promontories. At its southern extremity a deep ravine, with exceedingly steep, scrub-clad sides, runs inland in a north-easterly direction. Near the southern end of the beach a small but steep gully runs up into the hills at right angles to the shore. Between the ravine and the gully the whole of the beach is backed by the seaward face of the spur, which forms the north-western side of the ravine. From the top of the spur the ground falls almost sheer except near the northern limit of the beach, where gentle slopes give access to the mouth of the ravine behind. Further inland is a jagged line the under-features of Sari Bair, separated by deep ravines, which take a most confusing diversity of direction. Sharp spurs, covered with dense scrub, and falling away in many places in precipitous sandy cliffs, radiate from the principal mass of the mountains, from which they run north-west, west, south-west, and south to the coast.

The boats approached the land in the silence

The Anzac Book

and the *Anzacs*, and they were shut to the sea before the enemy stopped. Then about one battalion of Turks was sent running along the beach. At this critical moment the conduct of all units was most picturesque. Not a word was spoken—everyone remained perfectly silent and quiet awaiting the enemy's fire, which was enough opened, causing many casualties. The moment the beach touched land the Australians' feet had come. Like lightning they leapt ashore, not each man as he did at first straight as his lay-out at the enemy. So vigorous was the onslaught that the Turks made no attempt to withstand it and fled from ridge to ridge pursued by the Australian infantry.

This attack was carried out by the 2nd Australian Brigade, under Major (Temporary Colonel) Sinclair Mackenzie, D.S.O. The 1st and 2nd Brigades followed promptly, and were all disembarked by 2 a.m., by which time 12,000 men and two battalions of Indian Mountain Artillery had been landed. The disembarkation of British artillery was delayed owing to the fact that the enemy's heavy guns opened on the anchorage and forced the transports, which had been subjected to continuous shelling from his field guns, to stand further out to sea.

The sudden ground, the thick scrub, the necessity for sending any forward detachments past kites as they landed to the critical point—all these led to confusion and mixing up of units. Eventually the mixed crowd of fighting men, some advancing from the beach, others falling back before the oncoming Turkish supports, collected into a semi-circular position with its right about a mile north of Kaba Teps and its left on the high ground over Fisherman's Hat. During this period parties of the 9th and 10th Battalions charged and put out of action three of the enemy's Krupp guns. During this period also the disembarkation of the Australian Division was being followed by that of the New Zealand and Australian Divisions (two brigades only).

From 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. the enemy, now reinforced by a strength of 20,000 men, attacked the whole line, making a specially strong effort against the 2nd Brigade and the left of the 1st Brigade. This counter-attack was,

however, handsomely repulsed with the help of the guns of H.M. ships. Between 5 and 6.30 p.m. a third most determined

The Counter-Attack

counter-attack was made against the 2nd Brigade, who held their ground with more than equivalent stubbornness. During the night again the Turks made constant attacks; but in spite of all the line held firm. The troops had had previously no rest on the night of the 24-25th; they had been fighting hard all day over most difficult country, and they had been subjected to heavy shrapnel fire in the open. Their casualties had been deplorably heavy. But, despite their losses and in spite of their fatigue, the morning of the 26th found them still in good heart and at full of fight as ever.

It is a consolation to know that the Turks suffered still more seriously. Several times our machine guns got on to them in close formation, and the whole surrounding country is still strewn with their dead of this date.

The reorganisation of units and formations was impossible during the 26th and 27th owing to persistent attacks. An advance was impossible until a reorganisation could be effected, and it only resulted to extend the position gained and to perfect the arrangements for bringing up ammunition, water and supplies to the ridge—in itself a most difficult undertaking. Four battalions of the Royal Naval Division were sent up to reinforce the Army Corps on April 28 and 29.

On the night of May 2 a bold effort was made to seize a commanding knoll in front of the centre of the line. The

May 2

enemy's existing machine guns were too scientifically posted, and 800 men were lost without advantage beyond the infliction of a corresponding loss in the enemy. On May 3, an attempt to seize Kaba Teps was also unsuccessful, the barbed-wire here being something beyond belief. But a number of minor operations were carried out, such as the taking of a Turkish shoring station, the strengthening of entrenchments, the reorganisation of units, and the perfecting of communication with the landing-place. Also a constant strain was placed upon some of the best troops

The Story of Anzac

of the enemy, who, to the number of 24,000, were constantly kept fighting and being killed and wounded freely, as the Turkish sniper is no match for the Kitchener shooter, even at his own gun.

The many urgent calls for reinforcements made during the previous critical fighting had

Two Brigades sent to Helles

forced me to disorganise and mix together several of the formations in the southern group, to the extent even of the French on our right having a British battalion holding their own against right. For the purposes of the impending fight, it became therefore necessary to create temporarily a Composite Division, consisting of the 2nd Australian and New Zealand Infantry Brigades withdrawn for the purpose from the southern sector, together with a Naval Brigade formed of the Plymouth and Drake Battalions. The 20th Division was reorganised into four brigades, i.e. the 80th and 87th Brigades, the Lancashire Fusilier Brigade (L.F.B.) and the 20th Indian Infantry Brigade. The French Corps Expéditionnaire was reinforced by the 2nd Naval Brigade, and the new Composite Division named my General Reserve.

During the three days (May 6/11) our troops were destined to be very severely tried. They were about to attack a series of positions essentially selected in advance which, although not yet joined up into one line of encirclement, were already strengthened by works on their most important tactical features.

[After presenting the heavy fighting by which the 20th Division made its advance on May 6 and 7, the dispatch continues.]

The troops were now worn out; the new lines worked consolidating, and it was certain that fresh reinforcements were reaching the Turks. Realising the actual state of my own troops against the probable condition of the Turks, I decided to call upon the men to make one more push before the new enemy force could get into touch with their surroundings.

Orders were therefore issued to dig in at readiness on the line gained, to maintain that line against counter-attack, and to prepare to advance again next morning. The Lancashire Fusilier Brigade was withdrawn into reserve,

and its place on the left was taken by the Brigade of New Zealanders.

General Headquarters were shifted to an outcropping on a hill to rear of the left of our line. Under my plan for the fresh attack, the New Zealand Brigade was to advance through the line held during the night by the 80th Brigade and press on towards Kettles Simultaneously, the 87th Brigade was to threaten the works on the west of the position whilst endeavouring, by means of parties of scouts and sappers, to work pitched at ground from the area dominated by the German machine-guns.

At 3.15 A.M. heavy sea-fog, ships and batteries was opened on the whole front, and at 10.30 A.M. the New Zealand

Battle of Kettles

Brigade began its move, moving with enormous opposition from the enemy, who had covered his reinforcements. Supported by the fire of the batteries and the machine-guns of the 80th Brigade, they pushed forward on the right and advanced their centre beyond the first line, but could make little further progress. By 1.30 P.M. about 250 yards had been gained beyond the previously most advanced trenches of the 80th Brigade.

At this hour the French Corps reported they could not advance up the crest of the spur west of Kettles (see full further progress was made by the British).

At 4 P.M. I gave orders that the whole line, reinforced by the 2nd Australian Brigade, would fix bayonets, dig down, and move on Kettles positively at 5.30 P.M.

At 5.15 P.M. the ships' guns and our heavy artillery bombarded the enemy's position for a quarter of an hour, and at 5.30 P.M. the 80th guns opened a hot disposal fire to sweep the infantry advance.

The co-operation of artillery and infantry in this attack was perfect, the timing of the movement being carried out with great precision. Some of the companies of the New Zealand segments did not get their orders in time, but acting on their own initiative they pushed on as soon as the heavy firestorm round firing, thus making the whole advance simultaneous.

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The steady advance of the British could be followed by the sparkle of their bayonets until the long line entered the anker trench. The French of first rank no more. Then, their drums beating and flags waving the charge, they suddenly dashed forward in a column of attack, which seemed in one moment to span the whole southern line of the ridge of the Kerevas Gully. Against these the Turkish gendarmes were thrust their bayoneted rifles, and as the leading groups started the first Turkish volleys hit with such bursts of high-explosive shells blasted out both assaults and melted. The trial was too weak for the desperate assault. They recoiled. They were killed. Another rush forward, another repulse, and then a small supporting column of French soldiers was sent forward against the sky as they charged upwards along the crest of the ridge of the Kerevas Gully, where elsewhere it grew so dark that the whole of the battlefield became a blank.

But until next morning did any reliable details come to hand of what had happened. The New Zealanders' long line had marched over the seemingly deserted enemy's machine-guns without seeing them, and then, re-opening on our supports as they came up, rained down heavy losses. But the first line passed on and arrived within a few yards of the Turkish trenches which had been holding up our advance beyond the fir wood. There they dug themselves in.

The Australian Brigade had advanced through the Composite Brigade, and, in spite of heavy losses from stragglers, machine-guns, and rifle fire, had progressed from 300 to 400 yards.

The determined valour shown by these two brigades, the New Zealand Brigade, under Brigadier-General F. E. Johnston, and the 2nd Australian Infantry Brigade, under Brigadier-General Sir H. J. W. McKay, are worthy of particular praise. Their losses were correspondingly heavy, but in spite of heavy counter-attacks by numerous fresh troops they stuck to what they had won with admirable tenacity.

On the extreme left the 87th Brigade, under Major-General W. R. Marshall, made a final and supremely gallant effort to advance across the summit, bullet-swept area between the trench and the sea, but once more the enemy

machine-guns threw out the ranks of the leading companies of the South Wales Borderers, and again there was nothing for it but to give ground. But when night closed in, the men of the 87th Brigade of their own accord decided to let their progress, and achieved progress to the extent of just about 200 yards. During the darkness the British troops everywhere cut-throated themselves to the line gained. On the right the French advance, had seen as it grew dark, had turned and still held the utmost round which the fighting had centred.

[The 2nd Australian Infantry Brigade and New Zealand Infantry Brigade were for three days in the trenches they had dug, but on the completion of the push towards Kithia were retransferred to Anzac. The history of Anzac during the next three months is told in the following extracts.]

Turning now to when the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps were pushed upon the cliffs of Gallipoli, I must

Quinn's Post

begin by explaining that their role at this stage of the operations was—first, to keep open a door leading to the vitals of the Turkish position; secondly, to hold up as large a body as possible of the enemy in front of them, so as to break the straits at Cape Helles. Anzac, in fact, was cast to play second fiddle to Cape Helles, a part cast of harmony with the starved spirit animating those warriors from the South, and as it has come about that, as your Lordship will soon see, the fortunes of the Australian and New Zealanders have strongly tended to take on the character of an attack.

The line held during the period under review by the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps formed a rough semi-circle behind from the beach of Anzac Cove, with a diameter of about 1,100 yards. The firing line is everywhere close to the enemy's trenches, and in all sections of the position sapping, counter-sapping, and trench attacks have been incessant. The shelling both of the trenches and beaches has been imperial and literal. As much as 1,400 shells have fallen on Anzac within the hour, and those of all calibres, from 12 inches to 8-inch stragglers. Around Quinn's Post, both above and below ground, the conflict has been



April 25, 1915. Destroyers taking Troops to Shore



April 25, 1915. Troops Landing; a Cruiser Firing on Gaba Yape



Gen. Bridges' First Headquarters
(The General can just be seen in the shade of the dugout)
Photographs by C. E. W. BEEN



The Height of Russell's Top



The Turkish Trenches at Lone Pine shortly after the Fight

Photographs by C. E. W. SEAN



**Table Top
Showing Headquarters of the 3rd Light Horse Brigade**

Photograph by Printing Section, R.E.

The Story of Anzac

particularly serious. This section of the line is situated in the circumference of the Anzac sand-dune. At the northern point from its diameter. Here our few trenches are now lodged on the brink of a steep precipice falling 200 feet into the valley below. The enemy's trenches are only a few feet distant.

On May 9 a night assault was delivered on the enemy's trenches in front of Quinn's Post. The trenches were carried at the point of the bayonet. At dawn on May 10 a strong counter-attack forced our troops to fall back on Quinn's Post.

On the night of May 14-15 a battle was made from Quinn's Post with the object of killing in Turkish trenches in which machine-guns were active. The battle, which cost us some 70 casualties, was not successful.

On May 14, Lieutenant-General Sir W. B. Bridges was slightly wounded, but I am glad to say he was not obliged to relinquish the command of his corps.

On May 15 I deeply regret to say Major-General W. E. Bridges, commanding the Australian Division, received a

Death of Gen. Bridges

serious wound, which proved fatal a few days later. Brave and single-minded in his devotion to Australia and to duty, his loss still stands out even amidst the hundreds of other brave officers who have gone.

[General Bridges was succeeded by Major-General H. B. Walker. The 1st Australian Division was also commanded by Major-General J. G. Legge, who afterwards organized and commanded the 2nd Australian Division.]

On May 15 Anzac was subjected to a heavy bombardment from large caliber guns and howitzers. At midnight of

May 19

the 19th-20th the most critical and machine-gun fire yet experienced broke out along the front. Beginning from 2 a.m. to 4 a.m. it then lessened again, and a heavy Turkish column ascended the left of No. 2 section. This assault was beaten off with loss. Another attack was delivered below daylight on the crest of this section: it was repulsed four times and repulsed each time with very serious losses to the

enemy. Simultaneously a heavy attack was delivered on the north-east crest of No. 4 section, which was repulsed and followed up, but the progress of the counter-attack was prevented by wirework. Attacks were also delivered on Quinn's Post, Courtney's Post, and along the front of our right section. At about 3 a.m. the battle was fairly joined, and a furious struggle was begun by a large number of enemy guns, including 12-inch and 15-inch, and other artillery that had not till then opened. By 5.30 a.m. the Turks were moving forward against the left of Courtney's and the right of Quinn's Post. At 10 a.m. this attack, unable to take the front the right, swung round to the left, where it was actively handled by our guns and the machine-guns of our left section. By 11 a.m. the enemy, who were reported together in the trenches beyond Quinn's Post, were giving way under their heavy losses.

According to prisoners' reports, 30,000 troops, including two front regiments, were used against us. General Liman von Sanders was himself in command.

The enemy's casualties were heavy, as may be judged from the fact that over 5,000 dead were lying in the area in view of our trenches. A large proportion of these losses were due to our artillery fire. Our casualties amounted to about 500 killed and 500 wounded, including some officers wounded.

The next four days were chiefly remarkable for the carrying through of the operations for the suspension of arms, which actually took place on May 24. The operations resulted in a suspension of arms from 7.30 a.m. to 4.00 p.m. on May 26. The procedure laid down for this suspension of arms was, I am glad to inform your Lordship, strictly observed on both sides.

The bodies of the dead were buried about 5 p.m. Some 5,000 Turkish dead were removed or buried in the area between the opposing lines. The whole of these were killed on or since May 15. Many bodies of men killed earlier were also buried.

From May 26 to June 5 the fighting ceased to concentrate itself around Quinn's Post. There were no serious attacks from the

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forced them, and work on them stopped by countermines, which killed twenty Turks and injured thirty. One gallery had, however, been overmined, and at 3.30 A.M. on

Quinn's Agnie

May 20 a mine was sprung in or near the crater of Quinn's Post. The explosion was followed by a very heavy bomb attack, before which our left center retreated 500 yards back, leaving in a flaming path a trail of smoke. This included our position on the left from the two other positions on the right.

At 5.30 A.M. our counter-attack was launched, and by 6 A.M. the position had been retaken with the bayonet by the 15th Australian Infantry Battalion, led by Major Quinn, who was unfortunately killed. All the enemy in the trench were killed or captured.

On May 20 preparations were made in Quinn's Post by digging and stocking two mine ways, the heads of which had reached within ten yards of our line trench. Two storming parties of thirty-five men went forward at 1 P.M., cleared the top trench and penetrated into the trenches beyond, but they were gradually driven back by bombs, of which the enemy seemed to have an unlimited supply.

During May 21 close fighting continued in front of Quinn's Post.

On June 1, an hour after dark, two companies of the New Zealand Engineers emerged from camp and laid a charge of gun-cotton against a bunker and smoldering bomb-proof. The structure was completely demolished.

On June 4 three separate enterprises were carried out by the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. These were undertaken in compliance

The Demon- strations

with an order which I had issued that the enemy's attention should be diverted during an attack I had about to deliver in the southern zone.

First a demonstration in the direction of Kila Tapa, the Navy co-operating by bombarding the Turkish trenches.

At Quinn's Post an assault was delivered at 11 P.M. A party of sixty men, accompanied by a bomb-throwing party on either flank, stormed the enemy's trench. In the assault sixty Turks were bagged and seventy-eight

captured. At 6.30 A.M. the trench had to be abandoned.

The June 5 assault was made by two officers and 200 men of the 1st Australian Infantry, the objective being the destruction of a machine-gun in a trench (known as German Officer's Trench). The darkness of the trench and its overhead cover prevented the use of the bayonet, but some damage was done by shooting down over the parapet. The aim of this gallant assault being attained, the party withdrew in good order with their wounded. Casualties in all were thirty-six.

