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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, 19th October.—The other day there was captured an Armenian. The Turks are at the present moment engaged in an endeavour to wipe out the Armenian nation before they are stopped. The prisoner came from a district where this was going on. The cables must have already given his story in outline. Here it is in full—except that I have left out what he heard from others. Here is his own account of what he saw with his own eyes. As for its truth—one can only let the reader judge for himself whether it sounds like the story of a man who is lying.

He said that at the beginning of the war he was fighting in the Caucasus against the Russians. After a battle lasting a week, he became ill, and after protracted illness was allowed, with his brother, who was also at the front, to go home on leave. Their way home took them through the country of the persecution—every village teemed with evidence of it—often with the actual sight of it. "The Bishop of Sivas," said the prisoner, "was arrested and exiled to a distant place. The Governor-General gave orders to shoe his bare feet just like a horse, saying sarcastically, 'He is an old man, and the head of the Armenians of this district, so, as an honour to his office, and out of respect for his old age, we must see to it that he does not go barefoot.'" When the narrator and his brother reached their home the same stories met them there—the "method" had already begun, as elsewhere, by the seizing and imprisonment of the leading Armenians. Four or five days after their arrival the Governor of the village of Sivas arrived, and the people thought he had come to protect them. In reality he had come to leave very different instructions, for he departed almost at once, and things began to happen which forced the two brothers to go into hiding in the cellar of a friend, where for a week they used to hear daily of the horrors happening in the town. At last the good friend who was hiding them came to them. "Now my friends," he said, "I have been hiding you for a week, but I fear I can no longer give you the protection I have been giving. You two are all that are left of the Christians in this city, and you had better run away." "When I asked him if my eldest brother was safe," says the narrator, "he hung his head and kept silent. Later on he told us that my brother was one of the victims. All that the friend that hid us said at first was, 'May God blind the eyes of those responsible.'" And here begins the narrative of what this Armenian actually saw himself. "On the following day, at about dusk," he says, "we emerged from our underground hiding place to go, we knew not where. We were literally alone in the world. Even our so far hospitable friend could no longer protect us. Run away—yes; but where to? There was no safer place. Yet go we must; so we turned our steps towards a village where lived an old uncle. In five hours we reached this village. We told our uncle all about the sad fate of our city, which he had already heard. When we asked him what he advised us to do, he said, much as he would have liked us to stay with him, he did not think it was wise to do so, and advised us to rejoin the Turkish army as soon as we could, lest we should be caught as deserters and court martialled."

Leaving his brother for the time being, the narrator pushed on, after an hour's rest, to another Armenian village. Just as the sun was rising he arrived there. On the outskirts of it he met an Armenian peasant boy leading his sheep to pasture. He noticed that the boy shrank from him. Some Armenian women were reaping in the fields, when he went over to ask them a question. The boy's father had been arrested the day before by some police who arrived to "protect" the village—the women had heard of the fate of the city of Zilleh, and were in daily terror of a similar fate. He asked them if it were safe to go to a certain village, and they gave him the name of a good-natured effendi, who would be sure to help him. This good man dressed him up in a white turban as a Moslem mullah or priest. "In this costume," he said, "you will be perfectly safe." His brother afterwards joined him, and both dressed as mullahs, made their way in safety through country which it seemed they could have crossed safely by no other means. All the way there was enacted before their eyes one unbroken tragedy. "Wherever Armenians, singly, or in groups of four or five or more, were found by Turkish reservists or bashi-bazouks going to be enlisted, they were attacked by them and killed outright. Farmers returning from their fields, or even men who had delivered their tithes of the crops to the Government, and were returning home, were killed in cold blood." At last they arrived at the garrison town which was the object of their journey. They went to the barracks and listed, of course, under feigned names, and describing themselves as neighbours, not brothers.

THE CLIMAX.

