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THE following reports, received from the official press representative with the Australian Forces on the 25th September, are published for general information.

ANDREW FISHER,
Prime Minister.

GABA TEPE, 15th August.—It differed from the charge of the Light Brigade in that it was made by horsemen who had volunteered to fight on foot, or in any other way, provided they could only get to Gallipoli and help the other Australians there. There are the two scaling ladders which they carried with them lying out in the scrub, about halfway to the enemy's trench, and a number of tumbled little heaps of that pea-soup coloured Australian khaki, which is the hall-mark of unrecorded heroism on every battle-field in this peninsula. You can piece together a few simple deductions as to the details. There are no Victoria Crosses, there are no birthday honours; but I know just this—that for sheer self-sacrificing heroism there was never a deed in history that surpassed the charge which two Australian Light Horse Brigades made in the first light of Saturday, 7th August, in order to help their comrades in a critical moment of a great battle.

The charge was made against the centre of the Turkish position. Four long months we and the Turks have faced one another on a line shaped like two sides of a triangle, the third side or back being the sea. We held an inner triangle and the Turks an outer one, and at the apex the two have from the first come very very close together. At various times we have been separated from one another only by a single barricade of sandbags 6 feet in width, hastily piled across a communication trench; but, of late, conditions have been less strained, and the two sides have been facing one another on both sides of the angle at about 15 to 20 yards at the closest. If you imagine the main ridge here and its spurs as a fish's backbone running between north and north-east, with the sea on the west of it, then the right of our line is on the backbone, and the left on one of the ribs. We do not hold the actual point where they meet—that is a knob of the main ridge, marked 700 feet high on the map. That point is held by the Turks, and the slope of the crest as it gradually rises to it is seamed with line after line of trenches—about eight deep in some places. Our line ends just before the two ridges join—we hold the crest of one side—then a hill in the middle of the gully—then the crest on the other. Those three points, and the two gullies between them, form the apex of our position. And it was up the two ridges, and from the hill between them, that the 1st and 3rd Light Horse Brigades were ordered to attack at daylight on 7th August.

The men of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps had been in these trenches sixteen weeks without rest, and without relief. Each corner of the war has its own peculiar difficulties, and what distinguishes Anzac from them all is that, from the first hour of landing, almost all the heavy carriage that goes on wheels in other places has here to go on the backs of men. No part of the Army is at any time more than 1,200 yards from the enemy's trenches. Consequently—without making a song about it—as they say—it may be imagined how the men longed for any relief from this constant, never-ending trench digging and water carrying. When the orders

for the attack came along, the men grasped at the fact that this might be the last they would see of those intermingled trenches. The next night they would bivouac in the scrub on the ridge out beyond those Turkish lines, in God's open country —country not unlike our own open scrub in Australia. God, how enticing it seemed!

During the afternoon of the day before, when the battle began, they had seen the wonderful rush of the 1st Australian Infantry Brigade against the Turkish trenches on Lonesome Pine. They had seen crowd after crowd of small khaki fighters, each with the white patches on his arms and back, racing across the interval of scrub, half hidden in the dust of the bullets and a hell of bursting shrapnel, whilst the waning light of a glorious day spread its warm, rosy flush over the landscape. They had seen what looked like the strongest section in a tremendously formidable position captured by a series of determined rushes which went forward for two hours, wave after wave, and from which not one single unwounded man turned back. What the infantry had done that evening they themselves would do the next morning. The sun sank lifeless and grey—as lifeless and grey as many a hundred of the poor fellows way out there with their faces turned up to the stars. When that grey light appeared again in the sky the Australian Light Horse were to make their own attack.

It was all a part—a very small part—of a very big movement. After darkness other columns issued out from the northern end of our lines, and one after another turned to its right into the tangled and almost unknown foothills of the main ridge. All through the night come outbursts of rifle firing—first from fairly close at hand, where the New Zealand Mounted Rifles and the Maoris, amidst wildly fierce fighting, were clearing the Turks out from redoubt after redoubt amongst their strongly held positions in the nearer foothills. Later, far more distant, a faint knock, knock, knock, and the more northerly columns turned into their respective gullies, and began to butt their heads against Turkish posts there. Lastly, a little before daybreak, there came ever so faintly the sound as of water bubbling and boiling. It was the first sign of the new British force landed that night 4 miles to the north at Suvla Bay. Now, it was a matter of intense urgency, if possible, to hold the Turks to their position around Anzac, while these other columns had time to do their appointed work when the woods and ridges were fairly empty, and before the Turks could find out what they were at and forestall them. It was possible that they would be in such a position by daybreak as to greatly help in the attack made by the Light Horse. On the other hand, it was possible that they might not be in that position, in which event the attack by the Light Horse would have to help them to get there. And this is what actually happened: When the moon rose late that night, the northern columns were still winding their difficult way through the foothills, driving the Turkish snipers and entrenched outposts ahead of them. As daylight began to fringe the sky they were beginning, some of them, to make their way up the slope of the main ridge. It was clear that the attack of the Light Horse against the centre could expect no help from the north; and an attack upon a trench to the south of them, from which two machine guns were known to play upon the ground they had to cover, had been made twice during the night and had failed.