On the night of June 25-26 the Turks, acting, as we afterwards ascertained, under the direct personal order of Enver Pasha to drive us all into the sea, made a big

"Enver's Attack"

attack on the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, principally on that portion of the line which was under the command of Major-General Sir A. J. Gellie. From midnight till 4.30 A.M. a fire of mortars and guns of greatest intensity was poured upon our trenches. A heavy column then advanced in the assault, and was completely crumpled up by the machine-gun and machine-guns of the 7th and 15th Light Horse. An hour later another grand attack took place against our left and left center, and was equally cut to pieces by our artillery and rifle fire. The enemy's casualties may be judged by the fact that in areas directly exposed to view between 400 and 500 were actually seen to fall.

From the very first I had hoped that by leading a force under the heights of Sari Bulak we should be able to manage

Sari Bulak and Sari Bulak—The Great Battle of August

the Turkish communications to the southwest, whether by land or sea, and so clear the way for the First. Owing to the enemy's superiority, both in numbers and in position, owing to under-estimates of the strength of the highest reinforcements prepared and sent under German direction; owing to the constant dwindling of the ranks of my boys through wastage; owing also to the inferiority and difficulty of the terrain, these hopes had not



Photograph by Fearing Johnson, R.N.

Sniper's Nest Guard by the Turtal, from which part of the North Beach is clearly visible. The white tents on the point are on North Beach.



The North Beach, showing the Sphinx



Anzac Cove



Turks firing on the stranded destroyer "Lusitania" at Suvla Bay

Photograph by E. BROOKES, circulated on behalf of the Press Bureau; supplied by Central News

The Story of Anzac

Richards' horse died. But they were well furnished. As much at least had clearly enough been demonstrated by the desperate and costly action of the Turkish attack. The Australians and New Zealanders had rooted themselves in very few in the vital of the enemy. By their tenacity and courage they still held open the doorway from which one strong thrust forward might give us command of the Narrows.

Before a mass of the reinforcements had arrived any mind was made up as to their employment, and by means of a vigorous offensive from Anzac, enabled with a surprise landing to the north of B. I meant to try and win through to Malaba, leaving behind me a well-protected line of communication starting from the bay of Suvla.

On the night of August 3, 5, and 6, the reinforcing troops were shipped into Anzac very silently at the darkest hours. Then, still silently, they were backed away from enemy positions at intervals in their prepared hiding-places. The whole was made by night in the view of the Turks upon Anzac's summit and Battleship Hill. Any-places could reveal every tent and every slip of machine or all Indians. While the line of Anzac's open beach hostile observation were looking out across the gorges as late as twenty feet from our opposing flank. Every hidden appliance of telescope, biograph, wireless was at the disposal of the enemy. Yet the instructions worked out at General Headquarters in the minutest detail (the result of conferences with the Royal Navy, which were attended by Brigadier-General Skene, of General Birdwood's staff) were such that the scheme was carried through without a hitch.

The troops now at the disposal of General Birdwood amounted in round numbers to 37,000 rifles and seventy-two guns, with aerial support from two cruisers, four monitors, and two destroyers. Under the scheme these troops were to be divided into two main portions. The task of holding the existing Anzac position, and of making frontal assaults therefrom, was assigned to the Australian Division (plus the 1st and 2nd Light Horse Brigades and two battalions of the 4th Division); that of

assaulting the Ghazik Hill ridge was entrusted to the New Zealand and Australian Divisions (plus the 1st and 2nd Light Horse Brigades, to the 10th Division (plus two battalions), and to the 20th Indian Infantry Brigade and to the Indian Mountain Artillery Brigade. The 20th Brigade of the 10th Division (plus one battalion) and the 20th Brigade were held in reserve.

During August 4, 5, and 6, the work on the enemy's left and centre were subjected to a slow bombardment, and on the afternoon of August 6 an assault was made

The Assault on Lone Pine

upon the formidable Lone Pine entrenchment.

The work consisted of a firing point of support on the south-western end of a plateau, where it descended, at distances varying from 80 to 220 yards, the salient in the line of the entrenchment named by us the Pimple. The entrenchment was evidently very strong; it was entangled with wire, and provided with overhead cover.

The detailed scheme of attack was worked out with care and forethought by Major-General H. B. Walker, commanding 1st Australian Division, and his thoroughness contributed, I consider, largely to the success of the enterprise.

The action commenced at 4.30 p.m. with a continuous and heavy bombardment of the Lone Pine and adjacent heights, H.M.S. *Blackburn* assisting by shelling the valleys to the north-east and east, and the monitors by shelling the enemy's batteries south of Gaba Tepe. The assault had been entrusted to the 1st Australian Brigade (Brigadier-General N. M. Smyth), and practically at 5.30 p.m. it was carried out by the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Australian Battalions, the 10th Battalion forming the brigade reserve.

Two lines left their trenches simultaneously, and were closely followed up by a third. The first across the open was a rapid run against death, which came in the shape of a hail of shell and rifle bullets from front and from either flank. But the Australians had firmly resolved to reach the enemy's trenches, not in this determination they became for the moment irresistible. The varied and unrelenting fire poured and was repulsed. Then came a

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twinkle moment, when it seemed as though it would be pitifully impossible to penetrate into the trenches. The successful event of about four hours resulted in individual efforts to never it, and the Turkish continued to split the. Groups of four men then slowly lifted up the beams and individual soldiers leaped down into the semi-darkened galleries amongst the Turks. By 5:45 a.m. the 3rd and 4th Battalions were well into the enemy's trench, and a few minutes later the reserves of the 2nd Battalion advanced over their parapets, with shooting, sniping, killing, or capturing the occupants made good the whole of the trench. The reserve companies of the 3rd and 4th Battalions followed, and at 8:30 a.m. the 3rd Battalion (the reserve) was launched to consolidate the position.

At noon the Turks made it plain, as they have never seemed to do since, that they had no intention of relinquishing the capture of this capital work. At 2.5 a.m. a determined and violent counter-attack began.

For seven hours these counter-attacks continued. All this time consolidation was being attempted, although the presence of so many Turkish personnel hampered movement and manifested an actual danger. In dealing off these desperate counter-attacks very heavy casualties were suffered by the Australians. Part of the 12th Battalion, the reserves of the 3rd Brigade, had therefore to be thrown into the battle.

Twelve hours later, on the 7th, another effort was made by the enemy, being treated at midnight and proceeding intermittently till dawn. At an early period of this last counter-attack the 8th Battalion were forced by bombs to relinquish a portion of a trench, but later on, led by their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel McNighten, they killed every Turk who had got in.

At 5 a.m. on August 8, the enemy made a sudden attempt to storm from the east and southward after a lull of five attacks from the north. The 5th Battalion took the brunt of the shock, and knocked the attack so vigorously that by 7.45 a.m. they were clear again of

immolation in the enemy's ranks. But although this marked the end of counter-attacks on the large scale, the bombing and sniping continued, though in less volume, throughout the day and night, and lasted till August 12, when it at last became manifest that we had gained complete ascendancy.

Thus was Lone Pine taken and held. The Turks were in great loss and very full of fight, yet one weak Australian brigade, numbering at the outset but 2,000 men, and supported only by two weak battalions, carried the work under the eyes of a whole enemy division. The incredible dash and daring of effort and men in the initial charge were a glory to Australia. In one severe night Turks and six Australians were found lying as they had happened one another. To make room for the fighting men, the dead were ranged in rows on either side of the passageway. After the first violence of the counter-attacks had abated, 1,000 corpses—our own and Turkish—were dragged out from the trenches.

The Lone Pine attack drew all the best enemy reserves towards it, and may be held, more than any other reason, to have been the reason that the Serica Bay landing was so lightly opposed. Our capture in this last of some amounted to 124 prisoners, seven machine-guns, and a large quantity of ammunition and equipment.

Other frontal attacks broke the existing Anzac positions were not so fortunate. They included an attack upon the work known as German Officer's Trench, on the extreme right of our line, at midnight on August 6-7, also assaults on the Nek and Baby 700 trenches opposite the centre of our line, delivered at 4.30 a.m. on the 7th. The 2nd Australian Brigade did all that men could do; the Light Horse only accepted their repulse after being three-fourths of that devoted band who so bravely failed both. All that day, as the result of these most gallant attacks, Turkish reserves on both flanks were being called back to meet any dangerous development along the front of the old Anzac line.

**The Nek,
Baby 700
and German
Officer's
Trench
Attacked**

The Story of Anzac

and so were not available to meet our main enterprise, which I will now endeavour to describe.

The first step in the real push—the step which shows all effort was to count—was the night attack on the summit of the first high ridge.

The Main Push

It was our object to effect a lodgement along the crest of the high ridge with two columns of troops, but, owing to the nature of the ground and the disposition of the enemy, the effort had to be made in stages. We were bound, in fact, to undertake a double subsidiary operation before we could hope to launch these attacks with any real prospect of success. The two assaulting columns, which were to work up these crevices to the apex of the high ridge, were to be provided by two covering columns. One of these was to capture the enemy's positions surrounding the beachheads, first to open the mouths of the crevices, secondly to cover the right flank of another covering force which it marched along the beach. The other covering column was to strike far out to the north-west, from a hill called Damskipeter Butte, to reach at the same time facilitate the landing of the 9th Corps at Milnevale Point, and guard the left flank of the column attacking Sari Bair from any force of the enemy which might be assembled in the Anafarta valley.

The whole of this big attack was placed under the command of Major-General Sir A. J. Godley, General Officer Commanding New Zealand and Australian Divisions. The two covering and the two assaulting columns were organized as follows:

Night Covering Column, under Brigadier-General A. H. Russell.—New Zealand Mounted Rifles Brigade, the Otago Mounted Rifles Regiment, the Mount Canterbury and New Zealand Field Troop.

Night Assaulting Column, under Brigadier-General F. E. Johnston.—New Zealand Infantry Brigade, Indian Mountain Battery (also one section), one Company New Zealand Engineers.

Left Covering Column, under Brigadier-General J. H. Tasson.—Reconnaissance Rifle Brigade, half the Third Field Company, 4th

Battalion South Wales Borderers, and the Indian Mountain Engineers.

Left Assaulting Column, under Brigadier-General Isaac Major-General H. V. Glavin.—2nd Indian Infantry Brigade, 10th Australian Infantry Brigade, Indian Mountain Battery (also one section), one Company New Zealand Engineers.

Divisionsal Troops.—The Battalion South Wales Borderers Regiment and the Battalion South Regiment (Powers) of Cheshire Lancers, and the 20th Infantry Brigade and half Third Field Company of Ayrshire Lancers.

The night covering columns had to clear the Turks off from their right flank positions upon Old No. 3 Post and Table Top.

In the Foot-hills

Old No. 3 Post connected with Table Top by a steep bank. Working parties had done their best with explosives material to convert this commanding point into an impregnable stronghold. Two lines of barbed wire, heavily entangled, protected its southern face.

Table Top is a steep-sided, flat-topped hill, close on 400 feet above sea level. The hills at the hill are mostly sheer and quite impracticable.

Amongst other strategical points, the Anzac troops, assisted by H.M.S. Cuba, had long and carefully been educating the Turks that they should leave Old No. 3 Post, which could hardly have been reached by simple means of access. Every night, exactly at 9 p.m., H.M.S. Cuba threw the beam of her searchlight on to the summit, and opened fire upon it for exactly ten minutes. Then, after a few minutes' interval, came a second illumination and bombardment, commencing always at 9.30 and ending precisely at 9.35 p.m.

The idea was that, after successive nights of such practice, the enemy would get into the habit of taking the searchlight as a hint to clear out until the shelling was at an end. But on the evening night of the 6th, the sound of their bugles showed by the loud cannonade, moment as they crept along in that darkest shadow which brings a searchlight's beam—when the light covering column. At 9.30 the light switched off, and instantly our men poured

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out of the scrub jungle and into the bushland. By 11 P.M. the whole series of surrounding outcrops were won.

The remainder of the night covering columns continued on with their attack upon Blinching's Hill and the Chalik Dero. By 10 P.M. the northeastern point, with its machine-gun, was captured, and by 1 P.M. in the morning the whole of Blinching's Hill, a mass of ridge and ravine, everywhere outcropped, was fairly in our hands.

The attack along the Chalik Dero was not as cleanly carried out—made, indeed, just about as ugly a sight as any enemy could wish. Pressing rapidly forward through the night, the left column of platoons found themselves held up by a barbed-wire entanglement of uncompleted logs, stumps, and stumps, which completely closed the only practicable entrance to the ravine. Here that splendid body of men, the Corps Mounted Rifles, had some of their leftmost and their best, but in the end, when things were beginning to seem desperate, a passage was forced through the stubborn obstacle with most conspicuous and cool courage by Captain Storey and a party of New Zealand Engineers, supported by the Maoris, who charged themselves mostly dependent on the women of the Gate Pub. This was the month of the Chalik Dero opened in time to admit of the supposed entry of the right ascending column.

Simultaneously the attack on Table Top had been launched under cover of a heavy bombardment from H.M.S.

Table Top Gobs. No general or personal measures would ask troops

to attempt as lookback an enterprise. The angle of Table Top's ascent is recognized in our regulations as "impracticable for infantry." But neither Turks nor angles of ascent were destined to stop Russell or his New Zealanders that night. The scoured heights were won, the plateau was cleared by midnight. With this brilliant feat the task of the night covering force was at an end. Its attacks had been made with the bravest and hands only; magazines were empty by noon; hardly a rifle that had been fired. Some 150 prisoners were captured as well as many rifles and much equipment, ammunition and stores. No words

can do justice to the achievement of Brigadier-General Russell and his men. They are exploits which must be seen to be realized.

The right ascending column had entered the two southern ravines—Sark Hill Dero and Chalik Dero—by midnight. At 1.30 A.M. began a hotly-contested fight for the *breakers* on the lower part of *Trinidadian* Hill, whilst the Chalik Dero column pressed steadily up the valley against the enemy.

The left covering column, under Brigadier-General Trotter, after marching along the beach to No. 2 Outpost, assumed its northerly advance as soon as the attack on Blinching's Hill had developed. Every trench encountered was instantly rushed by the *borderers*, with, having reached the predetermined spot, the whole column was substantially located at *Donatjok* Hill. By 1.30 A.M. the whole of the hill was occupied, thus safeguarding the left rear of the whole of the Anzac attack.

The left ascending column entered the Chalik Dero at 12.30 A.M., and entered the Agley Dero at the back of the left covering column. The surprise, on this side, was complete. Two Turkish officers were caught in their pyjamas; enemy arms and ammunition were scattered in every direction.

The grand attack was now in full swing, but the country gave new indications of still climbing even to officers and men who had graduated over the great tracks of Anzac. The darkness of the night, the density of the scrub, hands and knees progress up the slopes, above physical fatigue, exhaustion of the spirit caused by repeated heartbreak escapes from the hail of random bullets—all these combined to take the edge off the energies of our troops. At last, after advancing some distance up the Agley Dero, the column split up into two parts. The 16th Australian Brigade struggled fighting hard as they went, up to the north of the northern fork of the Agley Dero, making for HSE 300 (Ridge Chertan Top). The 29th Indian Infantry Brigade scrambled up the southern fork of the Agley Dero and the open south of it to the attack of a portion of the Sark Hill ridge known as HSE Q.

Enemy broke and the creek line was not yet

On the Far Left

THE LEFT



Betha Bay

Betha Lake

This photograph shows the apex of the main range in

THE HEART



Rossell's Tree

The Neck

Betha 700

Peter's Sanctuary

This photograph shows the head of Sheepfold Gully (Mona

Photography

OF ANZAC



Watch Anzacs

Twin Top

with the Anzac attack was pushed on the night of August 6

OF ANZAC



James's Post

Maclear's Hill

Wine Hills

ey). All the trenches on the distant ridge are Turkish

ing Section, R.E.

The Story of Anzac

In our hands, although, considering all things, the left assaulting column had made a marvellous advance. The 4th Australian Infantry Brigade was on the line of the Anzac Trench (the next ridge north of the Ahlyl Dene) and the 29th Indian Infantry Brigade held the ridge west of the Farm below Chumik Bait and along the spur to the north-east. The enemy had been *being* back *from* ridge to ridge; an excellent line for the renewal of the attack had been secured, and (except for the exhaustion of the troops) the surprise was complete.

Turning to the right assaulting column, one battalion, the Canterbury Infantry Battalion, climbed slowly up the Sack Hill Dene. The remainder of the force, led by the Otago Battalion, wound their way amongst the pot-holes and forced their passage through the scrub of the Chumik Dene, where fierce opposition forced them ere long to deploy. Here, too, the hopeless country was the main hindrance, and it was not until 5.45 a.m. that the bulk of the column joined the Canterbury Battalion on the lower slopes of Rhododendron Spur. Eventually they entered on the top of Rhododendron Spur, a quarter of a mile short of Chumik Bait—i.e. of victory.

At 9.30 a.m. the two assaulting columns passed forward whilst our guns pounded the enemy moving along the Battleship Hill spur. But it is futile of all their efforts their increasing exhaustion as opposed to the gathering strength of the enemy's fresh troops began to tell—they had shot their bolt. At all day they clung to what they had captured and strove to make ready for the night. All had suffered heavily and all were very tired.