"We stayed in that town three weeks. The things we witnessed during those terrible days are the most awful of all the horrors we passed through," said the narrator, "not because they were different from those at other places, but because we, to some extent, took part in them. After we had been two days at our new quarters, an officer came to the barracks and ordered all the men to be lined up in the yard. Then he said, 'I want 100 men skilled in the use of bayonets.' More than 100 at once came forward, we amongst them. We were then taken to a big building in the city, and wore the uniform of gendarmes. We were then divided up into batches of eight or ten, and began to patrol the town, ostensibly to maintain order. While engaged in this duty we saw two priests and about forty Armenians dragged by policemen towards the prison house; but, of course, we did not interfere. At every street corner a gendarme was standing on sentry duty. We were on patrol duty. Escape was impossible. Then the police began to enter the shops and turn the tenants into the streets, handcuff them, and take them to the prison house. All day long this business was kept up. The prison not proving adequate, the old and spacious building I mentioned before was temporarily turned into a prison house. 'For three days there was no change in the programme—arrests, and imprisonments. At the end of the third day the major came, and said, 'I want forty of the best bayonetters for a special business.' I took the hint, and did not move. My brother, who did not understand what was up, made a move, but stopped short at a push from my elbow. The forty went up, but returned the following day. Could there be any doubt any longer what this 'special business' was? Next day the same officer said, 'I want forty men, this time different ones.' We stood still. The officer noticed our apathy and bawled out, 'You blockheads, you ought to be ashamed of your big bodies. Line up quick, else I will break your heads.' We had no choice but to obey. He also said that a signal by whistling would be given at midnight, and we should be ready to start immediately. 'We have,' he said, 'a special business on hand. I want everything to be done neatly and quietly. If any one attempts to plunder the prisoners, I shall blow out his brains,' and he showed us a big Mauser pistol, a foot and a half long.

"Sure enough, at midnight the whistle was heard sharp and clear, and we immediately came forward and lined up. We marched through the streets, guarded by gendarmes, and at last halted at the big building, and as the big gates opened, and the poor unfortunates came out four abreast and tied together with a rope, one of the long line of gendarmes stepped out to escort each four, until all 800 were out, and each of us had his share of prisoners to look out for. We marched them through the dimly-lit streets out into the open air. At sunrise we reached a place where we found six or seven policemen, a few gendarmes, and an officer. After some consultation with our own officer, we saw the ground covered with swarming gendarmes—not less than 100, I should judge. How they came there, and why I did not see them at first, is a mystery to me. Then our officer gave the command, 'About turn.' I was mystified, and could not tell why he had escorted the prisoners up to there, and what was the business of those gendarmes there. We marched back, however, leaving our prisoners there lying on the ground four by four, tied together. After ten minutes' march we came to a knoll, when our officer gave the order, 'About turn, halt.' Then he said, 'Now boys, don't let me see your faces saddened—I had planned otherwise, but never mind. Now, though you will be denied the pleasure of killing infidels, you will enjoy the sight of it nevertheless. Watch now.' The rest is too horrible to describe." When he came to this point in his story, the man broke down, and could not, for a time, go on. Afterwards he continued: "What I saw was about 100 human wolves plunge among about ten times as many defenceless beings, also human, tearing them to pieces with bayonets. The Armenians were unable to run away—they were tied together, four by four, and were utterly exhausted. The assassins simply nailed them to the ground. One strange thing was that we found the road on the way back strewn with money. The prisoners, knowing well what was in store for them, had thrown their money away. There was no shooting. Preference was given to bayoneting as the quietest method."

"We came back to our barracks. Next day about 400 Armenian soldiers from 'labour corps' were brought and delivered to the head-quarters commandant. These, too, were sent on a similar expedition. I was not in the escorting by this time, but I saw by the light of the lamps these unfortunates pass through the street 50 metres from my window in the same manner, and to meet the same fate as the previous ones.

"Two days after this, for a whole day and a half, some twenty carriages were kept busy conveying women and children to the railway station. They were placed like so many cattle in an enclosure, with guards all round. Great crowds gathered about the place. An officer made a speech to the effect that these women and girls were now public property. Half-a-dozen policemen went inside the enclosure, separated the boys, and carried them to the public garden. The younger girls were last brought back to the city, while the marriageable ones were placed for exhibition in the great building before mentioned. Married women were sent to a prison house. What became of them ultimately I cannot tell, as I left the town soon after; but I presume they did not fare any better than their sisters of Zilleh."

