GALLIPOLI TO-DAY

SHRAPNEL VALLEY CEMETERY AS IT WILL APPEAR IN ABOUT THIRTY YEARS TIME (*Sir John Burnet, R.A.*)

Frontispiece

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GALLIPOLI TO-DAY

By T. J. PEMBERTON

With an Introduction by
GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON
G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

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INTRODUCTION

A HAPPY inspiration lies at the back of Mr. Pemberton's book. Until the 25th April, 1915, a landing upon Gallipoli in war time had been pronounced "impossible," by soldiers of world repute, and now, in full peace time, this same gate to Constantinople remains "impassable" to the average traveller. Out of every hundred people of Great Britain, Australia or New Zealand who can find the time and cash to visit France or Flanders there is not more than one who is likely to be able to make good the pilgrimage to Gallipoli. But all can read this book and absorb into their imaginations something of the loveliness of that land where so many of their sons lie sleeping. Rather, they seem to sleep, for in that vast, sub-conscious region of hopes, fears, traditions and intentions which is the heritage of our race, the ghosts of these dead soldiers have an abiding place which will endure at least as long as the world. In the life of a breed of men the material results of war, the reparations, the armed invasions count for precious little. Mercifully they get themselves forgotten—clean forgotten. What counts is the way in which the soldiers fought and the spirit in which their own folk took their victory or their defeat. A defeat finely taken may pull a nation together for hundreds of years; a victory modestly and generously used might carry a nation along for a thousand, but—alas!—how seldom has that been seen. A man needs, perhaps, to have lived long and to have been through many wars to understand how closely victory and defeat are intertwined. When, at long last, the official history of the Dardanelles comes out we shall

learn for the first time how sweeping were the victories won at Anzac as well as Helles by the afternoon of the 25th April, 1915. On the reverse of those pages we shall read how the fog of war descended upon the commanders, hiding from them what lay in the hollow of their hands. The sword hangs always by a hair. How abhorrent therefore in the eyes of all true soldiers is the statesman who makes a mean and vindictive use of the power which the Lord of Hosts and the blood of his own fellow-countrymen have given him.

Less than a year ago I was honoured by an invitation from Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, our modern Nelson, unfortunate only in this, that he had not Nelson's blind eye to fall back upon when he wanted to press forward and authority cried "halt!" My invitation was to come and tread once more the decks of the glorious *Queen Elizabeth*; after that to go on with him and visit old battlefields and the new cemeteries. I spent three days, therefore, following in Mr. Pemberton's footsteps, and feel thereby qualified to give some weight of personal testimony to the powers of observation which he has brought to bear upon his subject. On one or two points only can I supplement his sympathetic descriptions. On page 20, speaking of our dead, he says, "... where the Turks lie in equal numbers." Now it is all very well to be modest, but we must guard against the pride which apes humility. Why put the enemy's losses at about half of what he puts them himself? New Zealanders who have lost their dearest are surely entitled to know that those precious lives were dearly paid for by the foe. There are three Turkish estimates extant, all authoritative, all different, except, it may fairly be assumed, on one point; *i.e.*, that the compilers have not, in any case, over-stated what they believed to be their own casualties. The first to come to hand was that of the German Commander-in-Chief of

the Turkish forces at the Dardanelles, General Liman von Sanders. In his book he puts down the total Turkish casualties at 218,000, of whom 66,000 were killed. The next list was published in the Turkish Official War History, which gave: Killed 55,127, wounded 100,177, missing 10,000, died of disease 21,000. Last, and quite recently, we have the estimates of Osman Shevki, of the Ottoman War Office. The British Military Attaché at Constantinople tells us Osman Shevki has worked very hard to get hold of the truth and that he, the Military Attaché, doubts if we shall ever get closer to it than this: Deaths from all causes 63,256; wounded 168,612; to hospital sick 238,904. Let us see now what were the British losses, so constantly quoted as being "horrible," "lamentable" and "terrific," which they assuredly were, war being in its whole nature "horrible," "lamentable" and "terrific," yet in the figures just given we do find a certain consolation. British losses during the campaign of the Dardanelles: Deaths from all causes 32,562; missing 7,654; total wound casualties 78,261; or, as put by Field-marshal Sir William Robertson in his book, "Statesmen and Soldiers," which loses no fair chance of making the worst of the Dardanelles: "We lost about 120,00 men, killed, wounded and missing." If these proportions of British and enemy losses are compared with the proportions on the Western Front, where the Allies lost two lives for every German life, it will be seen that there were happenings even more dreadful to New Zealand, Australia and England than Gallipoli. Another point, which may seem trifling, but was yet, on 25th April, a matter of life and death: Mr. Pemberton gives the little bank of sand which protected the men who got ashore at "V" Beach a height of six feet. Had this been the case they might have sat down, collected together and made a concerted rush at the

barbed wire, covered by fire from the bank. Actually the men were lying flat, and it was death to attempt to move. Speaking from memory, but a memory which has been recently refreshed, I do not think the bank averaged more than about four feet in height, and even so it was partly enfiladed. Later on he tells us of the Turkish memorial to a hero on the Nek, and seems to me to convey an impression of insignificance. Compared to New Zealand's magnificent monument, visible for fifty miles from Asia or the Ægean, it is no doubt a trifle. A few yards of concrete, some sharp shooters' masks and five big shells. All the same, it was a soldierly idea, not unworthy of the Ghazi whose soul from that spot set forth to join the houris of Paradise. His name was Mahomet Chaoush (Sergeant Mahomet). For many days he clung to his rifle-pit dug into the middle of the Nek, a spot saturated with New Zealand's best blood. At last came the time when the Turks were driven back and he, with a number of bullet wounds in him, felt that death had him by the throat. But even in his agony he found strength to turn round and cry in a voice so loud that the words were heard by the Turkish Army, " I die happily for my country, and you, my comrades, will avenge me !" A day or so after my visit a party of pilgrims were coming from Constantinople to pray at this shrine.

The landing at Anzac :—Mr. Pemberton follows the generally accepted view that it was a lucky chance and a fortunate current which landed the Anzacs a mile further to the north than had been intended by my plan. I have several times admitted the plausibility of the arguments which lie at the back of this opinion. But, quite recently, an authentic and detailed statement of the Turkish situation on the evening of the 25th April, 1915, has come to hand and it upsets the statistical foundations of this theory. No doubt exists in my mind that the

official history will give it a death blow. But Mr. Pemberton writes not so much on strategy or tactics as upon their epitaphs. Therefore I shall not myself pursue either, save for one concluding remark. "Chunuk Bair," we are told, " was only the beginning of success. There were many other Chunuk Bairs to conquer before they dominated the Narrows." But Chunuk Bair did dominate the Narrows ! I first saw the New Zealand Memorial from the decks of *H.M.S. Bryony* going through the Straits. We were an ideal target for a six-inch gun on Chunuk Bair. The garrison gunner who could not have sunk us with his third shot would have deserved to have been shot himself. There was hardly any dead ground between Chunuk Bair and the Narrows, save behind one spur which gave no shelter from a howitzer shell. Holding Chunuk Bair we had a grip upon the sea and land communications of the southern theatre, including the great fortified *massif* of Khilid Bahr ; also, much more important, we could have held out a firmer hand to the wavering War Cabinet at home. There—in Whitehall—in Whitehall and Fleet Street—the Dardanelles were lost : New Zealanders, Australians and Britons never forget that !

At the front we had the old bulldog spirit of the British soldier, reinforced by what will be one of the determining factors of the future of the world—the spirit of the English-speaking Antipodes. Behind us we had a swarm of adverse influences—our own G.H.Q. in France, the Chief of the General Staff at the War Office, the First Sea Lord at the Admiralty, G.Q.G. in France, the French Cabinet and the best organised part of the British Press (vide the late Lord Northcliffe's speech fully reported in *The Times* of Saturday, 2nd July, 1921).

Fate willed it so. Faint hearts and feeble wills seemed for a while to succeed in making vain the sacrifices of

Anzac, Helles and Suvla. Only the dead men stuck it out to the last. God bless them for ever.

Many memorials have been unveiled by me and multitudes of widows and orphans have I seen. Only in imagination do I behold these parents, sweethearts, sisters, all growing old themselves; who mourn their heroes, ever young, ever renowned, ever sung—who shed a tear sometimes for those lying on Chunuk Bair, Lone Pine, Green Hill and Krithia as thick as the lilies which grow over them. They exist still in their thousands those mourners—many as are the years that have passed, they still exist. And often I turn to them in thought, as I do to-day, with the hope that by now their sorrow is fast changing into pride.

Although the author of this volume makes no attempt to stress the exploits of any particular branch of the British Army, he does make special mention of the first memorial to be unveiled on the Peninsula. I too have good reason to be interested in the same memorial.

Early in 1925 I was invited to unveil the New Zealand Memorial which now stands on Chunuk Bair to mark, for as long as the mountains endure, the highest point reached by the British in their endeavour to open the Narrows to their ships. Hardly had the honour been accepted when political objections were raised, and at once, though sadly, I stood out. But events have now reconciled me to what, at the time, was a disappointment. First, as readers of this book will discover for themselves, General Sir Alex. Godley was allowed to step into the breach and, speaking in his dual capacity as commander of the operation and eye-witness of the event, related the plain facts of the battle upon the site of the Memorial. Demosthenes himself could not have enhanced by any descriptive eloquence the effect of this story, told as it was by a soldier who had played the leading part, and so, reading—I was content. Secondly

there came to me in due course a greatly prized letter from that statesman who had guarded the destinies of New Zealand through the darkest hours of the war. As it must have been one of his last, I give it :—

Prime Minister's Office,
Wellington.
13th March, 1925.

My dear General,

Sir James Allen has told me of the ready manner in which you met his request to unveil the New Zealand Memorial at Chunuk Bair, and I desire to assure you of the Government's and my own appreciation of your willingness to perform the ceremony. It is indeed unfortunate that diplomatic difficulties prevented the arrangement being carried out and this is extremely regrettable to us.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed), W. Massey.

General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.,
1 Hyde Park Gardens,
London, W.2.

Thirdly, the High Commissioner of New Zealand has now asked me to write this preface and has thus permitted me, after all, to lay a humble nosegay of forget-me-nots upon the superb trophy raised by New Zealand, not to victory, but to valour.

IAN HAMILTON—Lullenden, 14.7.26

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

AMONG those who gave me the greatest assistance in the compilation of this book are members of the Imperial War Graves Commission on Gallipoli. I am indebted especially to Lieutenant A. W. Mildenhall for much of the information contained in Chapters III and IV; and to Mr. R. Kett (Horticultural Officer), who was my sympathetic companion on my tour of the cemeteries. I also have to thank the Headquarters Staff of the Imperial War Graves Commission for many facts and figures. My collection of photographs has been supplemented very kindly by the founder of St. Barnabas Pilgrimage Fund and his photographer, by Mr. Gibson Bishop, Lieutenant Mildenhall, the War Museum, and the Imperial War Graves Commission.

Sir John Burnet, R.A., the chief architect for the Gallipoli war graves, has also given me his sympathetic assistance, and to him I am deeply grateful for the beautiful sketch reproduced as a frontispiece. "I have much to be thankful for," Sir John Burnet writes, "if only for my work on Gallipoli having brought me in touch with the spirit of the Dominions. I feel honoured in having been able to contribute anything to the men who struggled and died in support of their Empire; and in connection with the execution of that work I shall always be thankful for the enthusiastic assistance I received from Australia and New Zealand, whose men composed the staff at Gallipoli."

Here, too, I wish to tender my thanks to the Directors of the New Zealand Associated Press for permission to reproduce Chapter VII.

Finally, those who acquire this book will be fortunate to be able to read the words written by General Sir Ian Hamilton. His willingness to contribute the preface must be attributed to his deep interest in the gallant men who fought under his command.

T. J. PEMBERTON.

September, 1926.

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CHAPTER I

A NATIONAL ACT OF SERVICE

THOSE who have already written of Gallipoli have told a tale of tragic splendour, of deeds unsurpassed in the annals of war, of superhuman effort in the face of insuperable difficulties, of magnificent defeat. It is a tale which will stir the hearts of men down through the centuries. Because of its peculiar difficulties, because the immediate object was not achieved, this brief campaign stands out clear cut in history. While actions even more costly in men and material on the Western front have already been forgotten by those who took no part in them, the Gallipoli Campaign stirs the imagination. It never will and never can be forgotten. The story of Anzac forms the first important chapter in the war history of two young nations of the Southern Hemisphere. To them Gallipoli has a peculiar significance, for in a few brief months they gave unsparingly of their very best of human material, and they proved their manhood. British sailors and British soldiers again accomplished the seemingly impossible, and remained undaunted in the face of insuperable odds. No stories of endurance and will, no records of courage and sacrifice are more amazing. They have formed the substance for a score of ably-written volumes. But now after eleven years there is something more to add to the records of Gallipoli.

Before the war had come to an end the Governments of the Empire decided that the name of every man and woman who had made the supreme sacrifice on the

battlefields and oceans of the world for Britain's cause should be commemorated in a lasting monument. "In perpetuity" was the phrase employed. Such a commemoration was meant to be an honour to the dead and a token of deference to their relatives. It contained in it all the elements of Christian custom. It was a symbol of service and devotion to those who had departed, but still lived. But in erecting these monuments with a view to their age-long endurance there seems to have been a stubborn determination on the part of the Empire to look upon the European War as the last great carnage. It was as though they said, "Let us adequately perpetuate the memory of those who fell, but in doing so let us erect monuments throughout the world which will stand forever and warn posterity how great is the cost of settling international disputes by force of arms. Let us do our work thoroughly, for it is the last time that we shall need to girdle the earth with cemeteries of those slain in war."

This wonderful gesture of finality is an act of faith worthy of the nation. It is an act of faith which the world should not be allowed to forget. For those who pass by in France, in Belgium, in Italy, in Palestine and in other far-scattered countries, the monuments are there to bring remembrance. Those whose hearts were wrung with the loss they suffered are not likely to forget. But the war is a mere memory of inconvenience to many. It is well that these should be reminded of Britain's gesture of finality. Here then is one justification for recording the mission of commemoration that has been going on for the past five or six years at Gallipoli, and which has now reached completion. More perhaps than in other lands the work here is an act of faith. Few indeed of this generation will ever see the beautiful but unobtrusive monuments erected in this sparsely populated country to the memory of 48,000 British sol-

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PLATE 1. LOOKING SOUTH TO CHANAK

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diers and sailors. The sacred plots have not been planned for the curious gaze of man. That they lie in silent untrodden valleys and on the hills where few men pass by, makes them all the more an act of faith and sacrament. They express an idea, and as is the case of the flower of the forest or the gem of the ocean cave, man's appreciation is not a necessary factor in the fulfilment of that idea.

Eleven years have passed since all those stirring deeds recorded in other volumes dealing with the Gallipoli Campaign. It is a period long enough for some of the pain of memory to have vanished. Grief and despair are emotions that cannot live forever in the human heart. The loss so many thousands suffered is bereft of its sting. The saddest memory in the end retains some measure of beauty. Now therefore, at the close of a decade, one may speak of the dead and the land wherein they rest without the certainty of reviving again the bitterness of despair, the poignant grief, in the hearts of those who suffered loss. Yet the thoughts of many thousands in Britain, in Australia, in New Zealand often turn to this ancient land, and it may be they picture for themselves the far-distant peninsula where their loved ones were given sepulture. Were it possible to reproduce these mental pictures how diverse in character they would be! How few would have any real semblance to the country as it is. And how few people in the years to come will have an opportunity of seeing the land for themselves and correcting those mental pictures.

It may be asked: Does it matter whether or no they are corrected? One may answer, yes. Beautiful and kindly memories focus upon this almost unknown land. It is only human to picture that portion of the physical world whereon one's nearest and dearest last moved in the full pride of manhood. It is only human for one's thoughts to be drawn to the earth that has been made

more sacred by reason of what it holds. There must be some measure of comfort, therefore, in learning of the faithful work that has been done to perpetuate the memory of the heroes of Gallipoli. There must be some satisfaction in knowing that over the plots of earth where the mortal remains of those heroes lie the art and hand of man have fashioned that which is different from the surrounding wilderness, that which embodies to some extent the beautiful and kindly thoughts which focus here from a hundred thousand minds.

The British people seem to have carried this idea of permanent sepulture even further than other modern nations. The Turks, whose dead lie in Gallipoli soil in equal numbers to those of their erstwhile enemies, have made no attempt whatever to mark their places of burial. The French and the Germans have not deemed it necessary to take such pains as the Anglo-Saxons in the commemoration of those of their compatriots who fell on the field of battle. They may see in our actions a touch of materialism, a glorification of mortal dust, or a stressing of the idea of the resurrection of the body. One likes to feel that the principle underlying the action of the British and the Dominions Governments is entirely a spiritual and sacramental one; that these monuments and these ordered plots of earth are symbols of love and service; that they are the outward and visible form of a hallowed memory, which is a means of grace to those who perpetuate it.

Christian people have always taken a joy in a reverent attention to the graves of their dead. They like to tend with their own hands the beautiful flowers that grow thereon. It is a simple act of service. They treasure a hallowed memory, and the human heart desires some action, some visible form, something more than abstract thought and emotion to give expression to the memory and the love. Love includes within itself service. It

PLATE 2. AN ORIGINAL HEADSTONE BESIDE ONE OF THE REGULATION PATTERN

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is difficult to devise a means of service to the dead, and hence a compromise and an outlet are found in simple and beautiful actions. Art is called upon for the erection of Christian symbols; nature is subjugated and brought into disciplined growth. It is generally the work of relatives to retain that disciplined growth. It is the simple act of service they delight to perform. In all the war cemeteries now girdling the earth, however, this act of service has been undertaken by the nation as a whole and carried out by the Imperial War Graves Commission. It is natural that relatives should desire to know how the delegated service has been accomplished and that in the future it will not be neglected. But in any contemplation of these memorials it should not be forgotten that they are a nation's tribute. They stand as a national monument to the sacrifice that was made by a million sons of the Empire. As such they are bound to be different from those God's acres where private people express their own tastes in the headstones they erect over the graves of their friends. They are simple, uniform and complete. Individual taste has been eliminated except in the brief text or quotation at the bottom of the headstones. All men of whatever rank are commemorated alike. The cemeteries are complete in that they will never be used for any other purpose. There is no unoccupied space. As a nation's monument the masonry is erected not to last for a generation but, in so far as any stonework may do so, to defy the ravages of time.

It is well that all should know as much as possible of the Empire's great national memorials. They represent a spirit that is the direct antithesis of the disintegrating forces abroad to-day. They stand as evidence of a united Empire. They have been erected in the faith that the Commonwealth of Nations will continue to be for generations to come the greatest power for

good in the world. They remain as emblems of unity and sacrifice and set a standard below which the nation itself must never fall. Set in foreign lands, as many of them are, it is well that succeeding generations should be reminded of them and of what they represent. A new generation is approaching manhood and womanhood to whom the deeds of the years 1914 to 1918 are a vague memory. It is for these, too, this volume is written.

More particularly is it dedicated, however, to the many thousands of people in Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand who suffered grievous loss through the Gallipoli Campaign. Their thoughts are often directed towards this little area on the earth's surface. But to most of these people it is an entirely unknown land. It may be that a few word pictures of the Peninsula as it is to-day, supplemented by photographs, will give form and substance to their thoughts. People are travelling half the circumference of the earth to stand beside the graves of their relatives who fell on the Flanders fields. Old men and women from all parts of Great Britain are braving three days of ceaseless travel, sometimes under conditions of severe discomfort, for the same purpose. Many thousands in the far-off Dominions can never hope to gain this privilege even so far as the Flanders fields are concerned. None but the most favoured few either in Great Britain or in the Dominions can hope to visit for themselves the Gallipoli battlefields. It would seem therefore almost a duty on the part of the few to convey to others, in so far as words will serve, some of the impressions they have gathered on their sojourn there.

No hurried narrative is required; not a record of stirring events, though some of the events of eleven years ago may be mentioned in connection with historic localities. Those who visit this land without knowledge,

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PLATE 3. THE "RIVER CLYDE" ON "V" BEACH

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without sympathy, or whose minds are too greatly absorbed with the things of the moment might see a calm blue sea, a profusion of wild growth, and now the unobtrusive God's acres and the three tall monuments meant to be seen of men. They would take heed of little else. But for those who come with knowledge and sympathy and who spend days alone on these hills where nature has lavished so much of her wild beauty and where the memories of the past crowd thickly upon one another there is inspiration enough. The story of eleven years ago is one of vivid action, of vehement contest, of desperate deeds. The story of to-day is one of peace. Man has changed the face of this land but little throughout the ages. The mighty struggle of the past has scarcely left a perceptible scar. The earth has taken to itself the more precious human dust and nature has clothed it again with seasonal garments. If then the story one may tell to-day goes forward with unhurried pace and in meditative strain it is the more in keeping with the thoughts of those to whom Gallipoli spelled irreparable loss, and in harmony with a land where time stands still.

CHAPTER II

THE COUNTRY DESCRIBED

It is impossible without map and illustrations to convey to readers an adequate idea of the physical features of Gallipoli. With such a map and a few illustrations interpolated between the pages of this chapter it may be possible to leave on the reader's memory a very fair picture of this tongue of sea-girt land. A few minutes' study of the map and some care in following the descriptive matter hereafter presented will make he further reading of this volume, it is hoped, more interesting, and certainly more intelligible.

