

Angus&Robertson
An imprint of HarperCollinsPublishers Australia

First published in Australia in 2014
by HarperCollinsPublishers Australia Pty Limited
ISBN 978 0 7322 913 7
harpercollins.com.au

Text copyright © Jackie French 2014
Illustrations copyright © Introspective Bear 2014

The right of Jackie French to be identified as the author and Bruce Whatley as the illustrator of this work
has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright Amendment (Moral Rights) Act 2000.

This work is copyright. Apart from any use as permitted under the Copyright Act 1968,
no part may be reproduced, copied, scanned, stored in a retrieval system, recorded, or transmitted,
in any form or by any means, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

HarperCollinsPublishers
Level 13, 201 Elizabeth Street, Sydney NSW 2000, Australia
Unit D1, 43 Apollo Drive, Rosedale, Auckland 0632, New Zealand
A 53, Sector 57, Noida, UP, India
77-85 Fulham Palace Road, London W6 8JB, United Kingdom
2 Bloor Street East, 20th Floor, Toronto, Ontario M4W 1A8, Canada
195 Broadway, New York NY 10007, USA

National Library of Australia Cataloguing-in-Publication entry:

Author: French, Jackie. author.
Title: The beach they called Gallipoli / Jackie French ; illustrated by Bruce Whatley.
ISBN: 978 0 7322 9136 3 (hardback)
Target audience: For children.
Subjects: World War, 1914-1918 — Campaigns — Turkey — Gallipoli Peninsula — Juvenile literature.
World War, 1914-1918 — Campaigns — Turkey — Gallipoli Peninsula — Pictorial works.
Other authors / contributors: Whatley, Bruce, illustrator.
Dewey number: 940.126

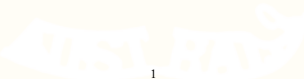
Cover and internal design by Matt Stanton, HarperCollins Design Studio

A variety of mediums were used to create the illustrations in this book. Most are digitally manipulated and textured photos enhanced to illustrate this extraordinary narrative. There are also pen and ink drawings, watercolours and acrylics. Some of these have also been digitally enhanced so they can more readily sit alongside the photo-based images.

Front cover image of Alec William Campbell (26 February 1899 – 16 May 2002).
Photographs referenced in this book are courtesy of the Australian War Memorial. p3 REL/01622.004; p4-5 G01747 George Habert Wilkins, A02181, J00207, J05589, p6-7 A02465 Albert Photograph Service, G00447 Ernest Brooks, H10888, A03224, RELAWM4244, REL35099, p8-9 A05292, G00907 Charles Edwin Woodrow (CEW) Bean, A05323, G00905 Charles Edwin Woodrow (CEW) Bean, RELAWM00366, J05589 Harold Arthur Barker, ARTV05167 HM Burton (Artist), p10-11 C02755A Albert Photograph Service, A05614 Charles Snodgrass Ryan, C0943, P08190.002.001, p12-13 C01631, A02781, C02422, C01098, G00302 Ernest Brooks, P09000.001, H16667 Daily Mirror, RELAWM06037.002, p14-15 RELAWM00328, A05319, H10369, P05227.010 Robert Bruce, G00918 Charles Edwin Woodrow (C. E. W.) Bean, p16-17 A04004, P02649.029 Charles Snodgrass Ryan, RELAWM00324, P02282.040 Walter Ormond Stevenson, RELAWM00426.002, p18-19 P04621.002, G00599 Ernest Brooks, A03501, A01005, REL15317, RELAWM16499.001, RELAWM09796, p20-21 P00323.031.001, REL25528, H02310, REL29694, p22-23 P00035.001, J03022 A. R. H. Joyner, A04064, REL407579, RELAWM00405, p24-25 P02226.022, P10767.006, A05297, RELAWM07839.001, P04263.001, G01291 Charles Edwin Woodrow (CEW) Bean, DA15102, DACS0632, DAOP077 Dargie Photographic Company, P08083.001, P07213.001, W11 Wain, P07079.001, P07092.001, REL01622.002, p26-27 P06064.048, C01783, P00741.002, p28-29 ARTV00039 Norman Lindsay (Artist), p30-31 REL15317, G00773, REL46059, RELAWM00361, OL00271.004, Back cover REL35089, ARTV05167 HM Burton (Artist). It is noted that manipulations of National Collection images are not endorsed by the Memorial and are solely the expression of the artist Bruce Whatley.
All reasonable attempts have been made to contact the rights holders of photographs. In the event of any omission or if you have not been correctly attributed, please contact the publisher so that appropriate changes can be made.
Teachers' notes and further information for curious readers can be found at www.teacherslib.com.au

Colour reproduction by Graphic Print Group, Adelaide
Printed and bound in China by RR Donnelley on 140gsm Gold Sun woodfree

5 4 3 2 1 14 15 16 17



To 'Pa Jack', who was there:
at last we have remembered.

– JF

We dare not forget.

– BW

Note on illustrations

Bruce Whatley created the artwork for this book in a variety of mediums including digital manipulated and enhanced works. Many of the illustrations were based on reference from images from the Australian War Memorial.

As such, the AWM photo references are included but it should be noted that these are not the exact images held by the Memorial. Any manipulations here are not endorsed by the Memorial and are solely the artistic expression of Bruce Whatley.

1 This 'Australia' shoulder title, found near Pope's Hill, came from the uniform of a man from one of the Australian battalions that took part in fighting from The Nek to Quinn's Post on 2/3 May 1915.
AWM REL/01622.004

23 April 1915

The seagulls swooped, the fish flapped silver in the nets ...

This is a book about devastation and renewal, both of the land – the Anzac Cove beach and the hills above it – and people, families and the way we look at our history and at war.

The Gallipoli campaign has been mostly seen from a strategic point of view, or from the actions and effects on people, but those months of war devastated a place, too, and an extraordinarily beautiful one.

How do we know what Anzac Cove looked like, before ‘the big ships’ came? Allied intelligence operatives surveyed the area in the weeks before the invasion, and their descriptions are recorded. I have also walked parts of the Mediterranean coast, although not the Gallipoli cliffs, at that time of year. I chose not to visit Gallipoli because what is there now bears no relation to what was there a hundred years ago. Today’s Anzac Cove has been shaped by the shattering of mortars, fertilised by the bodies of men; its bare earth invaded by brambles and brush and, finally, reshaped as a destination for tourists or pilgrims. The parts of the coast I walked were probably more like the relatively untouched beach of March 1915.

It is, and was, a coast shaped by wild and domestic goats grazing steep slopes, more small tough ground covers than grass and, in the spring, the scent of oregano leaves and the reds and blues of anemones. Although poppies have been referred to as being at Gallipoli, they may have been confused with anemones, or added for sentimental purposes, as they became so closely associated with World War One. There would have been other flowers, too, tiny yellow ones, small pink ones and white starred ones.

We know from the intelligence reports that there was no water, even in springs, so the only animals would have been ones who could roam far enough to find water, or live on the moisture from the leaves. A fisherman’s hut stood at one end of the beach, with his boat up-turned and his nets drying in the sun. The fisherman may have collected water from the roof in a barrel or a small cistern, or possibly only used the hut overnight occasionally when his fishing took him near the cove.

The sand was white. The brush-lined gullies were fissured from running water after storms.

It was lovely.

The work of artists during the campaign shows the horrors the men endured. But they also recorded the beauty; the sea, the hills, a leaf or flowers.

The shape of those hills would be changed by the campaign; that place of beauty was destroyed. But not forever.



2. Anzac Cove before the battle, was the home of fisherman.
3. A typical postcard from the period highlighting the tranquil nature of the area.
4. A flag flies from the mast of this small Turkish fishing boat photographed on the coastline of the Dardanelles in 1915. AWM 02181
5. Turkish fishermen, c. 1912.
6. A Turkish fisherman unloading his catch.
7. This map, drawn by 2649 Private John Bertram Sutcliffe, marks Australian positions near Anzac Cove on the Gallipoli peninsula. AWM J00207

24 April 1915

And then the big ships came.

On 4 August, 1914, Britain declared war on its long-term rival Germany after Germany had invaded Belgium. As part of the British Empire, Australia became at war too, joining Britain's other allies, France and the Russian Empire, against the Central Powers (Germany and the Austro-Hungarian Empire) and the Ottoman Empire when they too declared war on 29 October, 1914. Italy and Japan would soon enter on the English side.

Young men called it The Great Adventure, as thousands of them ran cheering through the streets. Brass bands played and flags waved as rallies were held in town after town. Sports clubs held recruiting drives. Women stopped strangers in the street to urge them to enlist. Prime Minister Joseph Cook declared, 'Our duty is quite clear – to gird up our loins and remember that we are Britons.' The leader of the Labor opposition, Andrew Fisher, announced that Australia would defend Britain '... to the last man and the last shilling.'

It wouldn't quite come to that.

The ships were a motley collection of warships, merchant navy vessels, even ferries, all pressed into service for this campaign. They had sailed in small groups or sometimes singly to Mudros Harbour, on the Greek island of Lemnos, and carried troops from Australia, New Zealand, Britain and France. They then left in a convoy for the Gallipoli peninsula which is part of Turkey.

Why Turkey? Although Germany had been the initial aggressor, invading Belgium on its way to attack France, and with plans to proceed from there to England, most of the Australian men accepted into the Army in the months after August, 1914, were sent first to Egypt, not Europe, to fight the Turks.

Turkey was now an ally of Germany and the Turkish Ottoman Empire was threatening British interests in the Middle East and the Suez Canal, which connected the Mediterranean and the Red Seas by slicing through north-east Egypt. It was open to shipping of all nations (except in wartime) but was controlled by Britain.