That is the story of the Turkish "method" from the inside, by a man who actually took part in it. The last sentence refers to what happened to the women of another town through which the two brothers passed; but as the story was only brought to them in their hiding place, and not actually seen by them with their own eyes, I have not quoted it above. The narrative referred to, however, is as follows:—"While my brother and I were hiding here, a friend brought us news of what was happening in the city. This news was most heartrending. He said most of the men had already been massacred. The remainder were waiting for their turns in the prison. As to the women, these, together with their children, were placed in ox-carts and turned out of their homes, with very few clothes and little bedding, and were carried to a plain two hours distant. Day after day, night after night, they were exposed to hunger and cold, until it was thought they would accept a change of condition on any terms. They were approached and reasoned with by their captors in the following strain:—'Now your husbands have all been killed, if you will accept the true religion, you will be allowed to go home with your children. But if you refuse, you will follow your husbands.' The captives, without an exception, chose the latter fate. Then the chief officer said, 'That a thorough infidel will never become a Moslem seems to be true.' At the same time he gave orders to separate the young, and put them in carts. While these were torn from their mothers, a company of gendarmes, who were in ambuscade, came out of their hiding place and bayonetted their mothers before the eyes of the little ones. The boys were separated from the girls, and taken to mosque schools, to be brought up as Mohammedans. Then a town crier went forth announcing that 'Allah has been so good as to hand over to them these giaours. It is both a virtue and a privilege to go and have a look at these girls and pick for himself.' The Governor himself went and picked up two of them for his sons. Day after day the unhappy girls were there like so many sheep for sale in the market." The friend told them that the men had previously been taken out, tied four abreast, and marched off, ostensibly to court martial, but really to a certain marsh, where they were massacred.

This is the story from the inside. There is no question that these things are going on. The Turks are trying to exterminate one of their subject races. The Germans could stop it, as they could have stopped this war, by raising a little finger.

Gaba Tepe, 20th October.—The place has never been the same since—it can never be quite the same.. How well I remember those old trenches on that particular afternoon. One had known them for the past three months as thoroughly as a Londoner knows the Strand. Every little byway and alley was familiar, the dressing station on the rear slope of the hill, where the communication trench emerged into daylight, the "Deanery" in the side of the communication trench where the Chaplain lived, the little dark dug-outs in the red earth of the support trenches, from which a boot or a bare arm of some sleeper protruded, or the cheery face of the occupant engaged in the universal, unending pursuit of vermin down winding seams of a grey flannel shirt. They were the old original first days' fire trenches, now support trenches, widened and deepened and grown spacious out of all recognition, but still marking an almost forgotten line on the map. Now they were turned into a familiar city, whose streets were always busy. Often had one picked one's way at nightfall, stepping gingerly between the sleeping forms of the supports which crowded them—the whole population over which one was stepping being miles away in dreamland. I'll swear that trench floor at those times was carpeted with a hundred little pictures of front gardens in Sydney suburbs, with splashes of sunny white muslin, big and small, waiting amongst the roses for a man's return from work, of the bush, the creek, the station buildings—anything but the deep red soil trench sides.

That afternoon as I passed along there was more stir than usual. Every one seemed to be helping every one else to harness on his kit. The whole city was alive. The waterproof sheet, which made the flap over the mouth of the earthen shelf or cave in the trenchside where supports mostly live, was hitched back, and if the man was not there sitting like a seaman on the side of his bunk, his kit was there, all ready to be put on—the haversack filled for the occasion with ammunition, and the pack lying by its side on the bunk, under the picture of the racehorse or the actress which adorned the wall. The haversack was to be carried; but the pack, with greatcoat and other kit inside it, would be stacked in a regimental heap behind the trenches until further orders.

A little later, perhaps half-past 3 o'clock, I passed company after company of that battalion filing through the trenches towards the fire trench not far away. At half-past 5 took place the deadly, sudden, terrific assault on the almost impregnable work at Lone Pine.

I watched those cheery, laughing, faithful boys go out over the parapet across the shrivelled, fire-swept slope and into that cauldron which was a hell for the next three days. I watched for two hours, until we knew that the place was held, and then I wound my way towards what was from that moment a more important scene of operations, out in the dark 2 miles further north. Emerging from the fire trench, one's way took one through the byways of that familiar city. It was deserted, and as dead as the grave. Now and then some solitary figure from another brigade, or from one of the businesses behind the lines, wandered down the long empty communication trenches. But there were the dugouts as void of all signs of life as the Egyptian desert. There was the abandoned blanket hung slantwise across the opening. There were the racehorse and the actress. There were the packs of the battalion, an officer's wash basin, the gear of the surgery, all neatly stacked. Not a soul was near them; not a soul thought of touching them.