Let it first be remembered that the Mediterranean is a tideless sea. Though the waves beat furiously at times on the beaches there is not that change and corrosion which is found on the shores exposed to the tide and the waves of the ocean. Thus the coast line of this land changes but little through the centuries. There is something fascinating about the lapping waves, which strike monotonously on the sand and reach out hour after hour to the very same level of the beach. Or if the day is perfectly calm there is still that regular sigh of the small waves on the sand or the pebbles. It is the ceaseless pulse of the ocean. Sometimes the thunder of the surf tells of the warring winds and waves near or afar off. The gentle sigh of the indecisive wavelet is the pulse of an ocean at rest. Whatever be the temper of the sea the ceaseless waves wash always the same narrow strip of beach or rock face. There is no uncovering of the rocks and sand and seaweed twice every twenty-

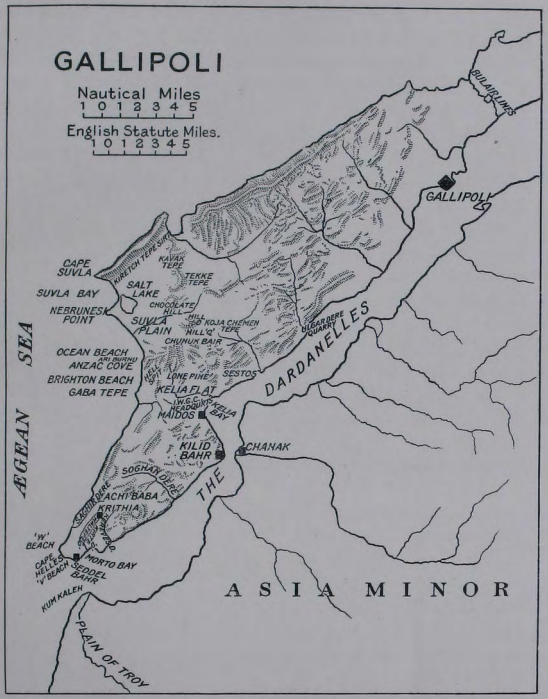

PLATE 4. GENERAL MAP OF GALLIPOLI

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is little comfort provided for the curious visitor. In spite of these circumstances, however, some thirty ships carrying tourists visited the Golden Horn during the year that has passed.

Of cargo vessels the greatest number are British. Italian, Rumanian, Greek, French, Bulgarian and a few German ships also pass through the narrow straits, for the most part bent on procuring oil from Rumania. Once a week the Khedeval British Egyptian Royal Mail boat visits Constantinople; once a week the French passenger and mail vessel; and every second day a ship of the Lloyd Trestino Line. These three lines have the special privilege of carrying passengers from Turkish port to Turkish port. The rest of the coastal trade is done by the small Turkish vessels which pay small attention to time-tables and are anything but clean and comfortable. Thus in a day as many as twelve ships may pass by and seldom less than six.

Now and then a ship of quite another type may be seen. It is the Turkish caique with its two tall masts and graceful lines, a form of craft which probably sailed these seas when Greece was at the zenith of its power. Nowadays in the larger 70-feet caiques a concession is made to modern invention and an auxiliary motor is added. Roads on the Peninsula are seldom used for heavy transport, and so the caiques ply from bay to bay and out to the Turkish islands carrying grain and the other simple needs of life.

Let us now in imagination land at the foot of the Peninsula and make our way northward. The historic deeds of valour enacted at V Beach in 1915 make it loom large in the imagination, but it is not more than three hundred yards in length. There is a narrow strip of gravel, a bank six feet in height, and then an area of a few acres in the form of an amphitheatre. The "River Clyde," the modern Trojan Horse has gone. It was not

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A Caique in Morto Bay

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Cliffs at Helles

The French man-of-war and a tramp steamer sunk to form a breakwater may be seen beyond the caiques

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so greatly injured but that it could be towed to sea after temporary repairs. In spite of some protests on the grounds of sentiment the vessel was sold to the Greeks shortly after the Armistice and is now in the Mediterranean trade. An obsolete French warship and a tramp, stranded off the beach to form a breakwater, still remain. Storms that beat up from the south have done but little damage to the steel walls of the warship, but the tramp has not stood the buffeting so well.

If one approaches the Peninsula from the south by sea the first visible reminder of the war is the Helles Monument which rises above Cape Helles to the left of the Beach. On a clear day it may be seen from many miles distant, for it stands 108 feet in height and its base is 150 feet above sea level. Coming nearer to the beach there is on the right background of the amphitheatre the ruins of Seddel Bahr and the old fort which suffered destruction from the guns of the British men-of-war. The village was wholly destroyed in the original bombardment. Later on the Venizelos Greek Government built some small houses for their refugees, and when the Greeks fled the Turks took up their abode in them. None of the houses destroyed in the war has ever been rebuilt. The derelict vessels sunk to form a breakwater are further relics of war. But more than these as a reminder of the grim days of 1915 is the completed cemetery. Just beyond the narrow beach is a bank some five or six feet in height. It was the only shelter which the heroes who landed from the River Clyde on April 25, 1915, could find from the pitiless hail of bullets. Above the bank is the entrance to the "V" Beach Cemetery. It occupies a wide strip and runs up the slope towards the lip of the amphitheatre, culminating in the white stone screen which rises in successive steps to the tall central stone on which the form of the Cross in broad design is deeply engraved.

Except for the ruined village and the fort on the right there is little of apparent interest on the hillside enclosing this historic beach. The land is uncultivated. Turks live their simple lives in the derelict village. How they live and what they live on is a mystery to those who are mere visitors to the Peninsula.

A road, such as it is, passes by the village and so on over the crest of the rise, and again along the lowland round Morto Bay. Leaving Skew Bridge Cemetery on the right it rises rapidly to the higher country. Here one gets a first view of the ruins of Krithia three miles to the north. The country is even and there is a scarcity of trees or scrub. Two parallel depressions—Kirte Dere and Maltepe Dere—run north and south from the vicinity of Krithia and curve off to Morto Bay. Further to the west is Saghir Dere, running about three miles north and south. It is a valley and watercourse of some depth and served as a means of approach to the front line. Except for these watercourses there are few irregularities in the country which slopes gradually up towards Achi Baba five miles to the north. A few groups of trees there are, a few clumps of scrub here and there in the open but more especially in the depressions. For the rest the hillside is clothed with rough wild grass and a hundred and one species of flowering weeds.

Krithia, a goal for which the British troops fought in vain, a goal for which thousands of brave men laid down their lives, to-day lies almost levelled to the ground. It was only one of the mean villages inhabited mainly by the Ottoman Greeks, but as the haunt of machine guns and strong posts during the campaign it took upon itself an importance it had never had before. It was a first step towards the heights of Achi Baba. But it was never taken. The scarlet poppies seem to flourish most luxuriantly among ruins and where human habitation has once been. So it has come about that in the early

PLATE 6. "V" BEACH AND THE FORT

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summer the site where Krithia once stood is a blaze of scarlet. This little flower is profuse enough everywhere, but the low mounds of stone which once was Krithia are hidden deep in luxuriant growth of poppies and other wild flowering plants.

Viewed from a military point of view the physical features of a country have an importance which seems altogether exaggerated at other times. The summit of Achi Baba in 1915 was the goal for which nations were making reckless sacrifice. Viewed from the trenches across miles of enemy country it appeared a towering mountain peak, the conquest of which staggered the imagination of the fighting soldier. Such an achievement might have meant complete victory. At least it was hoped so at the time. Achi Baba, therefore, was the limit of the soldier's imagination during those terrible months. How far it was beyond the grasp of the invading armies events have proved. An impregnable fortress it has been called. Truly it loomed large in the eyes of those great-hearted men crowded on the narrow strip of land below it.

Yet what is Achi Baba when one views it in these quiet times of peace? From the cliffs at Helles to the top of Achi Baba, a distance of five miles, the rise is about 600 feet, or 6 feet in a hundred yards, a very gentle gradient. If the day be cool it is a pleasant walk taking less than an hour and a-half to accomplish, and there is hardly a semblance of climbing save in the final approach to the rock hummock at the top. Not with the greatest stretch of imagination could Achi Baba be called a mountainous peak. Yet from a military point of view it was a physical feature of immense importance, a stronghold impregnable at least to the forces which the allies were able to bring against it. It is necessary only to mount to the top of the eminence to realise the overwhelming strength of the position. A body of troops

advancing from Helles towards the hill-top would be plainly visible for practically the whole distance, and a dozen well-placed machine guns at intervals across the Peninsula were enough to stave off an army advancing by daylight.

Leaving Achi Baba behind, the country takes on a rougher aspect. The scrub is fairly thick and the grass and weed growth in spring is abundant. For a mile or two the road proceeds along a level plateau until the head of the Soghan Dere is reached. At this point one road branches down the valley and another proceeds along the ridge to Maidos. It was in the deep recess of Soghan Dere that the Turkish army opposed to the British troops at Helles established their headquarters, their dumps, their hospitals, and their reserve units. It is interesting to compare the comparative comfort to which the fighting Turk could retire with the unpleasant rest areas of the British troops either at Helles or Anzac. In the early summer Soghan Dere is an extremely beautiful valley penetrating right into the middle of the peninsula. At the very head of the valley is a ledge of rock forming a grotto a hundred yards in width. Inside the grotto the face of the rock is covered with maidenhair fern, from the midst of which numbers of springs emerge and combine to form the head waters of a little river which meanders pleasantly down the valley to the Dardanelles. Here then the Turkish soldier could find rest and refreshment. At rare intervals he may have been disturbed by a bomb from the British aeroplanes or a shell from a warship firing from out in the Ægean Sea, but the camping ground was so extensive that these occasional visitors must have caused but little harm.

A few more miles along the central plateau and a view is obtained of the Kelia Flat, a neck of low-lying land which cuts the Peninsula into two. It would seem as

PLATE 6A THE SUMMIT OF ACHI BABA LOOKING TOWARDS HELLES

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though in distant ages the waters covered this lowland, thus forming an island, or almost an island, of the southern part of the Peninsula. There is a little high ground on the west which might have been a narrow isthmus. Had the Australian and New Zealand troops landed at the places it was intended they should land they would have overlooked the flats. It is just possible they might have pushed rapidly forward to Kelia Bay on the Dardanelles, or they might have held a line across the Peninsula on the hills south of Kelia Flat with the right flank resting on the hills above Maidos. Speculation on these points, however, is futile. A hundred contingencies arise. An extended line of communication across the flat would have been impossible unless the heights on both sides were held. A line along the southern hills might have been attacked from the rear as well as from the front. Had they landed further south they might have had a tempting chance to push rapidly forward across the flat, for the land is comparatively clear and smooth, and thus might have been caught like rats in a trap. A small party of the enemy on the hills to the north was quite enough to annihilate a division in a very short time. On the whole one cannot help feeling that a lesser catastrophe was met through the mistake of landing a mile too far to the north.

In our journey northward we have passed on our right Kilid Bahr and Maidos. Seen from the Narrows these towns are picturesque. Seen at close quarters there is nothing to commend them. The former is on a steep hillside and it was consequently well protected from the bombardment of the warships on the other side of the Peninsula. Occasional bombs were dropped on it from aeroplanes, but it suffered little. Nevertheless to-day it is in a serious state of neglect. The main road through the town is not unlike a river bed. Houses have fallen into decay. There has been no apparent

effort to keep even the occupied houses in repair. There was a Greek Church of some pretentions, but when the Turks took control again they destroyed it so that not one stone was left upon another. Glass in the windows of the houses is rare. There is a general air of stagnation. Maidos is worse. It was heavily shelled during the campaign and greatly damaged. Many of the houses are merely shells, either burned out, or their woodwork removed after being shattered by explosives. The Greek Government built a number of new houses for their refugees at the south of the village, and it is these which are mainly occupied by the Turks to-day. There is no comfort, no beauty, no picturesqueness in the houses of the peasant Turks. They are content to live in mere hovels. The officials live more pretentiously, but it is surprising to what simplicity even they reduce their domestic life.

It was on the shores of Kelia Bay, a mile to the north of Maidos, that the Imperial War Graves Commission eventually built their camp. One wonders why this pleasant site should not have been chosen for a modern village. In the year 400 B.C., it is said Kelius was evicted from Athens, and he came to this place and built himself a palace and a walled town. The remains of the wall can be plainly traced. It encloses many acres on the shores of the bay. A very ancient tower at the south extremity of the wall is partly intact, but there are no other visible remains of the houses that once stood there. Possibly the stones of the original town are incorporated in buildings in various houses in Maidos and the neighbourhood. Certainly some of the modest cottages on the hillside at Kelia have been constructed from the stones of the ancient walls.

A short journey up the coast from Kelia brings us to Sestos where there are still the ruins of a Greek temple, which is associated with the legend of Leander. Leander,

PLATE 7. ANZAC COVE

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it will be remembered, was a youth of Abydos who fell in love with Hero, a priestess of Venus at Sestos. They met clandestinely, Leander swimming across the Hellespont every night. He was guided by a lamp which Hero hung out on the top of a tower. One night the light was blown out by the wind and the swimmer lost his way and was drowned. When Hero heard of this her grief was so great that she threw herself into the sea. Directly across the Narrows from Kilid Bahr, but plainly visible from Kelia Bay, is the ancient town of Chanak, renowned for its pottery thousands of years ago, and where pottery is still made. Up the coast a little north of Chanak is the house where Byron lived for a number of years. It can be plainly seen from the Gallipoli side.

In 1923 a Division of the British Army was camped on Kelia Flat. There are no traces of this occupation except a metalled road from Kelia Bay to the rising ground towards the western coast. All those who in the years to come may make a pilgrimage to the Anzac Area will use this road to attain their destination. It is the only road on the peninsula having a metalled surface, for the Turk takes little or no interest in his lines of communication. If the roads are in too bad a state for his little four-wheeled cart at least a donkey can pick its way through the mud and potholes. This road across the flat is a luxury. Though there is a crudeness in its surface, pilgrims are assured of getting four miles or so on their way with a certain amount of comfort. When the metalled surface ceases there is the dust road laid by the War Graves Commission in the early stages of their work. It curves off to the right, mounts up a valley and rises to the top of the low ridge which joins the hills north and south of the Kelia Flat. From the top of the ridge one gets a first glimpse of the Ægean Sea with the islands in the distance. Down below is

Brighton Beach and on the left Gaba Tepe, the headland on which the Turks formed a stronghold which remained always a menace on the flank of the attacking army. Looking northward one has a view of the Anzac Hills, or the range of Sari Bair, to give them their right name. Lone Pine with its memorial stands out clearly, and beyond, the New Zealand monument on Chunuk Bair is limned against the sky.

It is difficult to describe in words this Anzac area. Yet imagine a ridge running more or less parallel with the shore and a thousand yards from it, and rising gradually from south to north. Every here and there it would seem as though some giant hand had placed a spade on the top of the ridge and driven it deep to the coast level. Then a chasm had been torn out to the sea. These are not valleys that rise uniformly upward to the ridge. The lowest pathway in them, which in the rainy season is a roaring torrent, has but a slight gradient until the last when it rises almost precipitously to the ridge top. It is obvious that through the ages the periodical rains have washed these valleys deeper and deeper, cutting a way always further inland until the edge of the watershed itself is threatened.

It would be difficult indeed to trace on a map the multitudinous ridges, valleys, and depressions that run down from the main spur. Even when walking over the ground in these days of peace it is almost impossible to define any ordered system. One spur runs into another. One valley cuts into another or spreads out into half-a-dozen smaller ones. No wonder when the gallant Australians and New Zealanders first pushed their way up these inhospitable and uncharted sloped they lost their way. And to the last they probably never dreamed of the maze that lay between them and the shores of the Dardanelles. They had only gained the fringe of it. Even Chunuk Bair, so hardly won and held for so short

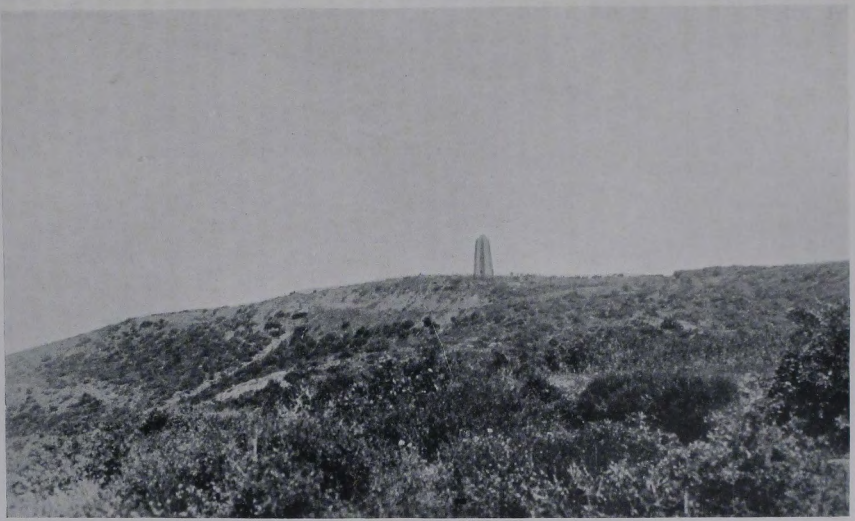

PLATE 8. ON THE ANZAC HILLS
New Zealand Memorial in the background

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a time, which appeared to be the goal of their desire, was only the beginning of success. There were many other Chunuk Bairs to conquer before they dominated the Narrows.

There remains one other part of the Peninsula which is of immediate interest to British people. From the northern part of the Anzac ridge one looks out over the Suvla plain. It is only a few miles in extent, but those few miles meant much when two armies fought for possession. From the point of Ari Burnu, just north of Anzac Cove the beach sweeps in the form of an unbent bow to Nebrunesi Point, a distance of five miles. It is a narrow shingle beach edged by a low bank. The wild grass and shrubs bloom to the very edge of the bank. Beyond Nebrunesi Point is Suvla Bay, almost a perfect semi-circle and 3,300 yards across the mouth—from Nebrunesi Point to Suvla Point. A few hundred yards from the beach is the Salt Lake, dry in summer, but a few feet in depth in the rainy season. An irregular strip of flat country varying up to a mile in width skirts the coast. Turks from the three Anafartas may be seen to-day cultivating this flat land much in the same way as the soil was tilled two thousand years ago, with oxen and wooden ploughs. Three thousand yards from the bay and a thousand yards from the inner edge of the Salt Lake is the isolated high ground which came to be known as Chocolate Hill because of its colour as seen from the Anzac area. It is about 175 feet in height, and is joined by a lower saddle to another hill of the same height a half mile further inland. Because this latter hillock escaped a fire and remained covered with live scrub it came to be known as Green Hill. To-day it is the site of the largest cemetery in the Suvla area.

All this area can be likened to a vast amphitheatre with the Salt Lake as the stage. In a semi-circle around the stage and at a distance of about six thousand yards

are hills. To the north is the sharp straight ridge Kislar Dagh rising to 650 feet. To the east is Turchen-Koi Dagh with the peaks Kavah Tepe (950 ft.) and Tekke Tepe (910 ft.). On the slopes of these hills are the villages of Anafarta Sagir and Biyuk Anafarta, and out on the plain north-east of the Salt Lake Kuchuk Anafarta. The southern tiers of the amphitheatre are made up of the spurs leading up to the Sari Bair range, and the range itself with its highest points of Koja Chemen Tepe (971 ft.), Hill Q. (900 ft.) and Chunuk Bair (860 ft.).

The rest of the Peninsula which remained an unknown country to the invading troops is for the most part rough and hilly. A range of hills very close to the western coast is as much as 1,300 feet in height. Several deep valleys run right across the country to the Dardanelles, and the hills that separate them fall to a fairly flat country on the eastern shores. The town of Gallipoli lies on a jutting portion of land at the north end of the Dardanelles. The country in the vicinity is just a little less rugged than in other parts of the Peninsula, and cultivated more fully. A dozen or more other villages are scattered over the land in the valleys, or on the hillsides, and near all these are small unfenced areas where the rough cereal crops are grown which provide for the simple needs of the inhabitants. Olive trees are abundant, and these go a long way towards making the life of the Turks care-free and dilatory.

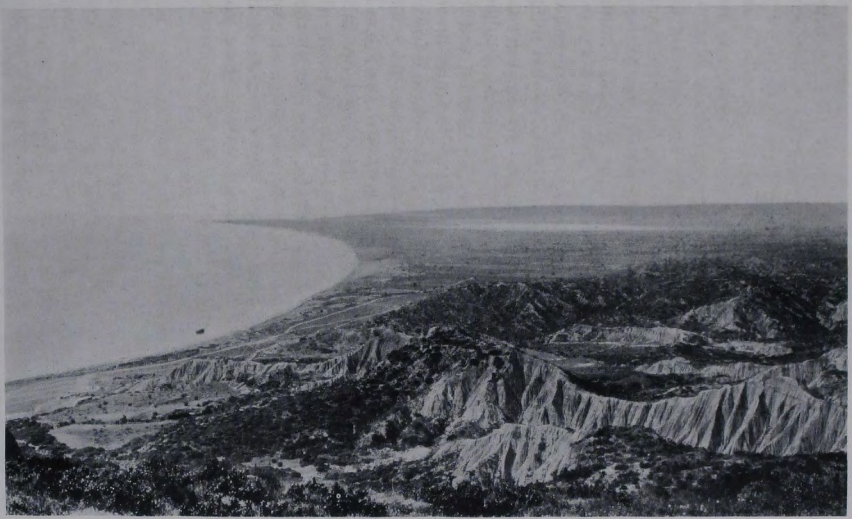

PLATE 9. SUVLA FROM THE ANZAC HILLS.
With the Salt Lake in the Distance

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CHAPTER III

THE LABOUR OF FIVE YEARS

On the evening of October 30, 1918, the representatives of the Turkish Government signed the Armistice terms at Mudros, and by noon on the following day hostilities between the Turkish and British Armies ceased. At the end of November and the beginning of December British troops were guarding the forts at Chanak and Kilid Bahr. Men of the Canterbury section of the New Zealand Mounted Rifles and men of the 7th Australian Light Horse disembarked at Maidos early in December. They wandered over the ground which they and their countrymen had held at such a cost. They passed on to the territory upon which no British soldier had previously set foot. Out on what was once No Man's Land, in the old trenches, and down the valleys the whitened bones of their comrades lay. Three years had passed since the British Army melted away in a night. During that period the quick-growing kindly foliage had softened the scars of war.

On that narrow strip of land, the Nek, across which the battle had so often ebbed and flowed they found a rough monument of victory. The Turks are not demonstrative, and nothing could have been more modest than this pyramidal block of concrete, surmounted by five live shells, and standing only some fifteen feet in height. Its surface is rough and it is partly formed of snipers' masks —a strange contrast to the costly and beautiful monu-

ments of the vanquished. The Turks raised no other memorial to their dead. Here and there are to be found Turkish cemeteries, but they are not marked nor intended to be remembered. Doubtless the remains of some of our erstwhile enemies have found a resting place in the Christian burial grounds.

On the night of the evacuation the retiring warriors left notices saying they would return. It may be the Turks did not believe this, but they took no chances, and all along the margin of the beaches they laid a new network of barbed wire. This was still in position when the British troops returned in peace, and it remains till this day.

