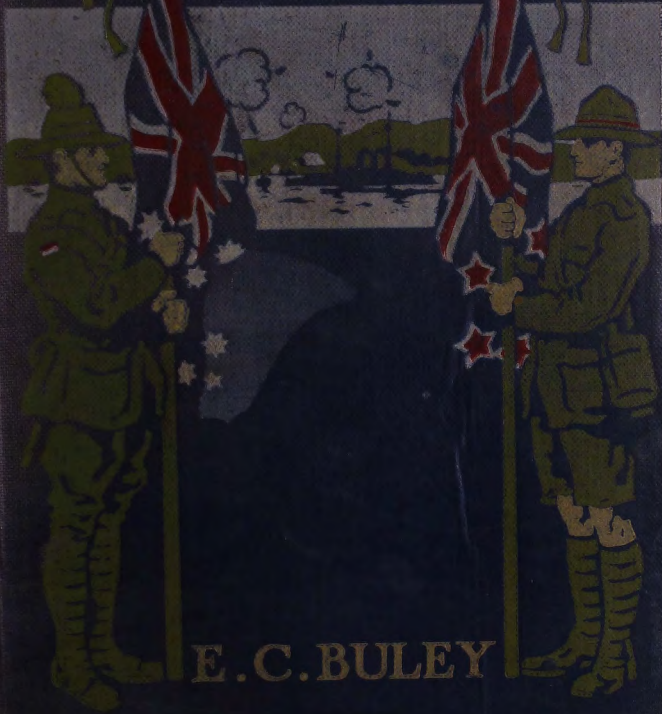
A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ANZAC



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Central News Photo.

GENERAL BIRDWOOD'S LAST DAY AT ANZAC.

[*Frontispiece*

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ANZAC

BY

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CHAPTER I

WHAT ANZAC MEANS

WHEN the soldiers of Australia and New Zealand were gathered together in Egypt for their training, they formed a body of men so considerable that they were called, in the language of war, an Army Corps—the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps.

All the cases and boxes in which their food, ammunition, and other stores were sent to them bore the initials of the corps in big black letters, thus—A.N.Z.A.C.

The War Office in London, and the Australasian Governments as well, had to send a great many telegrams to this Army Corps in Egypt, and it was expensive and troublesome to send always to the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. So General Birdwood, the great English General who has commanded the Anzacs in all their fights, was asked to suggest a short word as an

address for these telegrams. He thought of these letters he had seen on so many hundreds of cases, and suggested Anzac.

"Later on," he writes, "when we had effected our landing in April last, I was asked by General Headquarters to suggest a name for the beach where we made good our first precarious landing, and I recommended that this might be known as Anzac Cove—a name made historical, while it will remain a geographical landmark for all time."

Some weeks later a Turkish interpreter told the General that, by a happy chance, he had hit upon a real Turkish word. When they found that Anzac meant "truly just," the brave men who are now known as Anzacs accepted the title as a happy omen.

Anzac quickly became the name for the whole area in Gallipoli, where they fought so long and so bravely, and they themselves were known as the men of Anzac—the Anzacs. In a few short weeks they had made the name glorious, so glorious that it will live for ever.

It marked them among other soldiers, even as the uniform they wore. One heard people say in the streets of the biggest city of the

world, in the very heart of the Empire, "There go some Anzacs." They used the word as a term of praise; it was an honour to wear the wide-brimmed hat that distinguishes the Anzac soldier.

The fame and good name of the men who fought at Anzac was shared by those who came after them. When Gallipoli had been abandoned, fresh soldiers still came from the Southern Dominions, to help carry on the Empire's war. They were also called "Anzacs" and treated with respect.

The men who fought at Anzac earned honour and a proud title not only for themselves, but for the comrades who came after them. They earned respect for the uniform they wore, and the name they will always bear.

When the name and the deeds of the Anzacs were on every lip, I read a letter in the newspaper which interested me very much. The writer was an English bishop, and he wrote about the services rendered to the Empire in time of war by "our Anzac Dominions Overseas."

In the Commonwealth of Australia, where they are building a wonderful new capital

city in the heart of the bush, a suggestion was made that the name "Anzac" should be given to it. This was not adopted, but the Government made a new law, preventing people from taking the word Anzac, and applying it to everyday things. The owner of a picture palace in Australia, for instance, must not call it the Anzac Picture Palace. The name is not to be made vulgar.

It is a title of honour, applied not only to all the soldiers who wore the Anzac uniform, but also to the countries from which they came. The credit of the men who fought so nobly was shared not only by their comrades in arms but by their native land, and by every citizen of Australia and New Zealand.

I spoke of these things to a friend, an officer who had led his Australian soldiers up the steep cliff at Anzac, and whose name was given to one of the posts the Anzacs defended so gallantly through the long months that followed.

"You did not leave your title behind you on the peninsula of Gallipoli," I said. "You have brought Anzac away with you."

"Yes," he replied; and his eyes shone as he spoke; "Anzac will always be the place

where Anzacs are, and where the good Anzac spirit is upheld."

Then I saw that if I wished to write a History of Anzac for the boys and girls of the Empire, I must not content myself with telling of the landing of these Australasian soldiers on the peninsula of Gallipoli; of the battles they fought, and the hardships they endured; of their final departure without having done what they set out to do.

In that case I should have to write that they failed. They went there to fight a way across the peninsula of Gallipoli; to conquer the Turks, and to take possession of Constantinople, the capital of Turkey. Instead of doing so, they had to come away, leaving 6,000 of their bravest men buried in lonely graves on the soil of the enemy.

But they did not fail, for when they came away they brought with them—Anzac. For all time to come that word will mean as much to Australians and New Zealanders as Bushido does to the people of Japan.

Bushido is a spirit which the Japanese teach their children to possess. It means reverence for one's elders; a love of country

so great that to die for Japan is an honour to be wished for; a spirit of bravery that will endure all dangers without complaint. Bushido has made of Japan a great nation, whereas less than a century ago it was only a weak and little-known country.

The Anzac spirit, then, is a priceless treasure not only to the Australians and New Zealanders, but to the whole great Empire to which they belong.

The story I have to tell of the Anzacs—if I tell it properly—will show you what sort of men they were. Some of it ought to make you laugh, for they are cheerful fellows, who looked on the bright side of life even in the face of death. If I can tell you some of the stories I have heard from their own lips, in their own simple language, you will like them, I know.

Some part of the story should touch you deeply, for it tells of brave young men who lost their lives to save those of others. It tells of great deeds done without counting the cost, of sufferings endured without a murmur.

All of it should make you proud, for these men are our brothers. They are of the

British race, and those Anzac Dominions Overseas are an important part of our Empire.

Let me say here, that I do not wish you to think that the Anzacs were braver than the other soldiers who are fighting for the Empire. Nobody could fight more bravely than the British soldiers who landed on another part of the Gallipoli peninsula at the same time as the Australians and New Zealanders landed at Anzac.

Nor could any soldiers be braver than the soldiers from all parts of our Empire who fought in France to protect our homes, and bring this terrible war to a speedy and successful end.

But I think I can show you that, although it was the first time the Anzacs had engaged in serious warfare, they showed themselves very clever as well as brave in the work they were called upon to do. Many of them had lived all their lives in the bush, and had been trained to do naturally things that, maybe, would never have occurred to an ordinary British soldier.

Another thing I have to tell, that makes my Australian heart warm whenever I think

of it. It is of the wounded, 20,000 in number, who were sent from Gallipoli to England to be made better. They were nearly all strangers here, most of them coming without knowing any person in the whole of Great Britain.

The people of England met them with hands stretched out in welcome. They visited them in the hospitals, and provided them with comforts. They took them to their homes and treated them as friends and brothers.

Each mail to Australia and New Zealand carried many hundreds of grateful letters, telling wives and sisters out there that they need not worry, for England was indeed "Home," the name by which it is so often called. Thus the 12,000 miles of ocean between became nothing, and Great Britain became very close and dear to the people of the Anzac Dominions Overseas.

Such things as this, and the upspringing of the Anzac spirit to which I have referred, make this book worth writing; and, I hope, worth reading too.

Some day, no doubt, the history of the whole great war will be written, and the story

of Anzac will take only a small place in it. It will be shown that it had no great effect in deciding the war, one way or another.

But you and I must consider the effect upon the Anzacs themselves, and upon the countries from which they came, and upon the Empire to which we all belong. For that reason I am writing this history of Anzac.

CHAPTER II

THE GATHERING OF THE ANZACS

If you wish to find the very beginning of Anzac and the Anzac spirit you must go back with me to the first days of August 1914, when Germany invaded Belgium and so caused war with the British Empire. The news was flashed across the seas to every remote spot where the British flag flies, and a stirring thing happened.

From every one of these places, whether great Dominions like Canada and Australia, or lonely little islands where only a few people live, came instant offers of help. Not just a little help, but all the help the Dominions could give.

"Australia will stand by to the last man and the last shilling," said a leader of the Australian people, Mr. Andrew Fisher, the High Commissioner in London for the Australian Commonwealth. He spoke for the whole Australian Continent.

" New Zealand will support the Empire to the utmost of her resources," declared Mr. Massey, the Prime Minister of that Dominion. When he said those words in the Parliament of New Zealand, every member of Parliament rose, and all sang " God save the King."

Australia and New Zealand are more than 10,000 miles away from the first battlefields of the great war, but both countries at once offered to send soldiers to Europe. The offer was promptly accepted, and it was decided that Australia should send 20,000 men and New Zealand 8,000, just as a beginning.

This was a very great surprise indeed for the Germans. They thought that these Dominions, being so very far away from the fighting, would be glad to look on undisturbed. And they felt very sure, in any case, that Australia and New Zealand would not be able to spare any men to journey so far as Europe to fight against them.

To show how sure they were of this, I will repeat what a great German writer upon war, named General Bernhardi, wrote about the soldiers of the Oversea Dominions of the Empire. The Germans used to pay great

attention to what he wrote, and fully believed this statement he made.

"The self-governing Colonies," wrote this man, "have a militia which is sometimes only in process of formation. They can be completely ignored so far as concerns any European theatre of war."

Although there has never been any war in Australia—and it is the only Continent of the world of which that can be said—yet the Australians were quite prepared to do their share in the war. They were not only willing, but able.

Forty years before most of the schoolboys were formed into cadet corps, and were drilled and taught to use the rifle. I do not mean miniature rifles, but real rifles such as the soldiers use in battle.

I can remember when I was quite a little fellow, being marched with my schoolmates once a week to the rifle butts, and firing seven shots at a target 300 yards away from a rifle as long as myself. I shall never forget how it kicked and hurt my shoulder when I tried it first, and how soon I became used to it, and learned to shoot straight into the bullseye.

Central News Photo.

AUSTRALIAN TROOPS PASSING ALONG PARK STREET, SYDNEY, ON THEIR WAY TO GALLIPOLI.

Most Australian boys had the same training and liked it. When they became young men many of them joined the militia, and became useful citizen soldiers.

More recently the Australian Government, noting the preparation such countries as Germany were making for war, decided it would be wise to be ready for such an event. A law was therefore passed, making every young man submit himself to a course of training, and so learn most of the things that are required of a soldier.

In New Zealand it was just the same. New Zealand does not resemble Australia, for there has been war there. The brave natives of the country, who are called Maoris, made war on the whites in the early days of the Dominion's history, and fought very fiercely and well.

In these days they live happily and prosperously with their white neighbours, and have all the rights that their British fellows enjoy. When the war broke out, they were even more anxious to fight the Germans than the British New Zealanders, if that could be possible.

The young men of New Zealand, like the young men of Australia, were trained to the

use of arms. There was no trouble, therefore, to obtain 20,000 suitable Australians, and 8,000 New Zealanders, to go away to Europe and fight for the Empire.

In the two years that followed, over 300,000 Anzacs made ready of their own free will to fight in Europe, and men were still coming forward in the good cause. But at the very first 28,000 seemed a great many to send so far—until the offers began to pour in.

Then the trouble was, not to get the men, but to console the many thousands who were not allowed to go. From every rank of life the pick of the young single men volunteered to serve the Empire in its first hour of need.

In Australia there are little settlements many hundreds of miles from the nearest railway station. They are out of the reach of the telegraph, and the postman only comes there once in a fortnight perhaps, or even less frequently.

In such places the outbreak of war, and the call for Australian men was not known till many days afterwards. But as soon as it was known, the young men of the place saddled their horses, and rode off through the bush to the nearest enlisting place.

Many of them found they had come too late. But they would not go back; they chose instead to travel to other places, where the lists might not be so full. Some of these men travelled as much as a thousand miles, on horseback, by train, and even by steamboat; and then had to content themselves with a place in the second body of men who were sent to the war.

In Australasia a small place, such as would be called a village in England, is known as a township. I know of one little township which possessed nine fine young men. They were the life and soul of the place. They made up the cricket club, and were the mainstay of the football team.

They started all the fun, such as sports, or dances, of which the Australian bushfolk are very fond. They were all great friends, and one and all decided to enlist.

Eight of them were very fine horsemen, as most Australians in the bush have to be. They wished to join the Light Horse, as the Australian cavalry is called. In those days it was thought that there would be a great deal of fighting for the cavalry, and every

man who can master a horse would rather fight as a mounted man than as a foot soldier.

The ninth man was not used to horses. He was not a good rider, and had never tried to become one. His eight friends knew that, even if he wished, he could not join the Australian Light Horse.

Without a second's hesitation they decided that as he could not join the Light Horse, they would enter the Infantry with him. So eight men set aside their wishes for the sake of one, and the nine went away to the war together, a little band of mates.

Such were the men who made the name of Anzac famous. I could tell many similar anecdotes, showing how true and loyal they were to their friends, even in those early days of making ready for the war. I will tell you soon how finely this spirit served them, when they were really fighting.

The men who were first sent away were chosen with great care, and were trained for some months in Australia and New Zealand before they sailed off to the war. Three months had passed before they were all put on ships and sailed away from Australia.

They left the last Australian post—Albany, in Western Australia, on November 1, 1914.

In the history of the world no army ever before set out on such a voyage. The end of that voyage was as far away as it could possibly be; almost exactly on the other side of the globe.

The 28,000 men, and the 12,000 horses they took with them, required forty great steamers to carry them. These steamed off in three long lines, a wonderful sight to behold. At their head steamed a warship of the Australian Navy, while another came behind. On one side British warships went, and on the other Japanese warships. The warships were there to protect the ships which carried the soldiers from attack by the Germans cruisers.

They steamed north through the Indian Ocean to their first port of call, Colombo, in the island of Ceylon. It was a famous voyage, the journey of the first army of two new nations to take part, for the first time, in a great war.

On the voyage there was an event which made it still more famous. I have mentioned

the warships of the Australian Navy, but I did not tell you that the Australian Navy was only a few years old. Three years before the war Australia had no warships at all.

The Australian Navy had never fought; it had never met an enemy ship in battle. But in the middle of the Indian Ocean this fleet of ships from Australia received a message by wireless from a little place called Cocos Island. The message said that a German warship was there, and was about to do much damage.

Every one knew at once that this warship could be no other than the *Emden*, a German cruiser, the deeds of which were known to all. The *Emden* had sunk very many British merchant ships, worth over £2,000,000, and had made an attack upon the great Indian city of Madras.

Many had sought to catch and sink this German ship, but in vain. When the wireless message arrived, one of the Japanese warships began to hoist signals at once, which read "To go we want." But to go they were not allowed.

Orders were given instead to the Australian cruiser *Sydney* to go off and meet the German.

The Anzacs saw their untried ship rush away at a great speed, and for many hours afterwards remained in a state of great excitement.

Then came a wireless message from the *Sydney* to say that they had fought and beaten the *Emden*, which had been driven ashore a complete wreck. I wish I could tell you the story of that grand sea-fight, the first of the young Australian Navy. But it does not really belong to the book of Anzac.

But the closing incident of the fight does belong. The troopships went on, and reached Colombo, where they anchored in two long lines waiting for the *Sydney*. And while they waited, an order was issued to the men.

The captain of the *Sydney* had sent word that he had on board German prisoners from the *Emden*, some of them badly wounded. He, therefore, asked that there should be no noise and no cheering when the *Sydney* came to Colombo, lest it should harm these wounded foes.

The *Sydney* came; and steamed down between the two long lines of stately ships. Every Anzac was on deck to see her come, and as she passed, each man raised his slouch

hat. But no man broke the silence of the greeting.

This silence so amazed the German captain of the *Emden* that he asked its meaning, and was told. With tears in his eyes he said: "You have been kind, but this crowns all. We cannot speak to thank you for it."

Respect for a brave enemy, and kindness to a fallen foe are the virtues of the true soldier. I think the Anzacs showed themselves true soldiers before ever they stepped on the field of battle. That silence was their first title to fame.

CHAPTER III

THE ROMANCE OF THE DARDANELLES

WHEN the Anzacs reached Egypt they found a great disappointment awaiting them. They learned that they were not to go on to England, as they had hoped, and so cross to France to fight the Germans. They had to leave their ships, and go into camp in Egypt for a further course of training.

They soon got over their disappointment, for they found Egypt a very interesting place indeed. Their camp was quite near the great pyramids, and close to many places with ruined temples, and other relics of the past, such as they had not before seen. For in Australia there is no building more than a hundred years old, the natives of that country never having learned how to build houses.

The people of Egypt found them very interesting, too ; they had never seen soldiers quite like these before. All of them were well provided with money, for the Australian

government pays its soldiers about four times as much as a British soldier receives; and besides, a great number of them were prosperous young men.

In Cairo, the capital of Egypt, they did some amusing things, and some that were rather foolish. They spent their money very freely, and went everywhere seeing the sights. The word went round among the shopkeepers of the native quarter that they were all very rich, and they were treated with much respect there.

That was only during the first few days, for soon they had to work very hard, in order to get ready for the great fight that was before them.

The reason why they did not go on to England was that Turkey had sided with Germany, and was at war with the Empire. It would be very hard to say why Turkey had done this, for we have always been very good friends with the Turks, and have helped them in trouble, not once, but many times.

But the Germans persuaded some of the leaders of the Turks that they were the best friends of the Turks, and led them into acting most foolishly. 'We did all we could to keep

peace with Turkey, but the Turks made a quarrel and went to war.

Turkey is partly in Europe, and partly in that part of Asia which bears the name of Asia Minor. If you will look at your map, you will see that only a very narrow channel of water separates the two parts of Turkey.

This narrow strait is the Dardanelles, which connects the Black Sea with the Mediterranean Sea. Through it, in time of peace, pass all the ships which carry goods to and from Russia. But when they were at war with Great Britain and Russia, the Turks would not let the British and Russian ships pass through the Dardanelles.

The railway line through Europe to Russia passes through Germany, and we could not use that either. In Russia there was abundance of wheat and petroleum, which England badly needed. Russia, on the other hand, wanted guns and shells, but could not obtain them from us because the Turks had closed the Dardanelles.

It was a very cunning thing the Germans did when they persuaded the Turks to go to war with us, and we set out at once to make the poor Turks pay for it.

All along the Dardanelles, on both sides, they had built big forts to prevent ships from passing through. In the Dardanelles, at a place where the channel is only a mile wide, they had sunk countless mines, which would explode and blow up any ship that touched one of them.

In order to clear a passage through the Dardanelles a part of the British fleet was sent to destroy the forts. It was then hoped that by means of trawlers the mines could be swept away, and our warships would be able to steam through the Dardanelles.

This plan was tried, but it did not succeed. That was not the fault of our sailors, who did everything that could be done to get through the Dardanelles. The many guns and the field of mines were too strong for any fleet to be able to pass through.

It was then decided to land an army in Turkey, on the peninsula of Gallipoli which lies north of the Dardanelles, and to attempt to capture the forts from the land. Then the mines could be dredged away, and the warships would be able to pass through.

The Anzacs were chosen as part of the British army which should be landed in

Turkey ; but at first only the Infantry were sent. The Light Horse were left behind in Egypt, much to their disgust.

When the Anzacs learned that they were about to take part in an attack upon the Dardanelles they forgot all about their disappointment at not being sent to fight the Germans. For all the great adventures in the early history of Europe seem to have happened about the Dardanelles.

Perhaps you have read of the first long sea voyage ever made, when Jason and his comrades manned the ship *Argo*, in order to go in quest of the Golden Fleece. That sea voyage, which has been called the first great adventure in history, was made through the Dardanelles to the Black Sea. Australia is sometimes called the new land of the golden fleece, because a great part of the wealth of the country comes from the wool produced by its countless flocks of sheep. And if you look at the New Zealand coat of arms you will find one of the quarterings upon it is the golden fleece itself.

It was a fitting thing, therefore, that the soldiers of the new land of the golden fleece

should be sent to open the sea passage that leads to the original land of the golden fleece.

The Dardanelles were also the scene of the great war described in the poems of Homer, which are among the oldest and finest poems in existence. In the *Iliad*, Homer tells how the Greeks sailed to the Dardanelles to make war on the Trojans, and to destroy their city of Troy, the ruins of which still remain in sight of the Dardanelles, on the Asiatic shore.

Later in the history of Greece, the Persians came from Asia to destroy them. They crossed the Dardanelles in countless thousands, passing over a great bridge which their king Xerxes had caused to be built across the straits.

The story of that war between the Greeks and the Persians is one of the most glorious in all written history, for the Greeks, though a small nation, conquered the mighty hosts that came against them.

Another story about the Dardanelles that has lived through the ages is that of Hero and Leander. It tells how Leander, for love of the fair maid, Hero, used to swim across the Dardanelles from Sestos to Abydos, where the straits are narrowest. After seeing her, he would have to swim back again.

One night when the sea was very rough and cold, he failed to reach the shore, and was drowned. And for love of him Hero also died.

The fame of this ancient story afterwards caused Lord Byron, the poet, to swim the straits where Leander swam. The distance is about a mile, but the current which flows from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean is so strong that only a very good swimmer could get across.

