USE OF THESEs

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Second Division soldiers coming out of Pozieres, August 1916.
The Broken Years

A study of the diaries and letters of Australian soldiers in the Great War, 1914-18

Bill Gammage

Volume 1

23 February 1970

This thesis was submitted to the Australian National University for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy
This is my own work

Bill Gammage
Acknowledgements

I have more and greater debts than I can acknowledge. 269 Great War veterans (of 350 asked) corresponded with me during 1967-8; many wrote often and at length, many sent wartime diaries and letters, or books, articles, and magazines, and several cheerfully tolerated my frequent conversation and interrogation. All consigned an eventful past to a doubtful future; I thank them, and I thank particularly Mr W.F. Anderson; Colonel E. Campbell, D.S.O.; the late Mr H.W. Cavill; the late Mr P. Constantine; Mr F.H. Cox; the late Mr A.W. Edwards, M.M.; Mr J. Gooder; the late Mr T. Gordon; the late Mr W.A. Graham; Mr R.F. Hall; Mr S.V. Hicks; Mr H.V. Howe; Mr D. Jackson, M.M.; Senator E.W. Mattner, M.C., D.C.M., M.M.; Mr J.H. Sturgiss; Mr W.E. Williams; and Mr A.G. Wordley.

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his love or respect for humanity, and he kept faith in its progress despite all the dark circumstances which confronted his time. It is to him, and to the thousands of great hearted men who were his comrades during the war, that I dedicate this thesis.
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He might have planted crops...

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Abbreviations

a) Units

A.A.M.C. Australian Army Medical Corps
A.A.N.S. Australian Army Nursing Service
A.A.O.C. Australian Army Ordnance Corps
A.A.S.C. Australian Army Service Corps
A.F.C. Australian Flying Corps
A.I.F. Australian Imperial Force
Amb. Ambulance
A.M.D.T. Anzac Mounted Divisional Train
A.M.T.S. Australian Mechanical Transport Service
Anz. Anzac
Anzac Australian and New Zealand Army Corps
Arty. Artillery
Bde. Brigade
Bn. Battalion
Bty. Battery
Coy. Company
Div. Division
Eng. Engineers
F.A.B. Field Artillery Brigade
Fld. Field
H.A.G. Heavy Artillery Group
H.Q. Headquarters
I.C.C. Imperial Camel Corps
L.H. Light Horse
L.R. Op. Light Railway Operating
L.T.M. Light Trench Mortar
M.G. Machine Gun
Mtd. Mounted
M.T.M. Medium Trench Mortar
Regt. Regiment
R.F.C. Royal Flying Corps
Sig. Signalling
Squad. Squadron
Trp. Troop
Tunn. Tunnelling

b) Rank

Bdr. Bombardier
Brig. Brigadier
Capt. Captain
C.O. Commanding Officer
Col. Colonel
Cpl. Corporal
C.Q.M.S. Company Quartermaster Sergeant
C.S.M. Company Sergeant Major
Dvr. Driver
Gen. General
Gnr. Gunner
L/Cpl. Lance Corporal
Lt. Lieutenant
Maj. Major
N.C.O. Non-commissioned Officer
Pte. Private
R.Q.M.S. Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant
2/Lt. Second Lieutenant
Sgr. Signaller
Sgt. Sergeant
S.M. Sergeant Major
Spr. Sapper
S/Sgt.        Staff Sergeant
Tpr.          Trooper

c) Cause of termination of service, etc.

When only the year of birth is given (e.g., b.1885), the soldier concerned returned to Australia or was discharged in England after the Armistice.

A.W.L.       Absent without leave
D.           Died
D.O.D.       Died of Disease
D.O.I.       Died of Injury
D.O.W.       Died of Wounds
K.I.A.       Killed in Action
P.O.W.       Prisoner of War
Rep.T.A.     Repatriated to Australia
re-enl.      re-enlisted
S.I.W.       Self inflicted wound
trans.       transferred

d) Decorations

C. ...       Commander...; Companion...
C.B.         Companion of the Bath
C.I.E.       Companion of the Indian Empire
D.C.M.       Distinguished Conduct Medal
D.S.O.       Distinguished Service Order
G.C. ...     Knight Grand Cross...; Knight Grand Commander...
K.C. ...     Knight Commander...
M.B.E. Member of the British Empire
M.C. Military Cross
...M.G. ... of St Michael & St George
M.M. Military Medal
...S.I. ... of the Star of India
O.B.E. Order of the British Empire
V.C. Victoria Cross
V.D. Volunteer Decoration
...V.O. ... of the Victorian Order

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e) In footnotes, (D) denotes diary or the abbreviated copy of a diary, (L) denotes letter or the abbreviated copy of a letter

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Sources and Conventions

Despite the supporting use of other sources, this thesis is a study of the records of 999 Australians who fought with the A.I.F. during the Great War. They left 1062 records, mostly diaries or letters or extracts therefrom, but occasionally notes or narratives written some time after the events they describe, and once or twice collections of miscellaneous material. In research and in writing I have emphasized the contemporary records of front line men.

They wrote for varying purposes. Some were writing home, others deliberately recording the climax of their lives. Some hardly mentioned the war, others rarely ignored it. Some minimized their discomforts, a few exaggerated them. Many, when it came to the point, described just what they saw and felt, because the tumult of the hour denied them an alternative, because they wanted an exact account for themselves if they lived or for their relatives if they died, or sometimes because they realized that the thoughts they confessed might be their last on earth.

None was obliged to be accurate, and these pages report statements no doubt genuinely believed when written,

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1 For example, 69. Argyle, (105,4), (D), Preface; 263. Coe, (76,3), (D), Preface.
2 For example, 670. Ranford, (107,2), (D), 25/12/15.
but not true, and hearsay evidence and 'tall stories' cloaked as truth by soldiers. I hope I have identified most such statements, and I have omitted errors apparently peculiar to individuals. But this thesis attempts to show what some Australian soldiers thought and felt during the war, and therefore must include instances in which they erred. For the same reason my comments often describe what soldiers thought rather than what I think: for example, I use words like 'patriot', 'Hun', and 'native' with their contemporary colourings, not with my own. Readers should not assume the literal accuracy of statements made or quoted here, nor believe that these necessarily represent my own opinion.

Most of the manuscripts were collected following various appeals to the general public, or after requests made in the 1920s and 30s by the Australian War Memorial to specific veterans or their relatives. Unless some sections of the community responded to these requests more willingly than others (which may be), there was no bias in the collection of the sources; but I have appended statistics about their writers which attempt to indicate possible bias' in what they recorded, and the figures show apparent discrepancies. These may have led me to exaggerate 'positive' factors in the early chapters: for example, the importance of Empire or nationalist sentiment, rather than the desire to be 'in it' or to act in concert with mates, as causes for enlistment. But I doubt that any significant bias exists in the chapters

1 See pp. 475-7.
describing the fighting and its consequences, because in that situation differences in attitude seem to have cut across civilian backgrounds, which retained their influence in expression rather than sentiment. Since censors were concerned merely with place names and troop movements, I could find no other significant bias in the records.

But, as though to mock the attachments of gentler times, there are three particular omissions: religion, politics, and sex. Of these the most important is religion, and these pages instance men who enlisted to defend their God, who remained devout Christians through every travail, and who, if they became fatalists, became so by trusting God entirely. Yet apparently the average Australian was not religious. He was not a keen churchman; he avoided church parades, or if he could not avoid them he tended to show sudden enthusiasm for whichever denomination worshipped within easiest marching distance. He distrusted chaplains, and sometimes detested them, because he was an Australian, and because they were

1 But it was not my experience that one group write more observantly or effectively about the war than another, nor was lack of education a handicap in this respect. For example, see pp.306-7, 439-40.

officers, enjoying the privileges of leaders but not the concomitant risks and responsibilities of battle.¹

There were exceptional chaplains, men who ignored minor blasphemies to confront major evils, who showed themselves brave under fire, and who ranked the needs and welfare of soldiers above the patriot religion of the wartime pulpit. These men taught by practice and example, and were among the most respected in the A.I.F. But, though it was not their intent, they tended to demonstrate that the rewards of virtue were on earth rather than in Heaven, and to be admired as men rather than chaplains. Probably they advanced the piety of their flock only incidentally.²

Most Australians found little in war to prompt consideration of a higher divinity. Some turned to God in moments of stress, but the majority kept their minds squarely upon the world around them, displaying a practical concern for the exigencies of battle, and a

¹ For this and the two preceding sentences, for example, 356. Cpl. W.I. Everard, 2 M.G. Bn., Farmer, of Marshfield, S.A. K.I.A. 4/7/18, aged 27. (L), 17/9/17
21. Aitken, (101,2), (L), 2/7/16; 141. Allen, (77,2), (L), 10/8/16; 262. Cleary, (220,2), (D), 29/10/16; 477. Jackson, (154,2), (L), 17/9/17; 991. Hicks, (255,3), (D), 5/12/15

² For this paragraph thus far, 14. Adcock, (100,4), (L), 4/12/17; 607. Mitchell, (79,2), (D), 14/1/16
preoccupation with questions of food and rest, dead mates, leave, and the next fight. Not often during that blind struggle did they consider the Almighty Being who directed their existence.

Politics interested them even less. They debated conscription, and a few reviled strikers in Australia, but these were issues of war, not politics. "Discussion on Politics Is Not In the Fashion Here", a soldier in France told his brother, a Sydney M.L.A., "we Have a lot more Serious Subjects to Juggle with Its mostly old Fritz & so on." Faction and preference, socialism and capitalism, were civilian luxuries, far too remote to move men embroiled in the deadly business of war.

Although one or two soldiers discussed their love affairs, most never wrote about sex, so that in this thesis consideration of the subject is not possible. To judge from venereal disease statistics, some applied taboos about sex to words but not actions, and I am told that many men took advantage of whatever 'horizontal refreshment' chanced to offer. Yet apparently sex did not loom large among them. To men on Gallipoli, in Sinai, or in the line in France, relations with women were not possible; to men keyed by battle, perpetually half exhausted, and conscious that they fought in part to defend the rights and chastity of women, sexual relations were not, at least in imagination, attractive. In talk they discussed and joked about sex, but less frequently than about the incidents

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975. Molesworth, (281,2), (L), 7/3/18
of war,\(^1\) and in practice, probably, most honoured the honourable, and availed themselves of the available.

As well as these omissions, there were Australians who wrote little about the war. These men may have passed through great events without comment, and perhaps some of them were not much affected by the struggle. The narratives of more expressive writers make that seem scarcely credible, but if there were such soldiers, it is noteworthy, because they would qualify this record, whereas of necessity they have only passingly influenced it.

Many men cited in the chapters which bring the narrative to the A.I.F.'s embarkation from Australia were from the British Isles, because, being separated from their relatives, these men were obliged to write what others spoke. Perhaps their predominance has slightly exaggerated the spirit of Empire, and underrated the adventurous eagerness of untravelled Australians; but British born men were among the most ardent Australian nationalists, and Englishmen returning home among the keenest travellers.

Relatively few light horsemen wrote on the campaign in Sinai and Palestine, with results evident in that part of the thesis; possible causes for this are suggested on page 235, in footnote 1.

Because this is an account of how soldiers felt rather than of what they did, and claims to represent only those diaries and letters actually read, this is not a military history of the A.I.F. Sometimes for want of

\(^1\) Bean, op. cit., VI, p.18n.
space, sometimes because too few diaries or letters described them, there is no reference to A.I.F. actions in Mesopotamia or against the Senussi, nor to one or two battles, most notably the defensive action Australian infantry fought at Lagnicourt, France, on 15 April 1917. Yet I make no claims about the uniqueness of the men I describe, or of any Australian soldier: much of what is written here might apply to Canadians or New Zealanders, and no doubt some of it would be true of soldiers in every army.

There are several simplifying conventions, chiefly employed in footnotes:

The fullest information about any soldier is contained in the footnote which first cites him, and this footnote is referred to in subsequent relevant footnotes by its page number followed by its note number, in brackets after the writer's surname. As example of a first footnote is,


and of a subsequent footnote for the same man,

607. Mitchell, (79,2), (D), 1/6/15 where Mitchell is first mentioned on p.79, n.2.

Abbreviations are listed on pp.ix-xii; and ranks, decorations, and units are those which a writer terminated his A.I.F. service from any cause: when only the year of birth is given, the writer returned safely to Australia after the war or on '1914 leave' in October 1918.
Surnames are prefixed in footnotes by a number: this assists reference back to a first footnote and to the bibliography, which lists the record writers chronologically.

Unless it is otherwise indicated or apparent, see also in footnotes precedes evidence supporting the general point or subject under discussion, not merely the subject matter of the footnote to which it is attached; however, this will vary between sources, because no soldier was obliged to arrange his thoughts logically, or to confine them to a single subject. The alternative was a proliferation of footnotes difficult for the writer and distracting for the reader, and in avoiding this I hope I have retained accuracy and clarity.

Primary or secondary sources of slight relevance but referred to in the text are annotated in full in the appropriate footnote, the remaining sources referred to are fully annotated in the bibliography.

The text is liberally interspersed with imprecise indications of number - 'most', 'many', 'some', 'a few', etc. Though it is unlikely that I have always succeeded, I have attempted to give these indications some validity, and in doing so have been guided by the weight of internal evidence, by Dr Bean's work, by discussion with returned men, and by what seemed to me probable. Because all these produce uncertain results, and particularly because each assumes that what soldiers said is what they thought, readers should take these words to indicate only rough approximations.
Finally, to avoid frequent interruptions in the narrative, I have not normally used *sic* to indicate punctuation or spelling errors in quotations, and I hope all errors shown occur in the original.
There has never been a greater tragedy than World War One. Other events, by leading valorous men to contest trivial causes and by encouraging the perpetration of base and noble acts, have been as treacherous to humanity; no event has involved so many, nor so blighted the hopes of men. The Great War engulfed an age, and conditioned the times that followed. It wreaked havoc and disillusion among everything its contemporaries valued and thought secure, it contaminated every good ideal for which it was waged, it threw up waste and horror worse than all the evils it sought to avert, and it left legacies of staunchness and savagery equal to any which have bewildered men about their purpose on earth.

Among those who fought in the war were 330,000 Australians. They were civilians who volunteered for and were accepted into the Australian Imperial Force, soldiers who enlisted and sailed to defend King and Country, or for the novelty of it. Overseas a maelstrom caught them, and in four years swept most of their assumptions away. Although their spirits rarely were broken, they amended their outlooks to absorb the unexpected challenges they encountered, and returned to Australia the flotsam of old ways, but the harbingers of a new world, and a new century.

One thousand of these soldiers left the documents which inspired what follows, and the thesis considers none but them. Yet wider speculations readily assert
themselves, and not merely about the A.I.F. at large, or about kindred soldiers from Canada or New Zealand or Scotland, or about men at war. It may not be possible to discern the nature of man, because each guesses at that from his own standpoint, and in describing others makes a puppet of himself, and dances to his own invention. Yet if these men do not answer great questions, they might be seen to raise them, for they too had to ask whether their actions prospered mankind or corrupted it, whether mankind itself is great or depraved, and whether men serve events or master them.

Therefore I commend the chronicles they wrote to the reader. They are impressed with a tragic nobility beyond the ability of the following extracts to convey, and the spirit of an age moves through their pages far more perfectly than through mine.
Adieu, the years are a broken song,
And the right grows weak in the strike with wrong,
The lilies of love have a crimson stain,
And the old days never will come again.

From the diary of an Australian soldier, September 1917.
While we do not propose to surrender the control of our [Armed Forces], or to place ourselves in a position of absolute subservience to the British War Office, we do want so to order our fighting resources that they will be in emergency of greatest service, not merely to ourselves, but to the Empire.

Sydney Morning Herald, 8 January 1910.
On 4 July 1906, the Mayor of Cootamundra told the Australian Governor-General:

His Excellency represents the visible link between this young commonwealth and the Motherland, securing to us the right to work out our own destiny, without fear of invasion from foreign powers. These are the days of the survival of the fittest, of the growth of the larger nations at the expense of the smaller, for the strong to increase and the weak to decrease, and our right to exist and make our own laws depends on the existence of the British fleet.

His Excellency replied that he spoke on the anniversary day of another great English speaking people, a day which had taught Englishmen the unwisdom of interfering with self-governing rights. He believed that Australians would proceed to a great destiny as a free and European people, and he felt sure that, as Britons beyond the seas, they would ever be ready to rally to the Motherland and the Empire.¹

These were the main sentiments of the time. Most Australians before 1914 were proud of their country, loved their Empire, assumed the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, accepted the need for military preparedness, and believed war the worthiest test of nations and men. Despite the continent's isolation and military weakness, they saw no contradiction in their attitudes, and under the sway of sentiment and the direction of events they blended them into a coherent whole.

¹ Both speeches are in an account of the visit of the Governor-General (Baron Northcote) to Cootamundra, N.S.W., in the Cootamundra Herald, 7 July 1906.
There were dangers and difficulties in the course they chose. During much of the nineteenth century, Australians had presumed themselves safe from external threat, because international crises occurred only sporadically, and because every challenger seemed inferior to the might of the British fleet. But towards the close of the century this presumption became more difficult to maintain, for foreign powers were intruding into the Pacific with increasing frequency. Of the several European states which occupied Pacific outposts during the period, Germany appeared especially threatening: she had colonised New Guinea and Nauru, both close to Australia, and she operated a cruiser squadron from China. China and Russia also seemed dangerous, but by far the greatest peril Australians apprehended was Japan, which within a few years had built a powerful navy, trained a large army, defeated China (1894-5) and Russia (1904-5), and become a world power of the first rank. She lay near to Australia's north, populous, alien, and presumably antagonistic, and in 1905 an acute observer could write that the Australian nightmare was no longer a European conflagration spreading to overseas dependencies, but an incursion of Asians from their overcrowded homes into the fertile wilderness of tropical Australia.

2 For fear of European intrusion, see ibid., pp.88-94, 179-80, 225; Bulletin, 8 January and 16 April 1898; Jebb, op. cit., pp.67-8.
3 Ibid., p.85. See also the Bulletin's editorial, 18 March 1909, on the two threats to the Empire, to England from Germany, and to Australia from Japan; and Macandie, op. cit., pp.177-8, 180, 225.
The nightmare was compounded by the apparently diminishing superiority of the country's chief defence. Since 1867 the 'blue water' strategy\(^1\) had gradually gained influence in the Royal Navy, until by the early 1900s it was dogma. The Australian colonies had initially swallowed their qualms about the doctrine, but in 1897 Britain began to strengthen her fleet in European waters;\(^2\) in 1902, partly to facilitate this, she signed an alliance with Japan; and in 1907 she withdrew her squadrons from the Pacific. This and Britain's trust of Asiatic integrity thoroughly dismayed Australians, who predicted themselves isolated and defenceless should ever the fleet become embroiled in a European crisis. In 1912 a Sydney writer believed that, at some time, Asia's 450 millions would certainly invade Australia's free spaces. The British flag and the British fleet alone prevented their immediately undertaking the enterprise, but were these guards for a moment distracted in Europe, China and Japan might unite in a "yellow streak of kinship" and conquer the South Pacific.\(^3\) Another pointed out that European crises

\(^1\) This required that the Empire channel its defence energies into a single powerful Navy, able to range the sea lanes of the world and protect the British flag wherever it flew. It was formulated by Captain J.C.R. Colomb in his The Protection of our Commerce and the Distribution of Our War Forces Considered (1867), and given prominence by the American Admiral, Mahan. Preston, R.A.: Canada and "Imperial Defense", between pp.88 and 116, gives a good discussion.

\(^2\) Churchill, W.S.: The World Crisis, p.15. Germany passed Naval Laws in 1897 to treble her fleet.

and the 'blue water' strategy had left only four British capital ships in the Pacific, against which Japan maintained twenty battleships and battle cruisers, and nine armoured cruisers, and was building a further seven dreadnoughts. The menace of the "monkey cohorts" preoccupied Australians who feared for their country's safety until August 1914.

In 1909 British naval prestige suffered a further setback when the Government abandoned the two power standard (by which the fleet was maintained to outmatch a combination of any two foreign navies), and when Admiralty statements provoked panic over the rate of naval shipbuilding. In Australia doubts arose, not only about Britain's ability to defend the Pacific, but occasionally about the future of her overall superiority. Although most Australians remained confident of Britain's continued supremacy at sea, they rallied to the Empire, and even considered interrupting their own naval building programme to buy Britain a dreadnought. At the same time, probably, the crisis confirmed to them the virtue of a course they


3 For example, Age, 8 March 1913; Argus, 1 August 1914.
had already taken. Since the late nineteenth century, nationalist sentiment and fear for their safety had led some Australians to consider specifically Australian defences,\(^1\) and after the 1902 Anglo-Japanese alliance demands for an Australian Navy were almost constant.\(^2\) In 1906 Captain W.R. Creswell, Director of Australian Naval Forces, argued persuasively for an Australian fleet, and won wide support.\(^3\) The British proponents of the 'blue water' strategy criticised the strategic soundness of his aspirations,\(^4\) but Britain's 1907 withdrawal from the Pacific destroyed their influence among Australians. The Age explained,

\(^1\) Other considerations apart, the sheer cost of naval defences had always been sufficient to overwhelm these ambitions. In 1898, for example, the Australian contribution to Imperial naval defence barely paid for the maintenance of the vessels in Australian waters, yet this was only about 15\% of the initial cost of these vessels. Macandie, op. cit., p.63.

\(^2\) Macandie's book (op. cit.) is mainly a collection of primary sources relating to naval defence policy and the development of the Australian Navy, c.1850-1918. See particularly Chapters IX to XLII, which cover the period 1899-1911 and support in detail most of the generalizations about naval defence I have attempted in this chapter.

\(^3\) The text of Creswell's proposal is in ibid., pp.148-55; evidence of support is in Alfred Deakin's letter to the Morning Post, written 20 August 1906, (in La Nauze, J.A. (ed.): Deakin: Federated Australia, pp.190-1); and Preston, op. cit., p.364.

[We are bound] in irrefragable ties of sympathy and gratitude to the country [of our parents, but because Germany]...has already forced Britain to concentrate all her battle fleets in home waters, we saw ourselves in time of war a lonely, sparsely populated outpost, cut off from the Imperial naval basis [sic] by 12,000 miles of sea, and...the tempting prize and easy prey of...the teeming hordes of Eastern Asia...[Hence] we determined, with or without British consent, to acquire a navy...

In 1909 Australia ordered her first ships, by the following year she owned three destroyers, and by 1913 ten capital ships and two submarines.

The Australian Navy was the chief consequence of Australian desires to possess Australian defences, but after 1905 the military was also expanded. Prevailing opinion in the early Commonwealth had favoured a voluntary army, but by 1907 many had come to accept the principle of compulsory military training. In 1909 and 1910 Army Acts rendered liable for compulsory service all British males aged between twelve and twenty-six years and of six months' residence in Australia, and in 1911 the Royal Military College began courses to train regular army officers. By 1913 over 35,000 men, not including reserves, were in the national military forces, and defence appropriations had increased from 22 per cent of Commonwealth expenditure in 1905-6 to 37 per cent in 1911-2. By 1914 Australia had twenty ships and over 200,000 males under arms of some sort. Her defence expenditure had risen from 23/7 per head in 1913-4 to 25/- per head in

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1 Age, 18 May 1908.
1914, third in the world after Britain and France, six times the rate of Japan, and one and a half times that of Germany.¹

All this was designed to supplement, not replace, Imperial defence. The Royal Navy remained the first shield of the nation, and Australians assured the Motherland of their readiness to submit their forces to Imperial strategy in a crisis. The declaration made by the Colonial Defence Committee in 1901, that, "The maintenance of British supremacy at sea is the first condition of the security of Australian territory and trade in war."² was always the assumption behind Australian defence policy,³ because Australians knew that their own defences were unequal to a serious assault, and were convinced that a defeat to the British fleet anywhere in the world affected their security. They were chained to the Empire's fortunes, and their wish to possess their own defences was a mere adaptation of this basic consideration. "Australia has... the first instalment of its fleet...", the Melbourne Punch wrote in 1910, "[and] is no longer to be an encumbrance to the Empire... In future we take our share


² Macandie, op. cit., p.82.

³ Ibid., pp.82-4; Godfrey-Smith, op. cit., p.37.
of the responsibility of Empire defence.... The destiny of Australia as a naval power is to keep the Pacific for the British". ¹

This was the product of necessity; it was also welcomed by sentiment. ² Australian nationalism wanted equality within the Empire, not independence; Australian defence policy sought junior partnership, not division. The establishment of Australian defences had demonstrated that nationalist sentiment and an attachment to Empire were compatible, and no doubt the attainment of a status within the Empire more nearly to Australian satisfaction strengthened the allegiances which trade and tradition had engendered. "If we cannot trust Australia [to support the Empire], can we then trust Scotland, or Yorkshire, or Devon?", ³ an Australian could ask in 1912, and, at least in New South Wales, this attitude was deliberately inculcated into schoolchildren. Stewart Firth ⁴ has shown how every educational influence in New South Wales state and Catholic schools - policy, the syllabus, text books, the school magazine, the teacher, school ceremonies, and recreation - operated after Federation to inspire in children a dual affection for Australia and the Empire,

¹ Punch, 15 December 1910. See also Age, 18 May 1908; Sydney Morning Herald (Hereafter S.M.H.), 10 January 1910; Gollan, R.: Radical and Working Class Politics...1850-1910, p.196; Turner, I.: Industrial Labour and Politics...1900-21, p.68.