At the beginning of 1919, 500 Senegalese troops under French officers came to occupy the Peninsula. A section of them were quartered at Seddel Bahr and a section at Kilid Bahr. When the French thus took over, the Turks policed the country, but when later the Greeks pushed the Turks back to Angora, a Greek Governor was appointed and the Peninsula was policed with Greeks. Shortly after the Armistice the British troops began to assemble at Constantinople, and remained there as an army of occupation. Then in 1922 the Greeks were pushed back to the coast of Asia Minor, Smyrna was burned, and in August of the same year relations with the British became strained. All the Greeks on the Peninsula began to drift away. With what little property they could carry they were transported to Thrace, Salonika, and Athens. They all speedily vanished from the villages of the Peninsula, but many of them were in hiding for weeks near the western beaches waiting for a vessel to take them to safety.

When the trouble started British troops were brought down to Chanak, where they commenced to dig trenches. One Division was stationed on the Peninsula, and they made their camp on the Kelia Flat. Big guns

PLATE 10. TURKISH FESTIVAL TO TURKISH SOLDIERS
At their monument on The Nek

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were placed in position along the Gallipoli coast and facing the Asiatic shore, while field guns only were stationed on the Asiatic side. The Narrows became alive with British ships of war. All this was a strange contrast to the unpreparedness of 1915. Had war come again at this time it would have been a spectacular triumph for British arms.

For a year after the crisis in August of 1922 a Division of the British Army remained on Kelia Flat. They erected a thousand Nissen huts, metalled the road from Kelia to the rising ground on the west, sank wells, and generally carried on the ordinary barrack life. With the Narrows as a British lake, and with British troops on both sides of the water playing a waiting game, it was natural that a certain amount of social intercourse should be carried on between the Army and the Navy. Dinners were held ashore and afloat. Duty took many people up to Constantinople, where the British soldier ruled with a firm, but kindly hand. In due course the Lausanne Treaty was signed, and two months afterwards British forces on land and sea had melted away.

While these occupations were in progress there was another occupation of quite another character. Shortly after the Armistice in 1918 the Directorate of Graves Registration and Enquiries under Major Carbine (England), Capt. Hughes (Australia), and Capt. Biggwither (New Zealand) began their work on the battlefields of Anzac and Helles. Headquarters were established in the barracks at Kilid Bahr, and a section lived in dug-outs at Anzac. They had a difficult task to accomplish —a long and thankless one. For two years they laboured, employing at times as many as 120 of the local inhabitants. Every square yard of the battle areas north and south had to be scrutinised. It was not like the shell-smitten soil of France; nevertheless at

Anzac and Suvla it was rough and tangled with the scrub which had grown up again since the cessation of hostilities.

No wooden crosses remained to mark the graves; though a few unshaped rocks with names engraved thereon were still in place. The crosses had long since been put to baser uses by the inhabitants. Three years had been more than enough to reduce all human remains to clean whitened bones, for where the earth teems with insect life under the hot summer sun organic matter is subject to rapid change. But pieces of uniform, metal badges, buttons, knives, equipment were well preserved. Indelible ink on oil sheets was often found to be as clear as on the day it was written. Much time and industry were devoted to searching for identity discs. If identification was not immediately established the ground in the vicinity of human remains was sieved and searched. Though the cemeteries of Gallipoli contain so many unidentified bodies, and though the monuments commemorate so many British and Dominion soldiers with no known graves, this was through no lack of diligence on the part of the Directorate. The work of concentrating the bodies into central cemeteries was carried out as far as possible by the Directorate, and then, in October, 1920, the Imperial War Graves Commission, which had already been on the Peninsula for a year, took over. The work of the latter was to construct the cemeteries and the monuments, but they also carried on the task of the Registration unit, and during all the years they were in occupation they never ceased to look for isolated graves, and with considerable success.

Between the spring and summer seasons when the wild grass and weeds were being burned up by the hot sun it was often possible to detect where the earth had been disturbed. Where a grave had been dug the

ANZAC DURING CEMETERY CONSTRUCTION
Workmen's homes in some of the old dug-outs.

THE NEW ROAD DOWN THE ANZAC RIDGE

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PLATE 11.

loosened soil lost its moisture more rapidly than the set and hardened earth, and the herbage above dried up slightly in advance of the surrounding growth. Wherever this differentiation in the condition of the grass was observed there was almost sure to be a grave beneath. Again wherever a patch of land appeared to have been not well searched labour was employed to go over it again. In this way the Imperial War Graves Commission supplemented very largely the work of the Registration unit and some very remarkable identifications were carried out.

To return now to the history of the Imperial War Graves Commission. Sir John Burnet, R.A., the architect for the Gallipoli cemeteries, had visited the Peninsula to make an examination of the local conditions. Captain C. E. Hughes who had been with the Registration unit was given instructions to choose a staff in London. As a compliment to the Dominions it was decided that this branch of the Commission should be made up largely of ex-members of the Australian and New Zealand Expeditionary Forces. Capt. Hughes (promoted to Lieut.-Colonel) was placed in command, and he was able to get together a body of men who amply proved their worth in the years that followed. They looked upon their work as a sacred duty, and their names should be recorded. Some of them came with the original members and left after two years; others took their places; but most of the senior members of the Commission remained to see the work completed.

These are the names: Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Hughes, C.B. (Tasmania), Inspector of Works; Captain Geoffrey Hawkins (Western Australia), First Surveyor; Lieut. J. T. Swanston (New South Wales), Assistant Surveyor; Lieut. A. W. Mildenhall (New Zealand), Chief Clerk of Works; Lieut. Basil Watson-Thomas (England), Clerk of Works; Captain J. W. Rule Jones

(Western Australia), Officer in Charge of Transport; Captain A. K. Vickery (New South Wales), Secretary and Accountant; Capt. D. K. Turner (New South Wales), Architect; Lieut. E. T. Marr (New Zealand), Architect and draftsman; Lieut. R. Wallace (Victoria), Clerk of Works; Lieut. R. E. Hughes (Tasmania), Clerk of Works; Sergeant D. Cameron (England), Transport; Sergt. T. Millington (Tasmania), Water Transport; Sergt. F. Redfern (Tasmania), Surveyor's Assistant; Sergt. Max Amos (New South Wales), Motor Mechanic; Sergt. W. Ross (England), Motor Mechanic; Mr. R. E. Elston (Western Australia), Chief of Office; Mr. F. Coping (England), Motor Mechanic; Mrs. F. Coping (England), Clerk; Mr. R. Kett (England), Horticultural Officer; Mr. Andrew Pearson (Scotland), Quantity Surveyor; Mr. G. Straughan (England), Quantity Surveyor; Mr. Collingwood (England), Clerk; Mr. A. P. Watson (Victoria), Chief Clerk (in later years); Mr. F. Bennett Jones (Western Australia), Clerk; Mr. E. E. Kerr (England), Records Officer; Mr. L. Martin (Victoria), Surveyor; Mr. S. Burnell (England), Works Manager for contractors (afterwards appointed Assistant Superintendent of Area).

Of these Hawkins, Watson-Thomas, Swanston, Redfern, Cameron, Wallace, and Martin left at the end of the second year. C. E. Hughes, R. E. Hughes, Rule Jones, Vickery, Mildenhall, Marr, Coping and Mrs. Coping, Watson, Kerr, Straughan, Millington, and Kett were the personnel of the Commission when the work was brought to a close.

While the Registration unit was still proceeding with their work the first members of the Imperial War Graves Commission landed on Gallipoli. This was in November 1919. They shared the fort at Kilid Bahr with the French native troops who remained on the Peninsula

Imperial War Museum, Photograph Crown Copyright.

PLATE 12. KILID BAHR

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until 1923. The winter of 1919-20 was spent in preparation. There was much to be done before a start could be made with the cemeteries themselves. The road from Kilid Bahr to Maidos and to Kelia Bay had been used by the Turkish Army, but it needed repair, and to open up the Anzac area new roads had to be made. The Turks, it should be told, have a road tax, but out of every £100 collected, not £5 is spent on roads. Where the other £95 or more goes to it is difficult to say. Dust tracks are sufficient for their needs in summer, and when the rain sets in, well there is no need to travel abroad. The Anzac beaches and hills had no economic use before the war except to a few roving shepherds. A few fishermen had built huts on what afterwards came to be named Ocean Beach, but these were approached from the Suvla side. There was no approach from the south.

Now all was changed. Anzac had become something more than a wilderness. Into the midst of these Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Russians, living their primitive lives, came the strangers from the West, and for what purpose? To see their dead disposed of, to build ordered gardens for their bones, to raise monuments in their memory. By the Polynesians of the Pacific this might have been appreciated. To these people of the Near East it must have seemed a strange pursuit. But they entered into the scheme with sympathy to this extent: they worked for these builders of monuments. The Greeks, even these Ottoman Greeks, inherit something of the engineering and building skill of their ancestors. They are good masons. Most of those others could hardly enter into the spirit of the monument builders who came so far and were ready to lavish so much money on a work that had no practical purpose. These monument builders, however, were a godsend to the motley bands of people who had

gathered on the Peninsula, many of them the flotsam and jetsam of a war-devastated world. Among the refugee Russians there were men of birth and education, but they, along with all the rest of the temporary inhabitants, were glad to find the means to live. Two hundred men were employed during this first year on road-making, and the interests of the Imperial War Graves Commission centred very largely upon the road.

There was much else to do, however. Surveyors were busy. Architects were planning. A large amount of clerical work had to be done. Material had to be got together. In this the Commission were fortunate. North of Kelia Bay at a place called Ak Bashi the Turks had made a dump in 1915, and after the campaign the material left was supplemented by what was collected on the battlefields. Picks and shovels, timber and pumps were all most useful. As for the road, it was rather a remarkable piece of work, especially that portion of it that led up to Lone Pine and on to the summit of Chunuk Bair.

A road had to be made from Kelia Bay across the flat. In 1922 it was metalled for four miles by the British troops in occupation. From the four-mile point it ran northward up the rising ground, over the ridge and down towards Gaba Tepe. At the beach just north of this point it branched, the one line up Legge's Valley and Pine Ridge coming in behind Lone Pine. From there it was taken past Johnston's Jolly, Steel's and Courtney's Posts to Quinn's; then up Baby 700 to Battleship Hill, and so up the ridge to the summit of Chunuk Bair. Anyone who knows this country will realise the switchback nature of the road. Yet when it was finished motor cars were able to reach the highest point without mishap, though it needed a considerable amount of skill on the part of the driver. The other branch of the road skirted the coast and entailed a great deal more

Imperial War Museum, Photograph Crown Copyright.

PLATE 13. ANZAC BEACH AND HELL SPIT

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digging. Most of the road was cut out of the steep face of the hillside. The work was constructed rapidly, however, and to carry it from Chatham's Post, the southern limit of the Anzac line, to Ocean Beach took only three months. By the end of August, 1920, motor traffic could make a passage from Kelia Bay to Suvla Flat.

Another important preparatory work was the building of the Imperial War Graves Commission settlement at Kelia Bay. This is one of the most desirable places around the coast, yet strange to say no considerable village or town has grown up on the site of the old walled city built by Kelius about the year 400 B.C. When the British troops came to Chanak after the Armistice a Y.M.C.A. hut 80ft. by 30ft. was brought in sections from Salonika. It was never erected, however, and so the Imperial War Graves Commission took this over. They also bought up a Royal Engineers' dump at Chanak, consisting of iron, timber and tanks. With the aid of Greek labour the little settlement at Kelia was very soon erected. On the flat an office was built of sheet iron; stores were built and motor sheds. On the hillside the Y.M.C.A. hut was erected for a general mess room. A cottage was built for the commanding officer. Later on two or three other small cottages were raised along the brow of the hill, built of the mud of the fields and of the stones of the 2,300 year old wall. Thus the ancient and the modern met and merged.

The ancient and the modern merged, however, in a still more interesting way. One of the first things necessary to investigate was the supply of stone on Gallipoli. A long unusued quarry was found at Ulgadere, about eight miles north of Kelia Bay. No stone seemed to have been taken from here for fifty years, and no history records the date on which the quarry was originally opened up. But there is a record of another character.

Ulgadere stone is the same class as that of which the Homeric walls of Troy were built. Possibly these ancient walls or part of them were cut from this very same quarry. Samples were taken from the bottom course of the Trojan walls, and the stone laid so many centuries ago is in perfect order and will stand for centuries to come. From this it may be deduced that the shaped stones of which the monuments and decorative portions of the cemeteries of Gallipoli are made will suffer little from the havoc of Time.

Quarrymen came out from England in the winter of 1921-22. The stone was roughly trimmed in the quarry, and an attempt was at first made to get it to the Anzac side of the Peninsula by motor lorry. This, however, was not successful owing to the bad roads, so when the weather improved at the beginning of 1922 a 100-ton motor caique, or Turkish boat, was procured. A pier was built at Ocean Beach, and the stone was carried round by water. The journey round took eight hours. A steel ribbed saw was set up at Ocean Beach and stones were cut for paving. Otherwise all the hundreds of tons of stones were hand dressed.

But to return to the Spring of 1921. The construction work was first let to Greek contractors, but afterwards taken over by Sir John Payne Gallway, Ltd., and it was the duty of the members of the Imperial War Graves Commission to superintend. Early in 1921 the work of filling in the trenches and levelling the cemetery sites was begun. In the summer of this year a certain amount of progress was made with Canterbury Cemetery, Ari Burnu, Shrapnel Valley, No. 2 Outpost, New Zealand No. 2, Embarkation Pier, 7th Field Ambulance, and Hill 60. The rubble walls were built and the protecting outside trenches dug and lined with rough stone. In some cases the central crosses and the screen walls were erected. As many as

PLATE 14. RUINS OF TROY
Showing Roman Walls on right and Homeric Walls on left of picture.

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250 of the local inhabitants were employed at various times during the busiest part of the year.

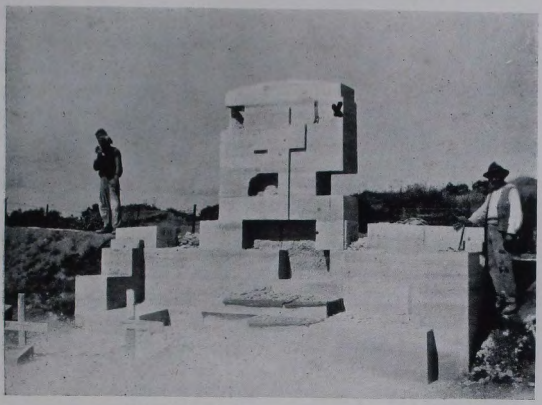
During the winter of 1921-22 construction work was at a standstill but the quarrying was going on. Everything was got ready to start again in the spring of 1922 when the trouble with Kemal Pasha began. Work had to stop for three months. Members of the Imperial War Graves Commission were employed in various capacities by the British Army in occupation on the Peninsula. It was not until January of 1923 that the cemetery construction work could be continued. In the meantime all the Greek masons had fled, and it was necessary to find new ones. The departure of the Greek labourers also made a gap in the ranks. Italian masons, however, were obtained from Trieste, and the work proceeded throughout the summer of 1923. The remainder of the cemeteries in the northern and southern areas were begun, and the Lone Pine Memorial and the New Zealand Memorial on Chunuk Bair. Good progress was then made throughout the summer, and the work was carried on right into the winter of 1923-24.

Early in 1924, however, there was a period of very severe frost. For a fortnight the temperature was 20 degrees below zero, and the Salt Lake was frozen over. A great misfortune occurred. Much of the stone that had been used during the latter part of 1923 had been built in while it was green—that is, the quarry sap was still in the stone. When the heavy frost came on 80 per cent. of this green stone cracked. This was a serious disappointment for the contractors and all concerned. It threw the work back considerably. All the cracked stones had to be cut out and replaced with new blocks, and naturally care was taken that no green stone was used. There have been severe frosts since then but the stones have all stood the test, and are likely to withstand the changing temperatures for all time.

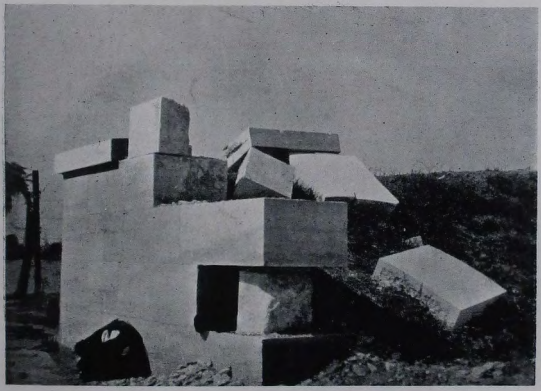
The summer of 1924 was an extremely busy one, some 300 men being employed by the contractors and the War Graves Commission. At one time there were 200 men employed on Lone Pine. Chunuk Bair Monument and the great work of the Helles Memorial also required large numbers of workers. It was during this year, too, that most of the recumbent headstones were placed in position. The foundations of these were concrete, and on this foundation rested the blocks also made of concrete. They were cast to a certain shape on the beach at Anzac and taken by transport to the various cemeteries. At the base they measure 15in. by 15in. and tapering they measure 12in. by 15in. at the top. Plaques of Hopton Wood stone were fashioned and inscribed in England and were sent out to Gallipoli. Here they were fitted on to the concrete blocks by means of what is technically known as a frog. The plaques are thus now part and parcel of the 2-cwt. blocks and can never be removed without breaking the plaque and the block to pieces.

One of the devices installed to facilitate the work on the Anzac Hills was an aerial rope-way 2½ miles in length. It was carried from Ocean Beach up to Walker's Ridge, and then crossed over Deadman's Gully to the place known as Baby 700. From here it passed down the ridge to Quinn's Post, Steel and Courtney's Post, Johnston's Jolly to Lone Pine. The rope was propelled by a motor engine at Lone Pine, and there were stations along the route for off-loading the material. As may be well imagined, this device saved an enormous amount of transport, especially when one remembers that from Walker's Ridge to Ocean Beach is an almost precipitous drop of three or four hundred feet. Material for the cemetery and monument at the top of Chunuk Bair had to be taken from the rope line in bullock wagons.

Work was kept at high pressure during the summer of



Effect of Bad Frost in January, 1924. Plugge's Plateau Cemetery



Stone Damaged by Frost, January, 1924

Plate 15

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1924. There had been several delays and a number of unexpected difficulties since the Imperial War Graves Commission landed on the Peninsula in November of 1919. It was resolved that no important tasks should be left over through another winter. All went well. There were no further delays, and the Commission and the contractors had the satisfaction of seeing their great undertaking practically completed by September of 1924.

CHAPTER IV

BIRDS, BEASTS, FLOWERS AND MEN

DURING the five years the Imperial War Graves Commission were in residence on the Peninsula history was in the making. There was work. Momentous changes were taking place. The course of events have been briefly described in the last chapter. Now let us speak of birds and beasts and flowers. Let us speak of the race of men that has occupied this land for so many centuries. These may have little to do with the hallowed acres where British soldiers sleep their last sleep, but they help to fill in the picture of Gallipoli as it is to-day. Indeed they do more: they help to paint the picture of Gallipoli as it was a thousand years ago and as it may be when the heroic deeds of 1915 are as far off as the deeds of the Trojan warriors are from this generation. The flowers that bloom in the land to-day are the same as those which graced the hillsides when Leander swam the Hellespont. The birds which make their nests in the scrub or pay their annual visits are the descendants of those which knew this land when the walls of Troy were being built. As for the men and women of the land their habits have not changed through many centuries. They are living to-day in much the same manner as the people of the Near East were living before the Christian era.

How different is the philosophy of the East from that of the Western nations, yet who shall say it is not more spiritual. Material affairs count for little. Time and life are cheap. The strong depress the weak, the richer

PLATE 16. ULGAR DERE QUARRY (North of Kelia Bay)
From which the stone for the monuments was obtained

To face page 50

cheat the poorer, yet no one seems to mind. Corruption reigns supreme, yet after all it is the feudal system of the East. There is no poverty. Poverty is a comparative quality. There may be no money, but the earth brings forth its crop of olives; there is water at the spring, and there is black bread for those who have the energy to grow their grain and harvest it. These are the bare necessities of the Turkish people of Gallipoli. Is it any wonder then that time is no object?

Now that the Greeks have been sent away the life of the Turk is more primitive even than it was. The Ottoman Greeks were a simple people. Many of them were clothed in sheep skins, but they were not without material ambitions. They were skilled in handicraft. They could build a respectable house. The Turk cannot build a house nor shoe a horse. He depended on the Greeks for these complicated affairs of life. Now he depends upon the Ottoman Jews for the few things he desires, the making of which requires some technical skill. It is the Jew, for instance, who is the boat builder. The Turk is an expert in destroying things, but he seldom constructs.

What one says of the Gallipoli Turks may be true of the peasants of other parts of Turkey, but the writer has in mind only the inhabitants of the Peninsula. Life is much more complex of course in Constantinople and Angora. On Gallipoli the land is held by the commune, and the Mukda, or Mayor, assigns portions of it for cultivation or lets out the grazing rights. The chief Government official is the Vali or Governor-General. He is supported by the Commissioner of Police, and police are to be found in all the villages. Their duties are mainly clerical, and they work in conjunction with the Mayor who is elected by the people. One of their duties is to visa the passports. The Captain of the Gendarmerie is responsible for the discipline and good

conduct of the inhabitants, and the members of his force armed with rifle and bayonet patrol the whole of the Peninsula, seeking out evil-doers and watching the coasts for smugglers.

Officials are not highly paid so it is almost a recognised thing among this class to add to their incomes by bribery and corruption. Some of the incidents that occur would be hardly credible to a Westerner. An authentic story is that of a policeman who went to a Russian refugee offering a quantity of contraband tobacco. The Russian was eager to buy the tobacco, but even if he had not been he dare not insult the policeman by refusing to buy it. The purchase was therefore made. A few days later the policeman raided the Russian's hut, found the contraband tobacco, confiscated it again for his own use, and accepted a bribe for consenting not to allow the matter to go before the authorities. The Russian was perfectly helpless. Had he himself gone to the authorities punishment and retaliation would have fallen on his head, and his head alone. A sentence of imprisonment always has the alternative of a fine, but the money so paid is merely a bribe to the authorities. More often than not the evil-doer never comes before the court. He buys himself off from the first policeman or gendarme into whose hands he falls. The latter naturally prefers to keep the bribe for himself rather than allow it to go to higher officials.