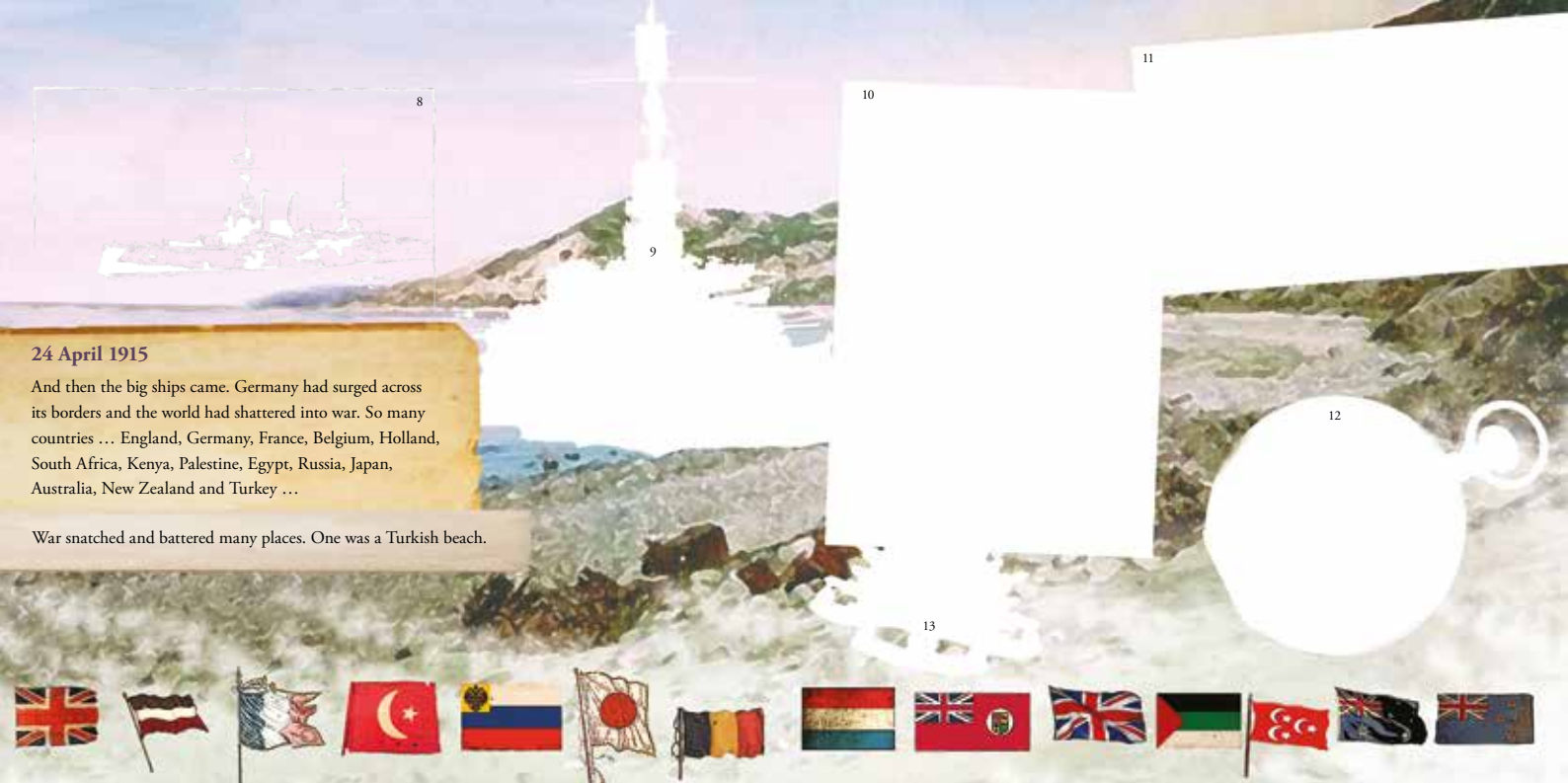
There has been, and probably always will be, much argument about whether the Gallipoli campaign had always been doomed. Was it a stupid idea in the first place? Could it have succeeded? Did it succeed in any way?

There is no doubt that much of the Gallipoli campaign was badly planned and badly executed – the lack of water and ways to get it to the men is just one example. Commanders on the ground, after that first day, called for a complete withdrawal but were overruled by authorities in Britain. Those on the ground were right.

Some historians believe that the very landing was in the wrong place. The troops should have landed at what became known as Brighton Beach, south of Anzac Cove which would have been a much easier landing place not backed by high cliffs. There are lots of theories (tides, currents, poor map-reading etc) as to why they were off target, but there is still no real consensus about why they were landed in the wrong area, or even if they were.

All wars are fought more efficiently with hindsight. The aim of capturing Constantinople, the Turkish capital, was not far-fetched, and if the Allies had held the Gallipoli Peninsula they could have controlled the Dardenelles, a narrow strait through which much of the shipping in the area passed. If the Gallipoli campaign had been won, and even if they had not surged from there to Constantinople, it would still have been an important strategic victory.

Like most Australians, I was taught and believed that Gallipoli was a foolish and immensely wasteful campaign. I now believe that the reasons for it and the way it was conducted, is enormously complex. If I had to put down in one sentence whether I believe the campaign had any chance of success it would be, 'I do not know.'



24 April 1915

And then the big ships came. Germany had surged across its borders and the world had shattered into war. So many countries ... England, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, South Africa, Kenya, Palestine, Egypt, Russia, Japan, Australia, New Zealand and Turkey ...

War snatched and battered many places. One was a Turkish beach.

8. The battleship HMS Queen Elizabeth in Mudros harbour off the Gallipoli peninsula, in 1915. AWM G00447

9. The British Royal Navy battleship HMS Cornwallis firing at Turkish soldiers in the mountains near Suvla Bay, Turkey, in 1915. HMS Cornwallis was the last ship to leave Suvla Bay during the evacuation. AWM H10388

10. On board the battleship HMS London, soldiers of A and C companies of 11th Battalion from Western Australia are transported from Lemnos towards the Gallipoli peninsula. HMS Queen, HMS Triumph, HMS Prince of Wales and HMS Bacchante follow behind. AWM A02465

11. The troops had practice landings at Lemnos before they landed on the beach at Anzac Cove. AWM A03224

12. This watch was carried by 385 Private Robert William Hartley, of 9th Battalion, AIF, during the landing at Anzac Beach Gallipoli, on 25 April 1915. His battalion was the first to land shortly before dawn. As his boat came into the shore Hartley jumped out and his watch was soaked in seawater. As a result it stopped permanently, the hands marking the time of his landing at 4.43 a.m. AWM RELAWM14245

13. Rising Sun brooch worn by Lieutenant A J Shout, 1st Battalion, AIF. Shout was awarded a Victoria Cross for bravery and leadership at Lone Pine. He was severely injured by a jam-tin bomb he was preparing to attack the enemy there. He died a few days later and was buried at sea. AWM REL35089

Pre-dawn, 25 April 1915

Grey sky. Grey sea. Grey waves lapped bloodstained foam.

I have read every primary source I can find about that first day, including unpublished ones, and no two agree on details, or even major events. But the pre-dawn light lasts for well over an hour in April at Gallipoli. The air is grey, the sea is grey, with the sun still below the horizon, but there is enough light to see.

The moon set at about 3a.m. – confirmed by both Allied and Turkish accounts. On one of the three battleships were the men of the first wave of 4,000 Anzacs (the 3rd Brigade 1st Australian Division) crammed together. They came from what Charles Bean, Australia's first official military historian, called the 'outer states' – Western Australia, South Australia, Tasmania and Queensland. (The 11th Battalion, from Western Australia, came ashore not at Anzac Cove, but on the beach beneath the slopes leading down from Ari Burnu Point and Plugge's Plateau.) They would be joined on the Turkish shore that morning by men from Victoria in the 2nd Brigade's 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th Battalions and men from NSW in the 1st Brigade.

Every second man had a pick or a shovel, to dig trenches to shelter them from enemy fire – if the enemy left them alive for long enough to dig.

Each also prepared to carry the massive bulk of their equipment on their backs: overcoats, 250 rounds of ammunition, two to three days' food – mostly army biscuits, and as much water as they could carry, as well as a rifle and bayonet. They had spent the day at the grindstones, sharpening them. Now the tips gleamed in the starlight. From the three battleships they were organised into groups to be towed ashore by barges.

The enemy waited on the shore. The Turks were not just defending their land from this invading force. They had been told that if they lost their country they would be under the rule of Russia. They would become serfs, Russian slaves, a gift from Britain, Russia's ally.

Each A.I.F. man had volunteered, unlike their allies and their enemies. Many had been given two gold sovereigns to spend when they reached Constantinople, the Turkish capital. With Turkey an ally of Germany, they were determined to fight for 'the Motherland' – England, the place where perhaps a third of the Australian forces had been born, and most called home.

The men had already been told it would be bad. They would be faced with enemy fire on landing – the Turks were in the trenches behind the beach, half way up the hill and on top of the cliffs. The Australian troops had been told that an estimated one in five of them would die.

Twenty kilometres south, the main British force was to land at Cape Helles. The untried and, in the British eyes, only semi-trained soldiers from the Dominions had been given the subordinate, but still critical, role of heading inland to capture high ground, the promontory of Gaba Tepe and what would be known as Hill Number 971. Reinforcements would then push even further inland.

Originally the campaign was supposed to be primarily a naval operation, or at least be supported by fire from the big ships. But the fear of mines meant that the men had only darkness, not naval guns, to protect them. They needed to take the enemy by surprise – or as much of a surprise as three battleships and seven destroyers could be. The Turks knew they were there. But, at least, in the darkness, any shots fired into the night would not have a visible target.

The rope ladders swayed as one by one the men clambered down. The boats were so crowded that they sat low in the water. The barges began to tow the boats towards the darker line that was the shore. The only light was the red flashes of Turkish gunfire.

Or was there? Some men who were there described the gunfire as they rowed ashore, and even of bodies dragged off from the deck before they disembarked. But the official accounts say that there was no answering fire from the shore till 4 a.m., when the first boats were about 30 metres from the shore.

Once they reached the shallows all the boats had to be rowed, as the barges headed back for reinforcements. With the boats being so crowded it was impossible to pull the oars far back. The boats went slowly through the waves.

More shots, or possibly the first shots, and possibly at least one machine gun were fired (although, like many points, that is debated).. Blood and brains splattered uniforms and bodies tumbled into the water.

The rowers kept on going. As a rower was shot and slumped to the bottom of the boat he was replaced by another man at the oars. The stars on the eastern horizon were just beginning to dim into pre-dawn grey. Bursts of red and green and yellow slashed across the black. Shells screamed above them. More bullets slashed across the sea. Young officers stood to give the orders – and died in that instant, with a bullet to the head. The snipers targeted the officers, thinking that would cause chaos and panic.

The first of the boats hit the beach. It was narrow, cut by a shallow trench with about seventy Turkish soldiers, waiting. Further down, the more open beach was lined with barbed wire fences.

The Anzacs staggered out, each man wading through the water, trying to keep his footing on the slippery and uneven pebbles and rocks. Some were lucky enough to be only knee deep. Others found themselves up to their necks in water. Many drowned, unbalanced by the weight of their packs.

Even before the first Anzac boot hit the beach the sea was red with blood. Above the men were steep cliffs, cut with narrow fissured gullies, dappled with thorn bush. On the cliff more Turkish soldiers waited, firing down. Orders were yelled into the darkness: to drop the packs, to take only rifle, ammunition, bayonet and haversack.

The first to land at least had the cover of darkness. They overran the first Turkish trench. They started upwards, digging those sharpened bayonet points into the cliff to haul themselves up, or bushwhacking up the gullies. The sheer strength of numbers overwhelmed the men in the trench halfway up the cliff, too. But still above them the larger Turkish force fired down.

The dawn light shone around them. Each man was a target now. But still they kept on climbing. About a kilometre from shore the French ship *Baccante* accidentally fired a volley of shots, bursting in front of one of the boats. The boat splintered. Most of the men drowned. Some survived, to be taken back to the ship, and then placed once more into a rowing boat for shore.

The second wave followed.