² Macandie, op. cit., p.102. Converted by fear for a White Australia's future and by the weakness of Australia's defences, by 1910 the party of Australian nationalism, Labor, fully supported Australia's emotional and practical attachment to Empire. See Gollan, op. cit., pp.194-201.

³ Cutlack, op. cit., p.1001.

and to awaken towards both 'that glorious feeling Patriotism'. The schools were the principal celebrants of the first Empire Day, in 1905. On every day they honoured the Union Jack, idealized the tales of heroes, patriots, and Empire builders in Imperial (termed 'our') history, and taught Australian boys their duty to the Empire.

These sentiments encouraged Australians to express a large proportion of the emotions of nation and Empire in terms of martial enthusiasm. In much of the world before 1914, war was considered a glorious pursuit, and a necessary test of national virility and personal manliness. Australians accepted these assumptions entirely, and they were dazzled by the splendour they saw in Britain's martial past. Since 1815, minor affrays and accidents of policy had brought England's enlightened precepts and example to almost every dark corner of the globe, until the presence of redcoat or bluejacket denoted the advance of the highest levels of civilisation. Religion, race, trade, prestige, and humanity, all justified this crusading spirit of Empire.

Yet Australians could only imagine the romantic deeds of their race in distant places, for they themselves had never fought a satisfactory war, and neither their manhood nor the value of their country to the Empire had been tested. Many felt the lack, and eagerly awaited the day of battle. At least in New South Wales, young Australians grew up inspired by the Victoria Cross, the Union Jack, God, General Gordon, great deeds, and British power. From 1908 they could go to camps conducted twice each year by
the Education Department, run on military lines (Reveille at 5 a.m., parades to honour King and flag, the Last Post at 8.30 p.m.), and calculated to instill a love of nation and Empire. 1 The same spirit presided over every aspect of Australian life. Homes proudly displayed half life size portraits of the Empire's generals, good Christians were exhorted in the name of God to love and serve the Empire, entertainment and literature emphasized the glory and the duty of Empire. In 1906, to train staff officers for the citizen forces, Sydney University appointed a Brigadier its Director of Military Science, and during the Boer War 'Rolf Boldrewood' predicted,

...for ever more will Australia 'keep unchanged the strong heart of her sons', for ages yet to come jealously claiming the proud title of 'Britons of the South', and as such, when the world's war-dogs bay around the sacred standard of the Empire, eagerly emulous to be enrolled among the 'Soldiers of the Queen'. 2

In 1913 an Australian poet had Jehovah say,

...I am a God of Battle, not a Lord of humble tears; Dear to Me the scabbard's rattle and the thrust of stubborn spears!  
...My heart is towards the Smiters, towards the Leaders in the van -  
Be a King, Oh! be a Master, be a Soldier and a Man! 3

Henry Lawson said in 1897 that Australia needed a good war to make it a proper nation, 4 and twelve years later he wrote a fifteen stanza poem, 'Here Died', for the Bulletin:

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1 Firth, op. cit., passim.  
2 In Turner, I.: The Australian Dream, p.143.  
3 Hervey, op. cit., pp.239-40.  
There's many a school-boy's bat and ball that are gathering dust at home,
For he hears a voice in the future call, and he trains for the war to come,
A serious light in his eyes is seen as he comes from the schoolhouse gate;
He keeps his kit and his rifle clean, and he sees that his back is straight...

In the cooling breeze of the coastal streams, or out where the townships bake,
They march in fancy, and fight in dreams, and die for Australia's sake.
They hold the fort till relief arrives, when the landing parties storm,
And they take the pride of their fresh young lives in the set of a uniform...

And far in the future (I see it well), and born of such days as these,
There lies an Australia invincible, and mistress of all her seas;
With monuments standing on hill and head, where her sons shall point with pride
To the names of Australia's bravest dead, carved under the words "Here Died".1

In 1908 a former Imperial Bushman published 'The Song that Men Should Sing', which shortly afterwards appeared in a New South Wales school text:

We won our land from a nerveless race,
Too mean for their land to fight;
If we mean to hold it we too must face
The adage that "might is right".

It matters nothing what dreamers say,
When they prate that wars must cease,
For the lustful war-god holds his sway
In these piping days of peace.

We know there was never a country yet
In the East or in the West,

1 Bulletin, 2 September 1909. See also Lawson's 'The Star of Australasia' (1895).
That was worth the winning, but has been wet
With the life blood of its best.
So our lads must learn there's a sterner task
Than playing a well-pitched ball;
That the land we love may someday ask
For a team when the trumpets call.
A team that is ready to take the field,
To bowling with balls of lead,
In a test match grim, where if one appealed,
The umpire might answer "Dead"!

The most persuasive cultivator of martial enthusiasm
in Australia was a Methodist headmaster in Melbourne, W.H. Fitchett. Responding to a call to better educate
Australian youth in the glories of Empire, in time he wrote
over thirty books, for all Australians and for people
throughout the Empire, under such titles as Deeds that Won
the Empire (1896), Fights for the Flag (1898), How
England Saved Europe, in four volumes, (1899), Nelson and
his Captains (1902), and The Great Duke (1911). All
lauded Britain's and therefore Australia's military
traditions, and their relevance to the present. Fitchett's
best known book, Deeds that Won the Empire, aimed "not to
glorify war, but to nourish patriotism", yet it stressed
that the legacies of the past and the needs of the future
demanded a "loyalty to duty stronger than the love of
life."

1 Mackay, K.: Songs of a Sunlit Land, (Angus and Robertson,
Sydney, 1908). I read the poem in Firth, op. cit., p.217,
and have quoted stanzas 7 to 11 of 20 stanzas. Other
evidence of martial ardour is in S.M.H., 8 January 1910;
Hancock, W.K.: Australia, p.50; Penny, B.R.: 'Australia's
Reaction to the Boer War...', Journal of British Studies,
2 Fitchett, W.H.: Deeds that Won the Empire, Preface,
pp.v, v-vi.
Empire; readiness to die was the supreme virtue, embracing courage, honour, duty, and sacrifice, and finding reward in fame and immortality. The minister repeated his sermon in other works, and at least one before 1914, *The New World of the South: Australia in the Making* (1913), specifically linked the great heritage of Empire with Australia's own history, even though this was "distressingly tame" and marked by "a century of drowsy and uneventful peace".¹

He was the most popular Australian writer of his day. His books sold over 750,000 copies in Australia and England, and *Deeds that Won the Empire* alone sold ten editions and 200,000 copies within three years. Monash took a copy to the Front, to read to his men, he said.²

By 1914, war, glory, race, nation, and Empire had become woven, apparently inextricably, into the pattern of Australian existence. Australians were 'independent Australian Britons', defenders of the white race in the Pacific, bound as one to England and the Empire by the fleet, sharing across the world the responsibilities and the power of a proud heritage. They were unswervingly loyal to the course they had chosen, and they would go gladly to fight in whatever corner of the earth the wisdom of the

² I obtained much information about Fitchett from K.S. Inglis, who gave Fitchett's obituary in the *Argus*, 26 May 1928, as the source for most of it.
Empire should direct them. Amid a sea of perils, that was certain.

What was not certain, and what all their eagerness and confidence could not predict, was when and to where they would be directed, for they had resigned that decision to others.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And...leave not a rack behind...

Prospero, in The Tempest, Act IV, Sc.i.
Early in 1914 Henry Gullett, Member of the Legislative Council, planned the Shakespeare memorial which stands outside Sydney's Public Library. He meant to honour a great Englishman, the ancestor of his culture, and to salute his own age, which had illuminated every realm of thought, and which consecrated every emotion to the progress of man and the glory of God and Empire. He had hoped to decorate the monument with Prospero's words concerning that end awaiting every hope and vanity, but on 4 August 1914, before he could finish the project, the old man died of heart failure, after a fall.¹

That day, in Wagga, the Daily Advertiser advanced the statistics of a French expert to show that a general war, if it did come, could not possibly long continue. Assuming a war lasting ten days, and calculating every expense incurred (to the cost of ammunition at ten rounds per man per gun per day, and the cost of evacuating wounded at four per day), the expert arrived at a prohibitive sum, and concluded that a war of even ten days was unlikely.²

¹The tenor of these paragraphs is from the S.M.H. report of the statue's unveiling, 30 January 1926.
²Daily Advertiser, 4 August 1914.

I have cited the Daily Advertiser more than other newspapers in this chapter, because I read it at a time when alternative sources were inaccessible. The paper was reasonably typical of the contemporary press. It was owned by Stephen Sullivan and edited mainly by W.M. Sherry, both opponents of Labor and supporters of conscription, and an estimated five to six thousand copies circulated daily throughout much of the Riverina. Note throughout this chapter that press sentiment was usually more extreme than that felt by some private citizens.
A third event occurred on 4 August, which was to destroy these sure and simple convictions, and show the irony of Gullett's inscription. England declared war upon Germany. Australians, reacting to the prescriptions of a decade, hailed this event with unprecedented enthusiasm and the most complete harmony in their history. "It is our baptism of fire", exulted the Sydney Morning Herald.

Australia knows something of the flames of war, but its realities have never been brought so close as they will be in the near future, and the discipline will help us find ourselves. It will

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1 Scott, E.: *Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-18*, Vol. XI, Preface, p.v. There was slight opposition to the war. For that from a few pacifists, and the I.W.W. and its associates, see Turner, I.: *op. cit.*, pp. 69-70, 169. The following is unusual: "Sir - I am a British mother, and ... for the life of me I cannot think in what light...[great leaders] view the precious lives of mothers' sons, and wives' husbands, and children's fathers...If it were just the ships and guns going to war one would understand...but I for one do not like to see my brothers leave lots of children to starve while they go to war to settle [Royalty's] grievances for them. Then again all the princes and princesses are gathered together in castles and protected. Where is the place of refuge for a mother with five or six children clinging to her skirt, and the aged mother whose only support has gone to get murdered?...and what reward do they get? They can go to the workhouse and break stones, or go to the devil, which they choose. They give them a banquet when they return and say a lot of praising speeches, and that has to feed their children till they are old enough to go to work to keep a crippled father." Barrier Miner, Broken Hill, 10 August 1914. The body of the left, where the force of this argument might have been felt, offered no opposition to the war. 43% of the 1914 enlistments were unionists (Turner, *op. cit.*, p.69) and 63.86% of total A.I.F. enlistments were tradesmen and labourers. (Scott, *op. cit.*, XI, p.660). Even Labor Call, although it bemoaned the war (6 August 1914), blamed Germany for it (13 August 1914).
test of our manhood and our womanhood by an immediate local pressure...

The streets crowded with faces, laughing, cheering, whistling, singing, surging with youth and strength and joy and confidence. Strangers embraced as brothers, and girls as readily as harlots. Flags waved frantically, and cheer after cheer rolled across every public concourse in the land. Everywhere tumult and merriment ruled, in cafes, theatres, and hotels, on trams and buses, wherever there were bands, wherever there were people. It was a wild moment, flushed with glorious visions and the sense of its momentous import.

Nothing during the early months of the war stilled the ferment, and patriotism, unchallenged in its Pacific isolation, outstripped its conventions. At Labor Party headquarters, at Melbourne University, and on a Queensland cattle station men sang 'Rule Britannia' and the National Anthem after work. University lecturers gave up alcohol to set an example, the Commonwealth voted £100,000 to the suffering Belgians, the churches, the trade unions, and the Melbourne Celtic Club proclaimed their devotion to

\[ S.M.H., 6 \text{ August 1914}. \]

A canon of Worcester wrote in an English journal circulated in Australia that war demanded the highest abilities, had great aims, and lifted men and nations to their loftiest achievements. "Peace, the mere negation, the absence, of war, offers by itself no such...exalted inspiration. Peace ought to be regarded as a means, a condition for some higher end." Wilson, Rev. J.M., D.D.: 'Christ's Sanction as well as Condemnation of War', Hibbert Journal, Vol.XIII, No.4, 1914, p.839.
the cause. Everyone acclaimed the men who volunteered to fight, and thousands offered money, stock, grain, fruit, bibles, books, magazines, writing materials, games, pianos, field cookers, clothes, sweets, and medicines for their comfort. The child who sold his dearest possession to raise money for the troops was publicly thanked for his patriotism, and children were led to scavenge scrap for sale, and give up pets, school prizes, and the treasures of a lifetime to help the soldiers. Enlisting volunteers accepted money or gold watches or gold pens from firms, friends, or Patriotic Associations, went to dances in their honour, and often remained on the books of unions and associations which promised to support their dependents. Parents swelled in society with each additional son in khaki, for soldiers had become the saviours of their country.¹

The affections of nation and Empire ran through this commotion. Australia had not resolved her status within the Empire, because she had never weightily contributed to

Empire defence. Now the nation could make good her claims to partnership, and blend her history into England's magnificent traditions. Every particle of antipodean emotion ranged beside Australia's oldest friend, and repeated the endless and untiring phrases: 'if Britain goes to her Armageddon so do we', 'who lives if England dies', 'the last man and the last shilling', and so on.

England's trial was cause enough, but, the Empire's destinies being indivisible, most Australians also feared for their own safety. "The moment the British fleet is defeated," wrote the Wagga paper, "...Australia will have to fight for her position in the world...", and in an Empire journal of May 1915 an Australian argued that his country faced greater peril than did England, because, although a victorious Germany would force indemnities from Britain and her Allies, she would place Australia, the most desirable colony in the world, directly under her flag. Australians had a particular stake in aiding the Empire. In its first War Issue the Melbourne *Punch* stated,

Australia's call to Britain's side is...not only a demand upon sentiment, not only a call to help strike the cancer of militarist greed and aggression at the roots; it is also an appeal to fight for our freedom. The British fleet is our all in all. Its destruction means Australia's destruction, the ruin of trade and

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1 For the rhetoric of public figures, see Bean, op. cit., I, pp.16-7; Scott, op. cit., XI, pp.22-3; *Daily Advertiser*, 4 August 1914.
2 Ibid., 4 August 1914.

institutions, and the surrender of our liberties. The British Empire is our family circle, and we cannot live outside it.¹

These entwined emotions made first call upon Australian hearts. Yet, as Punch declared, the war would also arbitrate upon other issues. The Allies, not merely the Empire, ranged themselves against a great evil, which threatened the extinction of great principles. The world struggled for humanity, civilisation, life, and all the fear, bigotry, and ignorance of which Australians in their isolation were capable launched into a violent crusade against Germany and the Germans.

Almost immediately, the Sydney Morning Herald judged England totally right, and Germany totally wrong:

Germany is now shown to be responsible. She stands before the world discredited, a breaker of treaties, and an assailant of weaker nations...Great Britain...is thrice armed with a just quarrel, she has gathered her Empire together in such solid array that each part will give and suffer to the last...²

This was the white cloud before a gathering storm, the dark fury of which fell quickly upon the land. On 2 July, the Daily Advertiser considered the Sarajevo assassins "...feeble...helpless...ineffectual...degenerates and irresponsibles." By 6 August, Princip was "a more or less irresponsible human atom" and not the Real Anarchist. On 14 August the paper reported an assassination attempt on

¹ Punch, 6 August 1914.
² S.M.H., 6 August 1914. See also Barrier Miner, 8 August 1914; Daily Advertiser, 5 August 1914; Bean, op. cit., I, Introduction, pp.xivii-xiviii.
the German Crown Prince, and exclaimed, "If [the assailant] would only direct his energy to the task of assassinating the Kaiser - the arch homicide of the age - he might succeed in rendering a glorious service to humanity and civilisation." It was a rapid conversion, mirroring the times.

Shortly afterwards the first reports of German atrocities reached Australia. In Belgium,

...German troops...burned many houses, divided the peasants into groups and threw them into ditches and crushed their skulls with rifle butts...
Undressed women were driven into the streets, old and sick persons were beaten and children were outraged, while wounded Belgian soldiers were hanged.1

An unwearying procession of similar reports followed - Louvain, the persecution of the priesthood, the burning of churches, the roasting of babies skewered on German bayonets, the mass murders of wounded and civilians. Any atrocity within the device of man,2 Australians felt, was natural to those who would hound humanity to destruction. The expanding catalogue of German crimes roused the public to fury, and press invective struggled for new superlatives. The Daily Advertiser clamoured, "...when you are fighting a mad dog you cannot afford to consider the humanity, or the christianity, of the matter. The vital thing is to kill him lest he kill you..."3, and a poem asked the Monarch of Blood,

1 Daily Advertiser, 27 August 1914.
2 German atrocities, though often committed, fell far short of Allied capacity for describing them.
3 Daily Advertiser, 5 May 1915.
4 Coxhead, Mrs G.R.: 'To the Kaiser'.
Oh, thou vile man of sin, through the strife
and the din -
Through the wail of the orphans and wives -
Do you think of the day, that's not far away,
When you'll answer to God for their lives?

The malady seized the best educated Australians. An English textbook on the war to 1915, used in Australian schools, chronicled over several pages real and concocted German outrages, and contrasted them with the superior courage, intelligence and integrity natural to the Anglo-Saxon race and their Gallic and Slavic allies.¹ In a book of public lectures printed by his university, a professor stated that Germany had prepared the war for some years, and in advance had set France an indemnity of £600 million, to be used to conquer England, and to occupy Australia and inflict every Hun horror there.² By mid 1915 the Australians had charged every conceivable bestiality against the Central Powers. There was no salvation for their enemies, and with total hate they looked to total victory and the total destruction of every opponent.

By October 1914 most German nationals in Australia were interned, and most citizens of German origin or extract were subject to social, economic and legal bars. Some patriotic Australians demanded more:

No doubt many ...[aliens] pass in society as loyal British subjects when all the time they are hating the flag which shelters them, and are animated by a secret

² Berry, R., in Berry and Strong, op. cit., pp.141-2.
desire to see the British nation crushed under the brutal heel of the dictators in Prussia... To permit this kind of folly to go on is to continue the very conditions which in recent years have enabled the German nation to acquire immense sums of money from Australia and England while at the same time treacherously preparing... to bring about the overthrow of the Empire... we shall presently have... [the people] taking the law into their own hands. There is a limit to even the patience and tolerance of the easy going Australian: and if sympathisers with the Prussians overlook this fact and persist in looking for trouble they may find it in rather full measure before this war is done with.

Australian Germans were beaten up, expelled from clubs and associations, abused for attendance at church, and refused service at stores and theatres. Their homes were stoned, their property destroyed, their children forced to leave school. They had to drink the loyal toast or sing the anthem or salute the flag at the beck of any malevolent patriot. In January 1915, at Broken Hill, the German Club was burnt and some Germans almost lynched after two Afghans had shot dead three and wounded seven Australians on a holiday train. Germans changed their names, left districts which had sheltered them for years, or attempted by generous donations to purchase acceptance. Every action provoked greater mistrust and harder penalties.

Trade unionists struck against German union members, and against Danish or Swedish unionists who looked like Germans. In Melbourne the prophets of class solidarity refused to work with naturalized Germans and Austrians, unionists for upwards of thirty eight years, even though

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Daily Advertiser, 23 October 1914.
one had a son in the Expeditionary Forces. The law and the courts displayed equal perversity. The War Precautions Act (1914, amended 1915), passed without dissent in 1914, enabled Commonwealth officials to make regulations for the security of the realm, and so gave the Minister for Defence personal discretion to intern or deport, at will and without check, all aliens, allied and enemy, naturalized or not. The High Court upheld the Commonwealth's power to subject aliens (and perhaps Britishers) to martial law, and to declare illegal business suspected of alien connections. Anti-German sentiment liberally construed existing law:

An unusual case was before the Supreme Court today when Dr. Eugene Neumann, of Manildra, sought to recover £2000 damages from Percival Stuart Garling, proprietor of the Orange "Leader" newspaper, for alleged libel...Plaintiff [born in Germany, naturalized since 1905, Government Medical Officer examining recruits at Manildra] alleged that defendant published a statement...that...plaintiff would not pass a certain man [as fit]... The article added: "It appeared that the doctor, being a German, had not passed a single candidate as fit to take up arms against his fellow countrymen, which was, to say the least, only to be expected."

Plaintiff, in the witness box, complained that...he had always been a loyal subject, and had passed candidates to the best of his ability. It was untrue that he had failed to honour the toast of the King at a banquet.

The jury returned a verdict for the defendant newspaper.1

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1 Daily Advertiser, 1 April 1915. For this and the preceding paragraph, Argus, 5 August and 26 September 1914; Barrier Miner, 2 January 1915; Statement by Mr H.F. Schultz, 3 June 1968; Scott, op. cit., XI, pp.106-9, 114. The Laws: War Precautions Act (1914, amended 1915), and one regulation under it, the Aliens Restriction Order, 1915; Trading with the Enemy Act (1914); Crimes Acts (1914 and 1915). The (footnote continued p.27)
Worse was to come for citizens of German blood in Australia.

All these emotions swayed those most directly affected by the news of war. Although men could offer their names earlier, recruiting for the Australian Expeditionary Forces did not commence until 11 August. In Sydney on that day an orderless mass jostled and fought before the recruiting tables, and before nightfall enlisting officers had selected 3,600 of them. Men of thirteen and seventy-one tried to enlist, and for days volunteers rushed the tables in seemingly limitless numbers. One wrote,

Left home early in the morning and went to Victoria Barracks had to wait outside the gates with about 1,000 or more other recruits for about an hour. When the gates opened there was a big rush of men to get in. We were then drafted into two batches one body composed of those who had done soldiering before and those that had not, and most of those that had not were rejected. By 20 August over 10,000 men had enlisted in Sydney.2

(footnote 1 continued from p.26)
Cases, in the High Court: Lloyd v. Wallach (1915); Welsbach Light Co. ...Ltd v. Commonwealth (1916); Ferrando v. Pearce (1918) (where an Italian was deported), and see Sawer, G.: Australian Federal Politics and Law, 1901-1929, (C.U.P., London, 1956), pp.140-2, 151, 182.
After a week the country men began to come in. They had to enlist in a capital city, and some made great sacrifices to do so. At least one man, a Tasmanian, walked off his farm, and others abandoned jobs and homes or sold their properties on the chance of being accepted by the army. A Queensland drover began to ride 350 miles to Brisbane, but when the hot summer wearied his horse he walked to the city in less than a month, on a small ration of flour and water, with waterholes up to thirty miles apart along the drought-stricken track. Another man rode 460 miles to the railhead leading to Adelaide; he was rejected there, sailed to Hobart, was rejected, and finally enlisted in Sydney. 3,000 mile rides to the recruiting barracks were known, and 150 and 200 mile walks were frequent. Bushmen, clerks, clergymen, barristers, fathers and sons, work mates and team mates, and teachers and pupils presented themselves together. By the close of 1914 52,561 men had enlisted. It was to be a great war.¹

Many volunteers were disappointed. The army wanted men 5'6" and over, at least 34" about the chest, and between nineteen and thirty-eight years, but so many volunteered that these minimums, and any defect - lack of military experience, unfilled teeth, flat feet, corns or bunions - often meant rejection. Doctors set deliberately 'artificial' standards. One man with flat feet walked to Sydney from Bourke (about 500 miles) to enlist, but was

rejected several times, and finally he despaired and walked back to Bourke. Another was told that his eyesight was defective, and was twice refused before a £2 tip facilitated his passage into the A.I.F. Rejected men stumbled in tears from the tables, unable to answer sons or mates left to the fortunes of war. They formed an Association, and wore a large badge to cover their civilian shame. Those who sailed against Turkey were the fittest, strongest, and most ardent in the land.

Most of that early avalanche of volunteers were roused by a sense of adventure. Great wars were rare, and short, and many eagerly seized a fleeting opportunity. They were the first Australians enabled to unsling the drums of the Empire's glory, they would engage in the splendour of the charge, the cut and thrust, the triumph, and in some glorious moment balance the chance to kill with the risk of death, and all of this overseas, on horizons hitherto only the wisps of boyhood dreams. "...those idealistic views of youth," wrote a soldier in 1919,

were built chiefly upon the spirit of chivalry and romance that permeated my history books and such poems as Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" and his ballad of "How well Horatio kept the bridge in the brave days of old." War presented itself chiefly

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1 The badge later proved no counter to a white feather. For this paragraph, Bean, op. cit., I, p.59; Jackson, op. cit., p.1; Scott, op. cit., XI, pp.209, 212.

under the mantle of brilliant uniforms, marching soldiers, music, drums and glory...1

and before war began an eighteen year old Englishman informed his parents,

...if we go to war and they call for men here I will make one quick and lively. I think I know what it is to rough it now and if it is my lot well here goes I am itching to get a dig at a few Germans...we have all got the war fever...I am too excited to give my mind to writing tonight I shall have to be off to get another Herald to see how things go...2

Other Australians, as fully enmeshed by boyhood tradition, felt obliged to enlist. Before the war young Australians had learnt that readiness to fight and die for one's country equated with sexual maturity, and now their manhood took up the gauntlet. "I have [enlisted]," one man reported,

...and I don't regret it in the very least. I believe it is every young fellow's duty. There are far better men than any of us have already gone..., besides every paper one lifts it has something to say about young fellows being so slow in coming forward...we are the sort of men who should go.