All these stories, and a good many more, were in the minds of the Anzacs when they were ordered to take part in the attack on the Dardanelles. It seemed wonderful to them that they, a people who for the very first time were taking part in a great war, should find their path set among the scenes of the most wonderful romances of all time.

They hoped, if they could do so, to add one more chapter to the romance of the Dardanelles. And I think, when you have read this book to the end, you will agree with me that they did so.

It was hoped, when our army landed in Turkey, that in the end the city of Constantinople, the capital of Turkey, would be taken.

This result would have been as valuable as the opening of the Dardanelles.

Constantinople is one of the wonder cities of the world. It has stood on the shores of the Dardanelles for nearly three thousand years. It was first a great and wealthy Greek city; and later the Roman Emperor, Constantine, from whom it takes its name, made it the capital of his Empire instead of Rome.

A beautiful cathedral was built, and other fine buildings; and for centuries the city was the centre of the Christian religion in Eastern Europe. Then the Turks came from Asia, and captured it, turning it into a Mohamedan city.

Ever since the Cathedral of St. Sophia has been used as a Mohamedan mosque, and the Turks have ruled the land they conquered. They have not ruled it well, or Constantinople would now be one of the largest and richest cities of the whole world.

In spite of their errors, it is still a very fine and rich city. The reason is an important and interesting one.

Before the Suez Canal was made, and ships were enabled to pass between Africa and

Asia, all the ships that traded with the east had to go round the south of Africa. In the days before that way was discovered, all the trade between Europe and Asia was carried by caravans, the goods being borne by camels and horses.

The way from Europe to Asia lay through Constantinople. All the trade between the two great continents passed through that city, and was ferried across the narrow straits in boats.

Constantinople has also a very fine harbour, and is situated where all the ships passing out of the Black Sea must pass. The commerce of Southern Russia, and of the countries which lie along the course of such great rivers as the Danube, all passes from the Black Sea through the Dardanelles.

I have told you how the caravans from the East, with precious things from Persia, India, and places even farther east than that, crossed from Asia to Europe at Constantinople. Before the opening of the Suez Canal some portion of this traffic was carried by sea around the Cape of Good Hope.

When it became possible for large ships to go through from the Mediterranean into the

Red Sea, a great deal of it began to go by sea, and Constantinople lost to some extent its position as the trading post between the Western and the Eastern world.

During very recent years, railways have been built to connect Europe with Asia, and as before, the best road has been found to lead through Constantinople. Nobody doubts that Constantinople will yet be even a more important city than it has ever been, since it is the gate that opens the East to the West.

You may think that all these things I have told you about the Dardanelles and Constantinople have nothing much to do with the Anzacs. But the story of their fights at Anzac is not so interesting and complete unless you know why they went there, and what they were fighting for.

If they and the British army in Turkey had succeeded, it would certainly have made the war shorter by many months. But, as you will soon learn, their task was a very hard one, harder than any one knew when they were sent there.

I will now show you how hard it was by telling of the great fight they had when they tried even to set foot on the peninsula of Gallipoli.

CHAPTER IV

THE LANDING OF THE ANZACS

EARLY in April 1915, the Anzacs left Egypt in their transports, and were transferred to the harbour of Mudros in the island of Lemnos, which lies in the Aegean Sea, not far from the mouth of the Dardanelles. There they trained harder than ever for the great task before them.

On Saturday, April 24, they were put upon warships, and taken away to the Gulf of Saros, north of the Gallipoli peninsula. As they passed Cape Helles, which is the extreme western point of the peninsula, in the dusk, they saw the British fleet. They witnessed the bombardment of the Turkish lines there. Early the next morning the British army landed in five places at this spot.

In the dark of the night they stopped opposite a little hill on the sea-coast, on which

the Turks had built a fort called Gaba Tepe. The plan was to land on a beach just north of this fort in the early morning.

They hoped to take the Turks by surprise. That was why they were carried to this spot in warships instead of transports. The Turks were by this time used to seeing British warships along their coast, but if they saw transports they might have suspected the Anzac plan.

Before dawn broke the men who were to lead the way had been put in the boats of the warships. They were 1,500 in number, and were taken from the Third Brigade of Australian Infantry. They came from the States of Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania.

They were led by General Sinclair Maclagan, then a Colonel. He is a brave British officer, who was lent to the Australian government when it first began to form its young men into an army.

You must understand that the warships were about two miles from the land, and that the boats had to be towed in by steam pinnaces as close to the shore as these could

go. The sailors were to row the boats the rest of the way. Each pinnace towed several boats.

Before the first gleam of dawn lit the sky they set off, making for the shore in silence. There was nothing to show that the Turks were there, and those left on the ships waited in great anxiety to know what would happen.

For a time all was still. Then, as the pinnaces turned the boats loose, there was a rattle of rifle fire, a louder din of machine guns. Louder still roared the big guns of the fort of Gaba Tepe, and others in the hills to the north, near a village called Anafarta. They were throwing shrapnel at the boats.

The British warships replied with shells from their big guns, and amid the roar of all these guns, the first boats reached the shore. But even before then many men in them had been struck by the bullets of the enemy and had been either killed or wounded.

They did not strike the shore at the point they had planned to hit, but at a place a mile further north. This was a piece of good fortune for them, for they afterwards found that the Turks had prepared for them at the chosen beach.

Under the water they had placed a large quantity of barbed wire, which would have caught and held the men as they jumped out of the boats into the water. That would have been very bad, for the bullets were flying about "like swarms of bees," as one man who ran through them told me.

As the boats touched ground, the Anzacs, with their rifles in their hands, and their packs on their backs, jumped into the water, breast high, and scrambled to the beach. It was a very narrow strip of sand, only ten yards wide, and swept by the bullets from the rifles and machine guns of the enemy, and by the bursting shrapnel shells of the forts.

This beach lay between the water and a steep cliff, fifty feet high and more, and almost straight up and down. On the top of this cliff the enemy lay in trenches, shooting down the Anzacs as they landed.

If the Anzacs had waited for orders from their officers, they might never have got up that cliff, for every moment was precious. But they did not wait; they rushed up the side of the cliff by twos and threes.

Up they charged, with fixed bayonets and empty rifles ; for they had orders not to fire a shot. The Turks in the trenches along the top of the cliff had barely grasped the fact that they were coming, when the big Anzacs were among them in the trenches.

The Turks fought bravely, but they were meeting the pick of an army that consisted entirely of picked men. In a minute or two it was over, and the Turks—or what were left of them—were running off, pursued by the cheering Anzacs.

Those cheers were the first news of success to the anxious people who were waiting on the ships. The firing had told them that the Turks were ready, and were fighting stoutly. The Anzac cheering showed them that the landing had been made in spite of the Turks, and that so far all was well.

More boatloads of men were continually being sent ashore, to support those who had made the first landing until 15,000 men in all were landed. As the light grew brighter, the passage from the warships became more dangerous.

It is true that the Turks had been driven from the edge of the cliff, but they had

machine guns planted on every high spot, and these were turned upon the incoming boats. There were also many snipers posted at places overlooking the sea, and these shot down the men in the boats.

Worst of all, the gunners in the fort and batteries had now sufficient light to take good aim at the boats, and the shrapnel was continually exploding over them.

At this period in the morning the losses in the boats were heaviest. My cousin, who belonged to the seventh battalion of the Second Australian Brigade, which came from the State of Victoria, told me that he left the ship in a boat containing sixty soldiers. Only nine of them, of whom he was one, reached the shore unharmed.

As more men reached the beach, the Turks were driven further back, and yet further. The guns of the ships silenced some of those in the forts, and the passage from the ships to the shore became safer, though it was a dangerous one throughout that eventful Sunday.

Three ranges of hills, each higher than the one before, sloped upwards from the sea-

shore, and through them ran twisting, narrow valleys, with steep sides. The whole country was covered with a dense growth of big bushes, taller than a man. This was a kind of wild holly, and in it a man could easily hide without being seen.

The Anzacs advanced through this rough country in little parties, just as they had scrambled up the cliff. It was not a regular advance, such as they had so often made when drilling. In such a place a regular line of men could not go forward, sweeping everything in front of them. They went through the easier passes, possibly leaving many of the enemy hidden on the high steep ground.

Some of these little groups of Anzacs were commanded by an officer, some, it may be, by a sergeant; but very often a dozen or more private soldiers acted together, without any orders being given at all.

That was the work the Anzacs were best fitted for. Their lives in Australia and New Zealand had made them confident in themselves. Where the soldiers of older countries would have needed the leadership of their

officers in order to make such an advance, these Anzacs were able to go forward without leaders and without orders.

At such times training always comes out. Australian boys often pass through the pathless bush, and are in danger of being lost. One rule is given them to follow ; it is taught them when they are quite little fellows. They must not turn back, but go forward always.

These Anzacs went forward, fighting always. They drove the Turks before them, clearing them from the places they had prepared for defence. In little bands they worked their way inland until they got a long way from the beach.

It is a fact that never again did they get so far from the sea as on that first day of landing, April 25, 1915. But they were not allowed to stay there very long.

You must know that the Turks had expected the British to land, and had posted soldiers all along the coast to oppose them. When the landing took place, those who had been at places where no British came hurried to the spot where the fighting was taking place.

There was also a big Turkish army at a place called Maidos, situated on the Dardanelles, opposite the spot where the Anzacs landed. These men, more in number than all the Anzacs, advanced across the peninsula to meet the bold Anzacs.

They met first of all the little groups of men who had gone so bravely forward. Some of them were cut off and destroyed, and a few were taken prisoners. The rest had to retreat before the numbers of the Turks.

As they fell back, they met more Anzacs who had landed later, and who helped them to resist the Turks. But the numbers of the enemy were too great, and they had to fall back yet farther.

So they were driven back towards the sea again, until they were within half a mile of the beach. By this time they had massed into larger bodies of men, all commanded by officers, and obeying orders given by these.

As night fell they were ordered to dig trenches, and make a stand against the oncoming Turks. They dug trenches where they could, and under the shelter of these fought to keep the places they had got.

They were in great danger. The Turks had the best places, on the high ground; and they knew the country well. At that time the Anzacs did not; they did not even know where their comrades were stationed.

Things were confused for them by German spies, who had in some way got the uniforms of Australian officers. These gave bad orders, telling men to cease firing when the Turks were advancing.

These orders were obeyed the more readily, because on the same day a number of Indian soldiers, with mountain guns, had been landed. The Anzacs had been warned not to fire on these, and were most anxious not to make such a mistake. In the gloom the dark-faced Turks might easily be mistaken for Indians.

Each hour they stayed there gave them a firmer foothold in Gallipoli. More men and stores were being landed, and a body of British marines came to their support. The night was a very trying one, because the Turks fought most furiously all night, and the guns of the ships could not be turned to much use in the darkness.

Day came at last, and they were still holding the trenches they had dug. With the light came a spell in the fierce attacks of the Turks, and they had better support from the guns of the ships.

They had now time to look about them, and to see how they stood. Of the 15,000 men who had left the ships very many were killed and wounded. But the remainder held an area of Turkish soil, and refused to be driven from it. It was not a large place, less than a square mile of land in all. But it was conquered soil, and they refused to budge from it.

They had done a deed which will rank with the bravest exploits recorded in the history of the British army. The observers on the ships, looking at the steep cliffs through their glasses, could hardly believe that they had been taken from a defending enemy by these soldiers who had never fought before.

Not only did they take them, but they held them against superior numbers. It was a most gallant feat of arms. Such was the record of the Anzacs on their first day of battle.

CHAPTER V

SOME HEROES OF ANZAC

THE landing on Gallipoli, with the battle which followed, was the first trial of the Anzacs in war. It is true that a great many of them took part in the African campaign, and there gained experience which was very useful to them ; and proved themselves fine soldiers into the bargain.

But this great war has made our fighting in Africa seem very insignificant and trifling, and the part taken in it by Australians and New Zealanders was mainly scouting and skirmishing. History will say that their first real ordeal by battle took place on April 25, 1915.

They had gone to face the enemy, meaning to do credit to their country and their Empire. Only very brave and strong men could have done what they did ; and already that fight for the cliffside is set down as one of the most

glorious feats of arms in the whole history of war.

The men who were wounded in the first day's fighting showed what spirit was in them when they were taken back to the warships in boats. The sailors crowded to the side of their ships to see them pass, and to their astonishment these wounded men were singing and cheering.

The doctors who tended them found that no suffering could make them groan or complain; they endured in silence, and even tried to smile in their agony.

"They were happy," wrote Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, who witnessed their return to the ships, "because they knew they had been tried for the first time in the war, and had not been found wanting. . . . No finer feat of arms has been performed during the war than this sudden landing in the dark, this storming of the heights, and, above all, the holding on to the points thus won while reinforcements were poured from the transports."

Their troubles had only begun when all the men were landed, as they found out on the

morning of the second day. The Turks, having found out what a mistake they had made in letting them set foot on shore, made every effort to drive them away again, and brought fresh forces to help them, as the fight went on. For five days and nights they had to fight without any interval; gradually making their trenches deeper and their positions more secure.

Each day saw their numbers growing smaller, while they became more and more weary from fatigue and lack of food and sleep. In those five days they learned to know their officers and themselves, and, to use a phrase employed by one of their leaders, "found themselves" as a fighting force.

The tales of the heroic deeds they performed in those days, if collected, would make a great book, and then all would not be told. If I repeat a few of them here, it is not because they are more remarkable than many other feats of Anzacs during this period. They are only examples of the bravery and resource shown by the troops, and by the fine men who led them.

They were happy in their commander, Lieutenant-General Sir William Birdwood,

whom Sir Ian Hamilton described later as "the soul of Anzac." He is not an Australasian, though I have heard him tell his men that the proudest title to which he can lay claim is that of "Anzac." He took command of them in Egypt, and from the very first showed his complete understanding of their ways, in many respects different from those of the British soldier.

The Anzacs like to tell how he first came to their camp in Egypt, and found a soldier walking to and fro before the gate on sentry-go. He looked at the General curiously, not knowing who he was. "Who are you?" asked General Birdwood, "and what are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm supposed to be a bit of a sentry," said the Anzac.

"And I'm supposed to be a bit of a General," he was told.

"Then hold my gun," suggested the sentry, "and I'll give you a bit of a salute."

Such a story, whether true or not, they would only tell about a man who had earned their great liking. He was soon known to all of them, for he came to all their posts to

see for himself how matters were shaping. They watched him closely, as soldiers will watch a leader of whom they know nothing at the first.

They saw him always cool and unconcerned, but never rash.

He walked through the trenches as though there were no danger, but he always bent his head just enough to take the shelter of the parapet. That was the sort of man they admired. He was brave and cool, but he took no foolish risks. They despised rashness as stupid folly, though they were daring as men could be when it was necessary.

In time they got to know him well, many of them personally, for he spoke to them all, and remembered their names and even the nicknames by which they were called in the trenches. He joked with them, and praised them ; and they all felt that he understood them. A year after the landing I was present at a great gathering of Anzacs in London, when General Birdwood rose to say a few words to them. They had not seen him for many months, and rose as one man, some of them with moist eyes, and cheered as I

have never heard men cheer before. He was a hero to every one of them.

Their officers were so brave that very many of them lost their lives in the first week. There was no help for it. The leaders had to be where the men were, and at their head set them an example of cool courage which had its effect in the splendid behaviour of the men.

One young captain, of the Sixth Battalion of Australian Infantry, led his men into action with a cane in his hand. They were caught out in the open in a withering fire, and had to take what cover the bushes afforded. There they were forced to lie, and wait and endure. The men saw their captain take a little book from his pocket and begin reading, though he was in one of the most exposed places of their line.

Later, when they were entrenched by night, he gave a new example of his coolness and resource. They heard a body of men approaching, and their look-out challenged, getting the answer "Patrol returning." The captain made a signal with his hand, and crept noiselessly out to inspect the patrol. Presently they heard him give the order

"Fire," and they poured a volley into the approaching body of men. "That patrol has returned," remarked the captain, taking his place among the men again. They were Turks, led by a German officer, whose slight accent had not escaped the quick ears of the young captain.

An officer they all admired was Major Wallingford, who had command of the New Zealand machine-gun section. He was a wonderful rifle shot, who in days gone by had won the King's Prize at Bisley. They called him "the human machine gun," because of the number of shots he could place on a target from a rifle in a few seconds. He was tireless in his search for good machine-gun positions in the first week, and gained a knowledge of the locality that was of the greatest value.

The discharge of a machine gun soon draws the attention of the enemy, who is able to locate it by the quick rattle caused by the rapid reports. The danger is that the enemy will then turn his fire upon the place where the gun is being used, and quickly kill off the men who are serving it. Major Wallingford managed his guns so cleverly as to avoid this danger, shifting them constantly, and always

to places where they could be used with advantage. The Anzacs admired this cleverness very much, a great deal more than they admired acts of useless bravery. The common sense of it appealed to them.

Their praise for brave deeds done in those early days is always reserved for something that was useful as well as brave. One of them had to carry water from the beach to his mates, and to do so had to cross an open space where he was always made the mark of snipers, concealed in the hills near at hand. He seemed to bear a charmed life, for though the bullets fell all about him, and even cut his clothes and struck the water-can from his hand, he was never hit.

Nothing could make him move any quicker, or make him stop. He walked at a steady, even pace through this danger zone, without showing any sign of fear. "Why don't you run when they get so near you?" he was asked. "If I did, the snipers would have me," he explained. "When they fire, and I give no sign, they think they missed badly, and alter their elevation. No other shot comes near me then. But if I began to run, they would have me with the very next shot."

It is easy to reason in that way, but it needs the most remarkable nerve to carry out the lesson drawn from the reasoning. Many of the Anzacs who have seen this man walking among the bullets have told me of him. It was a piece of cool bravery that stood out in their minds among many brave deeds.

As a rule the Anzacs took as a matter of course the most supreme bravery on the part of their fighting men. One hears from them more praise for the conduct of the non-combatants; the chaplains, doctors, and Red Cross men. It is amusing to hear them dispute among themselves the merits of their own "padres" and doctors; and it is touching to hear the tales of the courage and devotion shown by all these officers.

"Best of all," they will tell you, "were the stretcher bearers. Every man of them was a Simpson at heart." Simpson, of whom they speak as setting the high stardard for Red Cross work, was one of the best known figures in Anzac during the first weeks there. He answered to all sorts of names, such as "Barney," or "Murphy," but is best known in Anzac history as "The Man with the Donkey."

On the day after the landing he took possession of a little grey donkey, which had been landed by some water carriers; and with this little beast ranged the hills by night and day in search of wounded men. Some of them were lying in the bushes for days, and would never have been brought in alive but for the devotion of Simpson, and his little four-footed companion.

No risk was too great for him, and no journey too difficult for his sure-footed little donkey. He explored valleys which the Anzacs had abandoned, bringing in the men who had fought and fallen in the confused fighting of the first week. No one kept count of the number of wounded men whom he brought to the dressing stations on the back of his donkey; but ten or twelve was often one day's work for him.

He went about the place, exchanging chaff with the men, who made him a great favourite, if only for his merry answers, and his unfailing good spirits. He was very gentle, too, as many an Anzac who lives to-day because of his heroism can tell. He thought nothing of going out into the open under fire for a wounded man, and when the sniping and

shrapnel was so thick that others were forbidden to pass by the usual paths, he would still go out, finding his way back unharmed with some helpless man on the back of the donkey.

In the end he met his death while on one of his errands of mercy. He was passing up Shrapnel Valley, driving the donkey before him, when a group of men who had just come down warned him that the path was dangerous, and exposed to heavy machine-gun fire. He paid no more attention to their warning than to turn and wave his hand to them as he passed round the bend in the path which led from safety to death.

As he turned into the zone of danger, two bullets struck him, one passing through his heart. The donkey, by some strange chance, escaped unhurt. Simpson is mourned to this day by the comrades he tended with so much care and devotion. The story of his brave life and death has been told far and wide, and even sculptors and painters, seeking a subject for the exercise of their art, have chosen to depict The Man with the Donkey.

CHAPTER VI

THE BATTLE OF THE NATIONS

On April 25, the date of the Anzac landing, a large British force also landed in five places near Cape Helles, the most southerly point of Gallipoli peninsula. With them were also a number of French troops, who joined them in an attempt to cut a way through to the Dardanelles.

They found the Turks very strongly entrenched, and in large numbers. The country was as rough and difficult as at Anzac, the land rising in broken hills to a high point which was used as a fortress by the Turks, and blocked the way of the British army. This great hill fort was called Achi Baba.

On the slopes of Achi Baba was a village named Krithia, where the Turks were strongly posted. Early in May, Sir Ian Hamilton, the British General, decided that Krithia must be captured at all costs, and for this purpose he sent all the men he could gather against it.

Among the troops he used in this attack was a strong body of Anzacs, consisting of the New Zealanders, and the Second Brigade of Australian Infantry, from the State of Victoria. These men could not be marched from Anzac to Cape Helles, as the Turks held all the country between. They were therefore placed on a number of trawlers which were used as mine-sweepers in the sea attack on the Dardanelles, and were carried by sea to Cape Helles.

It was the first time the Anzacs had been called upon to fight by the side of British and other Allied troops, and they were very pleased at the chance. On their way to Cape Helles they talked this over, and resolved that they would try, in their first fight alongside their British kinsmen, by every means in their power, to do credit to their comrades and to the countries which had sent them there.

They found a great variety of nations represented in the army that was gathered for the attack. The French troops, in addition to regiments of our brave Allies, had among them also coloured soldiers from the French Colonies in Africa. These men had

proved themselves very fine soldiers in France, as well as upon the peninsula of Gallipoli.

There were a number of Indian regiments as well, Sikhs, Gurkhas, and Pathans; some of the pick of our Indian army. It was the first time the Anzacs had seen the Gurkhas; later they learned to know and like them very much indeed.