He ended the first phase of the fighting for the Chumik Bait ridge. Our aims had not fully been attained, and the help we had hoped for from Syria had not been forthcoming. Yet I fully endorse the words of General Birdwood when he says: "The troops had performed a feat which is without parallel."

Great credit is due to Major-General Godley and those for their arrangements; to General Russell, Johnston, Cox, and Travers for their leading; but most of all, so every man of their officers was gladly added, to the rank and file

for their fighting. Nor may I omit to add that the true *butcher's* spirit with which R.H.S. Cohen (Commander Claude Seymour, R.F.C.) and H.M.S. Chelms (Commander Hugh T. England, R.N.) worked us up will live in the grateful memories of the Army.

In the course of this afternoon (August 7th) reinforcements of Sack Bait were started out, and the troops were got into shape for a fresh advance. **The Second Attack.** The columns, to take place in the early morning.

The columns were composed as follows: Right Column, Imperial-General P. E. Johnston.—20th Indian Mountain Battery (two new sections), Auckland Mounted Rifles, New Zealand Infantry Brigade, two battalions 15th Division, and the Maori Contingent.

Centre and Left Column, Major-General H. V. Cox.—2nd Indian Mountain Battery (two new sections), 4th Australian Brigade, 20th Infantry Brigade (four new battalions), with 8th Battalion South Lancashire Regiment attached, and the 29th Indian Infantry Brigade.

The right column was to climb up the Chumik Bait ridge; the left column was to make for the predominance of the ridge north-west to Kaja Gomen Tip, the highest peak of the range.

The attack was started at 5.15 a.m. At the first faint glimmer of dawn observers saw Agave moving against the sky-line of Chumik Bait. Were they our own men, or were they the Turks? Telegraphs were anxiously adjusted; the light grew stronger; men were seen climbing up from our side of the ridge; they were our own fellows—the highest summit was ours!

On the right, General Johnston's column, headed by the Wellington Battalion and supported by the 7th Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment, the Auckland Mounted Rifles Regiment, the 8th Welsh Pioneers, and the Maori Contingent, the whole most gallantly led by Lieutenant-Colonel W. G. Mahony, had passed one another up the steep. Nothing could check them. On they went, with, with a last Ad-

Chumik Bait Gained.

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inland rush, they found themselves freely on the south-western slopes and crest of the main knoll known as the height of Lone Pine. With deep regret I must be told that the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Mahon fell mortally wounded as he was working out the line to be held.

In this episode the 20th Infantry Brigade and the 20th Indian Brigade—moved along the gullies leading up to the last final ridge. An accident was the enemy's for that 20th progress could be made, though some ground was gained on the spur to the north-west of the Trench.

On the left the 1st Australian Brigade advanced from the Anzac Ditch against the lower slopes of Abdiel Bulwain Hill (a spur running due north from Kops Common Trench) with the intention of advancing to its right and outflanking up the spur. Constantly pinned Turkish machine-guns and a strong entrenched body of infantry were ready for this move, and the brigade was unable to get on. At last, on the approach of heavy columns of the enemy, the Australians, virtually surrounded, and having already suffered losses of over 1,000, were withdrawn to their original position.

In the afternoon the battle slackened, excepting always at Lone Pine, where the enemy were still coming on in mass, and being mowed down by our fire. Elsewhere the troops were busy digging and getting up water and food, so still's play, with their watchful lines of communication running within musketry range of the enemy.

At 4.30 a.m. on August 15th, the Chunuk Bair ridge and Hill Q were heavily shelled. At 5.15 a.m. this tremendous bombardment was to be repeated all on to the flanks and reverse slopes of the heights.

The columns for the renewed attack were composed as follows:

No. 1 Column, Brigadier-General F. E. Johnston.—20th Indian Mountain Battery (see note below), the Auckland and Wellington Mounted Rifles Regiments, the New Zealand Infantry Brigade, and five battalions of the 12th Division.

No. 2 Column, Major-General H. V. Cox.—20th Indian Mountain Battery (see note below), 4th Australian Brigade, 20th Brigade

(less the 7th Gloucesters, relieved), with the 6th Buffington South Lancashire Regiment attached, and the Indian Infantry Brigade.

No. 3 Column, Brigadier-General A. H. Bulwain, commanding 20th Infantry Brigade.—Two battalions each from the 20th and 20th Brigades and one from the 40th Brigade.

General Bulwain's column had assembled in the Chunuk Ditch, and was moving up towards General Johnston's headquarters. But in spite of all precautions, the darkness, the rough scrub-covered country, its short steepness, on delayed the column that Bulwain, owing to the darkness and the awful country, lost his way—through no fault of his own.

And now, under that fine leader, Major C. G. L. Ashman, the 6th Gurkhas of the 20th Indian Infantry Brigade pressed up the slopes of Hill Q, crowned the heights of

The Gurkhas on Top

the end between Chunuk Bair and Hill Q, viewed far beneath them the waters of the Helipond, viewed the Asiatic shores along which neither prospect was bringing supplies in the lightest. But the furnace of war was again on. At this supreme moment Bulwain's column was still a long way from our trenches on the crest. And instead of Bulwain's support came suddenly a wave of heavy shells.

The Turkish commander saw his chance and the South Lancashire and Gurkhas, who had seen the promised land, were forced backwards over the crest.

That evening from Chunuk Bair the line ran down to the Trench and aimed due north to the Anzac Ditch southern watershed, whence it continued westward to the sea near Anzac Kops. On the right the Australian Division was still holding its line and Lone Pine was still being furiously attacked. The 1st Australian Brigade was now reduced from 2,000 to 1,000, and the total casualties up to 8 p.m. on the 15th amounted to about 8,500. But the troops were still in extraordinarily good heart.

During the night of the 14th-15th the New Zealand and New Army troops on Chunuk Bair were relieved. For three days and three nights they had been manfully fighting. They were half dead with fatigue. Their line

The Story of Anzac

of communication, started from sea level, ran across trackline ridges and valleys in an altitude of 100 ft. and was

A great Turkish Attack

them enough food, water, and rest; and for this purpose it was imperative also to withdraw them. Church's hair, which they had so manfully held, was now handed over to two battalions of the TNA Division.

At daylight on Tuesday, August 25, the Turks delivered a grand attack from the *Beaumont-Hamel* to *Q* against these two battalions, already weakened in numbers, though not in spirit, by previous fighting. First units were killed by every enemy gun, and then, at 5.50 a.m., were assailed by a huge volume, consisting of no less than a full division plus a regiment of three battalions. The North Lancashire men were simply overwhelmed in their shallow trenches by sheer weight of numbers, whilst the *Wiltz*, who were caught out in the open, were literally almost annihilated. The ponderous mass of the enemy went over the river.

New Zealand and Australian Artillery, the Indian Mounted Artillery Brigade, and the 60th Brigade Royal Field Artillery were getting the chance of a lifetime. As the summer cold lines of Flanders began to creep, the ridges were torn through their formation. They became exposed not only to the ball blast of the guns, but also to a battery of six machine-guns belonging to the New Zealand Infantry Brigade, which played upon their narrow ranks at close range until the harvest were robust. Enemy losses were inflicted, especially by these two machine-guns; and of the victims which had now fairly reaped the most loss only the poorest handful ever struggled back to their own side of Channel. But

At this time the strong forces of the enemy were hurled against the Feroes, where there arose a conflict so deadly that it may be considered as the climax of the four days' fighting for the ridge. Portions of our line were pinned and the troops driven close down the hill. At the foot of the hill the men were rallied by

Staff Captain Brown, who was then supervising the transport of food and water. With out a word, unobtrusively, they followed him back to the farm, where they plunged again into the midst of that corner of struggle in which peasants fought in the fields and now dropped their scientific weapons and taught one another by the throat.

By 10 A.M. the effect of the enemy was spent. Soon their shattered remnants began to trickle back, and by night, except prisoners or wounded, no one Turk was left upon our side of the stream.

By creating the total casualties of General Harbord's force had reached 11,000, and included a very large proportion of officers. The 12th Division of the New Army, under Major-General Shaw, had about 8,000 out of a grand total of 16,000. Harbord was gone, and all his staff. The commanding officers out of Harbord had disappeared from the fighting objectives. The Warrents and the Warrents had lost literally every single officer.

But physically, though, Shostakovich's lyrics were prepared to hold all they had got, they were now too exhausted to strike—it last until they had word and movement.

The army's position was now being rapidly extended, and, as I could not depend on receiving reinforcing divisions, I was faced with the danger that if I could not drive the Turks back I might lose as many men that I would find myself unable to hold the very extensive new area of ground which had been gained. I therefore decided to mount every available man against Israel Cide Tepa, a strong rise in my path, whether as a last step towards clearing the valley, or, if this proved impossible, towards securing Serde Bey and Amur Gazi from attack.

The same day, a large rounding of five battalions of New Zealand Mounted Rifles, two battalions of the 20th Irish Brigade, the 4th South Wales Shropshire, and 20th Indian Infantry Brigade, the whole under the command of Major-General H. V. Cox, was working independently to support the main attack.

End of the Battle of Sail Hole

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General Cox divided his force into three portions; the left section to press forward and

establish a permanent hold on

1011 891

First Assault

the extreme lightly-held out-post line overlooking the junction of the 12th Division with the Anzac Trail; the centre section to seize the wall at Kahak Keys, an ascent of almost 2000 ft., whither he withdrew at the enemy's attack; the right section to attack and capture the Turkish trenches on the north-east side of the Kuvuk Aghala.

The advance of the left section was a success; after a brief engagement the wall at Kahak Keys was seized by the Indian Brigade, and, by 4.30, the 10th column, under Brigadier-General Thursell, under heavy fire, effected a lodgement on the Kuvuk Aghala, where our post extended east to join in its communication across the Kuvuk Trail towards the line of the 16th Australian Brigade south of the Trench. A preliminary trench fight ensued, in which General Birdwood's troops held their own through the night against superior force. At 5 a.m. on the morning of August 21, General Birdwood, reinforced by the newly-arrived 10th Australian Battalion, attacked the summit of the Kuvuk Aghala. The Australians carried 150 yards of the trenches, losing heavily in so doing, and were then forced to fall back again owing to enfilade fire, though in the meantime the New Zealand Mounted Rifles managed, in spite of constant counter-attacks, to make good another 50 yards.

A counter-attack in strength launched by the Turks at 10 a.m. was repulsed; the new line from the Kuvuk Aghala to Snick Keys was gradually strengthened, and eventually joined us to the right of the 9th Army Corps, thereby materially improving the whole situation. During this action the 6th Australian Brigade, which remained facing the Turks on the upper part of the Kuvuk Aghala, was able to inflict several hundred casualties on the enemy as they retreated or endeavoured to retire.

The last days of the month were dominated by a brilliant affair carried through by the troops under General Birdwood's command. Our object was to complete the capture of 1011 on north of the Kuvuk Aghala, commenced by Major-General Cox on August 21. 1011 in

overlooked the Dikok Anatolia valley, and was therefore tactically a very important position.

The result of the attack was again entrusted to Major-General Cox, at whose disposal

Second Assault

were placed detachments from the 14th and 16th Australian Brigades, the New Zealand Mounted Rifles Brigade, and the 10th Commonwealth Transport. The advance was fixed to take place at 5 p.m. on August 27, after the heaviest artillery bombardment we could afford. This bombardment proved ineffective; but the moment the hostile fire ceased they were greeted by an exceedingly hot fire from the enemy field guns, rifles and machine-guns, followed after a brief interval by a shower of heavy shell, some of which, most happily, pitched into the trenches of the Turks. On the right the detachment from the 16th and 10th Australian Brigades could make no headway against a battery of machine-guns which confronted them. In the centre the New Zealanders made a most determined onslaught, and carried one side of the topmost knoll. Hand-to-hand fighting continued here till 9.30 p.m., when it was reported that also-battle of the summit had been gained.

On the left the 250 men of the 10th Commonwealth Transport excited the admiration of all beholders by the swiftness and execution of their charge. In five minutes they had carried their objective, the northern Turkish communications, when they at once set to and began a steady work right along the trenches spiked strong parties which came hurrying up from the enemy supports and afterwards from their reserves. At midnight fresh troops were to have strengthened our grip upon the hill, but before that hour the darkness had been obliterated, and the 16th Australian Light Horse, who had made a most plucky attempt to recapture the lost communication trench, had been repulsed. Luckily, the New Zealand Mounted Rifles refused to recognize that they were wanted. Nothing would shift them. At that night and all next day, through bombing, bayonet charges, musketry, shrapnel, and heavy shell, they hung on to their 150 yards of trench. At 1 a.m. on August 28, the 10th Light Horse made another attack on the lost communication trench to the left, carried them, and finally



Bombing Practice in Shoupai Valley



In the Trenches

A sniper with a periscope rifle and an observer with a periscope

Official photographs by E. BROOKES, circulated on behalf of the Press Bureau / acquired by Central News



AUSTRALIAN GUNNERS

Photograph by courtesy of "Daily Mirror"

The Story of Anzac

aid them. This gave us complete command of the underbush, an outlook over the Anzarta agri valley, and safe lateral communications between Anzac and North Bay.

Three Turkish machine-guns and forty-six prisoners were taken, as well as three trench mortars, 300 Turkish rifles, 60,000 rounds of ammunition, and 500 bombs. Four hundred men were added to the territories of Anzac.

And now, before affixing to this dispatch my last signature as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, let me first pay tribute to the everlasting memory of my dear comrades who will return no more. Next, let me thank each and all, Generals,

Staff, Regimental Leaders, and cook and file, for their wonderful loyalty, patience, and self-sacrifice.

So I bid them all farewell with a special God-speed to the campaigners who have served with me right through from the terrible yet most glorious earlier days—the Intrepid 20th Division; the young veterans of the Naval Division; the ever-victorious Australians and New Zealanders; the stout East Lanes, and my own brave fellow-countrymen of the London Division of Scotland.

DAN HANCOCK,

General, Commander-in-Chief
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

ANZACS

*The children unborn shall acclaim
The standard the Anzacs unfurled,
When they made Australia's fame
The wonder and pride of the world.*

Some of you got a V.C.,
Some "the Gallipoli trait,"
Some had a grave by the sea,
And all of you got it damned hot,
And I see you go limping through town
In the faded old hospital blue,
And driving ahead—lying down,
And Lord! but I wish I were you!

I envy you beggars I meet,
From the dirty old hole on your head
To the rusty old boots on your feet—
I envy you living or dead.
A knighthood is fine in its way,
A porrage gives splendour and fame,
But I'd rather have tackled my day
That word to the end of my name.

I'd count it the greatest reward
That ever a man could attain;
I'd rather be "Anzac" than "bar,"
I'd rather be "Anzac" than "thorn."
There's a bar to the medal you'll wear,
There's a word that will gladden and glow,
And an honour a king cannot share
When you're back in the cities you know.

*The children unborn shall acclaim
The standard the Anzacs unfurled,
When they made Australia's fame
The wonder and pride of the world.*

EDGAR WALLACE.

TO MY BATH

THIS lyric may be bad, O Muse,
 But do not peen on me too hard;
 In times of war you must excuse
 Somewhat your hand.
 A day-out where I have to bend
 My back, and even lodge my knees
 Against the roof, would suit our friend
 Diogenes—
 But hardly seems a sweet shade
 For any would-be laureate
 Who'll sing, ad lib., an epic—ode—
 Or hymn of laud.
 Consider my attempt to write
 Iambic tetrametric lines
 As influenced by gelygite
 And bombs—and mines,
 No high falstin' stilted phrase,
 No feeble tribute of a "oh,"
 Can ever adequately praise
 These, dearest Tub.
 Perchance I'm son-sorched: then I
 sigh

To hear thy crystal waters lap—
 And trickle o'er my toes when I
 Turn on the tap.
 If blizzards fresh from Samothrace
 Are mingling with December snows,
 When icicles in clusters grace
 "My youthful hose
 A world too wide for my shrunk
 shanks"—
 Then I, nostalgia stricken, dream,
 And see thy white enamelled banks
 Through clouds of steam,
 Just as when corybantic drakes
 (Or ducks, just as the case may be),
 With clamorous quack, seek limpid
 lakes,
 So seek I thee.
 But *baths* are not our rations in
 Gallipoli. 'Tis too far south—
 "The bubble reputation's in
 The cannon's mouth."

H. H. U.,
 Northamptonshire Regt.

ANZAC LIMERICKS

THERE'S a certain damned nuisance called "Beachy,"
 Whose shells are exceedingly screechy;
 But we're keeping the score,
 And we're after your gore—
 So look out, "Beachy Bill," when we meet ye.

THEY'VE given us all respirators,
 And we've bundles of ancient Spectators;
 But we'd give up the two
 For a good oyster stew,
 Or a dixie of chipped potatoes.