Before daybreak the attacking parties filed into the trenches from which they were to make the rush. They were in their shirts with the sleeves rolled up, and the brown forearm muscles showing. Their knees were bare and sunburnt. Each man carried his full kit, with 200 rounds of ammunition. Water-bottles were full; they carried food for a day or two. Each man had stowed carefully into his pack such little mementoes as he specially prized—a fragment of Turkish shell —some Turkish coins bought off a prisoner—a home letter, and a photograph or two. They were saying their good-bye to their own trenches—that night they would sleep in the scrub.

The attack on the left-hand side of the apex was to be made by the 8th Light Horse, with the 10th Light Horse following. Four lines of 150 each would start, the first and second lines being from the 8th Light Horse, that is, Victorians; and the third and fourth lines being 10th Light Horse, Western Australians. The first line was to carry, amongst other things, two scaling ladders made for the occasion. The fourth line would carry picks, shovels, and a dozen sorts of engineering supplies; but it was to fight like the others if necessary.

In order to help the men to get out of the trenches like a flash, pegs had been driven into the side of the trenches, and footholds cut. As the moment for the charge came near, the first line got its foothold on these, and the second line stood in the trenches behind it ready to give it a leg-up. And then, at 4 o'clock to the moment, the bombardment by our guns began. I have seen such bombardments often at Helles, but never since the first week of our landing has the like of it been seen in Anzac. Every gun on land and shore that could be brought to bear emptied itself as fast as the gun's crew could load into the maze of Turkish trenches on the backbone of the ridge in front of the apex of our position. The dust of the bombardment rolled across the ridge in clouds, shutting out any view of the place from a distance. For half-an-hour the slope in front of our trenches was an inferno, and then the uproar ceased as suddenly as it had begun—ceased as if cut off short by the stroke of a knife. And that same instant the Light Horse attack was launched.

The men were standing there in the trench without the least sign of excitement, hitching up their packs, getting a firm foothold below the parapet. The colonel of the 8th, Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. White, insisted on leading his regiment. Ten minutes before the start he walked into the Brigade Office and held out his hand to the Brigade Major. "Good-bye," he said. A couple of minutes later he was at his place on the parapet with his men.

Colonel White stood by the parapet with his watch in his hand. He and two other officers had carefully set and compared their watches, and the three now stood under the parapet at three points in the line watching the second hand fidget its way round. "Three minutes to go," said the Colonel; then simply "Go."

They were over the parapet like a flash, the Colonel amongst them, the officers in line with the men. I shall never forget that moment. I was making my way along a path from the left of the area, and was passing not very far away when that tremendous fusillade broke out. It rose from a fierce crackle into a roar, in which you could distinguish neither rifle nor machine gun, but just one continuous roaring tempest. One could not help an involuntary shiver—God help any one that was out in that tornado! But one knew very well that men were out in it—the time put

the meaning of it beyond all doubt. Exactly 4.30 a.m.—the Light Horse were making their charge. There were no British rifles in all that fire—it was the greeting of the Turkish rifles and machine guns as the Light Horse cleared the Australian parapet.