Some famous Irish regiments were there, too. They were part of the grand 29th Division, which suffered so terribly and fought so splendidly throughout the Gallipoli campaign. The Munster Fusiliers, and the Dublin Fusiliers were among the men by whose sides the Anzacs were now fighting.

England was represented by some fine regiments from Lancashire, and at least one Scottish regiment was there as well. Finally the sailors and marines from the fleet were present in strong force. It will be seen that the Anzacs were about to be tried with the bravest troops from very many countries.

This village of Krithia was perched high on the side of the big hill, and the hillside below it was clear of trees and bushes. It was just an open slope, with no cover of any kind for the men who had to attack the village.

The Turks had dug a great system of trenches before it, and had placed miles of barbed wire before these trenches. The village was thus very strongly defended, and an attack upon it could not be lightly undertaken.

All the big guns Sir Ian Hamilton could command were first turned upon it. There were many batteries of British eighteen-pounders, and the French supplied some of their famous guns known as "seventy-fives." More important were the guns of the warships assembled in the Gulf of Saros to assist in the attack.

With all these guns a great bombardment of Krithia and the trenches before it was begun, and maintained for some hours. The men who were waiting to make the attack knew that when that bombardment ceased, they must advance up the open hillside, and attempt to capture the trenches.

From the warships in the bay the whole of that attack could be seen in every detail. It took place in the evening light of May 8, and observers on the vessels could pick out regiments, and even individuals, through their glasses as the advance was made.

The Turks could see them coming just as well, for they must rush up a bare hillside, with nothing to hide them but a few blades of grass.

Imagine the din that was created by all those guns firing at once; the deep roar of the great fifteen-inch guns on the *Queen Elizabeth*, the lighter bass of guns that were only smaller by comparison, and the continuous barking of the quick-firers on the land.

In one second, at a given signal, the noise stopped. It stopped so suddenly that the ears of those present seemed to ache for the want of it. In that second the watchers on the ships saw the soldiers of the Allies spring out of their trenches, and rush forward to the attack.

They all ran forward together. On the far right were the French, with their gallant coloured soldiers. Next to them were the Irish regiments; and in the centre were the Lancashire men. To their left were the New Zealanders, with a British Division, while the Australians were on the extreme left, behind the Naval Brigade.

General McCay led the Australians in person in the scamper up to the firing line that was held by the naval men ; and General Bauchop did the same by the New Zealanders. When they reached this front British line the General shouted, "Go on, Australians," pointing forward with a periscope he held in his hand.

The Australians did not even pause in the shelter of the trenches, but passed straight on. When the New Zealanders saw them go, they rushed on also ; and a race between the two sections from Anzac followed.

The people on the warships saw them go, and watched in wonder. It was between a quarter and half a mile from the British firing trench to the front line of Turkish trenches ; and the Anzacs raced up the hill over the intervening distance.

The shell from a dozen Turkish batteries seemed to be turned upon them, and at times scores fell, as a burst of shrapnel took them. The others went on unheeding. Sometimes they ran, and then they steadied to a quick walk. But always they went forward.

On the open hillside they formed an easy mark for the riflemen in the Turkish trenches.

Soon they were walking through a cloud of dust, made by the bullets spitting all around them. Still they went on, though men were falling fast in all directions.

The Australian Second Brigade was racing the men of New Zealand to the Turkish trenches. It had the start, and did not mean to forfeit the advantage. The New Zealanders, on their part, were doing their utmost to catch them.

An Australian who took part in that charge up the hill told me that the word was passed from man to man, as they ran, that they must not let New Zealand catch them. He looked away to the far right, and saw the British and Indians far behind, advancing cautiously through ground which afforded more cover.

He saw that if they continued to press on, his comrades would reach the object well before the New Zealanders. He tried to shout this to the men who were running near him, but they did not seem to understand. Still, they pressed on.

They reached a point where a further advance was impossible, and received orders

to dig in. They threw themselves flat on the ground, and with their bayonets and bare hands scraped the earth into little hills, to shelter them from the swarming bullets. Each man looked after himself as best he could.

They saw their friends the New Zealanders at the same work, and were proud to have beaten them and every one else, in the race up the hill. But they could not see that they were any better off for having got there.

When dark came, they got the word to fall back; each man, as he retired, sought a wounded comrade. As many as found one, hoisted the wounded men upon their backs, and carried them into safety. In this way many of the Anzac wounded were brought back into the lines from the Krithia hillside.

Krithia was kept by the Turks to the very end. The Allies were forced to leave Gallipoli without capturing it. It will remain in British history as the scene of the most stirring sight, perhaps, that the Great War has afforded.

There have been charges even more desperate, in which much larger numbers of men

have been concerned. But nowhere was a charge made over seven hundred yards of open ground, in broad daylight and in full view of critical watchers, sitting comfortably on the decks of warships.

There were thousands of spectators of that great Anzac charge, and all were so thrilled by the sight that they will remember it to the very last day of their lives. Such sights are rare, even in the greatest war in the history of the world.

The fame of the Anzacs had been a matter of hearsay before, but now there were countless witnesses of their daring and coolness under fire. Their great bravery had been proved in sight of their comrades in arms; the French, Irish, Scottish, English, and Indians had seen them at work.

"The Australasians are probably the finest soldiers in the world," wrote an English M.P., who saw this gallant charge. His words were repeated everywhere, for the words of Commandant Josiah Wedgwood carry weight.

They had taken their place among the best of the Empire's soldiers, but they had paid a terrible price for it. The Second

Brigade of Australians, which had gone to the landing over 4,000 strong, was now reduced to 1,600 men. In eleven days they had lost 2,400 men, and more than half of these had fallen on the slopes that led to the village of Krithia.

The losses of the New Zealanders had not been lighter. Both New Zealand and Victoria will ever mourn the brave lads who fell in that fight near Cape Helles.

Those who remained returned at once to Anzac, where they were sorely needed. During the rest of the Gallipoli fighting there was no further attempt to employ the Anzacs at any other scene of conflict than that they had made their own, above the little cove north of Fort Gaba Tepe.

CHAPTER VII

THE GEOGRAPHY OF ANZAC

ANZAC, the little piece of ground on which these Australian and New Zealand soldiers landed, and which they defended for three months without any advance or retreat, was a very strange place to be the scene of such important fighting. It was really just a little foothold among the rugged hills by the seashore, a patch of broken ground not a square mile in area.

They held a strip of coastline about three-quarters of a mile long. Midway there came a steep range of hills, ending on the beach in a steep cliff, which they called the Sphinx. The range of hills was called Walker's Ridge, after General Walker, who commanded the first Australian Brigade.

At the foot of the Sphinx a narrow spit of sand ran out into the sea, and because of the heavy fire which was turned upon this place at the landing, it was given the name of

Hellfire Spit. The portion of the beach to the north of this was called Anzac Cove, and here the Anzacs had built landing stages, where stores were taken ashore from the ships.

The other portion of the beach, running south from the spit to the fort of Gaba Tepe was called Brighton Beach, because it reminded them of a well-known pleasure resort near Melbourne.

Near the spit of sand was the opening of a deep, winding ravine, that ran inland through the hills, and was the path up which the Anzacs travelled to their trenches. It is called Shrapnel Valley, though in the early days of Anzac it was known as the Valley of Death, because of the deadly stream of bullets the Turks constantly poured down it.

The Anzac lines were not one continuous stretch of trenches, such as the Allies and the Germans have made from the Channel to Switzerland. They were more like little forts built on commanding positions, from which the much lower ground that lay between them could be defended.

These separate entrenchments were called Posts, and to each was given the name of the Officer who commanded the men stationed

there in the first week of fighting. These posts were not places carefully chosen as places where trenches could be dug and defended to the best advantage. They were places where the Anzacs made a stand on the night after the landing, because to fall back any farther would have been to go back over the cliff into the sea.

The two posts farthest inland were Quinn's Post, and Courtney's Post ; they were half a mile from the sea. They lay on the inner rim of a hill so steep that ropes were stretched from tree to tree to help men climb up there. Between them was a mass of rock, exposed to the enemy's fire.

You will see that it was not possible to connect these two posts by a line of trenches ; for one cannot cut trenches through the solid rock. For a similar reason, Courtney's Post was not connected with the post further south, for between them yawned a deep chasm with sides almost perpendicular.

After many weeks the miners and engineers found ways of connecting the separate posts, by building underground passages. There were eventually miles of these at Anzac, as well as many of the deep cuttings known as

saps, through which the soldiers could pass from one place to another in safety.

If you remember that the Anzacs could not advance, because the Turks were too many in number, and that they must not retreat, because they were already too near the sea, and there were no better positions between them and the coast, you will begin to realise how desperately they had to cling to their posts at the first.

The Turks were much better off. They had all that part of the peninsula except the little Anzac area from which to choose their lines of defence. They entrenched above the Anzacs, so that the latter had to climb in order to attack them. They had miles of rugged hills behind them, while the Anzacs had only the sea.

They could post their guns on the high hills that looked down upon Anzac, so as to drop shells on any part of the camp. The big guns in the forts at the Dardanelles knew how to place their shells there, and did so every day. No part of Anzac was safe from this shellfire.

Had the Turks possessed enough munitions, they could soon have made the place too hot

for the Anzacs. But the invaders were saved by their enemy's lack of shells, and by the fact that at that time there were no means of getting supplies from their German allies.

The Anzacs, although they had not much choice of position for their posts, had made the very best choice that was possible under the circumstances. They had put the New Zealanders on Walker's Ridge, which runs inland from the Sphinx, overlooking the sea, to a high point further inland, called by them Russell's Top, after General Russell, one of their finest leaders.

From Russell's Top the line bent south almost at right angles. Here was a spot of ground where so much blood was shed that the Anzacs gave it the name of "The Bloody Angle." It lay between the lines, facing a ridge held by the Turks and called Dead Man's Ridge. Between this ridge and the sea was a hill called Pope's Hill, which cost the Anzacs many a bitter effort before they made it their own, and established a post at its foot.

These places lay north of Shrapnel Valley, the way by which the Anzacs went up from the beach to their outposts. The first post beyond the valley was Quinn's Post, which

faced the Turkish lines at a distance of from twenty to thirty yards, and for many weeks was the scene of continued fighting by night and day. Courtney's Post was on the other slope of the same hill, and these two posts formed the outmost limit of the Anzac line.

There was a deep ravine south of Courtney's, and beyond it the line began again nearer the sea, so that men posted there, looked upon the backs of the men in Quinn's Post. This line went south through Steel's Post and Johnson's Jolly to Lone Pine, and so to Chatham Post, where the line bent west again to the sea.

The Turkish lines followed the lie of the land, just in the same way as the Anzac lines. The Turks, however, had more choice, and held all the high ground above the little area of Anzac. Sari Bair, a collection of high, steep hills, was theirs, and among these hills they placed the guns which threw shells upon the Anzacs from all quarters.

Their main camp lay in a sheltered valley somewhere opposite Quinn's Post, and along the country facing the sweep of the Anzac line they built up elaborate systems of trenches. One of these, over which the men in Steel's Post looked all day, was called "The Draught-

board," because the lines of firing and communication trenches crossed one another at so many right angles. In this region was a small trench, very strongly defended, called by the Anzacs the German Officers' Trench, because a prisoner told them no one was allowed to enter it except the German officers.

South of that was the Lone Pine Plateau, the landward side of which they had entrenched very strongly. There were defence works, old and newly made, opposite Chatham Post, and on the seashore a fort, built on the little hill of Gaba Tepe.

Beyond this fort, hidden in a mangrove swamp that afforded dense cover, the Turks had a battery of guns called by the Anzacs, Beachy Bill. Beachy Bill ranged the whole of Brighton Beach, and the greater part of the beach of Anzac Cove. His activities were a constant danger to the whole camp. The desire of every Anzac was to take part in the silencing of this battery, but it was posted in an unapproachable position.

The warships devoted much attention to Beachy Bill. Many times the position was shelled at long range with high explosive, and often the gun emplacements were so

damaged that the battery was silenced for days. Hopes that the last had been heard of Beachy Bill would be formed, only to be shattered by his return to action with telling effect.

In the beginning this battery consisted of guns of an old type, and the shells they fired gave warning of their approach by the noise they made when passing through the air. At a later date guns of the very newest type, and with great power, were placed there. Their shells travelled with great speed, and exploded above their mark even before the sound of the discharge was heard.

The deepest grudge the Anzacs cherished against Beachy Bill was his interference with their bathing on the beach. There was no water at Anzac, and the men in the trenches had only enough to drink ; there being none to spare even for a daily wash. When they retired to a rest camp, the one desire of their lives was for a bath, and the blue water of the Gulf of Saros looked very tempting. They took the risks ; and bathed in parties, dozens in number. One or two would be told off to watch for shells, and to shout a warning.

" Duck," the watchman would cry ; and

every man would dive in time to escape the spray of shrapnel bullets the exploding shell would throw upon the water. For a time this was a fine amusement, and nobody was hurt. The new guns Beachy Bill acquired changed all that. The water would be full of happy Anzacs, when there would be a roar overhead, and the sea would be splashed for fifty yards with a rain of shrapnel bullets. Many a brave fellow lost his life in this way; and bathing became unpopular, though some of the men continued to take the risks.

Beachy Bill was still the plague of Anzac when the time came to leave Gallipoli. Over 1,500 Anzac casualties are ascribed to this battery alone. Yet the Anzacs had so much admiration for a good soldier that when they departed, many of them left behind them little souvenirs for "the Turk who commanded Beachy Bill."

There were other guns, less notable perhaps, which made certain parts of Anzac dangerous, because they had the range of these localities. They were posted so cleverly that the Anzacs could not even reply to them with their own artillery. The only remedy was a shelling from one of the warships, but the

Turks had provided against that chance. In the great attack which the Anzacs made in August, one of their battalions found the place which had been built for one of these guns, though the gun had been moved. A deep cave had been dug to shelter the gun, and from this shelter the gunners were able to run it out upon rails, whenever they wished to use it. To a gun so placed, the shells of the warships were quite harmless.

These were only some of the disadvantages against which the Anzacs had to fight. Shut into a narrow space by the hills on one side and the sea on the other, only a certain number of men could exist in their cramped area. All their stores, including water and munitions, had to be brought to them by sea. They were isolated, and faced on three sides by an enemy more numerous than they, and posted on higher ground than themselves.

All these things have to be remembered when reading the history of their eight months' stay upon the peninsula of Gallipoli. They increase the value of every gallant feat performed by these men, for it was wonderful that they were even able to stay in such a place under such bad conditions.

CHAPTER VIII

LEARNING TO FIGHT

WAR on Gallipoli peninsula was not the sort of thing the Anzacs had been trained to expect. It was nothing like the war that many of them had taken part in fifteen years before, in Africa. It was not much like the war in Flanders, descriptions of which were familiar to them all through reading the papers. It was quite a new kind of war.

Some of the novelties were invented by the Turks, with the help of the German officers who had trained their armies. The Turks had been engaged in the world's two most recent wars, until the Great War began; a war with Italy, which was fought in Tripoli, and the Balkan war.

In the Balkan war they learned much about trench fighting, for when they appeared to be hopelessly beaten, they made a stand in a long line of trenches at a place called Chatalja,

and by their stubborn defence managed to regain much they seemed to have lost for ever.

They had planned the defence of Gallipoli for months before the British landed there, and knew the country well. Thus they were at a great advantage with the Anzacs; and it says much for the cleverness of the latter that they adapted themselves to the novel methods of warfare so quickly. Soon they were the masters of all the Turkish devices, and had invented a few little things of their own as well.

They knew how to shoot and ride, and they had been trained to drill, to obey, and to endure. Now they had to learn how to fight; and in this art they soon excelled above all else.

They quickly discovered that the Turk was an adept in trench work. When they charged a trench with the bayonet, the Turks would seldom wait for the hand-to-hand fight the Anzacs at first expected. They ran to other trenches they had dug behind the first. If the Anzacs stayed in the captured trench, they found that those behind it had been placed so cleverly that the Turks could fire

upon them along the length of the trench; in the language of war, the enemy were able to "enfilade" their front trenches from those behind.

The Anzacs were quick to grasp the fact that it was necessary to capture a whole system of trenches, when they made an attack upon their enemy. But in one or two instances they paid very bitterly for the lesson.

The use of bombs in trench fighting was also quite new to them, but the Turks understood it well, and were well provided with these weapons. The Anzacs at first had none at all, or very few. They soon found a way to remedy this lack of bombs.

Among their stores was a plentiful supply of jam, which had come from Australia. It was packed in the Australian fashion, in sealed tins containing a pound weight of preserve. When the jam in these tins had been consumed, they were converted into dangerous bombs by filling them with explosive and bullets, and adding scraps of old iron or anything that would be calculated to hurt the man it might hit.

Among the Anzacs were many miners, who were accustomed to the use of explosives in their ordinary peace-time work. These men tried new ideas in bombs, one of which they called the "Hair-brush," because of its shape. It was a frame with a handle for throwing, and into the frame were fitted two sticks of dynamite. When well-directed, this proved a deadly weapon.

But good work with bombs was not possible until they had received a large stock of properly made weapons, to take the place of their amateur creations. The bomb used by the Turks and afterwards by the Anzacs, was a round, iron shell, as large as a big orange. Its hollow centre was filled with explosive, fired by a fuse which burned for ten seconds after being lighted. The explosion broke the soft iron of the shell into pieces, which flew about with deadly effect.

These bombs were all of the same weight, about two pounds when charged. After the jam-tins, which varied in weight, and were not of a shape suitable for accurate throwing, the Anzacs found they could do much more precise work with the round bombs.

Each company soon had its band of bomb-throwers, men who had proved in practice work that they could throw these weapons far and accurately. Many of them were men who had been good cricketers, and able to do accurate work with a cricket ball; though these bombs were many times the weight of a cricket ball.

But learning to throw the bombs was only half the battle; they had to learn how to deal with live bombs thrown into their own trenches. The fuse by which a bomb is exploded is timed, when lighted, to burn for ten seconds before the explosion takes place. There is not much time, therefore, in which to deal with a lighted bomb when it falls into a trench.

Fortunately for the Anzacs, the Turks usually threw their bombs as soon as they had lighted them, so that there were a few seconds left in which to pick the things up, and throw them back again. The Anzacs, on the other hand, made it a rule, after lighting a bomb fuse, to count up to five at least before throwing, so that their bombs often exploded as they landed.

Some of the bolder Turks did this also, and many good men were killed and badly wounded when picking up bombs which exploded in their hands. Then an Anzac, whose mates had a higher opinion of his courage than of his brains, made a fresh discovery.

He saw a bomb fall into the trench where he was fighting, and he noticed that it was on the point of exploding. He picked up his overcoat, and threw it upon the bomb; and then sat down on the overcoat. As he did so the explosion took place and he and his overcoat went up a few feet into the air. To his own surprise, and that of every one else, he was not hurt.

"Whatever made you do that?" he was asked; and he could only say that he supposed he thought he would save his mates anyhow. But his adventure gave the Anzacs a new idea, and they tried the effect of throwing a coat upon a lighted bomb, without the addition of a man on top of it. It was found that the coat made the bomb harmless to those near it, but was not much good as a coat afterwards.

A sandbag, half full of sand, was equally

useful to smother a bomb; but was hardly big enough to permit a man in a hurry to make sure of covering the bomb entirely. In the end blankets were weighted at the edges with a little lead, and answered very well. Thereafter, when there was bomb-fighting, two men with these blankets were always on the lookout for falling bombs.

At some of the posts, such as Quinn's and Courtney's, the enemy trenches were only thirty yards distant, and the man who put his head above the parapet of the trench was very likely to pay for his daring with his life. The only method of seeing what was going on beyond the trench was by the use of the periscope.

The periscope is a long, narrow box, containing an arrangement of small looking-glasses. One of these, in the end which is held above the trench, reflects the scene outside so that it can be watched by the man who is peeping in at the other end, safe in the shelter of the trench.

It occurred to an ingenious Anzac, named Beach, that this device could be fitted to a rifle, so that the soldier could aim it from his place of safety, and shoot at the enemy

without exposing himself. He carried out his idea with a rough framework of wood, and found he could make very good shooting by this means.

A number of these periscope rifles were made, and by the use of them the Anzacs got completely the better of the Turks in these places where the trenches were so close together. Not a Turk dared show his head, while the Anzacs could look over the trenches and, by their fine shooting, break the glasses of the Turkish periscopes with their bullets.

When they landed on Gallipoli they found no water at all in the area they occupied, and all the water they used had to be brought by sea from places as far as Malta, and distributed among them by laborious methods. They began almost at once to search for springs and wells, and a strange part was played in this search by a soldier, named Kenney.

He professed to be able to discover hidden water by means of a metal fork he carried in his hands. From the very oldest times such claims have been made by men who term themselves "water diviners." In his case the claim was justified, for the testimony

of his superior officers remains to show that he found the places of several wells, which were proved by digging, and supplied a most welcome store of water for the use of the men.

These are only a few of the clever things the Anzacs did, when they began to learn how to fight. There were many others, and some of these they agreed to keep secret until the war should end, so that the enemy should not hear about them, and benefit by the knowledge.

They lived in dug-outs made on those sides of the Anzac hills which were most sheltered from the gunfire of the enemy. Some of those hillsides are still honeycombed with the little caves they dug, with a plank or two to form a frame to the entrance, and with earth heaped upon them to deaden the effect of any shells that might burst too near them.

The men made their way about the place by paths which were sheltered by walls of sand-bags, or through saps, or deep cuttings, in which a man might walk upright without his head being seen. There were few places in their five hundred acres of hills and ravines where a man might show himself safely in

daylight, so that they led a curious hidden existence.