C. D. Mc.



THE NEW STAR

Drawn by TED COLLESS, after F. J. Leigh



Turkish Divisional Orders (some time in July): "The Australian and New Zealand Army Corps is approaching the limits of its resources. Most of the men have no clothing at all, except trousers, and even these are now being cut into pieces, so that one pair of trousers is sufficient for four men."



(The sort of thing we must expect to hear after the war is ended)

YES, that's the red ribbon I'm wearing—
Just a small strip of scarlet, you see,
But there's no one can tell how I prize it
Nor the glow it occasions to me.
For it speaks of the broad fields of honour
Which we wrung from the red jaws of hell—
And my eyes grow bedimmed for the cobbles*
Who battled and conquered and fell.

Yes, that's the V.C. How I won it,
It isn't for me to relate.
(We heroes are always so modest,
And boasting's a thing that I hate.)
Well—seeing you write for the papers,
I'll make an exception of you;
Don't mention my name if you write it,
Tho' every partic'lar is true.

It was during a fight for an outpost—
It was called the Green Knoll, I believe—
And the Turks on the top dealt out slaughter;
They'd a week of defeat to retrieve.
It was five thousand feet to the summit,
And almost as steep as a wall;
And they met every charge as we rushed it
With bayonet, shrapnel, and ball.

*Cobbles is Australian for a friend and trusted friend.

How I Won the V.C.

'Twas defended by nine tiers of trenches
(That's strong for an outpost, you'll guess),
With twelve 42 centimetres,
Which kicked up the deuce of a mess.
We'd been fighting five days without resting,
When the eighth line of trenches we took;
For ev'ry man there was a hero—
From me to the company's cook.

And there was the knoll just before us—
Some two hundred paces or more;
With barb-wire and bayonets bristling,
And the parapets sloppy with gore.
And the howitzers roared like perdition
And vomited fire and death;
Till we saw it was madness to charge them,
And halted a moment for breath.

Ah, stranger, imagine the picture,
And then stand with horror aghast—
We had fought for a month without sleeping,
And we stood facing failure at last!
We had squandered the best of our Army,
We had "stuck" to our ultimate gasp;
And there, in the moment of triumph,
The prize was to slip from our grasp.

Then suddenly out sprang the Major,
His face lighted over with bliss—
"Pass the word there for Lance-Private Wilson;
He'll find us a way out of this!"
(If there's one thing I hate, it is skiting,*
When I hear it I always feel sore,
So you won't think I boast when I tell you
He ought to have done it before!)

And a great cheer arose as I faced him
And nodded (I never solute),
And said to him: "I'll see you then", sir,
And win you some glory to boot.
The ghosts of the 10th Battalion
Are not easy snooters to beat;
I've a notion (I say) that will lick them—
'Arf a dollar I lose them a treat!

* Skiting—Australian for "swearing" or speech. * Solute—" Salute"—military salute.

The Anzac Book

"I don't want no red-tapey orders,
And I don't want no kudos nor pelf;
You get back to your own little dug-outs,
And I'll tackle the knoll by myself!
I'll lay down my life for my country,
For old England, the land of the free;
And you'll find that the bloke called Horatius
Was only a trifle to me!"

Then I shook hands with all the battalion
(There were only thirteen of us left),
And they cheered me again till the focussing
Must have thought us of senses bereft.
And I gathered my arms and my rations,
And girded myself for the fray—
If I live to be ninety or over,
I will always remember that day!

I had five hundred rounds for my rifle,
And of hand bombs I took forty-one;
A machine-gun was slung to my shoulders,
And I carried a periscope gun.
As for rations—well, all I took with me
Was a tin of Fry's Bentos* or two,
And in my breast pocket I planted
A nice Army biscuit to chew.

Then I waved a farewell to my cobblers—
I was too much affected to speak;
There are times when the bravest of soldiers
Have feelings that render them weak.
One tear—then I turned to the trenches,
And charged like a lion at bay
As I caught the last words of our Colonel,
Crying: "Bonzer† . . . Gorstmaier . . . Hooray!"

You talk of charmed lives—I'd a thousand;
As I rushed up that hill like a goat
I got thirty-two shots thro' my trousers
And nine shrapnel balls thro' my coat;
And a Japanese bomb burst beneath me
—For a moment I gave up all hope,
But it proved the best thing that could happen,
For it pushed me half-way up the slope.

* Fry's BENTOS is a brand of tinned meat.

† Bonzer—Australian for "excellent."

How I Won the V.C.

Then a fifteen-inch shell came straight at me
—I hadn't a moment to shirk—
But it struck on that hard Army biscuit
And rebounded—and blew up a Turk!
You doubt it? Well, if you want proof, sir,
The truth of this tale to endorse,
Here's the biscuit—that dent in the middle
Is where the shell struck it, of course!

Ah, yes, 'twas a terrible moment;
I was then slightly wounded, 'tis true—
Just a bayonet stab in the gizzard
And a crack from a bullet or two.
But I gathered new strength for the conflict,
And, just as the darkness came down,
I was under their parapets, resting,
And I knew I had beaten them brown!

For this was the scheme I had worked on,
'Twas a little bit mean, you may say—
But I knew that the Turks were half-finished,
And fought on one biscuit a day;
And the tin of Fray Bentos I carried,
I clucked in the trench then and there;
And I heard the poor beggars pounce on it,
And I knew they were caught in the snare!

* * * * *

The morning broke, smiling and peaceful—
Ah, shame that we soldiers must fight—
'Twas a pitious scene met my vision
With the first ray quivers of light,
When I peeped in the trench, not a Turk, sir,
Was left of that legion accurst—
For they'd whacked the Fray Bentos among them,
And each man had perished from thirst.

That's the yarn. If you know the 16th, sir,
You'll know how our Colonel can smile.
He said to me: "Corporal Wilson,
You've dished up the beggars in style."
Promotion! Some say I deserve it,
But that's really nothing to me;
I don't want no honour or glory,
But—that's how I won the V.C.

"CORONET," 16th Battalion, A.I.F.

ICY

N OBODY seemed to know much about him except that he was generally considered by all those who knew of him in the squadron to be a "cold-foot," and his nickname was appropriately "Icy." Not that the others had any particular cause to call him that, but whenever "Becky Bill" came screaming overhead he would involuntarily duck and then smile in that peculiar manner of his as much as to say, "I can't help it!" Becky wasn't his worst enemy, though, for if there was anything that he dreaded it was those Turkish "T's."* It used to make us feel as if we could shake him when we saw how he would double himself up. And yet one never liked to attempt anything of the kind whenever he used that smile. Moreover, as he was over six feet in height and correspondingly strong, it would not have been politic. His was a baffling smile, revealing the peculiar smile of the "Mouss Lim," and, like it, unfathomable. He was a very quiet kind of chap, and when it was his turn to do fatigue, he would go and perform whatever was required of him without ever grumbling. His mates used to take a mean advantage of his good nature, and would shunt all the work, such as sweeping out the "ponie," or trenches, on to him.

About the time of which I am writ-

ing we had noticed that Abdul was sapping somewhere down the gully. Sometimes we could distinguish dark shapes moving about, and no amount of sniping on our part would stop them. They worked only during the night, and each morning we found that the pile of new earth down the gully had grown higher. At last we understood his plan—and it came to our turn to make a counter move.

One evening I was told off among others to go out and dig a new trench in front of Abdul's new sap. We had to block him from getting to a certain place on the little ridge which hitherto had been in "No-Man's Land." I noticed that Icy had also been told off, but he was to be one of the covering party. All that night we worked hard, digging ourselves in and filling sandbags which we threw up in front of us. At first we were undisturbed, but suddenly the bullets began to ping-ping over our heads, and we knew that Abdul had tumbled. Still, as he was himself intent on digging he did not come out at us, but contented himself by sniping, thinking to drive us off in that way. However, it was a bit late in the day for that; since by the time he found us out we had already several good sandbags filled, and these protected us as long as we kept well down.

Several of our chaps were winged, but as none of the wounds was very serious we didn't mind that. When it had struck five in the morning we

*The Turks had a battery of French "T's" at Anzac, which at the time were coming from France during the blockade of Serbia in the Balkan War.

Icy

knocked off and retired to sleep away the day. Half a dozen bomb-throwers who had volunteered for the job then took our places, bringing with them a few bombs, their rifles, ammunition, water bottles, and a supply of bully beef and biscuits. There they spent the whole day, lying low under cover of the sandbags. But Abdol troubled them not! Next night we went out again to resume work, and then it was that certain things happened which made us look upon Icy in a different light.

We had no sooner started work than *ra-to-to-to* went a machine-gun somewhere out to the left, and the bullets came pinging round hot and close, wounding three and killing two on the first discharge.

John Turk had stolen a march on us by placing a machine-gun away out on his extreme flank where he could to a certain extent enfilade us. That sort of thing could not be allowed to last, so we had to bury our noses in the ground each time the confounded gun opened up. Our covering party, being out ahead of us, escaped the hail of bullets better than we did. The place was now becoming too hot to stay in, so the order came long to retire independently to our trenches, until something could be done to stop the machine-gun.

When we snatched again in the trenches, we found that one man of the covering party was missing. The man was Icy. As we were talking about him—wondering who should go back to look for him—there came the noise of a commotion from the direction of the Turkish machine-gun. Bang! bang! went a couple of bombs, followed by cries and shouts from Abdol, and

above it all we were certain we heard fragments of language, of the category known in Australia as "bullbuck."^{*} What could it mean? By this time the alarm had spread along the whole of Abdol's front trenches, which belched forth liquid fire. In our own trenches everyone had mechanically sprung to arms; and we stood there wondering while for fifteen minutes the Turks fired without ceasing. Gradually the noise subsided—and we noticed that for some reason the machine-gun away on the left was strangely quiet.

An hour later we were stealing out again to have another attempt at completing our new trenches when I stumbled over the form of a man lying prone. Bending over to see him, I found it was Icy. His clothes were wet and sticky with blood, and half underneath his body there showed the muzzle of a machine-gun. As we lifted him up, we saw that the gun was there complete, tripod and all.

We took him into the lines and handed him over to the dressing-station; and just before we came away he opened his eyes and told enough for us to realise that Icy had sneaked over and stolen that Turkish gun. To this day we don't quite know how he did it, as he never will talk about it; but before they took him on to the hospital ship next day—with his sixteen bullet wounds and scratches all told—there went down to see him a crowd in which I was amongst the foremost, which apologised to Icy very handsly.

And, do you know, he only smiled back at us in that funny old way of his.

E. A. M. W.

^{*} Bullbuck—means talk for the bulluck, drive and for the most part.

THE TROJAN WAR, 1915

WE care not what old Homer tells
Of Trojan war and Helen's fate,
Upon the ancient Dardanelles
New peoples write—in blood—their name.

Those Grecian heroes long have fled,
No more the Plain of Troy they haunt;
Made sacred by our Southern dead,
Historic is the Hellespont.

Homer's wars are fought again
By men who like old Greeks can die;
Australian backblock heroes slain,
With Hector and Achilles lie.

No legend lured these men to ruin;
They journeyed forth to save from harm
Some Mother-Helen sad at home,
Some obscure Helen on a farm.

And when one falls upon the hill—
Then by dark Styx's gloomy strand,
In honour to plain Private Bill
Great Agamemnon lifts his hand!

J. WAREHAM, 1st Aust. Field Amb.



THE PRICE

DEAD figures writhe and beckon in my dream;
Wild eyes look into mine;
While I, bewildered, watch the bloody stream
With misty eyes adine.

It rends my heart, and I am nothing loath
To have the murder cease.
Horror it is and carnage, yet are both
Part of the price of peace.

Corpl. COMES, 2nd Bat., A.I.F.

KILLED IN ACTION

WHERE the ranges throw their shadows long before the day's surrender,
Down a valley where a river used to tumble to the sea,
On a rising patch of level rest the men who dared to tender
Life and all its sweetness for their love o' liberty.

In a thousand miles of ugly scrubby waste and desolation,
Just that little space of level showing open to the sea;
Nothing there to lend it grandeur (sure, it needs no decoration)
Save those rows of wooden crosses keeping silent custody.

There's a band of quiet workers, artless lads who joked and chatted
Just this morning; now they're silent and they keep their eyes away
From the blanket-hidden body, coat and shirt all blood-bespattered,
Lying motionless and waiting by the new-turned heap of clay.

There are records in the office—date of death and facts pertaining,
Showing name and rank and number and disposal of the kit—
More or less a business matter, and we have no time for feigning
More than momentary pity for the men who have been hit.

There's a patient mother gazing on her hopes so surely shattered,
(Hopes and prayers she cherished bravely, seeking strength to
hide her fear),

Boyhood's dreams and idle memories—things that never really mattered—
Lying buried where he's buried 'neath the stars all shining clear.

There's a young wife sorrow-stricken in her bitter first conception
Of that brief conclusive message, harsh fulfilment of her dread;
There are tiny lips repeating, with their childish misperception,
Simple words that bring her men's lives from the boundaries of the dead.

Could the Turk have seen this picture when his trigger-finger rounded,
Would his sights have blurred a little had he heard that mother's prayer?
Could he know some things that she knew, might his hate have been
confounded?

But he only saw his duty, and he did it, fighting fair.

Just a barren little surface where the grave mounds rise unsightly,
Monuments and tributes to the men who've done their share,
Pain and death, the fruits of battle, and the crosses tell it plainly,
Short and quick and silent suffering; would to God it ended there.

HURRY MCCANN, Headquarters, 4th Amd. Light Horse.



A GREY DAY IN GALLIPOLI

AS I look westward towards the grey Aegean Sea, generally peaceful, deep blue and oft-times appearing golden-bord by the mystic hand of sunset, but now flecked with ripples of white like a distant hill-side strewn with new-shorn lambs, and hurried on by the murmurings of the grey sea's bride, the grey cloud-bearing Mother Wind, as she splashes the foreshore of this grey land with fleecy fringes of her mantle, and makes her way over the grey hills, through rugged badlip or tangled, startled, unfriendly evergreens, grey plantains fit to and fro, passing with a careless nod, as it were, the little grey losses of those whose thoughts so seldom had time to feast on aught but the bright days before the Peril came; but who now, with a foretaste of hell in their souls, need only such a day as this to make them feel the presence of the grey world's messenger whose name is

Loneliness. Loneliness garbed in a mantle of emerging grey sea and grey sky, trimmed with the spires and turrets of grey and seemingly unmoored ships, whose presence in the blue and gold days was as that of old friends well met, but which now seem to be ragged tents in the solemn dress of Loneliness, reminding one of a derelict's shavenly covering held together over a hopeless breast by an old gold brooch—perhaps the gift of a mother or landed down from bygone ages. Loneliness comes not to all of us garbed in this fashion. To others, who look eastward, she comes dressed in the sombre clothes of the grey hill-side, and with yearning eyes beckons them on to the chances of the blue and gold life in Constantinople; or, perchance, if their luck is that of many another good soldier, to that other grey life forever with the grey seas, grey skies and grey forgetfulness on these ghostly, forsaken grey shores of Gallipoli.

N. Ash,
11th A.A.S.C.

MY ANZAC HOME

COME and see my little dug-out—way up on the hill it stands,
Where I can get a lovely view of Anzac's golden sands;
When "Beachy Bill" is shelling, I can see just where he lands,
From my cosy little dug-out on the hill.

It isn't quite as roomy as the mansions of the Tsar;
From sitting-room to bedroom is not so very far,
For the dining- and the smoking-rooms you stay just where you are,
In my cosy little dug-out on the hill.

The flies they wander nightly, as soon as I've undressed,
And after many weary hours I've had to give them rest.
As the ants have also found it, there is very little rest
In my cosy little dug-out on the hill.

I've a natty little cupboard, and it looks so very nice,
'Twas made to keep my bread and jam, my laces and my rice;
But now it's nothing other than a home for orphan'd mice,
In my cosy little dug-out on the hill.

There is no electric lighting in this blighted land of war,
So I use some fat in glycer tins, and stand it on the floor—
And when it's working overtime I sweat from every pore,
In my cosy little dug-out on the hill.

When the nights are clear and starry—then the scene is beautified
By the silvery gleams and shadows that across the mountain glide;
But if it's wet and stormy—well, I go to sleep outside
Of my cosy little dug-out on the hill.*

When the time comes round for parting from my little eight by four,
And I can get a good night's rest without a buck that's sore,
Well—perhaps some day I'll miss you, and will long to live once more
In the little cosy dug-out on the hill.

CORPL. GEORGE L. SMITH,
24th Sanitary Section, R.A.M.C.T.

*The roof of a dug-out, as usually designed, is a device for keeping the dug-out out and letting the water in.

WHAT FRANK THOUGHT

A PRIVATE cat under a tree. It was not the Lone Pine, but the other one. Winter had stripped it of foliage, and all around was bleak and uninviting.

In his cramped flat, which had carried buckets and firebricks since April 1918, he held a letter, highly perfumed, from his "young lady"—she whom he had escorted on so many occasions to Sydney's social events in the piping days of peace.