Then it broke in on me as a shock—that town was ended. These cheery fellows would never occupy most of these dugouts again. The chances were no one would ever come back to claim that blanket. No owner would return to sort out half of that pile of packs. The battalion, what part remained of it, would probably garrison the newly-taken trenches. And as for the rest———

As a matter of fact, the men of the 3rd battalion did come back to those trenches once again. The next time I revisited the place they were there. That is to say, in about every fourth dugout there was some trace of a man. The battalion had been pulled out of the fire trenches for a spell, and it was scattered once again through its old lines. It was like wandering through a worn-out mining camp when all except the old-age pensioners and a billygoat or two have deserted it. Dugout after dugout, whole strings of dugouts, whole areas in that city, lay, to all intents and purposes, uninhabited. In one there would lie a red striped rug, in another a few newspapers—they seemed to be waiting for their owner to come back and pick them up and curl up under the low red earthen roof as he was wont to do. But they had waited eight days, and one knew well that he would never come. Here and there was a dugout with some one in it lying and smoking. He had come back to his old home, and lay there alone. No mates across the way flung their easy chaff up and down the trench. No one was talking to him or puffing the pipe of peace over a weekly paper alongside of him. Just round the bend of the trench, half blocking it, were four great bulging bags of mails. These boys are in luck to have a mail like that, one thought at first. The meaning of those bags afterwards became clear. The mail for that battalion had already that day been distributed. The letters in those bags were the letters that would never be delivered.

Those dugouts are there still; I pass them occasionally. A battalion of the 2nd Australian Division, coming up at full strength, has occupied them. They are great, fine fellows; but somehow I cannot stop there nowadays—I go through that place to-day sick at heart. The city I used to know has gone beyond recall.

Gaba Tepe, 20th October.—He was a youngster of nineteen, and had only just come to Anzac with the latest reinforcements from Australia. It was scarcely more than a few days later that his chance arrived—the chance he was waiting for.

There was to be a scouting party sent out after dark on very dangerous work. Opposite the lines then held by the 1st Australian Battalion was a trench, about 70 yards distant. In one corner of it, as is the Turkish practice, had been built a machine-gun position. Three times we had made raids upon that machine-gun—the last time in some force—but it was doubtful whether any of these raids had succeeded. For the purpose of some business that was then pending, the powers that be exceedingly wanted to know whether that machine-gun had been knocked out in the last night's raid or whether it was still there, and, if it were, then how many men were in that trench also.

There was placed in charge of the business of discovering this a most experienced scout—a man who had learned his business in South Africa, in Mexico, in every corner of the world where may usually be expected to be a tight corner. He decided to limit his party to two besides himself. As he said, "If you have a lot they give you away by their noise when the enemy does not see them, and they immediately bunch together when he does." So he set out to choose two men. A good many had made him offers after previous excursions. "Look, Harry," they said, "the next time you're going out, let me know. I would like to come with you." He went to hunt up some of these, but they were not forthcoming. Then he thought of two youngsters, two New South Wales boys—two of the youngest in the battalion. He knew they were keen, and they jumped at the chance. One was named Morris; the other was named Elart.

Now Elart is a very peculiar name; except in the rolls of the 1st Australian Battalion it probably does not exist—in the English-speaking world, at any rate. The boy who enlisted under it had once borne the name of Hart. The reason why he called himself Elart was, I believe, told by himself in a letter to his General just before this excursion. He had, I am told, enlisted in the Australian Navy some time before, and had been a seaman on H.M.A.S. *Australia*. He had deserted; but when the war broke out there weighed upon his mind the fact that, at a time when he ought to be doing something for his country, he had, in a manner, failed her. He would have gone back to the Naval authorities; but he was afraid of how Naval discipline might look upon his offence. So he went off and enlisted in the 1st Battalion. He changed his name to Elart, I suppose, because it was easy to make that change in the mark upon his linen. From that day on, the object which he lived for was to write and tell his sister that he had done something for his country which would put him at ease with himself. That is what he told his mates, who told it to me. And now the chance had come.

There was a good deal of risk, but the experienced scout knew that the chief risk was not in going out—it was in coming home. If in returning from such an excursion you run unexpectedly upon your own trenches, you stand in much deadlier danger from them than from the enemy—that is one of the risks of the game. With bold men, prepared to act together without hesitation, the journey towards the enemy's lines succeeds surprisingly often.