Men who live in constant danger and who see every day brave deeds and unselfish, devoted actions performed, become nobler and better because of the experience. It was so with the Anzacs. They were fine fellows and brave men before they saw Gallipoli, but their experience there made them a united band. Every man acted for the common good, and learned to think first of the cause for which he was fighting, and of the safety of his mates. The Anzacs put themselves last of all.

CHAPTER IX

THE BOAST OF SANDERS PASHA

THE Turkish army on Gallipoli was commanded by a German General named Liman von Sanders, whom the Turks called Sanders Pasha. Before the Anzacs had been four weeks on the peninsula, Sanders Pasha decided to make a great effort, in order to get rid of them.

Their presence there was a constant menace to his plans. Whenever a great attack was made by the British army which was fighting at Cape Helles, and he needed all his men to meet it, the Anzacs would also begin advancing, and he had to weaken his main force, in order to cope with them. There were other good reasons why he was anxious to get rid of them, but this was the most pressing one at the time.

One morning in May, an Anzac soldier, named Gunn, saw a Turkish aeroplane flying

high over Anzac. As he watched it, he thought he saw something fall to the ground, and hurrying to the spot, he picked up a large stone wrapped in white paper. This bundle contained a written message.

It ran as follows: "Australians, we have no quarrel with you. Go home again while you are safe. In a few days we are coming to drive you into the sea." It was signed with the name of Sanders Pasha. Several such messages, I am told, were found by the soldiers of Anzac.

The Anzacs had their aeroplanes too, for they were served by the men of the British Naval Flying Corps. These bold aviators kept a constant watch on the Turkish trenches, and General Birdwood and his staff did not need to be told by Sanders Pasha that he was preparing for a big attack.

The flying men reported that the Turkish trenches were full of men, and that fresh troops were arriving every day. Some of them came from Constantinople, and were from the best regiments in the Turkish army. Others came from the main defence at Cape Helles, and were tried veterans. The observers also reported that large stores of

shells and other munitions were being collected for use against the Anzacs.

The Anzacs were, therefore, prepared for an attack in force. They knew that the Turks were two to their one ; they knew that they would have to endure a shelling from guns placed on hills all around them, and from the distant forts on the Dardanelles. But they made up their minds not to yield one yard of ground.

The attack began on the evening of May 18 with a terrific bombardment from all quarters. The Anzacs found that, in addition to fresh troops, Sanders Pasha had placed new guns on positions from which they had never before been shelled. The warships answered as well as they could, but otherwise there was nothing for the Anzacs to do but to stand fast and endure.

The ordeal lasted for some hours, and did some damage to the Anzac trenches, but this was repaired very quickly by the steadfast men who were waiting for the great trial they knew would follow. Before it was light the Turks began to advance ; the Anzacs could hear them coming with shouts of " Allah,

Allah!" the cry they always gave when coming forward to the attack.

When dawn broke, a strange and a fearsome sight met the eyes of the Anzacs. The Turks were coming forward in dense masses, converging on their posts from all quarters. They came boldly down the hillsides and through the valleys, firing their rifles as they advanced.

A great and unpleasant surprise was in store for them. Soon after their landing, the Anzacs had landed their guns, fine eighteen-pounders served by first-class artillery-men. General Johnson, who was in command of the artillery, had chosen positions for his batteries with an eye to just such an attack as the Turks were now making.

The work of getting these heavy guns up the rugged hills from the beach, without letting the enemy know of it, was very exacting. It was most cleverly performed, and the gun places were just as cleverly hidden with brush and small trees. A number of machine guns had similarly been posted, so as to command the easier approaches to the Anzac defences.

When the great dark mass of Turks came surging over the hills, the Anzac guns spoke for the first time. The shooting was excellent from the very first discharge, and the gunners made the best use of their chances.

One battery had been placed on a rise, well to the right of the hill down which poured the main force of the Turks. The shrapnel from this battery ploughed great gaps in the masses of men, lessening their number with every discharge.

From that day the place where these guns were posted was known to the Anzacs as Johnson's Jolly. It is a quaint name, but can be understood better when it is known that to "jolly" a man, in Australian slang, is to deceive him and make him look very foolish. That was certainly done to Sanders Pasha by General Johnson when he hid his guns so cleverly.

While the big guns were taking heavy toll of the advancing Turks, the machine guns were pouring a stream of bullets into their dense ranks, sweeping them down by scores. At the same time every Anzac who could find a place at the trench parapet was busy with his rifle.

For a month they had been shelled and shot from behind shelter, while they had to advance in the open. They had fallen victims to all the traps and snares the enemy had carefully prepared for his defence. Now the tables were turned, and they made the best use of their opportunities.

They were fighting for their lives, and for their very footing on the land. It can truly be said that no men ever fought better. They were steady and cool, though the Turks came ever closer, until they stood on the very parapets of their trenches.

The German officers in command did not spare the poor Turks. The Anzacs could see them driving fresh companies on with the flat of their swords, and with their revolvers shooting the men who faltered. Wave after wave of men was sent forward into the bursting shrapnel and the stream of bullets from the machine guns and rifles.

Most of these waves broke and scattered on the hillside, now piled thick with the dead and the dying. Some moved on to the barbed wire protections of the Anzac trenches, where they were shot down in scores as they tried to climb the wire. Some even passed this

obstacle, and were shot on the very edge of the trenches, falling forward among the defenders. But no Turk ever passed the Anzac line of defence.

This desperate attack lasted for some hours, till human flesh and blood could endure it no longer. At ten in the morning the Turks turned tail, in spite of their German tyrants, and took shelter in their trenches. That was the signal for a renewal of the Turkish bombardment.

This time the Anzac guns replied to the enemy, while the Anzacs, in excellent spirits, waited watchfully in their trenches. They expected the Turks would come again ; and an attempt was made in the afternoon to renew the attack. But as soon as the Turks appeared in force, they were again met by a storm of fire.

Their spirits were cowed by the severe handling they had in the morning, and this time they showed little stomach for the fight. Their officers tried frantically to drive them against the Anzac defences, but they proved stubborn, and would not go. Before night fell, there was not a Turk in sight ; they had

all taken shelter in their trenches, and the great attack was over.

It was an anxious night for the Anzacs, who did not know when the attack might be renewed. But it passed without any fighting, and when morning again broke there were no Turks to be seen, except dead and wounded ones.

The sight from the Anzac trenches was a curious and gruesome one. The men looked out through their periscopes upon country that was strewn with their dead enemies. In places they lay in heaps, just as they had fallen under the bursting shrapnel shells. Dead men were sprawling over the barbed wire fences, having been shot as they attempted to pass them. The dead could be counted by thousands.

The Anzac losses had been very light, compared with those of the enemy. There were a certain number of casualties as the result of the heavy shelling they had endured, and in some places the Turks had got near enough to the trenches to throw many bombs into them, which had caused some loss. But twenty Turks had been put out of action for

every Anzac, and the Anzacs had good cause to feel satisfied with themselves.

General Birdwood went the round of all the posts, and found his men very happy. Some of them were grumbling, it is true, but these were the men who thought they had not had their fair share in the shooting of the previous day. There were not places at the parapet for all of them, and in such a fight there are other duties to be performed besides the use of the rifle.

For that reason some of the Anzacs were discontented. Even while the fight was going on, there were disputes among them about good places in the trenches for shooting. An officer told me that his attention was distracted from the advancing Turks by two of his men putting down their rifles, and attacking each other with their fists.

He quickly separated them, and found the cause of the quarrel was that one had pulled the other away from a place at the parapet, saying that it was now his turn, as the other man had been there long enough. They were very good friends, both before the fight and afterwards, but quarrelled in the great excitement of the moment.

Apart from the grumblers, the Anzacs were joking and singing like boys coming back from a pleasant holiday. They had been watching and fighting for two days without any rest, and with very little food, but they were happy at last. Their general told them all how pleased he was with them, and that made them happier than ever; for they valued his praise very highly.

He had every reason to be pleased, for they had disclosed a new side to their character as soldiers. He knew they were daring and resourceful, for they had shown that at the landing. Now they had proved they were steady and cool when fighting against odds, and that they could endure a long strain without weakening in any respect.

This battle had also proved the value of their fine shooting, doubled by their steadiness through long hours of trial. It was a great triumph for the Anzacs, and a sad blow to Sanders Pasha. He had boasted, and had failed to make his boasting good in any way.

He had not driven the Anzacs back by so much as one yard, but he had made the Turks fear to face them again, when they were behind defence works. He had filled the

hospitals of Constantinople with Turkish wounded, and had left so many thousands of Turks dead on the field of battle that he had to ask for a truce to bury them.

From that day forward he left the Anzacs alone. He was quite content that the Turks should hold them off from behind the shelter of their defences, for he knew that never again would his men advance against the terrible guns and rifles of these bold invaders.

CHAPTER X

THEIR FRIENDS THE ENEMY

A MONTH spent at Anzac in fighting with the Turks had quite changed the opinion the Anzacs had formed of their enemy. They had landed with an idea of the Turk which events proved to be a very wrong one, but when they found out their mistake, they were quick to do their enemy justice.

While they were training in Egypt they came to the conclusion that the Turks were at once cruel and cowardly. In their own countries they had little or no chance of knowing anything of the Turk, but in Egypt they came into contact with many victims of Turkish oppression.

Shortly before the Anzacs arrived in Egypt, the Turks had turned upon the Christian people of Armenia, a province of Turkey, and had treated them most barbarously. They had turned them out of their villages, robbed

them and murdered them by hundreds, and made Armenia a waste land.

Some of the Armenians had escaped to Egypt ; indeed, some of them acted as interpreters to the Anzacs when they landed in Gallipoli. From these men the Anzacs heard stories of Turkish cruelty that made their blood run cold. They thought that if the Turks would treat peaceful peasants in so inhuman a fashion, they would certainly be worse in their dealings with an enemy who came to make war upon them.

They heard so many tales of torture inflicted by Turkish soldiers that many of them decided that, in the case of their being wounded, they would make an end of themselves with their rifles, rather than fall into the hands of so cruel a foe. Nor were they disposed to show any special mercy to the Turk, being incensed by the stories they had heard.

Although these stories were quite true, they soon learned that in war the Turk is a merciful and chivalrous foe. The same men who would turn old women and little children out of their homes, and beat them till they fell

by the way, would risk their lives to take a drink of water to a wounded enemy.

This seems very curious; but it can be explained. The Turks are Mohamedans, and are soldiers by instinct. They do not quarrel with Christians who dwell in other lands, but wish to drive all Christians out of Turkey. As a race of warriors, they also despise the peaceful and timid Armenians, and try by every means to drive them from their country.

They understand war, and respect a brave enemy. They believe in those rules of war which forbid firing upon Red Cross men or upon hospitals. They think prisoners should be treated with kindness and courtesy, and that it is the mark of a good soldier to show pity to a fallen enemy.

Before the Anzacs discovered these things for themselves, they made a number of mistakes in their dealings with the Turks. In several cases that are known, wounded men took their own lives rather than be captured by the enemy. Tales of tortured Anzacs being found were told, and believed, in the few days that followed the landing. It was

afterwards shown that there was no truth in these reports.

But the eyes of the Anzacs were opened by an incident which occurred about a week after they had landed. They had made a hospital near the beach and on it was displayed the Red Cross flag. One day, while the Turkish guns were shelling them, several shells fell and exploded very near this hospital.

Shortly afterwards the shells ceased falling, and a Turkish officer left the enemy trenches with a white flag. He came to say how sorry the Turks were that these shells had fallen so close to the hospital, and to promise that it should not happen again.

A week later the Australians lost their General, who was wounded while on a round of inspection, and afterwards died of his wounds. General Bridges was admired and loved by every man at Anzac, and his loss threw the whole camp into mourning, for he was a splendid soldier, and an example of cheerful courage to every man there.

He was wounded while passing up Shrapnel Valley, for at that time the Turks were posted

at the top of the valley, and were able to snipe down it at all hours of the day. The General fell at a very exposed point, and asked that he should not be taken away, because to do so would expose the stretcher bearers to very grave danger.

This request was ignored, and the brave Red Cross men came and carried him down the valley, slowly and carefully. Had the Turks wished, they could have picked every man off, but not a shot was fired by them until the wounded General had been taken to a place of safety.

By this time several cases had been reported of Turks who had exposed themselves, in broad daylight, for no other purpose than to succour wounded Anzacs. These things became known, and the Anzacs were very sorry that they had wronged their brave enemies. They never made the same mistake afterwards.

The chance to have a talk to some of the Turks, and to see them at close quarters, came not long afterwards. When the attempt made by Liman von Sanders to drive the Anzacs into the sea had failed, the number of dead and wounded Turks outside the

Anzac trenches was very great. The Turks wished to bury their dead, and to tend the wounded.

An officer with a white flag was again sent to the Anzac camp, to propose that an armistice, or truce for the burial of the dead of both sides, should be arranged. The Anzacs agreed, and it was decided that from six in the morning of May 24, until four in the afternoon, there should be no fighting.

Early in the morning of that day a number of Anzacs left their trenches, and drew up in a long line in the ground between their own trenches and those of the Turks. The Turks did the same thing, forming a line opposite that of their enemy.

The men of the Red Cross, and those appointed for the burying parties, took possession of the area between these two lines, and set about their sad task. The officers who had to supervise the work also entered the No Man's Land where the dead lay, and soon some of them were in conversation with the Turkish officers.

The language used was French, and both sides behaved with a politeness that was

quite friendly. They exchanged cigarettes, and other small courtesies; and seemed to get on very well together. But attached to the Turkish army were a number of German officers, and it was noticeable that these took no part in the exchange of civilities.

The men followed the example of their officers, conversing by signs, and exchanging little articles with the Turks as souvenirs of the occasion. It was a curious sight, to see Anzacs and Turks, who had been fighting bitterly a day before, strolling about in groups, to all appearance the very best of friends.

The Anzacs had now been on Gallipoli a month, and had become accustomed to one feature of the Turkish fighting. Every morning at sunrise, and every evening at dusk, they received a good sound shelling from all the Turkish batteries. They called these shellings the Sunrise and Sunset Hate.

The armistice ended at four o'clock, and before that hour every man was back again in the shelter of the trenches. Punctually at one minute past four the first shell of the Sunset Hate came along, to remind the

Anzacs that their friends of an hour ago were once again their mortal enemies.

Another incident occurred which threw a new light upon the Turks for the men of Anzac. They had taken a number of prisoners, whom they confined in an enclosure with a high fence of barbed wire. They had to set a guard over these men, who were rather a nuisance to the small force of Anzacs.

General Birdwood was much interested in these Turks. He came to look at them, and then gave orders which astonished the Anzacs very much. These orders were that the prisoners should receive the best food the camp could provide.

For a week the Turks lived on the fat of the land. They had chickens and fruit, procured at great trouble; and nice coffee was made for them after the Turkish fashion. They were given as many fine cigarettes as they wanted, and soon began to look sleek and well-fed.

The Anzacs, who fared on tinned beef and hard biscuit, with a very small allowance of drinking water, were much disgusted at this pampering of prisoners. They did not like

to say so, but some of them thought their wise General must be losing his reason.

A week later, the General came again, and gave a new order. When they heard it, the Anzacs went about their work with broad smiles on their faces, for now they understood. The order was that on the next day the Turks should be sent out with axes and told to cut firewood.

Next day the Anzacs watched them go out with their axes, never expecting to see them again. It was a great trouble to guard them ; and they hoped they would go back and tell their friends how kind the Anzacs were, and how they had the best of everything, and in abundance. Much good might come of such a report being carried to the Turkish soldiers.

The day passed, and grew into evening ; but there was no sign of the Turks. This was just what the Anzacs expected, and hoped. But just as dusk was drawing in, one sharp-eyed Anzac drew the attention of his comrades to a strange sight. It looked like a procession of moving timberpiles coming down the hillside.

Presently the prisoners staggered into the camp, each bent double under the weight of

an enormous load of wood. Not a man was missing. They seemed to expect praise from the General for the hard work they had done, but he looked at them once, and walked away in silence. The Anzacs, however, smiled even more broadly than before.

The Turks were asked by an interpreter why they had not run away; and they grew quite cross. "Are we dogs," they asked; "that we should do this thing? Have we not been well treated, and did not the General trust us?"

From that time forward they got only beef and biscuit; and had to drink water instead of the nice hot coffee. The reason for the change they could never understand.

In time the Anzacs learned that the Turk had his own code of honour and of mercy, and that he is bound by it. They respected him as a brave fighter, and an honourable foe. When the time came to turn their backs on Gallipoli they were quite sorry to leave their old friend Abdul, as they called him.

They set out in their dug-outs little feasts as parting gifts, and wrote messages to show their respect and regard for their enemy.

They left, never doubting that the graves of their dead would be treated with the utmost respect by the Turks, now left in undisputed possession of Anzac.

Every Anzac who fought on Gallipoli will say that it is a great pity there should ever have been a quarrel with the Turks. They know that the Anzac prisoners taken by the Turks have been treated most kindly and humanely.

One of the good results arising from the fighting at Anzac is this respect between the Turks and the men who fought for our Empire. Such fighting leaves no bitter memories behind it when peace has been made; but only the desire to become good friends.

CHAPTER XI

WAITING AND WATCHING

SANDERS PASHA and his hosts were beaten in the early summer, and the next two months were spent by the Anzacs in outpost fighting, and in making their position firm. There was no present danger of another great Turkish attack, but they prepared to meet one, if it should come, with even greater certainty.

They felt in no danger of being driven back, yet they saw that they could not make any advance. Day by day they watched from their trenches the Turks at work digging all about them. Every week which passed made the defences of the enemy more secure, just as it made their own works stronger and more easy to defend.

Their numbers, which at full strength should have been between 25,000 and 30,000, had been sadly reduced by the heavy and constant

fighting of the first month. They were now reinforced from Egypt, and gradually brought back to something near their full strength. They felt strong enough to defend, but not to attack.

Knowledge of the country before them came gradually, and with it a realisation of what might have been. They saw at last, that if it had been possible to land twice as many men on the first day, April 25, so that the pioneers who found their way so far inland might have found strong support, the task set them could have been finished at once.

The enemy had not been prepared for them, and 30,000 men as daring as the first 15,000 would certainly have forced their way through to the Dardanelles. Now, as week followed week, they could see that the Turks were making a difficult task of what was at first quite possible.

Undaunted they held on, straining every effort to keep the upper hand of the Turks. In trench fighting that is a most important thing. Where two lines of trenches face one another, as at Anzac, and approach very

closely at places, the side which has the better soldiers will gain the upper hand.

By good shooting and ceaseless vigilance, they will make it impossible for their enemies to show themselves, while they will enjoy a certain amount of freedom in that respect. This battle for mastery in trench fighting went on always at Anzac, and especially at such places as Quinn's Post, where the trenches were only thirty yards apart.

This struggle did not take place above ground only ; both sides dug tunnels towards the trenches of their enemy, with the object of blowing up their trenches by means of mines. The Anzacs had an example of this kind of warfare on the morning of May 29, when the Turks succeeded in mining part of the first line of trenches at Quinn's Post, and blew them up.

The defence of Quinn's was at that time in the hands of the Fifteenth Battalion, who were men from Queensland and Tasmania. The Fifteenth rushed up the hill from the support trenches, to find the Turks in possession of the craters made by the explosion. They were fighting furiously with bayonet

and with bomb, and in the semi-darkness there was much confusion.

In the fight which followed Major Quinn, the gallant officer who commanded the Anzac defence and gave his name to the post, lost his life. He was last seen rallying some of his men in the desperate rush up the hillside. Afterwards his body was found, pierced by two bullets.

The fight for the mined trench was a desperate affair, which was decided by the cleverness of the bomb-throwers of the Fifteenth, and by the devotion of the men. They had to dash through a screen of bombs and heavy rifle fire to enter the communication trench, the only means of access to the mined trench, which was full of Turks.

These Turks endured a shower of Anzac bombs for a time, then they dashed out and charged down the trench. They were met with a withering fire from machine guns and rifles and driven back. The Fifteenth countercharged with the bayonet, and in a hand-to-hand struggle cleared the trench.

There remained a support trench, which was difficult to assault because of the bomb-

proof shelter, which was one of its features. There was more deadly work with bombs, and after a bitter fight, the remnant of the Turks surrendered. There were only eighteen of them, and every man was wounded. They were treated with the respect due to men who had fought so bravely.

The clearing of the mined trenches showed that scores of Turks had fallen in this struggle, and a number of Anzacs as well. It was one incident in the defence of Quinn's Post, where there was continuous fighting, by day and night, for many weeks.

Gradually this post was made secure. An important part in this work was played by a body of New Zealand miners, who constructed underground works before and about the post. The area between the trenches was so mined that it became one stretch of rubbish, pitted and scarred in all directions by the explosions of the mines.

The same work was going on all along the line. The Anzacs wished to be the masters, and to keep the Turk down. They did so, in spite of the Turks having all the advantage of position. Had the positions been reversed, the struggle would not have lasted very long.

That is to say, had the Anzacs been Turks, and the Turks Anzacs, the invaders would very quickly have been driven from the peninsula of Gallipoli.

The summer heat increased, and the Anzacs felt the scarcity of water and the effects of the tropical climate. They wore very little clothing, many of them nothing but boots, sunhats, and shorts, that were very short indeed. Their bare skin was baked by the sun to a dark brown, and they only differed from the Turks in appearance because the Turks looked fairer.

In the meantime the British army at Cape Helles continued to hammer at the great mountain fort at Achi Baba, with no great success. They fought as bravely as men possibly could, but their numbers were not enough for the task set them.

One of the last great attacks made on Achi Baba took place on June 28, and before it began the Anzacs had to play their part. This was to advance against the Turks and engage them in fighting, so that none of them could be taken from the neighbourhood of Anzac to strengthen the defences at Achi Baba.