He had not heard from home since embarkation, and had often wondered, as he bathed in just enough water to temper a whisky and shaved by means of a lethal instrument better fitted for cutting a hedge than a beard, whether they really cared. A fit of hesitancy now seized him, and he hardly liked to read the letter. By means of the top of a tin of sardines which he had bought cheap—two bob he had paid for it on the beach—he saw his unshaven face, the neck of his soiled shirt, and his crop of unkempt hair. He was interrupted in this by the attention of a "little friend" who paying him. This he loathed. He then lighted the end of a cigarette (which he had kept stowed away in the top of his portines) before taking another glance at himself in the top of the two-bob tin of sardines.

"What a guy," he murmured. "If Jessie could see me now, would she

turn me down for some coal-footed, well-groomed fellow? I don't think. She's all right, and would understand it's no gipsy tea we're at."

However, it was with some slight nervousness that he opened the letter. Following the customary greetings, Jessie wrote:

"Darie, be sure to keep your hat on at all times. Egypt, I hear, is awfully hot about Christmas-time. The doctor was telling me the other day that he could hardly sit on the veranda of Shepherd's in the middle of the day. Keep your hat on, even when at Shepherd's. The climate is so treacherous. Doc. says he recommends this hotel. Shall we send letters to you there? Iced drinks and heavy meals are dangerous, doc. says."

This was more than flesh and blood could stand. "Am I having my leg pulled?" he asked. He looked at the envelope, and found it had been posted in Sydney thirteen months ago. He wavered moodily at the expense of the postal people, and as all the rest of the letter was hopelessly out of date, he turned his attention to the next item of his very belated mail. It was another letter from Jessie. She again rambled on about Egypt, its climatic horrors and the dangers of Cairo's attractions.

What Frank Thought

He hit his lip and smiled sourly when he came across a passage which related to the dancing deeds of a male acquaintance of his.

"Frank, as you know, has not enlisted yet," she wrote. "He is not sure of a commission, because chaps are called upon to pass a beauty exam. He says it's not to ask him to sit for an examination, and he would just hate to serve in the ranks. In his case, 'it would be super-patriotic,' he says, to do so. I don't understand what he means by this, but no doubt you will."

Hughie knew that the man referred to was big enough to push all the Turks off the Peninsula; and Jessie proved a Jack's comforter when, later on, she told him that Frank only attended dances given for patriotic purposes.

The next item was a parcel containing hair-oil, twenty-five costly cigars, a cigar-holder, a suit of pyjamas, and a booklet given away by a firm of tobaccoists, explaining to would-be-recruits that "Henry Clays" would be forwarded to any part of the Australian front free of carriage. The parcel was addressed to Gallipoli.

"Darling," wrote Jessie, in the letter that accompanied the parcel, "keep these things in your tent.* It must be a fog getting the oil you liked so much. I suppose you have to walk some distance from the firing-line to the nearest shops. No doubt the cigars

will be acceptable after dinner, and, later on, the pyjamas. Don't think too forward in sending the letter. But I know fellows do wear them. I've seen them advertised in the *Herald*. I am sending these things for use in Turkey."

"I have read all about the charge you chaps made on the 25th of April, and hope you were allowed to get well up in the front. It would just suit you. I know it is dangerous, but Frank says if it is dangerous for the men, how much more dangerous must it be for the officers. He says he will insist upon leading his men in all charges. Between you and me though, Hughie, I don't think he will enlist. He has several pairs of lovely socks to him for to-day's delivery from David Jones's, and if they are not for the yodking that is to start next week, then I'm done. Frank and I are going to Randwick Races on Saturday, and if we see anything in your battalion columns we will back it and buy something for you with what we collect. Frank says he is sure you would like us to do this."

"Please don't get shot, dear. We intend to send you lots of nice things for Christmas."

Hughie, a gay dog in the good old ante-bellum days, who accepted a con job and circulated his sovereigns, tramped back to his dug-out through the saps, revolving wicked thoughts about Frank. Always a philosopher, he cleaned his rifle with the hair-oil, put up the pyjamas to make pull-throughs, and to newly arrived reinforcements distributed the cigars. He and the old hands had lost any appetite they ever had for such comforts.

A. J. BORN.
A.N.Z.A.C.

* It may be necessary to explain that every man in the Gallipoli Peninsula was within easy range of the Turkish artillery. For anything except a hospital to see a boat would have been to give an open invitation to disaster. "The comfort shops" were about three miles behind the Turkish lines.

ARCADIA

I'VE stayed in many a bounding-house,
From good, to fair, to rotten,
Seeking the comfort of a home
With all its cares forgotten.

In pubs I've dwelt and drowned the
 cures
Which enker life by meeting
With open hand each casual friend,
And moistened well each greeting.

I've dwelt in many a town and shire,
From Cairns to Wanganella;
I've dropped into the Brisbane show
And Bardsberg Regatta.

But now I've struck an ideal spot,
Where pleasure never dloys,
Just list' to the advantages
This choice retreat enjoys—

The rent is free, no board to pay,
No land or income taxes,
And on my tail no middleman
Nor fat man father waxes.

If I should say I need some clothes,
Someone will just "take action";
No tailors' bills can worry me
And drive me to distraction.

And should my health appear to fail
And appetite grow fine,
My doctor hands me—not a bill,
But just a Number 9.*

The scenery is glorious,
The sunsets are cyclonic;
The atmosphere's so full of iron,
It acts as quite a tonic.

And even parsons preach the Word,
Nor take up a collection;
While politicians don't exist,
Nor c'en a by-election.

No scandal ever hovers here
To scar our simple lives;
And married men are always true
To absent, loving wives.

But the crowning gift of all is—no—
One's happiness is marred,
Finding answers to the questions
On that d—d War Census Card.

And should you doubt if there can be
A spot which so excels,
Let me whisper—it is ANzac!
Anzac by the Dardanelles.

Boushardier H. E. SHELLE,
7th Battery, Aust. F.A.

* Number 9—a particularly effective and well-known remedy is the old service passie in the form of a pill.



LUXURIES FOR THE TURKS



OUR FIRST WHEELBARROW

(A Native Incident)

Staff Officer suddenly meeting perceptive Australian staggering under his twentieth halibut load in the very first wheelbarrow ever improvised at Anzac—all these sacks had been used: "Hallo, my man! That's a very good scheme. Did you invent that barrow?"

Perceptive Australian: "I wish I could find the beggar who did!"



Aug 8: Find the Gork



THE CAVEMAN

I WAS dressing in the trenches when thoughts and visions dim
Took shape—there squatted close to me, with mien and visage
grim,

A dark and hairy cavewoman, huge of form and bare of limb;
And he eyed me very strangely—and I thought I said to him:

"Oh! prehistoric cavewoman, did you own some rock-bound hair
Where, secure from interruption, you consumed your scanty fare?
Did you sally forth for hunting—or to seek some maiden fair?
Did you club her on the cranium and drag her by the hair?"

"She'd be mostly good when captured, cooked your grub and had
her share.

You were happy, Mr. Cavewoman, tho' your brawny limbs were bare.
You were cold and hungry sometimes, but upon this point I'll swear
You were better off than we are—you'd no uniform to tear.

The Anzac Book

"Poor benighted Mr. Caveman, if you'd only *only* known
Of our glorious progression—all your arrowheads of bone
Would have been replaced by rifles, and for little slings of stone
You'd have had a .4.7 gun—what joys you might have known!

"Things have changed, poor Mr. Caveman, since you went your
simple way.
But we're living still in caves, sir, *dig* most carefully in clay.
We call them trenches, dug-outs, *seps*, but, call them what we may,
They are made to hide our skins in, just as in your heathen day.

"Two thousand years ago came One—taught 'Peace on earth,
goodwill';
Unwittingly we've preached it since, and that 'Thou shalt not kill.'
And all these tedious, changeful years we've retrograded till
We are with you, Mr. Caveman, for we're simple cavemen still."

I thought I was quite eloquent; my brain began to burn,
When a hand stretched out and shook me—'twas a hand I could not
spurn.

I yawned and tried to dodge that grasp, but I awoke to learn
'Twas the N.C.O. on duty, saying: "'Come, my lad, your turn!'"

J. M. COLLEYS, 9th Battalion.



AN ANZAC ALPHABET

By J. W. S. HENDERSON, R.G.A.



A is the Aeroplane buzzing above,
Sending us tokens of friendship and love.



B is Beachy Bill, such a marvel of running,
A message from whom sends the best of us running.



C is the Chitinous fell in the foot
When bullets commence to invade our retreat.



D is the Dug-out we've spent so much time at,
Working in hopes of defeating the climate.



E is for Eye-wash, a wonderful lotion,
Employed by the man who is keen on promotion.



F is the Fool who got caught in a trap,
By pulling the tail of a mule in a nap.

The Anzac Book



G is the General devising a strafe,
And cursing his highly incompetent staff.



H is the wretched unfortunate Hill,
Bombaraded and seized but impreg-
nable still.



I is the Intelligence
officer who
Is said to exist at
G.H.Q.



Forgive a digression and
spare me the time
To think of a word that
will make a good rhyme,
And if the delay is a little
provoking,
Remember it's J and the
word may be Joking.



K is the Kaiser at home
in Berlin,
Chanting his quaint
malodorous hymn.



L is the Liar who
loves to relate
Achi Baba has fallen,
and gives you the
date.



M is the Major observing from lat-
titude
Tending to strained and discomfort-
ing attitudes.

An Anzac Alphabet



N is the Navy bombarding a lair,
Ignoring the fact that there's nobody there.



O is the Optimist struck
by a splinter.
Happy to think he'll be
home by the winter.



P is the spotlessly uniformed Paragon,
Living in splendour on H.M.S.
"Anzac."



Q is the Questions we ask with a yell.
Do shippers like whisky, and where is
our mail?



R is the report of the latest success.
Strictly compiled for the use of the
Press.



S is the Sniper; it's also his Sickness.
On finding his cover is lacking in thick-
ness.

The Anzac Book



T is the Telegraphist cutting off stations
In the midst of important conversations.



U is the Uniform made for
the wench.
Slightly damaged by a day
in the trenches.



Note.—This illustration has had
to be postponed pending a
final statement by Mr. Hilaire
Belloc as to the date of the
certain exhaustion of German
resources.

V is the Victory talked of by editors,
Who wish to get rid of importunate creditors.



W stands for the various Wines
The Germans employ to keep Turkey in
smiles.



X is the Xmas that some day will come
When turkey and sauce will be served
with our rum.



Y is the Youth who was scornful of danger,
Till caught in the rear by a violent stranger.



Z is the Zenith of power and glory,
A fitting conclusion to this little story.



The Kaiser to his Secretary

(Dictated) XMAS, 1915

THE KAISER TO HIS SECRETARY

"PEACE upon earth and unto men goodwill!"

Such words ring true of yore. (Excuse my laughing.)
Ironical they'll ring while Huns are still
A-striding!

My Vaterland, I know, has set its back
Against such old-world heresy and schisms,
And deems such tidings but a mere anach-
ronism!

Not till our Eagles twain replace the U-
Nion Jack from Dover Harbour unto Calais,
Proving thereby the truth of "Deutschland U-
ber Alles!"

Not till all men shall hearken my decree,
Not till all worlds shall tremble at my nod,
Shall peace on earth be countenanced by Ma-
or God.

The Anzac Book



But since the time is fitting, down you
sit

And write—forgive the French—an
petit billet.

Dox with the season's compliments
to Lit-

tle Willie.

Tell him how once his courage I
admired,

How recently—to my surprise—I've
heard an

(I trust) unfounded rumour that he's
tired

of Verdun.

Bid him select a new cathedral's spire,
Bombard it! Seize it! Never mind

the losses!

Tell him its peal of bells will make
more in-

on crosses.

To Hindenburg say—he must do his best,

And if he can't advance, then he must dig a

New line, "according to our plans," due west
of Riga,



The Kaiser to his Secretary

To her who knows how Bulgars' palin are *Greece'd*,
Send greeting suited to a Royal Queen—oh!
And bid her give her brother's love at least
To Tins.

To Enver write: "Since some of you seem lost
And some of you don't seem to know quite where 'e are,
I've squared at—well—at never mind the cost,
Bulgaria.

"That is my part; you must now stop the gab
(Why, anybody can do that much, damn it!)
Of those who try to shake the faith of Ab-
dol Hamid."

Then when I'm satisfied that General Bird-
Wood and his Annex at the Dardanelles
Are busy studying the latest word
In Hell,

And my supplies are safe, then right away
I'll lie to Egypt—not by ocean liner,
But by a rather safer route through A-
sia Minor.

These plans of mine, at which some seem surprised,
Are not, as fools think, calculated solely on
The out-of-date campaigns of undermined
Napoleon.

For when I've got the British blighters beat
(Here comes my cunning), what I mean to do is
To exercise, on water smooth, my fleet
Near Suva.

Then, finally, for Double Eagles' head,
In order to perpetuate my Kultur,
By Royal Decree I'll substitute instead—
A Vulture.

H. B. C.

THE ANZAC THUNDERSTORM— FROM THE TRENCHES

DO not we know that fall of
night over Anzac!

Boom-boom! Boom-boom!

Boom-boom! All the after-

noon the warships on our right had been engaged in the playful work of tearing pieces from the hillside of Achi Baba, eight miles to the south of us, raising the trenches of our friend the enemy, blowing up a supply base, a machine train, dropping shells on the forts, or indulging in some of the many small acts of friendliness to which Jack Tar is prone. As the evening wore on we could see the flash from both shell and gun.

About the time we finished our frugal evening meal lightning began to play in intermittent flashes, like a heavenly searchlight, from far across the hidden Narrows and Asia Minor, and put to shame the puny bursts of light from the handwork of man. The boats were still at it, but their dull booming was now intermixed with the rumble of distant thunder.

The lightning becomes more vivid. There is a rattling, crushing roar from the artillery of the skies that can never be equaled by any earthly batteries. Surely the Creator is in angry mood to-night, as comes a deafening peal, followed by vivid flashes of forked lightning in fantastic shapes. One seems a long arm with hooked fingers, as though the Most High would grasp

one or both of the contending armies and hurl them into the sea. The fighting plays around the steel points of the bayonets of the motionless sentries, standing ever ready under the parapets, and keeping a ceaseless watch the night through on the enemy trenches.

Trench and traverse, hill and valley, are revealed by a brighter light than that of day. The rude wooden crosses, marking the places where, alas! too many of Australia's best have fallen, are brought out in bold relief against the dark background of lolly scrub, and the narrow strips of winding roadway on the long hillside from the beach—the work of months—up which perspiring fatigue parties toil with rations, water, ammunition and other necessary stores the day long, are laid out as a relief map by Heaven's electricity.

A rattling, crushing roar, such as I have never heard in any Australian thunderstorm, is followed by a deafening clap, and a huge ball of fire falls earthward at terrific speed in the direction of Constantinople, followed by a sound as of a shattering explosion, which causes the very hillside to quake, traverse and parapet to tremble, and the roofs of dug-outs to send down a shower of stones.

The ships have long given up the unequal struggle to make their voices heard against those of the elements,



THE SILVER LINING

Descent over London as seen from Acton

Design by C. E. W. BLAN

Sense or —?

and as the storm passes over, and the rumblings of the thunder become more and more distant and the lightning less vivid, the veil is drawn from the face of the moon, and the White Lady sails out into her own once more.

The storm has had its effect on those

manning the trenches. The rattling rattle of the machine-gun, the sharp crack of Turkish rifles, and the heavier report of our own arms, which usually punctuate the night, are noticeable by their absence. The turmoil of an hour ago has turned to unbelievable quiet.

L. A. SAXON,
21st Australian Battalion.



SENSE OR —?

THERE'S a certain hard-hearted old censor
(Which is not meaning any offence, sir)
Who won't let us tell,
When we say "I'm quite well,"
Where we've planted the water condenser.

And that same stony-hearted old censor,
When we speak of the shell-smoke as dense, sir,
Will rule it out straight—
And the same if we state
That some of our non-coms. are denser.

And yet this same rigid old censor
(Whose business must now be immense, sir)
Will let it go through—
Tho' he knows it's not true—
If we tell her our love grows intenser!

But though mostly this rigid old censor
Is a far stiffer bar than a fence, sir,
Yet he let down the rails
For our Christmas mails,
So three jolly good cheers for the censor.

C. D. Mc. (Sergeant).



OUR SAILORS—THE AMPHIBIOUS MAN

Our special correspondent having been permitted the exceptional privilege of obtaining some insight into the work of the Navy, we are enabled to publish the following invaluable article:

BUT was that really he? That stylish pair of khaki-coloured overall trousers ornamented by a serviceable-looking British warm padded tunic of the same excellent material? At first glance it was hard to distinguish him from the dapper-looking foot-gunner, with whom he was engaged in lively conversation. Their words were inaudible to us onlookers, but from what one could gather the foot-gunner was making some interesting comments on the system of naval punnets.

And was this all of the representative of the greatest naval power that ever placed foot upon the land? But as the slacker drew nearer, the flash of illumination came. For there, poised elegantly on the bows of the natty blue trench sou'wester was the emblem of Britain's naval supremacy, the silver anchor in a golden hoop.