At half-past 10 at night they crept out of their own trench—not showing anywhere against the skyline. To their left front, within a few yards, was a small sniping trench of the enemy's. The Turkish commander used always to make his men fill this trench at night, though it was in a perilous position. The wretched men could not refuse to go into the trench, but, once they got there, they used to sit in the bottom of it with their heads well below the surface of the ground, quite useless for seeing anything that went on around them, unless some noise caused them to put up their heads and look. Even then the probability is that they didn't spend much time in looking, but sat on the trench floor and fired into the air to give themselves heart, or did as the Turks have often done—held their rifles high over their heads and pulled the trigger blindly. It so happened that this night the Turks in this trench were aware of another patrol of ours which was working out in front of the next trench to the north. The small scouting party of three crawled out of their trench almost in front of the Turkish trench; but the Turks were engrossed in blazing at the sounds of the patrol, and didn't have the least suspicion that any other party had emerged, and was crawling on its elbows within a few yards of the left end of their parapet.

They crept past the outpost trench and straight for the corner of the main trench where the machine-gun had previously been. The scout knew just where it was, for he had spent his time during the previous sortie watching for the flash of it. At a certain point, right behind the outpost trench, he left his two boys lying in the grass, and went on a few yards alone. He crawled right to the loopholes where the machine-gun had been, and threw two bombs into the mouth of them. No machine-gun answered him at all. Only three rifles spoke—two flashed at the corner of the trench, and one in front of it.

That seemed to show that whatever there had been the night before, there was no machine-gun there now. The scout then crawled round to the front of the trench right out in view of the enemy's rifles, and threw two or three more bombs along the face of it. Still there came back only those same three or four rifle flashes from the flank of the trench. That was evidence as conclusive as could be obtained that, for some reason, this night the machine-gun was probably not in the trench, and the trench itself was lightly held. There was nothing more to be found. But they still had five bombs, and so they crawled back towards the outpost trench and threw their bombs into it from the rear. The Turks of the outpost had their eyes firmly fixed on the patrol in front—the moment the bombs fell in, they blazed over the front parapet—the faster the bombs came, the harder they fired in the opposite direction.

The bombs being finished, and the expedition thoroughly successful, the chief scout steered it for home. He sent the youngsters on first—they had done splendidly, and it was a matter of honour with him, if possible, to bring them safely back. When they were part of the way to their own trench, the old hand decided to give the Turks one more chance to show themselves. In order that they might have something to shoot at, he stood straight up in the space in front of their trench, and emptied his revolver in the direction of their loopholes. He knew their aim would be bad in the dark. Again four or five rifles were the only ones that answered him. He emptied a second revolver—the boys carried rifles—and then turned and caught his companions up.

In order to make sure in the dark, he told the boys to crawl ahead of him while he tugged either the right toe or the left of the lad ahead of him, and so steered them quietly through the grass in whatever direction he wanted. "I'm satisfied, Harry," said one of the boys in a whisper, "I'll come again with you any time you want."

They were just getting to the place where they would be near enough to give their private, prearranged sign to their own trenches without being noticed by the Turks. Suddenly one of them caught in something. A piece of loose wire twanged. There was a flash ahead in the night—one flash—before the sign could be given. Both boys rolled over—one shot through the face, the other through the head, by the same bullet. Elart had achieved his honour and Australia's.

Gaba Tepe, 21st October.—It is the Australians I am speaking about, not the New Zealanders, in this article. There are very interesting and quite clearly-marked differences between the two; the New Zealander is more urbane, less of a child of nature, than the Australian. He has carried on too; persisted to the very end. It may be patriotism that sustains him at the last—I do not know. I have not had quite the same opportunity for knowing him. But with our Australians—what is it. You know they started out sick men to that Lone Pine assault. The men who made the attack were actually weak with the prevailing sicknesses and hard work, and over 100 days' continuous existence in the trenches, over the parapet of which they went. It has been publicly stated by the Commander-in-Chief that the health of the troops in Gallipoli was not satisfactory, and so, I suppose, there can be no harm in saying that this battle occurred just at the time when that sickness was at its worst. The surgeons commonly said before the August battle was foreshadowed that if the men were called upon to keep up any long-sustained effort, they thought it would be beyond their physical powers to do it. Those men have been rested now, and so there is less reason for obscuring the prophecy. Besides, they proved it quite untrue.