The demonstration; for that is the name given to an advance made for the sole reason of keeping the enemy occupied—began by a shelling of the Turkish positions by the warships and the Anzac guns. Then the Second Brigade of Light Horse, consisting of the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Battalions, all from Victoria; and the Third Brigade of Australian Infantry, left their trenches and advanced about seven hundred yards.

The adventures of one battalion, the Fifth, are worth telling, as they illustrate what happened to the Anzacs when they made these demonstrations. The Fifth was stationed at Chatham Post; and they advanced along Harris Ridge through dense holly bush for about five hundred yards in the direction of the Fort of Gaba Tepe. Then the Turks caught sight of them, and began to fire upon them.

The first two squadrons reached the spot where they had planned to dig in, having suffered some losses. The third squadron followed, and got into the hail of bullets that was coming from three directions at once. In a minute the leader, Captain Cameron, his next in command, Lieutenant Rutherford,

and ten men went down. The others took what cover they could, and returned the Turkish fire.

They fought there in the open for three hours, with the fire of the Turks turned upon them all the time. Then, at four in the afternoon, the order came to retire. This was not so easy, for the machine guns and rifles of the enemy were sweeping Harris Ridge, over which two of the three squadrons had made their way earlier without opposition.

Each man had to run the gauntlet of this fire by himself. One at a time the men rushed from the cover of the bushes, over the bare ridge with the bullets spitting in the dust all round him, while his companions watched with their hearts in their mouths. It seemed impossible that any man could go through that fire unhurt, yet most of them did so.

The Fifth Battalion had sent out 285 men, of whom 106 were either killed or wounded, the remaining 179 returning safely. The same proportion of losses were sustained by the other Battalions of Light Horse and infantry engaged in this operation. The Anzacs thought these losses light, when the nature of the risks they ran was considered.

One squadron of Light Horse advanced so impetuously on that day that they crossed the Ridge ten minutes before it was thought they could do so. They were seen from one of the warships, and were taken for Turks. A shell was sent among them, and it became necessary for them to let the gunners know that they were friends, and not Turks.

They all stood up erect, exposing themselves to the fire of the enemy. They turned toward the ship, and held their rifles above their heads as a sign that they were Anzacs. It was a bold thing to do, and the Turks took advantage of it. But it put an end to the mistake, for which no one was to blame; because it was their own daring which misled the naval gunners.

Another incident of that demonstration of June 28 will show what kind of soldiers the Anzacs were. It happened to the Ninth Battalion of Australian Infantry, from Queensland. Their orders were to approach as close to the Turkish trenches as they could, but not to enter them, or try to capture them.

In the execution of these orders they reached the parapet of the trenches, and

could easily have gone in and fought the Turks. But their orders forbade that; so just to let the Turks know how near they were, they took hold of the projecting rifle barrels of the Turks, and tweaked them out of their hands.

All the Anzacs who took part in this fight of June 28 retired to the trenches from which they had advanced as the British at Cape Helles were beginning the real attack, which was made upon the hill of Achi Baba. The Anzacs had served their purpose, and by holding back so many Turks at Gaba Tepe helped to win the three hundred yards which the British gained in the fight which followed.

It was the last big attack at Cape Helles. Sir Ian Hamilton changed his plans immediately afterwards, and made up his mind to attempt to reach the Dardanelles from Anzac itself. Up to that time the Anzacs had only been there to draw away the Turks from the real fighting. It was now decided to make the real scene of fighting at and about Anzac, and to leave some of the British at Cape Helles to occupy the Turks, just as the Anzacs had previously done.

The Anzacs guessed that a big move was

soon to be made, for more guns and great stores of ammunition and food were being landed on their piers secretly by night. They were full of joy at the prospect, for it had begun to seem to them that they were doomed to remain on that little patch of hilly land for the remainder of the war.

To stand still was not in their nature, and they wanted very much to advance. The place was full of excitement again, as they began to prepare for a deadly struggle. They did not know exactly what was to be done, but everybody knew there was to be a change, and a lot of serious fighting. That was what the Anzacs wanted.

During the month of August there had been a great deal of illness at Anzac. One of the worst complaints was dysentery, in a form which was described by the doctors as intermittent. That is to say, that a man would suffer on one day, and feel perfectly well the next ; only to find himself much worse a day or two later. This form of dysentery is very dangerous, for it weakens the patient so that he may never recover from the effects of it.

Many of the Anzacs suffering from this

complaint hid their illness from their officers and from the doctors. They knew they would be sent away if they complained and asked for relief. They did not wish to leave their mates when the real struggle was at hand, for they knew that every man would be required in his place.

It may have been foolish, but it shows the metal of which these men were made. When the time came for the advance, these heroes took their places in the ranks with the sound men, and fought until they dropped from very weakness.

There was a little pride in their bravery, but it was a fine pride. It was the pride of men who would not leave their posts when the call came for the most dangerous work of all. Well or sick, they would stick by their mates, and do their share of the work, taking also their share of the danger. That is one among many instances of the spirit of Anzac, of which the whole Empire is so proud.

CHAPTER XII

THE LANDING AT SUVLA BAY

FOR three months after the landing, Anzac was only a small undertaking, with no direct part in the plan for clearing the Dardanelles. General Sir Ian Hamilton was trying to win a way through by taking the great hill fortress of Achi Baba, and the Anzacs had to play a second part to the brave British troops who fought at Cape Helles.

The Anzacs themselves always believed that the best way through to the Dardanelles would be found from their own area of occupation, because on the first day of landing they had found a path far across the peninsula, and were only driven back by superior numbers. Although the Turks, in the three months that followed, made strong defences to the way across the peninsula, the Anzacs still thought that, with a force strong enough, the way could yet be won.

Between them and the Dardanelles there lay a great mass of hills, rising in one place to the height of 971 feet, a point marked on the military maps as Hill 971, but called by the Turks, Koja Chemen Tepe. The whole hill mass was known by the Turkish name of Sari Bair. If a way was to be won from Anzac to the Dardanelles, the first need was to take Hill 971, and the lower hill crests which surrounded it; from which the Turks had always had the upper ground of the Anzacs.

From the northern boundary of Anzac itself, which was the ridge of hills called Walker's Ridge, the Anzacs could look along the sea coast for some miles to a deep bay in the coast, called Suvla Bay. Between them and Suvla Bay was a flat plain, in which was a large salt lake. Inland they could see the white minaret of a mosque, surrounded by the clustering roofs of a Turkish village called Anafarta.

The plain between Anzac and Suvla Bay was cultivated land, and here the Anzacs could watch the Turkish farmers at work, reaping and harvesting as though a deadly combat was not being waged a few miles away.

The Turks were always busy building new defences on the seaward and southern slopes of Sari Bair, but away to the north they dug but few trenches. If the place was to be taken, it seemed that the attack must be made from the direction of Suvla Bay, the troops crossing the flat plain, and attacking from the direction of Anafarta village.

Having proved that it was not possible to master Achi Baba with the army at his disposal, General Sir Ian Hamilton turned his attention to Sari Bair, and decided that if troops were landed at Suvla Bay, and an attack were made upon the big hill by them and the Anzacs at the same time, a way might be won through to the Dardanelles.

This plan caused the great stir at Anzac in the month of July. More guns and men were landed, until there were 35,000 men under General Birdwood's command at Anzac, some of them consisting of British regiments. Stores of ammunition were carried by night to depots in the area, and there was a general air of preparation which made the pulses of the Anzacs beat quicker again.

"At last," they said, "we are going to move forward." They hailed the prospect

with joy, for they were tired of the task of hanging on to their little holding of less than one square mile.

Each battalion was told the part it was to play in the execution of the plan. One part was to defend Anzac itself, and from the line to the south and east of Anzac to make such attacks upon the Turks that they would be kept busily fighting. This duty fell to the first three brigades of Australian Infantry, and to the First and Third Brigades of Australian Light Horse. A little later I will tell you how the Light Horse charged gloriously, and how the Infantry took and held the plateau of Lone Pine.

The other portion of the Anzac force was to attack the great mountain mass of Sari Bair, and to try to win the summit of Hill 971. All the New Zealanders, the Second Brigade of Light Horse, and the Fourth Brigade of Australian infantry were chosen for this work. The British soldiers who had just been landed at Anzac were also to join in this attack, and some Indian troops, including Gurkhas, who came with them.

You must wait a little to hear of the

Central News Photo.

AN AUSTRALIAN FIELD GUN READY FOR ACTION IN THE SUVLA BAY REGION.

wonderful adventure of the New Zealanders. The first part of the story has to do with the Fourth Brigade of Infantry, who were sent out nearer to the landing-place at Suvla Bay than any other body of Anzacs. The Turks, as I have said, were less prepared for an attack on Hill 971 from this quarter than from any other direction, and the Fourth Brigade was sent away to the north of the hill in the hope that it might be joined by the newly landed British in an attack from that quarter.

The country north of Walker's Ridge was not familiar to the Anzacs, though they held one or two outposts in it. These were in the hands of the New Zealanders, who had to fight some stiff fights to defend them. One of these outposts, called Outpost Number Two, was garrisoned by the Maori soldiers who formed part of the New Zealand Contingent; and for that reason, it was always called the Maori Outpost.

The Fourth Brigade assembled in the Maori Outpost on the evening of August 6, and the men were served with emergency rations and extra ammunition. When darkness had well fallen, they set out upon a march through the

unknown country that lay between them and Suvla Bay.

Their way led through country just as rough as any on the rugged peninsula of Gallipoli. It was covered with the thick scrub that clothes the hillsides down to the very sand of the beach, and it was broken by the beds of the streams that run into the sea from the high hills that rise from the coast.

For troops to find their way through such country for the first time in broad daylight, and unopposed, would have been creditable. But the Fourth passed through it at dead of night, when enemy troops were entrenched in its fastnesses, though exactly where they did not know.

The line of march had, of course, been surveyed beforehand, and the officers had general directions to guide them and their men on their way. But the rapidity and certainty with which the Fourth Brigade reached its object was due to the resource of each individual man, and to the training they had received as a whole.

The officers had shown maps of the country and their route to their sergeants, and through

these officers every man was given some idea of the way he had to go. Once started, each man became a law to himself, and advanced or took cover as might seem good to him. "The fellows just melted away in the darkness," an officer told me, "and turned up by ones and twos when a halt was called." They went in silence, treading lightly and avoiding any noise that might let the enemy know what was going forward.

They slipped through the darkness of the night like ghosts, all making for a stream-bed, or Dere, as these depressions are locally called, which led to the foot of Hill 971, and in its upper courses, twisted up the side of the hill itself.

In this Dere, known as the Aghyl Dere, they were to have joined hands with the newly landed British forces from Suvla Bay. The Anzacs and British soldiers together were to have made an attack on Hill 971 from the Suvla Bay side.

By dawn they had arrived at the appointed place. Very little had been seen of the enemy, though there were one or two encounters in the scrub in the silence and the darkness. Most of the Fourth Brigade, however, reached

their first goal without any fighting. Soldiers will tell you that this night march was one of the finest things the Anzacs ever did, and showed their quality as soldiers to be of the very highest order.

When day broke they met with a disappointment. The British troops were not there.

General Hamilton has told the British people some of the reasons why his plans failed at Suvla Bay. They do not all belong to the story of Anzac, but a little must be written of the Suvla landing, if the fighting done by the Anzacs at this time is to be understood at all.

The British troops landed at Suvla Bay on the afternoon of August 6. There were no Turks to prevent them, because they were kept busy in front of Anzac by the men who were fighting so boldly there. They stepped upon the beach from the boats, and waited for orders, as British soldiers are supposed to do.

As the General hoped, they had taken the Turks by surprise, and it was his wish that they should at once march forward to the attack upon Hill 971. But precious time was wasted after they had landed, and the

result was that the Anzacs, who were waiting for them at the foot of the hill, had to begin the attack alone.

If the new comers had gone forward as the General had planned, they must have marched by night, as the Anzacs did. It is true that their march would have been across the open plain where the farmers had been getting in their crops, so that the task was not an impossible one. No one can tell what might have happened, if they had started off as soon as they landed, and joined at once in an attack upon the big hill.

On the next night, one body did attempt a night march. One of the Anzacs sent to guide them has told me of it. They set out in military order, he said, as though they were marching along an English country road by daylight. They made a great noise as they stumbled through the dense bush, and did not get along very fast. In the end they lost their way, and failed to take part in an attack for which they were under orders, through being too late.

It was a new experience for them, when they were sent out into a strange country in the dark, and called upon to make their

way through trackless bush to a place they had never seen. They were fine soldiers, and fought bravely when the time came. But the Anzacs could beat them quite easily at marching by night through an unknown country.

I give these instances to show how the plans of the General went wrong. The blame will one day be given to the right person; but I have only to say here that it was not the fault of the British soldiers. They showed before many days had passed, that if bravery and devotion could then have won a way through to the Dardanelles, it would have been won.

In the meantime the Fourth Brigade of Australians were left unsupported to make their attack upon Hill 971. They marched still further north, to a Dere known as Asmak, in search of the promised support, and eventually they found a regiment of Sikhs who had come out to join them. It was a day late when they began their attack, and the Turks had had time to prepare for them. This fact, and also the circumstance that they were not in strong enough force to make the attack, led to its failure.

The Fourth Brigade lost heavily in this attack, and after retiring for a short distance from the foot of the big hill, entrenched themselves. There they stayed for a fortnight In the end they took part in the capture of a position on Hill 60, which gave the British and Anzacs command of a strip of country extending from Suvla Bay to the most southerly boundary of Anzac

But first, I will tell of the fighting which took place elsewhere, while the Fourth were mustered at Maori Outpost for their night march, and while the British soldiers were landing safely at Suvla Bay.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CAPTURE OF LONE PINE

I HAVE told how the Third Brigade charged up the steep cliff and won the first landing, and how the Second Brigade charged with the New Zealanders up the slopes to the village of Krithia. The Fourth Brigade defended Quinn's and Courtney's Posts through the first terrible month, when fighting never ceased on that extreme section of the Anzac line.

Presently I shall have to tell of the splendid valour of the Australian Light Horse, and of the mighty New Zealanders who climbed to the topmost height near Anzac, in the face of the enemy, and looked down upon the Dardanelles in the distance.

In this place, however, I have to write of the First Infantry Brigade, the men from New South Wales, the Mother State of Australia. Among their many grand deeds the battle

of Lone Pine stands highest; indeed, it ranks among the most glorious deeds of the Anzacs.

Lone Pine was a flat hilltop toward the south of Anzac, not very far from the fort of Gaba Tepe. On the seaward rim of the hill the Anzacs had dug their trenches, while the Turks had strong defences on the landward side. Between the two lines was the plateau, a flat sandy field, with but one tree, a stunted pine which gave the place its name.

The General wished to draw the Turks as far away from Suvla Bay as might be, and to keep them occupied while the landing was made. Lone Pine was selected as the first spot for the attack by the Anzacs, and it fell to the lot of the First Brigade to carry it out.

A little after four o'clock on the afternoon of August 6, the warships and monitors began to shell the Turkish trenches, while the Second, Third and Fourth Battalions crouched in their trenches, with their bayonets fixed to their rifles, and everything ready for the charge. Those moments of waiting are the most trying a soldier can experience, and in

this instance they stretched out into more than an hour.

At half-past five the guns ceased suddenly, the whistles blew, and the men were out and away, one line after the other. The First Battalion were kept in reserve but had more than their share of the fighting later.

Every nation has its own way of charging the foe. The British cheer as they run forward, and the Irish sweep on with wild yells. The French often go singing, and the Turk calls repeatedly on Allah as he goes into battle. But the Anzacs charge without a sound; they rush forward in a grim, fierce silence.

Men who saw the First Brigade go out that afternoon have told me that the rush of brown figures, in the still that followed the roar of the guns, was like a charge of noiseless ghosts. Not a sound was heard; until the Turks let loose their fire.

Then the brown figures stumbled and fell by scores; but the lines were not checked. They went on with wonderful speed to the very rim of the Turkish trenches. There they stopped like a pack of hunting dogs that

have lost the scent. Hither and thither ran the men, as if completely puzzled.

The onlookers were aghast, for the Anzacs stood upright in the open, an easy mark for the swarming bullets. They saw some of them digging frantically with their bayonets, while others stooped down and tore and tugged at something in the earth.

The cunning Turks, to protect themselves from shell-fire and attack, had roofed their trenches over with heavy logs of wood, and on these had piled earth, so that their trenches were really underground tunnels. Only a loophole was left here and there, to allow them to fire their rifles, and to admit fresh air.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the Anzacs had torn up a few planks here and there, making holes in the roof through which they dropped, one after another, among the Turks who were waiting for them below. Then began the fiercest hand-to-hand fight the Anzacs ever had with the Turks.

It was so dark that friend could not be distinguished from foe. The air was heavy and impure, for the Turks had lived for a long time in these dens underground, and

they are not very cleanly soldiers. The trenches were deep and narrow, so that there was very little room to swing a rifle or to thrust with a bayonet.

They fought in any way they could ; with the butts of their rifles, with their loosened bayonets, and even with their bare hands. The air became thick with the fumes of the exploding bombs, and their eyes were blinded by the sudden flashes of these and of the rifles.

Each traverse meant a fresh stand by the Turks, and at each of these bends the dead and wounded choked the narrow passages. The Anzacs had always thought that the Turks would not stand up to them in a hand-to-hand fight, but in the pitch dark of those covered-in trenches they found their mistake. Every Turk fought like a hero.

For 150 yards or more these dark passages twisted about the rim of the hill, and the fight in them continued for over an hour. The Turks knew their many turns, and the little side caves where half a dozen men might lurk unseen, until they could take their enemy unaware, and in the rear. Such little bands kept making surprise attacks,

fighting until the very last, and selling their lives most dearly.

In the end the Anzacs cleared that section of underground trenches of the enemy. Men who helped afterwards to remove the dead and wounded from these awful holes describe the experience as the most awful they had to undergo in Gallipoli. Friend and foe were taken out together, often locked in a death-grip. Both sides lost heavily in that hideous struggle in the dark and noisome trenches of Lone Pine.

Not all the men of the First Brigade stopped to leap down into these tunnels. The second and third lines, seeing that the first line had undertaken to clear these trenches, charged ahead to the open trenches which lay beyond. There too the Turk fought as he had never before fought at close quarters.

The Anzac artillery and machine guns were very well posted on the edge of the plateau, and each time the Turks bolted from a trench they found themselves in the midst of a devastating fire from this source. With this help the position was completely won

before night, and the supports were hurried forward so that it might be kept.

The help did not come one moment too soon. The First and Seventh Battalions of Australian Infantry, and the First Light Horse constituted the reinforcements. As they took their places in the dark, the Turks began a counter-attack from all sides, with heavy shell fire to assist them. Their supplies of bombs seemed endless, and they used these weapons with a daring they had never before shown.

The First Brigade, which had taken the plateau by such a gallant feat of arms, had been much below its full strength when the attack was launched. Instead of numbering over 4,000 men it was barely 2,000 strong, and of these nearly one half had been lost in the fight for possession. The supporting battalions were similarly weak, and it is doubtful if more than 2,000 men all told were mustered for the defence of the newly won position that night.

The Turks came to attack in far greater numbers. An estimate that quite 5,000 took part in the fighting of the night, and of the awful forty-eight hours that followed, seems

quite a reasonable one. Every Anzac there fought like a hero; and only by such heroism could the position be kept.

In the chapter in which I tell how the Victoria Crosses awarded to the Anzacs were won, the detailed story of no less than seven brave deeds performed on Lone Pine in these three days is told. They will give some idea of the fury of the attack made by the enemy, and of the devotion with which the Anzacs clung to their gains.

As hour by hour went by, the number of the gallant defenders became sadly reduced. At midday on August 7 the Turks made another general assault, and by the showers of bombs they used, won two important sections of trench. The Fourth Battalion, which had been driven out of one section, was led back by its Colonel to the place, and drove the Turks out in turn.

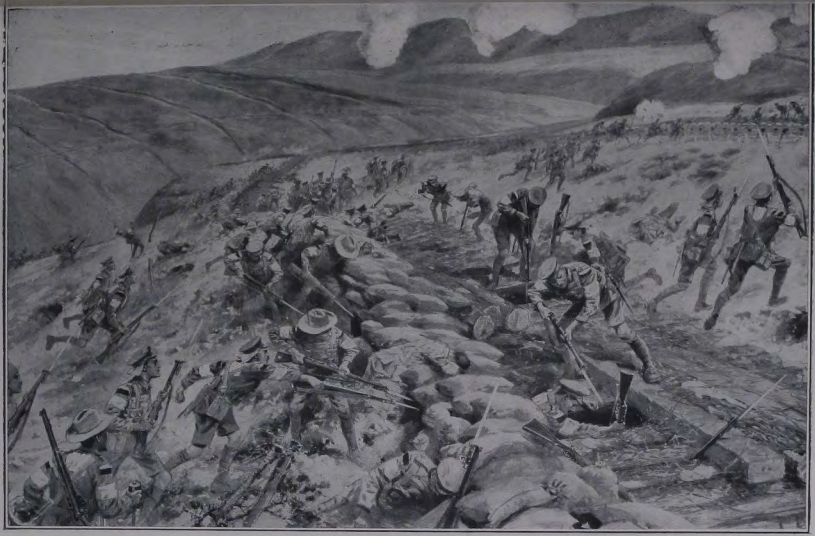
For five hours the attack raged furiously; then the Turks drew off. At midnight they came back, with fresh forces and new supplies of bombs, and fought through the dark night till dawn broke. All the time shells fell on the plateau from every quarter of the compass, and from this ordeal there was no rest by

night or day. Under it the Anzacs continued to hang on, never yielding any of the advantage they had got. It was six days later when the counter attacks of the Turks ended, and then it was possible to count losses and gains.

From the underground trenches over 1,000 dead bodies were taken, and these form only a part of those lost in the battle. Elsewhere, the Anzacs, finding a scarcity of sandbags, had piled the dead before the trenches as a protection. Whole sections of trench had been turned into a ghastly shambles.

