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Prime Minister's Department,
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THE following reports received from the Official Press Representative with the Australian Imperial Forces are published for general information.

W. M. HUGHES,
Prime Minister.

GABA TEPE, 1st August.—On the night of Saturday, 31st July, the moon rose at about a quarter-past ten. A ten minutes' outbreak of fire somewhere in the distance, at the northern end of the line, had broken the stillness, but the night had now subsided into something as near silence as ever existed at Anzac. That is to say, if you imagine cricket practice going on at about two cricket nets by night, the crack of the bats would almost exactly reproduce the sound that fills the air at Anzac. The shells are more difficult to find a counterpart for—you would have to imagine some one spending his time toppling occasional ship's tanks off the roofs of skyscrapers into some sort of cavity below. But this was not shelling time. The sky was beautifully clear and starlit—the hills lay silent and dark—the whole place seemed drowsy and asleep. And at a quarter-past ten the pale green halo of the moon began to show over the dark folds behind the enemy's lines. Just at that moment, a little way down the dark breast of a sleeping hill on our right, appeared a tiny, steadily burning red light.

The next instant after that minute breathless pause, which always seems to intervene between any signal and its carrying out, there broke out a splutter of rifles all round the southern portion of our lines. From somewhere a little lower down the black slope of that same hill, a fountain of red sparks flew upwards about 20 feet. A lower paler flash followed it, and two dull thuds came up to

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us. Far down the valley a little line of pale blue light was running up and down along the line of a certain flanking trench of the enemy—a trench which comes out at right angles to the southern portion of his lines. That was a very well devised trench of the enemy. A wheat paddock used to wave there a little beyond the southern end of our lines—and it continued to wave there, until one morning we woke and found that the enemy had cut the wheat, and instead of waving wheat across that field, there ran the sandbagged line of a well built trench. We could see the fire running in ripples along this trench like the light on a diamond necklace. The flashes were the colour of an electric spark—exactly as when the filament in an electric light bulb breaks, and the two ends play together for a minute or so, encouraged by the jolting of the tram, or wherever the bulb happens to be. In the meantime the air around us began to resound with wild uproar. The enemy can bring guns on our lines from every side except the rear. There were flashes and bangs to the north of us, and to the south of us, and overhead—the top of the paradox—the rear parapet of the trench—showed up again and again in the brilliant orange flare and vanished equally instantaneously. Shower after shower of shrapnel pellets swished like the wrack of a fierce driven hailstorm overhead. The enemy has a catapult, or a gun somewhere to the north of us, which throws a little round iron bomb with an antique wooden fuse, rather like a reel of cotton stuck endways into it, and one wonders which of the flashes and bangs at our back were due to this ancient instrument, and which to the enemy's shrapnel, and which to our own guns just above us. In a night battle you can't clearly tell where each flash comes from.

We knew that immediately after the red light had been shown, several mines were to be exploded under a Turkish trench, which was about 40 to 60 yards from a trench of our own. We

knew that as soon as the mines had exploded the 10th Battalion, or part of it, was to charge across and take the trench; no demonstration this time—they were to take and hold it, if it was in any way suitable to be held. We had seen two mines go up, and several other low explosions with dull red glare against the brow of the hill, or the parapet of the trench—they might have been mines, or our bombs, or the enemy's—and then this growing inferno. The crackle of rifle fire as far as one could hear it, in the intervals between the shell bursts, had spread far away along the line to the north of us. They did not know that we were not coming out at them all along the line, and so they loosed off to make sure. The Turks will sometimes hold their rifles over the parapet, high above their heads, with both hands, and loose off when they think it is roughly pointed at their enemy—we had seen those rifles fired in this way at certain awkward corners of the line. The glitter of fire ran all along the Turkish trenches. By this time scarcely a single flash was coming from Omra. The battle had been over, one way or the other, long before this—we knew that. Within a minute of the showing of the red light, our men were either in that trench or they were not. Most of the rest was simply the stirring up of the beehive. Only our artillery was keeping off the Turks from supporting their comrades while our men had a chance of getting their business through in the trench. Far away to the south, just over some low crest, we could see the constant flash of a Turkish battery firing towards us. Over those flashes broke, every now and then, a shower of sparks. They were the shells of one of our batteries bursting over the guns in the olive grove on the plain, in which the Turks have one or more batteries. As our guns began to sweep the valleys, the necklace of fire in that Turkish trench to the south began to fail—there were no more ripples, but an occasional sparkle.