He loves a fight; but what was it made them go on. I do not mean when they scrambled over the parapet and made for the Turkish trench, and tore their way into it through the head-cover. But at the end of the second or third day, when they had fought without sleep in those same narrow trenches until the whole world seemed a dream, and they scarcely knew whether it was a real world or a delirium—and often, no doubt, it was a bit of both—when two-thirds of each battalion had been wiped out, and there could have seemed no prospect before any man except that of wounds or death, and that in the most appalling surroundings, when the dead lay three deep in the trenches, and the whole place was filled with stench and vermin, so that men were physically sick; what was it, then, that carried each individual on?

It was certainly not love of the fight. The Australian loves a fight, I will swear, as much as any man alive. But, in spite of a great deal of nonsense which is written about it, fighting is a game of which even its best lovers soon tire. I remember one morning, about the beginning of June, when the Turks took a part of a trench at Quinn's Post, and the 15th Battalion went over the top just after daybreak, and charged them across the deadliest area in Anzac. There was no love of fighting in it—not even the wildest romanticist that ever wrote a novel could pretend that. The 15th had endured a month of those deadly trenches at their worst period, when there was no peace there at all, but continuous strain almost every hour of the twenty-four. There was probably not a man in it just then but was heartily sick of fighting, and would have been quite content never to fight again—at any rate, not until next time. Moreover they did not hate the Turk—this was after the big Turkish attack of 19th May, and they rather respected the Turk than otherwise. Yet the men of that battalion were determined that, whatever it cost, that trench should be retaken by them.

If they were fighting on Australian soil, it would be patriotism. It was patriotism that carried along the 2nd Brigade across 1,000 yards of deadly heath at Helles, when there were strangers on either side of them and behind them. Patriotism is a strong motive with Australians, and no doubt the strongest motive with some of them here even to the last. I may be wrong, but I do not think that it is sheer patriotism which makes most of these men go so straight when that stage is reached—which is the last idea that filters through to the distracted, overtired, over-strained mind in that last fierce trial, when all other ideas have vanished. Of course, the weaker men are swept on by the stronger. A good part of the men in any force always go into action with their minds ready to be made up for them by the will of the man next door. They would not realize it even if you told them so; but it is a palpable fact, especially in the case of a proportion of the younger men. Their will is not really in their own bodies, but in the body of the man next to them, or of the nearest strong man, whoever he happens to be, and they will do as he does. If he goes on, they will go on; if he turns, they turn; if he drops, they are apt to become confused. The valuable man is that strong, independent-willed man, who, in the case of these troops, fortunately, constitutes a big proportion, and who will go on till his job is finished, whatever the man beside him may do.

And why does he do it? He is the man who goes into battle fully accepting the probability of death. "The 11th has done splendidly," I said to one of the men of that battalion on the morning after a brilliant night attack. "Yes, and the 28th will get the hurrahs for it," he answered immediately. The 28th was a battalion which at that moment was just about leaving his native town, and in a month or two would arrive at the front. It is not the expectation of winning the applause of his own people which is the spirit from within that nourishes these strong men in their extremity.

I have again and again thought it out, and I fancy it is the truth within the men themselves. A man suddenly wakes up in the grey of the morning to find that he is faced by the prospect of instant death, as his regiment has to charge out of Quinn's. He does not in the least want to die. He does not want to charge. I do not know that even the reputation of the regiment, dear as it is, would make him actually want to confront that prospect. But to belong to a battalion which had to call in another battalion to do its work for it—to be the sort of man who, having set his hand to a job has not the grit to carry it out—to live through all the years afterwards, and think that he had started on this handiwork as a soldier and had not had the courage to complete it—that is the prospect he cannot face. Life is very dear; but life is not worth living on those terms—it is not worth living unless you can live it as what an Australian considers to be a man. That is to say, a man who, having set his hand to a task, carries that task through until it is finished. He is great, true, loyal man—loyal, I mean, to his Australian manhood. I may be deceived, but I think that that is why, when all hope and help is vanishing. when the end confronts him, and the world seems to be toppling, and the heavens falling in, the ruins will strike him undismayed.