By 9 a.m. on that first day about 8,000 Anzacs made it up the cliffs, thrusting their bayonets into the dirt to haul themselves upwards. The sun danced across a thin line of cloud, well above the horizon. The beach seemed to melt in a great hot wave of light. But there were harsh shadows now as well, cast from boxes of stores and ammunition brought ashore, though at times it was hard to tell which were shadows and which were pools of blood.

With many of the officers having been picked off by snipers, the units had been mixed up – there was no time to look for the identification patches on your comrade's sleeve to see what unit they belonged to. Captains Lalor and Tullock led two parties of Australian troops that fought their way inland. Some of the men there believed the loss of junior officers helped the troops survive – most of the officers had little training or knowledge of strategy. Others felt that the loss of officers meant that what should have been an orderly invasion became chaos.

Anzacs would often be praised in the coming months for their extraordinary bravery and tenacity, even being repeatedly called the bravest in the Empire. But despite the acclaim across Britain, the USA, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, I have not been able to find any reference to their being 'the best soldiers' of the Empire. That first heroic landing was mostly chaotic.

Many men – alone, in twos or threes – fought what was almost their own war, shooting, stabbing, fighting hand to hand, crossing rocky ravines and hillocks that hadn't appeared on their maps. (Although the area had been well surveyed by army intelligence in the weeks before, the maps had not been passed to the troops who would be landing there.) At last they reached the high ground they had been told to take.

Then they lost it. Turkish reinforcements arrived. Enough Allied reinforcements did not. Possibly with better leadership and discipline the Anzacs would have been able to hold the high ground they had reached. If they had, the campaign might have been won.

But this is very much perhaps, a possibility only. I simply do not know.

By the next morning, the surviving Anzacs were huddled under the cliffs at what was to be known as Anzac Cove, waiting to retreat back to the ships.

They couldn't. New orders came from England. Even though the high ground was occupied by the enemy, they were to try again, again and again. In four days, 70 per cent of the men from the 25 April landing would be dead.

But the rest kept fighting, and the reinforcements when they arrived did too, for seven months, until – again – the orders came to retreat.

By then legends had been born: of courage, mateship, men who died with a last joke on their lips, who refused to salute officers but who would give their lives for a friend. The legends were simplified, often inaccurate. When I began to research what happened at Gallipoli, decades ago, I expected them to be false. Instead, reading diary after diary, letter after letter from the men there, I found the heart of them was true.

The men who fought at Gallipoli were among the first to enlist from Australia and New Zealand. Although some of them had seen some action in Egypt, this was their first campaign, before the fatigue and bitterness that would become so much part of frontline experience later in the war set in. They fought – at least at first – with passion, not just endurance.

So many men volunteered in Australia at the beginning of the war that the army authorities couldn't even process them all. That also meant they could be picky. Only about one in three volunteers were taken. We can assume that few who were fit and eager didn't volunteer. Later, as the need for more cannon fodder grew desperate, the requirements were dramatically lowered, and then lowered again.

But in August 1914, when the first men destined for Gallipoli enlisted, the requirements were that they be between 18 and 35 years old, a minimum height of 5 feet 6 inches (168 centimetres) and chest measurement of 34 inches (86 centimetres), although a skilled driver could have chest that was only 32 (81 centimetres) inches.

The men had to pass a medical examination. It is probable that, as in the Boer War, preference was given to those who could shoot. Preference was also given to single men, or married men who agreed to sign over two-thirds of their wages of six shillings a day (far higher than the English soldiers' one shilling a day) to their families, with a shilling a day kept as deferred pay to be given as a lump sum at the end of the war.

When each man enlisted little information was taken – only their age, which they didn't have to prove with a birth certificate; their height and chest measurements; medical fitness; name of mother and father; place of enlistment and trade.

Part of the Anzac legends speaks of the men who served there as having a bush background: blokes with bush skills, able to pot a running rabbit in the dusk at 200 yards, spend three days and nights with no sleep while fighting a bushfire or rescuing stock or their neighbours from floods, men used to hauling bales of hay, sacks of wheat or bales of sugar cane.

But the records only tell us where the men enlisted, and most enlistment centres were in towns or cities. We do know that a high proportion of their next-of-kin came from rural areas, with the men travelling from farming country to country towns or Melbourne to enlist, especially in the first wild enthusiasm. Tradesmen, i.e. those who had done a three or four year apprenticeship, were the largest proportion of those who enlisted – about 112,000, followed by labourers – 99,000, 'country callings' – 57,000, clerical – 24,000, professional – 15,000 and seafaring – 6,000 men.

Possibly a high proportion of those 'labourers' had come from country areas. In 1914 most of Australia was in the grip of a severe drought. Farm labourers – and younger sons – could easily have been spared when stock numbers were reduced and there was less need to shepherd stock in areas which were still unlikely to be fenced. In droughts stock gather by waterholes at least twice a day and usually camp there at night. Much bush labour in 1914 was redundant – and many people were also short of cash.

But to some extent where the men actually lived and worked at the time of enlistment was irrelevant. It was the kind of experiences most men had in their everyday life at home that prepared them well for life at the front.

Many urban Australians had grown up on farms. Even those who lived in cities fought bushfires, and had already experienced the teamwork, the mateship, the courage in the face of an implacable enemy like fire. Their parents were farmers, or their grandparents, their aunts, their uncles. Their days off would be spent facing a wild surf or catching the train out into the countryside to spend the day shooting rabbits. The bush was not 'out there' in 1914 and 1915. It was still very much part of our cities and the lives of all but inner city slum dwellers who, due to poverty, disease (especially TB, the cough endemic in city slums), alcohol and deprivation, were unlikely to reach that minimum five feet six inches in height or have a thirty-four inch chest.

Mateship forged by sport was a major factor in how our troops reacted when their officers were picked off by enemy snipers at the first Gallipoli landing. Many of the battalions at Gallipoli were from suburban Melbourne and the tribalism of Australian Rules football helped shape their allegiances to each other – the men came from the same suburbs and played for and supported the same footie and cricket teams – and therefore helped them band together at Gallipoli. Even into the 1960s every suburb and country town had its own cricket team.

If the men had replied honestly when asked what their hobbies were, they might also have added 'having a stoush Friday and Saturday nights'. Boys fought, in school-yards, with lookouts to yell if a teacher approached; 'pushes', or gangs, fought on the street. At the annual local agricultural shows young lads would be called up to the boxing tent to see if they could beat the champion and win a purse. There was no shortage of volunteers.

But it was more than just experience in fisticuffs and shooting, especially at moving live targets like rabbits. Australian men were used to rough terrain. This meant little in the mud and slog of the Somme, but it did in the gullies and crags of Gallipoli.

The main route up to the Anzac frontlines, both for fighting men and water carriers, was up what was named Shrapnel Gully or Valley.. When the men first clambered up from the shore it was filled with various thorny bushes. But within three days they had all been cut down for brushwood fences to act as cover for the men who had to walk or run the Gully, darting from brushwood fence to dug out to avoid the Turkish snipers above..



Pre-dawn, 25 April 1915

Grey sky. Grey sea. Grey waves lapped bloodstained foam.
The first feet touched the shore. Red flowers bloomed on the
white sand, like spring blossoms on the hills above.
One by one men scaled the heights, up thorny gullies, stabbing
cliffs with bayonets. They fought, too scattered to be an army now.

'ADVANCE!'

Defenders stood on their home soil. Bullets whizzed like wasps.

'FALL BACK!'

14. Leaving their ship for the landing at Anzac Cove, troops climbed down rope ladders to smaller boats and barges that would take them to shore. AWM J05589

15. Troops landing at Anzac Cove around 10 a.m. The boats, referred to as horse boats, opened down at the ends and had landed mules of Jacob's 26th Indian Mountain Battery. AWM G00905

16. After landing at Anzac Cove on 25 April, Australian troops moved up across Plugge's Plateau into action and were under fire from the other side of Shrapnel Valley. This perspective is from a captured Turkish trench overlooking the beach. AWM G00907

17. Turkish soldiers firing from their trenches.

18. Triangular flag collected by Lieutenant George Box Carter MC, 4th Pioneer Battalion. He was one of the first ashore with Major C H Brand (Brigade Major) when 3rd Brigade landed at Gallipoli on 25 April 1915. Brand advanced with the men and soon found himself at the far point of the brigade's front line. As the major's signaller, Carter used the flag to send the first report of the successful landing back to the Brigadier, Major-General Ewen George Sinclair-MacLagan. Carter continued to use the flag during the first couple of days to indicate the establishment and progress of the initial firing line. The Brigadier made decisions on the disposition of troops that landed later, on the basis of signals received from this flag. AWM RELAWM00366

19. Sailors from a destroyer helped secure tie-lines to boats to allow a steady stream of troops to disembark on the beach. AWM05292

20. Men of 3rd Battalion landed at the beach at about 6 a.m. Lighters were along the shoreline. AWM A03223

21. An Australian recruitment poster to encourage men to enlist and join the fighting at Gallipoli. It pictures a tall strong digger wearing a slouch hat as he stands astride the Narrows, one foot on the Gallipoli peninsula and the other on Asia Minor. The soldier has raised his hands to his mouth and calls 'coo-ee'. This iconic Australian poster does not reference Britain or the British Empire. AWM ARTV05167