It was about three-quarters of an hour after the red light that a message came along—I suppose by some messenger who ran back over the surface—that half of the party, which had gone out, was not in touch with the other half. The first half was in the Turkish trench all right—but there were Turks in the same trench on its left, not Australians. Presently a message came from the other half, that it also was in the trench, but there were Turks on its right. Clearly a body of Turks, it could not be said how many, was sandwiched between two parties of Australians. There was a burning tree (a low, little pine tree) on the parapet of the trench, and the Turks, so the message said, were just in front of that. Twenty-five fresh men, under an officer, went over the parapet for that tree. There was a flicker of rifles from below it. Presently the message came back, "The left and right parties are in touch," sandbags and digging implements were being passed forward down one of our mining tunnels, and then through a hole in the roof to the back of the captured trench. In a deep sandy wash-out in a creek a little at the back of it, a lantern flickering its uncertain light, showed up the white sandy bank. The dark figures of the A.M.C. men and the face of the doctor bent low over the wounded. They were mostly men hit by bombs thrown from the slope close beneath the captured trench, after our men had got into it. The sky was turning to grey. Four men had had three or four clear hours to dig, so the new eastern Australian post was probably as safe as a bank. I was in it. On the surface,

just where that last rush was made, lay ten or twelve sad little heaps of khaki. One of them lay out on the further side of the captured trench well beyond the end of it on the right. He had been hit, poor chap, as he ran over with machine gun ammunition, and, dazed by the wound, had run on meaninglessly to the right, and to the edge of a Turkish communication trench from which he had been shot. The trench itself was piled with dead Turks. Many of the Turks had cleared down their communication trenches before a third or fourth mine might explode. It was a brave piece of work, bravely carried out, and one may add, bravely opposed. The Turk is a brave enemy. It is not easy to keep your head and think of little things, when the earth suddenly blows up just on your right, and then again on your left, and may any time blow up just beneath you, and yet in the trench, when we found it, was lying a Turkish rifle with a British bullet through the barrel. It was of little use to any one, but the Turk who left it there took no chances, even in the hurry. He had stopped to take away the bolt.

GABA TEPE, 6th September.—It lay just outside the parapet. Two days after we had taken the Lonesome trenches, when there came one of the breathing intervals in that six days' counter-attack, some one noticed it, and pulled it into the trench. It was on the captured trenches, lying just as it had fallen in the red sunlight during the last hours of that fateful afternoon. The bayonet was broken off within an inch or two of the hilt. The magazine was full, but the cutoff was closed, and the safety catch was pulled back, and the whole rifle, from the broken bayonet very nearly to the butt, was purple with blood. There was no trace of its owner—I do not know where he fell. That broken rifle spoke more clearly of his qualities than the most fullsome tombstone. The long-looked-for day had come, and they were going straight for the Turks with the bayonet, and he was not going to spoil it with any rifle firing. He had bolted and barred his magazine—for him it was bayonet or nothing. If ever a man went into it with a whole heart, that man must have done so.

I have often wondered if he was one of four men who were watched by a friend of mine, a Colonel of another Battalion, during that charge on Lonesome Pine. I could not see them myself, as they were on the extreme left, but my friend saw them, and so did some of the 5th Battalion who were watching with him. They said that the four men who went out on the extreme left of the 4th Battalion in one of its lines during the charge on Lonesome Pine, ran half the way across, and then danced the remainder right to the Turkish parapet. We soon knew of their fate—the fog of the battle would soon hide them, and, if an average holds good, three of the four must have been hit. It is just a fancy; but it was just where they reached the Turkish trenches that this relic was found. And I often wonder if one of those daredevils was the owner of the broken bayonet.

They came down to fighting with even cruder weapons than broken bayonets or jam tin bombs in that Homeric struggle. It was in the grey light of the third or fourth morning, when men began to doubt whether the things they saw before them were the real things themselves, or