"Shiver my corrupted iron!" he was saying—using a phrase I remembered having heard so often as a young sub-midshipman (or "spotty," as they are affectionately known by their seniors) on the old *Hellenger*—when, noting the presence of company, he turned with a polite smile to the intruders and waved his apologies. It was then that one noted the true stamp of the man. He was a sailor every inch of him, from the drop of salt spray that dangled lazily from the tip of his nose to the purple-tinted seaweed that clung affectionately to the soles of his boots; and his speech was laden with that peculiar crispness and alertness which we associate with sailors; they imbibe it from the salt atmosphere of the gun-room and the ward-room. But what struck one most about him was his youthful appearance. "What's What" would probably give his age as 29

Possies

(though he did not look a day more than 28½), and yet from the three bands on his cuff it was obvious to one of the writer's experience in naval matters that he must be a subaltern-commander.

"Is it much like what you thought it would be after all your training?" I asked.

"Yes, pretty much," was the reply, with an oddly reminiscent smile. "Iron is heavier than water, and a pinnace afloat is worth six aground."

Here, I realised, was a man of perception—one who was fitted to guide the destinies of a great nation.

"And the landing of all these vast quantities of stores," I urged; "is not that a great task?"

"We do not land them," he said impressively and decisively, with the air of one closing an argument. "We unship them."

I nodded understandingly. So that, then, was the key to the great mystery.

Lieut. A. L. PROSMANOV,
H.Q. Staff, 20th Siege Bde.
R.G.A.



*A very pleasant
trip in
trouble.*

POSSIES

"POSSIE!" exclaimed the inquiring General. "What is a 'Pousie'?"

"That, sir," said the C.O., "is Australian for recess, either firing or sleeping. It's a contraction of 'position.'"

"Now that's where you're wrong," said the Chief Staff Officer, in a tone which admitted no argument. "Pousie!—p-o—double o-o, Pousie—a small force. Your firing recess is manned by a small force—what?"

And the C.O. was overcome by very great emotion.

"BEN TILLOW."



MR. AEROPLANE

(With compliments to the R.N.A.S. in the Dardanelles)

HURRAH for Mr. Aeroplane,
A-sailin' in the blue;
I'm glad to see you up again—
My compliments to you.

I'm Tommy Brown, Australian,
Who's fightin' here on land;
An', strike me, Mr. Flyin' Man,
I'd like to shake your hand.

Sometimes I feel I'd like to streak
Beside you in the sky;
An' then my nerves go all a-shake
To think you're up so high.

By jingo! how your bloomin' gr't
Must make old Jacko dance;
An' don't be fuso to make a hit,
When given half a chance.



But on you go inquiren',
As if the job were fun,
An' Jacko was a-fein'
A nipper's toy popgun.

Anzac in Egypt

You give the battleships the wink,
They gets their guns to bear;
An' then—oh, strike me blue an'
pink—
Then don't the Turkeys swear!

* * * * *

Ah, well—beyond the hills you go;
We wish you best o' luck.
Remember, all the boys below
Enjoy your bloomin' pluck.

H. G. GARLAND,
10th Anst. Battalion.



ANZAC IN EGYPT

I. MAHOMED—AND AUSTRALIA

MAHOMED was Mahomed. He was also a guide. The confusion meant that he knew everything, and what he didn't know he made up, and what he made up he told so often that at last he believed it.

We were on the usual Nile excursion—made by nearly the whole Australian force at one time or another—to Memphis and Sakkarah.

A tent had been arranged, and Mahomed tried to entertain us on the boat. He did. Knowing our absence from home and wives, he gave us a full account of his three wives, also some obscure, but not uninteresting, details of their feelings towards each other. Each was "a pearl," and he didn't know which was the pearldest. The idyllic peace of Mrs. Mahomed in triplicate was enough to make one a follower of the Prophet.

His next dissertation was on the Koran. But theology doesn't appeal

much to soldiers. Padres have reduced their services to a maximum of twenty minutes. Before long our astute guide recognized a necessity of a change of subject. He gave us riddles—the riddle of the Sphinx; then one could divide equally between two men a ten-gallon flask of water with only three- and seven-gallon flasks to do it with. The best of us took nine moves to do it in; Mahomed did it in five—and looked humble. Then he gave us another: Four men and their wives are on one side of the Nile; and have to pass over to the other; but their jealousy will not allow any man to be alone with a lady not his wife. Mahomed threw this problem at us with an air of triumph. There was the boat, there were the four men, there were the four wives, there was the Nile.

The Nile was certainly there, and our puffing, stodgy steamer had gone two or three miles before we gave it up. We did give it up. Mahomed manipu-

The Anzac Book

tated the ladies and their spouses with ease, landed each on the other side, all conventions being strictly observed.

Then the Pyramids came into view. We were rather tired of the Pyramids. But the guide wasn't. What would a guide be without Pyramids—or the Pyramids without guides? So we heard again all their history. Each new Mahomed throws in a thousand years or two more or less. But what is a thousand years in Egypt?

We were tiring of the Pyramids. Mahomed started on the other bank—Napoleon, Napoleon's towers, Napoleon's granaries, Napoleon's fortifications.

Now there is a limit to all things. We could stand Mount Island; we could listen to the accounts of Pharaohs, Pyramids, Sphinxes, and Mrs. Sphinxes. But Napoleon? Napoleon hadn't even known Australia.

However, Mahomed was wound up. He was inspired. He was even intro-

pid. What if the infidel dogs did cut down his backbreak; they should have the whole story. So the British (and the Australians) in Egypt went to the wall. Napoleon reigned. He got it all.

It was then that our youngest subaltern put in an arm under-arm, and Mahomed hit out!

"Yes, we know all that about Napoleon," said the sub., "but what about Sir George Reid?"

We waited breathless. Was it a boundary hit or a catch at point?

"Oh," said Mahomed, "I know all about Saint George Reid. He a great man. There is his mound over there."

"Ah!" we exclaimed. And then, with happy inspiration, someone asked, "Is he dead?"

"Oh, yes; dead a hundred years. Saint George Reid, a very good and great man. He has a fine tomb. If a sick man goes there, he gets cured quickly."

We tipped Mahomed generously.

C.

2. ANZAC IN ALEX

I HARDLY think old Beni's little wineshop in Alexandria will be known to many of the A.N.Z.A.C., or to many Alexandrians for that matter. But in case any of you find yourselves ever in Alexandria again, this is how you will discover it:

Standing at the head of the Rue Cherif Pasha—everyone in Alexandria knows the Rue Cherif Pasha who knows anything at all about the place—with the Kodak Company's fine shop

on your right hand and His Britannic Majesty's fine Caracol on your left, you could reach it in three bomb-throws, if the last of the three happened to be a "googly" and swerved in from the off, just round the corner into the Rue Attarine. So, you see, it is right opposite the Attarine Mosque; and as you sit of an evening at Beni's doorway, smoking his cigarettes, with his wine at your elbow, and watch the motley, polyglot crowd ceaselessly passing, you have your eyes always coming back to

Anzac in Alex

the carved and inlaid door of the old temple, and up the graceful minaret into the great lift of a night sky glorified with such liquid gold of stars that memory of herself will take you back to many a mellow night when stars of even more molting loveliness bent above you in your own homeland down South.

But you never saw such a restless crowd in an Australian or New Zealand street as this double line of dapper Europeans and of sallow Egyptians, Syrians, Armenians and hungry-looking Greeks, threading the low swirl of khaki tunics and Arab rags. And ever and anon the stream elbowed before your "garry-driver's" long-drawn "Haash" (tired out), to let pass some official dignitary or some riotous party of kangaroos, or some landowner, red-tailed officer of the regular staff, or maybe 'tis an even more handsome and stalwart private of the ranks, beside some dear, dainty, winsome thing under one of those little fly-away hats, with that dark kiss-curl clinging close to her cheek—you know exactly the kind of maid and the kind of evil I mean.

And still the tall, quiet minaret and the broad, quiet heaven seem to lean together; and one grows pensive sitting at Beni's narrow door of a summer evening.

Old Beni himself is a brick little Italian, doubtless of middle age. I think it must have been as a mark of affection that we called him "Old Beni," for his hair still keeps something of its youthful brown. He has not a word of English and about two of French, but you know at once from his open, sunny face that, like most of his compatriots, he has a heart of gold:

and, at a price to fit a tankard's pocket, he keeps a Chinshi that is first-rate.

It was Tillet who found him for us. Tillet is a New Zealand Medical Corpsman, grey-headed, full of years and the experience they have brought him; equally at ease in French, Italian and Spanish from his early life on the Continent, and a dabbler in Greek and German by way of diversion; but so quiet and unassuming withal, and so rarely confidential about himself and his affairs, that we knew little of him beyond that he was at that time doing odd jobs of banding for the drivers of a New Zealand battery withdrawn from the Peninsula. For in he was a most likeable chap, an excellent interpreter when our mediocre French failed, and—his chief merit—the discoverer of Beni and his tavern. With a palate tormented by stewed fish and the heavy cushion beer beloved of the yokels of Old England, he had traversed wellnigh every quarter of Alexandria in vain quest of the cheap and honest draught wine that he knew must be there somewhere, and yet must be neither that so very "ordinaire" red wine of France, nor yet the wretched "health wines" of Greece, that every in their tang memories of the physician and the sick-bed of our pre-war days. And between him and Old Beni there had grown up quite a sincere affection, apart altogether from Chinshi at P.T. 1 per glass.

It was delightful, the pastime that went on whenever any of us arrived without Tillet. With a countenance full of anxious solicitude, Beni would point vaguely out into the night, carry his forefinger to his own grey head, and then up would go his

The Anzac Book

eyebrows in interrogation. This we knew to mean, "Where is our friend of the grey hair that you are here tonight without him?" And one of us would answer by laying his face to the table and snoring heavily or in comic sentry-go along the passage. Oh, but it was good to see the smile that broke and beamed across his honest face, with his pleasure at finding himself intelligible to his country's allies.

The rest of those allies, so far as our coterie was concerned, were a sergeant of the Ceylon Tea planters, back from Gallipoli in charge of his company's horses, and a Major of that gallant, reckless band whose "*Komati! Komati!*" rang along those hills in August—well-born and well-educated, in physique strong and useful, but with movements as quick and sure as a cat's. In this tanned army only the full lips and the slightly flattened nose betrayed his origin.

He and I had been friends at the more New Zealand 'varsity, but, like so many of the best of his race, he was no "sticker," and in the third year of his medical course he had side-tracked himself on troubled studies of mind and consciousness and refused to carry on with his dull public health and medical jurisprudence. Since leaving 'varsity he had been living on his means, he told me, spending most of his time in wandering. Napier, the

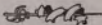
tea-planter of Ceylon, was your well-bred, clean-limbed, rather aggressively healthy-minded young Englishman.

These three, at any rate, were the centre of that bright little knot of friends that, in a three months' stay in Alexandria, had drifted and stuck together in a community of tastes and ideas and downright liking for one another. And though one or other of us might be held by night pickets, or C.R., or on visits to our hospitable French and Italian friends, yet on any night of the week, from seven till midnight, you would find two or three of us fogethered at the back of the little shop in the shadow of the great black casks and behind the wooden grille that, while allowing us from the dim interior a clear view of the street, yet shut us off effectively from the eyes of the night patrol. For it was before Sir John Maxwell's "*Iron Law of waking time*" that we held our evening *chez* Beni, and it was safe to wager that something was afoot if we went home by any but the 1.10 a.m. train for Ramleh, or by carriage even later.

But those were our *palmy* days in Alexandria—the days before the swarms of Tommyes came, and our pockets began to empty, and an officious picket in the fullness of its own importance went farther afield than Sisters Street and patrolled the whole town in its lumbering motor-wagons. . . .

L. J. Ivory,

4th Howitzer Battery N.Z.F.A.



GREY SMOKE

OLD pipe! old comrade! friend o' mine,
Have I then made you sad? Or is it just
That you and I've been drinking wine,
Embittered by this dull grey day; or must
It be that you too know
That smoke and hopes "grey" both may go?

Grey smoke of yours, grey thoughts o' mine,
Seem strangely both in one accord to-day,
Perhaps it is that croon-song of the pine,
Recalling memories dear and far away—
Or is it that this grey day's mystic spell
Foretells the end of hope and smoke in Hell?

Ah, no! old pipe, methinks this grey day
 came
To trumpet such as you and I to stand
The small and weary problems of life's
 game,
And learn to cheer another one, whose
 hand
Has groped in vain, and vainly gropes
For better things than grey-like smoke
 and
 greyer hopes.
R. G. N., 11th Ann. A.S.C.





A WAIL FROM ORDNANCE

WERE only in the Ordnance,
Not troopers of the line;
We don't attack no enemy,
Nor in the papers shine.
We just wait here from morn till night,
Expectin' those 'ere shells
That makes our lives, what were so
bright,
So many earthly 'ells.

We 'ad our underpants and socks,
And boots and coats galore,
To them as gives and takes hard knocks
An' soon gets used to war.
We keep their clothing up to tick,
Equip and arm 'em, too;
We rig out the returning sick
Almost as good as new.

They blew us from our depot south
A bit along the beach,
We humped our bloecs, nothing loath,
And settled out of reach.

Our store grew large and prosperous,
We laughed at Turk and Hun,
Until they trained on us one day
A blasted four-point-one.

Each morning they put in a few
To bring us from our beds,
From time to time the whole day
through

They make us duck our heads,
One eye is cocked for cover,
And one ear is for the whin,
An', until the fun is over, we
Postpone our daily bin.

Now, when the war is over,
And we return to peace,
Though we may live in clover,
Enjoying lives of ease—
A striking clock will wake us,
A blow-out make us run,
And cry again our old refrain:
"Gott straf' that four-point-one!"

Lieut. KINSMONTH,
A.O.C.



Young Officer: "Haw, haw, no shave?"
Australian: "Ha, ha, ha — jaw!"

Vol. I
No. III
A.D. 5

Exhausting beyond
measure - more and
more supply needed to
keep the fire burning
in the morning heat, being
a very early start of
the day.

Full month's supply
of food and water
is being carried in
by the army, and
the army is now
in a position to
hold out for some
time, but the
supply is not
infinite.



THE ONE THAT
DIDN'T WRITE IT

THE NEW WARRIOR

A GOOD IDEA

My table from Copenhagen, July 3

Our mission here, as indicated by the title, is to provide the British people with the facts of the situation in the East, and to bring a few British people to the aid of the British people.

The English people, who have been so long in the East, are now in a position to provide the British people with the facts of the situation in the East, and to bring a few British people to the aid of the British people.

A report from the East, that the British people have been so long in the East, are now in a position to provide the British people with the facts of the situation in the East, and to bring a few British people to the aid of the British people.

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GOOD FRIENDS SOME OF THEM



CHAPTER II

Let us see what the world is like. The world is a very different place from what it was. The world is a very different place from what it was.

Let us see what the world is like. The world is a very different place from what it was. The world is a very different place from what it was.

The above is a free-will (albeit reduced) of my grandson's contemporary, Eileen Old, chiefly composed and edited by Sir John, M.A., formerly editor of the *Free Press*. The *Free Press* appeared during June and July, 1915, and circulated in the 1st Australian Division.

DAVID BARKER —



OUR REPTILE CONTEMPORARY

Drawn by DAVID BARKER

THE BOOK OF ANZAC CHRONICLES

I. THE FLOOD

AND it came to pass that King Hun called together his mighty men and said unto them :

2. " Behold I have dreamed dream, and the Gost of Boats hath peared unto me and said :

3. "' Bring together all your ships of the sea, your wealth of the land, and our mighty men of valour, including our first-born.

4. "' For I say unto you, now is the Day.

5. "' Ye shall go forth to battle against the kingdoms of the earth to wage war against all who do not bow down to thee and call thee " The One."

6. "' For I have decreed that thou shalt rule the earth to the uttermost corners of it.

7. "' Let thou and thy son take but ix days' rations in your haversacks, for on the seventh day thou shalt dine at the Palace of the Buckinghamites with the King of the Allyites as thy men elderly.

8. "' Forget not thy pounce nor thy tooth-brush, neither shalt thou cave behind thy gages nor thine iron stions, for thou mayest have need of them.

9. "' And go ye forth to kill and plunder ; spare none, but put all to the

sword ; and put your trust in yourself alone—and—er, myself, if it so please thee.

10. "' For this is The Day."

11. And all his mighty men bowed down to him and said : " O King, live for ever ; verily thou hast truly said, and thy kingdom shall extend to the ends of the earth and the heavens and to the depths of the sea."

12. So King Hun blew his bags out, smote him on the chest, and called aloud, saying, " I am IT."

13. And the same day he brought together all his legions of men and his ships of the sea and all the wealth of the land : for they were all ready.

14. And they counted and found unpteen million men of valour, two ships, seventeen anchors, fourteen shillings and fivepence in gold, unpteen billion rolls of paper money and eightyquintillion gas.

15. But they left the two ships at home, fastened to the seventeen anchors.

16. And the King-of-all-the-Hans said, " It is enough, DMSHEE!"*

* Indeed is the Arabic for " enough." The Australian Corps, which had so far comprised 30,000, is only to stand back to Gallipoli, and this was very on April 25—Eton.