May 1915

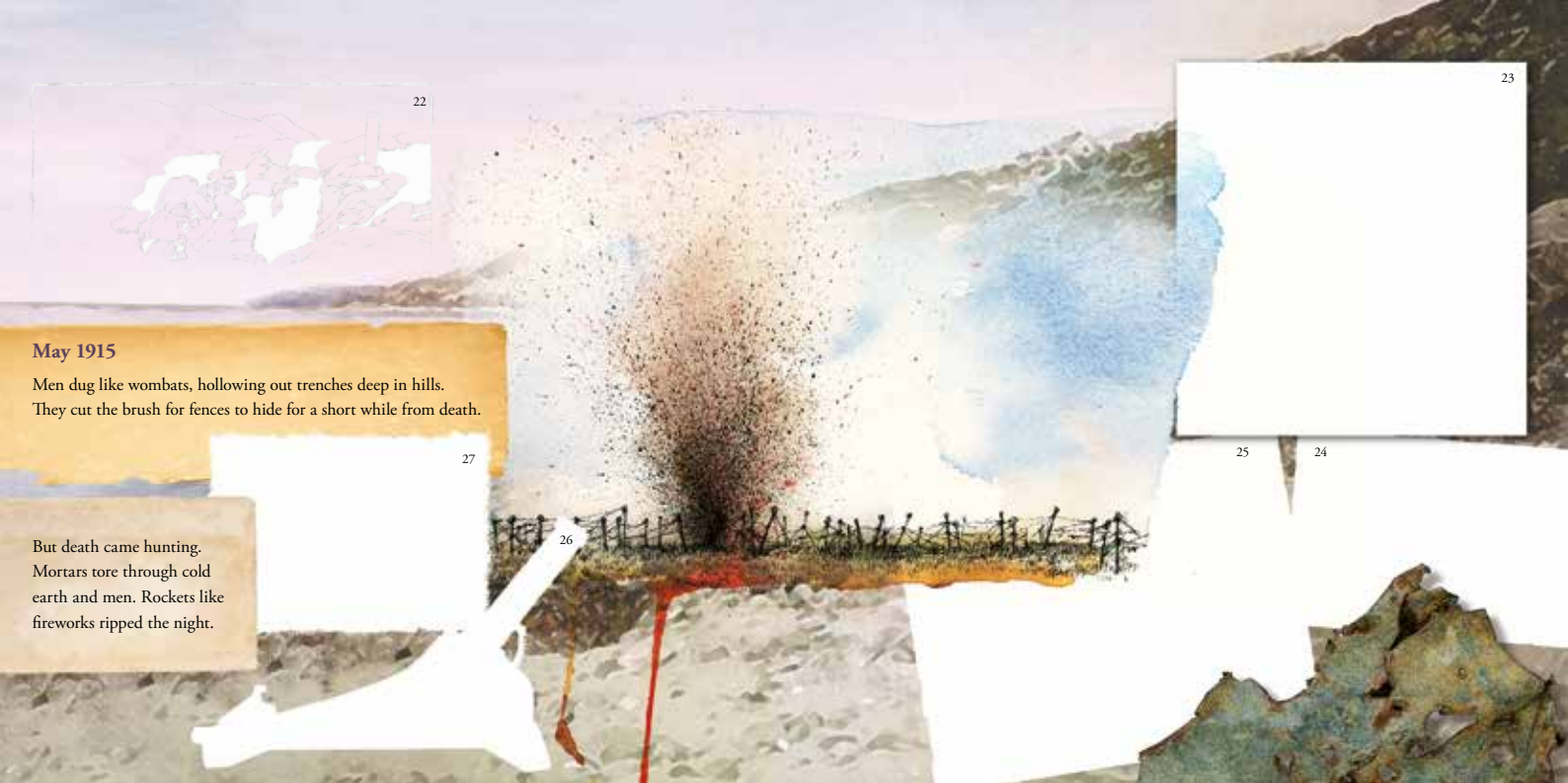
Men dug like wombats ..

The Allies tried to break through the Turkish lines – and the Turks tried to drive them off the Peninsula. Both sides failed. Each side dug deep trenches to shelter in while they shot at each other. The Gallipoli trenches were hell on earth. They were hot, airless, sometimes with blackened, rotting bodies piled three deep, guts spilling out of wounds, flies and maggots crawling everywhere. Then there was the smell of death, the smoke from explosions, the roar of mortar fire and the screams of the dying.

No one survived those days untouched.

The hills were gradually carved into trenches, paths, steps or cleared space to allow men to see the enemy.

By May the pristine beach was a mass of men, including the wounded, boxes, crates and other rubbish. The hills were almost bare of trees, cut for trench or tunnel supports, and of brush, cut to make brush fences to hide behind. The earth was shattered by mortar fire. Smaller plants suffocated or were ripped by men's feet and bodies. The land was wounded too, at Gallipoli.



May 1915

Men dug like wombats, hollowing out trenches deep in hills.
They cut the brush for fences to hide for a short while from death.

But death came hunting,
Mortars tore through cold
earth and men. Rockets like
fireworks ripped the night.

22. A Soldier uses a periscope in the trench.

23. Following a Turkish attack on Anzac positions on 19 May, 1919, the stench from the dead and wounded became so unbearable that a nine hour truce was arranged so that both sides could bury the bodies of their comrades. Deaths from the Turkish forces alone killed more than 3000 during the attack. AWM A05614

24 Soldiers missing their families wrote to them on Gallipoli Letter Cards.

25. A souvenir portrait of 2nd Lieutenant (2nd Lt) Roy Cecil Phillipps, 28 Battalion of Perth, WA, who embarked for Egypt on board HMAT *Ascanius* on 9 June 1915, and served on the Gallipoli peninsula. AWM P08150.002.001

26. A typical trench mortar used in the Gallipoli conflict.

27. A trench mortar in action. The mortars used later by Australians in France were thought to be more effective than those used in Gallipoli. AWM C02755A

More ships brought men.

Private John Simpson Kirkpatrick and his donkey carried wounded men from the battlefield to the hospital station at Anzac Cove from 25 April until he was killed on 19 May, 1915, dodging bombs and facing sniper fire as they trudged through heat and flies.

Kirkpatrick was an Englishman and a trade-union activist who had 'jumped ship' – left his job as a sailor – in Australia. Back in England he had also worked as a donkey-lad, taking holiday-makers for donkey rides for Murphy's Fair on the beach. Once in Australia, he worked as a cane cutter and miner, then as a sailor again. He enlisted under his second name and became a stretcher bearer with the 3rd Field Ambulance.

He began carrying men wounded at Gallipoli down the gullies to the beach over his shoulders as there was a serious shortage of both stretchers and stretcher-bearers. Then, on the second day, he found one of the donkeys that had been brought ashore (they were supposed to be carrying kerosene tins of water to the troops) grazing near a wounded man.

Kirkpatrick improvised a head-stall and lead rope from field dressings and used the donkey to carry the man back down to the beach.

Over the next 24 days he used at least two donkeys, but possibly more. He – again possibly – named them Abdul, Murphy and Queen Elizabeth, but he called his favourite one Duffy. At least one donkey was killed. It is possible, even probable, that there really were only two donkeys, as there is a record of Kirkpatrick calling one donkey by three names: Murphy when it was being stubborn or Abdul, and Duffy when it was doing what he wanted it to.

Kirkpatrick worked by himself. He slept and ate with an Indian Artillery Battery, who had mules and had brought plenty of fodder for them and were happy to feed his donkeys too. The Indians called Kirkpatrick 'Bahadur', the bravest of the brave.

Kirkpatrick and his donkeys hardly rested, working through the night and during the daylight shell-fire, till everyone in the trenches knew and valued 'Simpson', as he was known and his donkey. He was a larrikin, ignoring orders, singing and whistling as he went. He possibly made twelve to fifteen trips a day, mostly rescuing men who had either head or leg injuries as they could be held on a donkey without doing further damage, and also supporting one or two men who could walk by leaning on him, supported by his arm.

There is some debate about where he worked. Was it only near the beach, or did he go up into the hills? Given where he died, in Shrapnel Gully, which led to the steeper areas and taking into account the testimony of men who were there, I am inclined to believe he took the donkey to places that might be difficult for two men to carry a stretcher, but possible for a small – a very small – sure-footed donkey and a single man. Kirkpatrick left those with large wounds to the chest or abdomen to the stretcher-bearers. He probably rescued about three hundred soldiers, but that figure is open to major debate as no records were kept of how men arrived at the dressings station on the beach. If he did rescue men from the further reaches, then he would have made far fewer trips each day.

Kirkpatrick was considered unkillable, leading his donkey in full view of both the Allied and the Turkish trenches, refusing to run from trench to brush fence for cover as other more cautious stretcher bearers did.

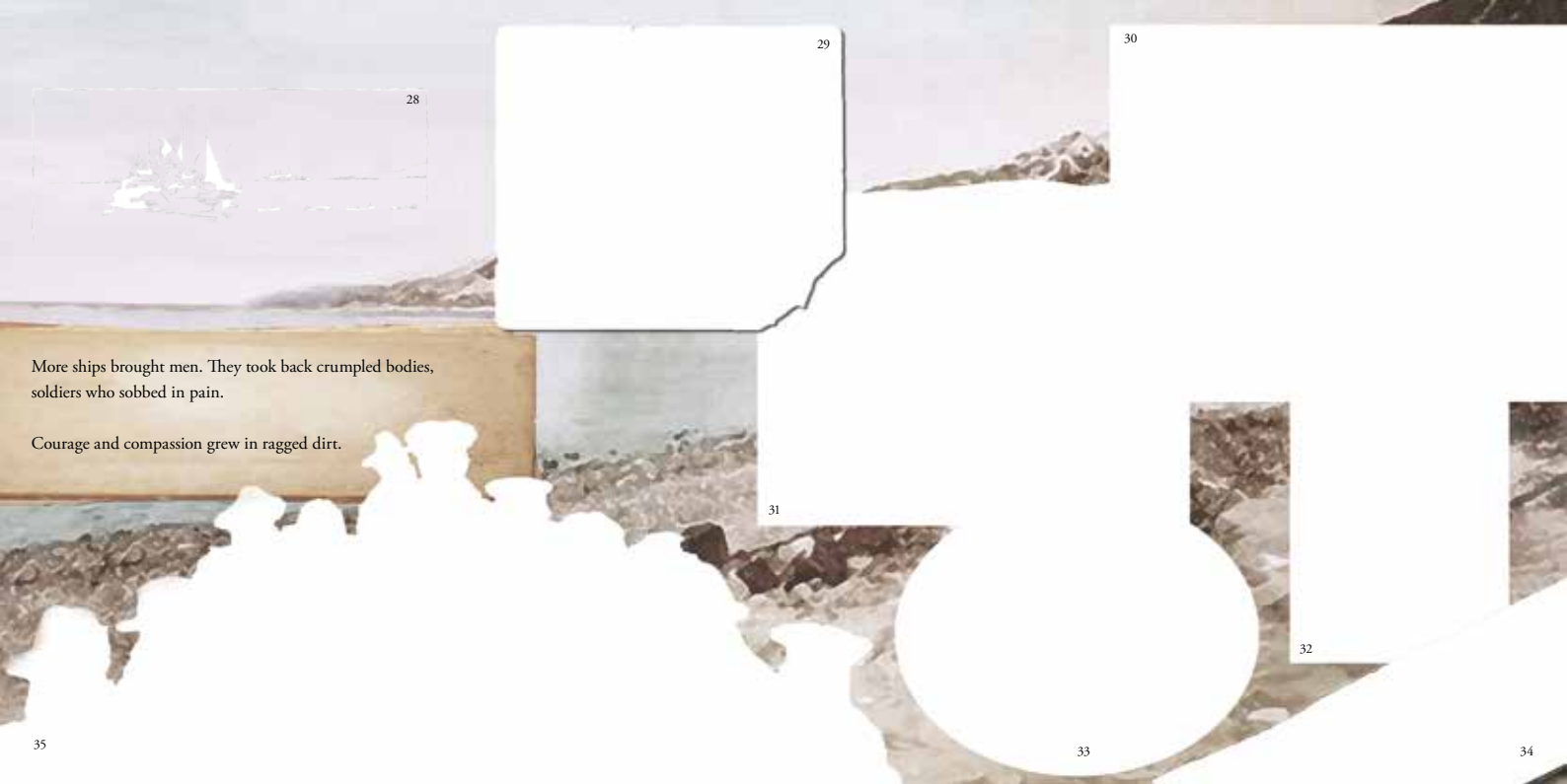
But he wasn't. Finally on 19 May, disobeying orders to not go out as the previous night's battle had killed so many Turks that even those who wore a Red Cross were vulnerable, Kirkpatrick took a donkey out. He left before breakfast and led back a man on the donkey's back, and one, possibly two wounded men, leaning on his shoulders. He was shot as he came down Shrapnel Gully and died instantly. The wounded man on the donkey was shot again. Duffy panicked but miraculously carried the last wounded man down to the dressing station by himself.