the fancies of their own wornout brains, that my officer—he was a Captain, but by this time he was commanding his regiment—thought he saw, as he passed down one of the captured saps, a face staring down at him from over the parapet above his head. He had passed the point, but the image had photographed itself on his mind, and as he turned quickly on his heel he thought that he could see the face still there. He stooped down and tossed a pebble up towards it, but it did not move. Then he said quietly to a man who was beside him, "I think there's a Turk watching us from over that parapet there—do you see the place? Pick up a lump of earth and heave it at him and see if he moves." The man made no mistake about the lump of earth. He picked from the side of the trench a dry clod about 6 inches square and heaved it in the direction of the object. It caught the object fair in the face. There was a splutter and a scatter and the sound of falling earth, and something wallowed off between the maze of sandhills and mole burrows which was still neither ours nor theirs—at least certain Turks, brave men, used to wriggle up near corners of it that we certainly by this time claimed as our exclusive property. It was a Turk this time true enough. If the officer had not turned at that moment, the next would probably have been his last. It is not surprising that our men should face death handsomely in a Homeric fight like that one, a fight after their own hearts. But I confess that the Australian is full of daily surprises for any one that watches him face death in less romantic circumstances. Some time since one was preparing his company's dinner, when an 8-inch shell buried itself within a few feet of him and then exploded. Out of the bilious green-brown dust cloud there slowly emerged a figure scrambling on hands and feet. "Damn those blanky snipers" was all it said, as it spat the dust out of its mouth in front of an interested audience. Along a certain beach there lives a sniper. He is intermittent in his practice, and he does not always shoot very straight. The other day a private soldier, in one of the units living nearest to that beach, strolled down to it to wash his clothes. As he squatted there at the water's edge a bullet pinged on the beach beside him. "How far was that off me," he asked a mate who was sitting on the edge of the hill near by. "About four yards," was the answer to the man by the water's edge. "Oh, then, it's good enough to let him go on trying," he said, and turned to his work. A second bullet whacked into the beach. He turned his head to it for a moment. "You beggar," he said, just as a man will snarl at some friend who teases him by throwing stones at him. And he went on with his washing until it was finished. Those are the things you see every day, and every hour of it.

GABA TEPE, 8th September.—There are a few places in the scrub where you will come across them. Generally it is where the bushes are thick, green, and high. There are some slopes in this little cramped area of Anzac where the undergrowth is still as virgin and unspoiled as the day when we landed. The dwarf oak scrub, which we call holly, and the arbutus spring there, and the exquisite flowers of this wild countryside are only lately faded, before the approach of winter. Whereas the reverse slope of the hill is worn almost white with the treading of many feet, and

plastered with a collection of huts and booths that resemble an Indian hill village more than anything else, the front slope is as wild as a valley-side in our blue mountains. Invariably, if you find such a slope as that, and if you take the risk involved in climbing it, you will see running across some portion of the horizon visible from it, beyond the distant sandy wrinkles of our own trenches, the low parapet and sinister loopholes of an enemy's trench. The moment that some contour of our hills shoulders that grim bit of trench out of view, you are in inhabited country again, where our men walk freely when they wish to, and paths are wearing down the scrub like the runs around a rabbit warren.

I suppose from the enemy's trenches our country looks as green and virgin as his country does from ours. It is only the airmen of both sides that see the whole true picture. To the rest of us the enemy's position turns only one face—just as the moon keeps one side always turned towards the earth, and no man, however much he may wonder, or however long he may live, will ever see the other side. I had often wondered whether there was a reverse side to the enemy's picture, too; whether the back slope of his hills was pitted with dugouts and worn so white and naked; whether his mules, too, used to raise clouds of choking white dust as they shuffled past with their water barrels; whether the gusts before the evening thunderstorm—the storm that often threatened but seldom came—spread a white film all over his dugouts and blankets and tin crockery. And then the day came when the 1st Brigade stormed the enemy's trenches at Lone Pine, and we found ourselves looking out of the furthest of them on to the reverse slope of one of the enemy's hills. There were the dugouts as thick as pigeon holes, roofed over with earth and dry brushwood. There was the big white German beer barrel, from which he used to walk to water his mules. There was the level strip by the creek side worn to powder by the traffic. There occasionally was a human figure or two, going about its leisurely business until the ping of a rifle bullet near made it look up and stare very hard at the trenches, from which we were watching. They had seen those trenches there day and night for months, and they looked no different now that we possessed them—it was days before the Turkish soldiers, in the positions next to us, realized which were the trenches we had captured and which were still held by the Turks. And so occasionally you find a man going about his ordinary business, just as our men go about the back of our positions. Life was very much the same on both sides of the hills after all. Only during their first night in the Turkish trenches our men had an experience which had not come their way for many a month. During the night a dog barked somewhere; and in the early morning a cock crowed.

But it was not of these things this article intended to tell, but of those green untouched spaces of hillside where the enemy's rifle bullets come to earth. There, generally near the top of the hill just where the slope rounded into the crest, you might see a little hollow in the earth a foot or two deep at most, with some of the loose soil banked up in front of it. As often as not it is on the edge of a gutter in which some hill gully begins. The edges of the gutter have been squared off or indented for a foot or two, and you can still see traces of the tool with which it was dug. The weather and the wind are wearing them gradually

out of recognition. One cannot help standing before that simple relic with a reverence as great as if one looked down upon the stones of Rome, or the tombs of ancient Egypt. It is not five months old yet, but it tells of a day which is as much past and done with as the day when the Normans landed in Britain.