See also Mann, op. cit., p.10; 'Tiveychoc', op. cit., p.4.

Ages stated throughout this thesis are almost always those given by soldiers on enlistment. No doubt some very young and very old men were concerned more with enlistment requirements than with accuracy.

see also:

(footnote 3 continued p.31)
Other volunteers explained a similar impulse in more general terms: they offered to do 'their bit', or 'their duty', or to 'answer the call'.

The most powerful inducement to enlist in the early days was love of Empire. The Empire's 'need' was by itself sufficient cause to fight, and Imperial sentiment inspired other convictions. A South Australian wrote,

...if I had stayed at home, I would never have been able to hold my head up & look any decent girl in the face. Surely everyone must realize that the Empire is going thro a Crisis it has never gone thro' before, and that every one is expected to do his duty now.

(footnote 3 continued from p.30)


1 Probably more accurately, this was the most commonly offered inducement. There must have been men swayed simply by a sense of adventure, by curiosity, or by public opinion, who gave verbal allegiance to enthusiasms they felt lightly.


The Banners of England unfurled across the sea,
Floating out upon the wind, were beckoning to me.
Storm-rent and battle-torn, smoke-stained and grey:
The Banners of England - and how could I stay?;

and, for example, 460. Lt. H.C. Howard, 59 Bn., Photographer, of South Yarra, Vic. K.I.A. 19/7/16, aged 23. (L), 16/11/14.

Fears for Australia propped the banners of England. For at least a decade nation and Empire had balanced each other; in 1914 Australians felt that a British defeat meant German occupation, and anxieties which had beset them for twenty years now called them to action. "I have enrolled as a volunteer...", an Australian reported,

one [son] can be spared for the defence of Australia and Australia's fate is going to be decided on the continent and not out here...being suited in physique and occupation and being prompted by a sense of duty and spirit of adventure, I can hardly do anything else but volunteer.

Other men enlisted from hatred of Germany, not merely as foe to nation and Empire, but as the brutal, barbarian, degenerate suppressor of God and man. An officer confided,

[I am]...very keen to get to grips with those inhuman brutes...to do something to help wipe out such an infamous nation. The Parson this morning preached on this text - "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" But he altered "man" to "nation". I am sure that God will take a strong hand in the war and thoroughly punish Germany...

As the war progressed and the trials of the Allies multiplied, hatred of the Hun attracted an increasing proportion of recruits to the colours. Many were men

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See also Bean, op. cit., I, pp.2, 19.

2 258. Lt. E.H. Chinner, 32 Bn., Bank clerk, of Peterborough, S.A. D. while P.O.W. 20/7/16, aged 22. (L), -/5/15.

3 Bean, op. cit., I, p.19.
who from conviction or circumstance had not rushed to the fray, but came into it thoughtfully and determinedly, ready to trade what they had to benefit their world. One wrote,

...the outlook of the War is getting worse...it is just 12 weeks, 12 long weeks of awful bloodshed, property smashing, killing and crippling of men to, today and may it all soon be over, but I am afraid its not to be and we people of the British Empire will all feel the strain of it...before that so called civilized and cultured nation of Germany is crushed underfoot.¹

He enlisted the following month. Another, more bloodthirsty, recalled,

...I thought that [the war]...was too colossal to last long and that Christmas 1914 would see it all over. But...I then realised that it was going to be a long struggle, and that it was time I got a wriggle on...[By January] I felt very fit for a big fat greasy German...²

There were in addition a thousand particular and personal reasons for enlistment. Loneliness, family trouble, public opinion, and unemployment each contributed a measure. The 1914 drought, for example, reduced the wheat crop by two-thirds, and created widespread unemployment.³ The army paid well, and a young Englishman told his parents,


³ Myers, J.M.: 'Australia and the War', United Empire, Vol. 6, No.2, Feb. 1915, (pp.121-6), p.126. 11% of the members of 439 trade unions were unemployed in the last quarter of 1914. Commonwealth of Australia Year Book, No.8, 1915, p.1000.
...I tell you what I have joined the Australian army...its not bad money here 5/- a day and clothes and food thats nearly as good as good Cabinet Making and not half as hard. You may thint it funny mee turning up such a good job but it was like this Philpott had only about 3 days work left for us and things are so bad out here for there is a drought on we haven't had any rain for months so I thorrt I would join the army...

Two days before he landed at the Dardanelles, he repeated,

...things were so bad in Melbourne...and they are a jolly site worse now for I saw a Melbourne paper a few days ago...so wear would I have been, not too well off, eh...every day that passes 4/- goes down to me and this war is bound to last a good while yet, so I will have a few £ for you, if this war lasts 12 months they will owe me £60 but I think it will last a little longer than that don't you, but of corse if I am killed you will get what is due to me just the same, as it goes to the next of kin.¹

He professed no sense of right, no statement of belief, only a thought for the means to a better end. Even in that age of conviction, he was not alone. Other men came forward because they had had peacetime military experience,² or because they were in the public eye and were expected to volunteer. A forty-nine year old militia officer told his wife,

¹ 66. Antill, (30,2), (L), 17/11/14 and 23/4/15. An A.I.F. private was paid 6/- a day after embarkation, of which 1/- was deferred until his termination of service. A private in the British Army received 1/- a day.
...I don't think they will take married officers of my age, but after thinking for hours over it I feel I must offer my services. I know that you would not have it said...that although I talked a lot about loyalty and defence of the Empire & c, that I didn't offer to go myself. I am worried to death about it. I would do almost anything in the World to avoid leaving you..., but I feel I couldn't look men in the face again...I must offer.

One volunteer had been sacked after punching his boss, another earned the phrase 'six bob a day tourist', one or two men, their enthusiasm no doubt materially quickened by an alternative offer of a prison sentence, accepted magistrates' offers of a chance to enlist. Bill Harney volunteered from the Queensland gulf country partly because his horses were poor, and other men because they had friends in Europe, or mates enlisted, or because

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2 Statement by Mr W.H. Guard (formerly Lt., 20 Bn., Locomotive fireman, of Thirroul, N.S.W. b. 1894), March 1968.
4 Age, 23 January 1915, reports such an offer by a magistrate, although I could find no evidence that the accused later embarked with the A.I.F. The Euripidean, a troopship paper published in November 1916, reports a man's statement that a magistrate gave him six months, or twenty-four hours to enlist.
5 Harney, op. cit., p.3.
everyone else in the district had gone and they could not bear the abuse of elderly women. The list was almost infinite.

Whatever their incentive, the early volunteers went readily to fight. Even the most sober recruit was willing to accept discomfort and death for the cause. This they had in common, and it set them apart, for as the war progressed their like appeared less and less before the recruiting tables.

On 29 April 1915 the Prime Minister told the nation that Australian troops were in action at the Dardanelles. The news thrilled the country. "Advance Australia!", headlined the Melbourne Herald, and Australian heads and hearts swelled when England praised the "magnificent achievement" of the Anzacs. After Ashmead-Bartlett's glowing account was published in Australia (8 May), a Ballarat schoolteacher wrote to a wounded Australian hero,

Every Australian woman's heart this week is thrilling with pride, with exultation, and while her eyes fill with tears she springs up as I did when the story in Saturday's Argus was finished and says, 'Thank God, I

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1 The text of Mr Fisher's announcement is in Scott, op. cit., XI, p.289n.
2 Herald, 29 April 1915.
3 See the fantasies the Argus concocts from the wording of the British despatch, 30 April 1915.
am an Australian.' Boys, you have honoured our land...

Her letter touched the temper of the nation, and was widely publicised. For over a decade, the Little Boy from Manly had been the Bulletin's symbol of Young Australia; in its leading cartoon on 13 May, the paper showed him grown into a smiling, wounded Anzac, asking a proud John Bull, "Well Dad?"¹ For years it had required only one great Imperial deed to consummate the highest hopes and expectations of the Australians; now, in the fullest and most glorious measure, it had come. It was a proud moment for Australians, the headiest in their history, for at last they had come out from their spiritual wilderness and proved their mettle to themselves and the Empire. By the grace of fortune they were a nation, by the valour of their soldiers, partners to Imperial destiny.²

Flushed by their new found status, the citizen patriots reached for victory after the Landing. A little boy enclosed a note in a soldier's hamper:

to the Soldier who has no little boy to pray for him. I ask God in my Prays at night to ease you

¹ Bulletin, 13 May 1915. K.S. Inglis explained the significance of this cartoon to me.
² "The manner in which our Australian military members of the British family have borne the first severe test... proves conclusively that the sons of the Empire... are of the same mettle as the founders and builders of our race..." Daily Telegraph, Launceston, 10 May 1915. The significance of the Landing to the spirit of nation and Empire cannot be exaggerated. See also Argus, 8 May 1915; Horsfall, op. cit., p.363.
Older patriots, who wished they were men or younger or fitter, were equally ardent. They paid £6,100, including £2,100 for a Belgian flag, at a concert Melba gave on the evening of 27 April, but this was dwarfed by sums raised after news of the Landing arrived. On 15 May the first Appeal day organized on a state basis, for the Belgians, collected £100,000 in New South Wales and proportionate amounts elsewhere, while on Australia Day (30 July) New South Wales gave about £839,000, and Victoria about £312,000. The purchase of British goods, already "an accepted principle", became a patriotic duty. Newspaper advertisements lauded the soldier, then quoted his testimony to support their products (for examples, 'Zam Buk keeps V.C. winner fit', 'Lux Won't shrink from Khaki', 'eighty returned soldiers testify to...', 'soldiers at the Front request...'), and patriots were exhorted to meet the 'demands' of men at the Front by sending them watches, cold cures, liver pills, chewing gum, nerve emulsion, and tobacco. Only British goods were acceptable for home use, and abuse of the Kaiser accompanied advertisements for lime juice, traditionally British, candles, because by-products helped the war effort, starch, for a White

2 Herald, 27 April 1915.
Australia, clothes, tyres, ointments, shoe polish, and many other goods.\textsuperscript{1}

Probably the public responded willingly to these homilies. Certainly their martial ardour had not dimmed since August 1914. War games for young and old alike, with sets of men, guns, trenches, wire, and a battlefield, gained popularity.\textsuperscript{2} By 17 July the film \textit{A Hero of the Dardanelles} was faithfully re-enacting the details of Ashmead-Bartlett's despatch and attracting capacity audiences in Melbourne, and during 1915 an unprecedented number of Australian films (twenty-two), about war and nationalist themes, ministered to continuing demand.\textsuperscript{3}

But the Landing, which had brought this tumult to a head, also worked its destruction. On 3 May the first Australian casualty list appeared, naming eighteen killed and thirty-seven wounded, chiefly officers. The press celebrated them with much pomp, a photograph and a short biography about every hero, but losses so severe shocked

\textsuperscript{1} For this paragraph, about money raised, \textit{Argus}, 28 April 1915; Scott, op. cit., XI, pp.728, 731; Stafford, Mrs G.: Collection held by the Australian War Memorial, which shows, for example, that cardboard crosses, crossed flags, or hearts 2" high, covered in gold paper, and inscribed 'The Golden Heart of Belgium', 'For our wounded', etc. sold for £1. The advertisements abound in any newspaper elsewhere cited, most commonly between about mid 1915 and about the end of 1917.

\textsuperscript{2} To judge from newspaper advertisements—for example, the \textit{Argus}, 25 August 1915.

\textsuperscript{3} Most of these and later details about films were given to me by Ross Cooper, from his work on The Film Industry in Australia.
HEROES OF THE DARDANELLES.

"The Australians, with the New Zealanders, advanced over coverless ground, facing a tornado of bullets, and being enfiladed by a machine gun from the right, which our artillery was unable to repress. The manner in which the Australians went forward will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it." — Ashmead Bartlett.

A typical page in the Australian press in mid 1915.
Australians. "[Now] must come to all of us the realisation of the grim severity of the great struggle..." the Argus wrote, and the Daily Advertiser elaborated,

...Australia as a whole is beginning to realise what war means. Intense anxiety, fear, suspense...and sorrow have become the lot of every community in the Commonwealth...the people of Australia...have [not to date] realised what this war meant...in individual and national sacrifice.1

The grim news did not discourage these or any other patriotic ineligibles, and they plunged forward energetically, determined to prosecute the war and do their utmost for the arms of their Empire.

During the first weeks after the Landing, the body of the public was behind them. Then flickers of doubt appeared, as casualty lists almost daily heaped up the dead and wounded in monstrous numbers. By 7 May, 238 casualties had been announced; by 8 May, the day of Ashmead-Bartlett's despatch, 473; by 25 June, almost 10,000. The dead came not from a Crimean charge or an embattled square of British red in Afghanistan, but from Australian homes. Cruel realities rose up to question the unchallenged certainties of the early months, and men never thereafter shook them away.

Time had already begun to slacken the flow of volunteers. 10,225 enlisted in January 1915, but numbers fell progressively to 6,250 in April, for by then the

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1 Argus, 3 May 1915; Daily Advertiser, 4 May 1915. These editorials, and the Daily Telegraph, Launceston, 20 May 1915, are evidence for the statements made in the last sentences of this paragraph.
keenest men were almost all in the ranks. News of the Landing struck fresh sparks from eligible Australians, and volunteers rose to 10,526 in May, and 12,505 in June. Most had been moved by tragic necessity, and offered themselves to fill gaps daily created in the ranks, or to avenge killed mates, or because the war would clearly demand greater efforts, or because a real man could not now hold back:

...I am going to have a try for the war...I think I ought to go, they want all they can get and...I think it is the greatest opportunity for a chap to make a man of himself, those that come back from this war will be men of the right sort that anybody would be proud of...1

When the news of the Anzac Landing came through to Sydney, and the huge A.I.F. casualty list which soon followed, my Dad at last unwillingly gave his permission for me to enlist...2

Things are now looking so serious, and the Russians and Allies are getting so many knock backs, that after a long talk with the manager I have decided to [enlist]...the time has come for every able bodied man without ties to go and help.3

3 401. L/Cpl. F.J. Gibbons, 26 Bn., Store manager, of Launceston, Tas. (b. England) K.I.A. 29/7/16, aged 38. (L), 30/6/15

see also:
The spirit of adventure was dying away, and the war had erected its own incentives, which gnawed at the consciences of patriotic Australians.

Even so, the numbers of men enlisting were inadequate, for the Australian leaders had compounded the Gallipoli losses by offering more troops to the Empire. The first appeals for volunteers appeared towards the end of June, when moderate advertisements in the press or on billboards asked for fit recruits and outlined the conditions of enlistment, or called war meetings to discuss recruiting, or at most urged that the war would be more arduous, and the need for men more pressing, than many Australians imagined. Soapbox recruiters began to appear on the street corners, and the Minister for Defence gave support to films calculated to attract recruits: A Hero of the Dardanelles, Will They Never Come, Murphy of Anzac, and Within the Gates (on German spies in Australia) were typical late 1915 Australian films. Soldiers' letters from the front, asking for aid, were published in the press, as were the fullest details of each new German atrocity. And in July 1915 the minimum height for recruits was lowered to 5'2".

Initial results were impressive. In Victoria, where the campaign first got under way, enlistments rose from 1,735 in May and 3,381 in June to 21,698 in July. The

1 Bean, op. cit., III, pp.7-8; Scott, op. cit., XI, pp.287-92; Argus, June 1915; posters in the Australian War Memorial, the Mitchell Library, and in my possession.

2 The standard had been reduced to 5'4" in Feb., and to 5'3" in May. Scott, op. cit., XI, p.439n.
Commonwealth accepted 36,575 men in July, three times the June total. The campaign appealed to men who, until they were asked, had not realised that they would be needed, and to men hitherto barred from service by the high physical requirements:

I enlisted on last Sunday week...but whether I shall see any fighting or not I don't know, I sincerely hope not, as I would not like to see this war go on into another winter; but in case it may, and in view of its present status, I think the time has undoubtedly arrived when everything else...should be laid aside until this truly awful bugbear has been gotten rid of.

Up to a few weeks ago the Government here seemed to be getting as many volunteers as they could or wished to handle, and as fighting is entirely out of "my line", I did not feel called on to offer myself. However, they now are prepared to enrol as many as will come forward, and...I must not hold back any longer.¹

The reduction of the standard has enabled me to get through...I was...[never] a great man for heroics but...there are some things worth more than life. I curse the systems of government...which permits this dreadful welter of blood and suffering to have enveloped the world...I go...believing that the only hope for the salvation of the world is a speedy victory for the Allies...²

The echo of these July volunteers sounded throughout 1915. "I...[could not] stand the criticism of all the papers and all the people unable to go..."³, explained one man, and another,

...I hear that clear, insistent call for more and more men. Our check at Sari Bair was due to lack of reinforcements...thousands should go before me - men who are more physically fit and men who have made no sacrifice...But, ...in this struggle which will determine whether spiritual principles or a military despotism will control this world of ours, I feel...twere better to die in fighting for such a cause than to live in life long self-abasement for having failed to respond to "the Call". Should we be defeated life would be intolerable.¹

Yet shortly the numbers of these men also dwindled. July's recruiting total was the highest of the war; it fell to 16,571 by September, and to 9,119 by December. The willing volunteers, if they were eligible, had already enlisted, and the war was now asking much of men in uniform, promising little glory, doubtful reward, long months of toil, and almost certainly death or wounds. Unless a particular crisis provoked it, or a particular pressure forced it, after 1915 not many men were prepared to enlist, and pacifists and radicals, thriving in the changing atmosphere, began to speak safely in public, and even to attract one or two to listen to them.²

¹ 636. Capt. R.D. Mulvey, M.C., 30 Bn., School teacher, of Concord, N.S.W. Rep.T.A. 10/1/18, aged 28. (L), 19/9/15 see also:
  50. Gnr. F.G. Anderson, 104 Howitzer Bty., Bank clerk, of Bondi, N.S.W. b.1896. (D), 15/9/15
  989. Edwards; (30,1), (Narrative), p.5.

² Turner, op. cit., p.171, dates this comparative immunity from the 1916 referendum. Certainly the doubters were in the open by that time, but their opposition began earlier. See, for example, Labor Call, 15 and 22 July 1915, 13 January 1916.
About one matter there was no division. Since 1914 Australians had feared German malevolence, seeing spying activity in flashlights in the mountains, a boy's bird trap on a pole, flocks of birds, whales, and meteorites. Now, as Germany manifested her martial capacity, as accounts of Hun barbarity - the 'Lusitania', poison gas, unrestricted submarine warfare, Nurse Cavell - more and more filled the news columns, as the roll of Anzac dead lengthened, the blackest elements of antipodean sentiment gathered to lash those amongst them who had abandoned the rule, but not the blood, of their enemies. A popular book, Foiled! The Enemy in Our Own Land (published in 1915), argued that Germany had built up a spy system in Australia before the war to ruin the Empire, and demanded the dismissal of all employed Austrians and Germans. After the Landing no patriot in the unions, in Government employ, in business, or in the universities would work with enemy aliens, and they forced many of German origin, among them South Australia's Attorney-General, to resign their posts. They refused 'lager' beer, and objected to public recitals of Beethoven, or Wagner, or Schubert, or Brahms, or any other Hun, as unpatriotic.¹ In July 1915, at Liverpool Camp, a Royal Commission examined a Macquarie Street doctor, for seven years a Captain in the Citizen Forces Medical Corps. He had been born in Victoria in 1883, but his parents had emigrated from Germany in 1865, and the volunteers he was examining suspected him. The Commission

¹ For this paragraph, Scott, op. cit., XI, pp.112-3, 140, and see Scott's own suspicions, pp.105, 142, 144.
asked him, "Do you know any relative of yours capable of fighting for Germany?", "Do you speak German?", and questions of like quality. Then the prosecuting counsel declared that the "charge" was not whether the doctor was guilty of being a pro-German, but whether some people "erroneously or otherwise" thought him so guilty. The man stood before his judges only because of that belief, and the Commission accepted a recommendation for his dismissal.¹

Economic discrimination continued against Germans and aliens and against goods with unpronounceable brand names. A Teutonic connotation could ruin a business, no matter how good the claim to British title. At least one firm² denied that its origin was alien by publishing a half page advertisement detailing the ancestry of every member of its board back to 1815, outlining the birth and nationality of every employee and shareholder, advising where legal proof of its claims was accessible, and threatening legal action against future detractors. Efforts like these were probably ineffective.³

The energies so thoroughly employed against Germans and naturalised aliens in Australia turned as well after about mid 1915 upon any sign of Australian disaffection.

¹ I have found no evidence relating to his actual dismissal. For the rest, see Report of Proceedings of Royal Commission ... into the Administration of Liverpool Camp..., pp.21-7, 241.
² Wunderlich Ltd, in the Sydney Mail, 7 July 1915.
³ See Daily Advertiser, 1 October 1915. This objects to German wage earners, not businesses, but the objection is the same.
The War Precautions Act (1915) provided adequate chastisement for flagging enthusiasms: it punished eighty-one major offences, from interfering with sentries to showing disloyalty or hostility to the British Empire, spreading reports likely to cause alarm, and exhibiting the red flag. 3,474 prosecutions were made under the Act, and "singularly few" produced acquittals, for local magistrates were true patriots. At Tumbarumba, New South Wales, a drunk was heard to state in the Royal Hotel that it was a capitalists' war, and should be fought by them. The indiscretion cost him £100, and he avoided a six months prison term as well only because his son was then in the trenches at the Dardanelles. He had been charged with making statements prejudicial to recruiting, an offence for which 150 Australians were fined or imprisoned during the war. The patriots approved such stern concepts of duty; further, they demanded the dismissal of all eligibles from Government employ, barred eligibles from some clubs and associations, and shunned or abused them in the streets. 1

This tyrannous atmosphere multiplied the efforts of the recruiters. In November 1915 the Federal Parliamentary War Committee asked every eligible,"1. Are you prepared to enlist now?...2...at a later date? If so, name the date.

1 For this paragraph, Argus, 1 September 1915 and 11 February 1916; Herald, 17 February 1916; Scott, op. cit., XI, pp.144-7.

Maximum penalties under S.6, ss.iii of the War Precautions Act (1915, as amended): summary cases, £100 plus six months imprisonment; indicted cases and court martials, the maximum law would allow, although the death penalty was obligatory if the enemy had been assisted. [Scott gives two figures for prosecutions under the Act, 3,442 (p.144) and 3,474 (p.147)].
3. If you are not prepared to enlist, state the reasons why". The Federal Government established State War Councils to prosecute the war, and divided the country into thirty-six recruiting areas, each with a quota, each with a network of increasingly active recruiting committees. The patriots pushed deep into the crevices of Australian society. The churches appealed for men on Recruiting Sunday (12 December); bands became essential to arouse patriotic fervour at recruiting meetings; pretty girls offered a kiss to eligibles who would enlist; sisters, wives, sweethearts, and mothers were encouraged to send their men to fight; school children learned that the war was to defend freedom and justice; a valiant "shrieking sisterhood" inflated their traffic in white feathers; and,

In the interval at a dance a wounded soldier would stand up and ask for mates; on a surfing beach the sun-baskers would hear the voice of the recruiter... It might be a returned V.C., a crippled officer,... the Premier of the State, the Lord Mayor...[or] one of that day's recruits.3

In late 1915 the New South Wales patriots, in their extremity, began to organise recruiting marches. The first, of men called the Coo-ees, left Gilgandra in late October

1 Scott, op. cit., XI, p.311.
2 In ibid., XI, p.317.
3 Quoted from the News, Perth, late 1915, by Kristianson, G.L.: The Politics of Patriotism, p.3. For this paragraph, McLelland, H.D.: The Great War (a 1916 school text); Scott, op. cit., XI, p.317; State War Council of South Australia: Minutes No.320, 1 December 1915; No.349, 18 to 24 November 1915. (These are held by the State Library of South Australia).
thirty strong, and walked 320 miles to the Sydney recruiting tables. At least a dozen similar marches were organized, the longest being from Wagga to Sydney (350 miles) in December 1915. Loyal citizens along the route welcomed and refreshed the marchers, and the men on the road appealed for comrades and cash. They met with miserable success. The nine best known marches covered 2,140 miles and attracted only 1,115 recruits en route. The Kangaroos, halted for lunch near Bowning, appealed to several hundred railwaymen by arguing that the men in the trenches were unionists fighting for the Empire, while those at home were blacklegs. They extracted nine shillings and nine men;¹ and in January 1916 the movement was abandoned.² The gap between the patriot ineligible and the unenlisted eligible was widening.