Kirkpatrick was buried in the desolate beachfront the men called Hell Spit. After his death Richard Henderson, a New Zealand primary-school teacher, carried on his work with one or more donkeys. Unlike Simpson, Henderson was a self-effacing man. It is possible he even allowed men to believe he was Simpson. In at least one photograph supposed to be of Simpson, it is Henderson who stares back. At least one other man also used a donkey to bring the wounded to the dressing stations.

All the stretcher-bearers were known for their extraordinary bravery. They had trained expecting six men to carry a stretcher. But there were never enough stretchers nor men. They began carrying the stretchers in fours, and then twos. It was difficult, sometimes impossible, to carry a stretcher up the steep narrow paths. But mostly they managed.

According to war correspondent and official war historian, Charles Bean, it was an unvarying point of honour with the Australians to always answer the call, 'Stretcher-bearer, here'. As Bean stated, if men had been wounded by an exploding shell, that spot instantly became the most dangerous position of all as usually a second shell would follow, before the gun was moved again. Bean said that the call was immediately answered by two men; and when the second shell landed – and if it didn't kill them all – one of the Anzac stretcher-bearers might curse and say, 'Go to it, you bastards.'

The stretcher bearer casualty rate was higher than those of the men who fought. All the stretcher-bearers at Gallipoli deserve the accolade given to Simpson/Kirkpatrick, 'the bravest of the brave', and all the other accolades since. Perhaps, now, his bravery is a symbol for them all.



More ships brought men. They took back crumpled bodies, soldiers who sobbed in pain.

Courage and compassion grew in ragged dirt.

28. During the landing at Anzac Cove, guns were unloaded from ships and taken to shore on horse boats. AWM C01651

29. A wounded soldier is carried by donkey in Shrapnel Gully. 202 Private John Simpson Kirkpatrick of the 3rd Field Ambulance became well known for his work and was referred to as 'The Man with the Donkey'. However there were at least three men who worked with a donkey, including Private Richard Henderson, of New Zealand AWM P09300.001

30. An injured soldier is treated on board a hospital ship near Lemnos, Greece. AWM H16647

31. Stretcher bearers carry a wounded soldier from a dressing station run by C Section, 7th Australian Field Ambulance, in Chailak Dere to a casualty clearing station on the beach. AWM C02422

32. A severely wounded man is lifted up onto a hospital ship near Anzac Cove. AWM C01098

33. A surgeon operates to remove a bullet from a wounded soldier at a field hospital in a trench behind the firing line. AWM G003029. 35.

34. This brassard with a red Geneva Cross was worn by the then Colonel Neville Reginald Howse in his position as Assistant Director of Medical Services for the 1st Australian Division of the AIF. In June 1915, he was awarded the Companion of the Order of the Bath (CB) for his work in treating and evacuating the wounded following the landing at Gallipoli. AWM RELAWM06037.002

35. Soldiers of the Australian 1st Divisional Signal Company are towed in a lifeboat towards Anzac Cove at 6 a.m. on the day of the landing. AWM A02781

June 1915

Summer breathed heat on shattered hills.

The lack of water – and clean water – caused more deaths at Gallipoli than gunfire or mortars. Three out of four men hospitalised at Gallipoli were treated not for wounds sustained in battle but for the Gallipoli trots, a form of acute dysentery, spread by flies, rats and infected drinking water and probably even by bathing in a sea full of blood and faeces.

The Gallipoli Peninsula had no streams or springs of fresh water, merely gullies that might run briefly after rain. The Army would sink a few wells, but they quickly ran dry. It was rock, brush, pine trees (possibly a sub-species of the Aleppo pine). The wild flowers of the Mediterranean bloomed in spring after rain: anemones, ranunculi, oreganos and poppies.

A sedentary man needs about eight glasses of water (at least two litres) a day, although much of this can be taken in food like fruit or vegetables. The men were rationed to one quart of water (two pints or just over one litre) a day. They mostly drank this as tea, even sometimes shaving with the leftovers. The troops up on the Gallipoli heights ate dry and hard soldier's biscuit with bully beef heated into stews to soften the biscuit if they were lucky.

Who orders an army to fight on slopes that don't have water? Someone who assumed that their army would succeed, and advance quickly enough to either reach a water source or establish enough of a hold for water to be transferred safely to the men.

This never happened. For the entire Gallipoli campaign water had either to be carried from the big ships by barge or boat to the shore, then carried by man, mule or for short distances, water tankers, up a gully where the enemy occupied the high ground at places with names like Dead Man's Ridge and the Bloody Angle. The early morning was the most dangerous time, as the Turks could stand with the sun at their backs, the Anzacs below virtually blinded if they tried to spot the enemy.

The Turks had the easiest access to supplies – including water. As they held the upper ground and the land behind the Gallipoli Peninsula, their supplies could be brought in relatively easily. If the Anzacs did achieve more than their English and French counterparts, perhaps one of the reasons was their ability to survive – and fight – on little water. They also possibly suffered more from dysentery because they were more likely to bathe in the heavily polluted sea. The 'Poms,' the Aussies said, 'kept their towels dry.'



June 1915

Summer breathed heat on shattered hills.
Flies feasted in the corpses. Rats fed, fat as puppies.
Men's insides turned liquid.
Disease killed more than bullets now.

36. Soldier waiting for the order to advance.

37. Jam tins and lids strung onto entangled barbed wire helped sound a warning to sentries that the enemy was approaching.

38. Kemal Atatürk in the field with Turkish soldiers at Gallipoli in 1915. A fearless and determined leader, he famously said, 'all those soldiers who are here fighting with me must be utterly conscious that, for the full accomplishment of the honourable duty which is given to our charge, withdrawal even by an inch is out of the question'. AWM A05319

39. A wounded Australian soldier is helped by three of his comrades, at Gallipoli, 1915. AWM H10369

40. Unexploded shells found on the beach at Anzac Cove. The largest is an 11-inch shell fired into the water from the German battle cruiser *Goeben*. Beside it are two 4.2-inch shells fired from a 'Beachy Bill' Turkish gun along with two smaller 12 pounders and ammunition cartridges from Turkish and Allied forces. AWM P05227.010

41. It took many Australian artillerymen to drag large guns uphill after landing at Anzac Cove. By 6 p.m. on the first day one gun was placed on the neck above the southern end of Ari Burnu beach. The next day more guns were dragged over the neck to other positions nearby. AWM G00918

August 1915- September 1915

Spring had faded...

A land with few names had new names now

Gallipoli was a campaign. It was also a series of battles, to try to secure the high ground held by the Turks. It is easier to fire down accurately on an enemy than to fire up at them.

But some of those battles would be won. The two greatest, the only ones that did capture high ground, were by the Australians at Lone Pine and the New Zealanders at Chunuk Bair.

The Battle of Chunuk Bair 6 to 10 August, 1915

The attempt to capture Sari Bair Ridge and the hill called Chunuk Bair was one of the most daring exploits of the Gallipoli campaign, as Chunuk Bair was right in the middle of an area held by the Turks.

According to the plan, the Australians were to attack the Turkish lines at Lone Pine as a diversion, while the New Zealanders tried to outflank the Turks to the north and capture Chunuk Bair. At the same time, British and French troops further south at Helles were to attack the Turks at Krithia and Achi Baba, and other British troops were to land at Suvla Bay north of Anzac Cove.

Unfortunately the British commanders relied on aerial photos – and the photos didn't have enough detail to show the timber covers protecting the Turk's trenches near Chunuk Bair, or a steep gully that would make advancing difficult. But although the New Zealanders were exhausted even before they were ordered to head off to this new battle, they took the hill of Sari Bair early on the morning of 7 August, with little opposition at first as they took the enemy by surprise. They were led by Colonel Malone – a man who had earlier in the day risked a court martial when he refused to order his men to cross an open area where the men from the Auckland Regiment had just been mown down by enemy fire.

But a Turkish Army Corps led by Mustafa Kemal Pasha soon arrived to take the hill back, and the battle became one of the bloodiest and most desperate of the whole Gallipoli campaign. At 5.30 p.m. in the evening of 8 August there seemed to be a lull in the fighting. Colonel Malone tried to inspect the situation and was killed by a shot to the head – said to be fired from a British or ANZAC war ship.

The fighting continued. Ammunition was so scarce that wounded soldiers who could still walk but not fight searched the bodies of the dead – both friend and enemy – to find some more. The Turks retook the trench that had protected the hill and threw 'egg bombs' at their enemies. But the bombs had such long fuses that they took minutes to explode and sometimes the bombs would be thrown back and forth several times, from the Turks to the New Zealanders and back again, before they blew up. By the time reinforcements arrived, all but 70 of the 760 New Zealanders had been killed or wounded. None of the British Battalion of Lancshires survived the battle and the Wiltshires were all either killed or driven into steep gullies.

The Allies were forced to retreat. They had held Chunuk Bair for only 24 hours. Colonel Malone's body remained on the hill, one of hundreds of soldiers with no known grave.

It was perhaps New Zealand's most tragic day of warfare, but also the most heroic. Like the whole Gallipoli campaign the Battle of Chunuk Bair showed the determination and courage of the men on the ground, trying to carry out the confused, badly planned and often simply stupid strategies of the commanders.

After Chunuk Bair there was no other attempt to take high ground from the Turks – what was known as the line remained the same until the Allied troops were evacuated.

After the war Chunuk Bair cemetery was established on the spot where the Turks had buried some of the men killed in the heroic but doomed attempt. About 632 men are now buried there, but only ten of the graves are identified.

The Battle of Lone Pine, 6 – 9 August, 1915

The battlefield of Lone Pine was named after the lone Turkish pine tree that stood there at the start of the fighting. The battle had only been planned to divert the Turks away from the real aim – to capture the ridge of Sari Bair and Chunuk Bair, one of the higher points along that ridge.

The Turkish position was so strong at Lone Pine that none of the Turks expected an attack there. It seemed an insane place to attack – there would be incredible loss of life. The commander of the Australian 1st Division, General Walker, tried to argue against it, but General Sir Ian Hamilton, the British commander, insisted that the attack go ahead.

Walker did his best. There were 91 metres between the Allied trenches and the Turkish trenches, which were about 200 metres long. Walker ordered the men to dig tunnels till they were only about 36 metres from the Turkish positions. Then, for three days, the Turkish trenches were bombarded with rocket and gunfire to give cover to soldiers who ran through the smoke and confusion to cut much of the barbed wire between the trenches.