It was a little dugout of the first day. Some Australian soldier dug it there during the long painful hours of that first Sunday, when every one seemed to live a lifetime within twenty-four hours. He dug it with the sun of a glorious spring day blazing down full upon his back; with the shrapnel, which no one could locate, whizzing down four shells at a time, regularly twice a minute, and bursting hour after hour overhead. Not twelve hours before he had been sailing in a peaceful ocean liner over a peaceful sea—as peacefully as he had lived and worked all his life, up to then, in his own country. And now he was digging, scratching fiercely with his entrenching tool, simply to save himself from instant death. The rest of that twenty-four hours was a rush through the scrub after a few casually-seen figures of retreating Turks; a retirement before a fusillade which came from nowhere, another rush, another retirement, a rush again. It was the day of the open battle, the battle before the trenches were dug, when, after we had pushed the Turks out of their few trenches on the foreshore, we had them in the open and, except that they knew the scrub and the wild tangled gullies, the attack had as good a chance as the defence. It is so in these open battles—they last only one day, or two or three at most. If you have a fresh division to put in over that when it is worn out, and so on, you can keep the enemy on the run. But if you have not, then, sooner or later, a limit comes to the amount of sleeplessness, which even the strongest troops in the world can sustain. The fighting must ease for a few days, and in those days the battle coagulates. The next stage is a battle of trenches.

It was so with these little first day dugouts. Most of them by the second morning were expanded into a line of trenches in which they soon lost their identity, and which is now the oldest and most venerable of our support lines. There are old Turkish trenches, too, in those lines, but deepened out of all recognition—it is only those who actually occupied them the first day who can tell which they are, and there are not so many of those men left. I was searching the other day for a Turkish trench, in which I had spent part of that first day—it ran then through the virgin scrub; the country about it is so tunnelled and channelled to-day, so like a deserted gold-field, that it was impossible to find any trace of the Turkish trench at all, except, perhaps, here and there in the trenches—just as you might find the traces of an old Roman road in the streets of some British town. The battle crystallizes from the mobility of that first day in the open, to the stagnation of a post like Quinn's; where the trenches of the two sides are separated by a stretch of, perhaps, 15 to 30 yards, which no man on either side has ever yet successfully crossed; where the ground's surface is crumpled and furrowed with the explosion of mines, as if by a giant's plough; where a few old herbs cling here and there as they might to a dustheap, and the rest of the brown surface is littered with the woodwork of shattered rifles, with water-bottles pierced through and through by bullets, with old bayonet scabbards, with Turkish bombs and

British bombs, and here and there a shrivelled bundle of torn rags, not so much bulkier than a single scarf or sack, which once was a man. Where there are shreds of bright colour amongst the bundle, men know it was a Turk. There they lie, the remains of heroism, which would fill pages, of charge after charge in this deadly trench warfare, to which month after month of protracted battle has accustomed us. Out there beyond the enemy's lines, out on the green hill slopes near by, over which he, too, cannot go, you would find little shallow dugouts also. For there was a time during the first morning when the fight went backwards and forwards across that hill alone, too. It may be a strange sentiment, but one feels inclined to stand hat in hand before those early dugouts, when one sees them. There is plenty that is venerable and historic on this Peninsula—the Greeks fought the Trojans not so many miles across the straits. There is one point at which our trenches cut through layers of tiles and stones and pottery several feet below the surface—I have not the knowledge to say whether it is a modern relic or some trace of the Greeks, who lived here in ancient times, and who live here still. But not one of those remains which we have seen since we left Australia, not the ruins of Memphis nor the tombs of Luxor, impresses me more with the true veneration of antiquity than a little heap of sand scraped not five months ago, amidst the holly of the Gallipoli Peninsula.

DARDANELLES, 20th September. — The ex-brigand slung his rifle over his shoulder and set his face inland. He had taken very little part in the conversation. Whilst the rest of us discussed the route he listened. He was a retiring sort of chap, and he let the others talk. Only when it came to such details as making quite sure where the enemy was, the ex-brigand stepped in with a short sentence or two, which decided the point. As a matter of fact, he was the only man who knew. For the rest, he looked on solemnly. I don't believe the ex-brigand understood a joke at all. And you almost expected him to cast down his eyes for shyness when the conversation came his way. But I noticed that was the only thing the ex-brigand did not do. He had a pair of very steadfast eyes, and they looked at you straight all the time. When it came to action, all sign of diffidence vanished. He turned, and with knife in belt and a double row of cartridges grinning like shark's teeth from the folds of his shirt, strode in big, confident strides along the path ahead. The ex-brigand certainly wanted dearly to meet a Turk.