At all times the Turks and the refugees were pleased to work for the Imperial War Graves Commission. "You do not pay us so very much," they said "but we are sure of getting the money." The point of this statement is seen in the case of the Turkish contractor who came down from Constantinople to do some work for the British Army of occupation. He hired local carters at a fairly high price per day. When the contract

PLATE 17. THE NEW ROAD DOWN TO GABA TEPE

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was completed he paid over 200 liras (about £30) to the local gendarmerie and he left without paying the Turkish carters. The latter had no redress. They dare not complain to the authorities lest the gendarmerie should bring some trumped-up charges against them. Thus the rank and file of the inhabitants are kept in subjection and naturally evade as far as possible any collision with the authorities. Murderers and brigands sometimes end their days on the gallows, but even some of these are seen abroad a month or two after conviction.

As for the life of the ordinary Turkish peasant, he lives in a hovel with wire netting over the windows to keep out the fowls and animals. Glass appears to be a thing of the past. He rises when it is light and goes to bed when darkness falls. He seldom removes his clothes and never washes except when he enters the mosque, and then only his feet. His food he takes without ceremony. For the most part it consists of preserved olives and black bread. Occasionally he has a repast of goats flesh or beef and more often of fish, mainly red mullet. His drink is mainly water, of which he consumes a large quantity. The communal pride of a village is its water. The greeting of one villager to another villager is " What kind of water have you ?" This is not to say that he will not drink wine or spirits when he can get it, but alcoholic drinks cost money and are a luxury confined to the official classes and the very few prosperous members of the community. The commonest alcoholic drink is known by a variety of names—doozica, mastic, aric, ooza, zehib. This is a perfectly clear spirit distilled from raisins and flavoured with aniseed. When water is added it turns a milky colour. It is said that if a man partakes liberally of doozica overnight he can obtain a recurrence of his intoxication by drinking water in the morning.

This, however, is by the way. The drink of many names does not greatly interest the peasant Turk. His food is not stimulating, and stimulants do not seriously concern him. His vices are not in that direction. He grows his own tobacco and smokes many cigarettes. Coffee, thick and black, he drinks at any time during the day, mainly at the public cafés where he sits for prolonged periods talking with his fellows. Doubtless their conversation is quiet and dignified and interpolated by periods of meditation, for where time is no object people seldom hurry in the expression of their opinions, and they commonly dwell on a single subject for hours together. A Turk who goes to make an important purchase—say of a saddle—will make the most of his pleasure. He may have to travel some distance to the village where the saddle maker plies his trade. This will take a day. If it is summer time he will take up a position on the roadside near the saddler's place, and release his donkey to fend for itself. Having spent the night by the roadside he approaches the saddler in the morning and passes the time of day. General conversation follows, but no mention of the saddle is made during the morning. In the afternoon another call is made on the saddler and the buyer allows a hint to fall that he might be needing a saddle. On the following day an approach is made by devious ways to the question of price. It is an exceedingly delicate matter and it must not be rushed. The saddler at last announces his price, and the buyer announces his. The two are as far apart as the poles. At this stage the buyer retires to the roadside again and probably leaves matters over until the next morning. The question of price is threshed out at intervals again throughout the following day. Possibly an agreement is arrived at, but if not there is plenty of time on the morrow to proceed with the negotiations. In the end the saddle is purchased appa-

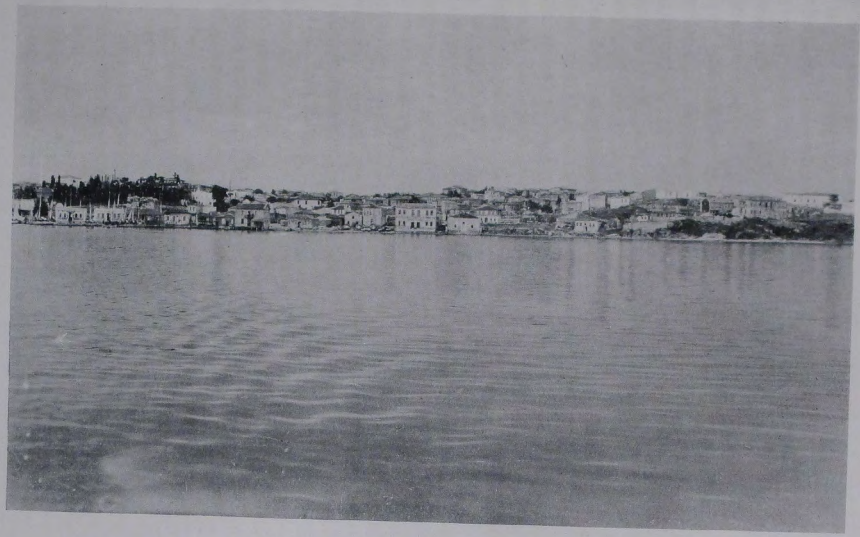

PLATE 18. THE TOWN OF GALLIPOLI

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rently to the satisfaction of both parties, and on the morning after the purchase the buyer collects his donkey and moves off in the direction of his own village. The purchase of a saddle is not a thing that happens every day, so that the event merits the time and solemnity that are given to it.

Though time is no object and work a secondary consideration the peasant Turks indulge in no sport. They do not even gamble. There are one or two innocent games which they will spend hours playing in the cafés, but no outdoor sport seems to claim their attention. Serious occupations consist of ploughing and sowing the cereal crops, reaping and threshing the grain, gathering the olive crop and preserving it, grazing a few sheep and goats and cutting scrub for firewood. Coal is never seen on the Peninsula. Ploughing is done with the same kind of wooden plough that was used two or three thousand years ago in the East. It is drawn by two oxen, by two water buffaloes, or by donkeys, or a donkey and an ox in tandem. Threshing too is done in a primitive way. The sheaves of corn are laid on a cleared area of ground. A sledge a few feet in length and two feet wide is then used. On the bottom of the sledge flint is fixed in so that the sledge is like a large curry comb. Oxen or donkeys are harnessed to the sledge and driven round and round the area where the corn sheaves lie. By this process the corn is not only detached from the straw, but the straw itself is cut up into a type of chaff known as tibben. When all has been properly churned up by the flints on the sledge, the mass of straw and corn are thrown into the air. The grain falls to the ground and the chaff is carried a certain distance away according to the strength of the wind. A perfectly still day would, of course, not be suitable for the process. The tibben is collected for animal fodder, and the grain is bagged. Wheat, maize, and barley

are the main crops cultivated. Cotton and tobacco is grown, and also what is known as cesmi.

Domestic animals are a poor lot, and no attempt is ever made by selection to improve the breeds. Sheep, goats and cattle are permitted to breed indiscriminately. There is no selection of breeding sires. Horses seem to be sturdy little animals, but they are not much larger than large Shetland ponies. A very sad feature of the Peninsula is the plight of the dogs. Puppies are not destroyed at birth, probably for some religious reason, and they grow up to live starved and miserable lives. How they live at all it is difficult to say, for their owners, if they have owners, have no scraps or bones to give them, and their miserable condition shows that their own hunting and scavenging brings them little. The plaintive cry of the little puppies in the village strikes an unpleasant note on an otherwise peaceful atmosphere. On occasions the members of the War Graves Commission did a humane work in rounding up and destroying the superfluous dogs in the neighbourhood of their settlement.

Transport is carried on for the most part with tiny donkeys. It is to be hoped that their strength is all that it is said to be, for the sight of one of these miniature animals carrying a bundle on each flank and a large Turk on its rump, his feet almost touching the ground, is not pleasing to an Englishman. No effort is made, however, to push these tiny beasts of burden faster than a slow walking pace. A number of the inhabitants—not a large proportion of them—have small four-wheeled or two-wheeled carts which are drawn by ponies. These are exceedingly primitive vehicles without springs, but they probably serve their purpose well enough.

One other variety of domestic creature should be mentioned. These are the barn door fowls, but there are no barns for them. They wander about and inside

Imperial War Museum, Photograph Crown Copyright

PLATE 19. TURKS THRESHING CORN

To face page 56

the houses of their owners, and are the special care of the women folk. Women of the peasant class are not greatly hampered in their movements, but they retain a great deal of the exclusiveness of the old harem system. Though they go out into the fields to work they are not often seen about the village streets, nor do they visit the cafés. As there are no chairs or tables in the houses and little other furniture of any kind, and the cooking consists mainly of the heating up of a stock pot of haricot soup the housekeeping of the women cannot occupy much of their time.

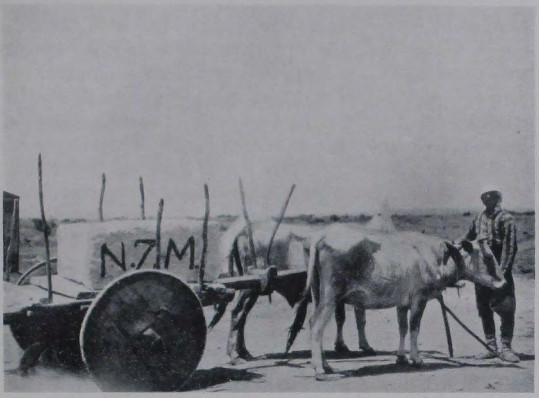
Although the new Turkish Government are trying to make education popular, they find it uphill work. Compulsory education has been introduced, but the law is more honoured in the breach than the observance. Parents find a hundred and one reasons for not allowing their children to attend school. Very few people can read and still fewer can write. Schoolmasters are generally priests or sheiks and they are paid by the mayor of the village, but their duties are not by any means onerous, nor is their pay very generous.

It is quite apparent from what has been said that the Turks of the Peninsula are a backward people. They apparently have no desire to improve their position or to emulate the more civilized and industrious races of Europe. Some day the progressive policy of the Angora Government may have some effect upon the peasant class, but it will be a slow process. These people have changed not at all throughout many centuries and there is not likely to be any sudden transformation in the near future. In spite of their backwardness they are a kindly people and of a friendly disposition so long as their religious susceptibilities are not interfered with and their laws and customs are not flouted. One cannot speak too highly of the tact exercised by the Commander and members of the Imperial War Graves Commission.

During the five years they spent on Gallipoli there was not a single instance of a serious misunderstanding with the inhabitants, and the good feeling which existed between the Commission and the Official class was in a large measure responsible for the successful accomplishment of the work that was undertaken.

Save for the small areas of the Peninsula which are cultivated, and these are mainly in the vicinity of the villages, the whole country is covered with a rough native grass, hundreds of varieties of weeds and wild flowers, and low scrub. Fences are unknown. Indeed the flocks of flat-tailed sheep and the goats, which roam all over the country in the spring and early summer, come all the way from Bulgaria without passing through a single gate. Sheep and black goats are in company under the care of a shepherd who pays rent to the various mayors for the rights of grazing. Clad in their rough skins these shepherds from the north present the same picture that might have been seen here two thousand years ago. Possibly the custom of this annual migration dates back to prehistoric times, and certainly the appearance of the shepherds has changed but little throughout the generations. At night time the flocks are confined in a roughly-built kraal and the shepherds themselves lie down to sleep beside the animals.

In spite of the fact that there are no rabbits in the country a large number of wild animals contrive to live here. How the jackals find flesh food it is difficult to tell. Certain it is that they make up the deficiency with a diet of berries. Foxes, too, are plentiful, as well as the strictly vegetarian animals—the wild pigs, hares, tortoises, and the field rat which subsists on grain. Snakes are also to be found, the species growing as much as 8 feet in length. For these the shepherds have to keep a sharp look-out, for they attack the she-goats and suck the milk from their udders.



Transporting Stone

Turkish Grape and Egg Sellers

Plate 20

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No country is without interest which can boast of a large variety of winged creatures, and Gallipoli seems to have a peculiar attraction for them. Wild birds find the wide spaces of unoccupied land a happy hunting ground. They have no human enemies, for the Turk is not a hunter. Insects abound, berries are plentiful, and the scrub oaks and strawberry trees which are to be found everywhere provide unlimited and comfortable nesting places. Indeed the country is a veritable sanctuary for the little winged creatures. Birds of passage, too, find the long tongue of land an attraction on their journey north or south.

When the British soldiers first landed on Gallipoli shores in 1915 they surprised with the rattle of their musketry birds which they had never seen before in their English, their Australian or New Zealand homes. The birds were a pleasant contrast at first to the grimness of life, though it was natural they should learn in time to avoid the area of discord. Probably the soldiers could give no names to many of these little visitors who flitted near the trenches or in the valleys behind the line. Indeed it would require a scientist to name them all. The blue jay, however, was one. There was the cuckoo who came as a migrant, and there was the long-tailed magpie. In November they would have seen thousands of wild geese in symmetrical formation passing overhead from Southern Russia bound for Northern Africa. In April they return again to their Russian haunts.

There are other birds which the soldiers would not have seen—partridge, woodcock, quail, snipe, and duck. The wild duck are driven down from the north by the winter frosts, and the quail too come and go. Another visitor from Russia is the bustard. Of these there are two varieties—the ordinary bustard who is a periodical visitor, and the great bustard who comes only when the frosts of Southern Russia are too great for his comfort.

These birds are three times as large as geese and they are edible. Even the Turks who make little use of all the other game birds are pleased to obtain a great bustard for the pot.

Probably the most picturesque birds to be seen here, and indeed anywhere in the Near East and Northern Africa, are the storks. They do not seem to be nervous of human beings, for they often build their nests on the tops of chimneys, and these in any case are their principal resting places. They make a graceful picture when they move from one place to another in families or groups, for they adopt the triangular formation with a leader at the apex, and though they move swiftly it is on a steady measured sweep of wings which flash in the sunlight. During certain seasons the inhabitants burn the grass on the hillsides, and it is then that the storks make a royal banquet. They move in their hundreds a few yards in advance of the fire, feeding greedily on the swarms of grubs, locusts, flies, spiders, and even lizards which flee from their haunts terrified by the oncoming flames.

In no other part of the world is there such a beautiful wilderness as on the Gallipoli hills in spring. Spring comes early and with it a splendid array of wild flowers, many of which we know as weeds. But they blend in a riot of colour, jostling each other for a place in the sun. The asphodel, the cornflower, the wild thyme and lavender, the yellow mustard flower, marguerite daisies and convolvulus, anemones, rock roses, honeysuckle and a score of other small flowers are over-shadowed by the golden glory of the broom. Then come the poppies to paint the hills with scarlet. With the summer, new flowers bloom to take the place of those which rejoiced the heart in spring. In the autumn the grass and wild plants are burned and yellow, but they have given place to the heather which clothes the hillsides in a hundred places with a glorious robe of pink.

Imperial War Museum Photograph, Crown Copyright

LANCASHIRE LANDING PRIOR TO THE EVACUATION

Imperial War Museum Photograph, Crown Copyright

LANCASHIRE LANDING TO-DAY

PLATE 21

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CHAPTER V

HALLOWED GROUND

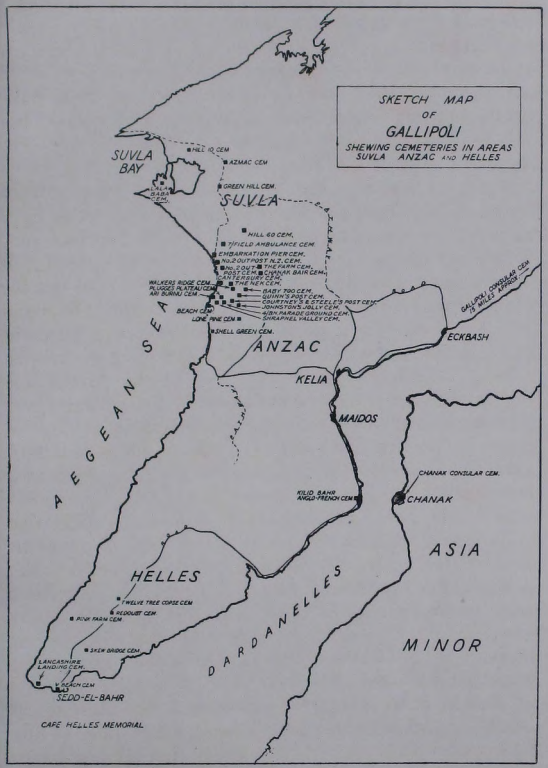
GALLIPOLI as the cemetery area of our dead is a subject so sacred to thousands of people in Britain, in Australia, and New Zealand that one cannot hope to visualise for them half the things they would desire to know. Every cemetery on the Peninsula has a poignant interest for some thousands of relatives and friends of those who laid down their lives for their Empire. They would like to know something about the sacred areas—some little thing which may help out the mental picture they have formed of where their loved ones lie. One cannot do more than this, but one may find it difficult to do as much. Yet it may at least be possible to convey to friends and relatives how well the British authorities have wrought to perpetuate the memory of those gallant men who fell on these inhospitable hills.

It must be remembered that after the evacuation the battlefields remained practically undisturbed for four years. When the members of the Graves Registration Unit began their work they were faced with difficulties which did not occur in France. There had been no back areas where more or less orderly burial might be solemnised. Thousands fell in what was "No Man's Land," and no identification further than the discs that were buried with them on the memorable Armistice Day on May 24, 1915, could be given. No burial at all could be accorded to vast numbers. Those who died on the hospital ships were buried at sea beyond the three miles limit, but their names are recorded on various monu-

ments on Gallipoli. After four years the work of identification was less successful than it had been in France, and the headstones which are over actual known graves are comparatively few. On the other hand, there are large numbers of the dead which the records show to have been buried in certain cemeteries, and these have headstones with their individual names recorded, but not necessarily over the spot where they were buried.

By far the largest number come under the category of the missing. This does not mean that the relics have not had proper burial in the centralised cemeteries. But there has been no identification. The names of the missing are recorded in several places. On marble panels around the balustrade of the great Helles Memorial are the names of 19,000 British soldiers and sailors and of 200 Australian soldiers who died and have no known graves. All the Australian missing in the Anzac area are recorded on panels in the Lone Pine Cemetery, and the names of missing New Zealanders are recorded on panels in Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery, Chunuk Bair Cemetery, Hill 60, and at Lone Pine,—cemeteries near which they were known to have fallen.

Before the Peace Treaty with the Turks was concluded the whole scheme for the cemeteries and monuments was prepared and well on its way to completion. Yet during the negotiations, it will be remembered, there was a time when Lord Curzon had to take an absolutely firm stand and refuse to discuss any variation of his demands. This was in connection with the rights of the British in Gallipoli. The result is that to-day the narrow area of land on which the Australians and New Zealanders fought is in effect a part of the Empire territories. Only small pyramidic stones at great intervals mark the boundary. Some day an enclosing fence to keep out marauding animals may be erected. No such concession was



MAP OF GALLIPOLI
Showing position of cemeteries

PLATE 22

To face page 62

demanded in the Helles area, and there British possessions are limited to the cemeteries themselves.

At Anzac the whole area is considered as one great cemetery, and the individual plots are enclosed, therefore, with stone walls only on three sides. A compromise is made at present while the trees and plants are young, and a wire fence in front keeps off any animals that may stray in the neighbourhood. As has been previously mentioned the Imperial War Graves Commission had to construct a road from Kelia Flat, over the low spur to Gaba Tepe, and so on along Brighton Beach, Anzac Cove, Ocean Beach, to the Suvla Flats. Another road was constructed up the Sari Bair ridge right up to the top of Chunuk Bair. The latter road joins up the chain of cemeteries located at the historical posts along the ridge. The lower road along the coast is the connecting link of another chain of cemeteries running right out to the low hills north of the Salt Lake.

On the Helles battlefield the six cemeteries are scattered over the area without relation to one another. On the actual south coast of the Peninsula are the cemeteries known as V Beach and Lancashire Landing. A thousand yards inland from Morto Bay is the Skew Bridge Cemetery. A mile to the north-west, and about nine hundred yards from the west coast is Pink Farm. Still further north and in the middle of the Peninsula is the Redoubt Cemetery, and just to the west of the ruins of Krithia there is Twelve Tree Copse. Each of these is enclosed by stone walls on all sides.

When Sir John Burnet was appointed by the Imperial War Graves Commission as their Chief Architect for the cemeteries in Gallipoli in 1919, he at once visited the Peninsula to see the country and the material and workmanship he would have to deal with. He appreciated the insecurity of the soil and its liability to be carried away during the heavy floods of surface water in the

rainy season. While good stone might be obtained, skilled labour would have to be imported. Whatever form, therefore, the design might be, if it was to preserve its character for years to come without great expense in upkeep, the area of interments must be well protected from flood waters, and any stonework must be exceedingly simple and well built. Thus the design emerges from the conditions imposed. The areas of the cemeteries are protected by heavy stone-lined ditches, the soil being thrown up and forming embankments, about four feet high round the cemetery proper, and a belt of trees about thirty to forty feet broad consolidates the ground outside the ditches. As the cemeteries are all on sloping ground the high side and the two sloping sides only are enclosed by the belt of trees. The burials were in many cases very close, and the recumbent headstones were adopted in order that the grass surface should be an effective and permanent "God's Acre." These are not only necessary for the character of the country, but they do not obliterate the grass from sight. In addition the architect had to remember in arranging his design that he was erecting Christian monuments in a Mahometan country. Hence the Cross is cut in a large flat stone, as it did not seem fitting that it should be in profile against the background of trees, and thus possibly tempt those of another faith to acts of desecration, with the serious diplomatic troubles such acts might involve. Where the cemeteries are large the stone bearing the Cross forms part of a walled recess in the embankment, and the Great Stone of Remembrance is placed in front of it on a platform paved with stone and rising 12 or 18 inches above the surface of the cemetery.

In 1923 a horticultural expert from Kew Gardens (Mr. R. Kett) went out to Gallipoli to arrange for the horticultural scheme of the cemeteries and their sur-

i Cross in the Military Cemetery at Constantinople
ii Haida Pasha (Constantinople) Crimean Memorial
iii Prisoners of War Graves Haida Pasha Cemetery, Constantinople

Plate 23.

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roundings. It was hoped to acclimatise a number of Australian and New Zealand plants, but not a great deal of success was achieved in this direction. The winter is too severe. Yet the Australian bluegums, which have in a measure transformed the Mediterranean coast during the last half century, have been made use of. About 1840 someone conceived the idea of planting the Campagna outside Rome with bluegums. The trees prospered, and since then they have become one of the principal trees along the whole of the European coast-line as well as along the African coast—so much so that the new generations seem to have forgotten that these trees are strangers, and they claim them as their own. Bluegums—or eucalyptus trees, as they are called here—as well as poplars have been planted in groups at the foot of every valley in the Anzac area. Thousands of young trees are growing in the excellent nurseries at Anzac, Kelia Bay, and Helles, and will be planted out in due course, but not in the cemeteries themselves.