Gaba Tepe, 18th November.—Yesterday, for the first time since landing, a south-westerly storm descended on the beaches at Anzac. About 9 o'clock small craft began to clear for a safer anchorage under the lee of one of the islands. The sky was blue, but the weather was too much for the smaller boats. A tug carrying a large part of the Christmas mail for Australia foundered. The crew, happily, was saved; but 168 bags of soldiers' Christmas letters went to the bottom. By the afternoon seas were bursting over the steamer which had been sunk as a permanent breakwater, flinging spray as high as the mast tops. With sunset the wind reached the force of more than half a gale. The beach was one dishevelled litter—great beams from some of the more exposed piers intermingled with half-stranded lighters, and the whole moved and dodged backwards and forwards as if in some elephantine dance. At this moment the storm burst in a downpour of rain lasting twenty minutes. Streams poured down the gullies; many dugouts were drenched; the beach was knee-deep in slime, and the waves were actually washing into the beach dressing station. The weather afterwards moderated. This afternoon a German aeroplane came over, flying low down. Turkish guns started desultory fire on the beach, and have been keeping up the fire all night, evidently under the impression that we must be busy replacing the damage. The weather is chilly, but the days are still gloriously fine. The storm merely gives a foretaste of what we have to expect continuously from Christmas onwards. The troops are exceedingly confident, and cheerfully endure all hardships. That statement is not made in any conventional way, but represents the actual truth. At the same time, it is necessary to face the fact that the winter here will be one of severe hardship. One can no more compare the facilities of France with those of Gallipoli than London with Timbuctoo. For example, the 3rd Australian Brigade, the first troops to land in Gallipoli, who made the first famous rush up the hills at Anzac in April, is still in the trenches, which it has occupied continuously since the first week, without any relief. Only at the present moment is it being found possible to give part of this brigade some relief.

Gaba Tepe, 30th November.—Lord Kitchener visited Anzac to-day. Very few of even the senior officers had any previous knowledge of the visit, but the moment he stepped ashore men tumbled to it, and a remarkable scene occurred. How the knowledge could have spread so fast I do not know; but by the time Kitchener had reached the end of the pier, men were tumbling like rabbits out of every dugout on the hill-side, and jumping over all obstacles straight for the beach. Australians do not cheer readily, but as Kitchener, accompanied by Lieut.-General Birdwood Lieut.-General Maxwell, and others, passed by the crowd along the beach, the men spontaneously called for cheers, and gave them again and again. It was purely a soldiers' welcome. Kitchener many times turned to the men. "The King has asked me to tell you how splendidly he thinks you have done," he said. "You have done excellently well," he added, "better even than I thought you would." Without any pause, Kitchener walked straight up the steepest road in Anzac area, direct from the beach to the highest point in old Anzac area. You can follow its windings from the beach, and in less than ten minutes could see a tall figure stalking by the side of a little figure which all Anzac knows so well, right at the top of the steep ascent. Most persons arrive at that summit breathless, and most certainly expected respite on the way. But Kitchener went straight up without a halt, and, arriving at the top, immediately spoke to the brigadiers assembled there without pausing for breath. He went through the front firing trench on the neck where the Light Horse charged. The troops could scarcely be restrained from cheering him, although the Turks were in places within 20 yards. The Anzac staff had some moments of considerable anxiety as his tall form, with the staff officers, went stalking down certain awkward corners, where all were now too visible to Turkish snipers. He constantly spoke to the men. The Australian soldier, fortunately, generally manages to keep his head on these occasions. Passing a small canteen, which was carried on under the greatest difficulties by the splendid efforts of the Sydney Young Men's Christian Association, and which has been a great help to the British as well as to the Australian troops, he asked one private standing near, "Hulloa, Y.M.C.A. here, is there? What can you get there?" "Nuts," answered the man laconically. "Yes, but I mean what can you get there generally?" repeated Kitchener. "Nothing," said the man. Kitchener laughed and passed on. He surveyed the whole of the old Anzac position from a good look-out point. Those with him noticed his quick grasp of country. He left Anzac two hours after arriving, having seen almost every important officer, and taken a thorough look at the position. As he was leaving, he called up one of thirty or forty officers to whom he had been speaking during his visit. "Well, So-and-so," he said, addressing this officer, a medical authority, by name, "I think I can promise you your first and your second request, and we will see about the third."

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