The autumn sun blazed down upon the landscape. Great distant mountain ranges half lost themselves in the purple haze. The ex-brigand strode first, after him a cheery Englishman in white, kicking his legs on a donkey, then one of us, with a gun in case, we flushed quail or partridges, then the rest, three in number, who walked for the sheer joy of stretching our legs in open country. We wound across yellow grass flats by the sea, and then in and out among the olive trees—which are just mulga scrub with the important difference of being exceedingly profitable. Now and then a partridge called, and the man with the gun strode up a neighbouring hillside while the rest of us sat in the deep shade of a fig tree and ate pomegranates from a farm garden—the farmer

and most of the local population watching the process. There was one hillside towards which we did not go—a neighbouring hillside covered with a scattered olive wood. The ex-brigand said that in this wood there was a Turkish Garrison. We had been secure enough on any of the guarded islands off the coast, but we were not within instant reach of help if we walked into Turks now that we were on the mainland. Even the ex-brigand was scarcely equal to tackling single handed a company of Turkish soldiers. I have no doubt he would have tried it. For it was into Turkey that we were walking. We did not start from Anzac or Suvla—nor even within earshot of their guns. We landed on the coast of Asia Minor for a very pleasant picnic with a gun and a donkey and an ex-brigand. A few small Greek boys of the neighbourhood attached themselves to our tail as an unofficial retinue.

It is an incidental result of Britain's command of the seas that, whatever occasional difficulties may be caused by the German submarine campaign, the *pax Britannica* penetrates into almost every little bay and corner of all the oceans. You will find peace ruling there within a mile of the enemy's coast, and sometimes on the enemy's coast itself, as if war had never been heard of within a generation. The British command of the seas is, and has been from the first week of the war, so far as we Australians have seen it, absolute—every whit as complete as it was in the days of Nelson. This small party of us had sailed down the coast of Turkey quite close to the shore. The land lay in great deep folded inlets and high purple mounts like the coast of Tasmania or of Norway. As we rounded the prominences we passed within a few hundred yards of the land. The coast was dotted with towns and villages—collections of square white houses with roofs of brown tiles. We had kept a keen look out for curiosity's sake to catch sight of any inhabitants. One village in particular I remember—you could see the streets leading on to the foreshore, the green and blue shuttered windows, fig trees in tiny gardens. Not a sign of life in the whole place. Only empty bare stone-paved streets and closed shutters. Presently a single figure did come into the space in front of the sea, climbed slowly down steep rocks to the water's edge, and met two other figures which were moving on the shore. They were dressed as the Turks dress, with brilliant patches of colour. Look as long and intently as we might, we saw no other living thing upon the coast.

On that coast eighteen months ago there existed a people as industrious, and a commerce as lively, as any in Europe. They had existed there before the Persians invaded Greece, possibly before the Greeks invaded Troy, before Christianity and enlightened people crowded the inlets of this crumpled coast-line. Sailing boats loaded to the waters edge with olive oil, grapes and wine, studded the narrow waters as thickly as the white sails of a summer's afternoon in Sydney. The people and the commerce were entirely Greek, but they survived the Turkish invasion, and they survived even the Balkan war. There were Turks there of course—bent old figures that went about the dusty roads huddled up on a jogging donkey with a pair of skinny camels following—figures any artist would miss out of the landscape, but whose absence no one would even notice in the industry of the coast. The Greeks lived on this coast where they had lived since before the dawn of history unharmed through the Balkan war. In February,

1913, the Turks set to work deliberately to depopulate the region. By the outbreak of the present war with Turkey in November, 1914, five hundred thousand Greeks had left the coast. There was no war with Greece. Turkey and the rest of the world were in profound peace. How did the Turks do it? By a method purely their own. A sort of "peaceful" pressure. The Greeks of Asia Minor themselves have not the faintest doubt that the suggestion came from the Germans, but the method was pure Turk. Turkey knew there was going to be war with Greece in order that Turkey should regain her lost islands—she was only waiting for those two battleships building in Britain. Liman Von Saunders came to reorganize the Turkish Army and to advise. He and Enver Pasha went through the country, and the Greek settlements on the coast of Asia Minor were clearly a military weakness. It did not matter to the Germans if the civilization there was the oldest in Europe, or if the Turk had left it where it had been before the days of Christ. It was a military weakness like the Cathedral of Rheims and the Cloth Hall of Ypres, and therefore Germany ruled it out. It was left to Turkey to apply suitable methods.