No pains were spared to find out the most suitable trees and plants for the climate. During his first year on the Peninsula Mr. Kett made several nurseries and protected them from the prevailing winds by high palisades of scrub. He found seeds of the local trees and young plants and set them in the nurseries, and he made experiments with British, Australian, and New Zealand plants. In the end, however, the number of trees and plants suitable for the climate and for the purpose of decorating the cemetery area was found to be comparatively small. A wide barrier of plant life outside the stone walls of the cemeteries was found necessary to bind the soil in case of flood. The most suitable for this is the tamarisk, a native of Syria and Palestine with habits not unlike those of the macrocarpa. The foliage, however, is lighter and more delicate and reminds one of the foliage of the rimu of New Zealand. As a back-

ground to every cemetery there is a grove of dark pine trees (pinus maritimum). They have a life of about 500 years, but the saplings will spring up of their own accord to replace those which time eradicates. In some cemeteries the quercus, or evergreen oak, which is a native of the country, is used as the soil-binding medium outside the flanking walls.

Inside the cemetery plots the chief shrubs in use are the Japanese laurel and rosemary. They are evergreen, and are flourishing wherever they have been planted. Rows of these are down each side of the plots and serve to mark the lines of graves with headstones or without. Garden plots are formed with a border of laurels enclosing groups of rosemary plants and blue or white irises, a variety which yields a very handsome large flower on a stem four feet or more in height. The chief horticultural feature of each plot is the row of cypress trees (cupressus semper virens), which will break the line of the back screen wall and frame the central cross. Fifty feet is the maximum height of these handsome trees, which are in shape like a giant candle flame. They grow rapidly to maturity, and have a life of 1,500 years or more. Finally, there is the composition of the lawn, a most important feature. It must be remembered that no attempt has been made to mark out small flower plots for each recumbent headstone. In most of the cemeteries—certainly in all the smaller ones—there is no central pathway. The laurel shrubs and the occasional laurel and iris beds make a break, but for the rest the area is a smooth rolled surface whereon the grass has taken root. For the purpose it was found that couch grass was most suitable. From its central root it spreads along the ground throwing down new roots at intervals. It has already established itself well, and in the course of a year or two it should provide a thick matting to the surface, green in winter and spring and early summer,

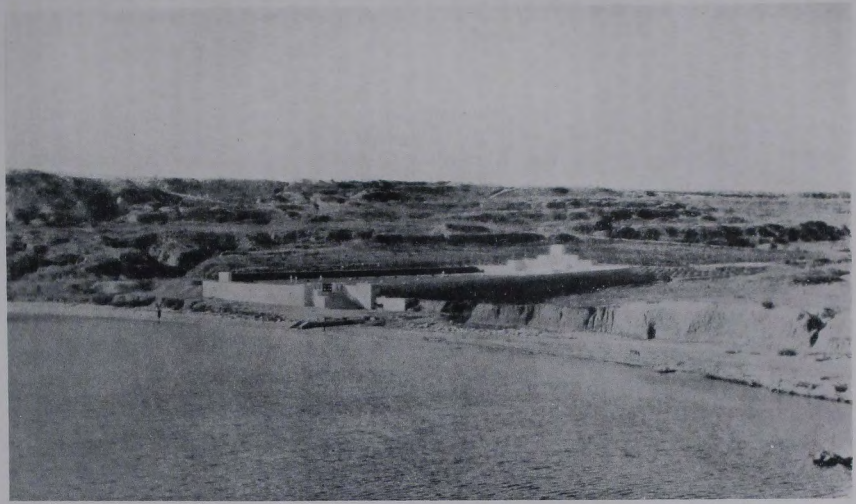

PLATE 24. "V" BEACH AND "V" BEACH CEMETERY

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and too hardy to take injury from the scorching suns of the late summer and autumn.

During the time all these trees and plants were taking root they had to be carefully watered throughout the hot summer months. There is no water to be found on the Anzac hills and every drop of it had to be transported on the backs of donkeys from the well on Ocean Beach. Water for the other cemeteries at Helles and in the Suvla area was not so far removed; nevertheless it had to be carried in most cases from a distance. In due course all the plants and trees will have taken a firm hold and thrown their tap roots deep into the soil and will obtain for themselves all the water they require. Beside several of the cemeteries a concrete tank has been sunk into the ground to catch and retain the water that falls into the trench surrounding the area.

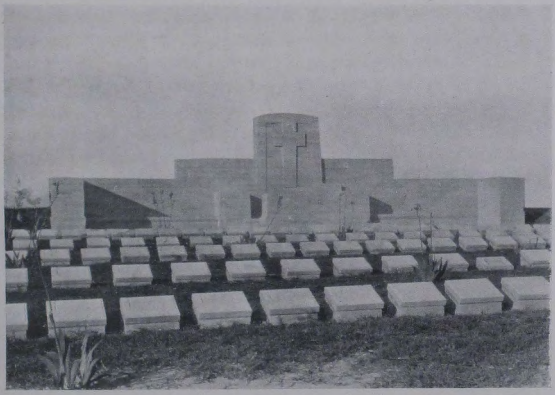
If one would carry in the mind a picture of these cemeteries it should be not so much what they are to-day as what they will be in the years to come. As for the smaller plots this is the picture in so far as words may describe them. A rectangle of smooth green turf. On the right and left a thick sloping wall of rough stone fout feet in height. Outside the wall a wide stone-lined ditch to carry off the flood-waters. Beyond that on each side of the rectangle is a twenty or thirty foot belt of tamarisk cut to a level with the top of the walls. At the back, another similar belt of dark pine trees. The front ends of the two rough walls are finished off by a right angle of smooth white stone. At the upper end of the cemetery is a screen wall of white stone, twenty or thirty feet in length and six feet to 9 feet in height according to the size of the cemetery. In the centre of the screen wall is a curved or square recess with broad stone steps along its whole length. The central feature is a high stone with arched top, and on this in relief is engraved the Cross. Cypress trees which are planted at intervals

on three sides of the cemetery on the inside of the embankment stop at the great recess and are then carried round at the back of the Cross and in front of the belt of pines. Laurel shrubs and rosemary plants are in rows in all the plots and in some a garden or two of irises.

Every cemetery has the same general features, and in the few following words concerning the individual cemeteries mention is not always made of those features which are common to them all. "V" Beach Cemetery faces directly towards the sea and the south, and is visible from the ships that pass in and out of the Dardanelles. The northern visible boundary is the white stone screen which rises in successive steps and culminates in the tall central stone on which the form of the Cross in broad design is deeply engraved. In the centre of the screen wall is a square recess with broad stone steps, thus forming something in the nature of an altar. Directly in front of the Cross, at some eight or ten yards distance is the Stone of Remembrance after the same design as those in France, but not the single ten-ton monolith. Building difficulties necessitated constructing these Stones of Remembrance of fairly large blocks cemented together. The white stone screen at "V" Beach stretches the entire width of the cemetery and terminates with a short wall at right angles. The side walls are of rougher dark stone, but the front walls of the cemetery are again of the white stone.

Beyond the screen, at the back and along the two sides, is another enclosed area devoted to the plantation. At the back dark pine trees are thickly planted, so that eventually the screen and the dominating stone on which the Cross is engraved will lie against the dark background of the tall pines. In front of the screen but leaving the Cross quite clear, cypress trees have been planted. The same system of planting three or four sentinel cypress trees on each side of the Cross has been followed

SKEW BRIDGE CEMETERY



LANCASHIRE LANDING CEMETERY

PLATE 25

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throughout the whole Gallipoli area, but in some cemeteries the cypress trees are set down each side as well. This is the case at " V " Beach. They will reach their full height in comparatively few years, but having gained maturity their lives are measured not by centuries, but by thousand years.

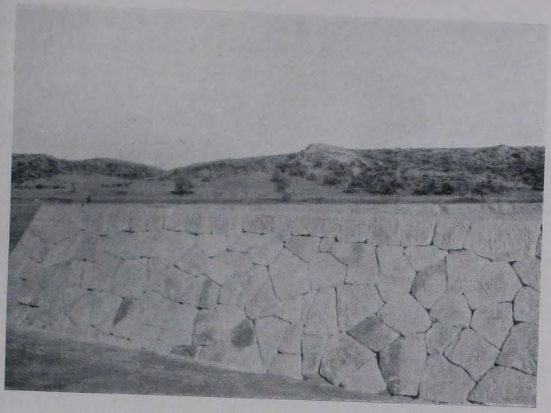
In the forty feet margin outside the side walls the tamarisk is planted. It will be kept close-cut and on a level with the walls. Rows of Japanese laurels and rosemary shrubs mark the lines of graves. Here and there are garden plots planted with laurels and blue and white iris. All those who visit Gallipoli will be struck most particularly with the comparatively few headstones marking known graves or graves known to be somewhere in the cemetery. Yet every foot of ground is occupied with graves. Over the whole area the couch grass is striking successfully into the sandy soil. Although its creeping habit is an unpleasant thing in more fertile countries, here it will do well and bind the soil firmly, thriving where other grasses might perish.

" V " Beach Cemetery is a rectangle one hundred and twenty feet in length and sixty feet in width. Practically all the burials took place in April and May of 1915. It contains the graves of 500 sailors and soldiers of the United Kingdom. There are 480 unnamed graves, but special memorials are erected to 196 officers and men—nearly all belonging to the units which took part in the landing on April 25—known or believed to be buried among them. The only isolated grave on the Peninsula which has knowingly been allowed to remain in its original position is that of Lieut. Colonel C. H. M. Doughty-Wylie, V.C., C.B., C.M.G., of the Welsh Fusiliers, who was killed on April 26, 1915, leading an attack on the old castle of Seddel Bahr. The grave is north of the village and rests under two cypress trees.

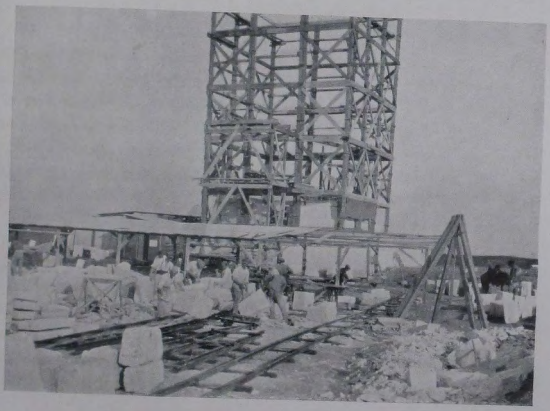
It was the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers who landed under

severe fire on April 25, 1915, on " W " Beach, and cut their way through wire entanglements and trenches to the edge of the cliff, afterwards establishing themselves, along with the other battalions of the 88th Brigade, on the hills of Tekke Burnu and Helles Burnu. The beach was afterwards called after the regiment. Lancashire Landing Cemetery is three-quarters of a mile west of Seddel Bahr Village. It stands on a small ridge named Karaja Oghul Tepe, three hundred feet above sea level and overlooking the beach. It is about two hundred and forty feet in width and from the front to the central stone 110 feet, the upper wall being curved like a slightly bent bow. There is a belt of pines on the upper side thirty feet in width. Tamarisk and evergreen oaks completely enclose the other three sides except for a gateway on the eastern side. The greater part of the cemetery was made between the landing and the evacuation in January, 1916. One row contains the graves of eighty-six men of the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, eighty-two of them unidentified who fell in the first two days. The cemetery contains the graves of 1,163 sailors, soldiers, and marines, and three merchant seamen from the United Kingdom; twenty-five soldiers from Australia, thirteen from New Zealand, two from Newfoundland. 150 bodies were brought from the islands of the Ægean Sea and buried in this cemetery. There are 135 unidentified graves. On the right hand entrance pier is the inscription, " The 29th Division landed along the coast on the morning of April 25th, 1915."

Skew Bridge Cemetery which lies on the lowland abutting Morto Bay is a square with sides of 100 feet. It is backed by a belt of pine trees and belts of ilex are planted on the north and south sides. Rosemary is planted among the graves, and cypress trees flank the central Cross. The majority of the graves are probably those of sailors and marines of the Royal Naval Division.



Dry Rubble Walling of the Gallipoli Cemeteries



Lone Pine Construction

Plate 26

To face page 70

The cemetery was made after the Second Battle of Krithia (May 6-8), and used throughout the occupation. There were but fifty-three graves in the original cemetery, the remainder of the bodies being transferred from small cemeteries known as Orchard Gully, R.N.D., Backhouse Post and Romanos Well or from the battlefields. The graves are those of 124 men of the United Kingdom, five Australians, two New Zealanders, one from India, and 345 whose unit could not be ascertained. The unnamed graves number 351.

The Redoubt Cemetery was begun in May, 1915, after the Second Battle of Krithia, by the 2nd Australian Infantry Brigade. It is a rectangle 350 feet in length and almost 180 feet in breadth. It lies in the middle of the Peninsula on the west side of the Krithia-Seddel Bahr Road. Facing down the slope it is visible from the ships entering the Dardanelles. It was only during five days in May, 1915, that the New Zealand Infantry Brigade and the 2nd Australian Infantry Brigade took part in the fierce attacks on the Turkish line with Krithia and Achi Baba as their objectives, but the soldiers from the Dominions left their mark in this southern battlefield. Every cemetery contains the bodies of the men from the south and 200 Australian missing are commemorated on the Helles memorial and 179 missing New Zealanders, probably buried in the Redoubt Cemetery and at Twelve Tree Copse, are commemorated at the latter cemetery. After the Armistice the Redoubt Cemetery was greatly increased in size by concentration from the small cemeteries known as Krithia Nullah Nos. 1 and 2, West Krithia Nullah, Brown House, White House, and Clapham Junction. It now contains the known graves of 375 soldiers from the United Kingdom, sixteen from Australia, four from New Zealand, one from India, and 1,282 whose units are not known. The unnamed graves number 1,393.

Three cemeteries grew up round what was known as Pink Farm, so called by the troops because of the red soil in the vicinity. The actual farm house was a building about 2,000 yards south-west of the Redoubt, on the road from Seddel Bahr to Geoghegan's Bluff. There were at the end of the campaign some 139 graves in the three groups, and concentration afterwards took place from Pink Farm Nos. 1 and 2, 29th Divisional, 52nd Divisional, Aerodrome, Oak Tree, Gully Beach and Gully Farm. The plot is rectangular in shape, 200 feet from side to side, and 150 feet from front to the screen wall. It faces east towards Morto Bay and can be seen from the central road of the Peninsula. The upper half is on a terrace and bears, beside the Great Stone of Remembrance, 216 special tablets in memory of men known or believed to be buried in the cemetery. There are 214 graves of known soldiers and sailors of the United Kingdom, three of New Zealand men, two of Australia, and 164 graves of those whose units have not been ascertained. Unnamed graves number 250. The usual belt of pines is planted beyond the screen wall, and tamarisk on the north and south sides.

As the Cemetery known as Twelve Tree Copse, a half-mile south-west of the village of Krithia, was formed after the Armistice it contains an unusual number of unknown dead. Here were concentrated a number of smaller cemeteries and isolated graves from the battlefield. Principal among the former were Geoghegan's Bluff cemetery which contained the graves of 925 men, the majority of whom were killed in the action of Gully Ravine in June and July, 1915; Fir Tree Wood Cemetery, near the famous "Daisy Patch" where so many of the men of the 29th Division and of the New Zealand Infantry Brigade were mown down by deadly machine-gun fire; and Clunes Vennel Cemetery, south of Krithia, where 522 soldiers were buried. Twelve Tree Copse

PLATE 27. PINK FARM CEMETERY

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Cemetery rises in three terraces and faces the south-east. From side to side it is 260 feet, and from the entrance gate to the screen wall it is 130 feet. Three sides of the plot are enclosed by a broad belt of pines, and inside the pines but outside the cemetery walls is a line of cypress trees. There are to be found here the graves of 679 identified dead of the United Kingdom, sixty from New Zealand, ten from Australia, one from Ceylon, and 1,953 whose unit could not be ascertained. The unnamed graves number 2,227.

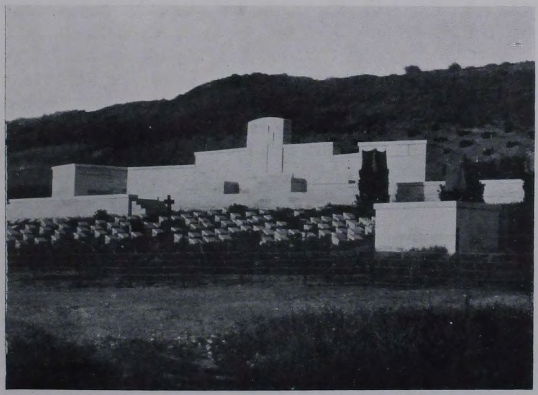
In due course the pines and the stately cypress trees will mark all these southern cemeteries more clearly. At present they are just sacred plots in the smooth, open and almost deserted country. They will be tended in the years to come, and the tall irises will bloom each season; the smooth lawn of English grass will bind and hold the covering soil intact from the beating rains. Each summer-time the scarlet poppies and the tall daisies will appear in their thousands beyond the walls, just as they were when the armies essayed their desperate task. Only the solitary plots of precious British soil will be cared for and stand out amidst the wild growth of this neglected land.

CHAPTER VI

THE ANZAC AND SUVLA CEMETERIES

It was at a point south of Anzac Cove that the Australians and New Zealanders landed at dawn on April 25, 1915. For this reason what is known as Beach Cemetery, near this spot, deserved special treatment. There is another reason. It is as it were the gateway of the Anzac Cemetery Area. The road now constructed round the coast runs immediately above the burial plot, but the decorative screen, the Cross, and the background of pine trees are above the road. Thus having passed through this cemetery one feels that one has entered into a land set apart for a particular purpose. Great wide steps run up on the right of the road to the altar alcove with the Cross in the centre. The bank for eighty yards or more has been sown in grass, and in spring a line of blue irises strikes a wonderful note amidst a wild and uncultivated land. Coming to this gateway after driving for some miles over the rough untended country one is suddenly forced to a realization of what the hand and art of man may do to accentuate Nature's beauty and combine it with his own abiding work of stone. On the seaward side of the road a low broad wall of smooth white stone runs the whole length of the cemetery, and in the middle of this is a jutting platform from which descend two flights of steps to the grass lawn of the cemetery. The fact that the plot is on a point of land and here the road is curved, permits of particularly artistic treatment. The cemetery itself is a curved plot measuring 260 feet in length. On

BEACH CEMETERY, SHOWING BALUSTRADE AND LOWER PART



BEACH CEMETERY TAKEN FROM BELOW

PLATE 28

To face page 74

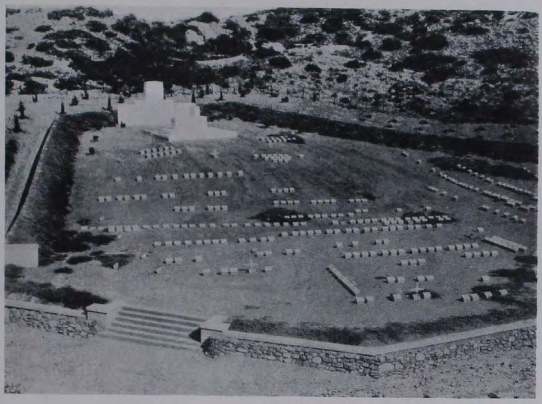
the front of the platform from which the steps descend are engraved the words: "The Australian and New Zealand Army Corps landed near this spot at dawn on April 25, 1915." This and the one at Lancashire Landing are practically the only inscriptions recording a definite military action on Gallipoli. To the Turks it can bear no offence, but to the people of Australia and New Zealand the words contain a story which will never be forgotten—a sad, but glorious record in the history of the young nations.

Beach Cemetery was used from the day of the landing until the evacuation. There are buried here 285 known soldiers of Australia; twenty-one of New Zealand, three from Ceylon, and forty-nine (including sailors from the Royal Naval Division and Royal Naval Air Force) from the United Kingdom. In addition there are twenty-one unidentified graves.

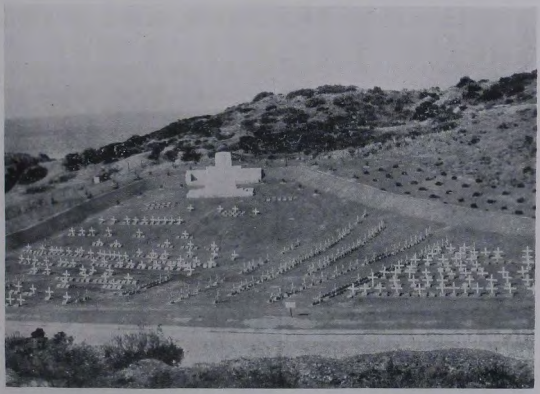
Every New Zealander and Australian who served on Gallipoli will have impressed upon his mind the grim picture of Shrapnel Valley cemetery at the foot of the valley of that name. Past it ran the highway to the front line, a highway where death came out of the sky at every hour of day and night. There can be no pleasurable memories of this valley for those who passed so often up and down its length. And just where the cemetery was placed grim and terrible sights were never for long absent. The land was churned by thousands of hurrying feet, the debris of war lay scattered on every hand, human wrecks made their halting way down the valley, and the stream of stretcher bearers, when action was in progress on the heights above, passed this way. Just on the left of the track—and afterwards the trench at the entrance to the valley—the little rough wooden crosses grew in number day by day. It was here that all who took part in the desperate struggle had the cost of war brought home to them only too plainly.

Up the valley on these spring days the birds are singing, the yellow broom is blooming in profusion, the land is clothed completely with a luxuriant growth of wild shrubs and flowers. The old trench is still visible. Every here and there is a bullet clasp, a few rusty tins, a shrapnel shell case missed by those who cleared the valley of its debris, but for the rest there is little to remind one of those grim days of 1915. It is a peaceful deserted valley, and shaded as it is from the strong winds, the wild growth seems to have taken on even more luxuriance and beauty than elsewhere. Down at the foot of the valley where the wooden crosses were is now the ordered God's acre which is a picture of rest and peace.