One knew that nobody could live in it. Many fell back into the trench wounded before they had cleared even the parapet. Others, wounded just outside, managed to crawl back and tumble in, before they were hit a second and third time and killed, as they certainly would be if they remained lying out there. Practically all those that were wounded were hit in this way on our own parapet. Colonel White managed to run 8 or 10 yards before he was killed. The scaling ladders are lying there about the same distance out. Exactly two minutes after the first line had cleared the parapet, the second line jumped out without the slightest hesitation and followed it. No one knows how it happened. And probably no one will ever know. But some, either of that first line, or of the second, managed to get into the extreme right-hand corner of the enemy's trench. They carried with them a small flag to put up in the enemy's trench if they captured it, and the appearance of this flag was to be the signal for a party of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers to attack up the gully to the right. Two men were put in the head of one of our foremost saps with periscopes, to watch for the first sign of this flag in the enemy's trench. By this time, a French "75"—a gun captured by the Turks from the Servians in the Balkan War—was pouring her shell at a great rate into the neck. Machine guns, far too many to count by their noise, were whipping up the dust, and it was next to impossible to distinguish anything in the haze. But in the extreme south-eastern corner of the Turkish trench there did appear, just for ten minutes, the small flag which our party had taken. No one ever saw them get there. No one will ever know who they were, or how they did it. Only for those ten minutes the flag fluttered up behind the parapet, and then some one unseen tore it down. The fight in that corner of the trench, whatever it was, was over; and it can only have ended one way. In the meantime, ten minutes after the second line, the third line had gone over the parapet as straight and as quick as the other. The attack was then stopped, and fortunately was stopped in time to prevent a small part of this third line from reaching the fire. At Zonecull Point, there was one point where our trenches were under cover of the slope, and the men had to crawl out some 10 yards or so before they put up their heads into the torrent of lead. A dozen or two were stopped here before they made their rush.

It was all over within a quarter of an hour, except for the wild fire which burst out again at intervals. There was not a movement in front of the trenches—only the scrub and the tumbled khaki here and there. All day long the brilliant sun of a perfect day poured down upon them from a cloudless sky. That night, after dark, one or two maimed figures appeared over our parapet and stumbled home into the trench. They were men who had fallen wounded, into some corner where there was a scrap of cover, and had waited for this chance to get back. One of them came from below the parapet of the Turkish trench on the right. He had lain there all day, too close to the parapet for the Turks to see him without exposing themselves. There was another wounded Australian near him. After dark they heard the Turks come out over the parapet of their trench, searching the bodies of the men there for papers and diaries, so they arranged to make as fast as they could for our trenches. The man who arrived back was shot through the ankle. His mate never came back. But from that man we know all that will probably ever be known of what those Light Horsemen found facing them as they ran through the dust haze. The nearer trenches were crammed with troops. The bayonets of the front row of Turks could be seen just over the parapet—and behind them there appeared to be two rows of Turks standing waist-high above the parapet emptying their rifles as fast as they could fire them. This is confirmed by the accounts of officers in other parts of the line who had a view of the Turks in their trenches opposite this. "Look! You know the way a stubble paddock looks when you have put the sheep across it, and their tracks have turned the earth up a bit, and you see the stubble standing in rows behind them—well, that was what the Turkish bayonets looked like across the slope that morning." That was how the field officer described it. There is no question that the charge of the Light Horse pinned down to that position—during its continuance, and for hours afterwards—every available Turkish soldier within call. Our own machine guns were able to get in some work amongst those crowded Turks; and those who know say that their losses must have been an ample set-off to our own.

So much for the charge of the 3rd Light Horse Brigade against the neck. The 1st Light Horse Brigade attacked partly from Quinn's Post on the opposite side of the gully, and partly from the hill in the gully between the two. The 2nd Regiment was to attack from Quinn's in four lines of fifty each. The first line was led by Major T. J. Logan. They scrambled from the trench the instant the signal was given; but more than half were actually knocked back, killed or wounded, into the trench, before they were clear of the parapet. The first few out managed to reach a few yards before they were killed. They left their trenches at two points, and there were only from 15 to 25 yards to go. Major Logan, who led one party, is said actually to have reached the Turkish parapet and fallen on to it. Lieutenant Bourne, who led the other, fell about 10 yards from our trench. The boy who fell beside him had his leg practically severed by machine-gun bullets. The Turkish machine guns drew a line across that narrow space that none could pass; and the one man who went out and returned unwounded puts his escape down to the fact that he noticed the point of our sandbags on which the machine-gun bullets were hitting low, and a man who was hit once by them was often hit again half-a-dozen times as he fell. As the whole of the first line was either killed or wounded within a few seconds, the attack was stopped, and the other lines did not start.