At this point the Australians were struck by a fresh blow. In December 1915 Anzac was evacuated. Those Turkish acres had become sacred soil to Australians, the ground of their nationhood, the origin and proof of their Imperial partnership. Now their troops, who almost daily during the past months had enhanced their glory, were retreating. It was hard fortune, solaced only because no Australian could be held responsible for it. The English press blamed their Generals or the English troops at Suvla Bay, considered the Anzacs "in no way to blame", and still hailed their first landing as the "supreme exploit of the British infantry in the whole of its history". Eagerly,

¹ Daily Advertiser, 16 December 1915.
² Scott, op. cit., XI, p.316.
the Australian papers reported this, \(^1\) because it preserved the nation's heritage and was great comfort. The Evacuation, if it chastened the spirit of Empire a little, guaranteed Gallipoli a place in the heart of Australian sentiment. The Argus announced,

...the name of Gallipoli will never spell failure in Australian ears. It was there that our young and untried troops...given as their baptism of blood a task before which veteran soldiers might well have blenched, quitted themselves as men, and gained the plaudits of the world. They might have done equally valiant work, almost unnoticed, amidst the vast armies in Belgium and France; but Gallipoli provided a conspicuous theatre for their achievement, and focussed the attention of the world...Gallipoli is sanctified for us by many noble sacrifices in a great cause, and enriched by memories of heroic deeds.\(^2\)

Australia had become not merely a partner to Empire, but a nation, with her own great tradition; she was untainted by the military errors of her Empire, and all the world knew the worth of her sons. She was upon her feet.

Nevertheless, the Evacuation darkened the future of the Allies, and was one of many reverses they had to endure. 1915 had seen not victory, but the forces of light on every front discomfited. While the Germans and their allies prepared to resume the offensive in early 1916, enlistment rates in Australia, after rising by 13,000 to 22,101 in January 1916, declined, and disaffection grew.

\(^1\) The specific quotations are from the Manchester Guardian, in the S.M.H., 22 December 1915. See also the Star, Evening News, Daily Chronicle, in the S.M.H., 21 and 22 December 1915, and in the Daily Advertiser, 22 December 1915.

\(^2\) Argus, 22 December 1915.
Their awful predicament pressed heavily upon Australian patriots. Not merely the threat to their Empire, not merely the peril of their country, but a fate inconceivably enormous hung over them: the upset of centuries of tradition, and the vanishing away of the fibres of normal existence, for by 1916 the Hun was too monstrous to conceive his dominance. In the intensity of their fear and the terrible realisation of the deep menace which so thoroughly embroiled them, the patriots spurned every principle of logic and reason, and conducted their thoughts and business with frenzied hate. They made disaffection treason, doubt disloyalty, hesitancy cowardice, pacifism stupidity, opposition a crime.

Their concern was now with the aims and ideals for which they believed the war was being fought. These they could only generally express: they struggled for "humanity, liberty, laws human and divine, civilization", and strove in desperate superlatives to justify their ends:

It is worth while, this dreadful blood orgy of the nations, only because life itself is worth while; life with man's unfettered dominion over himself, not a death in life in which crouching people breathe the rank air of slavery... That the end can be far distant seems impossible. The forces

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1 "For middle-aged persons who faced the War bleakly, life had become unbearable unless they persuaded themselves that the slaughter was worth while... [Their insistence on aims was] merely enabling them...to contemplate the massacre of the young men with an easy conscience." Sassoon, S.: Memoirs of an Infantry Officer, p.206.

2 From a 1918 recruiting poster in my possession, but I think it appropriate to 1916.
WHY SHOULD I BE ASKED TO ENLIST?
IS MY COUNTRY IN PERIL?
YES!
THEN WHY AM I HANGING BACK?
AM I A COWARD?

WHAT WILL YOUR ANSWER BE
When your boy asks you—
"Father—What did you do to help when Britain fought for freedom in 1915?"
ENLIST NOW

Australian recruiting posters, 1915-1918.
of destruction which have been loosed are too mighty to be maintained at their present pitch of demoniac energy for an indefinite time.¹

The ideals themselves escalated beyond reason. This war was to end all wars; the patriots wanted no negotiations, but total and lasting victory, and the complete destruction of Germany's political system in order to guarantee eternal peace. A Broken Hill paper raged,

...when a mad murderer is trying to batter in the door of a house with the object of destroying everybody within it that madman must be stopped, and...it is better to perish in the attempt to stop him than to say, "I believe in peace..."

and,

[Peace now would leave]...Germany in a position to immediately enter upon preparation for another gigantic blow for the domination of Europe and the world. To make peace on such terms would be to gamble with the lives and liberty of our children and our children's children...such a peace is unthinkable...²

There was no barbarity of which the patriots believed their enemies incapable. The Hun was the drooling monster of the cloven hoof, bereft of any humanity, pervaying an unearthly Kultur, shunned by the Devil, and damned by future generations of men. He threatened Australia with his evil; such films as The Martyrdom of Nurse Cavell and If the Huns Come to Melbourne attracted capacity audiences in 1916, and the Melbourne Herald decided, "What Germany wants is not peace, but conquest and Australia". Later the same paper declared,

¹
West Australian, 1 August 1916.

²
Barrier Miner, 9 March and 11 December 1916.
Germany does not want, and could do little with, the crowded spaces of Great Britain; but the open spaces and undeveloped industries and resources of Australia...it is Australia that she wants and intends to have if might and cunning can achieve that end...1

Germans and aliens in Australia did not escape the calumnies hurled against the foes of democracy. By 1916, Scott claimed, the strain of the struggle had "slightly unbalanced" large numbers of worthy citizens, to whom anything German was toxic. 2 Existing iniquities were aggravated, and fresh injustices concocted. Many public bodies, including the Senate of Queensland University, demanded the disfranchisement of persons of enemy origin or descent, in 1917 a law disfranchised naturalised aliens of enemy origin, and men of German descent were discharged from the A.I.F. in Australia, for even by volunteering they could not undo their birth. 3

These diversions, while no doubt edifying the patriots, did not resolve their difficulties. There were still eligibles being persuaded that their duty was to fight, but their numbers continued to fall, from 22,101 in

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1 Herald, 14 February and 15 August 1916.
2 Scott, op. cit., XI, p.149.
3 No such prejudice existed among A.I.F. soldiers overseas. For this paragraph, Argus, 4 April and 17 February 1916. The law was the Commonwealth Electoral (War Time) Act, of April 1917.
January 1916 to 6,170 in August. It did not serve the cause well enough, and the patriots, convinced of their rightness and distracted by their fear, welcomed the news of the conscription referendum which in August 1916 Mr Hughes at last announced. Conscription, it was felt, would close the Australian ranks, and supply the fuel the flames of war required.

After the announcement enlistments rose, but opposition to conscription had been gathering for over a year, and in September 1916 Hughes was expelled from the Labor Party. The bulk of that party, the pacifists, some Irish and some Roman Catholics, some still the servants of a free conscience, and no doubt many of the eligibles and their friends, opposed this and the 1917 referendum. The forces of order and propriety ranged their massive resources against these, and their triumph seemed sure, but the severity of the war and its distance from Australia worked against them.

The two conscription referenda were fought to the full with that sense of absolute right which had exploded so swiftly into the open in 1914. They were the most savage disputes in Australia's history, racked with execration and perfidy, manifesting the fears, doubts and imbalances of Australian thought in the middle war years, and plunging to ruin those strong ideals which in 1914 had seemed so immutable.

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1 Bean, op. cit., VI, p.1075.
2 A more detailed account of these events between July 1915 and August 1916 is in Turner, op. cit., pp.98-105, and of later events related to the two referenda, in ibid., pp.106-65.
The proposals were lost. They confirmed the doubters in their course, they converted many to oppose the war. Far from uniting the Australian ranks, as the patriots expected, they split them. Recruits fell from 11,520 in October 1916 to 2,617 that December, and never exceeded 5,000 per month thereafter. Local and personal factors provided the chief, almost the only, incentive for enlistment, although before each referendum there had been particular inducements; one man announced, "...I am a Soldier in the Australian Imperial Forces... every young man has been called up and if the Referendum passes, he will be a conscript... so I went before the Medical Board again, and I've been passed...", a New South Wales grazier repeated, "I had no intention of allowing the Military crowd to ask me why I did not go to the War. I hate making excuses no matter how good the reasons so... volunteered...", and a recruit reported of a mate, "His boss, to cap it all, told him straight out to enlist."

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The patriots faced a melancholy future after the loss of the referenda. The tides of war were flowing against them, yet volunteers to dam the flood were decreasing. They were caught, by their own convictions, between the Devil and the Deep Sea, and they could only rail, and lash those who brought them anguish:

The will to win is a factor of vital importance in all the concerns and affairs of life...Germany [is]...making a supreme effort to organise the whole of [its] forces..., in full confidence that...the manifestation of a desire to "quit" in Australia will in due time be followed by similar developments in other parts of the British nation...Australia is in no sense presenting a united front to the enemy... A considerable section of the self-styled patriots of Australia have...made no sacrifices...[and] have no "will" to do anything but shamefully contend for their own selfish interests...1

The war had still two years to run when this was written. Through those wearing, waiting months, as hope and melancholy juggled according to the fortunes of war, the patriots struggled to stand unbroken until the end was won. They agreed with Mr Hughes that,

Civilization is at stake. Free government is at stake. Our national independence is at stake. Our economic welfare is at stake. Everything is at stake - spiritual, moral, and material - for which we as a people stand...2

1 Daily Advertiser, 18 November 1916.
but even the excesses of high minded idealism could hardly spark them now. They plodded tiredly through a crippled world, enduring until the light at last should shine through the blackness. In 1917 a Launceston editor lamented,

...Europe was equipped with resources in knowledge, money and experience and latent goodwill sufficient to transform the face of the world, to fulfil the hopes and dreams of patriots and reformers, to give a new direction to civilisation, to enlarge the boundaries of human brotherhood... The divine event to which all creation moves would have been so much the nearer. Instead...all the dreams...[are] subordinated to the bitterness and rancour of war... Dynasties, personal ambitions, pride of race, intolerance, despotism, discipline [have] run mad...

It was a sad farewell to a vanished world, to those same dreams which Henry Gullett three years before had placed so high.

Yet amid all this travail the patriots remained sure of their course. The more completely the world sank to chaos, the more certain they became that only total victory would bring salvation, and they struggled against the rods of the present to clutch the straws of the future:

The friends and relations of soldiers, many doubtless of the soldiers themselves, and others who have felt the loss and pain of the war, and millions of women are asking every day, "How much longer is this to go on?" ... "what is the use of it?"... They

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1 Daily Telegraph, 27 August 1917.
want a peace. It does not matter what kind of peace. Only let the horrible warfare cease, and let no more lives be sacrificed in a useless struggle...[But] This war is more like a religious crusade than any other crusade that has ever been...[The Allies] are fighting for the security of mankind...It is a war of the spirit, a war for all that men are moving towards, against the organised power of evil. 1

The present generation, the patriots conceded, had come to Armageddon, and fought out a great sacrifice to save the world for future humanity. It must totally destroy the barbarian, and end war forever, and put down talk about a negotiated peace, and discredit the hesitant. Any fantasy became permissible, if it would serve the cause:

War is an intellectual awakener and a moral tonic. It stirs men to think...It creates a conscious unity of feeling which is the atmosphere needed for a new start. It purges away old strifes and sectional aims, and raises us a while into a higher and purer air. It helps us to recapture some of the lofty and intense patriotism of the ancient world. 2

The patriot few had by now dehumanised Germans and aliens living in Australia. "The only good German is a dead German", a 1917 calendar proclaimed (the phrase was

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1 Argus, 9 March 1918.
2 Bridge, G.F.: 'War as Medicine', Hibbert Journal, Vol. XVI, No.1, 1917, p.47. For specifically Australian evidence on this thinking and on the determination despite all to strive for total victory, see Returned Soldiers Association (N.S.W.): Anzac Memorial, 1917, p.274; Argus, 1 January 1917; Barrier Miner, 29 August and 6 October 1917; Bulletin, 3 January 1918; Daily Advertiser, 8 October 1917 and 29 January 1918.
then popular), "The Allies must so finish the War that Germans will not dare to raise their eyes to a White Man's level for a century." Germans in Australia were already below that level. Children were taught to hate them; they were barred from almost any public intercourse, their names and honours were wiped away as the names of firms, products, and ninety-one Australian towns were altered to remove the Teuton stain. The long, sorry chronicle of malice and misanthropy continued unchecked in Australia until long after the Armistice.

Almost the same vehemence was maintained against unenlisted eligibles. "We can now divide the Commonwealth into two parties," wrote 'Father of Three Soldiers' to the Argus,

(1) The soldiers and their relatives, and all who are making sacrifices for the Empire; (2) men who are making no sacrifice, but are drawing large salaries - shirkers, and traitors. The sooner

1 In Australian, 11 November 1968.
2 See The Empire Annual for Boys, p.10; and an alphabet for very young children, Young Australia's ABC of the War (1917?), for example, "Z for zeppelins
Their guilty crews go to their doom As 'venging guns around them boom.'" This is illustrated by a flaming airship sinking to the horizon, and in the foreground a cheering crowd.
3 Commonwealth of Australia Year Book No.19, 1926, pp.50-1; Scott, op. cit., XI, pp.153-4. 2,500 firms were blacklisted in Australia during the war (ibid., p.84). In March 1917 the Minister for Defence stated that Germany had a pre-war plan to occupy Australia. (Ibid., p.158). By then the claim seemed plausible.
the people get hold of this division the sooner shall we put an end to the present tomfoolery.¹

His letter was acclaimed the following day. Two months later the Sydney Morning Herald wrote of the moderates,

Round and through this [Labor] party of disaffection is a perfect swirl of disloyalty...in our own Australian nation are numbers of people who hate the old flag and would gladly let Germany win if by any means Great Britain and all she represents may be forced into disaster...let [our people]...realise that this frothing, foaming disloyalty in our midst is born of politics partly, but otherwise is largely fed by men who are either Germany's tools or her ready helpers...²

In November 1916 the Federal Government appointed a Director General of Recruiting, and full-time area recruiting officers on a salary of £250 per annum if they were civilians.³ Thereafter, no recruiting method that ingenuity or earnestness could suggest was neglected.⁴ Sportsmen, returned soldiers, miners and public figures tried to recruit their 'Thousand' to go to the Front with them, Australians made such films as A Cooee from Home (1917) and Australia's Peril (1917), and the Government

¹ Argus, 4 October 1917.
³ Scott, op. cit., XI, p.400.
⁴ Ibid., XI, p.403.
Unionists of Australia, Hasten!
Your Help is Urgently Needed.

The cable messages which have been flashed across the wires to us lately must have caused a sickening tug on the heartstrings of every man who has any love at all for his country, any spark of manliness in him, and any sense of self respect. We are told that our armies are retreating.

Just pause for one moment and think. Retreating! Is there any other word more hateful to a Briton and the descendants of Britons? Retreating—being pushed back by the weight of the trained German reserves, numbering fully one million and a half, which have been released from the Russian front.

Our men, the messages say, are, at the same time, desperately fighting. That’s the one piece of knowledge that buoys our spirits up. We find some little solace in it, for have we not read in the glorious pages of history of how the Briton fights until his last drop of blood is shed? Defeat to him is unthinkable.

The trained German reserves are being poured into the Western front.

Australia’s reserves are still following the ordinary avocations of peace.

Surely these two plain, unvarnished facts will appeal to the Australians’ sense of contrast, and appeal, too, with the force of conviction and action. There are still with us thousands of stanch, frame-hardened sons of toil—farmers, miners and general labourers—men of the stamp that instil the fear of death into the hearts of the German in hand-to-hand encounter.

Many of these types have gone and done their duty nobly. We want more of them. I want them to come with me, right away, back to those historic battlefields where the fate of Australia is being settled.

Here is an opportunity for the various labour unions to show the people of Australia that their ideals do not stop at the question of wages for their members; that something higher, nobler and more lasting is aimed at—the maintenance of the national system and power that have made their being possible and recognised their good work. Let every union throughout the country send me a percentage of men, say, one in every hundred members. If necessary, ballots could be held for the number. Each union could undertake to look after the affairs of its members who enlist, and thus ensure the comfort and welfare of those dependent on them.

We have in New South Wales to-day a total union membership of approximately 217,000. If my suggestion is acted upon we have at once a magnificent army of over 2,000 men—men of the stamp that are badly needed.

Unionists of Australia, let the world at large see that you can rise to the occasion. Now is the moment for action. Now is the test of Union loyalty to the Empire.

JOIN MY THOUSAND. HASTEN!

CARMICHAEL, Captain.
bought overseas films to excite public interest and attract recruits and funds.¹ Full colour recruiting posters, as large as 6' x 4', were displayed everywhere, and refractory eligibles were inundated² by post with similar posters, 2'6" x 1'6", and other propaganda. These plucked at every emotion: 'You boast of Your Freedom. Come and fight for it', 'Whose Son are you? Enlist today', 'Are you a Man?', 'A Call from the Trenches', 'Defend your Homes your Women and Children', and many posters illustrated the rampage of the bestial Hun through Australian hearths. A flood of pamphlets elaborated the same themes:

What will you lack, sonny, what will you lack,  
When the girls line up in the street,  
Shouting their love to the lads come back  
From the foe they rushed to beat?

If any word I can say would lead a man to go,  
even to die, and save his own soul, then [what I say now]...will have been of value to the human race.³

¹ See Hughes in the S.M.H., 7 July 1917; and a letter from the Director General of Recruiting to the Minister for Defence, 11 September 1917 - Commonwealth Archives Office: CRS A2 Item 18/556. I obtained the information on films from Ross Cooper.

² My grandfather has a collection of these. Over one period, they were posted to him on 25 October, and 2, 4, 6 and 7 November 1918.

³ These posters or pamphlets are in the War Memorial Library or, chiefly, in my possession. One pamphlet offered, "A Personally Conducted Tour...Every young Australian man has the desire at some time or another to see the world. Travel and adventure are a part of his heritage, but the lack of £.s.d. very often precludes his indulgence...This state of affairs is now a thing of the past...[and now it is] all leading to the Great Adventure." This was not typical of the late war years, but does indicate the variety of enticements then being peddled by recruiters.
Although other pamphlets simply indicated the need for reinforcements or the threat to Australia, recruiters were appealing to a sense of manhood; shame, not love of Empire, had become the major inducement. Pamphlets very commonly reviled the degenerate monsters they opposed ('Germany and Inhumanity versus Humanity and Christianity'), and their authors accepted every dishonour to discredit their foes. One pamphlet, for example, quoted from Jacob Burckhardt's Weltgeschichtliche Betrachtungen, supposedly written after two visits to Australia, the last in 1914,

"...the younger generation [of Australians]...have proved themselves...the most arrant cowards. The young males are spineless jellyfish. The only people they bully are their aged parents...they go to church...[to waylay] the young maidens... We will put them in gangs on the roads, and making fortifications, locking them in stockades at night...After a time we will allow the womenfolk freedom...They will soon forget [their Australian boys - our slaves]...and embrace us..."

The great scholar did write the book here claimed for him. It was published in 1906. It does refer to war, it laments the war of 1870, which raged as the book was being written. It contains no passage similar to that quoted. Burckhardt apparently never visited Australia, and died in his native Switzerland in 1897.

The patriots gained little for the trade of their souls. An average of only 3,180 men per month offered themselves in the last two years of the war. Usually these

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1 From a pamphlet in my possession. The same was read into Hansard by a Senator. See Daily Advertiser, 20 February 1918.
men had personal reasons for volunteering, but no reason was prominent: men enlisted,

...because public opinion told them to, or if they didn't want to be out of an entertainment all the boys were in: or if they felt they ought to: or if they wanted occupation or excitement or a world tour...While they are in the army they are free from feelings of discontent or shame: they may feel they are seeing life: they may, if they're Imperially minded, feel they're saving their country: they may at least feel they're helping their country to carry out a job it has begun, for good or ill: they may feel they are "helping civilisation": they may feel among the boys.¹

There was little more the patriots could do for the war.² Events mocked their frenzies: some Australian battalions were disbanded in France for lack of reinforcements, others sometimes went into battle a mere eighty strong, and the disbandment of at least one Australian division seemed certain, but for the end of the war.³

As well, war weariness was spreading through the public. War films such as Sons of the Empire could no longer recover

² In February 1918 the Director General of Recruiting reported, "...from the first many regarded our effort as a forlorn hope. We were never able to create the conditions which are essential to complete success in any voluntary effort, namely, hearty cooperation." Scott, op. cit., XI, p.441.
³ Ibid., p.470; Bean, C.E.W.: 'The Old A.I.F. and the New', Through Australian Eyes, No.4, p.15. Australia's combatant force at the end of the war, however, was larger than that of any other dominion.
⁴ 'Family' advertisements may have taken first place in newspapers over patriotic advertisements and advertisements supported by soldier testimonials about this time, but I have not validly tested this impression.
their expenses, and in November 1917 recruiting officials by and large abandoned their use, while Australian film makers turned more to "light hearted and local" themes. In May 1918 Sydney's Roman Catholic Archbishop described bars to his flock's enthusiasm for war, and looked to redress of the wrongs, not, as did men in 1914, to forbearance in the wronged. The political and industrial left wing, although in the main not outrightly opposed to the war, advanced from being anti-conscriptionist to enquire more closely into the conduct of the struggle, and Australia's part in it. From December 1916 large sections of the left began to consider a negotiated peace, and by mid 1917 many were converted to that course. During a 1918 by-election the Labor Party stated that it was,

...not for peace-at-any-price...[but] the security of the British Empire is now beyond doubt, and... believes that so far from preventing future wars, the humiliation of a nation creates in its people a spirit of revenge...We favour the immediate cessation of the war...

This was the despair of the patriots, and it was their helplessness to combat it that drive their antics beyond the pale of nature and reason.

For a brief time, a great crisis partially reconciled the factions. In March 1918 the German Army's offensives on the Western Front brought it close to victory, and the Allies closer than ever before to defeat. As German shells thundered upon Paris, the patriots and

1 Scott, op. cit., XI, pp.461-2.
2 Turner, op. cit., p.174. For the left in this paragraph, see ibid., pp.169-74.
some disaffected came to a temporary compromise. The confidence of the patriot press faltered, and the Bulletin considered a negotiated peace.¹ The left conceded more: most Labor leaders, although not all, attended a recruiting conference called by the Governor-General in April 1918, at which they agreed to support recruiting efforts. T.J. Ryan, the Labor Premier of Queensland, first in influence and ability among left wing Australian nationalists, signed a recruiting appeal pronouncing that an Allied defeat would gravely endanger Australia,² and the left did not object to the lowering of recruiting standards on 6 May 1918,³ although these were already low, and dangerously interpreted.⁴ Many Labor leaders reappeared on the

¹ Bulletin, 9 May 1918. On the faltering confidence of the press, see Daily Advertiser, 25 March 1918; S.M.H., 3 April and 1 June 1918.

² Large sections of the left did not support the conference. For both attitudes, see Scott, op. cit., XI, pp.447-8, 465. See also p.459.

³ Minimum requirements then became: height 5'0" (machine gunners, drivers, and other listed specialists could be shorter), chest, 33". By this time youths between eighteen and twenty-one could enlist without their parents' consent.

⁴ 60% of a new draft arriving in France in January 1918, says a battalion diary, were up to the standard of the 1916 men. At least 14% were unfit for field service: one man was aged 52, another 49, another 46. Bean, Official History..., V, p.1n. The Australian Director General of Medical Services wrote to his A.I.F. counterpart on 16 October 1917,

    If you are only to get first class men, it is goodbye to reinforcements. You would not get 1000 a month of the type you apparently want. Any number of the men that go forward to you have only been from 10 days to 3 weeks in camp.

    (footnote continued p.66)
recruiting platforms, and suffered the revival of recruiting marches - the marches to freedom - by the patriots, the first of which dragged an 18 pounder gun, a searchlight and two medical officers in its weary train. In May 1918 4,888 men volunteered, the highest monthly total in the last two years of the war, over 1,000 above any monthly tally during the same period. Fear had compromised conviction.

It was a false summer, fading with the crisis. At the April Conference, J.H. Scullin (Labor) had described Fisher's 'last man and last shilling' as a rhetorical phrase of the type commonly made at election times. Divisions so lightly bridged could not be healed, and in June the Party's triennial Interstate Conference resolved not to support recruiting until the Allies sought a negotiated peace, without annexations or indemnities. Recruits fell to 2,540 in June, as the German drive was halted, and thereafter there was no ground between patriot and eligible, between left winger and imperialist. Only peace would prevent further division, and only victory baulked the emergence of an anti-war party.

(footnote 4 continued from p.65)
but in 1918 the A.I.F. Director noted,
It is not a question of a very high standard at all... [There were] Old men of 55 and 60, and they looked it, who were absolutely persuaded by the recruiting agents to put down their ages at 40. And similarly with boys of 16 and 17...

Butler, A.G.: Official History of the Medical Services..., Vol.II, pp.902 and 903. It was after this that standards were lowered.

1 Scott, op. cit., XI, p.455.
2 Ibid., p.465.
In any case, by June the patriots had regained their confidence. They believed that there could be no negotiations with an octopus, and they closed to witness the end. Having saved the world for humanity, having confirmed their prejudices against their foes by victory, and having justified their stand against all their detractors by foreseeing events, they would sweep to victory in exulting triumph. There was no moderation in their stand, no mercy, only malice, bitterness, and intolerance.