It needs but little imagination to visualise this cemetery in the years to come when the pines set up on the hillside behind the screen and Cross have made their softening effect felt, and when the cypress trees have gained a stately height. The plot is in the form of a rough oval—there are actually six irregular sides to it—and the greater diameter measures about 250 feet, the lesser diameter being from the front beside the road to the Cross at the highest point on the hillside. The great Stone of Remembrance, placed in all the larger cemeteries, is down the hillside a little and immediately in front of the Cross. Along the front of the Stone is the inscription "Their name liveth forever more." The rough stone wall encloses almost the whole area, and along the whole of the upper circumference before the white stone screen and along the rougher wall a row of cypress trees is planted. On the grass lawn are groups of rosemary and laurels, privet bushes, one or two laburnum trees, and several poplars. Outside the upper wall the pine belt extends almost half the circumference of the area. There is no distant view of this cemetery except from the hills above. It is perhaps for this reason that the supply of vegetation is much more generous than in



SHRAPNEL VALLEY CEMETARY COMPLETED



SHRAPNEL VALLEY BEFORE THE HEADSTONES WERE ERECTED

PLATE 29

To face page 76

other plots. Even now when the vegetation is young those who look on the cemetery for the first time exclaim "How beautiful." We may be sure that in the years to come its beauty will be sevenfold enhanced. It seems appropriate that this spot once made hideous with the blighting touch of war should be one of the most attractive and certainly the most restful to the eye of all the cemeteries.

The cemetery was formed mainly during the campaign, but a number of isolated graves in various parts of the valley were concentrated there after the Armistice. There are 506 graves of known Australians, fifty-six New Zealanders, and twenty-six soldiers of the United Kingdom. The unidentified graves number eighty-three.

Some way up Shrapnel Valley, not visible to any but those who seek for it, is the 4th Battalion Parade Ground Cemetery, named after the 4th Battalion Australian Imperial Forces drawn from New South Wales. It nestles against the hillside, and is approached up a terrace of grass, at the top of which is a retaining bank of rubble up which are steps. The side walls open outwards, the width of the cemetery at the back being 70 feet and in front 75 feet. There is the usual background of pines, tamarisk outside the flanking walls, and along each side of the small grass lawn a row of rosemary shrubs.

From the end of April to the beginning of June, the 4th Battalion buried thirty-four of its dead in this cemetery. After the Armistice seventy-six concentrations from two smaller cemeteries and from the battlefields took place. It now contains the bodies of 107 known soldiers of Australia, three sailors or marines from the United Kingdom, and six unidentified.

Passing again through the Beach Cemetery, Anzac Cove lies before one. A row of iron boilers and some

concrete constructions remain to show where an effort was made to condense the salt water for drinking purposes. The effort failed. Stranded on the beach, but still more or less intact, is a great iron pontoon once used to convey fresh water from the tank ships to the beach. Here on the right of the Beach Road is the beginning of the track to Plugge's Plateau and the little cemetery of that name. Over the steep pathway and beside it the wild oats are growing, flaming thistles, daisies, pink convolvuli, and the blood red poppies. A broken stretcher reminds one of other days. On the edge of what is almost a precipice overlooking Anzac Cove is the smallest of all the cemeteries. It is a square of 45 feet. A single cypress tree is planted on each side of the Cross. Scrub oak trees enclose the walls. The small triangular plateau was captured by the 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade on April 25th, and afterwards became the headquarters of the Auckland Battalion. Here are buried twelve Australian soldiers, eight New Zealand, and one not identified.

Once again on the Beach Road and to the north end of Anzac Cove, and there on the point of the same name is Ari Burnu Cemetery. It lies between the road and the water and faces out to sea. Seen from the road there is the belt of pines and the back of the screen wall. The entrance is on the south side. It is a plot about 130 feet in length and breadth. The side walls are enclosed by tamarisk belts. On the seaward side there is a low rubble wall, and just inside a line of flower beds containing laurel and iris. Beyond the wall there is a gentle slope of 20 yards to the sea. The smooth lawn is broken by three large beds of tamarisk with iris borders. This cemetery was made during the occupation, and contains the bodies of 143 soldiers from Australia (eighty-two of whom belonged to the Light Horse), thirty-three from New Zealand, seventeen from the United Kingdom,

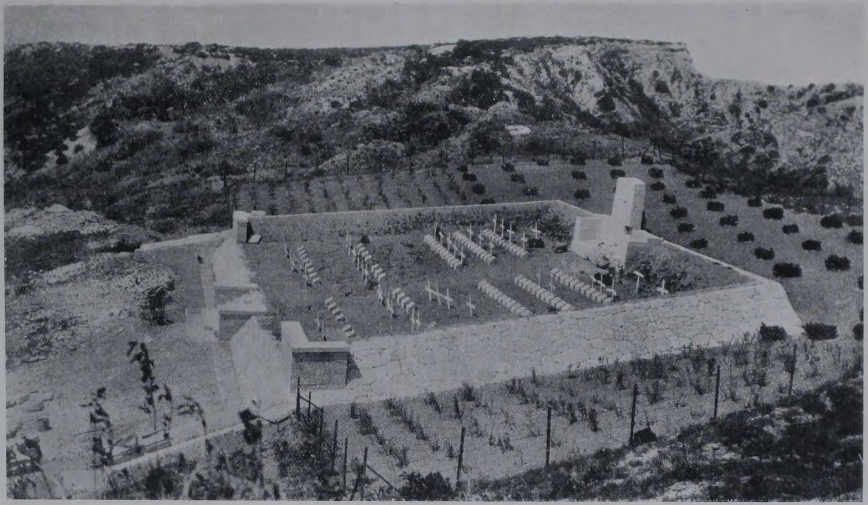


PLATE 30. 4th BATTALION CEMETERY

To face page 78

and thirty-seven whose names and units are unknown. One man of the Maltese Labour Corps is also buried here.

Ocean Beach now comes into view, once the most thickly populated, busiest patch of earth on the battlefields of Europe. Here in doubtful security the multitudinous supporting units of an army found a foothold in the shadow of the cliffs. There are a few gardeners' huts here to-day. A few posts, protruding from the water, mark the places where the little piers once stood. The last memory of these piers for many must be on that night of mystery when hour by hour the tramp of feet went on but muffled by the sand bags thickly laid on the planking. From these piers the men of the Dominions bade their final adieu to the tragic hillsides. The shell of the paddle steamer *Marsden* lies fast in the sand. These and the dug-outs up in the cliff side are the only reminders of the feverish activity here eleven years ago.

Just on the right or east side of the road, opposite the Marsden wreck, is Canterbury Cemetery, a site 80 feet in breadth, with flanking walls measuring 35 feet. In the middle of the lawn is a circular bed of laurels and yellow broom. A single olive tree is growing on the left front of the cemetery and two cypress trees on either side of the Cross, which is backed by a belt of pines. The Cemetery was made after the Armistice and contains the bodies of twenty-six New Zealand soldiers (twenty of whom belonged to the Mounted Rifles), and of one whose unit and name are unknown. The central stone on which the Cross is engraved faces out to sea.

On the right " The Sphinx " towers above. A little further to the north with the precipitous face of the rock as a background is No. 2 Outpost Cemetery, a square with an 80-foot side. On the north and south sides

are the belts of tamarisk and behind the belt of pines. The cemetery was made during the occupation and a few isolated graves were concentrated afterwards. There are here thirty-two graves of known New Zealanders, seven Australians, three from the United Kingdom, and sixty-two unidentified. Just near by is New Zealand No. 2 Outpost Cemetery, 40 feet in depth by 90 feet. It is, as a matter of fact, one long grave made by the Nelson Company of the New Zealand forces in September of 1915. It contains the graves of two named soldiers from the United Kingdom, while 150 are unidentified. Memorials, however, are erected to thirteen soldiers from New Zealand, ten from the United Kingdom, and eight from Australia, known or believed to have been buried there.

Embarkation Pier Cemetery, at the north end of Ocean Beach is a larger and more imposing plot. A rectangle in shape, 280 feet by 130 feet, it lies on the seaward side but faces the road. Pine belts are planted around three sides. A few olive trees are outside the south wall, and inside the cemetery there is a row of cypress trees along three sides. Six beds of laurel and irises are set in symmetrical positions, and rosemary bushes mark the rows of unidentified graves. The cemetery consists, except for five graves, of concentrations from the cemeteries known as Chailak Dere Nos. 1 and 2, Mulberry Tree, and the Apex, and from isolated graves. Special memorials are erected to 118 soldiers from Australia, ninety-three from the United Kingdom, and fifty-one from New Zealand. There are thirteen graves of named New Zealanders, seven from Australia, and 662 are unidentified.

Close under the shelter of the hill between Chailak Dere and Aghyl Dere, and one hundred yards east of the Anzac-Suvla road, is the 7th Field Ambulance Cemetery. It is 130 feet from the entrance to the central

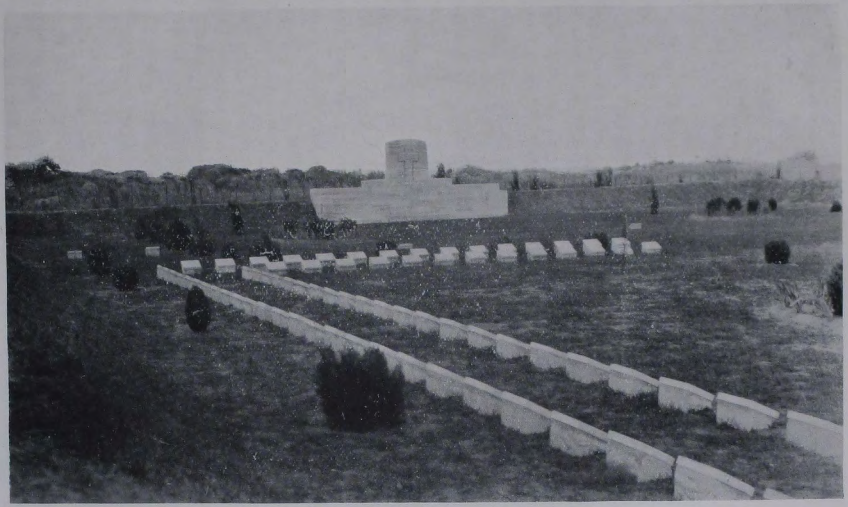


PLATE 31. EMBARKATION PIER

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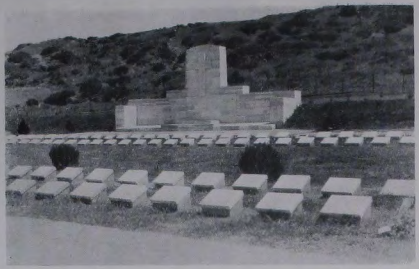
Cross, and 190 feet between the side walls. Of the 433 graves in it, 353 were concentrated from smaller graveyards—Bedford Ridge, West Ham Gully, Waldron's Point, Essex, Aghyl Dere, Eastern Mounted Brigade, Suffolk, Hampshire Lane, Nos. 1 and 2, Australia Valley, 1/6th Essex, 1/8th Hants, Norfolk, Junction, and 1/4th Northants. Known graves are of 130 United Kingdom men, twenty-one Australians, twenty New Zealanders, and 262 are not identified. Tablets are erected to record the names of 160 soldiers from the United Kingdom and forty-seven from Australia known or believed to be buried among them.

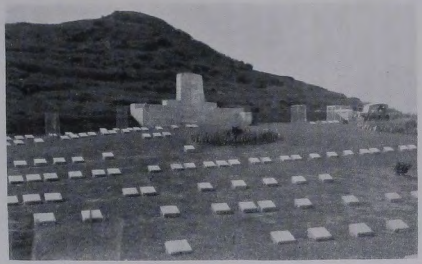
On August 21, 1915, an attack was begun on Kaiajik Aghala, afterwards known as Hill 60, which commanded the communications between Anzac and Suvla. It was this day that the New Zealand Mounted Rifle Brigade covered themselves with glory. In the second assault on the hill the New Zealanders passed from trench to trench in an unwavering line, but mown down by a hail of bullets. They came on to the third line of trenches greatly depleted and withstood the devastating artillery fire hour after hour. But they held on, and the trenches gained at Hill 60 were still in the possession of the British at the time of the evacuation. In view of these facts it is natural that the cemetery known as Hill 60 should be of special interest to New Zealand. At this spot no ordered cemetery could be developed during the stress of war. Still it was a centre of many scattered graves, and the dead of the 5th Connaught Rangers, the South Wales Borderers, the Hampshires, the 9th and 10th Australian Light Horse, the 13th, 14th, 15th, 17th, and 18th Australian Infantry Battalions, beside the New Zealand Mounted Rifles, were concentrated here.

Hill 60 is the one sacred plot that is in the form of a circle, the diameter of which is 140 feet. On the west is a neck containing two plots of graves, and here is the

entrance to the cemetery. The eastern semicircle is enclosed with a thirty-foot belt of pines, and the remaining semi-circle and neck with a belt of tamarisk. In the centre of the circle, raised on a platform, is a solid pylon with the Cross engraved on four sides. Cypress trees encircle the pylon. The latter is intended to be a New Zealand memorial, and round the base tablets are affixed giving the names of 182 New Zealand Mounted Riflemen whose graves are probably within the cemetery. Twenty-seven New Zealanders identified have headstones, twenty-five Australians, and eighteen from the United Kingdom. Unnamed graves number 712. The cemetery is plainly visible from the heights about Chunuk Bair.

Green Hill Cemetery is on an eminence 170 feet in height, which rises from the eastern shores of Salt Lake. It contains the bodies of those British soldiers who fell after the Suvla landing. The cemetery was made after the Armistice and consists of concentrations from burial grounds known as York, 40th Brigade Nos. 1 and 2, Green Hill, Nos. 1 and 2, Chocolate Hill, Inniskilling, Salt Lake, and Scimitar Hill, which contained 520 graves, almost all unidentified. Green Hill Cemetery is one of the largest on Gallipoli. It is in the form of a Cross 500 feet by 280 feet. The backing of pine trees includes the top of the Cross and the arms. The remainder of the area is enclosed by a belt of tamarisk. Cypress trees are planted in a row all round the area, and the plots containing unidentified graves are outlined by rosemary and evergreen shrubs. In the centre is a solid pylon of white stone mounted on a stone platform, and the Stone of Remembrance stands before the pylon, which bears the form of the Cross on four sides. The unnamed graves here number 2,591, and there are the graves of 773 known men of the United Kingdom and two from Newfoundland.





i 7th Field Ambulance Cemetery
ii Canturbury Cemetery
iii Ari Burnu Cemetery
iv Green Hill Cemetery looking towards Suvla

Plate 32

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On the south side of a ravine known as Azmak Dere which runs into the north side of the Salt Lake there is a lonely cemetery named Azmak after the locality. It is a square of 160 feet and was made after the Armistice by the concentration of isolated graves and some fifteen small burial grounds in the vicinity. It contains the graves of five hundred and four soldiers from the United Kingdom, nine from Newfoundland, and unnamed graves of 504 soldiers from the United Kingdom, nine from Newfoundland, and unnamed graves number 683. Men of Yorkshire, Inniskilling, Essex, Lancashire, Bedfordshire, Royal Munster, Worcestershire, Border, Lincolnshire, Staffordshire, Royal Dublin, South Wales, Manchester, Lancashire, and a number of other county regiments are buried here.

Hill 10 is a low isolated mound on the north side of the Salt Lake and close to the shore. It was occupied by the 9th Lancashire Fusiliers and the 11th Manchesters in the early morning of August 7th, 1915. The cemetery of that name, a square plot with side of 145 feet, was made after the Armistice by concentrations from isolated graves and from the smaller cemeteries known as 88th Dressing Station, 89th Dressing Station, Kangaroo Beach, B. Beach, 26th Casualty Clearing Station, and Park Lane. Three graves made in November, 1915, were already on the site. The cemetery contains the graves of 492 men of the United Kingdom, eight from Newfoundland, one from Australia, and 142 are unidentified. The Cross faces west towards the sea.

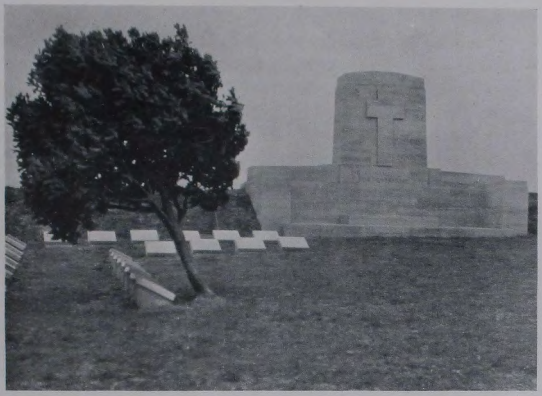
Another Suvla cemetery formed after the Armistice is that at Lala Baba, a hill 160 feet in height between the south side of Suvla Bay and the Salt Lake. The prominence was occupied by the 9th West Yorks and the 6th Yorkshire Regiment early in the morning of August 7th, 1915. Concentrations have been made from seven

smaller cemeteries in the vicinity and from isolated graves. The plot is a rectangle 100 feet by 90 feet and arranged similarly to all the smaller cemeteries. It contains the graves of 200 soldiers of the United Kingdom and fifty-three unidentified.

There remains one cemetery which rightly belongs to the lowland chain. It is Shell Green, at the southern end of the Anzac area. Shell Green was a sloping cottonfield on the seaward side of Bolton's Ridge. It was captured and passed by the 8th Australian Infantry Battalion on the morning of the 25th April, but it remained throughout the campaign close to the Turkish lines and was shelled from the Olive Grove and Gaba Tepe. The cemetery is on the edge of a steep slope overlooking the sea, and was used from May until December, 1915, by the Australian Light Horse, and the 9th and 11th Infantry Battalion. It was originally two cemeteries a short distance apart. After the Armistice it was made one and enlarged by concentrations from the battlefields and from four smaller burial grounds. The plot is an irregular octagonal, the distance from the gateway to the Cross being about 150 feet. The pine belt runs along three sides at the back, and the tamarisk shrubs are planted on the right and left. There are buried here 408 soldiers of Australia, one from the United Kingdom, and eleven are unidentified.

This then is the chain of sacred plots along the lowland of the old battlefields. To approach the highland cemeteries of the Anzac area one must go south again to Gaba Tepe, from where the road branches inland and up the side of the valley behind the original Turkish front lines.

It is a steep climb up to the first plateau where a massive pylon marks the spot most sacred to the people of Australia. It was at Lone Pine that the gallant Australian men made their greatest sacrifices and shed



COURTNEY'S AND STEELE'S CEMETERY

NEW ZEALAND NO. 2 OUTPOST CEMETERY

PLATE 33

To face page 84

their blood like water. It was at Lone Pine that Australians won seven Victoria Crosses. Limited as was the horizon of the troops at the time, the taking of this salient and the holding it seemed an accomplishment worth tremendous sacrifices. From here may be seen the distant hills of Asia Minor and the ridges that separated the British forces from the Dardanelles. The Australians held this salient and were enfiladed from both flanks. It is fitting therefore that the sacrifices of the Australian men should be commemorated on this lonely hilltop.

The newly made road up to the plateau turns suddenly to the right and there on one side is the Lone Pine Cemetery, on the other Brown's Dip Cemetery, though in reality the two areas are one great cemetery. At the head of the main area is the handsome white stone panel flanking a series of broad steps which lead up to a higher platform of stone. In the centre of this is the pylon 50 feet in height, with the Cross cut on its four sides. Inside is a chapel entered through heavy wooden doors. The roof is a perfect dome of concrete, the walls of the structure are two or three feet in thickness, and an altar is constructed opposite the entrance door. At the bottom of the broad steps and some distance in front of these is the Stone of Remembrance. Just in front of this is a bed of laurels and yellow broom. Cypress trees are planted round three sides of the cemetery walls. In the years to come the pylon will rise out of a shrubbery of pine trees which are planted to enclose the raised stone platform.

Once upon a time a lonely pine tree grew on this hilltop, and gave the name to the battle post. The destructive elements of war soon effaced it. When the cemetery came to be made the roots of a lonely tree were found, and to-day in the middle of the grass lawn, just where the old roots were, a sapling pine has been planted,

and thus the tradition contained in the name will be perpetuated.

Though there are a good number of headstones over known graves, and headstones indicating that somewhere in the cemetery certain men are surely buried, Lone Pine and its adjacent cemetery Brown's Dip, are largely made up of unknown graves. The names of all the Australians in the Anzac area with no known graves are therefore commemorated on marble tablets set along the stone screen and around the pylon. The names of 3,840 Australian soldiers will be thus commemorated. New Zealand has combined here with her fellow dominion to commemorate her missing in this locality, and the names of 908 New Zealand soldiers also find permanent record. In addition the names of 1,250 men and nurses from both countries who died at sea are thus inscribed on tablets.

The two plots cover a distance of 350 feet and they are 140 feet in width. Out of the 986 graves, 471 are those of Australian soldiers, fourteen of sailors, soldiers or marines from the United Kingdom, and 499 of men whose unit in the forces could not be ascertained.

Onward from Lone Pine is the chain of cemeteries constructed on the battle posts, the names of which will be recorded in history. Everywhere the old Turkish and British trenches are visible still, all containing their grim relics of former days. The first of the cemeteries is Johnston's Jolly, which was made after the Armistice by a concentration of graves from the battlefields. It is 80 feet wide with flanking walls 50 feet in length, and contains the graves of three known Australians, one New Zealander, and 141 unidentified. Special memorials are erected to thirty-six Australian soldiers, almost all of whom belonged to the 4th and 7th Battalions, and most of whom fell in the capture of Lone Pine. There are only two rows of headstones at the

PLATE 34. LONE PINE CEMETERY AND MONUMENT

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upper end. A bed of rosemary is in the middle of the plot, and laurels mark the unknown graves.

Courtney's and Steel's posts were so close together that the cemetery in that locality bears the combined names. Courtney's and Steel's Cemetery is a small plot 70 feet by 65 feet. Here are the graves of fifty-four Australians, three members of the Royal Naval Division, and one New Zealander, all of whom were killed during April and May. It was placed on record that the New Zealander died on April 26 and was buried beneath a strawberry tree at the spot where the cemetery now stands. The tree was shattered and disappeared, but in after years a new tree grew up from the old roots, and the New Zealander's grave and head-stone are under the shade of the tree revived.