The first regiment attacked from the hill in the gully. In front of that hill is a small branch of the main valley, very steep on both sides, and only about 40 yards from one side to the other. On the northern slope of this gully the Turks have three lines of trenches, the furthest up being on the edge of the gully, with many other lines of Turkish trenches across the gentler slope above it. Some of these lower Turkish trenches were really those made by the 13th Australian Infantry as its support lines when it temporarily won this part of the hill on Sunday, 2nd May. Two squadrons of the 1st Light Horse went out, one working up the gully, and the other going straight over the parapet as soon as the first was in position. The lower trench is never held by the

Turks by day; and the Light Horse, by using stick-bombs, drove the Turks clean out of the other two. One party rushed the second trench, and from there began to bomb the trench ahead of it. Suddenly a white hand appeared over the parapet of the trench in front, furiously waving. The Colonel of the regiment, who had come out with his men, recognised it for the hand of a subaltern who had led his men right over into the third trench, and immediately leapt over the parapet and joined the party in the third trench, which had previously been in the most uncomfortable position of being bombed by its friends from behind and by the enemy from in front. Thus, for two hours, this party remained fighting the Turks in the trenches further uphill as best they could with the slender supply of bombs that came over to them. Even to supply those bombs, men had to imperil their lives by running over the top from their own trench in full view of the Turks. But the Turk in his trenches up the hill had it all his own way in this bomb battle. His higher trenches were connected with the trench which we held by frequent narrow manhole tunnels. At the same time as the Turk pitched a bomb through the air towards the lower trench, he would bowl a second bomb down the tunnel in the same direction, and our men, intent upon dodging the bomb that was coming through the air, would find a bomb bursting underneath their feet.

The 1st Regiment saw the third line melt out as the 3rd Light Horse Brigade charged across the ridge to their left. The Welsh Fusiliers in the valley on their left advanced through the dust haze until their two first lines fell almost in a heap at the foot of a cliff, down which the Turks rolled bombs upon them when the attack was stopped. The Turks at once—good soldiers that they are—swooped down this cliff face until some of the Light Horse saw what they were at, and detached two or three snipers, who shot twenty of these Turks in quick time. In the meantime, all the other attacks having ended, the whole of the Turkish machine guns that could bear upon the spot were turned upon the three trenches still held by the 1st Light Horse; and, after two hours of furious fighting, the Commander of the Regiment ordered a retirement. They managed to get most of their wounded back into their trenches—they even managed to steal up the gully side and rescue one or two of their comrades of the 3rd Brigade whom they could see still living on their side of the slope. Of the 1st Regiment, only about one in six of the men who went out came back unwounded. And, by some miracle, the one officer who returned without a scratch, in spite of the fact that he had been through the thickest of that two hours' turmoil, was the Commander himself.

So ended the attack of the two Light Horse Brigades. The one man who came back from the parapet of the Turkish trenches on the neck reported that the Turks there had their packs on, and were in full marching order—evidently part of a Battalion that had been hurried up from the reserves, or else which was being hurried off to reinforce further north, when this attack in the centre delayed it. The Australian Light Horse, in the richest and fullest manner, achieved the object for which their help had become necessary at a critical period of a great movement.

And, as for the boys—the single-minded, loyal Australian country lads—who left their trenches in the grey light of that morning with all their simple treasures on their backs to bivouac in the scrub that evening—the shades of evening found them lying in the scrub with God's wide sky above them. The green arbutus and the holly of the peninsula, not unlike their native bush, will some day again claim this neck in those wild ranges for its own. But the place will always be sacred as the scene of two very brave deeds, the first—let us not forget it—the desperate attack made by the Turks across that same neck on the dawn of 30th June; and secondly, of a deed of self-sacrifice and bravery which has never been surpassed in military history—the charge of the Australian Light Horse into certain death at the call of their comrades' need during a crisis in the greatest battle that has ever been fought on Turkish soil.

Gaba Tepe, 22nd August.—It is the true history of one day at Anzac. Incidentally, it will give you some idea of Quinn's Post. They arrived in the morning fresh from Egypt in a little grey trawler. The trawler's crew, who for the most part were very much the same crew that had dragged their trawl for many peaceful years over the Dogger Bank, had slaved most of the night in order to provide these new chums with a cup of hot cocoa and a bowl of soup. The trawler's company had recently arrived in their ship after a wild winter in the North Sea, during which they had been washed clean from bow to stern by about two seething grey gales per week, and had seen precisely three mines, which a neighbouring destroyer had sunk. But this narrative is not concerned with hospitable Naval Reservists, but with the very fresh and green regiment of Queensland Light Horse. It is a veteran regiment now.