The Anzac Book

17. So they indeed.

18. Now, it came to pass that the Huns ran amok both East and West, North and South, and their cry was "Strike!" and "Ber-lud!" and they got both in abundance.

19. For they threw themselves on the neighbouring villagers, breaking through the back gate without warning, and slaying the watchdog and the pig, the husbandman and his wife, the baby and the nurse, the cat and the canary.

20. Now even did the Boy-about-the-place have time to reach his six-gun from off the shelf; for the Mad Man hurried not to wipe its sword, but only to quench its blood-hat and its thirst.

21. And when they had laid waste all that land, they boiled over into the next.

22. But it came to pass that by this time the cries of murder and children in torment had reached far and wide, and before another sun had set two men met the hordes of Huns.

23. And the Huns lifted up their heavy eyes and asked, "Gott strike, but who saw dis dat do dey stob our leeffle gause?"

24. And the Man-from-the-west

with the strong arm and the iron jaw proclaimed to the multitude.

25. "I am K. of K., and THIS IS THE END OF THE SECTION."

26. And the Butchers all lifted up their voices with one accord, saying, "Gott sh-sh-trief," and "Hie, Ber-lud."

27. But the Huns stopped, yes, verily.

28. And so it came to pass that the King of the Huns dined not at the Palace of the Buckinghamites with the King of the Albytes as his mess orderly—neither on the sixth day nor in the sixth year.

29. But the King of the Huns and Little Willie ate their iron rations instead.

30. And the flood was over the face of the earth for many days and many nights till the Mighty Winds arose and drove it back.

31. And behold, the King of the Huns said unto himself, "Verily, it was a dream, and instead of 'The Day' is now nothing but 'The Night.'"

32. So he fell asleep.

33. And great was the fall thereof.

GENESIS GALLIPOLI.

2. THE BOOK OF JOBS

AND it came to pass that on the seventh day of the week of the fourth month of the year, being the twenty-fifth Sunday after the Melbourne Cup, there journeyed forth from the land of the Greeks, yclept Lemnos, a mighty host.

2. And "Birdy" commanded them, saying, "Take from the Turks the land

of Gallipoli, that we may occupy it. Possess yourselves also of the command of the Narrows, that all who are free may enter."

3. Therefore, the Colonels, Majors and Captains took heed, and after much lengthy pore-wowing issued to their men this edict: "Hear ye, men of Australia and New Zealand, what the

The Book of Anzac Chronicles

"Bess" hath commanded. Ye shall girdle yourselves about with ammunition, and, after landing as usual, make assault upon the hills and valleys of Gallipoli, which the sons of Atahd do hold to our detriment."

4. To the Ninth, and the Tenth, and the Eleventh, and the Twelfth Battalions of foot soldiers this follower of Meled addressed himself thus: "Prepare ye the track that the First, Second and other Brigades, even your comrades, may make peaceful footing. And each man take with him a first field-dressing and two days' rations, for we knew not what difficulties we might encounter."

5. And to the Army Medical Corps likewise he addressed himself, commanding them to attend to the weak, the injured and the weary, and lo! his words were not in vain, for the land was treacherous and harboured many pitfalls.

6. And it came further to pass that the enemy proved themselves "hard-boiled"; yea, verily, they were a stubborn folk, for they had bided unto themselves dug-outs and trenches on the land of their forefathers, and were aware of the coming of the invader.

7. But "Hedie's" host were of the hills and dales; men of much cunning and resourcefulness.

8. Therefore, without the flourish of trumpet, they called forth to the right, and to the left, and the center.

9. And they did that which was right in the sight of the "Bess," for they used their "Blocks" and held the ground, which seemed impossible to those not possessed of faith in his judgment.

10. And on the day of the twenty-sixth, and of the twenty-seventh, and

on succeeding days, they did also build trenches, and hornet holes into the earth like unto the rabbit, that they might abide safely, for it was further commanded that this should be done.

11. Now it came to the ears of the Chief, and it was a true saying, that the Valley of Shampel was even as Gelenna, brought with many dangers to the unwary. Therefore it was commanded that the planners should prepare a track crooked, making it thereby difficult, yea, insurmountable.

12. And when this and many tasks were completed, the First, the Second, the Third and the other Brigades of human pack-horses, so that the good work might be continued, were reinforced by a multitude of those who are known as the Lost Horse Regiments.

13. And lo! the host of Hedie's flourished amazingly, even to the extent of rum and porridge.

14. By this time, being the twelfth month of the same year, it waxed "plucky" cold, even unto a fall of snow, and the terrible Land of Jacko did breed much "flu" and "pneu," and it did seem as though the plagues of the ancient Gypsoes had descended upon them.

15. But the Iodine Infantry were magnanimous with their potions; thus in our generation the sick were cured of their suffering, and the hosts of Gilead descended upon them.

16. At the time of the eleventh month of the same year as this is written a Chief of the Riders journeyed from afar to take counsel with his chiefs, and, by his guiding, smooth out and make plain the difficulties which had beset their path.

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17. This accomplished, it was given unto "Bodie" that he should command all, excepting only the good ship *Argon*, which contains such a heterogeneous mass as that good ship of Noah's did contain.

18. Now, the rest of the Acts of Kitchener, and all that he did and said, have they not been written in the *Paninsula Press* and other vaporous

rags, erstwhile our "filthy contemporaries"?

19. Heed ye all of this, ye who dwell in the Antipodes, for the time is nigh when the clouds of war shall lift and we may abide in halcyon peace; for this is the *Dinkum Book of Jobs*, as will be written in the Book of Revelations.

W. R. WEHART,

No. 1 Aust. Stat. Hosp., Anzac.

3. THE PERFECTLY TRUE PARABLE OF THE SEVEN EGYPTIANS

NOW a multitude of Egyptians journeyed unto Anzac, even nigh unto the seats of the mighty. And when they had come unto the place whereto it was written they should rest, they took counsel one with the other, saying, "Lo, behold, we have no light."

2. Then one, more bold than the rest, journeyed forth to gather fuel that peradventure had been washed to the beach and had escaped the claws of Apollyon, the Camp Commandant. And after he had scoured a while he raised his eyes and praised Allah. For near to the waters he found a tin can having a wick, like unto the lamps of his forefathers, even from the days of the Prophet. And straightway he returned to his companions, saying:

"Rejoice with me, for Allah has been beautiful and I have had good fortune." Thus saying, he kindled the lamp, but it would not burn. And he kindled it a second time, but still the lamp refused to give her light. Then they cast it into the fire, and they all gathered round to enjoy the light and warmth thereof.

3. And it came to pass that while they yet warmed their hands there was heard a mighty crash, and of the "Gyppies" that remained were picked up seven stretchers full.

4. Verily it is not meet at Anzac to put to "base" uses such joo-tin bombs and other trifles as Apollyon abandoneth, even when you find them kicking about on the seashore.

Capt. A. ALCOCK,

No. 1 A. S. Hospital.

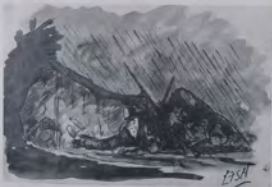




" — THAT FLEA!! "



Australian sees Snow for the first time
 Drawn by B. H. C. PRICE



This is the Life
 Drawn by L. F. J. ROBE

THE SILENCE

THIS is indeed a false,
false sight;

There's not a soldier sleeps,
But like a ghost stands to his post.

While Death through the
long day creeps.

There's an eerie flung spell
o'er all—

A murmur from the sea;
And not a sound on the hills
around—

Say, what will the silence
be?

Private R. J. GOSWART,
7th Aust. Field Amb.



THE GROWL

THEY told us w'en we 'bated
We'd have a lot to hear—
There was 'ardships, good and plenty,
And a chance to "do and dare."
An' since lobbing 'ere at Anzac
We've 'ad a scarp or three,
But wot we've goin' croak for is,
There's only tea for tea.

We can take our "lean ration,"
Tho' they 'and 'em out like 'Ell,
An' we'd charge the Maskey Turkeys
Thro' a casknet of shell!
But wot marks in more than any
Is to 'ear the sergeant say:
"The sea's too rough to land our
stores;
There ain't no jam to-day!"

When we're stuck up in the trenches,
W'ere the shells is fallin' thick,
And Johnny Turk's machine-guns
Does the interviewin' trick,
We give 'em all they gave us,
And a bit of interest, too,
But w'y don't someone tell 'em
We're just perakin' for stoo!

We lays down in the open
W'en our "hivies" * ain't dug,
The rain comes down in rivers,
And we're anythink but snug;
We "stand to" 'arf the blossom
night,
But the whole of that is naught,
If they'd give us all we wanted
Of the steak wot comes to port.

W'en it rains they give us lime juice,
W'en it's 'ot they give us rum;
The baccy don't arrive because
The mule train didn't come,
The mail is 'arf a day be'ind,
And w'en it comes to light,
We blusky well can't read it,
'Cause it's dark as Egypt's night.

But, anyway, that's roosin',
You don't want to 'eod our 'owl;
They say as 'ow a soldier
'As a perfect right to growl,
If it's bully beef till Domesday,
We ain't goin' to make a fuss—
So long as we can lick the Turks,
That's good enough for us.

* Hivies—dynamite, stunner.

E. M. SMITH,
27th Battalion.

MY LADY NICOTINE

(With thanks to all givers of cigarettes)

THE hills of old Gallipoli
Are barren and austere,
And fairy folk, unhappily,
Are few indeed out there.

But one I know whose industry
Both night and day is seen,
For all attest her ministry—
My Lady Nicotine.



"APRICOT AGAIN!"

Drawn by DAVID BARKER

The Raid on London

I do not pen unfeelingly
These random lines of thanks,
For I, in old Gallipoli,
Am fighting in the ranks.

However long the day may be
Or cold the watch of night,
My lady drags unceasingly
The road to the respite.

Her gift is small and seemingly
Of little value, yet
It teaches me so charmingly
To think and to forget.

So I send these along with one
In all this dreary scene
Unite in giving thanks to thee,
My Lady Nicotine.

H. G. GARLAND



THE RAID ON LONDON

A Modern Chronicle by Private PAT RIOT

ENGLAND has been conquered by Julius Cæsar, William of Normandy, surely (but not quite) by William of Germany, and, lastly, by plain Bill of Australia. And of the three it is clear that the conquest of Australian Bill was the most successful of all, when it is remembered that at the time of his triumphant entry into London he was not the man he is: he was sick and wounded. He did not invade the city with his shield in front of him. He was carried on it; he came a conqueror on crutches.

Private Bill Kangaroo was a lanky, sunny bushman who, when a certain foreign militarism went mad and the band began to play the concert of Europe, read between the lines of his newspaper, thought a bit, saddled his brumby, and rode for the nearest town that ran a railway, staying there just long enough for a final shout. He

passed the doctor easily, took a quite imaginary oath (for sure) to do his job as a soldier, and went into camp.

How Private Bill made his kangaroo-like leap up the ridges of Gallipoli has been told by a war correspondent to a public which had, up till then, been vaguely aware of his existence as a poor relation from a South Sea Island. It is fairly certain that future historians will teach that Australia was discovered not by Captain Cook, explorer, but by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, war correspondent. Anyhow, the finding and exploration of the territory is not in the same continent as the discovery and exploration of its people, and Bill has seen the correspondent in the trenches, and regards him with much more curiosity than ever he regarded the quondam explorer. But he was unconcerned with these things, and was acting co-correspondent in the case of Crescent v. Southern Cross when a

The Anzac Book

sniper's bullet hit him in the neck and put him out of count. A hospital ship brought him to the City of London.

London first came to know him through the medium of its most useful person, the policeman. Bill had no love for a policeman as a reader of *Right Acts*, but he developed quite an affection for him as a *Police* of the Way. "I've bashed" became a familiar greeting between them, and the Kangaroo was never disappointed when he strolled across the street to ask P.C. 40 the way he should go. A London motor-bus might have done what a Turkish bullet failed to do if the man in blue had not stopped the traffic and played the part of pilot to him. The raised hand that held up the stream only for royal persons was lifted for the striding soldier from the South, and the women laughed at the bushman. To be "bashed" in the heart of London became a common experience with him, and one had a suspicion that notorious taxicab drivers often took advantage of his innocence of locality to drive him in circles before dropping him at his destination, perhaps five minutes from the starting place. It was the shortness of city distances that puzzled him, and he was amazed to find names that were historical and household words 12,000 miles away home by quite unpretentious streets and lanes. When English people learned that he had travelled 1,000 miles to pass a doctor and join the Army, they gasped and said he must be joking.

What a class war failed to do, a race war has done. The poor and their patrons, noblemen gentle and simple, vied with each other in doing hospitably by the private soldier who had

climbed the heights that commanded a view of the Past and the Future. In the stately homes of England, Bill (in the servant's phrase) met the "big guns" as "one of themselves," and was astonished at the surprise this caused. But he was amused, in turn, when the servants told him they had been in the house ten years. With many embellishments, he assured them that a girl in service in Sydney would think she earned the house if she stopped so long in one place.

To Bill, going into the Carlton or the Hotel Cecil wasn't sitting in the seats of the mighty, but just the same as entering the pub at Yunglarrah, and he wandered in these places without any desire to "cut a dash." He approved of the costly surroundings, but when he saw the mailman of the glasses put before him, Bill sat in the seats of the secondhand. He really enjoyed himself better in that inn where he found a group of Cockney cronies. The landlord had to respond repeatedly to his "Fill 'em up again," and Bill afterwards declared it to be the cheapest night's fun in the town.

Parsimonious people would say that Bill Kangaroo didn't know the value of money, for it took him some time to appreciate the small coins of the realm at their face value. He thought it looked mean to keep on asking, "How much?" and when seeing the sights of the city he always pulled out silver more than sufficient to cover expenses. The pennies he received in change soon filled his pocket, and at first he gave them away; but as he saw that he would soon be penniless, he would go into one of those places described as being "strictly within the meaning of the Act," and surreptitiously ask the

The Raid on London

barman if he could do with change. His dislike of the base metal and a habit of tipping in silver had fair to earn for him the nickname of the "Silver King." Tipping he reckoned a curse, but, knowing that many men lived by tips alone, he passed the coin quite as readily as he disliked the practice. Bill never bought in the cheapest market to sell in the dearest; he didn't think it "on the square."

His greatest adventure was the Zeppelins. Seated in a theatre one evening, he heard a woof! And just after that a second one, closer a third, a fourth, and then a fifth just outside. Woof! Crash! Men and women began to rush for the doors, until the man who rose to the occasion on that memorable 25th rose to this one, and shouted above the tumult of falling glass and tramping feet that it was safer in than out, and that if they kept their seats all would be well. The actresses on the stage, though quaking with fright, stuck pluckily to their parts until the final act. Bill himself wanted dearly to go out and see the infernal machines and their effect, but, for

example's sake, he stayed till order was restored, when he slipped out of the building.

What he saw outside filled him with thankfulness that he was a soldier, helping to smash the raiders and their kind. Wandering down the street, past great gaping holes in the roadway, an overturned motor-bus and worse wrecked buildings, he found himself on the Embankment, and then on the bridge, where he saw a damaged arch of masonry. He sat down to think, little dreaming that he was fulfilling Marnsey's prophecy concerning the man from "down under" sitting on the ruins of London Bridge.

Bill's fudgough was finished shortly after this; his raid terminated with that of the Zeppelins. He was glad to return to the front; and he knows now that, in waiting in the penning of Prussia, he is fighting for more things than ever he thought of when he took the oath of allegiance.

But he vows that when the job is done he will again visit the land of his father's fathers, and toast it in a big, big toast.

9th Battalion.

SING!

TROOPER SING, of the 2nd Light Horse Brigade, on the right, was said to have sniped his two hundredth Turk.

But his name and fame had not spread all around the lines, for a Staff Officer, in visiting the snipers of Quinn's Post, came upon a Light Horseman who, very justifiably, was

passing himself upon having definitely hit twelve of the enemy.

"Did you hear that fellow Sing on the right of the line?" began the Staff Officer.

"Well, sir, they don't sing in front of me," put in the Quinn's Post man promptly. "They're too b—— well frightened!"

ANOTHER ATTEMPT AT AN ANZAC ALPHABET

- A** was the *Anguish* that spread o'er my face
When I saw the remarkable look of the place.
- B**'s "*Bushy Bill*," who fired at my ship—
Punctured the funnel and gave me the "pip."
- C** was the "*Crump*" that went by with a screech
As I jumped from a lighter and fell on the beach.
- D** was the *Daring* I failed to display
When fragments of shrapnel came whizzing my way.
- E** was *Earth* which I found in my hair
As I woke in the morning and crawled from my lair.
- F** were the *Fleas*, and also the *Flies*,
Who feed on a fellow wherever he lies.
- G** were the *Gripes* that gripped me within—
The result of commodities packed in a tin.
- H** was the *Hole* that a howitzer made;
It would take me an hour to fill in with a spade.
- I** was the *Idiot* who stuck up my head
Before I was taught to take cover instead.
- J** was the *Jam* with our rations and rum—
We found it was almost invariably "*Phum*."
- K** was the *Knowledge* I quickly acquired
Of hiding whenever the enemy fired.