They did not massacre many—that is to say, not many all at once. They did make one suitable object lesson about half way through the business at Phoikia—a town of about 20,000 inhabitants close enough to the great city of Smyrna to impress the Smyrna Greek and far enough away to be unvisited by other Smyrna Europeans. Countrymen—some they say were Cretans—came into the town one morning in May, 1914—before this war was thought about—and began to butcher the Greeks they found in the streets of Phoikia. Those whom they did not kill they simply thrashed—an English motor boat happened to be passing at the time, and seeing the foreshore crowded with people getting on to boats it took some of them off, scarred and wounded. Horrible stories are told of the scenes in Phoikia, but I do not repeat them, because such stories are told after every massacre, and are often untrue. A few hundred people seem to have been massacred who left their houses to do their day's marketing, and that fact is enough. It happened on the shore of the Mediterranean eighteen months ago, and why Europe did not ring with it at the time is a matter for the chancelleries, and not for the casual inquirer. The Turkish authorities were deeply shocked. The police were sent through the town some hours after it had finished. While it was going on the police had been wearing civilian clothes and careering down the street with the best of them. One was brought off by some Greeks in their boats, and the British Vice-Consul, who searched him on a neighbouring island, told me that underneath the man's civilian clothes as he took them off there came into view the full uniform of a policeman. The man simply said the authorities had told him to go into civilian dress until the business in hand was finished. That was the only organized massacre of men, women, children, young girls, and old people. The rest of the coast was cleared by peaceful "pressure." It must be a most uncomfortable sensation for those who experience it. Nothing startling or devastating happened, but you suddenly realize that the Government has loosened the reins—is not holding the people in. The Governor is as smiling as usual—makes plenty of promises—deplores anything that may have happened amiss—but you come gradually to know that the Government has decided not to protect you. The landscape, the industries of the fields, the people,

the animals, are just the same as they were a month ago, but the invisible shield of the law, which used to guard you along with every one else, has silently withdrawn. One morning as you and your wife walk along the road outside your village you find a couple of your fellow countrymen lying half on the road and half off it—dead. No one seems to take the least notice of them. You go to the Governor of the nearest town. He is sure you must have been mistaken—it would be terrible if such things were true. You ask if he will come with you and see for himself. He will be delighted, but he cannot come now—you see how busy he is—to-morrow, perhaps. He will send at once a policeman to report. The policeman reports that the two men were killed in a brawl with some turbulent fellow countryman—and so on and so on, twice, three times, twenty times repeated, until you know that the authorities are playing a game with you, and your confidence in the Government suddenly falls in with a crash. When that happens you must leave the country or die—no one can live in that suspense; you may stand it for a week or a month, but you cannot stand it for ever. It seems to have begun in February, 1913. Those who lived under it began to suspect it in May, 1913—began to realize that massacre was deliberate policy. It reached its height with the massacre in May, 1914. Before Turkey came into the big war the country had almost been cleared.

But there remained just one city on the coast from which the people did not flee. This was the Greek city of Aivali. One notices the name of Aivali every now and then in the British newspapers just at present, but probably few Australians realize what the reference is. The reason it is prominent is that in that city alone on all the coast the Greek population is still remaining. Half a million have been driven out, possibly for ever. A great number—I have heard it put at half, but that may be quite wrong—have been settled in newly acquired Greek territory in Macedonia, and the rest are living as best they can in Mitylene and Greece praying for the day when they can return to the home of their race in Asia Minor. But just 20,000 remain in this one city on the Asia Minor coast. It is almost surrounded by the sea. Where the sea goes British ships can go—and, incidentally, Turkey is still at peace with Greece. For these reasons, or some of them, the Turks have so far left Aivali alone. A Greek might, perhaps, to-day be allowed to go inland from Aivali for the best part of a mile. After that he would be killed—that he is a Turkish subject, makes not the least difference. And it was in this country that we landed and picnicked. There were Turkish soldiers about, but the British Navy really throws its mantle over most of those inlets. The Navy and its chickens are everywhere, and one of the youngest of those chicks is a motor boat corps—the Navy has a use for every sort of craft that ever sailed the Channel, from the Atlantic liner to the smallest steam yacht and motor launch—last year they were in the locks on the Thames; this year you find them in the Levant, and I dare say you would meet them in the inlets of Patagonia if that unfavoured land possesses inlets. All I know is that, whatever the talk of German submarines—and we have seen some of them too—wherever we Australians have gone, from the day the first convoy left Melbourne, we have found the British Navy. And whatever the incidents and the accidents, to the question, "What is the Navy doing?" that