Of prisoners the Anzacs took 134, with seven machine guns and a large quantity of ammunition and equipment. Their own losses, though lighter than the Turks, were very heavy. Two out of every three men who had gone to the attack and defence of Lone Pine had been either killed or wounded. In some sections of trench, not a man had escaped without a wound.

The position gained was an important one. From the far edge of the plateau just a glimpse could be seen of the Dardanelles, while there was a good view of Fort Chanak, on the Asiatic side of the Straits.



THE BATTLE OF THE LONE PINE—AUSTRALIANS ATTACKING THE HIDDEN TURKS THROUGH SCOUT-HOLES CUT IN THE ROOFED TRENCH.

From a drawing by S. Begg.

The Anzac artillery, which had done splendid work in defence of the position, found some excellent gun positions on the plateau. They kept them through the months that followed, to the great advantage of the Anzacs everywhere on Gallipoli.

This splendid feat of arms did more to help the plans of the General than any other action fought in those days of fierce charges and hand-to-hand fights. It kept all the Turkish reserves tied to the spot, and, in the words of the General himself, "may be held, more than any other cause, to have been the reason that the Suvla Bay landing was so lightly opposed."

CHAPTER XIV

THE CHARGE OF THE ANZAC LIGHT HORSE

WHEN the Anzacs left Australasia to fight in Europe any Australian or New Zealander who had been asked to mention the pick of the departing troops would certainly have said "The Light Horse of Australia, and the Mounted Rifles of New Zealand." These were the Anzac cavalry, and in the whole world it would not be possible to find better horsemen, stronger and fitter men, or more skilful shots with a rifle, than they were.

They were the pick of the country districts, men who were in the saddle the year round. Most of them had been trained as cavalry for years, for they were part of the defence forces of Australasia. In the African war the best work done by Australasians was done by men of this type; and they looked forward now to more brilliant chances for themselves and their horses.

These horses were the best that could be got. Many of the men gave their own horses as well as themselves in the defence of the Empire, and all took a great pride in being well mounted.

Imagine the disgust of the Light Horse, when the Anzacs left Egypt for the first attack upon Gallipoli, to find that they were to be left behind. It was explained to them that no horse could find a foothold upon the hills where the Anzacs were being sent to fight; but the Light Horse was not consoled by that knowledge.

They fretted in Egypt until the news of the first landing reached them. Then they became very restless indeed. The sight of the first Anzac wounded who were sent to Egypt for hospital treatment was more than they could bear. They volunteered as a body for foot service, or any other service that could be asked of them; and their offer was accepted.

They reached Anzac at the right time, for the numbers of the infantry were sadly reduced by the fighting of the first three weeks. They got a hearty welcome from one and all, and began trench duty at once.

Their comrades had only been there three weeks, but three weeks is a whole lifetime in the history of a soldier. The Light Horse were green novices compared to the pioneers, and did not know how much they had to learn. Soon after their arrival the Turks taught one battalion a lesson in a very humorous way.

The Anzacs had to protect the approaches to the trenches they occupied with barbed wire, which is usually fastened to trees, or to posts put in the ground for the purpose. These Light Horsemen thought this was not necessary, and contented themselves with entangling it in long lengths in front of their trenches.

One morning, when dawn broke, the look-out men rubbed their eyes, because they could not believe them. It seemed that all the barbed wire had vanished during the night. It was only too true; there was nothing there but a post on which a piece of white paper was pinned.

One of them crept out and secured the paper, and when he read what was written on it he could do nothing but laugh. For it said, "Australian Light Horse. Next time, kindly cut your barbed wire into shorter

lengths. You have no idea of the trouble it is to carry off these long pieces."

The story spread from trench to trench, until all Anzac was enjoying the joke. Thereafter, when a Light Horseman showed himself among the men of the Infantry, he was certain to be asked if he had a nice short piece of barbed wire about him.

The time was near at hand when all Anzac was to hear of the Light Horse again, and to thrill with pride at their matchless bravery, and at the calmness in which they faced and met what they knew was certain death. For in the fighting that covered the landing at Suvla Bay the Light Horse were the heroes of a feat that had no known parallel in the history of war except the famous charge of the Light Brigade.

The Third Brigade of the Light Horse was stationed at Russell's Top, and for many days before the Suvla landing had looked from this, the highest point of Walker's Ridge, to the slope of Hill 700, which rose before them. The two hill masses were connected by a narrow strip of land, with steep cliffs on either side. This was called "The Neck."

Both sides had prepared defences for the crossing of The Neck, for it was an easy place to defend. The Turks in particular had scarred the opposite slopes with trenches, and had posted many machine guns to sweep the strip of land. It was afterwards found that they had also placed artillery so as to cover it, and that these guns had the exact range of the crossing.

On August 6 the Third Brigade received orders that they were to charge across The Neck at dawn the next day. The object was to engage the Turks who swarmed on Hill 700 and in the vicinity. It was feared that otherwise the enemy would hasten north, and interfere with the landing at Suvla Bay.

The Light Horse received the order in silence ; for they knew what it meant. That night the plan for the charge was made. The Eighth Battalion (Victoria) was to lead the way over the parapet of their trench in three lines. They were to be followed by the Tenth Battalion (Western Australia). The Ninth Battalion was to act in support.

In the grey dawn of August 7 the Eighth prepared to charge. They were ordered to

go over the parapet in three lines, with the very shortest interval between. Before they started they said good-bye to those who were left behind, their Colonel setting them the example. None of them ever supposed that he would come back.

Led by the gallant Colonel White, the first line mounted the parapet of the trench, and was received by a terrible volley from rifle and machine gun. Many fell back dead into the trench, but a few leaped upon the ground, where they were soon mown down.

The second line followed, and the third; and all made valiant efforts to reach the Turkish trenches. They were only twenty yards distant in the centre of the position, and not more than fifty yards at the widest interval of distance. But only one man of the Eighth Light Horse covered the distance. None turned back, the whole battalion was swept away by the Turkish fire.

Men say that no less than thirty machine guns were turned upon the narrow strip of land across which they tried to run; and the number was certainly a large one. No human being could live through their torrent

of bullets, as the Eighth knew before they proved the fact beyond dispute.

The Tenth followed hot after them. They began their charge from a different angle, but their way took them across the land that was strewn with the dead and wounded bodies of their comrades. They never hesitated to follow into the very grip of death, and most of them shared the fate of the gallant Eighth.

Those who escaped have to thank a slight depression in the ground, into which their leader ordered them for cover. It was only a little hollow, which allowed the bullets to pass over their bodies pressed flat to the earth. But it saved them, and eventually they crept back to their trenches when the signal was given to retire.

That, in brief, was the story of the famous charge from Russell's Top. A few men crawled painfully back, one of them after sheltering for a time under the very parapet of the Turkish trench. He said the trench was full of Turks, all with their packs on their backs, and evidently under orders to march north to resist the British who were landing at Suvla Bay.

Faced by such daring and devotion the Turks did not dare to move, so that the charge served its purpose, but at a terrible cost.

Not far away the First Brigade of Light Horse was out on a similar mission, just as desperate and costly. The Turks were in force upon the hill called Dead Man's Ridge, which they had strongly entrenched; and it was the task of the First Brigade of Light Horse to engage them, and to keep them occupied.

To reach them, the First had to cross the blood-stained triangle of ground between the lines, to which the Anzacs had given the name of "The Bloody Angle." There were two approaches to it, one from Quinn's Post on the right, and the other from Pope's Post on the left.

The Second Battalion, from Queensland, charged from Quinn's, under the command of Major Logan. Fifty men leaped over the parapet to cross a distance of thirty yards, and forty-nine of them fell in the attempt. The other declares that he escaped being hit by jumping in the air at the spot where he thought the stream of machine gun bullets

was crossing his path. Those fifty men were the first line, and the other two lines were prudently withheld from sharing their fate. The charge made by the Second Battalion gave a better chance to the men of the First Battalion, of New South Wales, who left Pope's Post at the same time, for the same objective.

This battalion of Light Horse had a curious experience with the Turks on the afternoon before the charge was made. They saw a board hoisted from the Turkish trenches, and chalked on it were the words: "Warsaw has fallen. Put on your white arm-bands, Australians, and come across." The Anzacs wore white armlets when going out to charge, in order that the gunners on the warships might know who they were.

At the time this board was hoisted, the Anzacs were in the act of making armlets of white calico for the charge of the next day. This message from the Turkish trenches let them know that the Turks were quite prepared for their coming.

That night the warships shelled the trenches on Dead Man's Ridge, never ceasing till dawn. As soon as the guns ceased, the Second

Battalion rushed across the scrub of the Angle, and were in the Turkish trenches, losing many men in the short charge. The bomb-throwers cleared the first line of trenches in a very short time, and the Light Horse hopped in.

The trenches lined the hillside, one row above the other; and the Anzacs worked their way upwards, taking trench after trench. The Turks were above them, and rolled bombs down the hill among them, but ran from each trench when the Anzacs burst into it. There seemed to be no end to the trenches they had dug on this ridge.

Each trench cost the Light Horse a number of men, and in the end they had to retire. They had been in the Turkish trenches for three hours, and had kept the enemy so busy that they had no time to think of what was going on at Suvla Bay. They had done the work they were sent out to do, and only returned when ordered to do so.

That is to say, a few of them returned. Of 250 men of the First Battalion only 57 came back unwounded. Major Reid, the much loved leader of A Squadron, was left dead on the field. His place, had he so chosen,

was in the trench, from which place of safety he might have controlled the fight. But he preferred to lead the men who loved and trusted him. "A great soldier and a gallant gentleman," was the verdict of the men who survived him.

Thus the Australian Light Horse did more than their country expected of them. These charges, the memory of which will live for ever, were only a part of their splendid service at Anzac.

The New Zealand Mounted Rifles, as I shall now relate, equalled them in giving proof that the Anzac cavalry could fight on foot with the best soldiers in the world, when there was no chance for them to go into battle on horseback, as they longed to do.

The glory won by the Australian Light Horse in the charges I have described was the greater, because they knew they could not win and hold the trenches they attacked. None the less they went out cheerfully to their death, in order that the plans of the General might be carried out. That is the highest form of bravery, and there was no man among them who did not display it on the morning of August 7.

CHAPTER XV

THE MEN OF NEW ZEALAND

WHEN the Fourth Australian Brigade set out on its wonderful march by night, the men of New Zealand began a direct attack upon the mountain range of Sari Bair from the side of the sea. They, like their Australian comrades, had to push forward into unknown country in the dark. They had to go in silence, for they wished to surprise the Turks in the strong places that must be captured if the Anzacs were to make their way to the crest of the great hill.

In the first surprise attack the British navy played an amusing part. There was a position not far from the seashore which had once been held by the Anzacs, under the name of Outpost Number Three. It was abandoned to the Turks, because the line of communication with the main lines was too long, and there was always a great danger that the men holding it might be cut off.

For a week before the great attack a destroyer used to come each night, and turn its searchlight upon the Turks in this post. The gunners had the range exactly, and with a few rounds of shell would batter down the sandbags of the parapet, and cut away the barbed wire protection fences. As soon as the shells began to burst, the Turks would leave the place, only to return when it was all over.

They would build up their wall of sandbags again, and repair the damage as well as they could. The Anzacs could see one fat Turk quite plainly, whose duty it was to string up the broken strands of barbed wire. It amused them to watch him at his work. "Why didn't you shoot him?" I asked one of the Anzacs who told me about this Turk. "Oh, he was doing no harm," was the reply.

On the night of August 6 the destroyer *Colne* appeared punctually at her usual time and shelled the outpost. When she had finished, a change was made in the usual programme. As soon as the firing ended, the men of the Auckland Mounted Rifles rushed across and entered the trenches, where not a Turk had stayed to resist them. It was a clever piece

of work, and a good beginning to the attack of the New Zealanders.

The Wellington Mounted Rifles had a stiffer job before them. They had to take a flat-topped hill which they had named Tabletop. Its sides ran almost straight up and down, and the Anzacs knew that it was strongly defended. The Turks were always busy on Tabletop, making new trenches, and preparing to hold it against any attack.

The men of Wellington went off into the night silently. They found their way through the thick bushes to the foot of this hill, and, by some means only known to themselves, scaled its stiff sides. The Turks were taken completely by surprise, and made only a feeble resistance. By midnight the hill was in the hands of the Anzacs, who took 150 prisoners, and a quantity of ammunition and equipment. They had won by their skill in silent marching, and in noiseless fighting.

One feels a sort of sympathy with the Turks, in realising the shocks and surprises prepared for them by the Anzacs. It must have been terrible to be taken suddenly in the dark by these strong, silent men, armed only with the bayonets they used with such

giant strength. The first tidings those directing the attack had of the Wellington Mounted Rifles was the short burst of cheering they permitted themselves when the hill was won.

Not far away, the Turks were making acquaintance with a band of Anzac fighters of quite another kind. These were the Maori garrison of Outpost Number Two, who at last had their desire, and were loosed for some of the furious fighting they love by instinct. For the Maori is a born warrior, as the five hundred braves who fought among the Anzacs proved on that famous night.

These men were the pick of the Maori youth, tall, heavy men with enormous limbs and the strength of giants. No finer coloured race exists in the world than the original inhabitants of New Zealand. They are fine athletes, fast runners and good footballers; and for hundreds of years war was their constant occupation.

The Maoris whom the British first met in New Zealand had curious beliefs, from which it was supposed their descendants might not be altogether free. They believed, for instance, that the night time is the time for

the spirits of their ancestors to walk, and for that reason they did not care to be about in the dark. Every bush for them sheltered some ghostly occupant, and the rustling of the leaves became the warning voices of the dead, whispering in their affrighted ears.

There was some doubt, for this reason, whether the Maoris would be at their best in a fight begun in the pitch dark; but the doubters might have spared themselves their fears. During the evening the Maoris had worked themselves up to battle pitch by dancing their war dance, the famous Haka, which strikes terror into all beholders. The only trouble, when night fell, was to hold them back until the right time.

They were concerned in an attack upon a hill called Bauchop's Hill, which eventually fell to them and the Otago Mounted Rifles. A trench at the foot of the hill, strongly held by the Turks, had to be carried by assault, and the Maoris were sent forward to take it.

It was useless to expect them to go quietly. When the signal was given they set up such a yell as was never before heard in the Gallipoli hills, and were upon the startled Turks before they could realise what was happening. The

big brown men were among them in an instant, and made short work of all who resisted. They did terrible execution with the bayonet and the rifle butt, and had the trench cleared in less time than it takes to tell about it.

Their blood was up, and they went whooping after the scattered Turks, who had fled at their coming. Straight inland they charged, up the bed of a dry stream, waking the echoes with their wild cries. The men of Auckland, who were holding a captured trench farther up the valley, heard them coming ; and by a piece of good fortune, some of them who knew the Maoris realised what might happen.

The Maoris came upon them in the dark, and seeing a trench held by armed men, were about to turn upon them. But they were met with Maori greetings shouted by the mounted riflemen, and the danger was averted.

The Otago Mounted Rifles, with the help of the Maoris, had captured Bauchop's Hill, and the way was now clear for the New Zealand Infantry to advance through two deep gullies, the approach to which had been defended by the captured positions. These

gullies led to the lower hills of Sari Bair, from which the very heights of the mountain might be approached.

The infantry fought their way upwards in the dawn of August 7, and when it was fully day had captured a range of hills known as Rhododendron Ridge. Beyond this ridge stretched the upward slope of Chunuk Bair, the highest point on the direct way across the peninsula of Gallipoli to the Dardanelles.

During the day they rested, and were reinforced by part of their Mounted Rifles for the attack on Chunuk Bair which began the same night. All that night they fought their way upwards, suffering terrible losses as they climbed. The enemy was above them, fighting desperately to push them back. But they won their way to the top, where they dug trenches and planted the little flags they carried, to show the gunners on the warship that they were friends, and not to be shelled.

When day broke on August 8, the observers on the beach and the warships could see that the height was won. Columns were sent up the hill to support the victors, but during that day these had to defend the hill against

ceaseless attacks, and their numbers were sadly reduced.

They fought looking out upon the path they wished to win across the peninsula. They could see in the distance the silver line of the Dardanelles, and the Asiatic shore beyond it, where the big fort at Chanak was hurling shells across upon the Anzac positions. They could see the town of Maidos, from which from time to time troops of soldiers were hurrying to the scene of battle, and long trains of mules were carrying stores and ammunition to the Turkish army.

They were halfway there, and had the worst of the journey behind them. No wonder they fought desperately to keep what had been won with so much effort and loss of brave lives. The fight continued through that night, and in the morning a welcome sight greeted their eyes.

Above them, to the north, towered Hill 971 itself, the highest point of the hills of Sari Bair. There, on the morning of August 9, they saw that a band of Gurkhas had fought their way, and were entrenched on the very summit of the hill. Cheered by the sight, and strengthened by the arrival of support in the

shape of British troops, they set themselves to defend their trenches for yet another day.

They were tired by nights of fierce fighting, and exhausted for lack of sleep. The Turks came to the attack in ever-increasing numbers, showering bombs into their trenches, and struggling with the greatest daring. None the less they held on till night fell, and they could be relieved. The gallant remnant of the New Zealanders handed over their trenches to other troops, and retired for the rest they had earned.

In three days fighting the New Zealanders had lost quite 6,000 men, and their dead and wounded lay scattered through the rugged hills and steep ravines where the fighting had taken place. The tired stretcher-bearers picked up as many as they could find, but it was not possible to carry them back to the dressing stations on the beach. The fighting going on all round made it unsafe, and the journey through such rough country was too long. Had they tried, the Red Cross men could only have rescued a few from among the many wounded men lying among the hills.

They found a sheltered valley in Rhodo-

dendron Ridge, where they could render first aid to the wounded under cover, and thither they carried them; and left them there after giving them such attention as was possible. On August 7, and during the next two days, the wounded were collected in this valley, until their numbers grew to some hundreds.

No doctor was there, for there was work for ten times as many doctors as they had at the stations on the beach, where the wounded were tended. The water in the bottles of these New Zealanders was all consumed, and the valley held no water except that of a tiny spring, which one man found and scooped out with his hands. In this a little salty water collected every hour, but it was enough only to moisten their parched lips.

The sun shone pitilessly down upon them by day, and at night they were tortured by men carrying water past them to the soldiers who were fighting above. They knew they might not have any of that water, because in war the needs of the combatant come first; but it was agony to see it, and to get none of it.

The flies came in swarms, and added to the pain of their wounds, now stiff and sore for need of proper attention. But no man among them complained, not a groan was wrung even from the dying. They suffered in silence, that they might not add to the distress of their suffering mates. One man was found dead there, with his leather belt bitten through, so hard had he set his teeth in it that he might not be heard to moan.

On the third night a battalion of soldiers brought them relief; water, and food, and stretchers to carry them away. The wounded were put upon the stretchers, and the soldiers formed in two lines, facing one another. These lines stretched up the steep side of the valley, and over the crest to a safer place beyond, whence they could be carried down to the sea.

Each stretcher was lifted and passed by the handles along this double line. Thus, in the secret darkness of the night, the wounded New Zealanders were moved from the place they called the Valley of Torment.

When a man is badly wounded in one of his limbs, his first danger is of bleeding to death. The Red Cross men prevent this by

tying a bandage round the limb very tightly between the wound and the sufferer's body, thus checking the flow of blood. These bandages are called "tourniquets," and must be removed within a few hours, or the limb becomes deadened for lack of blood.

Some of the men in that awful valley wore these bandages for days. I have met some of them in hospital slowly recovering the partial use of their limbs, and from them I heard of their days and nights of agony in the Valley of Torment. What they liked best to talk about was the bravery and cheerfulness of their fellows there. Their tales would wring the heart; though deeper than pity is the feeling of pride that these men, who fought so bravely, thought in their hour of need only of their mates.

The Anzac spirit burned nowhere more brightly than in the agonised hours that were passed in the Valley of Torment.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SEVEN PLAGUES OF ANZAC

THE New Zealanders left the trenches on the crest of Chunuk Bair on the night of August 9, their places being taken by two British regiments which had landed at Suvla Bay. There were now about 1,000 men on the hill, to defend it against the Turks. If more men could have been posted there, it would have been done; but there was not room for any more to fight.

At daybreak the Turks came forward in far greater numbers than ever before, and fell upon the defenders with all their power. There were at least ten Turks to each Briton; in addition to which batteries of Turkish artillery were trained upon the trenches on the hill-brow. The Britons could not long withstand these odds, and were swept from their place by the advancing masses of the Turks.

This was the turning-point of the fight for the way to the Dardanelles. General Sir Ian Hamilton, in his despatch, shows that he believes that there was very little chance of success after the landing forces had failed to advance promptly on the first afternoon. But what chance remained, was lost when the heights of Chunuk Bair were lost.

The Turks swept on over the summit, and down the slope up which the New Zealanders had fought their way with so much pains. There the enemy paid a terrible price for their rashness, for the slope was swept by the warships and the field-guns, and the advancing columns were torn to pieces by the shelling they received. As they fell back they were caught by a section of New Zealand machine guns, posted by the expert, Major Wallingford, in the event of such an onset. These guns alone accounted for 5,000 of them, sweeping them away in long lines.

But this could not atone for the loss of the hill-top. It was now too strongly held to be retaken, and it was necessary to retire to lower ground. The whole of the coast, from Anzac to Suvla Bay, was in the hands of the invaders, but at one point the Turks

held a wedge of land running so close to the sea-shore that they interfered with the safe communication between Anzac and Suvla Bay. The point of this wedge was a rise, called on the war maps Hill 60.

This had to be taken, and gave a great deal of trouble. Both Anzacs and British troops were concerned in an attack upon the hill on August 20, which was only partly successful. One of the battalions engaged was the Eighteenth Australian Infantry, the pioneer battalion of the Second Division of the Australian Imperial forces, which now began to arrive in Anzac. The newcomers got in the thick of the fighting, and suffered very heavily from machine guns in a very brave display.