Near dusk on 6 August, the Australian 1st Infantry Brigade attacked, half of the men coming up through the underground tunnels and half forcing their way through the barbed wire. But as at Chunuk Bair, the Turkish trenches had thick pine logs on top of them. Some of the logs were set alight, some bombed, some bayoneted into fragments.

The Australians managed to take part of the Turkish line in the first couple of hours. But for six days after that there was a furious battle, mostly hand to hand fighting in the trenches or with hand grenades, as the Turks tried to take the few metres back. The Australians even used walls of dead bodies as barricades.

Once the Allied commanders saw that Turkish territory had actually been taken instead of the fighting just being a diversion, reinforcements were sent to keep it.

It was a victory – of sorts. About 100 metres of land had been taken from the Turks – but only for a short while, as Lone Pine, too, was ultimately deserted by the Allied evacuation. However the determination of the Anzac forces there created a legend from disaster.

That lone tree was the only remaining pine of a group of pines that were cut down by the Turks. The timber and branches were used to reinforce their trenches. After the battle a couple of Australian soldiers retrieved a few pinecones from the shattered branches and brought them back to Australia. Seedlings were grown from these cones and distributed to be planted as memorials. Each Anzac Day, after the dawn service, there is a memorial at the Lone Pine cemetery. Lone Pine trees have been planted in parks, schools and people's private gardens in Australia, New Zealand and at Gallipoli itself to commemorate the battle and the Gallipoli campaign in general. Most are said to be seedlings of the tree at Lone Pine.

Attack on the Nek

To those two – temporary – triumphs, might be added the classic death-before-dishonour scenario of the Nek, the basis for Peter Weir's film Gallipoli.

On 7 August, 1915, the Light Horsemen of the 3rd Brigade made up of Western Australians and Victorians were ordered to charge uphill in four waves of 150 men while a British warship fired at the Turks. But the ships' firing stopped seven minutes early – allowing the Turks time to get back to their trenches. As the Light Horsemen came up out of their trenches they were slaughtered. Even after the first line was killed the other three waves were ordered to advance into what was almost certain death.

Nearby the Light Horsemen of the 1st Brigade were cut down as they charged from Quinn's Post and Pope's Hill. Hundreds died. Not an inch was won. But neither is there any record of cowardice or faltering.

Gallipoli was a battlefield of many heroes, on both sides. At the beginning of the Gallipoli campaign Allied soldiers were told that the Turks were cowards and disorganised fighters who tortured prisoners and mutilated the dead. None of these were true – the shattered corpses were just victims of bombs and shrapnel or the disintegration of bloated bodies in the heat. There were instances where Allied prisoners of war were slaughtered by Turks after they had surrendered. This, however, happens in almost every war, on each side, when anger and desperation overtake humanity.

A truce was called at the end of 24 May, 1915, to allow the dead to be buried – the stench and the sheer quantities of bodies, bloated and bursting if trodden on, the rats, the maggots and the flies made it impossible for the battles to continue. Afterwards the Allies and Turks regarded each other with far more sympathy, recognising that they had more in common with each other than with those who would never know the horrors of Gallipoli.

While most of the Allies had little experience of war, many of the Turkish soldiers were veterans who had already seen fighting in the Balkans. Australians and New Zealanders mostly remember the ANZAC courage. But the Turks showed as much heroism, especially when attacking well-defended Allied trenches. Even 'Churchill's boys' – the young, almost untrained British reinforcements who were expected to be almost useless – showed extraordinary determination scaling heights under fire.



August 1915

Spring had faded.
No flowers but blood here under a
parched and gun-stained sky.

42. Dead men filled the trenches.

43. These makeshift crosses mark the graves of Lieutenant Laurence Whistler Street (age 21) and thirty three other men of 3rd Battalion, from Sydney, who were killed in action on 19 May, 1915. AWM A04004

44. Dead soldiers from both the Australian and Turkish sides lie where they fell near Quinn's Post. After an extraordinary round of fighting where approximately a million rounds of ammunition was fired, more than 3000 Turks and 160 Australians were killed. The smell of the dead was so unbearable that an armistice was called to bury the soldiers. This photograph was taken at that time. AWM P02649.029

45. This blue enamel water bottle has been pierced by bullets and shrapnel. It was once carried in a canvas webbing carrier. It was found with the bones of men of 6th Battalion, AIF, who had fought at Pine Ridge on 25 April, 1915. After their position was taken over by Turks, none of the men were heard from again or taken prisoner. AWM RELAWM00324

46. An Australian soldier takes cover deep inside a trench. Trenches were used also for storing equipment and supplies. AWM P02282.040

47. This grave cross made from a kerosene tin was for Corporal David 'Yank' McVay, 23rd Battalion AIF. McVay landed in Gallipoli on 4 September 1915 and spent his first night in the front line trenches at Lone Pine. The fighting was dangerous and exhausting but by 9 September McVay was promoted to Corporal. Just four days later he was one of three men from 23rd Battalion killed at Lone Pine. The plate was originally attached to a wooden cross support but with scarcity of firewood available after the war, it is thought that the Turks would have burnt it. AWM RELAWM00426.002



48. Artillery continued to rain on both sides.

49. Australian troops charged uphill on rugged terrain, often with the Turks above firing down at them.

50. Kemal Pasha, later known as Atatürk, (father of the Turks) was commander of the 19th Division, the main reserve of the Turkish Fifth Army, and was in Gallipoli at the time of the ANZAC landing in April. As a brave inspirational leader and strategist, he was able to maintain morale among his troops an invaluable factor in thwarting allied plans. AWM P04621.002

51. Despite the desperate situation they were in, an Australian soldier jokes with his injured mate as he carries him from the front line to seek medical help. AWM G00599

52. Corporal Seyit, a Turkish artilleryman, carries a 258-kilogram shell on his back for loading to a cannon. Seyit became an iconic Turkish hero after carrying three 275-kilogram shells to an artillery gun during the Allied attempt to force the Dardanelles on 18 March, 1915. A statue of him carrying a shell was erected in 1992, just south of Kilitbahir Castle on the Gallipoli Peninsula. AWM A05301

53. 1st Battalion troops waiting near Jacob's trench for relief by the 7th Battalion, 9 August 1915. They had been fighting continuously for three days at Lone Pine since the beginning of the attack and taken 80 yards (73 metres) of a Turkish trench. AWM A01005

54. The Turkish War Medal was awarded for gallantry in the World War One. The British and Australians mistakenly referred to this medal as the Gallipoli Star and the Germans called it the Iron Crescent as it resembled their Iron Cross. AWM REL/15317

55. A Victoria Cross awarded to Corporal A S Burton of 7th Battalion, AIF. He was one of three of the last men fighting the enemy at Lone Pine. He was killed in action when a bomb struck him in the face. AWM RELAWM16499.001

56. This wooden sign in Arabic, constructed from a section of a packing case, says, 'English burying place' It has been 'The sign was taken from a wire fence surrounding the Shrapnel Gully Cemetery. AWM RELAWM09786

57. Scarred landscape similar to that seen after the Highland Barricade at Asmak Dere, Suvla.

October / November 1915

And still they came from the grey ships,

The invasion began in the relatively mild weather of spring. It would go through a hell of sweltering summer heat, and then the frost of winter. It has often been said that the Anzacs had the advantage at Gallipoli because of previous experience of fierce heat back home, but were at a disadvantage in winter. But in most of Australia except the far north, the winters are cold, especially in those southern states where most of the early Gallipoli recruits came from. (Even those from Western Australia mostly came from the south-east of that state.)

My father once showed me how to make 'ANZAC trousers' – you line your trousers and shirt with newspaper. 'We all did that', said Dad. 'Doing sentry duty, sleeping on a train platform in mid-winter. Anzac trousers will keep you warm even if it's snowing.' Years later, stuck on a freezing mountain while backpacking, I did what Dad had suggested. It worked.

He had learnt about ANZAC trousers not in the Air Force he had served in during World War Two, but as a boy, before the war. ANZAC trousers seem to have been born at Gallipoli.



October / November 1915

And still they came from the grey ships, lives swept away
like grains of sand. And still the defenders held their hills,
except one where a lone pine tree had grown ...

While men far away made decisions, altered lives.

ADVANCE!

DEFEND!

58. Cemeteries soon sprung up all along the Gallipoli peninsula.

59. The bodies of Australian soldiers of 11th Battalion who were killed during the Leane's Trench fight. Leane's Trench, on Holly Ridge, was captured from the Turks on 31 July, 1915, and this helped enable subsequent attacks at Lone Pine. Five days later the Turks attempted to recapture Leane's Trench resulting in many deaths on both sides. AWM P02023.031.001

60. Winston Churchill with David Lloyd George in 1915. Lloyd George was England's Prime Minister from 1916 to 1922. Churchill made many of the key recommendation concerning the Gallipoli campaign. His role was much criticised after the war.

61. Members of the British Imperial War Cabinet made decisions that affected the lives of every soldier on the ground. Being so far away in England meant that they could not always react quickly to events as they unfolded. Troops were nevertheless forced to follow their directives, often leading them to slaughter.

62. A Turkish soldier in a Turkish gun pit.

63. Identity discs in aluminum and leather belonging to Sergeant H C Toon 48th Battalion, AIF. Toon served in Gallipoli in 1915 with 16th Battalion and the aluminum disc dates from then. He was evacuated on a number of occasions due to illness. AWM REL25529

64. Soldiers created periscopes devised to view the enemy without risking injury. Many of these were also attached to their rifles so they could fire while hidden in the trenches.

65. A handmade Turkish identity tag, possibly cut from a leather boot, with the owner's name written in blue ink. Also attached is a page of Arabic text, thought to be from the Qu'uran.. The page was originally folded into the size of a postage stamp inside an envelope. AWM REL29694

17 December 1915

RETREAT.

The beach lay dark. Unlike the rest of the Gallipoli campaign the evacuation was handled brilliantly. The Allies pretended that they were attacking to cover the evacuation, moving in the dark over three nights (18, 19 and 20 December, 1915) and inventing 'self-firing rifles' to make the Turks think that soldiers were still in the trenches.

In one version a tin can with a small hole was filled with water. The water dripped into another tin. When that tin was full, it tipped over and tugged a string attached to the trigger of a rifle. Dummies were made of bush and rags and uniforms to look like the trenches were still inhabited.

Every day more soldiers arrived at the beaches, to make the Turks think that reinforcements had arrived. But every night these men left again with the others who were evacuating. Finally only forty men were left, with a Victorian VC winner from the Boer War, Leslie Maygar, in charge.



17 December 1915
RETREAT.

The beach lay dark, though rocket fire crackled on the hills. But in that darkness secret figures moved.

20 December 1915

The final six wore blankets on their feet to muffle crunching sand. The night wind kissed a chill goodnight as rowers reached the ships.