fact is a sufficient and a final answer. Here came the Navy swimming across this oleograph of a landscape—across the half-guessed folds of the distant purple of Mount Ida, trailing the great capital V of its wake across the faintly traced ridges and mirrored forests and mountain slopes on the glassy surface of the bays. In all the efforts that British and other reformers have lately spent endeavouring to protect the subject races in Turkey from the horrid methods of the Turk, the officials of the Turk, the officials of one race and one race alone, have not raised a finger to help them, and that race is the German. The Germans are supreme in Turkey at present, but that fact is not the least protection to the Armenians, who are being slaughtered, men women, and children, in the interior, nor to these Greeks upon the coast. The Turk here makes war upon the whole population as thoroughly as if he were a German General. I suspect that what keeps them safe is their own arms and the British Navy, and that was what allowed us our picnic on the enemy's coast.

DARDANELLES, 27th September.—When the 3rd Light Horse Brigade charged out from the trenches on the neck, in the grey dawn of 7th August—charged out and never came back—I said, in writing the account of it, that practically no more could ever be known of the details, unless some day the information came from the Turks in the trenches against which the Light Horse went. The best part of two regiments went forward in three lines, and each line, as it rushed that fatal thirty yards, was mown down as grass is mown by a scythe. Only one man, so far as I know, came back alive, crawling painfully after dark that night with a wounded leg, who could speak of the other side of that deadly space. Unless the Turks should some day add to our knowledge it simply ended there. They went forward, each line a few minutes after the last. And those, who did not fall back wounded from the edge of our own trench, died. At last there is something more to tell. Some time since, we captured a Turkish soldier, and in interrogation it turned out that he had been in the front Turkish trench on the neck, on the morning when the Light Horse charged it. As the matter is of intense interest to Australians, that prisoner's account of it may, perhaps, be repeated here. He was a Turkish schoolmaster, and was a member of the regiment which, when it was put into the neck in June, was almost immediately ordered by Enver Pasha to charge our trenches on the neck. It made the attempt early on the morning of 29th June. The attack was unexpected, and was bravely made. Some of the first line reached our trenches, but the few who got in were killed, and the later lines never reached so far. The three Battalions of the regiment were very reduced in numbers, but they were still kept in the same section of the line.

The Turks, on 5th August, were delighted by the news of the fall of Warsaw. During the afternoon a big white notice appeared over their trenches bearing the words—the spelling is their's—"Warshaw as fallin." What effect they expected this to have on the average Australian I do not know. The only effect I heard when the men in our trenches were told of it was the remark, "Well, let's see if we can't make his bally notice fall too." Which the speaker straight-away proceeded to do. The idea among the

Turks was that Germany would now compel us to make peace, and that Turkey would benefit by the terms. For several days the Turks had been suffering by a desultory bombardment from our howitzers. Whatever they thought of the rest of the bombardment they did not like those shells. At about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 6th August they noticed on the neck that the shells were falling much more thickly. The rain of shells began to be so sustained that the Turks suspected that an attack was imminent. The Battalion, in which the captured man was a private, was hurried into the trenches with bayonets fixed, and the trenches were packed ready for an attack. But the bombardment went on and no attack came. Great howitzer shells fell into some of the trenches on the right hand side of the neck, but most of them went over the front trenches into the trenches higher up the slope, and left those in the front trenches—the troops who were actually waiting for the attack—absolutely unharmed.

This bombardment continued from 3 o'clock, so it appeared to the Turks who were crouching in their trenches under it, till half an hour after sunset. In reality it was the bombardment covering quite another operation—in the interval, half a mile away to the south, Lone Pine had been taken from them; but of that the Turks on the neck had little or no idea. All they knew was that, from about two hours after sunset and onwards, hour after hour through the night, our howitzers began and kept up an intermittent bombardment—one shell every five or ten minutes. This fire was terribly effective. At intervals through that night figures would come stumbling along the crowded trenches carrying off a dead or wounded man to the rear. They may have lost a hundred men in this way.

And then day began to break, and with it there broke out a fierce bombardment of the trenches above and around the neck. The fire was tremendous, but it did no damage to the front trenches where they were actually waiting for the attack—some of the trenches on the Turkish right caught that fire heavily, but they were protected in some sort by a gully. The trenches directly in front of the neck were untouched, and the Turks in them and the schoolmaster amongst them stood ready to meet the attack which was almost certain. The bombardment broke off. There was a pause, says the schoolmaster, a short interval, before the attack began. Thence "English"—the Turks always call us the English—leapt over their parapet, charged down on them. "They came on very well," said the Turk simply. As soon as they appeared every rifle in the place opened upon them direct across the neck, and a machine gun, with its cross fire from the right of the Turks, swept them sheer off the face of the heath. Probably there were many more machine guns than that—to those who looked on it sounded more like a score. This is what the Turk said. "They came on very well, and three of them managed to reach our trench and fell dead over the parapet into the bottom of it." The Turks were two deep in their trenches, he said, just as our survivor saw them—the front row sitting on a shelf just behind the parapet, the rear rank standing, as indeed we noticed them standing, often breast high over and above the parapet, in order to get the better shooting. We know that a few of our men, for a few minutes, did get into one corner of the front trench, because they raised there the flag which they took with them. It waved for a few moments, and then some one pulled it down.