Early in November 1918, a series of rumours reported peace signed and victory won. These kept the Australian people in constant turbulence, but did not diminish their active enthusiasm when on the evening of 11 November the true tidings at last reached them. Joy and relief fired the country. The streets crowded with faces, laughing, singing hymns and patriotic songs, cheering, weeping, exulting in victory and at the shackles cast from their minds. Order was impossible, and police in Sydney did not attempt to restore it until 15 November. The Kaiser was hung, executed, or burnt in effigy in several towns, church bells pealed all day, flags flew from almost every building, processions formed, and work halted as each man congratulated his neighbour on the victory of their arms. The years of trial and tragedy faded as Peace lifted the

1 Bulletin, 12 September 1918. See also Argus, 1 October 1918; S.M.H., 26 June 1918.
2 On 4, 5, 8, 9 and 10 November. See the contemporary press.
weariest and heaviest burden the Australians had ever endured.¹

A simple sense of their own rightness had never deserted them. They rejoiced at the Armistice, for they had repulsed a barbarian horde and defeated the greatest threat progress had yet encountered. In doing so they had lost some of their innocence, but they had gained their strongest traditions. Their country had become a partner to Empire, and almost at once a nation, standing in outlook in a fair measure of independence beside the Allies. The strength of their pre-1914 values was proven, and they saw ahead a brave new world, bathed in eternal peace and light.²

Yet the sure and almost unanimous mood of the years before the Great War had vanished into faction and strife. The Sydney Morning Herald, which had proclaimed so vauntingly at the outbreak,³ wrote at the peace,

The flower of this generation has perished. The men who promised great things in statesmanship, in science and the arts have gone, because their sense of duty was clearer than that of their contemporaries. Their loss is irreplaceable, but their sacrifice makes an unanswerable appeal for the democracy they have honoured and preserved.⁴

¹ For this paragraph, Daily Advertiser, 12 November 1918; Daily Telegraph, Sydney, 11 November 1918; Sydney Mail, 13 November 1918; S.M.H., 12 November 1918; Scott, op. cit., XI, p.463; statements by various persons to me.

² Argus, 12 November 1918; Brisbane Courier, 12 November 1918; Daily Advertiser, 12 November 1918.

³ p.19.

⁴ S.M.H., 12 November 1918.
A world had changed in the time since 1914. Australians then had talked of Empire and glory, and sure and splendid assumptions had supported their talk. By 1918 these things had gone out from their homes, and lay scattered over the hills and plains of a score of foreign lands. They could never be brought back. Could he have seen the years ahead, Henry Gullett may well have been glad to die in August 1914, for his country had paid dearly for its maturity.
From the New World...

Rally round the banner of your country,
Take the field with brothers o'er the foam;
On land or sea, wherever you be,
Keep your eye on Germany.

But England home and Beauty, have no cause to fear,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
No! No! No! No! No! Australia will be there,
Australia will be there.

W.W. Francis, August 1914.

(A map of Egypt is inside the back cover of volume 2)
Recruiting officers deliberately introduced a bias into the First Australian Division. Over 96 per cent of its officers and about three in five of its men had previous military experience; more than a tenth of the Division had been British or Australian regulars, and over a quarter had been militiamen. This experience, the recruiters hoped, would make the Australian Imperial Force a competent and disciplined army, a credit to Australia, and a danger to the foes of the Empire.

They were disappointed. The war easily outlasted Australia's supply of experienced soldiers, and these same men in peace time had preferred field exercises - riding, shooting and skirmishing - to parade ground drill, the type of training which made English soldiers creditable and dangerous. In 1910 Kitchener had criticised Australian training as moving too fast, and neglecting essential preliminaries (presumably on the parade ground) for more advanced studies (in the field). Possibly, to British traditionalists, the old soldier in 1914 grasped basic military skills little better than the novice.

The A.I.F.'s initial training often encouraged the ignorance of both. The first volunteers were dumped in animal pavilions at Sydney Showground, or in open fields called camps, such as Frasers Paddock, Broadmeadows, or Blackboy Hill. They left Australia three months after war was declared, untrained in unit manoeuvres, and unaware of many aspects of military technique. They fared better than

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1 From Bean, op. cit., I, pp.54, 60.
2 Magnus, Kitchener, p.294.
some later recruits, who left Australia without having fired or even handled an army rifle, or who fired it once before they sailed, or who embarked without rifles and other equipment after only a week in camp. Australians were trained in camps overseas, but before then many had accepted standards in training and discipline which their superiors later found difficult to extinguish.

In any case, many Australians resented the restrictions the army imposed upon them. Some wanted to bypass training and get to the Front before the fighting ended, most saw the need for some training but objected to that given them, almost all dismayed those who expected them to emulate the demeanour of a British regiment. They remained incorrigibly civilian, for they were not and did not wish to become regular soldiers. They were young men answering their country's call; they would fight willingly, but they saw no point in the rigours and inanities of parade ground discipline, and until they reached the Front they considered the army a job which should be regulated by the conventions attached to any employer-employee relationship. Out of working hours their time was their own, and men cheerfully left their training camps after work to go home or to town, and returned for work next day as a matter of course. Many treated their officers as managers rather than as employers, tending to greet them

1 Bean, op. cit., III, pp.50-1; Jackson, op. cit., p.1; Report of Proceedings of Royal Commission...into... Liverpool Camp..., pp.6, 9.

with an easy familiarity, and viewing rebuffs as proof of malice or want of intellect in their seniors. They drilled or went through an exercise only if they thought the job demanded it, and they were quick to argue with wayward N.C.O.'s, to chastise authoritarian excesses, and to strike for better food or conditions from the management. They always retained the right to be ruled by their own judgment.¹

Many very soon learnt to blend prerogative with discretion. When they went home because camp life did not suit them, for example, they were dragged back as though they were criminals,² and thus were brought to perceive distinctions between army life and an ordinary job. But such incidents made them more cautious, not more submissive, and most continued to judge the army by their civilian standards.

A sense of the nation's debt to its soldiers compounded their attitude. Why, some men felt, should they not leave camp after work, if they had volunteered to risk death? Why should they dither with precision and polish, which could have no effect on the enemy? Few proposed tamely to suffer unnecessary disabilities because they were patriotic,

² Harney, op. cit., p.4.
and some felt entitled to extra privileges – by late 1915, for example, to be allowed free public transport.¹

Shortly after he had been commissioned, Charles Alexander, an Irishman who had taught at the Armidale School since 1909, wrote to his parents about this and other aspects of Australian discipline,

You may remember that, in my remarks on the character of the Australian school-boy, I dwelt on his independence and his lack of appreciation of what Discipline means, or even what is meant by respect to elders and seniors. Well, exactly the same spirit is shown in the boys of a larger growth...they would possibly be considered "impossible" by a home soldier. Things have come to such a pass that at present the men seem to do just as they please, in defiance of all orders! - and sometimes they please to do very dastardly things, in the way of rioting and smashing up shops where, perhaps, they have been asked to pay for something that they didn't feel inclined to pay for! because they didn't consider things were being run as they thought fit. They "break camp" when they list, brushing aside any resistance in the shape of, say, special guards with fixed bayonets, etc.; and for some time now they have decided that the Government has no right to charge them fares on the railway up to Sydney - so they simply don't buy tickets; they laugh at the ticket-collectors and sometimes bundle them off the trains if the trains slow up passing a station! Special picquets posted on the terminus platform are taken no notice of, and anyone who dares cross their path may get very roughly handled. It seems pretty obvious they can't be coerced, perhaps they might respond to good leaders...²

¹ Labor Call, 13 January 1916; S.M.H., 21 December 1915.
² 27. Alexander, (43,1), (L), 10/1/16.
In battle the Australians did respond to good leaders, but in Australia few could see the need for any leaders, because their job had not begun.

At the time Lieutenant Alexander was writing, some maladministration reinforced this proclivity. Towards the end of 1915, severer leave restrictions, longer training hours, and heavier penalties for misdemeanours were introduced into the military camps around Sydney. This offended the men, who claimed that the system which had trained the heroes then on Gallipoli should train them, for they, like their predecessors, had come to fight, not drill like soldiers.

They were ignored, and early in 1916 several hundred recruits marched from Casula camp to Liverpool camp, in orderly array, and under the control of leaders they had appointed. Their numbers increased at Liverpool, until about 2,000 men faced the military authorities to put their case. They were listened to, and afterwards Casula camp was closed and several improvements effected at Liverpool.¹ The marchers had laid themselves open to charges of mutiny and desertion; their actions were those of strikers stating legitimate grievances and expecting redress, and apparently the authorities did not think that attitude unnatural. The habit of free men was heavily etched into the Australian community.

Scott, op. cit., XI, p.230. On the return march to Casula troops rioted, and looted shops in Liverpool township; some were discharged from the A.I.F. for this.
Most recruits considered that active service began when they left Australia. They embarked with the stamp of the soldier noticeably upon them, but they were still largely civilians. Photographs of troops marching to their ships shown uneven lines of men, dressed in assorted headgear, out of step, walking rather than marching, and smiling at the camera or the crowd. Despite their military environment many look as though bound for a picnic.

Some thought exactly that. "At 10.15 we moved off," a man in the first convoy wrote, "...the men cheering and singing alternately...At last we could say we were 'On Service' Hurray". He had no qualms for the future, and his vision recurred among Australians during the early war years. A soldier on the second convoy noted, "We are at last started out on the job for which we volunteered and all the boys are in excellent spirits. Hopes are that we shall see some active service, and return to our own dear land covered with honour." Even in 1916, the year of

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1 Many soldiers' diaries and letters begin on the day of embarkation. A private's daily pay rose by 1/- to 6/- when he embarked.

2 See Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-18, XII, Plates 40, 716; Scott, op. cit., XI, Plates 13, 14.


'see also:


278. Capt. M.J.B. Cotton, 2 Bn., Clerk, of Maitland, N.S.W. K.I.A. 24/7/16, aged 21. (L), 24/10/14

the Somme battles, a young Victorian reported, "...sailing [soon] - . The boys are dead excited...all rushing round and singing "I'm going to leave the old home" "Goodbye girlee"", and a Queensland farmer told his parents, "We are leaving for Sydney tomorrow morning, to embark, the boy's are all cheerfull, and mad for gore." These were confident, carefree men, sailing joyously to the challenge and excitement of a great adventure.

Almost all who wrote thus had already farewelled their friends and relatives in the distant places they came from. Throughout the war, and particularly after the casualty lists began to come in, most men felt little joy in leaving their friends and country, for most knew that embarkation also meant separation, and on the wharves the sadness of their goodbyes generally overcame every other emotion. "said goodbye," wrote a Queenslander whose family had come to Sydney to see him sail, "...and with a lump in the throat the job was started and the journey commenced", and a New South Wales gunner noted,


2 41. Pte. J.E. Allan, 49 Bn., Farmer, of Gin Gin, Qld. K.I.A. 7/6/17, aged 31. (L), 5/10/16 see also:

3 122. Lt. J.S.F. Bartlett, 3 Bn., Chemist, of Morningside, Qld. K.I.A. 25/7/16, aged 32. (D), 31/3/16 see also:
"On arrival at the wharf we were allowed a few minutes to say farewell, for some it was au-revoir, for others goodbye...". The pain of an onerous duty and their uncertain future led a few men to shrink from their mission and stay behind, but the majority were convinced of the necessity of their task, and that consoled their unhappiness. "I'll try to conduct myself so that none of you will be ashamed of me, whether I come through or not," a soldier told his family, "Some on this boat won't come back, but many will and I can only trust that I'll be one of them." Another commented, "...it was hard for us all to part from our loved one as well as it was for them to part from us but we were all answering a call of Duty which must be done". An officer told his wife and parents, "...it hurt me very much waving goodbye to you yesterday... but still no matter how much we may feel it, we must realise that it is a matter of duty and if, with me, you

1 50. Anderson, (44,1), (D), 15/12/15
   see also:

2 132. Col. J.L. Beeston, C.M.G., V.D., A.A.M.C., Surgeon, of Newcastle, N.S.W. b.1859. (D), 29/12/14
   233. Campbell, (73,1), (L), -/5/15.


The laughter ...

Troops embarking in August 1914 ...
... and the tears.

... and late in 1915.
will look at it in that light it will help us all a great deal..."", and a private wrote,

I don't mean I felt glad to say "Goodbye" to Australia, home and loved ones, oh no. I mean I felt glad because I was now going to do my bit ... It seemed to come to us of a sudden the fact what we were there for, what we were expected to do, but the one thing stood most to be answered was, How long before we shall see that wharf, those faces again, or who shall not see them again?

Once or twice the army embarked troops silently and without warning, and at times the lengthening list of killed Australians mocked the brave cheers and the flags and the bunting which bid most convoys Godspeed. A private described a departure from Sydney in August 1916, when lists of the Somme casualties were daily dominating the press,

Women and children who had waited all night in the cold were scurrying here and there inquiring for their husbands...every now and then a cry of

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2 36. L/Cpl. L. Allchurch, Wireless Corps, Clerk, of Adelaide, S.A. b. about 1897. (L), -/5/18

see also:
123. L/Cpl. J.S. Bartley, 30 Bn., Hospital wardsman, of Armidale, N.S.W. b.1889. (D), -/4/16
383. Gnr. A.W. Freiboth, 5 F.A.B., Railway porter, of St Patrick's River, Tas. b.1895. (D), 5/1/16
607. Capt. G.D. Mitchell, M.C., D.C.M., 48 Bn., Clerk, of Thebarton, S.A. b.1894. (D), 20/10/14
and two troopship newspapers, Aeneasthetic, Nov. 1916; Armadale News, Sept. 1916.

joy showed that some sweetheart or wife had located her man. They forced themselves into the lines and marched with the column, some of the wives taking their soldier husbands white kit bag the husband taking the child...We embarked alright and the crowd were let onto the wharf about 8 am., just as we commenced to draw out from the wharf. Streamers were thrown and the same sad hopeless scene commenced all over again. I never want to see so many hopeless despairing women's faces again...the men going now have a harder task to face than those who hurried away before our big casualty lists started...¹

Many Australians endeavoured to overcome the melancholy of departure. They thought that war was glorious, an opportunity to play out the highest roles open to man, and they believed that embarkation was rightly an occasion for joy and festivity. A printer reported,

...relatives and friends of the boys were allowed on the pier; guess there was about 2000, then began the fun, the boy's on the boat catching sight of a friend would call out, then a streamer would shoot by your head, everywhere was excitement, the chaps struggling for positions, and getting mixed in the streamers...as the boat moved out the streamers crossed and uncrossed looking not unlike a silkworm cocoon...when we had steamed out of sight, we settled down to a good dinner...²

and an Australian Army regular claimed,

see also:
381. Capt. S.J. Fox, 20 Bn., Schoolmaster, of Sydney, N.S.W. b.1893. (D), 25/6/15
² 412. Lt. J.W. Gration, D.C.M., 39 Bn., Printer, of North Fitzroy, Vic. b.1892. (L), 22/7/16.
There is far more laughter than tears in this drama... the buoyancy of spirited youth is not subdued by the thoughts of tragedies to come, for are not all these strong men eager to shew, by non-chalant behaviour, that for them Death has no sting and the grave no victory... [they are about to achieve] one of the great thrills of life - departure on active service...

He implied that at least some men forced their laughter, and at best considered the act of departure bittersweet.

A Victorian commented,

There were very few on Board without some friend to see them off... It was a pretty yet sad sight and a grand send-off... Here are a couple of remarks I heard "It is hard work to be cheerful and then you cannot cheer them up," "They allowed just enough time, for I would have been in tears myself if we had stayed longer." My people were very kind and saw me off with smiling faces while I found it very difficult to smile.

His words suggested the range of emotions contending within his comrades. They felt the sorrows of leaving those they loved, perhaps forever, but their duty and their task comforted them. Not long after their ships had drawn away, most soldiers put the emotions of embarkation behind them, and turned to consider the novelty of the future and the prospect of adventure. A day after the Australian coastline had disappeared below the horizon, a New South Welshman remarked, "This is the start of perhaps the most

see also:

adventurous period of my life, and it is even very likely the last period...for the first time we...have really began the game in deadly earnest",¹ and this was probably the sense of most of the men who sailed from Australia to battle against the foes of the Empire.²

There were two particular hardships on board ship, seasickness, and boredom. With a spirit that was to support them well in harder times, men often tried to laugh seasickness away ("If I was Christ, I would get out and walk home"³), and most had a ready counter to boredom:

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² This early equation between war and a game, so evident in pre-1914 literature, was also reflected in a poem written in the Indian Ocean by a man in the first convoy, Cpl. R.L.S. Murphy, 6 Bn., (later Lt., Solicitor, of Elsternwick, Vic. Rep.T.A. 5/4/18, aged 40), (in Expeditionary, Nov. 1914, p.3):

> We are going to the sports
> That commenced in Germany;
> And we've played at guards and sentries;
> Since the Kaiser called for entries;
> And we've tramped round camp
> a chasin' of a gammon enemy.
> We're the blokes you've picked, Australyer,
> And, gor blimey, we won't fail yer.
> Now, we don't know where we'll race,
> But we're in the British team,
> And we've took the job on gladly,
> Think we'll end up not so badly,
> And will hold our little end up in
> old Kitchener's great scheme.
> We're the coves you've picked Australyer,
> And, strike me, we won't fail yer.

³ 978. Brunton, (81,1), (D), 13/4/16.
Gambling is a favourite pastime on board. I suppose 60% of the troops indulge in these games, more or less. There are the crown and anchor, house, cards, and two up. Any time of the day and up to 9 p.m. one will find crowds congregated together at different parts of the ship, playing one or other of these games... the first thing that met my eyes on coming up from below this morning was the coins being tossed...at the stern...the crowd...started their gambling and kept it up all through the [church] service...I don't think it possible for them to lift their minds off the two coins in the air.

Although Australians tolerated their confinement at sea, they invariably resented being kept on board a ship in port. Authorities always imposed restrictions on shore leave, and large numbers of men, considering these unnecessary, always ignored them. General Bridges wrote that the discipline of the first two convoys was good, the chief difficulty being in off-loading civilian stowaways at Albany. In fact men from these convoys regularly went absent without leave at Fremantle, often only a small proportion of those given leave returned when it expired, and troops kept under special guard on board serenaded

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2 Bean, op. cit., I, p.127.
their officers with songs such as 'Britons never shall be slaves' and 'Every dog has his day'.

Later in the war, particularly at ports overseas, more serious trouble erupted. An English born private stated that at Fremantle,

...the Major in charge positively asserted that we could get no leave whatever. He then...saw...soldiers were climbing over the side...[and] The men refused to allow the coalers to go on with their work until leave was granted. The Major realised that the men were in earnest and consented to their demands. This will just serve to show you the independence of the Australian. If the same thing had been done in the British Army a Court Martial would have followed...The next day some of the men took to pelting a few officers with orange peel and apple cores.

At Cape Town an officer noted, "...men...not allowed ashore because their officers did not trust them. About 120 men got off the ship in two rushes, 3 men being bayoneted." Similar violence broke out several times at Colombo. A Victorian wrote,

...I happened to be on duty at the gangway...and before I knew where I was I saw a mob rushing towards me, one sentry who tried to stop them was knocked down and had his rifle taken away from him.

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1 607. Mitchell, (79,2), (D), 26, 27 and 29/10/14.
3 190. Lt. E.M. Brissenden, 3 Div.H.Q., Barrister, of Sydney, N.S.W. b.1862. (D), 20/6/16.
three other sentries not far away... and [I] decided to try and stop them... We... put our bayonets out to the mob, at first they didn't like the look of them but they soon took courage and started jostling and pushing us; then an officer... ordered me to fire on the row-boats that were waiting to take the men ashore - I fired two shots over their heads and they got away pretty quick, after half an hour, in which I got a black eye and another chap his nose broken the mob went away leaving two men who we had knocked out with our rifle butts. I knocked the one who had given me the black eye.¹

Neither bullet nor bayonet could persuade some men to submit to what they considered injustice. They were impatient at the perpetual monotony of the troopship, and they held firm opinions about their rights. In mid 1915 soldiers on a troopship at Colombo were refused leave, and were fined when they took it. They were not allowed to buy beer or fruit from the natives, but after the ship left port the canteen sold Colombo fruit at rates 200 per cent above Colombo prices. "The Australian spirit" having been roused by these injustices, the troops rioted. They pushed officers about, assaulted the military police, broke open the canteen and the detention cells, and threw furniture overboard. When their commanding officer attempted to address them, he was hooted, hissed, and threatened with ejection over the side, and at last he withdrew. The men dispersed when more leave and cheaper

¹ 25 Pte. H.T.C. Alcock, 23 Bn., Agricultural student, of Toorak, Vic. D.O.D. 14/2/16, aged 19. (L), 14/6/15

see also:
fruit had been promised them, but by then in any case they had exhausted their opportunities and energies for riot and revelry.

The man who described these events, a Victorian private, defended them by pointing to the injustices inflicted at Colombo, and by referring to other iniquities: the men had been kept below deck when they left Australia, and so had missed the last goodbyes; the voyage had been insufferably monotonous; there had been no fruit on board until Colombo, and seasick men craved fruit; the commanding officer had broken promises about leave and refreshments; and the detention cell was hot and dirty, so that men were carried to hospital from it.

Certainly the men on that ship considered themselves unfairly treated. They rioted again at Alexandria, because officers and N.C.O.'s were given leave, but...

...the men were told to remain on board... immediately ropes were thrown from the decks to the pier and down slid the men, like sheep one starts and away go the rest. Soon the side of the boat was covered with ropes...the officers tried to prevent this but had to give it up. Armed guards were placed on the piers, but they were useless. We had been boxed up for over a month and who could expect that the Australian boys would stand alongside a pathway to an evenings enjoyment and not place a foot on it. I confess I was not far from the lead in going over the side.¹

Only their own values truly governed these men, and it seemed improbable that they would ever accept the discipline conventional to British units.

To the dismay of some Australians, who had expected to sail to the Motherland and then to fight the Hun, the A.I.F. was landed in Egypt. The soldiers of the first convoy began disembarking at Alexandria on 3 December 1914, five weeks after they had left Fremantle, and soon they were camped on the sandy flats near the Pyramids that were to become Mena Camp. Egypt was a singularly unfortunate environment in which to deposit Australian troops. Its attractions were in the dead past, there was nothing to do. Men visited the Pyramids and scarred their peaks with Australian names, inspected the museums and palaces, and toured the zoo, the gardens and the mosques. This was the work of a few days, and in short time those restless thousands faced an unrelievably monotonous future.

They had come across half a world to fight for one of the noblest causes that uplifted men. They were sustained

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1 For example,


2 The Light Horse were encamped at Ma'adi, south of Cairo. By early 1916 Australian camps or posts were at Heliopolis (1915), Helouan, Tel el Kebir, Zag-a-Zig, Zeitoun, and along the Suez Canal at Ferry Post, Ismailia, Kantara, Moascar, and Serapeum.

3 344. Ellsworth, (31,3), (L), 19/12/14; Bean, op. cit., I, p.127.
by notions of splendour and battle and glory. They were the first and finest in their country. And they had been dumped on a stretch of bare sand among street sellers so persistent that a man had to buy a cane to beat them off, they were obliged to drink 'poisonous' beer or none at all, they were expected to endure heat, sand, dust, flies, and monotony without hope of alleviation, and in and out of training hours they had to march, drill, or meander uselessly about the desert like a 'pack of bloody dills'. It was not for this that they had come. They dubbed Egypt land of sin, sand, sorrow and syphilis, and set about devising their own entertainment.

Australians with and without leave crowded into Cairo, first to a good meal at a 'posh' Hotel, then to the drinking and vice dens around the Haret el Wasser. They hired donkeys from the natives, and ran wild, laughing races down the streets, along the footpaths, and through the hotels. They passed hours upsetting the fruit and lolly trays of the natives, they gambled, fought, played pranks on everyone, brawled and rioted, and assaulted the military police. When they were ready to return to camp, some men would crowd into a tram, toss off the driver, and career wildly at full speed through the darkened streets, with soldiers clinging boisterously to the sides and roof of the vehicle until at last it halted outside the camp. Other revellers commandeered gharries, bikes, and donkeys to make the return journey, and on Christmas Eve 1914

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2 263. Coe, (76,3), (D), 31/3/15.
General Birdwood's car was mysteriously transferred from outside his headquarters to the sands beside Mena, an occurrence the General stoically accepted.²

Military offences multiplied: during December 1914 absence without leave, desertion, insubordination, drunkenness, assaults on natives and military police, robbery, and venereal disease all increased markedly. Men broke bounds at will, and over 300 in the First Division were posted absent without leave by early January 1915, despite stricter penalties and closer supervision. On one day two fifths of one 10th Battalion company were absent without leave at roll call, and half of them were still absent a day later. On Boxing Day 1914 the 2nd Battalion was obliged to cancel a parade because it could not muster enough men to hold it, even after it had included sixty 2nd Battalion men then in the unit prison. Far from making civilians soldiers, training in Egypt was reducing recruits to rabble, and by the close of 1914 "...matters were swiftly

² For this paragraph,
coming to a point when discipline in the A.I.F. must either be upheld or abandoned.”¹

In January 1915 training hours were extended, long desert marches were introduced, a strong standing picket was placed across the Cairo-Mena road, and some Australian units were sent to garrisons along the Suez Canal. "Several hundred" Australians were returned home in disgrace, while a despatch to the Australian public explained that these men had stained their country's reputation.²

The moves were partly effective. Exhaustion and shame limited Australian excesses, and by 1 February the bearing of the men had so improved that they were allowed one day off every week, and trained for only eight hours a day on week days.³ Yet probably prudence, not conviction,

¹ Bean, op. cit., I, p.128.