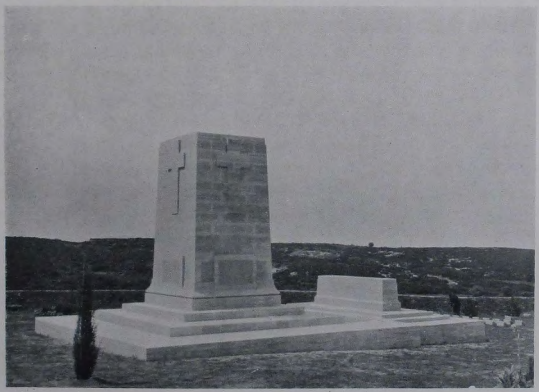
How much the most famous of all the strongholds, Quinn's Post, meant to the invading forces, may be seen to-day. From the cemetery of that name, set almost on the edge of the precipitous face, one may look down the deep valley which was the chief artery of the line. To lose that position meant severing that artery. The story of how the tunnels and trenches and the ramifications of the system were filled in, and the land built up to form a stable cemetery plot, is an interesting one. Down the hillside to-day some of the tunnels remain, and the precipitous tracks up to this eagle's nest are ample indication of the herculean efforts needed to retain the precarious foothold on the narrow ledge of land. None but those who have seen this position can ever realise the almost superhuman task which first the Australians performed to gain a foothold here with an enemy only a few yards away, and later the task the New Zealand Infantry had to capture further ground and consolidate it with the aid of their tireless Engineers.

The original cemetery was made after the Armistice

by the concentration of 225 isolated and unidentified graves and seventy-three from Pope's Hill. The plot, which faces towards the south, is about 140 feet in length and of varying width. At the top edge is the screen wall and Cross backed by a belt of pines. The western side is on the very edge of Monash Gully, and scrub oak is planted thickly down the precipitous slope to bind the soil. There is a central bed of rosemary and irises, and rosemary indicates the long lines of nameless graves. Herein are the graves of 105 named Australians, ten New Zealanders, and 294 whose names and units could not be ascertained. Still further up the ridge was a Turkish position where one of the heavy six inch guns was mounted on a concrete base. How this heavy gun was dragged up to these heights it is difficult to say, but it is an indication of the German brains and will power behind the defence of the Peninsula. It was soon in such a precarious position as to be useless, it is true, and it never became a menace to the attackers. After the Armistice it was effectually put out of action, but it remains there to-day, beside it a live shell, which has commanded the respect of everyone since it was abandoned. Baby 700, the name by which this position came to be known, was the objective of the 3rd Australian Brigade on April 25, and it was occupied early in the morning by parties of the 11th and 12th Battalions. They were joined by part of the Auckland Infantry Battalion later; but in the afternoon they were driven off the hill. Other attacks were made on it, but it was never reached again.

The Cemetery here was made after the Armistice and contains the graves of twenty-three soldiers from Australia and ten from New Zealand, one member of the Royal Naval Division, and 449 unidentified. The plot is a square of 100 feet with the usual belt of pines and shrubs encircling it.

HILL 60 CEMETERY



HILL 60 CEMETERY
Showing the New Zealand mounted Rifles monument.

PLATE 35

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Down the hill again and a little towards the north there is the Nek Cemetery on a famous plot of land, a place where Turkish and British front lines were seldom firmly held for many days together. The cemetery stands on a ridge with Pope's Hill on the south-west and Malone's Gully on the north-west. It was made after the Armistice in what was No Man's Land, and contains known graves of four soldiers from New Zealand, and one from Australia. It is recorded that 316 unknown soldiers of the British and Dominion forces are buried there, though the majority of the graves are those of the 3rd Light Horse who were killed on August 7, 1915. The plot, 100 feet by 60 feet, has an entrance at the southern side. On the eastern edge is the screen wall and Cross backed by pines, and on the northern and western sides there is a belt of tamarisk. Cypress trees are planted round two sides and a central bed contains laurels and irises.

Seated on the steps below the Cross of the cemetery at Walker's Ridge, one overlooks the vast panorama of Suvla Bay. It is but natural to try to reconstruct the picture seen from there on the days of the last great attack when the hopes of victory were not achieved. New Zealanders and Australians who had advanced up the ridge saw this same scene, but not the lines of troops who might have joined up on their left in one great advancing and conquering line. There is less life down on the flats to-day than there was on August 8, 1915. Only a few Turks can be seen ploughing with oxen and wooden ploughs as they have done here in the East for 2,000 years.

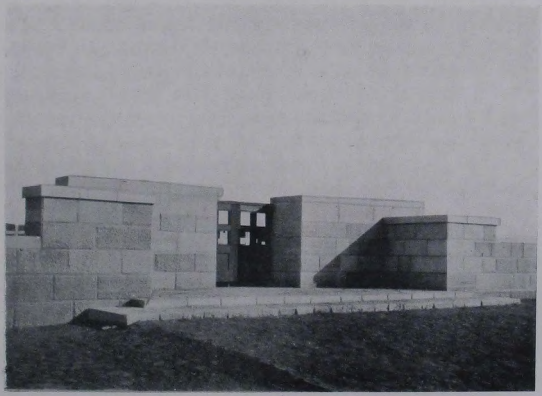
The cemetery was made during the occupation. It consists of two plots separated by twenty yards of ground through which ran a trench. It is a rectangle, 100 feet by 50 feet, sloping to the edge of the precipitous face. The screen wall and Cross are on the upper and longer side of the rectangle, and are backed by a belt of pines.

The cemetery contains the graves of forty known soldiers of New Zealand, of whom twenty-nine belonged to the Auckland and Wellington Mounted Rifles, twelve Australians, and one Royal Marine. There are sixteen unidentified graves, of which four are known to be those of New Zealanders, and twelve are wholly unidentified.

Down from Chunuk Bair in a position that appears to be almost inaccessible there is a post known as The Farm, a name derived from a small stone hut on a sloping field. It was passed by the troops who occupied Chunuk Bair from August 6th to August 10th, and reached by others. On August 8 it was occupied by the 10th Gurkhas, part of the 9th Royal Warwicks, and the Maoris. The 6th East Lancashire Regiment, the 10th Hants and the 6th Royal Irish Rifles reached it next day. The 5th Connaught Rangers came up on the 10th, but on the same morning, in consequence of the Turkish attack which cleared Chunuk Bair, the line was withdrawn to Cheshire Ridge. Here it was found necessary to construct a cemetery after the Armistice. It is a plot 150 feet in length, with the sides converging towards the entrance, and it faces towards the west. Pine trees are planted at the back of the screen wall and along the sides for a distance of 50 feet. Headstones are over the graves of six known soldiers of the United Kingdom and one from New Zealand, and there are 645 unidentified graves.

One more Anzac Cemetery requires to be mentioned. It is on Chunuk Bair, one of the highest peaks of the range, being only slightly overshadowed by two peaks a little further north. What Achi Baba was to the men fighting in the Helles area, Chunuk Bair was to the men of Anzac—the great goal of their desire. It was one of the main objectives in the Battle of Sari Bair which raged from the 6th to the 10th of August. On August 8 it was taken by the New Zealanders. The Wellington Infantry and some of the Gloucesters and

Shell Green Cemetery



Entrance Gates, Lulu Baba Cemetery, Suvla Bay

Plate 36

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Welsh reached the summit and were joined later by the Auckland Infantry and Mounted Rifles. After repulsing continuous and determined attacks mainly with the bayonet, they were reinforced by the Otago Battalion and the Wellington Mounted Rifles. The 6th Gurkhas and the 6th South Lancashire Battalion came in on the left. The New Zealanders held on for forty-eight hours, and were then relieved by the 6th Loyal North Lancashires and the 5th Wiltshires. At dawn on the following morning, August 10, these two battalions had disappeared. At 6 a.m. the Turks delivered their most famous counter attack and swept back the gallant defenders on Chunuk Bair with an avalanche of troops. Those who died up on that bullet-swept height received no burial from their comrades.

The cemetery, which lies down the hill a little from the crest, was made after the Armistice on the site where the Turks had buried some of our men. It contains the graves of ten New Zealand soldiers who were identified and one from the United Kingdom, but there are 666 nameless graves. On marble panels 856 New Zealand soldiers who have no known graves are commemorated. From the lower side of the cemetery the white stone screen with its central Cross will be seen in the years to come against a background of pine trees. The stately cypress trees will frame the Cross and above will tower the great monument on the crest beyond in honour of all New Zealand men who took part in the campaign.

Not all readers will be interested in this long catalogue of the sacred plots set on the hills at Helles, Anzac, and Suvla, though certain groups of readers may find a personal interest in the references to one or several cemeteries. What all would like to know of are the wild flowers that frame these ordered gardens in the spring and summer.

It is not the growth of rich soil we have here. Weeds they may be, but it seems that in this country, when the soil is too poor to be useful, it is never too poor to produce beauty. Here on these hills the wild flowers are in conflict to stain the landscape with the most vivid colours. Evergreen scrub oaks and the strawberry trees are the larger growth, but the bushes of broom vie with these in size, and their blossoms make a blaze of golden glory. There is a carpet of the coarse grass, *compodon dactylus*, and overshadowing this in uniform profusion are the wild mustard flowers, making it appear as though the whole hillside had been lightly dusted with gold. Pink and white rock roses nestle everywhere low upon the ground. The wild white marguerite daisies rear their proud little heads everywhere, and the tiny white, scarlet, and blue anemonies are modestly scattered here and there. Pink convolvuli bloom in great masses. White, purple, and pink varieties of the vetch each have their little groups all over the hillside, and the little mauve cornflowers are in company with each and all the other flowers. Flannel weed flowers make a splash of yellow here and there; the isolated plants of milk weed, with their peculiar golden seeds are points of discord, and the great vivid thistles tower over their lowlier neighbours.

Yet all this prodigality of colour is more or less a setting for the dominating scarlet poppies, scattered in wonderful profusion over the whole picture. Here they are not the intruders they are in a field of corn. One sympathises with their growth; one feels there could never be enough of them. They flush the hills with radiant life; they are the crowning glory of Nature's efforts in this beautiful wilderness. One may well believe that these particular poppies possess even a richer tone than others because such rich, red blood was shed so freely here.

PLATE 37. THE OUTPOST, ANZAC

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CHAPTER VII

On Chunuk Bair

In May of 1925 a party of some four hundred British and Dominion people, on a tour of the Mediterranean on the ship *Ormonde*, visited Gallipoli. It was the first time so large a number of British civilians had set foot on the Peninsula since the war. The New Zealand memorial on Chunuk Bair had just been completed, and the High Commissioner for New Zealand (Sir James Allen), instructed by his Government, availed himself of the opportunity to organise the unveiling ceremony of the memorial. A small party of New Zealanders travelled by the *Ormonde* to take part in the ceremony, and the four hundred tourists, some of whom had fought in the Gallipoli campaign, joined with the New Zealanders to do honour to the men of the Dominion who had fallen in these parts in defence of their Empire. The writer had the privilege of attending the ceremony and of exploring the Peninsula during the subsequent few days, and the impressions which follow in this chapter were those which were embodied in a report sent to the principal newspapers of New Zealand. It seems fitting that this report should be reproduced here as it was written largely on the day following the ceremony when the impressions of a wonderful occasion were clear and undisturbed by any new experiences.

Kelia Bay, May 13.

On the Anzac Hills to-day there is the scent of the wild flowers. There is the low hum of the insect life, for to-day the sun is bright and the air is almost motionless. There is the cry of swiftly passing birds—unknown

birds of radiant plumage. Swallows skim the foliage on the hills, and a flock of stately storks pass by on unhurried wings across Anzac Cove, over the white sands of Ocean Beach, and onward to Nibrunesi Point.

Yesterday, the people came to honour the memory of those New Zealand men whose bones lie beneath these ancient hills. No greater number of British people had come together on this ridge since that yesterday of ten years ago, when these narrow hills were quick with humanity—yet humanity so intimate with death. To-day, one may sit in silence under the shadow of the Chunuk Bair Memorial. The multitude has gone. The birds and the flowers possess the land.

The Nek, Walker's Ridge, Lone Pine, Quinn's Post, Plugge's Plateau, lie below along the knife edge of the steeply sloping ridge. These are permanent names in the history of the dominions of the Pacific. They are sacred now because of their associations, but the soil is still more sacred because of what it keeps forever. Once congested pits of death and destruction, these narrow plots of earth have been shaped by the hand of man into ordered gardens to commemorate the heroes of the past, and to keep their dust inviolate. But all about these sacred acres Nature, in its wildest mood, has done its best to obliterate the traces of human conflict.

The deep chasms that led up to these vital points of battle, the spurs along which the conflicting nations dug their trenches, are covered now with the wild and unattended growth. In the height of summer all save the sturdy shrubs will be burned away by the sun. But to-day, the hillside is a flaming garden. Over the basis of coarse grass the pale yellow of the wild mustard dominates the landscape. Rock roses, pink and white, are only a little less prominent, and the small modest white marguerite daisies are scattered consistently over all the area. Here and there are vivid patches of the

PLATE 38. PEACEFUL LANDING OF 400 EUROPEANS AT KELIA BAY

To face page 94

purple, the pink, and the white vetches, while the blue and the white cornflowers mix modestly with the more luxuriant growth. Pale pink convolvulus flowers are everywhere in pleasant little groups, and single plants of milk weed make a golden splash of colour here and there. Flame-coloured thistles rising high above the other flowering plants stain the scene, and the tiny mauve, white, scarlet, and blue anemones hide modestly beneath all this wild beauty.

Of the larger shrubs there is the strawberry tree (*arbutus*), mistaken for the rhododendron when first the troops climbed the slopes. Never a stick of these was left above the ground when the army eventually turned their backs upon the Peninsula, but the roots remained, and ten years have been more than enough to bring them back to their former luxuriance. Mingling with these are the stunted oaks and other varieties of shrubs. Most pleasant, perhaps, to a New Zealand eye is the yellow broom. The flower of this Eastern kind is much larger than that seen in New Zealand, and the colour is richer. The shrub itself is not so large as that which flourishes on the New Zealand hillsides. At this present time the broom in these valleys and on the hills is a blaze of golden glory. Nature, having apparently lavished all her richest colours on this vast canvas, has even then not been content. She has added to the picture the scarlet poppy. Surely with this little flower, Nature has done her utmost to clothe the earth with things that are bright and beautiful.

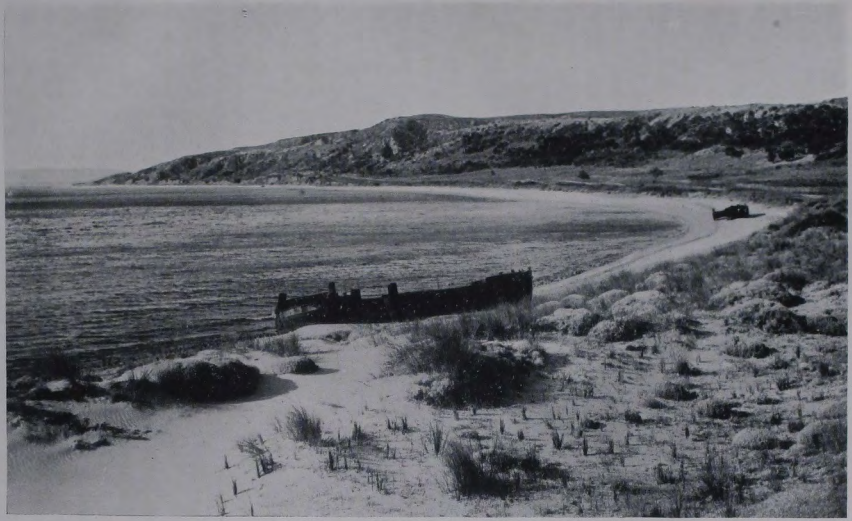
It may be that those in the distant Dominions who have an intimate bond of union with this soil find a little comfort in the fact that Nature here has been so lavish with her gifts. If they desire a mental picture of where their loved ones lie it were better far that they remember this scene of early summer. Wild and lonely it may be—so wild that no generation will attempt to

find food thereon for man or beast—but even the wilderness may be supremely beautiful.

The culminating point of this beautiful wilderness, the point to which the people came yesterday, is Chunuk Bair. From here one may look over the wide expanse of the Ægean Sea in the west, with the islands of Samothrace and Imbros in the distance. The whole Suvla area lies visible to the north-west, with its Salt Lake, and the ranges of hills which should have been taken in the last great battle. To the south-east are the waters of the Dardanelles, the town of Chanak on the further shore, the plains where ancient Troy once stood, and the mountains of Asia in the distance.

Here, then, on Chunuk Bair, which New Zealanders took and held ten years ago at such a cost, is the magnificent monument by which New Zealand honours her gallant sons. Travel where you will over the Gallipoli Peninsula, the monument is seldom lost to sight for long. As the great Orient liner made her way up the Narrows in the early morning, those on the decks could see the monument clearly seven miles away. Across the flat it is constantly visible, from the Suvla Flat the great stone appears to dominate the scene, perched as it is apparently on the edge of a towering precipice. From the hills above Helles, many miles to the south, it is also visible. Yesterday, the day was a little grey and we did not see the memorial from a distance at its best. To-day, in the sunlight, it may be seen from miles away standing like a golden sword pointing to the sky.

Primarily, the monument is meant for long-distance effect. Few people will have the opportunity of climbing up to the peak whereon it stands. Nevertheless the Imperial War Graves Commission have not left its base and surroundings unadorned. A large square plot around the memorial is wired in. Blue irises are planted



Imperial War Museum, Photograph Crown Copyright

PLATE 39. BRIGHTON BEACH

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along the entire boundary. A triangular section at each corner of the area is planted thickly with rosemary, with a line of white irises along the inner side. The remainder of the area is turfed. Nearer to the stone is another square of turf raised a foot above the normal level of the ground.

Just at the edge of this platform is a little shrub which none but a New Zealander would give particular notice. It is a manuka tree three feet high. It was tenderly reared from seed in England, and just as tenderly brought out to Gallipoli. After further acclimatisation it was planted on Chunuk Bair, and there it has prospered. It is the single instance of the manuka taking firm root and withstanding the Gallipoli winter. Next year, it is hoped, the little white flower will bloom beside those who loved it so well and who rest here.

On board the Orient liner, *Ormonde*, there was a small party of New Zealanders whose main object was the unveiling ceremony, but there were numbers of others who were pilgrims to the graves at Suvla, and many more who will visit the cemeteries at Helles when the ship returns from Constantinople. But the whole company were interested in the battlefields, hitherto unseen by the civilian public.

No stranger cavalcade had ever been seen in this land than that which crossed the Kelia Flats and wound its way up the rough path to Chunuk Bair. The Imperial War Graves Commission had done their work well. The highest Turkish authority in the land had lent his aid. The police in every centre had issued an edict, and all Gallipoli had been scoured for native carts. They came from Gallipoli town in the north, from the two Anafartas, from Seddel Bahr in the south, from Maidos and Kilid Bahr, and many were carried across in sailing boats from Chanak. Tiny two and four-wheeled springless carts they were, some with two

ponies, some with one, some with a miniature donkey in the shafts. Sacks and straw were thrown on the bottom of the cart, and passengers sought what comfort they could. Before 9 o'clock the head of the cavalcade set out across the Kelia Flats, and when the first vehicle was nearing the western side of the Peninsula the one-hundred-and-thirtieth cart had hardly left Kelia Bay. Every vehicle had its picturesque driver, some of whom urged their tiny steeds from the front, some from the side, and some actually found room for themselves in the overcrowded carts. Many vehicles broke down by the wayside. On the hills the passengers sometimes had to propel their own carts up the steeper grades. There were yellow ponies, white ponies, tan and piebald. A posse of mounted gendarmerie claimed the right of road, and scattered timid ponies with their carts to right and left. Flocks of goats on the flats dashed off in fright from the advancing cavalcade. A startled fox made off to the nearest cover and viewed the strangest procession of men and beasts it had ever seen from the safety of a group of shrubs. There was no haste, but surely the cavalcade wound its way up the Sari Bair. A camp had been made half-way between Lone Pine and Chunuk Bair, and here before mid-day the 400 British pilgrims took rest and refreshment.

Never can one forget the scene on Chunuk Bair. Four hundred British people had gathered in the vicinity of the great monument. In an outer circle amongst the scrub were the Turks with their carts laid by for the time being, and their ponies and their donkeys tethered near by. The Governor of Chunuk, the Governor of Gallipoli, and the Commissioner of Police were waiting to receive their English and New Zealand guests, and two commanders of the troops who had fought so desperately on this very ledge of land shook hands and conversed with men who but ten years ago were probably

PLATE 40. THE TREK ACROSS THE PENINSULA IN NATIVE CARTS

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of the opposing army. No interpreter was needed, for the French language served as the medium of speech. In due course British and Turk mingled around the base of the monument and the ceremony began.

The Rev. M. Mullineux, M.C., conducted the religious section of the unveiling ceremony. Two portions of the scripture he read were peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh even from the Lord who hath made heaven and earth." The Psalm of which these words are the opening is very well known, but not so well known are those verses from the Apocrypha, Ecclesiasticus XLIV., 9: "And some there be which have no memorial, who are perished, as though they had never been born; and their children after them. But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant. Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes. Their seed shall remain forever, and their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore."

All the people then repeated the Lord's Prayer, and this prayer followed: "Almighty God, we commend to Thy loving kindness the souls of Thy servants, especially those of the New Zealand Forces who have given their lives for us. Accept, O Lord, the offering of their self-sacrifice, and grant them with all Thy faithful servants a place of refreshment and peace, where the light of Thy countenance shines for ever, and where all tears are wiped away; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

"Before asking General Godley to unveil this monument," said Sir James Allen, "there is sad news to announce. This morning I received a telegram stating

that Mr. Massey, Prime Minister of New Zealand, had passed away. I did hope to report to him the unveiling of this memorial, but it is not to be."

The High Commissioner expressed his gratitude to the Vali of Chanak and the Vali of Gallipoli, and to the other officials for their presence at the unveiling, and for the way in which they had always helped the Imperial War Graves Commission. New Zealanders were full of gratefulness to the Commission for their work on the Peninsula. Colonel Hughes and Captain Vickery were not New Zealanders, nor was Mr. Kett, the horticultural expert, but the people of the dominion would always be grateful to them for what they had done for New Zealand.