They found themselves at daybreak off a distant blue coast, with a certain long blue hill just opposite them, and on the side of the hill a long, shallow triangle of more or less bare sand. They did not know that this triangle had been more or less worn bare by the daily life of an Army. They noticed a fleecy white puff or two unroll itself once or twice on the hillside. They had heard stories of shrapnel, so they were able to diagnose it satisfactorily. They climbed into horse punts alongside of their trawlers, and a small Naval steam-boat came and grabbed each horse punt, much as an ant might grab the leg of a stag beetle, and it was carried off about as gracefully to the shore. While they were on their way, there came something like the sound of a steam siren through the air, and a couple of shells burst like rockets in the air, and whipped up water some hundred yards away from them. Some of them guessed it was just some of their own boys having a game with them, until the burst came overhead, and one of their mates—who was laughing and talking just now—slid forward from his seat and lay with a startled look for the moment in the bottom of the boat.

They were landed at a pontoon, and for a morning they sat on the side of a knoll—where they were more or less out of the way—overlooking the beach and wondering, like new boys at school, where all the traffic was going that disappeared around the corners of the beach beyond the hospitals, and biscuit boxes, and little Indian carts, and huge piles of hay trusses. That siren—it is very like a siren, only its croon comes down the scale instead of running up it—came out of the air at them twenty or thirty times during the morning and burst more or less over them, and they watched the pellets whipping up the sea like raindrops; and once a friendly stray donkey, which they had been petting, appeared to be stung

by an unseen whip, and started kicking for no visible reason—the total effect of this desultory bombardment. Then they were marched off down the beach and up a gully at the end. The Turks from some observation post on the capes north or south saw them going, and the guns on Gaba Tepe promontory 2 miles southwards began to plaster that gully with shrapnel, but just managed to miss their passing; and they came into a region of stray bullets which fluttered to earth with a sigh like the last fluttering breath of a dying man. Then the scrubby gully took a bend, and ahead of them was a distant Plateau across the valley's end, from which the Turks could see them—though they did not know this—and where they were all unconsciously protected by the fact that somebody on the hills above was making it a very dangerous matter for any Turk to shoot down that gully, no matter how well he concealed himself. They saw lines of tumbled, bare earth along the top of most of the ridges above them, and vaguely understood these to be "the trenches." They were turned into the scrub in one gully to camp for the night. They also vaguely understood that they were to go into the "trenches" next day.

About 11 o'clock the following morning, they were sent up the gully to the head, up a very steep path, to a point under a magnified rabbit burrow at the head of it. Some of them tentatively asked the Infantry what it was like in there. "Oh, you may get a few bombs," was the reply. Then they moved into a narrow winding cutting in the red earth, where they had to run bent low for a few yards, and ducked under a low earthen roof into a tunnel not big enough properly to hold a man; and so into the narrow winding daylight again. On the top of the red cutting were ragged sandbags. If they had been older soldiers, they would have known that those sandbags were suspiciously ragged. Occasionally the daylight was bridged by a short tunnel roof—sometimes a mere buttress. From the underside of one buttress protruded the fingers and part of the boot of a buried Turk.

It may be considered that at this point the day of which this article tells had begun.

Having reached their trenches, they laid their rifles up against the parapet, and sat down on their overcoats and waited. The first thing they did was to have a look at the enemy. Having heard that it was impossible to put your head over the top, they put up their periscopes and stared into them. The scrub was not more than 3 inches high, and strangely scorched and shrivelled. From some parts of the trench they saw the other side. In other parts the scrub was bordered 20 and 30 yards away by a row of low sandbags half emerging from the scrub. After the periscope had been up for about a minute, there was a tremendous crack above the observer's head; a shower of glass fell round him, and the top mirror had vanished. The observer picked a few bits of it out of his forearm, and then watched the next man's periscope go. As there was clearly an unsuspected flaw in the system of observing by periscope, they fell back on the next most obvious resort, which was lunch. There is a persistent story that an hour or so later this day a voice cried out of the enemy's trench, "Come on, you —— Light Horse, we know you're there." I have never found or heard of the actual man that heard it, and therefore I believe that, like almost all similar stories, it is untrue; but if it were, there is not the slightest need to imagine that there was any spying in the camp. All through dinner-time a cheerful conversation was going on up and down the whole length of the section. Within 15 yards in parts ran a trench crammed with swarthy gentlemen in skull caps—and if any of them understood enough, as some of them certainly do, they must have had an interesting time that morning. For days they had scarcely seen a periscope opposite them, nor had they heard the sound of an English voice—the Infantry had learned to talk in whispers in those trenches. And then suddenly, at about midday, there had appeared whole galaxies of periscopes surveying the scenery in a comprehensive manner, and an amount of spirited dialogue that did your heart good to listen to. The natural consequences followed pretty quickly.