A week later the hill was taken, the matter being finished by a very fine charge of the Tenth Australian Light Horse. In this affair Lieutenant Hugo Throssell, of Western Australia, won the last Victoria Cross awarded at Anzac, as will presently be related.

The capture of Hill 60 was the last real attack in which the Anzacs were concerned. The chance of surprising the Turks and winning a way through to the Dardanelles

was now gone. They stayed on Gallipoli for four months longer, but made no further advance in the direction of the Dardanelles.

If the Anzacs could have won through, they would surely have done it. It was admitted on all sides that their great daring and bravery was worth a better result. No one has said this more freely and frankly than General Sir Ian Hamilton himself, who wrote in his despatch the following words about them :

" The grand coup had not come off. The Narrows were still out of sight and beyond field-gun range. But this was not the fault of Lieutenant-General Birdwood or any of the officers and men under his command. No mortal can command success ; Lieutenant-General Birdwood had done all that mortal man can do to deserve it.

" Though the Australian, New Zealand, and Indian troops had been confined to trench duty in a cramped space for some four months, I do not believe that any troops in the world could have accomplished more. All ranks vied with one another in the performance of gallant deeds, and more than worthily

upheld the best traditions of the British Army."

The Anzacs now settled down to a war of defence, for they had a territory much bigger than the original Anzac to keep. The Second Division came to the peninsula, consisting of the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Brigades of Australian Infantry, and made it possible to send away the original landing forces to the Island of Lemnos, and to other places, for a much-needed rest.

The newcomers found much hard work to do, and very little glory of the kind won by those who had preceded them. They had to suffer and endure, and in the course of the sixteen weeks which followed made close acquaintance with what have been called the "Seven Plagues of Anzac." These were flies, disease, dust, heat, drought, shells, and lastly, cold.

The summer climate of Gallipoli is not healthy at the best of times, but the conditions at Anzac were such as to breed disease. Thousands of men had been killed on those few miles of land, and most had been hastily buried. In some cases even that much could

not be done, and their bodies remained to rot above ground.

There was corruption everywhere, in the earth and in the air. The flies swarmed upon everything, in millions and tens of millions. Nothing could be done to lessen their numbers, and they carried disease with them wherever they lodged. They tainted everything, and made life a misery to the soldiers in the trenches.

The men began to loathe all food that could carry the germs of the complaints from which their comrades were suffering, more sickening each week as time went on. They distrusted everything, for the flies settled on all the food as soon as it was exposed to sight. In the end many tried to live upon hard biscuits and broke their teeth on these, making their condition worse.

Their sufferings from dysentery and kindred ailments were made worse by the shortage of water. They suspected all the wells that were in existence at Anzac, though these were very few. All their drinking water had to be brought to the spot by sea, and only a small allowance could be given to each man.

The hot summer gave way to a breathless autumn. The ground gaped and cracked for lack of moisture, and when the wind storms came, as they often did, clouds of infected dust were blown about, settling upon everything. This, like the flies, spread the disease which had bred in the tainted earth. It increased the disgust the men felt at the thought of food, and so increased the weakness that was falling upon them.

In the early days of Anzac the Turks had not been able to make the best use of their artillery, though they had positions from which they could shell every part of the little Anzac holding. But late in the year 1915, their stores of shell were increased so that they could use as many as they wished, in reason.

This happened because Bulgaria joined Germany and Turkey in the war against the Empire and our Allies. When the Germans persuaded the Bulgarians to join them, they gained control of a railway line running from Berlin through Bulgaria to Constantinople. By this line they were able to send abundance of munitions to Turkey, and these shells were freely used against the Anzacs.

They rained them upon the Anzacs from all quarters, and at all hours of the day and night. They used guns of all kinds; field guns and big howitzers in the hills, and big siege guns in the forts across the Dardanelles. The men in the trenches never knew when a great "Jack Johnson" might come and blow in their trenches, burying them in the debris.

Those were bad days for the Anzacs; but still worse was to come. Autumn turned to winter with a sudden gale of cold wind, and torrents of rain fell upon them. The trenches were filled with water, and made uninhabitable for the time, and the men were wet through and exposed to the biting blast of the east wind. They suffered much from the cold and exposure, to which they had never been accustomed; for in Australia, and even in New Zealand, such extremes of heat and cold are unknown.

Finally came a great snowstorm, and covered everything with a foot of cold snow. Frosts followed, and the men, who only a few weeks before were baking in a tropical heat, suffered from frostbite and violent chills.

The only satisfaction they had was to

know that their enemy was even worse off than they. The Anzacs had plenty of warm clothing, and were well cared for in every possible respect. Poor Abdul the Turk had nothing but his uniform, and by this time that was worn very thin in most cases. The common soldiers had not even blankets to cover them when they slept, the most they could find being their overcoats.

Nor were the Turks any better fitted to endure the cold than the Anzacs. Many of them came from the warm plains of Asia, and were strangers to the rigours of the climate of Gallipoli. The Anzacs learned from the prisoners they took at this time that the Turkish army was very miserable indeed; more miserable than they were themselves.

All the ferocity had gone out of the fighting on both sides. The Turks, as well as the Anzacs, were only too glad to be let alone. Exchanges of shell and rifle fire took place every day, and there was sometimes a bomb fight at some distant post; but it was languid work compared to what had taken place before, and neither side put much heart into it.

In November Lord Kitchener visited

Anzac, and the men received him with enthusiasm. He inspected the situation, carefully examining the possibility of a successful advance when winter had passed, and spring had once more made the hills passable. He decided, having seen the place and the position of the enemy, that the Anzacs must retire from Gallipoli, and that the attempt to force a passage of the Dardanelles must be abandoned.

CHAPTER XVII

THE HEROES OF THE "SOUTHLAND"

AMONG the glorious traditions of the British army that of the soldiers who were drowned upon the trooper *Birkenhead* takes a high place. Every child in the Empire knows the story, and remembers how the brave fellows stood to arms upon the deck of the sinking ship, each man going to his death at the post of duty.

Rudyard Kipling has sung of the grand death that was faced so calmly by "His Majesty's Jollies, soldier and sailor too." It remained for the men of Anzac to emulate upon the deck of the torpedoed transport *Southland*, the calm and discipline of the mariners of the *Birkenhead*.

The *Southland* left Egypt at the end of August with a portion of the Sixth Brigade of Australian Infantry, bound for Anzac. The battalion was the 21st, and consisted of

young farmers and bush lads from the north-western district of Victoria. They had been training in Egypt for some months, and were now despatched to play their part in the drama that was being enacted at Anzac.

There was also on board the General who commanded the Second Australian Division, General Legge. He was accompanied by his full staff, a fact remarked upon by those who saw the ship sail. At that time the Ægean Sea swarmed with German submarines, and the sinking of the transport *Southland* would strike a heavy blow at the Anzacs, by removing their directing ability.

Those who commanded the *Southland*, and the Anzacs on board the vessel, were by no means blind to the danger they all ran. Each day Colonel Hutchinson, of the 21st, paraded the men and instructed them in boat drill. Nothing happened for three days, and the vessel was within easy distance of Lemnos before the danger came.

I have been told by an officer of the 21st, who was on board, how secure everybody felt when they had got so far. He was on deck on the morning of the fourth day, enjoying the sun and the cool breeze created by the

motion of the ship. Most of the men were forward, smoking and chatting. Some of them were preparing to leave the ship, for they knew they were close to the end of their voyage.

"Suddenly," said the officer, "I heard somebody shout, 'Look,' and another startled voice asked, 'Is that a torpedo?' I turned in time to see the thing flashing and foaming through the water, under the very side of the *Southland*. It struck us a second later with a violent jolt, and a roar and a great clanging followed. The torpedo had blown a thirty-foot hole in her side, and destroyed two holds.

"The siren began to blow the signal to abandon ship, and I looked to our fellows to see what they would do. I need never have worried; for every man was falling into line on deck in obedience to the regulation orders. We went down and took our places with them, proud to die with such good, steady fellows, if it had to be.

"The captain and the officers of the *Southland* were splendid. I know several men who saw a second torpedo fired by the submarine, and they have told me that if the captain

had not been a master hand, and a first-class seaman, it must have struck us. In that case we should have gone to the bottom in the next minute. As it was, he steered the ship so that the thing missed us. At the same time the engineer closed the portholes and bulkheads, and thus kept the vessel from sinking.

"I saw none of these things myself, because I was all eyes for my men. We stood there, as if on parade, and watched the crew of the ship busy about the boats. The men came pouring up from the engine-room, and seemed in a great hurry to leave her. They were only obeying the order given by the siren, but their hurry to get away did not affect our fellows one scrap.

"General Legge came and joined us; with him was Colonel Gwynn, his Chief of Staff. The General was smoking a cigarette, and if our boys had needed an object lesson in coolness, he certainly gave it to them. He seemed mildly interested in what was going on, and he and Colonel Gwynn chatted quietly to one another, as though the sight were quite an everyday affair to them.

"One of our officers told the men that, as

they would probably have to swim for it, they might find it easier if they took off their boots. Some of them began to do so, when one chap pointed to General Legge, who had his riding boots on. 'What about the General?' he asked. 'Oh, I'm going to walk,' said General Legge laughing. And after that nobody seemed to bother about his boots.

"They stood there in line like real soldiers, and watched the crew put away. Then they were ordered to man boats and life-rafts. Some of them made a rare mess of it, I am told, but I did not see any more of what happened on deck. The skipper came along just then, and called for volunteers who were used to stoking, as he thought he could run the *Southland* ashore, if steam could be kept on her.

"I could honestly say that I knew something about stoking, so I went down to the furnaces, and shovelled coal with a number more until we ran her aground at Lemnos. But I know the men behaved very well all through, and I am proud to belong to the Twenty-First."

The main details of this officer's story are confirmed by other accounts of what took

place upon the *Southland*. The men, who behaved so coolly on parade upon the deck, were fellows from the bush, and little used to the handling of boats. The first they tried to lower into the water upset, because one rope was not loosened far enough. In other ways they contrived to upset three more boats, and to this cause was due a number of deaths by drowning.

Among those lost was Colonel Linton, the officer who commanded the Sixth Brigade. He died, not of drowning, but of heart shock, due to his sudden immersion in the water. He was one of twenty victims, in addition to several killed by the explosion, which also wounded some fifteen other Anzacs.

The wireless signals and the hooting of the *Southland's* siren brought help from Lemnos very quickly. Several torpedo destroyers and at least one transport went to the assistance of the ship in distress, and quickly set to work at picking up the men who were in difficulties. The surface of the sea was dotted with the rafts and collapsible boats on which they had taken refuge.

The men displayed a fine courage and striking cheerfulness in their unusual plight.

Some of them spent five hours up to their knees in small collapsible boats, which filled with water in the heavy seas that were running, and needed steady baling to keep them afloat. But they joked and laughed as though they were on a pleasure excursion, making light of the risks they ran.

"We didn't even get a bite," complained the fellows on one little raft, when rescued by a hospital ship, pretending they had been fishing. In other boats they were singing, though shivering with wet and cold, and long exposure.

In every case the men sat in their swamping boats and rafts just as calmly as they had stood on parade on the deck of the shattered ship. They made the work of taking them aboard the rescuing boats simple and easy by the order and discipline of their behaviour, which was the subject of comment by all who saw them.

The brave Twenty-first did much to prove that the Second Division of the Australian Imperial Forces was equal to the First, a fact the whole Division made clear in the trying days to come. But at the end of August the

Second Division was a new thing upon Anzac, and the episode of the *Southland* helped them to a reputation which the whole Division soon made good.

Their own General was very proud of them, as were all their officers; and they were proud of their fine officers too. When all were safe at Lemnos, General Legge had them gathered together, and thanked them for the fine conduct they had shown. One thing he said was, that such an incident helped to make the standing, not only of a battalion, but of an army division. It was the true Anzac spirit that the Twenty-first had shown, and all Anzac was prompt to recognise it.

General Birdwood, the Commander at Anzac, said this to the whole Anzac army in an order he issued upon the arrival of the heroes of the *Southland* at the scene of fighting. It ran as follows :

" On behalf of all the comrades now serving on the peninsula, I wish to convey to the Australian unit concerned our general feeling of admiration for the gallant behaviour of all ranks upon the transport *Southland*. All the troops of the army corps have heard with pride of the courage and discipline shown at

the moment when the nerves of the bravest are liable to be so highly tried.

"Not only was there not the slightest confusion on the part of the troops, who quietly fell in and prepared to meet whatever fate might be in store, but later, when there was prospect of the *Southland* being able to make way under her own steam, and stokers were called for, the men at once came forward and successfully helped in getting the *Southland* into port."

CHAPTER XVIII

GOOD-BYE TO ANZAC

It was reasonable to suppose that it would be as difficult to take the Anzacs off the peninsula of Gallipoli as it had been to land them there. It is always dangerous to turn your back upon the foe, especially when, as in this case, he is on higher ground and in greater numbers than those in retreat.

It is a maxim of war that the hardest action of all to fight is a rearguard action. To retreat in good order, when the enemy is pressing upon the retiring soldiers in great numbers, needs men who are brave and steady beyond all doubt. When once the order of the retreat is broken, as it may be at any time, the retirement may become a flight. The retreat of the British army from Mons is one of the finest examples in all history of an orderly retirement, and a more glorious deed for those who took part in it

than many a victory gained under more favourable circumstances.

The Anzacs had not even the chance to conduct an orderly retreat. Their way out of Gallipoli was barred by the sea, and in order to get away they must embark in little boats on an open beach, exposed to the gun-fire of the enemy's many batteries. Had they been caught in this stage of their retirement, they must certainly have lost most of their number, for the advantage of position held by the Turks was very great.

Only by the most skilful management could it be possible to take them off without incurring heavy losses, both in men and material of war. When he considered the chance of taking them away, General Hamilton formed the opinion that they would lose one-third of their number in the operation. Yet they could not be left there, and the retreat had to be risked.

The month of December was chosen for the retirement, because a smooth sea was necessary to the success of the plans that had been made. The Gulf of Saros is not usually a calm stretch of water but, with good fortune, still weather could be expected during

December. Fortune certainly smiled upon the Anzacs in their last Gallipoli adventure, for calm weather set in, and for many days the sea was quite smooth, and favourable for their project.

They wished to make the Turks think that they were planning, not a retreat, but another great attack. For this purpose many transports came to Anzac, and appeared to be landing more men and munitions on the piers. When night fell, however, these ships took on board far more men than they had put down, as well as much material of war.

This went on for days, until the trenches held only half as many men as were usually in them. Those left had to make the Turks think they were very strong in numbers, and to this end they gave them no rest. In one way and another, they kept the various forms of trench warfare going on by night as well as by day, and managed to make the Turks very nervous, and fearful of what was to come.

This had to be very cleverly managed, and the Anzacs found all sorts of smart devices for making the enemy think they were very numerous and active. If I knew what these were I could not write about them,

because they can be used again, perhaps, if they are kept secret. It is no use my pretending even that I know what they were, but one day I hope we shall hear all about them.

It is enough to say that they deceived the Turks completely. Instead of preparing to attack the Anzacs as they left their posts, they got ready for an assault. They kept very close in their trenches, and looked well to their defences, because they had some experience of Anzac attacks, and every reason to fear them. It seems to me that it was very clever of the Anzacs to take advantage of the fear they had put in the Turks, in order to make it easy for themselves to go away.

Some of their guns could not be moved without attracting the notice of the enemy, and it was decided that these should be destroyed. All that could be taken away were moved by night, as well as many of the machine guns, and other equipment for fighting. There were still a great many things that must either be destroyed or left behind, and included among these were their stores of food.

Hungry soldiers can destroy a good deal of food without wasting it, and during December the Anzacs lived very well. There were many luxuries in the stores, and these were shared liberally among the fighting men. They knew that their departure must be very close at hand when all these nice things were showered upon them. "When it came to tinned lobster twice in three days," one Anzac told me, "I got ready to say good-bye to Abdul."

The number of men who could be got away gradually and by stealth was limited, and the rest had to be taken off in a body. This was the real danger, and had to be met by very careful plans. Every outpost had to be held till the very last moment, a task involving great risk to the men who carried it out. These men, who were chosen to keep the outlying trenches till the last moment, were called the "Diehards." They might possibly have to throw away their lives to save the others, and ensure the success of the retirement.

If you think that the Anzacs shunned this post of extreme danger, you make a grand mistake. Every man there wished to be a

" Diehard," and the commanding officers had much trouble in settling the disputes which arose out of the many claims to this honour. There were men still at Anzac who belonged to the Third Brigade, and had played their part in the first landing in the grey dawn of April 25. As they were the first to land, they wished to be the last to leave. They pressed their claims and, I believe, were among the chosen band.

The final act was timed for the night of December 19. All was favourable to the project, the night being dark and still. Throughout the day the Anzacs had been making their final preparations for going. They cleared out of their dug-outs all they wished to take away with them. In many cases they laid out presents for their old enemy, the Turk.

They knew he had not been faring any too well, and in many of the dugouts biscuits and beef were spread on boxes, with polite messages to the foe. One ran " Drink our health to-night. We are sorry we cannot stay, but are called away on pressing business. You have fought like gentlemen, and we would like to know you better."

That was the Anzac spirit again. They had given and taken many hard knocks on Gallipoli, and were turning their back on their old enemy the Turk. They bore him no grudge at all, but thought the better of him for the strong defence he had made of his country. They parted from him with words of good-natured respect, as brave men always part from a fair foe.

A sadder duty was performed by those who paid their last simple attentions to the graves of the brave comrades who were buried at Anzac. There was little they could do, but the rough inscriptions were renewed, and all in the graveyard was made neat and orderly. They had no fear that the place would be disturbed by the Turks, for they had shown themselves careful in respect to the dead as in humanity to the wounded.

Night fell, and there was a great sound of gunfire from Cape Helles, where the British forces were making a demonstration to draw attention away from the retirement. As soon as dark fell, a great fleet of warships and transports appeared off Anzac and Suvla Bay ; for the British forces were also retiring from that place.

The Anzacs embarked from the piers in Ariburnu Cove, a beach a little nearer Suvla Bay than Anzac Cove itself, and affording more shelter from gunfire, in the event of the Turks finding out what was being done. Everything worked promptly and well, for which the Anzacs have to thank the splendid sailors of the Navy, who had so much to do with their landing as well as with their retreat.

In the most distant posts, such as Lone Pine and Chatham's Post, the officers in charge of the "Diehards" looked calmly at their watches, noting the approach of the time fixed for their leaving. When that time came, a quiet order was given, and the men slipped silently away, making for the beach according to orders. When these posts were completely emptied of men, there was still rifle firing from them, owing to an ingenious device invented for the purpose by one of the Anzacs. Nothing happened to warn the Turks that their old enemies were deserting them.

When all the outlying posts were cleared, the real sensation of the night was furnished. The quickest way for the Turks to reach the

beach, if they happened to detect the Anzacs in their departure, was by rushing across the narrow Neck that joined Russell's Top to Hill 700, the Neck over which the Third Brigade of Light Horse had made their famous charge. The Anzacs had a large quantity of explosives, which they could not conveniently carry away with them, and here they made it serve a double purpose.

For weeks beforehand they had been digging a mine under the Neck, and had moved some tons of explosive to this tunnel. Now, when all the outposts were cleared, they exploded this mine, which went up with a roar louder than anything ever before heard by the Anzacs. This scared the Turks out of their senses, and at the same time made it impossible for them to take a short cut down to the beach.

I asked one of the " Diehards " if he would like to revisit Anzac in the future, and at first he shook his head. Then he thought again, and said, " Oh, yes, I really should like to see the hole we blew under the Neck when we went away."

Alarmed by the explosion, the Turks began shelling and discharging their rifles at random.

They were still ignorant of what was going on. They were convinced that it was something very unusual, and felt they must do something.

All the stores that could not be taken away were next set on fire. They had been stacked in a great heap for the purpose, and smeared with inflammable material to make them burn more easily. The flare of this great fire was answered by a similar light at Suvla Bay, which proved to the Anzacs that the British retirement was being made as successfully as their own. Having fired the stores, the last of the Diehards ran to the places on the beach where boats had arranged to take them away ; and soon there was not an Anzac left upon Gallipoli.

One slight accident prevented them all getting away unhurt. The random gunfire of the Turks sent one shell very near to a small band of retiring Anzacs, and two were wounded by the explosion. From the safety of the warships the last Anzacs to leave watched the Turks running about the fires they had lighted, the ships giving the enemy a few final shells as a farewell greeting.

The relief throughout the Empire when the

Anzacs were taken away without loss was very great; and the wonder at the feat was just as great. The retreat was expected with dread by the whole nation, for it was hardly possible to hope that it could be accomplished without the loss of very many brave men.

Its success was due to the very clever plans being carried out in every little detail, according to orders. The time-table arranged was observed to the very second, and thus there was no bungling and no confusion. Every man played his part in this orderly retreat, and showed the coolness and courage that alone made it possible.

Australia lost about 6,000 men by death, and New Zealand 2,000, while the wounded numbered 25,000 men. The sympathy of the whole Empire was freely given to the Southern Dominions, when the great adventure of their fine soldiers ended in this retreat and loss.

There was no sign of complaint from these Dominions. "Anzac will only nerve our people to greater efforts still, in order that the war may be won," declared Mr. Hughes and Mr. Massey, the Prime Ministers of Australia and New Zealand. Forthwith those

young countries began to make good the promise, enlisting still more and more soldiers to send overseas to fight the Empire's battles.

That too, is the real Anzac spirit. The Dominions were worthy of the men they had sent, as the men had proved worthy of the Dominions.