² The despatch was published in Australian papers, in part or in full, in January 1915 (see Age, 20 January 1915). Many soldiers reviled Bean for writing it. Bean, Two Men I Knew, p.43, says "several hundred" disciplinary offenders were returned. Butler, op. cit., I, p.63, says that 132 disciplinary cases were sent back on 3 February 1915, but his figure omits at least men with venereal disease.

³ For this paragraph, Bean, op. cit., pp.43-4; Official History ..., I, p.130; General Bridges' letter to the Department of Defence, 24 December 1914, in Australian War Memorial File No.265/3. (footnote continued p.91)
inspired the improvement, for even during the last week of 1914, the period of worst disorder, at least one Australian considered that,

Taken all through, the discipline in all ranks has been good...we are freeborn men, used to living a free life, with very few restraints of any kind, recognising no one as Master...[considering this,] the discipline is good. Certainly there are some undesirables, but they are very far in the minority.

Throughout 1915 the A.I.F. retained its reputation for indiscipline and for opposition to seemingly pointless or unfair restrictions, for some Australians had still not accepted that the army was regulated by norms and rules not civilian. The military way was entirely outside their conventions, and almost beyond their conception. Without many Australians noting much amiss, a guard could leave its post to get dinner, a man could fall out from a march to light his pipe or to speak with a nurse, soldiers could wander about Cairo in singlet and shorts, and N.C.O.'s who seriously administered 'no leave' orders could be considered wanting in propriety.

(footnote 3 continued from p.90)
In January 1915, the 7 Bn., carrying 50 lbs of equipment, marched 13 miles in 3 hours, and the 10 Bn. marched 4 miles in 40 minutes. See,
607. Mitchell, (79,2), (D), 15/1/15.

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For this paragraph,
706. Lt. A.E. Sheppheard, M.M., 5 Div.Sig.Coy., Electrical fitter, of Newnes, N.S.W. b.1890. (D), 11/9/15
No officers but their own could hope to sway such men. An Australian corporal was swimming with his working party in an out of bounds area of the beach at Alexandria when,

...a choleric Colonel of the British Army swept down on me and called for the man in charge. I came out and he roared at me to "stand to attention", which I did. After asking me my name, he roared at me, "Answer me properly, call me Sir!" and after I'd given him my name, address [sic!] etc. he roared again "Show me your metal disc" (meaning my identification disc) then saying I was under arrest he told us to go, we swam the horses and bathed ourselves to our satisfaction.

Some would have held that colonel gently treated. Until they had indicated their calibre, even A.I.F. officers had little real influence upon their men, particularly if they came from another unit or were outside the camp. Most officers were only grudgingly saluted: a brigade circular, one of many issued by commanding officers, complained that not one man in a hundred saluted, and that officers and N.C.O.'s, from fear of 'putting on side', rarely demanded it. 2 "Right from the start I objected to saluting officers", wrote an old soldier in 1967, "It is a survival of an ancient time and at no time in the war did I see where

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For other circulars see Australian War Memorial File Nos 265/1-3.
it did any good, "1 To many Australians a salute signified respect for the recipient, not for the system, and they accorded respect willingly only to very exceptional men.

They conceded nothing to unpopular or inefficient officers, who were 'counted out', anonymously enlightened at night about their origin, entertained with rude songs when they escorted ladies, and, at least on one or two occasions, beaten up. Good A.I.F. officers, from inclination and policy, tolerated what would have been punished in the British Army, and, if they were efficient and just, this was as much as they could do to establish their authority until they had undergone the test of action. The officer commanding the 7th Battalion, for example, ordered his men to wear the Australian hat on parades, not the British-style cap. Soon afterwards a man appeared on parade wearing the wrong headpiece. When he explained that he had lost his Australian hat, his C.O. told him in blunt terms that any real soldier would have acquired another. On the next parade, the man appeared correctly attired. His C.O., upright in adversity, wore a British cap. One night a 2nd Battalion captain accompanying a field officer on inspection noticed a guard on duty eating a pie. Hotly he ordered the soldier to present arms, at which the man asked the field officer to hold his pie while he performed the required ritual. Neither soldier intended disrespect; both were behaving


Occasionally men in the A.I.F. committed more serious offences. On the night of Good Friday, 1915, after some units had received orders to pack for the Front, Australian and New Zealand soldiers rioted in the Wasser, the brothel district of Cairo. There were long standing grievances against the bad drink and diseased women sold in the area, and when the story spread that some soldiers had been stabbed in a brothel, a crowd of men gathered, threw prostitutes and standover men from several houses into an alley, piled beds, mattresses, cupboards and everything else portable or detachable into the street, and set fire to them. At least one building was incinerated, and the sand walls or the balconies of several others were pulled down. The native fire brigade had its hoses cut while struggling gallantly through the mob to attack the fire, and some firemen were assaulted. British military police arrived on horseback and attempted to disperse the rioters by firing revolvers at them. They were bombarded with rocks, beer bottles, lengths of fire hose and abuse, and wisely withdrew. A few men then took to looting nearby shops, and there was more burning: one Australian claimed that a car outside Birdwood's headquarters (at Shepheard's
Hotel, near the Wasser) was upended and burnt. The mob was by now in dangerous disorder, and the Lancashire Territorials, with whom Australians had some affinity, were drawn up across the roadway with fixed bayonets. Some rioters were tempted to breach even this barrier, but most slowly dispersed, and by early morning the excitement had died away.¹

The affair was "not heroic",² nor was the second Wasser riot, a similar outbreak, in July 1915. Both betrayed some of the worst aspects of Australian character. Some Australians so viewed them,³ but others welcomed the diversions ("The greatest bit of fun since we have been in Egypt...", one man called the first riot) and several

¹ For this paragraph,
958. Sgt. D.V. Walford, 45 Bn., Draughtsman, of Woollahra, N.S.W. Rep.T.A. 13/2/17, aged 24. (D), -/-4/-15
Bean, op. cit., I, pp.126-7, 130n.
² Ibid., p.130n. Malthus, C.: Anzac - A Retrospect, p.113, states that a carload of Australians ran down an Arab boy during the first Wasser riot. It is difficult to imagine a car moving at speed through those crowded streets, but the statement is otherwise tenable.
⁴ 959. Ward, (95,1), (D), 2/4/15.
defended the destruction as eradicating menaces to public health and the Egyptian authorities.¹

Both 'battles' followed real or imagined grievances. Particularly before the first riot, men felt their sense of right offended, and the sight of mounted M.P.'s firing revolvers at them was certain to provoke, rather than subdue, their hostility. "What I have found of the Australians," wrote an English immigrant in the A.I.F. after watching the second riot, "is that they are men who will stick out for their rights and are not satisfied till they get them. They have been taught this system by their form of Government at home...".² Probably these Australians were over-ready to convert their own impulses into a system of justice and to consider opposing attitudes malign, yet it remains clear that, on the eve of action, the men of the A.I.F. still clung to an uncompromising independence.

At least one Australian justified the events of Good Friday by protesting that there was still nothing in Egypt for soldiers to do.³ That was true, and from sheer boredom a few men schemed to be sent to gaol. But, the man who described their schemes continued, "...this would vanish if we "could get at them" which is what we came for...".⁴

¹ 308. de Vine (95,1), (D), 2/4/15; 761. Trangmar, (86,1), (D), 31/7/15
² 761. Trangmar, (86,1), (D), 31/7/15.
³ 958. Walford, (95,1), (D), -/4?/15.
⁴ 320. Donkin, (90,1), (D), 23/3/15.
and man after man repeated that belief. No matter what their purpose in originally enlisting, the Australians with very few exceptions came to wish above all else for the firing line, and men of every outlook confessed their disgust with Egypt. In January a twenty year old Queensland cane cutter complained, "I haven't had any sport Turkey roasting yet...this inaction here in Egypt is enough to get on anybodys nerves and I hope it won't be long before we get a move on as I'm sick of it." In February a Victorian soldier repeated,

I have...become fed up generally with our stay for such a long period here. We have been on the job for about six months and haven't had so much as a shot fired...tell [all at home] I'm quite safe - too safe for my liking worse luck!\(^2\)

In March a city clerk stated, "We are all very anxious to get away to have a scrap as we are all so sick of sham fights", and a country labourer asserted, "...patience is a virtue but it is exhausted now, and nothing but a move will satisfy the A.I.F."\(^5\) In April a private wrote,

\(^{1}\) 617. Lt. C.R. Morley, 5 L.H.Reg.t., Storekeeper, of Tweed Heads, N.S.W. D.O.W. 8/11/17, aged 23. (L), 9/2/15


\(^{5}\) 320. Donkin (90,1), (D), 23/3/15.
...the sand and hot weather is killing [us]...
whole sale...the sooner out of this place and
in the firing line the better I don't want to
die in the attempt I want to do some thing
first what do you say if its only 1 German...
soon we shall round the Dardenals or in the
south of France and then the fun will start¹,
and a colonel observed, "The men are all getting very
impatient now to get away and I think the sooner they move
the better."² Australians in Egypt after the Gallipoli
Landing, when men might have been less eager to fight, and
when in any case most spent less time in training, were
equally impatient. After nine days in Egypt a reinforcement
wrote, "Getting fed up with Egypt the Gyppos etc. Have had
all the Cairo I want and most of us are anxious to get away
from this everlasting drill."³

Before the Landing the Australians were obliged to
endure their frustration until called upon, but after that
April men often attempted to transfer or desert to units
marked for the Front. A few stowaways succeeded in reaching
Anzac, and at least one was killed there.⁴ A man of the

¹ 66. Antill, (30,2), (L), 1/4/15.
² 977. Ryrie, (35,1), (L), 6/4/15
see also:
263. Coe, (76,3), (L), 31/3/15; 320. Donkin, (90,1), (D),
24/12/14; 344. Ellsworth, (31,3), (L), 14/2/15; Scott, op.
cit., XI, p.219.
³ 834. Cpl. F.V. Addy, 4 Bn., Iron turner, of Moore Park,
N.S.W. b.1889. (D), 19/9/15
see also:
207. Pte. M. Burrows, 4 Pioneer Bn., Tram driver, of Enmore,
N.S.W. P.O.W. -/1/18, aged 33. (L), 11/6/15.
⁴ A K.I.A. card in the Australian War Memorial reads, "Young,
C.E. This man unofficially attached himself to 16th Bn. in
trenches at Gallipoli: No trace can be found of any
enlistment or any N.O.K. Was K.I.A. 14/11/15...It is
suspected that he was a member of another unit on duty in
Egypt and proceeded to Gallipoli without authority."
2nd Battalion, ordered to remain when his unit sailed, hid for twenty-four hours in a hold, until his ship was well out to sea and he deemed it safe to come on deck. His sergeant and then his officer abused him, but he was put onto the strength of his unit, and he was among those who stormed the Turkish hillsides on that last Sunday in April. In August 1915 four artillerymen stowed away, but were discovered at sea and passed several days in the brig with eight others similarly detected. They were released between Lemnos and Anzac, and filed to the beach under the apparently vacant eyes of the ship's officers. Ashore they applied to join the 5th Battalion, and then the 1st Battalion in the Lone Pine trenches, but, though no officer arrested them as deserters, none would do more to assist them than feed them and pass them on. After spending two days inspecting the Anzac defences, the four travellers reported to Divisional Artillery headquarters, where they were arrested and three days later returned to Egypt. Each was fined twenty-four days pay, and one at least considered his tour cheap at that price.

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2 929. Lucas, (28,1), (D), -/8/15, pp.57-66.

For other evidence of successful and unsuccessful attempts, 596. Lt. N.E. McShane, 1 Bn., Clerk, of Waverley, N.S.W. K.I.A. 25/7/16, aged 23. (L), 8/5/15
847. Tpr. G.T. Birkbeck, 1 M.G.Squad., Printer, of Ashfield, N.S.W. b.1892. (D), 4/12/15
Probably only the unlikelihood of success prevented more Australians attempting this enterprise. Most were forced to wait, which sharpened the ardour of some formerly unhappy at the prospect of combat, and led those already eager to fear that the war would finish before they could get to it. A South Australian N.C.O. en route to Lemnos reported, "Consternation raged on our troop deck when it was said that Turkey had given in. An unofficial indignation meeting was held..." A private exclaimed, "If they don't hurry up and get us away I am afraid we will miss the boat altogether and will go back to Australia without having a shot", and an officer yet to reach Egypt thought, "Perhaps the war will be over by [the time we get there]...We anxiously await the daily news in the fear that it may be...

Inactivity also added conviction to the chief impulses which had initially persuaded Australians to volunteer. Whatever that impulse, a man's presence in the army and in a community of like minded men tended to convince him that every objective and principle proclaimed by the Allies was his cause, and that his cause, because he was committed to it, was just: what were passionate assumptions in the civilian became motives for existence in the soldier. At that stage of the war, men usually expressed their

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3 233. Campbell, (73,1), (L), 6/8/15.

commitment in terms of Imperial ardour and the sanctity of the Empire's martial prestige. An ex-militia officer wrote, "My fighting blood has been awakened now at seeing what Britain is doing and I will do my utmost to keep the flag flying...". This was the language and sentiment of many of his comrades, and to such men the news of casualties or the sight of wounded opened glorious possibilities. Idealizing death, and considering pain the welcome price of duty and a good proof of manhood, they were impelled forward by losses and reverses at the Front. In June 1915, two months before he sailed to Gallipoli, a West Australian machine gun private wrote from Heliopolis camp,

...old sailors who saw the landing say there never was a charge before like our boys made. Everyone here is anxious to get over and give them a hand. We might be called out any day, and the sooner the better. We may not do as well as the first [Division] but it will be God help the Turks that get in the way of the sixth [Brigade]. We will do our best to repay them for their kindness to our pals.

"The wounded are rolling in here every day", a Queensland private in Egypt reported during the August offensive on Anzac, "every available place is full and they are erecting

1 511. Linklater, (72,2), (L), 10/3/15.
2 For examples,
607. Mitchell, (79,2), (D), 10/11/14, and 1/1 and 1/4/15;
233. Campbell, (73,1), (L), 2/7/15.
3 Ibid., (L), 12/6/15.
wooden sheds every day for more. We realise now what a serious thing for England war is." A fortnight later he noted, "I have never regretted joining and even less so now that I will be able to relieve 1 of these chaps and let him have a spell."

News of casualties prompted in some men a longing not merely to replace their stricken comrades, but to take part at once in the great adventure now surely not far before them. With the sight of the maimed and the crippled still in his mind, one man stated, "I don't think it will be very long before we are into it now as the 4th have been getting cut up lately, and I understand that the 8th L.H. have been almost wiped out." "...[I see] my duty to my country", another wrote,

and now seek revenge on the enemy who have done so much to destroy the fine sturdy lads of our own Australia and who have helped to hold back the progress of the world for years to come. I feel with each days training that I could take my part as a true Australian and help hold up the glorious reputation our lads have given us to hold, and I hold my life equal to 3 of our enemy if such be my

1 546. Lt. W.A. Mann, 25 Bn., Letter carrier, of Charters Towers, Qld. b.1896. (L), 19 and 31/8/15
see also:
466. Hunter, (43,3), (L), 25/7/15; Hogue, 0.: Trooper Bluegum at the Dardanelles, pp.80-1.

This refers to the charge at The Nek (see pp.149-52), for a similar reaction to which see,
lot I am satisfied, but in the Machine Gun Section
I hope for more than my value...1

A Tasmanian private recorded,

I feel calm and fit and just a little bit eager to
get out and into the line of fire - avenge some of
the wrongs committed on defenceless women. I shall
hate to take life but I feel justified in wreaking
vengeance on these allies of the Unspeakable though
"cultured" Huns... We see thousands of wounded in the
hospitals here and the hundreds coming in daily...
could the Theatre Johnies in Aust. see and know
these disfigured and broken down heroes, and then
see the blood soaked Peninsular of Gallipoli they
would hesitate no longer...2

The pain of their comrades could not warn these men.3 The
Imperial vision held them firmly, and they would go to
their first battle attuned not to the bloody realities
around them, but to the romances of a tradition brought
from a distant homeland and an antiquated past.

Every influence men felt between their enlistment and
their first entry into the firing line, then, urged them


[2] 419. Lt. W.E.K. Grubb, 40 Bn., Commercial traveller, of
Launceston, Tas. K.I.A. 28/3/18, aged 28. (D), 1/9/15
The two soldiers last quoted considered their foe to be
not Turkey, though Turks had inflicted the wounds, but
Germany, the architect of world misery. There was a general
conviction that Germany was the only real opponent. See,
11. Adams, (35,6), (L), 8/4/15; 66. Antill, (30,2), (L),
3/8/14; 220. Calderwood, (81,1), (Narrative), 23/12/15;
607. Mitchell, (79,2), (D), 20/10/14.

[3] A few men were discouraged by wounded and casualties. See,
15. Lt. W.E. Addison, 18 Bn., Bank accountant, of Sydney,
forward to battle. Summarizing the period, a West Australian wrote,

...at Blackboy Hill I had to drill and generally make a fool of myself...when the instructor said left turn one would turn right sure as eggs, then he would condescend to tell you all about your relations, etc...When [he]...had taught us which end of the rifle the bullet come out...we were sent to Osbourne Rifle Range...Our section done some real good shooting so we only done the one course, worse luck - the shooting was the best part of it. However it come to a finish like everything else, and we marched back to camp about 32 miles...then we embarked...and of course we were put in Egypt. Days we hung about thinking we would have a scrap in the Suez, but it never came off. They dumped us off at...Mena Camp...it was rotten...sand, sand, sand in your tucker, in your ears, eyes, nose, everywhere, and anywhere, it was real crook we done marching.skirmishing and digging for weeks and weeks...I was heartily sick of it...we left...about 25th February...[and] stopped [on Lemnos]...eight weeks, going on shore; long marches and climbing hills etc., getting fit; at last the word came - we were going to have a fly at the Turks. Well you can bet it was like putting a bit of roast meat to a starving man - we sprung to it...1

When orders to move to the Front at last reached the men of the A.I.F., they did spring to it, almost to a man. "...we...are about to leave for the Front and nothing could give me more infinite joy than to tell you this glorious news," exulted an artilleryman, "...as we have been told that we will probably land under fire, we are full of joyous expectancy...I am at present about to enter in the joy of my life, & one of my highest wishes have been

gratified."¹ "...We are leaving here to night," echoed a young Englishman in the original² 14th Battalion, and he welcomed the blood and the toil to come:

and our next landing place will be under fire and pretty hot at that too and I am now in the Machine Gun Section which is generally the first to be wiped out, so I don't fancy my chance much. Well we are all in the best of spirits all eager to get at it... and only too glad to leave that sandy piece of land they call Egypt.³

A 6th Battalion reinforcement recorded, "Left... on a journey that we were waiting for for 6 months and glad to get away. we were a happy lot anybody would have thought that we were going to a sports meeting on New Years Day."⁴ "We have got our marching orders at last... Everyone is hugely excited...", observed a nineteen year old infantry sergeant,

If I am killed Ross and Ray will write to you & let you know all about it... I think God will pardon my many sins and we shall all meet together again in Heaven. Good bye Mum & may God watch over you & me while we are apart...⁵,

and a young private about to reinforce the 7th Battalion exclaimed,

² At first conferred upon units and men who had been at the Landing, an 'original' unit came to mean one before it first went into battle, and an 'original' a man who had belonged to such a unit. ³ 66. Anti11, (30,2), (L), 11/4/15. 
I am sick and tired of wasting leather on the gritty paving stones of Cairo...Egypt is all right for a week...but...soon everything becomes a drag, so now I am going to a place where monotony is unknown, and a year seems like one crowded hour of glorious life...

I [am] on the eve of entering the firing line, and rejoicing.

The confidence and splendour of an Empire's glory marched with these men down to their ships, and they sailed from the desert to the roar of bands and the cheers of less happy comrades left behind. They were strong and fit men, free of the restraints that had sobered their departure from Australia, and they went rejoicing to a momentous future.

Some among them gave serious consideration to the grim possibilities ahead. One of the A.I.F.'s best known soldiers wrote to his wife before he landed on Gallipoli with the 10th Battalion:

I trust that I will come through alright, but it is impossible to say, and I must do my duty whatever it is. But if I am to die, know that I died loving you...if in some future time you should think of remarrying, always know that I would wish you to do

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   see also:
   393. Pte. F.J. Gates, 1 M.G.Bn., Engineering apprentice, of Petersham, N.S.W. K.I.A. 19/9/18, aged 21. (L), 20/10/15
   961. Maj. F.V. Weir, D.S.O., 1 L.H.Regt., Station manager, of Deniliquin, N.S.W. b.1878. (D), 28/7/15
   25. Alcock, (85,1), (L), 31/8/15; 263. Coe, (76,3), (L), 5/4/15; 761. Trangmar, (86,1), (D), 9/7/15.

   955. Tomlins, (86,1), (D), 9/5/15.
whatever is for your own happiness. But think well, dear, and make sure what manner of man you take...1

"Dear Gladys there is a little matter...", a Boer War veteran told his wife as he lay off the Anzac coast three weeks after the Landing,

We are about to take part in some very severe fighting and there is no doubt that those who come through it alive will be very lucky. If I should go under there is no need for me to say of whom my last thoughts will be...I hope you will always remain on the best of terms with my mother and the others and if in the years to come you require genuine friends you can rely on finding them among my family...mere written words could not convey my feelings regarding you dearest, I know that you know, and that is sufficient.2

With the travail of the world upon their shoulders, these men stood up squarely to face the blows destiny might rain upon them. Their own strong ideals were their greatest comfort, and they made ready to endure what lay ahead so that all they held dear might be preserved.

Their was a personal concern, but other Australians conveyed similar emotions by expressing more public values. A South Australian teacher commented, "...if we go down you can rely that we've all done our best for King and Country...".3 A Victorian university student concluded as

3 73. Armitage, (78,1), (D), 27/5/15.
he sailed towards the Dardanelles after the bloody August fighting there:

...the decision ["to serve my King and Country"]... was not only the right one but absolutely the only one consistent with honour. With this elevating ideal of duty clear before me it is quite easy to enter the struggle light hearted and hoping for the best...Above all do not worry about me...it rests in the hands of God.  

Three days before the Landing, the 1st Battalion's Adjutant, an old regular who had seen service in India, wrote farewell to his wife:

I trust...that soon oh soon we may be together again...at the same time I would not be out of this for worlds. When we think of what might be should Germany won! Our days are fast coming to a close, come what may, and if it should be, let one name go down in history unsullied though deeply mourned..."better die a hero's death than be branded a coward", for, how can man die better; than fighting fearful odds, for the ashes of his fathers, & the temples of his Gods. Always rember that there is a home from which there is no parting, and at the best,our days here are short, and if our efforts here can make this world a better one, let us do it. for the sake of those we leave behind.

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see also:

264. Capt. F. Coen, 18 Bn., Barrister, of Yass, N.S.W. K.I.A. 28/7/16, aged 32. (L), 12/8/15
459. Capt. R.G. Horniman, M.C., 4 Bn., Clerk, of Campbell Town, N.S.W. b.1890. (L), 20/10/15
499. Maj. C.H.D. Lane, 18 Bn., Electrical engineer, of Sydney, N.S.W. K.I.A. 29/8/15, aged 27. (L), 15/8/15
Dearest Wife

We have received our sailing orders, and inside of a few hours shall be in the thick of the greatest combined naval and military operation in history, with Australia in the pride of place. That we shall succeed I do not entertain any doubt, but that I shall come through unscathed and alive is not so certain. As this may be the last opportunity I have of talking to you, I want to say briefly that, in the event of my going out, you are to believe that I do so with only one regret, which is, the grief that this will bring to you and Best and Mat. For myself, I am prepared to take my chance. While, on the one hand, to win through safely would mean honour and achievement, on the other hand to fall would mean an honorable end. Alast I have only a few years of vigorous life, and then would come decay and the chill of old age, or perhaps lingering illness. So, with the full and active life I have had, I need not regard the prospect of a sudden end with dismay. I am greatly comforted to know that you will be well provided for, and will be surrounded by many friends, who, for my sake, will help you to come through all difficulties that may befall you in the future. I am sure you know how deeply I have always loved you, and how in all things I have tried to act in your best interests. I know also that you have loved me dearly, and will honor my memory.

Your husband. 