Another Attempt at an Anzac Alphabet

L was the *Loose* that lurked in my vest,
Reconnoitred my person, and tickled my chest.

M was the *Monitor*, firing at night,
Which kept me awake when "shore" didn't bite.

N was the "Night stunt," with trembling heart,
Expecting each moment the Maxims would start.

O's the *O.O.**: let's give him a cheer—
It isn't his fault that nothing comes here.

P are the *Piers*—see them shiver and shake
Whenever a launch makes a wash with her wake.

Q stands for "Quick," to the tunnel we dash
When a horrible missile explodes with a crash.

R are the *Ramours* we hear every day
That the Turkish sword has quite faded away.

S is the gilded *Staff Officer*—who
Censors my letters and tears them in two.

T is the *Tache* that drones in the sky
(Thank goodness, I haven't been ordered to fly!)

U is the *Underground* say we expand—
There's a two-penny tube to the Narrows in hand.

V is for Victory. How we shall sing
Rule, O Britannia, and God Save the King!

W the *Wire* we put round our works—
We generally find that it's pinched by the Turks.

X the "X-periments" made with a bomb—
A neat little cross on a nice little tomb.

Y in the world have I ever been placed
In a trench of cold water right up to my waist?

Z is the *zule* corps recruited from Zion,
Bearers of water and rations of iron.

"Unspex," 21st Indian Mtn. Battery.

* *Quintessence Officer*.

TO SARI BAIR

DID Ari Burnu, Sari Bair,
With lips of hot desire,
And clutch your skirts in wild despair
At your disdainful lee?

Oh, Sari Bair, with frowning brow
And flinty breasts of stone—
Fierce Anne breathes a fiery vow,
Thou art for him alone.

To drive your Abdul from his lair,
He comes in peevish array;
And loud he swears, and when he
swears
The Turkish hosts give way.

Dear goddess, wise in ancient lore,
Let Abdul curse the Hun;
The waning Crescent fades before
Australia's Rising Sun.

But cheer up, poor old Sari Bair,
And smile 'midst battle smoke,
For Anne, wild of eye and hair,
Is quite a decent bloke.

"BEN TELLOW,"
10th Aust. Battalion.



ON WATER FATIGUE

I'D like to get the Hun who sends
The little bits of shell
Which buzz around as wearily
I top that blooming hill.
He only does his duty,
But say only shirt I'd sell
For half a chance to give the cun
A non-return to H——!

Trooper GEORGE H. SMITH,
7th Light Horse.



Sergeant (during wet weather): "Hallo, my lad, have you got nails in your boots?"

Slowly Freezing Australian: "Well, I'm that — could I hardly know if I've got nails in my feet."



On Water Fatigue: "No more!"

NEWS ITEM



The Turkish extremity was
blocked on our left—



A Cherry Optimist

WHEN IT'S ALL OVER...

WE were finished with the fightin', we were finished with the war,
And the dove of peace looked healthier than e'er she did before;
For the Allies put the aid on the Hohenzollern crowd,
And they piled the coats on William when they knew they had him
cowed.

But we didn't care a cussword if his soul were saved or sold;
We were bound for home and beauty, and the wanderlust was cold.

Yes, we dream of home and Mother, and of Dad and Sister May,
And the girls who used to know us, waitin' half a world away;
And we're wantin' but to find them just the same and nothin' more—
Just the same old dear old home-folks that we knew before the war.
And I'm hoping they'll be looking for the boy that used to be,
Not a hero with a halo for the crowd to come and see.

Oh! I've started to read the phrases that the writers coined for us—
"Deathless heroes—lasting glory," and the other foolish fuss;
For we're simple sinful soldiers, and we're often rude and rough,
And our characters ain't altered since we donned the khaki stuff,
("Smithy" terms this "the outpourin's of an overburdened soul,"
But I'd like to stuff a blanket in that long-offendin' hole.)

As I gaze on Bill, our cobbler,* sure I smile a little smile,
For his happy, carefree nature doesn't fit the poet's style;
No, he don't resemble Caesar in his looks or in his speech,
Nor Napoleon nor Cromwell—why, they ain't within his reach.
He's a decent sort of cobbler, but he doesn't push a claim
To be classed "a gallant guardian of Britain's honoured name."

I've a grouse on jingo writers and the poets and them all,
Who have placed us common persons on a public pedestal;
Will they dust our coats and speak to us and help us when we fall,
Or paste a different label on us—something very small?
It's their fault I'm entertaining just a tiny little dread
That our friends may want a hero with a halo round his head.

HARRY MCCANN,
4th A.L.H.

* Cobler—Antithesis for a well liked and tested job.

SPECIAL A. & N. Z. A. C. ORDERS

The following are some of the "special orders" issued on suitable occasions to the officers and men of the A. & N. Z. Army Corps.

I. THE LANDING

AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND ARMY CORPS

April, 1915.

OFFICERS AND MEN.—In connection with the Navy, we are about to undertake one of the most difficult tasks any soldier can be called on to perform, and a problem which has puzzled many soldiers for years past. That we will succeed I have no doubt, simply because I know your full determination to do so. Lord Kitchener has told us that he lays special stress on the rôle the Army has to play in this particular operation, the success of which will be a very severe blow to the enemy—indeed, as severe as any he could receive in France. It will go down to history as the glory of the soldiers of Australia and New Zealand. Before we start, there are one or two points which I must impress on all, and I must earnestly beg every single man to listen attentively and take these to heart.

We are going to have a real hard and rough time of it with, at all events, we have turned the enemy out of our first objective. Hard, rough time none of us mind, but to get through these successfully we must always keep before us the following facts. Every possible endeavour will be made to bring up transport as often as possible; but the country whither we are bound is very difficult, and we may not be able to get our weapons anywhere near us for days, so men must not think their wants

have been neglected if they do not get all they want. On landing it will be necessary for every individual to carry with him all his requirements in food and clothing for three days, as we may not see our transport till then. Remember then that it is essential for everyone to take the very greatest care not only of his food, but of his ammunition, the replenishment of which will be very difficult. Men are liable to throw away their food the first day out and to finish their water bottles as soon as they start marching. If you do this now, we can hardly hope for success, as unless men cannot fight, and you must make an effort to try and refrain from starting on your water bottles until quite late in the day. Once you begin drinking you cannot stop, and a water bottle is very soon emptied.

Also as regards ammunition—you must not waste it by firing away indiscriminately at no target. The time will come when we shall find the enemy in well extended positions from which we shall have to turn them out, when all our ammunition will be required; and remember,

Conserve ammunition whenever possible,

Conserve fire always.

Control of fire and control of your men,

Communications never to be neglected;

W. R. BEECHWOOD.

II. THE BATTLES OF AUGUST

SPECIAL ORDER

By General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C.
Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

General Headquarters,
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

September 7, 1915.

The Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, desires formally to record the fine feat of arms achieved by the troops

under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir W. R. Beechwood during the battle of Sari Iram.

The foremost desire of all ranks to close with the enemy, the impetuosity of their onset and the steadfast valour with which they maintained the long struggle, these will surely

Special A. & N. Z. A. C. Orders

make appeal to their fellow-countrymen all over the world.

The gallant capture of the almost impregnable Lone Pine trenches by the Australian Division, and the equally gallant defence of the position against repeated counter-attacks are exploits which will live in history. The determined assaults caused not least other parts of the Australian Division's line some of its most valuable service to the whole force, preventing as they did the movement of large bodies of reinforcements to the northern flank.

The troops under the command of Major-General Sir A. J. Gellie, and particularly the New Zealand and Australian Divisions, were called upon to carry out one of the most difficult military operations that has ever been attempted—a night march and assault by several columns in intricate mountainous country, strongly entrenched, and held by a numerous and deter-

mined enemy. Their brilliant conduct during this operation and the success they achieved have won for them a reputation as soldiers of whom any country must be proud.

To the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, therefore, and to those who were associated with that famous Corps in the battle of Sari Bair—the Maori, Sikhs, Gurkhas, and the new troops of the 19th and 13th Divisions from the Old Country—due due honours are tendered in appreciation of their efforts, his admiration of their gallantry, and his thanks for their achievements. It is an honour to command a force which numbers such men as these in its ranks, and it is the Commander-in-Chief's high privilege to acknowledge that honour.

W. P. BAIRDPAINE,

Major-General,
Chief of the General Staff.

III. ARRIVAL OF 2nd AUSTRALIAN DIVISION, AND SINKING OF THE SOUTHLAND

SPECIAL ARMY CORPS ORDER

ARMY CORPS HEADQUARTERS.

September 7, 1915.

In welcoming the 2nd Australian Division to join the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, the General Officer Commanding, on behalf of all their comrades now serving on the Peninsula, wishes to convey to them our general feeling of admiration for the gallant behaviour of all ranks on board the transport *Southeast*, when that vessel was torpedoed on the 2nd inst.

All the troops of the Empire now serving with the Army Corps have heard with pride of the courage and discipline shown at a moment when the service of the transport was liable to be so highly tried. Not only was there not the slightest confusion on the part of the troops, who quickly fell in prepared to meet whatever fate might be in store for them,

but later on when there was a prospect of the *Southeast* being able to make her way under her own steam, and volunteer stokers were called for, men at once came forward for this duty and successfully helped in getting the *Southeast* into Mafek.

The 2nd Australian Division knows well the high reputation it has to live up to, to carry on the brave deeds done by those who have gone before in the campaign, but with men like these on the *Southeast* we are fully assured that our new comrades are going to prove themselves equal to all ways as the old hands who have fought so well.

C. M. WHEATLEY, Major,
1st Brigade-General, General Staff.

Australian and New Zealand Army Corps.

IV. LORD KITCHENER'S MESSAGE

AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND ARMY CORPS

SPECIAL ARMY CORPS ORDER.

November 25, 1915.

Lord Kitchener has desired me to convey to the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, a message with which he was specially

entrusted by the King in being to our Army Corps.

His Majesty commanded Lord Kitchener to express his high appreciation of the gallant and unflinching conduct of our men through

The Anzac Book

fighting which has been so hard on my yet more during the war, and His Majesty wishes to express his complete confidence in the determination and fighting qualities of our men to meet in carrying this war to an entirely successful termination.

Lord Kitchener has ordered me to express in all the very great pleasure it gave him to have the opportunity, which he considers a privilege, of writing "ANZAC" to me for himself some of the wonderfully good work which has been done by the officers and men of our Army Corps, so it was not until he had himself seen the positions we had captured and took that he was able fully to realize the

magnitude of the work which has been accomplished. Lord Kitchener much regretted that time did not permit of his seeing the whole Corps, but he was very pleased to see a considerable proportion of officers and men, and to find all in such good heart, and so confidently imbued with that grand spirit, which has carried them through all their trials and many dangerous frosts of arms, a spirit which he is quite confident they will maintain to the end, until they have taken their full share in completely overthrowing our enemies.

Days! We may all well be proud to receive such messages, and it is up to all of us to live up to them and prove their truth.

W. R. BROADBENT.

V. GENERAL BIRDWOOD RELINQUISHES COMMAND OF A. & N. Z. ARMY CORPS

SPECIAL ARMY CORPS ORDERS.

ADRIANOPLE AND NEW ZEALAND ARMY CORPS,
December 1, 1915.

REAR,—I cannot tell you how really sorry I am to be leaving "Anzac," as I have to do so staffing over to Army Headquarters.

I have not, however, any intention of saying "Good-bye" to anyone, for I trust it is by no means "Good-bye," as I still hope and intend to see as much of all my old friends in the Army Corps as I possibly can do.

Now am I going to express my thanks to officers and men, even if I could find words to do so. I feel it would only be periphrastic

on my part, for it is for the British Empire to do that; and I will know it will do so.

My one wish is to be able to finish this war alongside of all my old comrades of "Anzac," having begun it together close on a year ago now in Egypt. I sincerely trust that many of us may be spared to see it through together, when the time comes to make an end of our German enemies, though that day may be yet far distant.

W. R. BROADBENT, Lieutenant-General,
Commanding Australian and New Zealand
Army Corps.

VI. THE EVACUATION OF ANZAC

SPECIAL ORDER OF THE DAY

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

December 21, 1915.

The Commander-in-Chief desires to express in all ranks in the Dardanelles Army his unreserved appreciation of the way in which the recent operations, ending in the evacuation of the "Anzac" and "Scaev" positions, have been carried to an issue successful beyond his hopes. The arrangements made for withdrawal, and for keeping the enemy in ignorance of the operations which was taking place, could not have been improved. The General Officer Commanding Dardanelles Army, and the

General Officer Commanding the Australian and New Zealand and 5th Army Corps, may pride themselves on an achievement without parallel in the annals of war. The Army and Corps Staffs, Divisional and subordinate Commanders and their Staffs, and the Naval and Military Beach Staffs, proved themselves more than equal to the most difficult task which could have been thrown upon them. Pugnacious officers, non-committed officers and men carried out, without a hitch, the most trying operation which soldiers can be called upon to undertake—a withdrawal in the face

Special A. & N. Z. A. C. Orders

of the enemy—is a manner reflecting the highest credit on the discipline and soldierly qualities of the troops.

It is an exaggeration to call this achievement one without parallel. To disengage and to withdraw from a bold and active enemy is the most difficult of all military operations; and in this case the withdrawal was effected by surprise, with the opposing forces at close grips—in many cases within a few yards of each other, such an operation, when succeeded by a re-embarkation from an open beach, is one for which military history contains no precedent.

During the past months the troops of Great Britain and Ireland, Australia and New Zealand, Newfoundland and India fighting side by side, have invariably proved their superiority over the enemy, have contained the best fighting troops in the Ottoman Army in their front, and have prevented the Germans from employing their Turkish allies against us elsewhere.

No soldier relishes undertaking a withdrawal from before the enemy. It is hard to leave behind the gains of good comrades, and to relinquish positions as hardy won and so gallantly maintained as these we have left. But all ranks in the Dardanelles Army will realise that in this matter they were but carrying out the orders of His Majesty's Government, so that they might in due course be more usefully employed in fighting elsewhere for their King, their Country, and the Empire.

There is only one consideration—what is best for the furtherance of the common cause. In that spirit the withdrawal was carried out, and in that spirit the Australian and New Zealand and the 9th Army Corps have proved, and will continue to prove, themselves second to none as soldiers of the Empire.

A. LEVEGUE BELL, Major-General,
Chief of the General Staff,
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.



VII.
**THE FOLLOWING TELEGRAMS ARE PUBLISHED
FOR INFORMATION :**

December 20, 1915.

1. FROM HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

It gives me the greatest satisfaction to hear of the successful evacuation of "Seyin" and "Aetac" without loss of troops or guns. Please convey to General Birdwood and those under his command my congratulations upon the able manner in which they have carried out so difficult an operation.

GEORGE, R.I.

December 21, 1915.

2. TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

I have communicated your Majesty's gracious message to General Birdwood and the Australian Army. In their behalf and my own I beg to give expression to the deep gratitude felt by all ranks of your Majesty's encouraging words of congratulation. The troops are only inspired by a desire to be employed again as soon as possible whenever

their services may be said to best advantage against your Majesty's enemies.

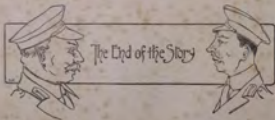
Sir CHARLES MUIRAN,

Commander-in-Chief,
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

December 21, 1915.

3. FROM THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

His Majesty's Government received your news with the greatest pleasure and with immediate interest to express to you and all under your command their high appreciation of the excellence of the arrangements for the withdrawal from "Aetac" and "Seyin," and their warm admiration for the conduct of the troops in carrying out the most difficult operation of war. They appreciate as fully the effective help which Admiral Wemyss and the Navy as well as General Birdwood and the Corps and other commanders afforded you. The thanks of the Government for this fine achievement are due to you and to all concerned, and I wish also to congratulate you personally.





Lord Kitchener speaking to the men at Aswan.
General Birdwood is standing beside him. The tents in the background are a hospital



General Birdwood showing Lord Kitchener the Turkish position from Russell's Top

Official Photographs circulated on behalf of the Press Bureau and supplied by the Central News



Very New Officer: "Well, my man, what's the matter with you?"
 Australian: "That --- over there hit me on --- shoulder --- with his --- pick!"
 V.N.O.: "I don't quite get you."
 Aust.: "That fellow over there struck me back."



The "Terror" of the fish.



By M. D. A. LANE. 1725 East, Bath.



By F. P. NEWKLEY. 1st Ave. Bldg. Bld. Coy.



By G. W. NULTON, R.E.



By A. H. BARDIN. 1st Ave. Bldg. Bld. Coy.

FOUR DESIGNS FOR "THE ANZAC MAGAZINE" COVER

FROM CONSTANTINOPLE



THESE SEVEN-LEAGUE TRENCH BOOTS OUGHT TO
DO THE TRICK