- 66.** Under the veil of darkness the soldiers silently left the beach.
- 67.** Troops arrived by boat in the morning to appear as reinforcements, but the same troops and more left the beach at Anzac Cove that night. Moving under cover of darkness they were transported back to waiting ships. AWM J03022
- 68.** Guns and limbers which have been damaged line the beach at Anzac Cove. AWM A04064
- 69.** This police whistle was used at the Lone Pine assault by Brigade-Major D M King, AIF. Carrying a whistle in one hand and a watch in the other, he gave three blasts on the whistle to signal the start of the attack. AWM REL/07579
- 70.** A barrage of rockets and shells raged in the hills.
- 71.** Shell fragments and shrapnel balls found at Scrubby Knoll in Gallipoli, in the vicinity of Major General Essad Pasha's command headquarters. AWM RELAWM00405
- 72.** The bombardments continued through the night.

21 December 1915

And in that winter morning they were gone.

When the Turks peered into the silent trenches the next morning they were empty.

Had it been worth it?

The British Royal Commissions which reported in 1917 and 1918 described the operations as ill-conceived and ineptly executed, with thousands of lives needlessly squandered.

This would seem to settle the issue.

But does it? Might they have won, if the Turks had a leader less determined than Mustafa Kemal Pasha? Was calling Russia into the war with the promise of hunks of the Ottoman Empire victory enough?

If the Gallipoli campaign had been successful it might have been seen as a triumph of strategy. Mistakes led to the death of thousands, but this happened in the wars of that time: troops were known as cannon fodder. How much was true ineptitude, and how much the accepted tactics of the time, is still a matter of intense debate.

73

74

21 December 1915

And in that winter morning they were gone.
The beach lay empty, but for bones and blood and boxes.
Waves slipped silent tongues among artillery casings.
The dead rested underneath the sand.

79

77

78

76

83

84

85

82

81

80

73. Anzac Cove at the time of the evacuation. Supplies are piled high on the pier and along the beach. AWM PO2226.022

74. Dummy soldiers in British uniform were used to trick the Turks into believing that there were still many British soldiers in Cape Helles when, in fact, the soldiers were secretly evacuating. AWM P10767.006

75. Five Turkish officers view the Allied ships withdrawing from Gallipoli. AWM A05297

76. A Rising Sun collar badge attached to a fragment of khaki wool from an Australian soldier's uniform. Found in a gully between Quinn's Post and Dead Man's Ridge it is thought to have belonged to someone from 16th Battalion, AIF. This battalion suffered heavy losses of eight officers and 330 men. AWM RELAWM07839.001

77. Lieutenant Joseph Edward Thomas Catron with his wife Zoe and two children photographed before he left for Gallipoli. AWM DA15102

78. Drip rifle invented by Lance Corporal William Charles Scurry of 7th Battalion. This ingenious device allowed the rifle to fire 20 minutes after it was set. The rifle was triggered after water dripped from one tin can into another. AWM G01291

79. William Charles Scurry who invented the drip rifle which gave the impression that soldiers were still firing their rifles during the evacuation. He was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal (DCM) in 1916 for this work, and later a Military Cross in 1917. AWM P04263.001

80. 699 Private Gordon Frazer, 1st Battalion, of Haberfield, NSW. AWM P07092.001

81. 1694 Private Ernest Charles Gleed enlisted with 14th Battalion at sea, after working as a steward on board a ship transporting Australian soldiers to Egypt in 1915.

82. 541 Trooper Edward Percival Hendy, 8th Light Horse Regiment of Geelong, Victoria. Wounded during the charge at the Nek on 7 August 1915, he was evacuated to a hospital ship but died two days later. AWM P07213.001

83 and 84. Unidentified soldiers' portraits. AWM DA0F077, DACS0632

85. 462 Private Edwin Richardson "Fatty" Smith, 22 Battalion, of Mooropna, Vic was awarded a Military Medal for conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty in the field at Gallipoli. AWM P07879.001

1920 ... 1960 ... 2000 ...

Bramble and thorn bush clutched the broken earth.

The campaign left almost unimaginable destruction. The steep, bare slopes became vulnerable to erosion with each rain-storm. But, ironically, the war's destruction would also have brought fertility, derived from the men who were buried there, or who had bled into the soil. The graveyards of Gallipoli hold only some of those who died there, and each major earthworks has uncovered bones.

The land recovered. Weeds came first. Weeds are nature's band-aids, holding shattered soil together. Then came thorn bushes, and it was those that visitors in the 1930s saw, and by the 1970s, so many and growing so thickly that little of the area was accessible.

Gallipoli was Australia's first major battle and it was one where Australians played a major part and were proud of their contribution. But it was also one that had a lot of international attention. The Gallipoli campaign was reported in detail by the British war correspondents like Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett and the Australian, Charles Bean. They gave a glowing report of the Australians' heroism and dedication – probably more glowing than some of the actions deserved, because they were trying to encourage people at home to volunteer for the army and to feel their side was doing well. It was designed to be morale building.

For decades most of what we knew about Gallipoli came from war historians like Bean and propagandists like E. C. Buley. Even the officers' accounts were often written weeks or months later, as the men lay wounded in England, with women volunteers taking down their words so a picture of the campaign could be strung together. It was illegal to keep a diary. Letters were censored.

Yet some men did keep diaries on thin paper hidden in their boots or folded into pockets. They were not written for propaganda or publication purposes. They show that the essentials of the Gallipoli Anzac legend are true: the extraordinary courage, that led to headlines across the world wondering at the Anzac bravery; the lack of respect for officers and their often stupid orders; the comradeship, the compassion, the jokes in the face of death.

The stories they told were of self-reliance and mateship, of 'diggers' who would share their last bite with a friend, who advanced no matter what the danger, refused to salute officers and who died with a last joke and a smile. There were also some exceptionally good commanders who were revered by their men, such as Generals Monash and Birdwood (even though he was English) and Brigadier 'Pompey' Elliott.

The stories created a legend, which even if a bit exaggerated or simplified, still had a real foundation of truth and pride.

When the men who had been there came home, they didn't talk about what they had been through. Men were meant to 'have a stiff upper lip', to put horrors behind them and never to let the women and children know what they had been through. Many were increasingly bitter as they, or their mates, faced unemployment in the Depression of the 1930s or lived in cramped and dismal nursing homes for those crippled in body or mind.

By the 1960s and 1970s the numbers at ANZAC Day marches dwindled as did the crowds who came to watch, though others now watched on TV. There was a common belief that as the men grew older the ANZAC Day marches would vanish.

But around 1988, the centenary of the first British colony in Australia, new nationalism and an interest in our past encouraged many to remember Gallipoli and World War One. As the old men died, their descendants found diaries and letters, hearing for the first time voices from that far-off war. Many were published or made available to researchers and for the first time we gained a clearer picture of what had happened in those few months in 1915.

During the 1930s and onwards, the beach at Gallipoli became a place of pilgrimage for those who had fought there, or for their relatives. Now it also became a place of tourism, along with with pilgrimage.

A Gallipoli memorial was erected at Anzac Cove in 1990, with words probably written by Kemal Atatürk in 1934 on it. A bit closer to home for many, the same words appear on the Kemal Atatürk memorial on Anzac Parade in Canberra. There is now controversy about when – and even whether – Atatürk said the words, but as the Turkish authorities stand by them, as do most Australians, it is probable that whenever the words were said, they express the sincere wish of both sides.

'Those heroes that shed their blood and lost their lives... You are now lying in the soil of a friendly country. Therefore rest in peace. There is no difference between the Johnnies and the Mehmets to us where they lie side by side here in this country of ours ... You, the mothers, who sent their sons from faraway countries wipe away your tears; your sons are now lying in our bosom and are in peace, after having lost their lives on this land they have become our sons as well.'

The slow transformation of weeds and thorn bush into a tourist destination has at times been controversial, especially as any disturbance often means that the bones of the dead may be disturbed, too. Our attitude towards Gallipoli, and its stories, myths and sentiment has been controversial too. Many have tried to use the heroism and the legends to promote an image of their own patriotism. Others have claimed that the Gallipoli legends are not just exaggerated, but untrue.

But just as the weeds protected the damaged cliffs of Gallipoli, I believe the many different visions of what happened there may, eventually, lead us to better understand something far too complex to put even into one book, much less a few pages.

For me, my father-in-law Pa Jack, who fought at Gallipoli, epitomises the Anzacs of Gallipoli. He was not a youth, but, like most of the men there, in his late twenties. He had worked in the city, but his next of kin, his sister, worked in a farming area, which may have been where he came from too. He was a skilled tradesman, loyal to his friends. He was neither a hero nor a coward, but a man who did his duty, day after day, year after year, as his friends were killed or maimed around him.



86

87

88

1920 ... 1960 ... 2000 ...

Bramble and thorn bush clutched the broken earth.
Seagulls soared once more.

Now others came, to weep, salute,
to turn wood crosses into stone.
Ten, twenty ...

90

89

86. The quiet beach at Anzac Cove, after the war, belies the drama of previous times.

87. Anenomes bloom at Anzac Cove after the war – as if in memory of fallen soldiers there.

88. Crew from Royal Australian Navy ships HMAS *Australia* and HMAS *Sydney* hold large wreaths on a visit to the war grave cemeteries in 1936. AWM P00604.048

89. On the first anniversary of the landing at Anzac Cove, soldiers and nurses lay wreaths at the graves of fellow soldiers in Old Cairo Cemetery in Egypt. AWM C01783

90. A memorial card from 1920 commemorates 443 Private W H O'Brien of the 6th Australian Light Horse Regiment and pictures his resting place at Shell Green Cemetery. AWM P00741.002

Anzac Day 2015

... and ten thousand.

As I write this there is a ballot, to see who might be chosen to stand on Gallipoli at the centenary of the invasion, as so many wish to be there, far beyond the limits of the place to hold them.

Is there any school or community that does not commemorate Anzac Day? The ceremonies differ, as do what they commemorate. Descendants of the men and women who fought for Australia now march in the parades, too. My husband and I do not march. Our fathers, grandfathers, and great grandfathers, fought for Australia. But we attend the parade in the Araluen Valley where we live, where more people march than watch. Both of us feel that, in our community, we belong among the watchers.

91

Anzac Day 2015

... and ten thousand.
They stood on grassy hills or the sand,
and they remembered ...

92

93

96

95

91. Lone Pine Cemetery.

92. Alec William Campbell (26 February 1899 – 16 May 2002) was just sixteen when he enlisted to join the forces at Gallipoli. Although eighteen was the minimum age for enlistment to the front, Alex lied about his age even getting his parents' consent in a letter from them to the military authorities. Known as 'The Kid' by his comrades, Alec later became better known as 'The Last Sentinel of Gallipoli'. He was the last soldier to die and his was the last entry in roll of honour.