A. H. Monash

(Monash was O.C. 4 Bde. at the Landing.)
At peace with their Maker, and confessing an unshakable faith in the rightness of their country, these men went forward willingly to triumph or oblivion in the great ordeal of war.

Most Australians approaching battle in 1915 felt happier impulses. Long inactivity had engendered a sense of anticlimax in a few, but many had positive thoughts about their future. Some wondered how they would pass the test before them:

We are getting very near to our destination, some of us never to return, I expect. It makes one's blood run fast to think that in a few hours we will be taking active part in the greatest war of time, many of us untried all fighting our maiden battle. The one thought uppermost in my mind as I sit here is that I shall not be found wanting, shall not find myself a coward.

Others, including several initially not keen to fight, accepted the inevitable, and welcomed the coming storm. A Victorian private stated,

Well Ma, I shall soon be seeing the real thing and believe me, I am looking forward to it. When I was at Broadmeadows I used to think it was silly when I heard others talking like that but now, that I am right up against it, I want to be there.

1 683. Roth, (94,1), (L), 1/9/15.
3 600. Pte. N.B. McWhinney, 23 Bn., Clerk, of Hawthorn, Vic. K.I.A. 28/7/16, aged 20. (L), 18/11/15
Particularly later in the war, I suspect that this feeling was stronger than the records literally indicate. see also:
617. Morley, (97,1), (L), 9/2/15 compare with (L), 13/5/15.
Even when it occurred to them, the great majority of Australians ignored the possibility of catastrophe or death, and thirsted for battle. Two hours before his regiment went ashore a light horseman remarked,

The boys are talking like a lot of school kids, to see them one would think it was a picnic they were getting ready for, but they have got their rifles clean & their bayonets have been sharpened in a very business manner.

A New South Wales trooper asserted,

We are all looking forward to showing the world what we are made of and I, for one, have not the slightest fear of what there probably is in store for me (loss of limbs, a mortal wound, loss of memory, deafness etc) but I have impressed upon my mind our return to Australia, covered with glory and this vision I can't get away from.

He never returned to Australia, nor did a young Victorian corporal who offered himself at the altar of his Empire:

Today I am eighteen...and I received the best news I think I ever got...In forty eight hours, we proceed to the place Australia had made famous!!...I don't think I was ever so happy in my life...should...you have to make the supreme and grand sacrifice, it will be easier to bear when I say that since I left home I have acted absolutely square to my mother's teachings and always as an Englishman should. Have no fear

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for me; I have make peace 'twixt God and man.
and am prepared to join the glorious list.¹

These ardent men had come under British banners to play at
England's most masculine and magnificent game. Perhaps
for them truly death had no sting and the grave no victory.
The gay Cavalier had touched their spirits; they thought
themselves equal to twenty Turks,² they bowed to no man,
and with the eagerness of children they restlessly awaited
their glory.

On 24 April 1915, the first Australians who would
fight in the old world were assembled on Lemnos Island, a
night from the Turkish defences along the Dardanelles.
Towards dusk the leading ships, carrying the Third Brigade,
cleared harbour and rounded east towards their destination.
During the night a British convoy of battleships, destroyers,
and transports followed them, bearing soldiers from France

¹ 785. Lt. E.S. Worrall, 24 Bn., Medical student, of
Prahran, Vic. K.I.A. 4/10/17, aged 20. (L), 1/10/15
For other examples,
20. Lt. T.P. Ahearn, 54 Bn., Wood turner, of Northcote,
Vic. K.I.A. 19-20/7/16, aged 22. (D), 28/9/15
Mechanical engineer, of Upper Macedon, Vic. (b. England)
Rep.T.A. 13/3/18, aged 32. (D), 8/5/15
292. Capt. H.F. Curnow, 22 Bn., Public servant, of Bendigo,
Vic. K.I.A. 5/8/16, aged 23. (L), 17/8/15
813. Sgt. T.H. Hill, M.M.&Bar, 19 Bn., Woolclasser, of
Neutral Bay, N.S.W. D.O.W. 22/9/17, aged 33. (L), 19/8/15
956. Tpr. H.F.W. Tucker, 6 L.H.Regt., Railway porter, of
Wallangra, N.S.W. Rep.T.A. 1917, aged about 39. (D), 20/5/15
173. Boulton, (76,4), (L), 12/7/15; 278. Cotton (76,4), (L),
30/5/15.
² 55. Lt. K.S. Anderson, M.C., 22 Bn., Clerk, of Portland,
Vic. b.1892. (D), 1/9/15
758. Lt. S.J. Topp, 58 Bn., Clerk, of Brighton, Vic.
and from several parts of the Empire. In the morning these men would undertake the largest amphibious landing in the history of war, and, some in the A.I.F. believed, the first major assault against a defended coast in eight hundred and fifty years of British history.

The Australians were conscious of the importance of their task, but they were moved also by a particular consideration, which, however their fortunes went, would distinguish them forever from other Australians. They were virtually the first soldiers of an untested nation, and the world would judge their country by their achievements on the morrow. Their Empire had assigned them a fair field for the judgment - a dramatic and hazardous enterprise, in an arena predominantly their own. Gladly they weighed the glory and the burden of their fortune. "Today most momentous in Australian history - Australian force moves forward to attack Turkey from sea",¹ wrote a young Sydney clerk. A Victorian salesman echoed, "Now the world can watch the success of "Australian Arms". The officers and men are very keen. Sir Ian Hamilton expects a lot from us",² and another Victorian predicted, "It is going to be Australia's chance and she makes a tradition out of this that she must always look back on. God grant it will be a great one. The importance of this alone seems

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stupendous to Australia...". 1 A legend was awaiting birth, and, almost before they had begun, the original Anzacs were marked out from their fellows.

As they filed into their landing boats, their thoughts turned to the test of the coming dawn. They were fit, confident, and well trained. They were taller and bigger than other soldiers, 2 physically the finest their country could offer. They had no knowledge of war, but they were masters of everything they had encountered, and they never doubted their ability to accomplish their task. A better division than theirs had not often gone to battle, 3 and soon its men would be called to show their mettle. They were ready. "All the boys tonight are singing and are in great spirits, bayonets are sharpened and everything made

see also:
2
"...I had no idea that such a race of giants existed in the twentieth century. Some of their battalions average 5ft.10in., and every man seems to be a trained athlete." Ashmead-Bartlett, E.: Despatches from the Dardanelles, pp.49-50. See also Ashmead-Bartlett's Diary (Mitchell Library File No. 1583), 8 and 20 April 1915. A man in D. Coy., 4 Bn., averaged his 12 tent mates at Mena at "Age, 25 years 10 months, Height, just over 5'11½"; weight, 11 stone 7½lbs" (362. Fawcett, (41,3), (D), 8/1/15). See also Bean, op. cit., I, p.126; Butler, op. cit., I, p.81.
3
Ashmead-Bartlett, Despatches from the Dardanelles, pp. 57-8; Bean, op. cit., I, p.139.
ready for tomorrow...", noted a sergeant in the 4th Battalion. "might get killed -", another man observed, "somehow feel as if I will be - anxious to be there all the same." The possibility of dying and the enterprise they faced drew many men together. Ellis Silas, an artist in the 16th Battalion, was a gentle and humane man who detested war. By early 1915, his delicate sensibilities had made him a Philistine among his fellows, yet in the last minutes before landing he could feel at one with those who had cast him out:

...we have been told of the impossible task before us, of probable annihilation; yet we are eager to get to it; we joke with each other about getting cold feet, but deep down in our hearts we know when we get to it we will not be found wanting... for the last time in this world many of us stand shoulder to shoulder. As I look down the ranks of my comrades I wonder which of us are marked for the land beyond.

1 308. de Vine, (95,1), (D), 24/4/15.
3 710. Silas, (100,1), (D), 3 and 9/1, and 16/3/15.
4 Ibid., (D), 25/4/15

see also:
585. Lt. J.F. McLennan, 35 Bn., Carpenter, of Cundletown, N.S.W. b.1896. (D), 25/4/15
Many were marked, but that troubled few; at least, few would confess it. As they waited excitedly before the gates of history, most Australians pretended a light hearted indifference to their comrades and the world. "Here goes for death or glory. So Long All", remarked a lance corporal in the 10th Battalion. He was George Mitchell, a man afterwards decorated for bravery and fined or imprisoned for indiscipline with almost equal regularity, a vain man, and a good soldier, whose outlook during the war was often to typify the irreverence and valour of the A.I.F. Mitchell tried to analyse his feelings as he sat in his tow during the silent minutes before dawn on the first 25 April, but could not. "I think that every emotion was mixed - exultation predominating", he confessed, "We had come from the New World for the conquest of the Old." It was a phrase Fitchett had used in 1913.

1 607. Mitchell, (79,2), (D), 24/4/15
see also:

From travail and tenacity ...

... a legend.

GALLIPOLI PENINSULA

HERE
AUSTRALIA
BECAME
A
NATION

THE FIRING LINE SHRAPNEL GULLY.
The Australian and New Zealand troops have indeed proved themselves worthy sons of the Empire.


There's a torn and silent valley;
There's a tiny rivulet
With some blood upon the stones beside its mouth.
There are lines of buried bones:
There's an unpaid waiting debt:
There's a sound of gentle sobbing in the South.


(A map of Anzac is inside the back cover of volume 2)
The ships arrived off the appointed coast at about half past two in the morning. The moon had set, so darkening the night that none could pick out the land ahead. A swift tide ran, but the sea was smooth, and the stars shone brilliantly, foretelling a clear day. The Third Brigade would land first; it was already in its tows, 30 to 40 men per boat, each man carrying over 90 pounds of equipment, with magazines empty, and bayonets fixed. Eyes patrolled the night for sign of discovery, but there was nothing. Silence shrouded them all.

At three thirty the steamboats cast off from the battleships, towing half the strength of the 9th, 10th and 11th Battalions. Half an hour later the destroyers followed, pulling the remainder of these battalions and the 12th Battalion, the reserve. The sky lightened before the coming dawn as the boats raced shoreward, but no sign of life came from the land. Closer and closer the boats moved, the quiet pressing every man. To the south, when the closest boats had 40 or 50 yards to row, a light showed for half a minute, then went out. Nothing happened. The first boat touched land. Australians sprang out, and began to throw off their packs. They were Queenslanders, of the 9th Battalion. It was four twenty nine a.m. Still no sound came from the cliffs above.

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2 Bean, op. cit., I, Preface, pp.xi-xii.
Three hundred yards out to sea, the engineers attached to the covering force sat tensely in their tows:

Shall we be seen, or not? That's our anxious question. "Why don't the — fire at us?" "Look, there's a light!" "No, it's only a bright star creeping up behind the hill."

...no challenge rings out. How we wish they would fire - or that we could land...! The suspense is nerve-racking. All we can do is follow the pinnace towing us about. The thought comes to me that perhaps we are the unfortunate ones to be sacrificed in drawing the enemy's fire, Such a cheerful thought! ...Oh, why the dickens don't they fire at us! There are a couple of lights flashing about - they must have seen us... Crack! Swish! Ping! At last we breathe a sigh of relief, the suspense is over!

...some get ashore safely, some are hit slightly, others are drowned in only a couple of feet of water because in the excitement no one notices their plight...[One] fellow remains in the boat after all the others have disembarked...he...looks at us dazedly, leaning forward on his rifle. A sailor...touches him on the arm, and the soldier falls forward into the bottom of the boat, dead.¹

Another engineer recalled those first Australian moments in the old world: about 40 yards from the beach, "one single shot rang out followed by a dead silence...by now we were hoping, for all hell to be let loose every second, machine guns, shrapnel, anything but this nerve-racking silence." The bullets came while he was out to sea, and relieved his tension.²


The tows of the 11th Battalion carried them north of Ari Burnu point, and they were obliged to cross 200 yards of sea after being discovered. Bullets thudded into the crowded boats during that whole fearful journey, striking down the helpless men as they rowed desperately for land. "Some were shot and others at once took their place", a survivor wrote later, "and not a word was uttered. Presently we grounded and in an instant we were in the water up to our waist and wading ashore with bullets pingning all round us." Then they charged up the hill.

The 12th Battalion was also well out to sea when the firing began. "I was in the second tow," one remembered, and we got it, shrapnel and rifle fire bad. We lost three on the destroyer and four in the boat getting to land. The Turks were close on the beach when we got there. We had to fix bayonets and charge. We jumped into the water up to our waists and some of them their armpits...we had to trust to the penknife at the end of our rifles. When I got there it was not long, but...I tell you, one does not forget these things...all we thought of was to get at them. One would hear someone say "They've got me" and you register another notch when you get to them, that's all.

Lance Corporal Mitchell, in the 10th Battalion, was a hundred yards from the beach, south of Ari Burnu. He too was relieved when the first bullets shattered the silence.

"Good!" I remember saying "the ——s will give us a go after all." "Klock-klock-klock. Wee- wee-wee"

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2 363. Feist, (104,1), (L), -/5/15.
came the little messengers of death. Then it opened out into a terrific chorus...The key was being turned in the lock of the lid of hell. Some men crouched in the crowded boat, some sat up nonchalently, some laughed and joked, while others cursed with ferocious delight...Fear was not at home...

The men threw their packs onto the beach, and turned to the enemy. All was confusion before them. Instead of the open plain they expected, the scrub-covered hills rose steeply away. The bushes winked with Turkish rifle and machine gun fire, and bullets enfiladed many parts of the beach. The Australians were on a strange shore, being shot down by an unseen foe. Someone had blundered.

The covering force did not hesitate. Concerted movement was impossible, but groups of men plunged immediately into the waist high scrub and rushed upon the steep slopes before them. While morning cast its first pale shadow from the ridges, they clambered swiftly upwards, overrunning a trench with the bayonet, sinking to hands and knees to scale vertical cliffs, chasing back the Turks. Within ten minutes the fastest of them had crested the heights, and stood triumphantly 300 feet and more above the coast.

As the men directly above the beach broke the skyline, some were struck down by the bullets of their comrades firing below, others by enemy riflemen lurking in front.

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2 That is, 3 Bde. and the specialist units attached to it for the Landing.

3 From Bean, op. cit., I, p.278.
But soon the Turks vanished into the dark tangle of gullies behind them, and their shooting died away. Realising this, many Australians paused, breathless and elated, thinking victory won. Only the keenest pushed on, driving inland after the retreating enemy, striving urgently to make good the prize they had won. During the day individuals and small parties penetrated more than one and a half miles from the sea, but then they were halted, and pushed back, and until 1918 no Allied soldier was to pass the points they reached.

The enemy's defences had reacted swiftly. By a quarter to five that morning, Turkish shrapnel had begun to burst among the troops along the ridges, and shortly after nine the men furthest out saw lines of Turks advancing. The counter-attack moved up the valleys, outflanking the scattered Australian outposts, shooting men in positions shortly before thought impregnable, and thrusting back the Anzac line.

Towards the southern flank, the 10th Battalion advanced directly inland from the beach in reasonably compact order to 400 Plateau, near the second ridge. They arrived there between six and seven a.m., and began digging in while the battalion scouts and a few others advanced to the third (later Gun) ridge. The enemy's fire was negligible at first, but increased as the advanced parties were pushed in by the Turkish counter-attack, and soon men in the main body were under heavy enfilading fire. Many were shot, and the survivors were forced to lie and endure a merciless fusillade. Lance Corporal Mitchell was one of these: pinned by machine gun fire, he lay for most of the day unable to
lift his head in safety, unable to dig further into the stony ground beneath him, even unable to shout for aid for the comrades who lay dying around him. At length he found the strain of those immobile hours intolerable, and began to seek the release of death:

"Fix bayonets and prepare to charge," came an order...I think about one man in six in that line was capable of advancing, the others were all dead or wounded. We rejoiced as we gripped our rifles. The long waiting should be terminated in one last glorious dash, for our last we knew it would be, for no man could live erect in that tornado for many seconds... ¹

The charge was not ordered, but many men on this flank attempted to advance as their original orders had laid down. Their attacks swung back and forth across 400 Plateau, but were useless, and some of the finest in the First Division died making them. ² Men, chiefly of the 6th Battalion, attacked Pine Ridge (between 400 Plateau and the third ridge), but most were shot, ³ and the rest were driven back. Their gallantry was not rewarded, and the Australian line sullenly retired its advanced posts, and settled along the seaward edge of 400 Plateau.

To the north, a tall hill overlooked the invaders. This was Hill 971, and it quickly became clear that it and the ridges approaching it would be critical objectives.

² Bean, op. cit., I, p.370.
³ Their bones were there in 1919, scattered as they fell, in groups of three or four along the ridge. Ibid., I, p.421.
After they landed men of the 11th and 12th Battalions scaled the nearest heights on this flank, Baby 700 and Battleship Hill:

A brief pause on the beach to fix Bayonets and singing "This bit of the world belongs to us" much swearing and cheering we charged up a hill so steep in places we could only just scramble up. No firing all bayonet work. Clean over a machine gun we went, men dropped all round me, it was mad, wild, thrilling...Not till I was near the top of the hill did I realise that in the excitement I hadn't even drawn my revolver... 1

Opposite these Australians stood Mustapha Kemal, commanding the only Turkish reserves on the peninsula, the Nineteenth Division. Kemal looked anxiously at the undefended approaches to 971, and moved two thirds of his division to oppose its assailants. 2 The Turks met their enemy advancing in scattered groups, outflanked or overran them, and forced them back. The Australians rallied and returned, and during the day, as reserves arrived for one side or the other, a vicious battle ebbed and flowed across the open ridge of Baby 700. At last, towards dusk, the Turks won the vital ridges, and the Australians and New Zealanders formed a line of posts along the lower spurs. 3

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1 299. Darnell, (119,1), (L), 27/5/15.

2 His remaining regiment counter-attacked the Australians further south. 1½ Turkish divisions were thus committed to the defence of the Anzac area, leaving two regiments (½ of a division) to counter the British landing at Cape Helles, 13 miles to the south.

3 This account of the Landing is from Bean, op. cit., I, pp.245-481, and map, p.268.

see also:

The Landing had failed. Everywhere the Turk commanded the key positions, and that night the Australian leaders requested permission to withdraw.\(^1\) Snipers shot at the men from every direction, shrapnel showered upon them, thirst and exhaustion wore them down. But the soldiers were content, for they thought they had triumphed, and they never considered retreat. They made ready to stay, and they stayed.

In most respects, they had won a great victory. They were landed on an unexpected coast, which unhinged their orders, and they found themselves amid a tangle of steep hills and scrubby gullies, country difficult to cross in peace time, and now shielding an unknown number of enemy. But they had been taught in training to advance always, to follow their officers, to inform the rear constantly of the trend of battle. With excellent discipline, they obeyed. They went forward; when the scrub divided them, they went forward still; when most had been shot, the rest went on, or clung grimly to the ground they held. They were not experienced soldiers, they were too precipitate and erred too often to be that. They were ardent, eager, brave men, naive about military strategy, but proud of their heritage and confident of their supremacy. Despite their mistakes, they did what few could have done.

(footnote 3 continued from p.123)


\(^1\) Bean, op. cit., I, pp.455-61.
They paid dearly for their glory. For a week after the Landing exhausted men fought a hundred fights: attack and counter-attack followed in unwearying succession, and at the Daisy Patch, on Johnstone's Jolly, at Steele's Post, at Courtney's, and Quinn's, at the Bloody Angle, at Pope's Hill, and at The Nek the dead spread thickly over the ground. The rage of battle subsided early in May; by then about half of each battalion, on an average, had been swept away, and some sections and platoons had entirely vanished.¹

In the short term the sacrifice made outweighed the glory won. Instead of a heady charge to a great victory, "The first day we landed we ran into a real live Hell, schrapnel, bullets, machine guns all over the place. I do not know how on earth I ever got out of it alive."² As Lance Corporal Mitchell lay open to the Turk rifles on 400 Plateau, he saw death not as the welcome risk of glory, but "as a painful shutting out of all life's promise." Illusions faded during the days that followed, and he wondered about the romance of battle, and wished to see the war won and go home intact. By early June he had abandoned even the hope of returning,³ for he found himself

¹ There are no exact figures for casualties at the Landing. Between 25 April and 3 May Australian and New Zealand casualties were about 8,100 (Bean, op. cit., I, Preface, p.xxiii), including 2,300 killed (ibid., I, p.605). See also ibid., I, pp.420-1, and note the reaction of the Australian public to the first published casualty lists, pp.39-41.

² 49. Anderson, (87,1), (L), 12/5/15
   see also:

³ 607. Mitchell, (79,2), (D), 25/4, 12, 13, and 19/5, and 4/6/15.
not in a short Imperial campaign, but in a violent, bitter, savage, bloody conflict. Hard truths had shaken the dreams of his past.

Private Antill, the young Englishman keen to volunteer before war broke out, was similarly disillusioned:

...I am still alive but I can't tell you hardly how it is, for I have had some of the most marvellous escapes a fellow could have...amongst this slaughter and strife...I must honestly say I will be highly delighted when this war is over for it is simply terrible, for to see your pals shot down beside you and the roar of the big 15" naval guns the shrieks of our own artillery and the clatter of the rifle fire is enough to drive a fellow mad. For the last 19 days we have not been safe any where, and I am not even safe writing this letter here...but...I am born lucky to be here at all. The first night...I tried to get a couple of hours rest, and where I was I could not shift my position so I had to use a dead mans legs for a pillow.

"I know its right and proper that a man should go back and fight again," confessed Private L.R. Donkin after being wounded at the Landing, "but Sunday's battle and the horrors of the trenches Sunday night...have unnerved me completely." Later he wrote,

[We sailed]...off to death and "Glory". What fools we are, men mad. The Turk he comes at one, with the blood lust in his eyes, shouts Allah! Australian like, we swear Kill or be killed...Where are the rest of my 13 mates?...myself I consider lucky getting away from the acres of dead men...And now I go back there...God only knows what is in store for me...

2 Ibid., (L), 14/5/15.
3 320. Donkin, (90,1), (D), 27/4 and 16/5/15.
None of these men could ever hope to return to their old world, yet the past was too strong for them to abandon it completely. They knew what victory would cost them, but they still wanted very much to win, and soon. In time they put the bloody images of April from their minds, and propped their days with hope and illusion. "Now that things are peaceful I am longing to scrap again", Corporal Mitchell declared in mid June,

After the sternest days of fighting I had a keen desire to return home in safety, but now I do not give it a thought. I shall hop in for my [cut?] with the vanguard of the charge...life and death has not the same significance it once had.

"so you can just see things were pretty bad then," Private Antill continued, "but still they have calmed off a lot now", and later, "I think the worst of it is over well at least I hope so for I can tell you none of us want a lot like the last lot..." I suppose a rest with quietness at Alexandria will put me right, and I hope to make a few suffer for me then," Private Donkin wrote from hospital, and before he returned to Anzac three weeks later he consoled himself by reflecting, "if I die...I have given my life for Australia and home."

3 66. Antill, (30,2), (L), 14/5 and 23/6/15.
4 320. Donkin, (90,1), (D), 27/4 and 16/5/15.
Most men similarly reconciled their experiences and their beliefs. They saw "things in a different light now, one does when he shakes hands with the shadows...", but they found ways to ease their disquiet and go on. Many substituted stern necessity for gay adventure, so that they could remain true to King, country, and their own ideals of manhood. Chastened, but not less determined, they continued the fight. Then, after the tumult of the first days had quietened, old convictions reasserted themselves, and men again eagerly took up the business of war. "A new spirit of jocularity is arising amongst the men", an officer on the First Division's staff observed, "This is different to the first ten days when one didn't see a smile all day round the trenches...".

Almost all the men evacuated with wounds during the early days were impatient to return. A Sydney carpenter wounded on the first day assumed that the worst fighting on Anzac was over, and wrote from Alexandria,

I am slightly wounded... but am leaving tomorrow for the front again and very pleased I will be I want to get my own back I got it in the head and right arm. last Sunday it happened it has not healed up yet but I am quite fit to go back again.