The consequence actually arrived before they had finished dinner. Some one saw a shadow flit across the strip of daylight above. Something fell on to the parapet and then rolled down into the trench. The nearest man, who was digging into a half-finished tin of bully beef, shouted, "Look out, there's a bomb!" and dived about 8 feet sideways along the trench. Others took headers into the tunnel of the nearest communication trench, and a couple of seconds later the thing exploded like a big cracker. There was a cloud of dust, a nasty acrid smell, and one of the rifles that had been against the parapet lay along the bottom of the trench with its stock broken clean in two. Also, the walls of the trench and the sandbags immediately above wore a curiously sagged expression, dishevelled with torn bits of cloth from the cover of an overcoat and tumbled sand. After that, another shadow flitted across, something fizzed for a moment on the parapet—a burst of dust, and a sandbag landed fair in the middle of somebody's back. Every one laughed at him, and he laughed too.

That was only the beginning of it, however. At first they dodged them by slinging themselves away from them. Further down the trenches some, who had picked up rather better hints from the Infantry, started picking them up as they came in, and throwing them back—there was just time to do it if you were quick and caught them like a cricketer—until the Turks recognised their own brand of bomb coming back at them, and grew cunning, cutting short the fuse when one of the gallant excited youngsters, who was throwing them back, had his hand blown off by the bomb he was throwing back. They were driven backwards and forwards along the trench until some one heard of, or hit on the plan of, throwing an overcoat upon the bomb, which usually deadened it a little if it got there in time. They would dodge behind the traverse or throw themselves flat, but the explosion gradually caught first one and then another. "Look out, there's something fizzing by your overcoat." They had been looking the other way—a rush, a burst, the second man falls against the first. They bend over him: he is alive; his first field dressing—the blessed thing is sewn into the pocket—will it never come out? They have never seen a wound like that before, a mass of lead in the cheek, a badly-torn arm, a chest apparently almost mashed to pulp. Boys straight from a Queensland station will tackle anything, and they bandage him somhow, and pass him out. Six men have been passed out of the same small section, but nobody dreams of leaving the trench. If the Turks come they will be pounced on by men who are getting eager for the chance.

The end came in a curious manner. I don't know who the man was, but we will say his name was Dave Browning. He was a big Queenslander, anyway, and he was hit on both sides of his face

by bits of a bomb, and the iron was still there, and he was very angry indeed. We did not know much about bombs at that date—not what we know now—but Dave went and got an armful and carried them to a particular corner of the trench which was exceptionally warm. The northern part of our trench had no end to it to speak of, that is to say, that during a recent night attack we had captured temporarily part of a Turkish trench 10 yards to the north of it, and had cut a continuation from the northern end of our trench into the southern end of theirs. The northern end, therefore, merely wound round a corner and disappeared. We had managed to push a breastwork of sandbags about 3 feet high across this trench, and kept a guard lying there while the Turks were 4 yards away around the bend. Dave went straight to this corner with his bombs, and hurled them over one after another as fast as he could into the Turkish trench. He guessed that was where the Turks were, and apparently he guessed right, for that trench must have been cleared of Turks from that moment. Dave felt better in his mind; and the Turkish bomb-throwing stopped dead. Next day—not that day when they were in Quinn's Post, but next day when they came out—Dave had the iron picked from his cheeks by the Doctor.

The Turks only threw two or three bombs that night. But all night long two men, who had never seen a shot fired before that day, had to lie on their stomachs out at the end of the trench just behind the sandbags—one youngster with three or four bombs, and the other with his finger on a trigger watching the bend of that trench as a cat watches a mousehole. The two who came on just before dawn had seen for a moment the skull cap of one of the Turkish relieving picket over the edge of the trench ahead, but it was the only sign or sound they heard for hours. They came out of Quinn's that morning. They know the place well enough now. Many a splendid man who started his life's work on a Queensland run, or a northern river farm, ended in one of the two magnificent charges that they have made from Quinn's Post. A great deal has changed—but not the deadliness of those 15 yards of scorched and shrivelled scrub.

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