93. Memorial plaque Anzac Cove.**94.** The Nek Cemetery at Gallipoli.

95. Crowds gather every year at Anzac Cove to honour the soldiers who fought there.

96. This recruitment poster featuring the art of Norman Lindsay, shows a soldier on the front line playing his bugle to call for assistance from those back home. Although Australia had compulsory military service for eligible men from 1911 these forces were confined to Australian defence at home. Following the initial rush of voluntary recruits to serve overseas in 1914, numbers soon fell and the government was forced to try to attract new recruits with marketing campaigns. AWM ARTV00039

Gallipoli

1915–2015

... *lest we forget.*

Australians commemorate Anzac Day on 25 April every year – the date of the landing of Australian and New Zealand troops at Gallipoli. ANZAC stands for Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. In 1917, the word Anzac meant someone who fought at Gallipoli. It later came to mean any Australian or New Zealander who fought or served in World War One.

Anzac Day was officially named in 1916. The first commemoration services were held by ex-servicemen mostly at war memorials in 1920. The first official dawn service was held at the Sydney Cenotaph in 1927. In 1927, too, all states declared the day a public holiday.

At first, only veterans went to the dawn services, 'standing to' before two minutes of silence, broken by the sound of a lone bugler playing the 'Last Post'. Later in the day, there were marches in towns and cities across Australia.

But the day has grown, both in numbers and significance. It now commemorates all those who fight or suffer in war, and the bravery and dedication of those who offer the 'ultimate sacrifice' – their lives.

World War One cost Australia more men than any other war. There were fewer than five million people in Australia at the declaration of war but 416,809 Australians enlisted for service in World War One, representing 38.7 per cent of the total male population aged between 18 to 44.

Sixty thousand Australian men were killed. 150,000 to 200,000 more were wounded, gassed or suffered 'shell shock' and other mental health problems. At almost 65 per cent, the Australian casualty rate (proportionate to total embarkations) was the highest of any nation involved in the war.

Much was written of the heroism of the Anzac troops, from Bean onwards. There is an obvious reason why that heroism should become exaggerated over the decades, or even fabricated at the time. The war that was expected to be over by Christmas 1914 was obviously going to last for years. Warfare in 1915 depended upon having large numbers of troops. Firepower – like the few machine guns on the Peninsula and the naval 'big guns' – made a vital difference, but manpower was literally the foundation on which tactics were built.

More – and larger – enlistments were vital. Talk up the heroism and more men would enlist in Australia; families that had been reluctant to lose a breadwinner would urge husbands and sons to glory.

But to achieve that meant publishing only rousing stories of heroism in the Australian papers. Praising another country's troops – even when they were also fighting for the Motherland, as England was known – could be counterproductive.

Yet there was story after story, account after account, in paper after paper, mentioned in the British parliament. Some, were fabricated or exaggerated, like those of Bulley. But I can't see eye-witness war correspondent, Charles Bean, constructing falsehoods, or even embellishing reality, though he presumably chose not to mention incidents of cowardice, or confusion.

Bean was a man of dedication and integrity. He would tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. As for the whole truth, he undoubtedly chose which parts of the story he wanted to tell, but those bits would be true. Time and again, Bean recounts incidents where he claims the Anzacs in particular showed exceptional gallantry, as with his description of the stretcher-bearers.

Diaries rarely lie. Reading the diaries and jottings from Gallipoli that had been hidden in soldiers' boots – diaries they never thought another person would read and often kept secret all their lives till their descendants found them – you do in fact see a reality very much like the legend. No, they weren't all heroes. And, yes, they were invading another country. But I think it is also true that most had a pretty good idea why they were there. They stuck by their mates, and they did their best.

When I first started researching Gallipoli I thought I'd find that the legends exaggerated the gallantry and the Anzac ethos. But the more diary extracts and letters I read, the more I realised that the legends are mostly true.

Pa Jack Sullivan never spoke of his war service at Gallipoli, or at the Somme. If you look at his war record you will see a man who was demoted and reprimanded for insubordination and for going absent without leave for three days – which under the circumstances was more likely to have been because of shell shock than for cavorting. He was finally returned home in 1917 for what was recorded as high blood pressure by a compassionate medico.

Pa Jack never had high blood pressure in his life, but at that stage of the war shell shock was an unacceptable and illegal diagnosis – the military authorities were worried about having to pay out too many post-war pensions if they accepted the reality of psychological damage as well as physical repercussions from the war.

Pa Jack married late in life. He was a functioning alcoholic, able to carry out his work admirably as foreman at Cockatoo Island dockyard; at home he was bitter, violent and drunk. It was seventy years after Gallipoli that his son learned of what his father had faced at Gallipoli: airless dug-outs, sometimes with blackened, rotting bodies piled three deep about him, guts spilling out of wounds, flies and maggots crawling everywhere, the smell of death, the smoke from explosions, the roar of mortar fire and the screams of the dying.

No one survived Gallipoli untouched.

But Pa Jack also found happiness after the war with his young bride, till she tragically died of leukemia, and later in life, pride in his sons and in his work and friends and the RSL. One of the most moving parts of researching the men who served at Gallipoli is seeing what their lives were like after the war. Despite physical or mental problems, many went on to have lives of enormous fulfillment. Like the land itself, they were irrevocably changed by war. But just as the land eventually stabilised and was recreated, so, often, were they. Peace was often almost as hard to survive as war. But they managed, and so many seemed to have been both loved and happy.

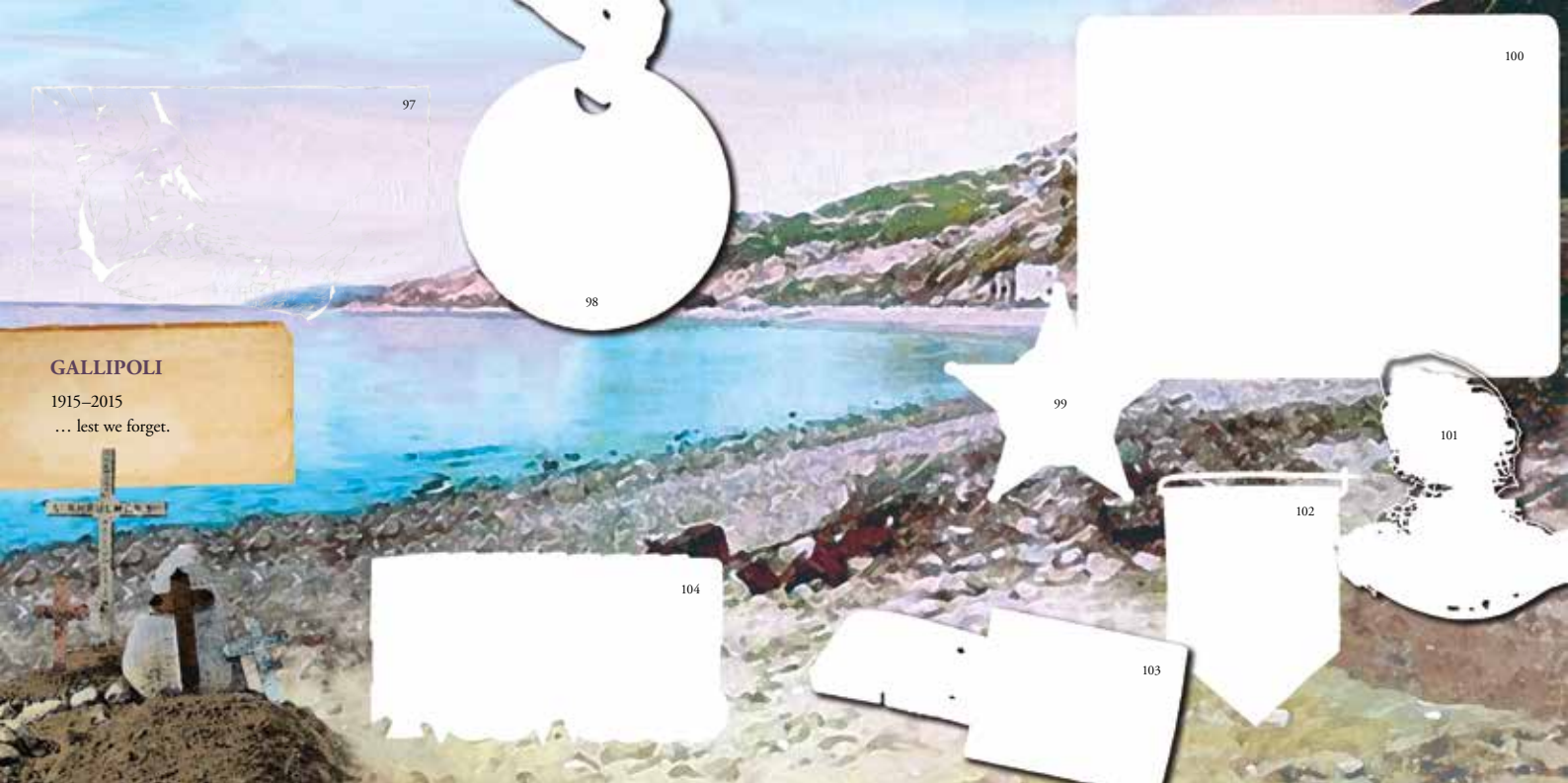
Gallipoli still matters. The images of the soldiers at Gallipoli reflected the way Australians thought about themselves in 1915: tough, determined, loyal. Just as you might talk of 'the spirit of the bushman' you'd also talk of 'the spirit of Gallipoli' and your listener would know what you meant: determination, self-sacrifice, larrikin humour and courage.

Even today the Gallipoli spirit implies someone who doesn't give in, even against appalling odds, sacrificing for others, not themselves, mateship not selfishness. The images of Gallipoli are used by politicians, film-makers, song-writers and novelists (of whom I'm one).

No, it's not the whole truth. Nor is it nothing but the truth. Film-makers and novelists have added much to the image that is now taken as history. (I hope I am not of their number, but I too have written fiction set at Gallipoli.)

But there is truth there. Australia gave Gallipoli strong men, used to working and fighting together. Gallipoli gave us back an enduring legend.

It took nearly a hundred years, Pa Jack. But finally, we have remembered.



97. Soldier waiting in the trenches, resting before the next onslaught.

98. Commemorative Anzac Medal recording the date when Anzac troops first landed at Gallipoli. Museum Victoria NU33105

99. The Turkish War Medal was awarded for gallantry in the World War One. The British and Australians mistakenly referred to this medal as the Gallipoli Star and the Germans called it the Iron Crescent as it resembled their Iron Cross. AWM REL/15317

100. An unidentified soldier stands among the graves of others who died at Gallipoli. AWM C00773

101. A torn piece of uniform, a remnant of the conflict.

102. 'Lest We Forget Australia's Heroes Gallipoli' patriotic fundraising badge thought to have been sold in South Australia after the war. AWM REL46059

103. Turkish belt buckle featuring the crescent moon and five pointed star. The Arabic script within the crescent reads 'Asakr-I Shahaneh' translating to 'Imperial Army'. It was found at Helles in January 1919. RELAWM00361

104. Medals won at Gallipoli and later conflicts. 'The Gallipoli Star' was awarded to those who fought in the campaign. AWM OL00271.004