The schoolmaster did not know of that, but he did tell us what our own men who manned our own trenches behind the attack had suspected, that during the attacks the Turks lost not a single man. They received a special complimentary order from their General, and several medals and a good many promotions; and for the rest of that day and the days following they watched reinforcements being rushed up to help them in the centre and along the path of the line immediately to their north, where the New Zealanders were attacking, and watched the bodies of their men tossed in the trenches, with many of them sick and some of them weak. With every officer and man at his appointed place, the instant the words were given they leapt from their trenches and rushed on death—the first line may not have known that it was death—the third line must have known it. And they did.

GABA TEPE, 13th October.—This morning General Walker, Commanding the 1st Australian Division, was wounded in the arm and hip. He was making a tour of the defences, which it is his habit to personally inspect and control, even to minute details of trench construction. He stood for a couple of minutes pointing out certain improvements possible in the loophole, when the enemy's machine gunner, seeing some movement behind the tiny slit of the loophole, for which both sides are always on the watch, put three machine gun bullets straight through the opening. Two out of the three appear to have hit the General, who walked quietly to the dressing station in the trenches and had the wounds attended to, and then insisted on walking the whole way to head-quarters. During the five months through which Walker has commanded the Division, he has daily and hourly exposed himself to danger, constantly visiting corners into which he would not allow any one else to go, except at the call of urgent duty. The consequence is, he knows every point of the defence line, as possibly no other man in the Division knows it, and knows men, and is known by them, in a way which is seldom possible for any high officer. He has long since won the affection of the men of the Division to a degree to which few officers attain it. Every man seems to count him his friend, but when a Division is fortunate enough to have for Commanders men as utterly reckless of personal safety as Walker, the natural consequence is almost sure to follow sooner or later. In the case of Walker it is to be hoped his injury will prove to be slight, for every unit in the Division would feel grievously his permanent absence from command.

GABA TEPE, 17th October.—General Rylie, whose wound will by this time have been reported, received this wound while standing behind the trenches talking to his Brigade Major. Turkish shells were falling fairly thick when the General, looking up at them, said, "You know, Foster, they'll get us one of these days." The Brigade Major, who has already been hit in no less than twelve different places, was just answering that he thought it very likely, when the General fell hit in the neck with shrapnel pellet. General Rylie was constantly going

through the wonderful trenches dug by this Brigade, talking to his men less like a General than a genial pastoralist talking to his stockmen. He is immensely popular with them. General Walker is another who had a very narrow escape from death by Turkish shell. A few days before he received his recent wound, Walker was sitting in a dugout up in the lines, when a large shell entered through the roof and exploded in the wall three feet above his head. The great wooden roof beams shattered into pieces, one huge block six by four flew out through the door, another, broken clean in two, fell as if on a hinge within inches of the General's head, pinning him to his seat. A sheet of iron roof was neatly folded round this beam by the force of the explosion, like so much paper. An officer lifted the beam, and to his surprise out stepped the General, invisible for dirt except for the red rims of his eyes. "Nothing wrong with me," he said. He had been badly bruised and scratched, otherwise no harm was done. He was slightly wounded some months before, so the wound which he received in the trenches some days ago was

really the third. Beginnings of canteens system are now being inaugurated which, if the supply of tinned fruits, tinned fish, tinned cakes, biscuits, pickles, sauces, chocolate, and other suitable stuff is sufficient, will make the greatest improvement in the life of the troops here imaginable. Ration food all through has been excellent, but naturally digestion is apt to turn against even the best food endlessly repeated, and the little variety of diet which the canteens afford would probably avoid an appreciable amount of sickness. Comforts, especially to keep warm hands and feet, will be necessary for the winter, but, undoubtedly, the comfort far most urgently necessary at the present time is a supply of galvanized iron and timber. At the present moment hundreds of tons of earth have been dug out for shelter against rain and cold, but stand roofless under the open sky, awaiting these materials. The first few wintry showers have already fallen, and the first south-west wind is felt already on the beaches. But the weather is still generally very fine, though colder.