CHAPTER XIX

THE V.C.'S OF ANZAC

It is a curious thing that in the greatest feat of all performed by the Anzacs, the landing of April 25, and the fine stand against odds during the next five days, no deed was thought worthy of the Victoria Cross. But it is easy to understand, when you know why.

This honour is only awarded for deeds which can be proved in every detail by credible witnesses who saw them done. In the first few days there was much confusion, and the men did not fight in battalions, as they were trained, but often by the side of men who were quite strange to them. They fought just as they landed, all mixed up.

Thus the brave deeds of the first few days, though many of them are known, could not be proved. Many of the stories I have heard of those days begin : "A man who was fighting near me—a stranger from some other

State—I have never been able to find out who he was." That was the state of affairs for the first week.

The Anzacs had been on Gallipoli nearly four weeks before the first Victoria Cross was won, and the winner was Lieutenant Jacka (then a Lance-Corporal) of the 14th battalion. Jacka is a tall young fellow, who comes from the little town of Wedderburn, in Victoria.

On May 19, when Liman von Sanders was trying to drive the Anzacs into the sea, the 14th Battalion was defending Courtney's Post; and between that post and Quinn's the Turks attacked most fiercely.

They made a great bomb attack upon one short section of trench which was held by ten Anzacs, and wounded them all, including their officer, Captain Boyle.

Jacka heard the Captain call, "They have got me; the Turks are in the trench." He at once rushed forward to the traverse, or bend of the trench, and stood there, bayonet fixed, to prevent the enemy from advancing any further.

Lieutenant Hamilton, of the Fourteenth, rushed to the other entrance to this section of trench, and single-handed attacked the Turks with his revolver. He is thought to have killed three of them before he fell, shot through the head.

Lieutenant Crabbe, seeing the position of Jacka, called for volunteers, and three of Jacka's friends ran forward to his aid. The first of them, a man named Howard, was shot as he entered the trench. I met him in England when he was recovering from his wound, and he told me he was going back to win the V.C. like Jacka.

The other men, with Lieutenant Crabbe, stood on guard at the traverse, and Jacka rushed to the other end of the trench, where Lieutenant Hamilton had fallen. He shot five of the Turks, and jumped into the trench with fixed bayonet. With that weapon he accounted for two more; and the few remaining Turks were captured.

That night, when the whole battalion was talking of his splendid bravery, he went to see his wounded friend, Howard, to thank him for his help. When Howard tried to

praise him for his bravery, Jacka only said, "I must have lost my head."

He fought throughout the eight months at Anzac without a wound, and was promoted by various stages to the rank of Lieutenant.

The Anzacs won no more V.C.'s until the great fight at Lone Pine on August 6, when no less than seven were won. Two of these were awarded to men who had paid for the honour the price of their lives, one of them being the gallant Captain Shout, the idol of the men of the First Battalion, a man who was loved for his good cheer and his charm of manner as much as he was admired for his bravery.

He had won the Military Cross at the landing, and was promoted to a captaincy from the rank of Lieutenant which he then held. I often heard of him in London, long before he won the Victoria Cross; for the wounded men of his battalion were always singing his praises. He was their hero.

At Lone Pine the Turks fought more bravely, perhaps, than at any other point at

Anzac. Captain Shout was a witness of a piece of their most wonderful bravery.

One remarkable feature of the Lone Pine Plateau was a long communication trench, leading away from the trenches that had been captured by the Australians across the plateau into those held by the Turks. Here and there was a low barricade, over which a man could easily scramble.

On the third day of the Lone Pine fighting, a body of Turks came marching along this trench, straight upon the headquarters of the Anzacs; coming three abreast just as though they were drilling. General Smythe was standing outside his dugout when it happened, and could hardly believe his eyes when he saw them coming.

They were opposed, and driven behind a barricade at the second traverse, but there they stuck, not a hundred yards from headquarters.

Captain Shout, and his friend Captain Sass, determined to drive them out. Captain Shout loaded himself with bombs, and his friend took a rifle, while three men came behind them with sandbags and more bombs.

From one bend in the trench, Captain Shout would bomb the Turks, sheltering behind the next bend, and while they were in confusion, Captain Sass would rush around the corner and fire into them. Each operation won a bend of the trench, the men with sandbags building behind them a barricade for shelter against a counter-attack.

Captain Shout treated this as fine fun. He was laughing and joking all the time, and those with him went gaily about this dangerous business, making a sport of it.

When they had got as far as they thought necessary, they decided to build a high barricade; and in order that they might not be attacked during the building, Captain Shout said he would give the Turks a fine bombing. He tried to light and throw three bombs at the same time, but could not dispose of the lighted bombs rapidly enough. The third bomb exploded in his hand, inflicting deadly injuries.

He survived long enough to prove that he could die as bravely and as cheerily as he lived. No word of complaint escaped him; he sent a tender message to his wife, and died with a smile on his face.

Captain Shout was a native of New Zealand, but had long resided in Darlington, New South Wales. In that town a monument to his memory has been erected, to keep alive the memory of one of Anzac's finest heroes.

Lone Pine, as I think I have already told you, was taken from the Turks by the gallant First Brigade, of New South Wales. But the Turks fought so fiercely to drive them out, that other supports had to be brought up. Among these was the Seventh Battalion, from Victoria.

The Seventh got into the very thick of the fighting, and put up such a desperate defence that four of them got the Victoria Cross. One of these was Lieutenant Symons, who, like Jacka, the first Anzac V.C., comes from Bendigo ; though he enlisted in Melbourne.

The Company to which he was attached took over a long section of trench, which was the special object of the Turkish attack. The bomb throwing was terrible ; it is said that quite a thousand bombs were thrown into the trench.

Soon all the officers were either killed or wounded, except Lieutenant Symons ; and

he had only forty men left out of 140 who entered the trench. On these the Turks fell with desperate fury just before dawn.

They got into a section of the trench, and the Lieutenant headed a charge to drive them out. The men with him say he shot several with his revolver, but when I asked him about that he only smiled and replied: "I know I tried to." But he certainly drove the Turks off, and then began to build a barricade of sand to keep them back. They fired upon the Anzacs all the time this was going on, and this officer's coolness and bravery alone saved the situation.

For further protection from their fire, he had a wooden screen put up above the barricade; and the audacious Turks came close up on the other side and set fire to it. He put out the fire with his own hands, and again saved the situation.

"By this time," he told me in his modest account of the fight, "the trench was four or five deep with dead and wounded Turks, with some of our own brave boys there too. I had only fifteen unwounded men with me, and the Turks were coming for a third attack."

At this critical moment an Anzac gun was turned upon the position, and a few well-directed shells made the Turks turn and run. It was just in time. Speaking of the men who fought with him for four desperate hours Mr. Symons said: "They were heroes, every one of them."

At the same time another gallant little band of the Seventh Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Tubb (now a Major) was making an equally brave struggle against overwhelming odds.

They had taken a section of trench which the Turks rightly wished to regain. It was most important they should not do so, because other trenches would have been lost, if the Anzacs had given way there.

Major Tubb knew this, and made up his mind to defend the weak point in the trench, a barricade of sandbags, to the very end. The Turks used explosives, and three times blew away this barricade. Each time Major Tubb and his brave men rebuilt it, under a hail of bullets and a rain of bombs.

Sometimes the bombs fell so thick that the Anzacs had to give way a little, but their

Central News Photo.

LORD KITCHENER AT ANZAC.

officer always led them back; and they stuck to their post until they were reinforced strongly enough to repel the Turks finally.

With Major Tubb in this brave defence were a number of gallant men, two of whom, Sergeant Dunstan, of Ballarat, and Corporal Burton, of Euroa, were rewarded with the V.C., as well as the Captain. Burton paid for the honour with his life, and both Burton and Major Tubb were wounded, the latter in three places. He told me that not one of the men he took to that barricade escaped without a wound.

When one talks to men such as those of whose bravery I am telling, it is not possible to persuade them to say anything about themselves; but they will speak with glowing words of the men who were with them.

Major Tubb told me of one of his men, whom he had long known for as brave a soldier as ever left Australia to fight. When they were preparing for the great fight, this man came to him and said: "I know that I will 'go West' to-morrow."

Knowing this was not fear, the officer arranged that he should be sent down to the

beach for water, a duty which falls to a number of men from each company. But when this man heard of the order, he was both angry and sad. "If my time has come," he said, "I will as easily find death down at the beach as in the fighting line." He begged to be allowed to fight, and got his way.

In the struggle before the barricade, he often caught the eye of the officer, catching bombs in the air and throwing them back; or coolly throwing a sandbag on them. He was as bright and cheerful as ever, and as brave and ready for all that might happen.

Then a bomb fell near the officer unnoticed by him, and a few seconds passed while the fuse burned away. This man saw it, and grasped the danger. He rushed forward, and threw himself bodily upon the evil thing just as it exploded; and by his own death he saved the life of his officer. The story of Anzac is full of deeds like that.

Major Tubb came from a little town called Longwood, not far from Euroa, the native place of Corporal Burton.

Sergeant Dunstan belonged to Ballarat, once the richest goldfield the world has ever

seen, and now one of the prettiest cities in all Australia. The people of Ballarat were so proud of him that the mayor opened a subscription list, to present him with some substantial reward.

Dunstan heard of this before he arrived home, and he sent the mayor a telegram asking that no money should be raised for him, "For I only did my duty," he wrote. Ballarat arranged a public reception for this brave boy; for he was only twenty years of age. He has since been raised to commissioned rank.

One of the best bomb-throwers at Anzac was Corporal Keyzor, who belonged to Captain Shout's battalion, the First (New South Wales). He proved at Lone Pine the value of one man who can handle bombs cleverly and bravely.

He was fighting at a part of the trenches which, it was afterwards found, could not be held. Neither the Turks nor the Anzacs could keep it, and it was left unoccupied. But at this time the Anzacs had it, and were trying to keep it.

Wherever the bomb fighting was fiercest, the call was for Keyzor. For two days,

without any rest, he was throwing bombs. He never seemed to tire, or to lose his spirit.

He not only threw the bombs with which the Anzacs were provided; he threw back the bombs sent over by the Turks. He would pick them up fizzing, and toss them back among the enemy. Or he would calmly drop a blanket or sandbag on the things, and render the explosion harmless.

No one was better than he was at catching bombs in the air, and throwing them back. That is a dangerous business, for the enemy may time the throwing so that the bomb explodes immediately after it has been thrown. Then the man who tries to catch it is killed.

But Keyzor caught and returned many during the forty-eight hours' fight in which he was a chief figure. He was wounded, but he stuck to his work until relief came. No wonder they gave him the Victoria Cross!

The last of the Victoria Crosses won at Lone Pine fell to a private, John Hamilton of the Third Battalion (New South Wales). From the trench where he was fighting, he could command a view of the big trench up which the Turks must come to the attack.

In order to do this, he had to climb up upon the parapet, and expose himself to the full view of the enemy. He took the great risk, and no one who saw him do it can tell me how he escaped being shot.

It was reckless, but most useful work. He could tell his officer just when the Turks were coming; and he shot a good many as they came in sight. His fellows tried to build up a sandbag shelter round him, but his head was always exposed when he was making these observations.

I met him in London, and found him just as daring a fellow there as he was on the field of battle.

Only one man in the New Zealand Force got the Victoria Cross, though many deserved it. He was Corporal Bassett, a signaller. One of the duties of the signallers is to look after the telephone lines that are laid from the front positions to the headquarters behind. These wires are most important, for by means of them the General and his officers who are directing the fighting know what is really going on in the firing line.

They are often broken by exploding shells, and by other devices of the enemy. Men

who repair them have to do so under heavy fire.

This Bassett did, not once, but on many occasions. He was noted for his bravery and usefulness at this work. I am told by his officers that the particular bit of work for which he got the V.C. was very gallant, but no more than he often did.

His own view of it was certainly amusing. I had a talk with him; but when I asked questions he said, very earnestly and seriously: "I think there has been some mistake; they have mistaken me for somebody else. I did nothing much that was out of the way."

This was not assumed modesty; he was the most natural young fellow one could wish to meet, and a great favourite with the men at the New Zealand Camp at Hornchurch, near London, where he was quartered for some months.

The last V.C. won at Anzac fell to Lieutenant Hugo Throssell, of the Tenth Australian Light Horse, a battalion from Western Australia. Lieutenant Throssell is a member of a well-known Western Australian family, and besides being a noted athlete, bears a

name known all over the Western State. When the honour he had won was made public, the Parliament of the State passed a resolution congratulating him upon his feat.

On August 28 a body of the Tenth Light Horse, commanded by Captain Fry, with Lieutenant Throssell second in command, charged a section of trench at Hill 60, the last position taken by storm by the Anzacs. As soon as they had entered the trench, Captain Fry was killed, and command had to be taken by Lieutenant Throssell.

The Turks were driven from that section of the trench, and at the end of it a barricade of sandbags was built by the Anzacs. The enemy came back in numbers, and a fierce bomb fight began at this barricade, the defence being directed by the young officer in person. With him were a little group of devoted soldiers, among whom Sergeant Ferrier, Corporal McNee, and Troopers McMahon and Renton stand out for the bravery they displayed.

Ferrier was a skilful cricketer, and had become an expert bomb thrower. He was of the utmost service to the little party, who had to withstand a continued attack that

lasted through the whole night. He never tired, and after hours spent in throwing heavy bombs among the Turks, who were clustered behind the traverse of the trench next to that where the barricade had been built, continued to lob them among them with wonderful accuracy.

McMahon was a novice at bomb warfare, but he picked it up very quickly, and played a good second to Ferrier. The other two men fielded the bombs and threw them out of the trench, showing bravery of the highest order. Throssell himself stood on the shelf of the trench, directing the efforts of his men, and by his courage and coolness, kept up their spirits and saved the situation.

Before the fight was over, both Ferrier and Renton had been wounded, the former so seriously that he afterwards died on the hospital ship on his way to England. Renton was also severely wounded. I saw him afterwards in hospital, where his leg had been taken off. I shall never forget his cheerful courage, or the manner in which he referred to his young officer.

Lieutenant Throssell was twice wounded, but kept up the fight until well on in the

morning of August 30, when a relief party arrived, and the Turks were driven off. He had his wounds dressed, and then returned to his men, to see that all was right with them. His men were devoted to him, and I could well understand it after hearing his own story of the fight, in which he gave all the credit to his comrades. But as many as I saw were all agreed that they could have done little without his fine example of coolness and matchless courage.

Lieutenant Throssell, like all the Anzac V.C.'s whom I saw, expressed the belief that he was fortunate that attention had been attracted to his own services. He stated that he had witnessed many cases of individual bravery on the part of his comrades, equal to and surpassing his own deeds, which won no award at all.

CHAPTER XX

THE FIRST ANZAC DAY

THE deeds of the Anzacs, from their first landing on the morning of April 25, 1915, to the bitter day of evacuation, won them the fame and honour that their devotion merited. The story of their heroism was told far and wide, and the spirit which took them thousands of miles from their homes to fight and die for the Empire stirred the hearts of their kinsmen in every clime.

About the middle of the year 1915, their wounded began to arrive in England, where they were sent to recover their health in a milder climate than the countries nearer Gallipoli afforded. They were received with open arms, and though far from their own homes and relatives, found a friend at every turn. Without any great show or talking, the Mother Country made every wounded

man realise that he was no stranger in Great Britain, but a dear and honoured guest.

In the latter half of that year I visited the Anzacs almost daily in the hospitals and convalescent camps where they were treated. No man to whom I spoke failed to remark on the universal kindness of the British people, and I have no doubt that in faraway settlements in Australia and New Zealand the memory of the great hospitality those men received when sick and suffering will be revived as often as the tale of Anzac is told by the men who fought there.

It was just as pleasant to see how each Anzac strove to show that he was worthy of the attention paid to him and his mates. Their pride in the name by which they were known, and in the spirit of self-sacrifice that the word Anzac implied, was a fine thing to see. It showed itself in a care about matters that would not have troubled many of them in their life at home.

Their officers found that they could be easily guided and kept in the very best order by a reference to their good name. "You have a good name, and are being treated so well that you must show that you deserve all

this," was all that need be said. The man who took liberties was soon made to feel the displeasure of his mates.

Many of these men had never been at large in a great city until they came to London to enjoy a holiday, and to see the sights. They walked about the streets in twos and threes, and caused much interest by their fine appearance, and by the self-respect that marked all they said and did. They were first made welcome because of their brave deeds, but they earned the welcome also by their own fine qualities.

They did nothing to mar their record, or to brush away the glamour that has settled upon the name of Anzac. Few but themselves know how many were the favours shown them. "If I ate all the Christmas dinners to which I have been invited," one private told me, "I certainly should not need any food for many a long week afterwards."

They enjoyed rare privileges, and made the very best of them. Some of them saw more of Great Britain than most of the people who are born there, and live and die there. Because they were strange to the country and

its ways, which differ in many small matters from those of Australia and New Zealand, they did many amusing things, but none likely to offend.

The kindness of the people of Great Britain caused them to write to their friends most warmly of the Motherland, while their own good conduct made the British folk think better of Australians and New Zealanders, perhaps, than ever before. The effect of that visit of the Anzac wounded to London and other parts of the Motherland will be shown in a closer unity of the Oversea Dominions of the south with the rest of the Empire, which will endure long after the war has been settled, and the Anzacs are back at work in their own lands.

Among all these marks of honour and kindness shown them, that which will be most distinctly remembered was the celebration in London of the first Anzac Day, the solemn holiday which Australia and New Zealand have elected to keep for ever in memory of the landing of the Anzacs on April 25, 1915.

It had been settled long beforehand that throughout the Southern Dominions extraordinary arrangements should be made to

mark the occasion. The Anzacs in London and elsewhere in Great Britain wished to take part in this national celebration, but there appeared to be difficulties in the way.

From the very outset of the war, the rule had been observed that there should be no military show in London. The departure of troops took place quietly, and without any parade. Soldiers passed through the streets in small bodies only, and little attention was paid to them as a rule. The War Office, and the people themselves, were against display or anything that might cause excitement and scenes.

It might have been supposed that such marches through the city streets as took place in Australia and New Zealand on Anzac Day would be impossible in London for this reason. The Anzacs were quite prepared to hear this, and to follow the rule which London had made for its own people.

Their pleasure was the greater when they found that their wish to march through London streets was echoed by all, both high and low in degree. When they had watched in the trenches at Anzac through so many months, there was one cheering remark that

could often be heard, "Never mind, Boys, one day we will march in triumph through London streets."

They little thought that the march of the Anzacs would be the first display permitted in London since the beginning of the war. Nor did they dream that they would be marching through dense crowds of cheering Londoners to the sacred halls of Westminster Abbey, given over to them for their own use on that day, when they wished to show honour to their mighty dead, whose lonely graves they had made on the sad hills of Gallipoli.

I have seen a great many processions pass through London streets. Twice have I seen the sovereign going to the Abbey to be crowned; and once I saw the monarchs of Europe follow the bier of Edward VII through a city that was sad with unexpected mourning. I have seen London crowds welcome home their own soldiers from the African war; or turn out in their millions to greet the rulers of great and friendly neighbour nations.

But for me the day when the grey streets laid aside their war reserve, and put on a friendly air as the Anzacs marched through

the glorious sunshine of early spring will always seem the greatest day of all. It was not a big procession, for there were only 2,000 of the heroes of Anzac to make the line. But they received the homage and the sympathy that London keeps only for the really good and great.

The London women brought their children to see them, as though to supply them with an unfading memory of a memorable sight. The London girls left their work to pelt them with flowers, and the old men and boys lined the streets to cheer them. The strong men were away, in many instances, fighting or being taught how to fight.

In their worn battle-stained uniforms the Anzacs passed proudly through the crowd, marching unarmed to the Abbey. The rare sun shone on his children as they went, stepping out to the music of their own bands, playing their own tunes.

In the Abbey itself I was allowed to climb high up, to a gallery near the very roof, from which a few people were permitted to look down upon the wonderful scene upon its floor. In its hundreds of years of existence

the old building has seen men of all kinds gathered together for solemn ceremonial. No gathering was fuller of meaning and promise for the future than the band of warrior worshippers who sheltered under its roof on the first Anzac day, in honour of their dead comrades.

Beyond the brown masses their uniforms made, I could see a rim of sad black. The soldiers shared their service with the relatives of those who had fallen by their sides a year before. The greatest in the land joined them there in their grief. The King and Queen sat before them, and the Prime Minister of the Empire, side by side with the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Hughes, who was then visiting Great Britain.

The greatest of British soldiers, Lord Kitchener, was also present, and as they cheered him on his departure, none of them dreamed that it was the last time he would be seen by most of the spectators. General Birdwood, the "soul of Anzac," could not be absent from such a gathering, and the cheers of the Anzacs, who had not seen him since they had fought under his orders, must have filled his heart with pride.

It seemed to me, as I looked down on the sublime scene, that others were present too. It was not too much to think that at the elbow of each of those simple citizen soldiers who had fought so nobly and lived so truly for an ideal, there stood perchance the shade of one of those mighty dead Britons whose tombs add lustre to the grand building where they lie, most of them turned to dust long years ago.

The organ pealed out in a well-known hymn, and the bands of the Anzac soldiers took up the tune. Louder than all swelled the chorus of strong voices, drowning the organ and the brass of the bands :

> "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet!
> Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

They said afterwards that such singing had not been heard within the Abbey in the memory of mankind. I think it was an outpouring of the Anzac spirit, that lived through failure and death, not boasting, but confident in the justice of the great cause that had carried those men so far from their homes under the Southern Cross, to suffer and, if it must be, to die.

On that first Anzac Day the Heart of the Empire thrilled with pride, and stirred with pity. It would be strange if the hearts of the Anzacs were not thrilled, too, at the warm hand-clasp of the kindly Motherland. They were melted to a great emotion, that turned later to the grand resolve to achieve even greater things than were wrought in the first year of Anzac.

THE END

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