"This monument was erected by people of New Zealand in honour of the sons and daughters of the Dominion who left our shores between 1914 and 1918. It has been designed by a New Zealand architect, Mr. S. Hurst Seager, and I wish to express my deep regret that he is unable to be present to-day. Before he left for New Zealand he said it was one of the greatest disappointments of his life that he would be unable to attend the unveiling. The grateful thanks of the people of New Zealand are due to Mr. Seagar for a work into which he has brought so much devotion—a work which he has made a labour of love. Two directors of the contracting firm are also New Zealanders, and so we feel that we are in very close and intimate touch with the very stone which is here binding us as it were to all the men who lie buried on these hills.

"The design of the memorial is such that the sun shall shine on one side, and that there shall be shadow on the other side, and thus it will be seen from the Dardanelles and everywhere far away out in the Ægean Sea. The memorial is surely significant of what has taken place between the Turkish and the British races.

PLATE 41. THE ROAD DOWN TO GABA TEPE

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We have had our dark side, and I hope that has gone. Our light side is here. May I express the hope that in the future there shall be no more darkness between ourselves and our Turkish friends, and that light may shine which may prevail throughout the world."

British and New Zealand flags were then drawn from the face of the monument, and the simple inscription was revealed on the marble plaque:

In Honour of the Soldiers of
The New Zealand Expeditionary Force,
8th August, 1915.
" From the uttermost ends of the earth."

Standing there on the hilltop, a spot so fatal yet so glorious, so sacred to our race of the South Pacific, General Godley, who, by his uniform, linked the present with the past, told in simple language the story of New Zealand's great hour, New Zealand's great test—an immortal tale. He spoke so that none of those 400 British people missed a word.

" Ten years ago, on April 25, 1915," he said, " about 4,000 New Zealanders landed on the beach below the western end of the range of hills on which we stand. They consisted chiefly of the New Zealand Infantry Brigade, which was part of the New Zealand and Australian Division, which I had the honour to command. One of their battalions—the Auckland—was directed on to the hill immediately above the landing place, which is named Plugge's Plateau after the commanding officer of the battalion. Another—the Canterbury—eventually supported by the rest of the brigade, occupied the spur of the end of this range, called Walker's Ridge, after the general who commanded the brigade, with orders to push on as far as possible towards where we stand. The Turks were driven back as far as the Nek between here and the sea, and after desperate fighting (in which

Colonel Stewart, commanding the Canterbury Regiment, who in this short time proved himself a most gallant leader, was killed) for the possession of this narrow neck Turks and New Zealanders remained entrenched on opposite sides of it.

" This Nek was the nearest point gained, at the original landing, to Koja Chemen Tepe, or Hill 971, the summit of this dominating Sari Bair ridge, which, as you see, completely overlooks and is the key of the Straits at this point.

" From this time the New Zealanders became particularly identified with this sector of the whole Anzac position in the same way as the Australians are with the right, with their historic names of Lone Pine, Monash Gully, and Quinn's Post.

" In May, General Sir Andrew Russell arrived with the New Zealand Mounted Rifles, and, reinforced by them, our most advanced position, the ridge, became known as Russell's Top.

" So we stood with plenty of hard fighting and repelling of Turkish attacks until August. With August came the landing at Suvla and the planning of the great thrust for this Sari Bair ridge and Hill 971.

" It fell to my lot to have the honour to command this great attack, and for the purpose was given, in addition to my own Australian and New Zealand Division, the 13th Division, an Indian brigade, and a brigade of the 10th Division.

" To the New Zealand Mounted Rifles and the Maori Contingent under General Russell's command was assigned the task of seizing the lower ridges and clearing the way for an assault by the New Zealand Infantry Brigade, up the Sazli Beit and Chailak Deres, on to the position where we now stand; similar columns of the 4th Australian Brigade, of Indians, and of the 13th Division being directed up to the Aghyl Dere on their left

Imperial War Museum, Photograph Crown Copyright

PLATE 42. THE "SPHINX" OVERLOOKING OCEAN BEACH

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on to Koja Chemen Tepe. The whole force moved out of the old Anzac position under cover of darkness and on the night of August 6 advanced to the attack.

"The New Zealand Mounted Rifles fulfilled their task most gallantly and successfully, and here it was that the gallant Colonel Bauchop fell at the head of his regiment—the Otago Mounted Rifles—on the hill, which will go down to posterity, named after him. The New Zealand Infantry Brigade, after desperate and most sanguinary fighting and surmounting almost incredible obstacles and difficulties, reached what was afterwards known as the Apex, about 400 yards below where we stand, the Canterbury Battalion on Canterbury Knob, the Auckland Battalion in front of the Apex. Daylight was breaking, the men were exhausted, and they could do no more. The day of the 7th was spent in re-organisation and reinforcement, and at dawn on the 8th the Wellington Infantry Battalion and 7th Gloucesters, led by the Colonel of the Wellington Battalion, Colonel Malone, one of the best and most gallant soldiers that ever wore his Majesty's uniform, attacked and gained the summit.

"There, supported by other New Zealanders and battalions of the 13th Division, they fought throughout the burning summer's day. The gallant Colonel Malone was killed, but in spite of terrible losses the troops held their own, repelled innumerable counter-attacks, and at nightfall were still in possession of what they had won.

"I must pass over the events of the succeeding night and day of the 8-9th and the efforts that were made to extend this precarious foothold to Hill Q. Suffice it to say that there is a limit to human endurance, and that in the case of these troops on Chunuk Bair, it had been more than reached. I decided, therefore, that they must be relieved, and on the night of the 9th two tired battalions, the 6th Loyal North Lancashire and the 5th

Wiltshire, took their place. There was no room for more, if, indeed, more had been available.

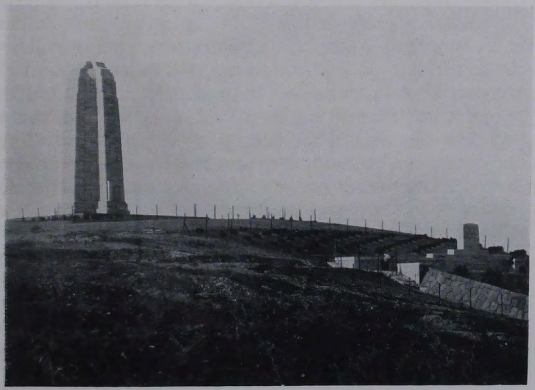
"In the meantime, other columns of the attack, the Ghurkhas, who actually got up to Hill Q, and the Australians, who got to within half a mile of Hill 971, had been heavily counter-attacked, and the only part of the Sari Bair range held by us was that on which we stand.

"The German General in supreme command of the Turkish forces, Liman von Sanders, now personally visited the scene, and placing no less a person than Mustapha Kemal in command, ordered a supreme effort to be made to dislodge us. Before dawn on the morning of the 10th Mustapha Kemal personally led two Divisions to the attack of these two devoted battalions. A mass of Turks surged over them, overwhelming and annihilating them by sheer weight of numbers. Their onrush was stopped by the fire from the ships, by machine guns, and by the few guns that we had, and by 6 a.m. this great Turkish attack was brought to a standstill at the Apex and only 400 yards below this crest. But that 400 yards just made all the difference.

"Such, in brief outline, is the story of Chunuk Bair. It is easy to picture it. The Australians nearing Hill 971, the Ghurkhas on Hill Q, the New Zealanders and the men of the 10th and 13th Divisions where we stand and below us; the battleships standing close in shore to help us; the roar of their big guns and of the artillery; the gullies choked with men and mules—reinforcements, water, and ammunition trying to get up, the wounded trying to get down; the rattle of machine guns and rifles; the hillsides covered with dead and dying.

"Can there be any doubt as to the suitability of the site for this great New Zealand memorial or the right of New Zealand to it? At the Nek in the early days of the landing New Zealanders fought for it; in August they attained it. The first New Zealand V.C. was

New Zealand Memorial
On the day of the unveiling ceremony



Chunuk Bair Cemetery and New Zealand Memorial

Plate 43

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gained by Corporal Bassett here on Chunuk Bair; the lives of three gallant New Zealand leaders, all of whom would have risen to high rank in the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, were laid down for it. And of the others what can I say? Only this—that the leadership, the spearpoint, the backbone and the impetus of the attack was provided by the New Zealanders, that it was primarily a New Zealand feat of arms, and that never in the history of the world has a more beautiful or a more suitable monument been erected to perpetuate the memory of a more gallant exploit.

"To those of us who served in the Gallipoli Peninsula, and to those who lost their loved ones here, it seems to me that, whatever our regrets may be there are two great consolations. First, that here at Chunuk Bair, at Quinn's Post, at Lone Pine (the spot that will ever be associated with the most gallant deeds of our Australian comrades), at Helles and at Suvla, was destroyed the flower of the Turkish army. The Turkish army was tied to Gallipoli and destroyed upon it—our efforts and our sacrifices were not in vain. Secondly, that our heroes of New Zealand should lie buried in these beautiful cemeteries under the shadow of this great memorial in company with the Trojan heroes of old days—the old world and the new, in the common brotherhood of arms.

"I cannot close without endorsing the tribute which the High Commissioner has paid to the New Zealand architect, Mr. Hurst Seager, and also thanking Sir James Allen himself on behalf of all of us to whom it means so much to have the heroism of our comrades so magnificently honoured. I tender them our warmest thanks.

"I wish that our commander, Sir Ian Hamilton, whose affection for New Zealand and admiration for the New Zealand troops is so well known, were here to perform this ceremony, but I am more proud and

grateful than I can express that New Zealand should have done me the signal honour to invite me to unveil this memorial and thereby give me the opportunity of testifying, at this unveiling of one of the last of the New Zealand war memorials, to the admiration and affection which, as Commander of the New Zealand Forces before the war, of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force throughout the war, and of the great attack on the scene of which we stand to-day, I feel for those of my comrades of the New Zealand Army whose memory we are assembled here to honour."

" No one," said Sir Andrew Russell, " is more worthy to unveil this memorial than General Godley. He framed our New Zealand forces, trained us, and led us. What we have done we recognise is very largely due to what he did for us."

This monument, more perhaps than those other New Zealand memorials in France and Belgium, had an historical interest attaching to it. Although New Zealand had sent men to South Africa, this was the first occasion on which New Zealanders had found themselves up against difficulties and dangers which tested them to the utmost. Here they first proved the mettle of their pasture. They gained confidence in themselves, and all knew what that meant.

These men in whose honour the memorial was erected had two particular characteristics. In the first place they were volunteers. They came the instant war was declared. No breath of compulsion had reached them, no public opinion had turned their minds to the task. Again, perhaps, with their fellows, they possessed that quality of cheerfulness which they addressed to whatever task they undertook, to whatever danger they faced. When Colonel Bauchop had been wounded and was being taken back to hospital he (General Russell) had made those fitting remarks of encouragement one did

under the circumstances, that he would recover and live. "No, no," said the wounded soldier, "this is the finish," and added, "and a good finish, too." That was the spirit which animated all these men. It was not only in the symbolic sense that they turned their backs upon their homes and set their faces upwards towards this point. They gave themselves.

History was repeated. Over 2,000 years ago on the plains of Troy, it was asked: "Why are the best and fattest animals for our leaders? Why are the choicest spoils kept for them?" It was answered: "Because wherever the danger is hottest, in the hard places they will go. In the council chamber, there you will find our leaders." That was the keynote of true aristocracy—an aristocracy based on self-sacrifice. When the people lost it, when they handed on their responsibilities and their obligations, then decay set in and their places knew them no more.

"In these days we also have our problems to face—though let us hope that we be not called to war again. Do not let us forget the lesson this memorial teaches—that we also may have the wisdom to interpret the call aright, that we also may have the cheerful willingness to do what these men did, to give not only of our superfluity but of ourselves."

The Dedication followed:—

"O Almighty Father, Lord of heaven and earth, vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, to accept this memorial at our hands, and to consecrate this our gift to Thy glory and ourselves to Thy service, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

"In the faith of Jesus Christ we dedicate this memorial to the glory of God and in memory of the members of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

" Almighty and merciful God, of Whose only gift it cometh that Thy faithful people do unto Thee true and laudable service; grant, we beseech Thee, that we may so faithfully serve Thee in this life, that we fail not finally to attain Thy heavenly promises; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The " Last Post " was sounded as the people stood bareheaded.

Wreaths made by the gardeners of the commission were then placed at the base of the monument. These were from " The People and Government of Australia," " The British Army," " The British Navy," " The Royal Air Force," " Australian Returned Soldiers' Association," and from the Russian employees of the Imperial War Graves Commission. One from General and Lady Godley was inscribed, " With deepest admiration for heroic deeds," and on the one from the gardeners of Kelia Nursery was written: " To Thee, O God, Eternal Glory, Eternal Peace." The flowers were white and coloured English blooms from the nursery at Kelia Bay on a background of various foliage.

" The Reveille " brought the ceremony to a close, and British and Turks melted away from Chunuk Bair. Not in the immediate years, perhaps, will so large a company be gathered together on the historic hilltop. But standing there under the summer sun, or swept by the fierce blasts from the north in winter, the great monument on its lonely height will convey a message to all who pass up and down the most ancient waterway of the world. It will stand throughout the changing years a silent watcher over the soil now made so precious by the sacred dust that mingles with it.

A TRIBUTE TO THE IMPERIAL WAR GRAVES COMMISSION.

One of the extraordinary features of the unveiling

PLATE 44. THE "LAST POST"
Sounded by Sergeant-Major C. E. Lidiard, who fought with the Naval Division at Gallipoli

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ceremony on the heights of Chunuk Bair was the presence of the Turkish Governors and other prominent officials. Further, the organisation of the transport carried out by the Turkish inhabitants was probably the greatest concerted action they had undertaken since the Armistice.

One has to remember that these were the men against whom the British were fighting only ten years ago. Many of the relatives of these Turkish drivers had fallen victims to the bullets and bombs of British, New Zealand, and Australian soldiers, and yet in the great trek across Kelia Flat and up to the heights to Chunuk Bair, British and Turks fraternised, and together thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of the situation, the mild adventures along the road, and the unusual spectacle of a three-mile cavalcade of motley vehicles. The fact that all this was possible is due to the influence of the Imperial War Graves Commission.

For four or five years the Imperial War Graves Commission has worked on the Peninsula, first as the controllers of the territory, but after the Peace Treaty as guests among the Turks and under their protection and laws. Those laws, to an Anglo-Saxon, are mysterious things. They are for the most part made to be broken, but there is a very special way of breaking them, and only the privileged may do so. The methods of the Turks are in most cases entirely different from European. Their officials are sensitive, and yet amenable to respect and kindness. It is a difficult land to live in. Yet ever since the Turks came into power again the members of the Imperial War Graves Commission have steered a careful course. They have never offended their Turkish hosts, and their prestige is high.

The uneducated Turk has no interest in the English strangers. He has no sympathy for our way of commemorating our dead. When the Turk is dead his body

is just dust, and is thus treated. The inhabitants of Gallipoli find it extremely difficult, no doubt, to understand why the unbelievers should build monuments and make permanent gardens over the bones of those who fell in the war, and yet in some remarkable way they have been taught that the unbelievers' methods should not be challenged, and the unbelievers themselves should be tolerated and even helped in their strange schemes. It may be that the Turks have a deep-rooted conviction that the British people are their best friends. In spite of the wide difference of outlook there is something which engenders a bond of sympathy. What it is it is difficult to say.

It was of no importance to the Turks of Gallipoli and of the Asiatic side that 400 British visitors should be transported more or less comfortably from Kelia Bay to Chunuk Bair. The peasant Turks are indifferent to the small money gain. But such is the influence of the Imperial War Graves Commission that through the Turkish higher officials the edict was sent forth and the 130 carts concentrated on Kelia at the appointed hour.

Further, it was more remarkable than it would on the surface appear that Turkish officials should stand in the shadow of the great memorial at Chunuk Bair while a Christian dedication service was being pronounced, and on the outskirts of the English crowd were several hundred Turks mildly interested in the unbelievers' strange ceremony. By their actions, by their consideration for the customs and prejudices of their hosts, the members of the Commission have been able to convince the Turks that our stately monuments have no other object than honour for our dead ; that we have no desire to flourish the emblems of our religion before their eyes ; that in thus commemorating our dead we do not intrude a single note of military triumph.

It is a wonderful achievement. Perhaps these cemeteries and these memorials will remain as the barometer of our relations with Islam. If they remain undisturbed we shall know that nothing is seriously wrong in the East.

CHAPTER VIII

Valour but not Victory

Monuments there are in all parts of the world commemorating the great achievements of British arms. They are memorials of victory. But nowhere surely is there a memorial so unique as that which towers over Cape Helles to-day for all the nations of the world to see. This is not a stone erected as a sign of victory over a conquered race. Nevertheless it is a symbol of triumph —the triumph of human nature over fearful odds; a great nation's willing sacrifice for an idea. Having suffered this splendid failure, Britain has had the courage to ignore the defeat and commemorate in stone those who never questioned the worth or wisdom of the idea. The sacrifice and valour were things far greater than the unacquired victory. It is true that the idea might have been realised if it had received the necessary support—if those who had consented to the plan had had the imagination to visualise not only the greatness of the aim but the greatness of the means that were necessary to fulfil that aim. But these things have nothing to do with the monument that has been erected here. And so here at Helles we commemorate triumph but not military achievement, valour not victory. It is true that the Turkish army was held here and partially destroyed; it is true that the fruit of sacrifice came later, that the territory we fought for became in a military sense our own, that Britain was able to demand the right to erect these

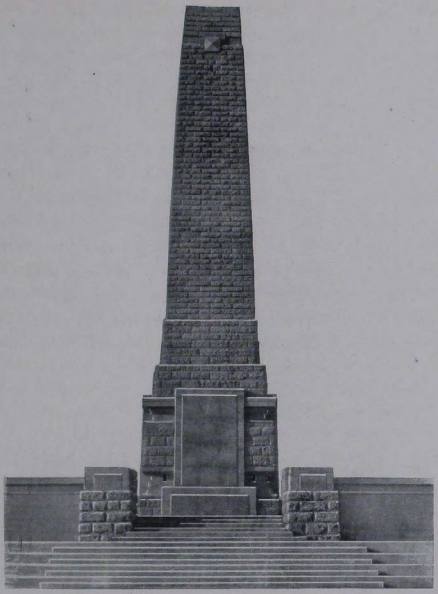

PLATE 45. MEMORIAL TO THE MISSING, CAPE HELLES, GALLIPOLI

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monuments on alien shores. She did it in no spirit of victory, and more, she has been able to impress upon her late enemies, the Turks, that in raising these stones to her dead she detracts not a whit from the gallantry and success of the defenders. Here, then, amongst the very people against whom we failed, we have erected this great obelisk of commemoration, and the Turks have received it as such and not as a sign of victory. The spirit underlying this British act is surely unique. We mark our failures even more grandly than we do our victories.

When the European War is a matter of history, those who pass in and out of this most ancient waterway will ask what it is this great stone marks—what victory? The answer must be: "It marks no victory. Here the British armies failed utterly but magnificently. Here the British Navy attempted the impossible. Here the young nations of the British Empire proved themselves. This is a cenotaph erected in honour of 21,000 British men and Indians who fell hereabouts and have no known graves. Here the army and the navy of a valiant race are honoured not for their victory, but for what they attempted."

As for the cenotaph itself which was designed by Sir John Burnet, it is a beautiful work of art. It towers up 108 feet in height. It is of rough quarried stone save for those four huge marble faces on which are the names of all units which fought in the campaign either at sea or on land. The base on which it stands is 150 feet above sea level. Just to the left as one looks towards the sea is "V" Beach, where the sunken ships now lie, the only remnants of the machinery of war. To the right may be seen the cliffs above the beach historically known as Lancashire Landing. From the rear of the monument there is an unobstructed view of Achi Baba and all the intervening country.

The monument is raised about 13 feet above the natural level of the ground, and the platform, which is about a half an acre in extent is surrounded by a wall which forms a parapet 3 feet high above the surface of the platform. The whole of the 16 feet outer wall is faced with white quarried stone. Broad stone steps give access to the platform from the front, and a pathway paved with stone leads up to the central monument, which towers in graceful lines. Four huge marble tablets, one on each face, proclaim the honoured units which took part in the campaign. It is written :

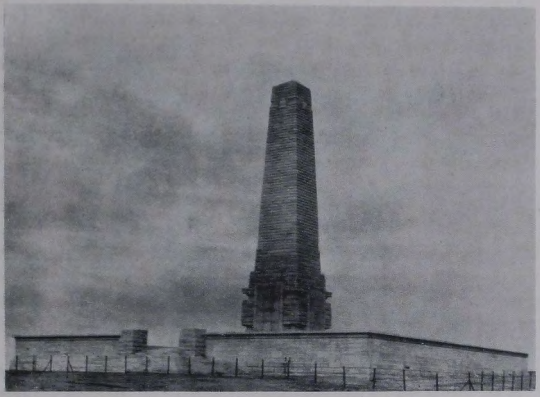
" In honoured memory of the units and ships which fought on Gallipoli or in the Dardanelles, and of those British sailors and soldiers and Australian soldiers who fell in this neighbourhood and have no known graves, 1914-1916."

Above this is a formidable list of battleships, cruisers, light cruisers, torpedo boat destroyers, torpedo boats, and monitors. On the eastern face are commemorated the Royal Navy, the Armoured Car Division, the Royal Naval Division, the Flying Corps, Mounted Brigades, Infantry Regiments and the Australian and New Zealand Division.

A goodly list of Infantry, Mounted troops and technical units is continued on the northern tablet, and the western face bears the names of the sloops, the gunboats, submarines, mine-sweepers, auxiliary sweepers, minelayers, colliers, and finally the name of the famous " River Clyde."

It is a remarkable list, and it tells a remarkable story.* The outer face of the surrounding wall bears, on marble tablets, the names of 19,000 British soldiers and sailors and of 200 Australian soldiers who died in the campaign and have no known graves.

* There will probably be more revision of the inscriptions on the Helles Memorial, particularly in the setting out of the names of units and ships.



Cape Helles Memorial from the South-east Corner

Cape Helles Memorial showing the Inscription Tablets

Plate 46

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It will be seen that no portion of the inscriptions bears a hint of the gallant actions of the dead. There is no word of triumph, there is no mention of what was accomplished, nor of the purpose of the campaign. It was not for these things that the monument was erected, but as a tribute in all humility to the sacrifice which was made, and can be made, by men raised on British soil the world over.

GALLIPOLI TO-DAY

By T. J. PEMBERTON

With an Introduction by

General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

SHRAPNEL VALLEY CEMETERY AS IT WILL APPEAR 30 YEARS HENCE

ERNEST BENN LIMITED