1 363. Feist, (104,1), (L), -/5/15.
see also:
725. Smith, (112,1), (D), 4/5/15.
He died of his wounds three weeks later. A soldier who
lost an eye during the early fighting was marked for
repatriation to Australia, but late in August stowed away
and returned to the front with a glass eye. It was blown
out on his first day back. ¹ Other wounded noted, "it is
a great disappointment...I hope soon to get back again", ² and
"It is really vile luck...but I hope soon...to get back
to the Front..."³ "I've seen scores of the wounded",
reported a soldier in Egypt,

and they are very cheerful and anxious to get back
to the front...all the doctors and nurses report...
the amazing fortitude and cheerfulness of the
Australian wounded. They say they never saw
anything like it in the world. They are laughing
and joking all day chatting about the dirty Turks
and itching to be back again. I used to think the
desire to be in the thick of things was a pose, or
make believe, but I know differently now. They are
actually angry when told they must remain in
hospital for a few weeks.⁴

¹ 466. Hunter, (43,3), (L), 1/9/15.
² 374. Maj. R.P. Flockart, 5 Bn., Clerk, of Camberwell,
³ 232. Lt. D.G. Campbell, 51 Bn., Pastoralist, of Walgett,
⁴ 451. Maj. O. Hogue, 14 L.H.Reggt., Journalist, of Sydney,
N.S.W. D.O.D. 3/3/19, aged 38. (L), 7/5/15

see also:
Vic. K.I.A. 2/9/15, aged 19. (L), 12/6/15
662. Lt. E.W. Pennell, D.C.M., M.M.& Bar, 4 Div.Sig.Coy.,
Hairdresser, of Stockinbingal, N.S.W. b.1887. (L), 24/7/15
970. Sgt. A.S. Hutton, 3 L.H.Reggt., Collector, of Adelaide,
S.A. b.1888. (D), 22-28/7/15
66. Antill, (30,2), (L), 23/6/15; 176. Bourke, (127,1), (L),
(footnote continued p.130)
Often they had cause for anger: fit men were returned to the front very slowly, which made many impatient, and led some to stow away or to petition officers for their return.¹

Not surprisingly, Australians fought the battles of May and June with aggressive enthusiasm,² notably at Krithia, on Cape Helles (8-9 May), against the Knife Edge and German Officer's Trench (June and July), and during the Turkish general attack at Anzac on 19 May.³ The bloodiest and most incessant fighting was at Quinn's Post, a small ridge of land near the head of Monash Valley which overlooked almost the entire Anzac position. Possession of Quinn's determined who held the beachhead, so Anzac and Turk crowded into the narrow spaces. Their trenches lay between ten yards and two feet apart, and the land between became the most disputed on Gallipoli, but almost always the men who attacked across it were blown to failure and oblivion by the mass of fire that enfiladed them from every vantage point on the surrounding ridges. Bodies covered

(footnote ⁴ continued from p.129)


I found only one man who did not wish to return to the front during this period.

¹ Bean, op. cit., II, pp.385-7.

² Some Australians were still searching for spies in mid June, and possibly Australians were shot for this. Ibid., I, p.599; 7. Adams, (89,2), (D), 30/5 and 5/6/15; 320. Donkin, (90,1), (D), 7 and 14/6/15. This 'spy mania' suggests the difficulty Australians on Anzac had in divorcing the realities of their situation from the notions they had absorbed during their past.

the ground and thickened the air, unreachable, while the living stayed silently in their trenches and periodically relieved their boredom by provoking bomb or bayonet fights which frequently almost annihilated both garrisons. Fresh garrisons took their places, and remained cautiously below the skyline until some new incident once more sparked them to slaughter. In quieter times men worked ceaselessly for an advantage over their invisible neighbours, converting a barricade, a sniper, or three or four riflemen into major objectives. In June for example, the 1st Battalion raided German Officer's Trench to destroy a single machine gun enfilading No Man's Land at Quinn's:

...about 60 in all...in silence lined up along the parapet. Suddenly a whistle blast sounded & we were over the parapet & towards the enemy's trench. We fixed bayonets as we ran tripping over our own barbed wire & other obstacles. At first not a shot was fired by the enemy but just as the first of our men reached the trench the alarm was given and a murderous fire from rifles and machine guns broke out. We found the trench very strong with a firm sandbagged parapet studded with loopholes...[and] a strong overhead cover...with bayonets projecting...which we could not shift. In addition the Turks threw a number of bombs with good effect...we were forced to retire amid a heavy fire having however put the machine gun out of action...the whole affair occupied only some 10 minutes but nearly every second man was injured the total Casualties 27 wound 5 killed."

1 633. Pte. F.W. Muir, 1 Bn., Articled clerk, of Unanderra, N.S.W. D.O.W. 18/11/15, aged 22. (L), 12/6/15

An account of this raid is in Bean, op. cit., II, pp.242-4.
If that machine gun was destroyed it could have replaced, yet neither side abandoned their efforts. Miners and sappers were never inactive, and frequent bombing duels made it "Deuced awkward not knowing when one is going to land on you...and having very little room to get away..." ¹ Many times in the valley below, men turned anxious eyes towards the smoke and bomb bursts on Quinn's, for across those few yards their fate was continually being contested. Although their persistent activity and the invention of the periscope rifle ² enabled the Anzacs to hold the post, for months at Quinn's both sides displayed a degree of endurance and tenacity not often paralleled in modern war.

This was trench fighting at its bloodiest. Usually it was less severe, consisting of digging, patrolling, and sniping, with sporadic raids and attacks. Between May and July the Australians engaged keenly in these activities, and became highly proficient at them. "I had a narrow shave", reported a soldier after a raid, "was enfiladed in a trench but managed to get out of the road as a bullet caught me across the back, only made a flesh wound, we gave the Turk a hot time...I enjoy the life and like all the men am well and happy...". ³ Most Australians shared his outlook, but after 7 June raids were largely abandoned

² By Sgt. (then L/Cpl.) W.C.B. Beech, 2 Bn., Builder's foreman, of Sydney, N.S.W. b.1878. See Bean, op. cit., II, pp.250-1.

see also:
787. Wyatt, (99,1), (D), 5/5/15.
by the staff - they lost much and gained little - and both sides continued the war underground, by mining under enemy held trenches or tunnels and blowing them up. An Australian engineer N.C.O. described one explosion:

Enemy blew up two of our tunnels about 6 p.m. Sorry to say one of our men was buried alive...
Our chaps worked hard (also the Inf) [to clear the earth] & a lot of them was overcome with the Gas & had to be carried out. I was very shaky but I was determined to stick to it until we found our comrade, as he belonged to my Section. On digging in about [28] ft we struck something like a sandbag, &...we then tore away a piece of brace[r] so we knew it was our lad. This was a very sad & nervous job, all the time the earth was falling in & I can tell you we used to jump back a good few yards, it gave us a great shock as we expected every minute to fall down into the Enemy's trench...we got a rope & fixed it around & underneath his arm & then we began to pull, but I did not like the job as I could hear his bones cracking, so we shovelled more earth away & then had another pull, this time being successful...we dragged him along the tunnel but I got that weak I had to leave go & rush out into the open air...It was sad for our lad as I suppose he is dead by this time.¹

There came a time, towards the end of June, when it seemed to the troops that the fighting would unending. Local attacks gained nothing, trench warfare was indecisive. The pointlessness of some actions shook the confidence of the men in their generals,² and the monotony of their daily

existence began to wear them down. Disillusion and lethargy began to taint their responses.

At about the same time sickness began to spread through the army. Every circumstance helped its progress. Soldiers on Anzac were expected to carry their own supplies and water - every day at least one man in eight had to carry water up the steep slopes - to manufacture bombs, and to provide burial parties, as well as to fight and dig. Most of these fatigues were not usually part of a front line soldier's lot, and they kept the Anzacs perpetually exhausted, particularly since they had no relief, no back areas, no diversions. They received a third of a gallon of water per day, for all purposes, and a frugal diet, almost always of iron rations, which taxed the strength of men already overworked.

Worse, neither officers nor men realised the need for sanitation, and by June flies, hardly seen in April, were a plague, and men could not avoid swallowing them with their meals. Flies caused most of the sickness on Anzac: dysentery and other intestinal diseases began to infect large numbers of men in June, and by July were "quite out of control" and "almost universal". 1.3 per cent of the Anzac Corps was evacuated with disease in the first week of May, 3.5 per cent during the last full week in June, and

For this paragraph,
188. Briggs, (134,1), (L), 19/7/15; Bean, op. cit., II, pp.264-5, 347, 363.
5.3 per cent in the last week of July. The sick rate was far greater than the wound rate, and threatened to incapacitate the entire Corps. Yet many soldiers stayed in the trenches rather than suffer the long delays in returning fit men to the front, so that by early August probably half the force was sick, and none of it was equal to the strain of a prolonged battle.¹

The spirits of a few surrendered to these afflictions, by malingering or by self-inflicting wounds,² and, although — most doggedly carried on, a general malaise settled upon the army. An officer pleaded, "Please God this trying time will be soon be over I am beginning to feel the continuous strain, as regards nerves...I try to keep a hold on myself but often my frayed nerves give vent to anger."³ A former football international wrote,

It seems to me that war such as we read about and glory in, such as honest open hand-to-hand or man-to-man conflicts where the bravest man gets the upper hand, where the strongest arm and the noble heart wins the honour and gratification of the country is old-fashioned and out of date, like the flint-lock rifles and the broad sword.⁴

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³ 132. Beeston, (78,1), (D), 13/7/15; Bean, op. cit., II, p.425.
⁴ 566. McCrae, (127,1), (L), 2/7/15.
⁵ 675. Richards, (135,2), (D), 11/6/15.
On Empire Day a Boer War veteran reflected,

The old Queen's birthday: how as a young boy I remember going to Montiforte Hill to see the review of our old red coats, etc., how that handful of men with their rifles and bayonets used to seem so wonderful and grand to me; today we have been witnessing some of the real dark side of the business...the dead...close around our section of the trenches...were thick enough to satisfy the most martial, but further along on our right they were in thousands acres and acres simply covered with them, of course these were mostly Turks when they charged so bravely, but were simply mowed down like hay before the mower.

These men had never anticipated their dirty, fly-ridden existence, nor the dead, nor the monotony, nor their weariness and depression. A young West Australian stated, "I won't be sorry when the war is over & I can come home again," and many shared his feelings.

Yet before they went home they wished to win the war. They were still soldiers of their King, accepting discomfort, expecting victory. "Of course I take a risk of getting daylight drilled through me", admitted an infantryman, "but I hope they don't hit too hard...Well,

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1 Ranford, (107,2), (D), 24/5/15. Almost certainly the reference is to Montefiore Hill, in Adelaide.
3 Several men predicted an early victory. See 619. Morrice, (113,1), (L), 11/6/15, who reports a bet of £125 to £5 that the war would end in two days, and 230. 2/Lt. W.M. Cameron, 9 L.H.Regt., Farmer and agent, of Rushworth, Vic. K.I.A. 4/9/15, aged 28. (D), 1/6/15.
let them all come we will show what sunny N.S. Wilshmen can do. They'll soon get sick of it."\(^1\) Other soldiers consoled themselves and maintained their determination by emphasizing the necessity of their task in terms they had learnt before the war. A trooper declared, "There is no doubt war is hell, and the men who are responsible ought to frizzle there for all eternity; but mind you I am just as keen on serving my country as ever, and would not miss seeing it out (or until I go out) for any consideration."\(^2\) An infantry private noted, "...the horrors of war [are] ...a hundred time more awful than all the papers say. I'm only too thankful to have my share in it though...",\(^3\) and an engineer was prepared to risk any fortune to crush Germany.\(^4\)

The resolution of these men contrasted with the excited expectancy of those who landed after April. At first the new arrivals were "a bit nervous...shots flying over our heads...[and] did not sleep verry Comfortable",\(^5\) but most acclimatized quickly, and, being comparatively safe, revelled in the glamour of the new experience.\(^6\) "God grant

\(^1\) 278. Cotton, (76,4), (L), 30/5/15.
\(^2\) 670. Ranford, (107,2), (D), 23/5/15.
\(^3\) 326. Duke, (83,1), (L), 29/5/15.
\(^6\) One exception decided shortly after landing, "War is pretty sure enough & picturesque to those who sit at home & write about it...Pity some don't know more of the putrid side of it..."
that men will realize the greatness of this project and whatever the sacrifice, make it, in order that our Grand Old Flag may still wave over a United Empire, a light horseman exclaimed, and an artillery reinforcement noted, "We are now UNDER FIRE...one feels no fear only an excessive excitement." But as they observed their older comrades, tired and dirty, and as trench life daily seemed more monotonous, the new arrivals came to look restlessly for that great eruption which the veterans had resigned themselves to expect. Before he reached Anzac in mid May, Private Giffin stated that only the thrill of a real battle would satisfy him; two days after landing he remarked, "...'tis not very exciting I must say. I have not seen a Turk to have a shot at...", and when there were rumours of a Turk attack in mid June he was "in a quiver of excitement waiting and hoping for them to come on, reckoning on giving them a pretty hot time, but...[was] doomed to disappointment for devil of a Turk came in sight..." "We are constantly under fire night and day", a reinforcement officer reported a day or so after his arrival, "but are so well dug in that we suffer little loss...we are cheerful and await the orders to 'advance'."

An artilleryman complained that he was not really at war, because all he saw of it was a few dead and wounded, and

1. 230. Cameron, (136,3), (D), 18/5/15.
4. 73. Armitage, (78,1), (D), 2/6/15.
a few bullets whizzing overhead from some distant Turkish trench. These men had grown to manhood on visions of martial glory, they resented the unkind fetters of the trenches, and they longed for the charge they believed would bring them to triumph.

Their time was coming. Late in July the Australian battalions learnt that they were to undertake another general assault. Old soldiers accepted the news philosophically, and also submitted to a cruel inevitability, realising that their lot was not to fight a brief and glorious campaign, but...battle after battle, in which, in the long run, there must almost certainly be one of two endings. They felt themselves penned between two long blank walls reaching perpetually ahead of them, from which there was no turning and no escape, save that of death or of such wounds as would render them useless for further service.

They saw little adventure in fighting now, and only their own pride and duty, a merciless and capricious taskmaster, kept them to the job. They never doubted their course, but they truly resigned their lives and hopes to the fortunes of war, and became "men devoted to die."

Their spirits rallied as the inevitable hour approached. If they must fight, they would do it well, and win. Many resumed some of their former vainglory, and keenly awaited

1 263. Coe, (76,3), (D), 4/5/15.
the coming storm. The new arrivals bolstered their optimism, for these hailed the days ahead as their great opportunity. "The whole front is in a state of suppressed excitement waiting for the order to advance", wrote Private Giffin. "I have been here now 2 months & 2 weeks", observed another soldier, "and...we are just preparing for a big attack on the Turkish lines...we expect to succeed alright as everything is well prepared and the boys all eager for the fray...". Many veterans expressed similar eagerness and confidence, although most added sober qualifications. One was,

...going to make a big attack tonight. So you will here before this reaches you if anything happens to me. One does not think of any danger now I feel quite as if [I] were going on some exciting chase or something. Everything is in great business and we are sure to win.

A stretcher bearer hoped that the battle would at last finish the campaign on Gallipoli, and the hope of achieving a definite result probably encouraged most veterans. The remainder stood grimly to their duty, scarcely affected by the eager majority, still devoted to

1 890. Giffin, (109,2), (D), 6/8/15.
3 278. Cotton, (76,4), (L), 6/8/15.
die. A light horse officer killed during the fighting typified their mood. "...ere another entry is made in this book we will have passed through a very trying ordeal", he wrote,

We are leaving almost everything behind; whether we see it again or not will be a matter of luck. And now we go forward in the full consciousness of a "duty" clear before us," and...we can only say "Thy will be done." God grant comfort to those in anxiety and sorrow and give our leaders wisdom.¹

Although the Australians took them to be major enterprises, all but one² of their battles during August were feints, designed to decoy Turkish reserves from the landing and assault to be made by 25,000 New Army troops at Suvla Bay, a mile north of Anzac. This was timed for the early morning of 7 August, and the first Australian feint was planned for half past five on the evening before, against the Turkish trenches at Lone Pine.

The attacking troops, of the First Brigade, had stacked their packs behind the lines that day, and sewn white calico distinguishing patches on their backs and sleeves. At two thirty they filed into the trenches opposite the Pine, one company from each attacking battalion (2nd, 3rd, and 4th) into a secret underground line 40 to 60 yards from the Turks, two companies from each battalion into the main line 30 yards in rear, and the 1st

¹ 230. Cameron, (136,3), (D), 5/8/15
see also:
² That described on pp.146-8.
Battalion into reserve. By five they were ready, waiting for the whistle. "Our Artillery started to bombard their trenches at 4 & will continue till...we make the rush", a 2nd Battalion man, Private McAnulty, recorded during the wait,

There artillery are replying now & shells are beginning to rain on us. They are getting the range now, shelling the support trenches. Men are beginning to drop. Howitzer shells are dropping about 30 yards from us digging great holes where they land. the fumes are suffocating, the shrapnel is pouring all round us getting chaps everywhere. This is hell waiting here...Word given to get ready to charge must finish, hope to get through alright.

At five thirty the whistles blew, and, with "no fear at all...but...a little tremor of excitement and nervousness...as...before...a speech or song" or a game, the men plunged over the parapet, and into the open.

Fire burst upon them almost immediately.

Talk about shrapnel, it sounded for all the world like blanky hail...the bush...[around] the daisy patch ([in] no mans land) caught alight and showed us up beautifully to the Turkish machine gunners... The fire was simply hellish, shell, rifle and machine gun fire and i'm hanged if I know how we got across the daisy patch. Every bush seemed to be literally ripped with bullets...our luck was right in.

...the next thing was charge. (oh mummer.) The Turks poured machine gun fire, Artillery, shrapnell shells, and Bombs, rifle fire, Lydite, and the Lord only knows what into us. We had to get over 80 yards of Flat grounds covered in barbed wire.

After crossing No Man's Land the southern half of the line met an unexpected check at the enemy's front trench: it was covered by sand and heavy pine logs. The men halted for a moment, baffled. Soon some raced on into the heart of the Turk trench system, while others stood in the open for nearly 15 minutes and tore at the cover as the Turks below shot them. Then, one by one, they jumped down into the sudden darkness, and the waiting circles of the enemy.

Many Turks in the front trench had hidden in tunnels to escape the artillery bombardment, and the Australians trapped them there. Thus the first line was taken fairly easily, and the heaviest fighting went on in the rear trenches. The attackers spread over this area, looking for suitable points of entry, and some sharp hand to hand fighting took place, but within half an hour the attack was won. Seven or eight posts were established along the captured perimeter, the flanks were secured, a new front was presented to the enemy, and by eight that night the reserve battalion had been dribbled into the captured position. At some time during those hectic hours, or perhaps during the following day or so, Private McAnulty snatched a few minutes to confide,

I've pulled through alright so far, just got a few minutes to spare now. I'm all out, can hardly stand up. On Friday when we got the word to charge Frank

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& I were on the extreme left of the charging party. There was a clear space of 100 yards to cross without a patch of cover. I can't realise how I got across it, I seemed to be in a sort of a trance. The rifle & machine gun fire was hellish. I remember dropping down when we reached their trenches, looked round & saw Frank & 3 other men alongside me. There was a big gap between us & the rest of our men...[who] were behind the shelter of the Turkish parapet...We were right out in the open...I yelled out to the other 4 chaps, "This is suicide boys. I'm going to make a jump for it. I thought they said alright we'll follow. I sprang to my feet in one jump."

He was killed at that moment, as he was writing.

He was one of thousands who died at Lone Pine, for the battle was only begun with the taking of the trenches. Unless they provoked counter-attacks which absorbed Turkish reserves, the Australians had done nothing worthwhile. The generals had hoped to embroil two Turkish reserve regiments in the Pine area; in time the soldiers attracted not only these, but an additional enemy division. The Turks launched the first of their counter-attacks during the night of 6 August, and for three days thereafter wave after wave battered against the Australian defences. The cruel bayonet resolved most of these assaults, but the bombs roared ceaselessly as men stood face to face hurling the hissing missiles, catching them and hurling them back, catching them again and again returning them, until at last they exploded.

They take anything from one to five seconds to explode after landing and if you are close enough the best thing to do is to throw them back...The

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561. McAnulty, (142,1), (D), 7-12/8/15.
other day one of our men picked up three in quick succession and threw them back to the enemy, but the fourth one was too many. It exploded in his hand blowing it off and also injured two others, one losing one eye and the other two eyes.¹

The dead piled four and five deep along the trenches; they

...were lying everywhere, on top of the parapet,... in dugouts & communication trenches and saps, and it was impossible to avoid treading on them. In the second line the Turkish dead were lying everywhere, and if a chap wanted to sit down for a spell, he was often compelled to squat on one of 'em.²

The stench of the dead bodies now is simply awfull, as they have been fully exposed to the sun for several days, many have swollen terribly and have burst... many men wear gas protectors... there has been no attempt up to the present to either remove or bury [the dead], they are stacked out of the way in any convenient place sometimes thrown up on to the parados so as not to block up the trenches, there are more dead than living...[and] we have been too buisy to do anything in the matter.³

A visible miasma hung over the fallen,⁴ but still the slashing bombs burst, and still men mounted the bodies of their dead comrades to stab and shoot each other. One man recalled that Lone Pine was like being "in a cage with a few playful lions & Tigers for a year or two...".⁵ For

¹ 703. Semple, (142,2), (L), 12/8/15.
² 843. Bendrey, (142,3), (D), 8/8/15.
³ 308. de Vine, (95,1), (D), 9/8/15.
⁵ 800. Brett, (108,2), (D), c.12/9/15.
Australian soldiers generally, it was the bloodiest hand fighting of the war.

On the night of 9 August the Turks, worn by incessant activity and realising that the main threat to them lay elsewhere, abandoned their efforts. They had pushed back the new Australian line at points, chiefly in the south of Lone Pine, but they lost more than 6,000 men in the fighting, and they had expended most of their available reserves. The Australians had also engaged additional reserves, sending the 12th and 7th Battalions into the Pine by 8 August, and the 7th Light Horse Regiment and elements of the 5th Battalion by 9 August. The men had done all that was required of them, and far more, but 2,277 Australians were killed at Lone Pine, and again, as at the Landing, small units of men disappeared completely, and larger units were decimated. About half that equipment stacked before the battle was not claimed. Most of their owners lay at Lone Pine, and the maggots dropping from their bodies there were swept up by the bucketful.

The Australians were to make more feints, but next they engaged directly in the main Suvla offensive. On the night of 6 August New Zealanders, Australians of the Fourth


Brigade, and Indians moved from the northern Anzac perimeter towards the heights approaching Hill 971. These commanded the Dardanelles, and also their possession would secure the southern flank of the English at Suvla. They were planned to fall that night. The men advanced through rough and scrubby country and made good headway at first, but later they lost impetus in the dark gullies and struggled confusedly forward, falling further and further behind their timetable. Some units lost themselves until after dawn, and by daylight none had reached their objective. The leading New Zealanders were closest, on Rhododendron Ridge, a thousand yards from Chunuk Bair. The rest were still in the gullies, and nowhere were they near the ridge line.

Those ridges were the key to the peninsula. No Turk defended them, for their nearest reserves were fighting at Lone Pine. Few British soldiers, if any, realised this, few grasped the importance of their task, and most, wearied by a night of toil and months of sickness and exertion, were too tired for further effort. The Fourth Brigade stopped where morning found it. The Indians advanced a little, then halted. The New Zealanders breakfasted, their leaders debated, and finally, at 11 a.m., they moved to attack Chunuk Bair.

It was too late. The Turks occupied the Hill 971 - Chunuk Bair line during the morning, and stopped the New

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1 This summit lay on the approach to 971, which was 1,500 yards further on.
Country east of No. 1 Outpost, through which the night advance of 6 August was attempted.
Zealand attack. Subsequent British assaults made some headway, but the Turks brought up more reserves, and shot and bombed the attackers away. "...the Charge of the Light Brigade couldn't have been much livelier than this", an Australian reflected as his brigade struggled towards 971, "...nearly every yard of that valley was being swept by rifle fire." Although the New Zealanders held Chunuk Bair for a few hours on 8-9 August, the critical heights were never gained, and by 10 August the Turks had won. The Suvla offensive was the last great Allied throw on Gallipoli, and it gained nothing.

The Australians made four further feint attacks, all on the early morning of 7 August. Three hundred of the 6th Battalion attacked German Officer's Trench but were driven back, losing 146 men. The 1st Light Horse Regiment occupied Turk trenches on Dead Man's Ridge with 200 men, but were forced out by flanking fire after suffering 154 casualties. Fifty four troopers of the 2nd

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1 These Turks came from their line in The Nek area, an unexpected source. They were sent by their commander, Mustapha Kemal, who thus twice on Gallipoli rendered great service to his country.


3 When Kemal and his Chief of Staff saw the British ships off Suvla on the morning of 7 August, they abandoned hope of averting defeat in the war. (Kemal's C.of S. to Birdwood, 1936, in Australian War Memorial File No.172.275). But the English made no attempt to advance after they landed, preferring to breakfast, rest, or make tea, and some of their generals did not even disembark that day. The Turks were thus enabled to baffle the British attacks piecemeal. For an account of the Suvla fighting, see Bean, op. cit., II, pp.567-96, 634-72.
Light Horse Regiment attacked Turkish Quinn's: all were shot but one. These were very gallant attacks, epitomizing the high degree of bravery and battle discipline of which Australians were capable,¹ but they achieved nothing, and they sank agonizingly to bloody and inevitable failure.

The most tragic feint attack, at once the most gallant and the most hopeless, was made by the 8th and 10th Light Horse Regiments against the Turkish trenches at The Nek. The Nek was a ridge 50 yards wide at the Anzac line, narrowing to about 30 at the Turkish front. The opposing trenches on it were about 20 yards apart, and at least five Turkish machine guns covered the intervening ground. Four lines of the light horse, each of about 150 men, were to seize the enemy front line and the maze of trenches and saps behind it, on Baby 700. They would be preceded by a naval and artillery bombardment, and were to attack at two minute intervals. The light horsemen were keen and confident, for this was their first great battle, and they expected to break from the interminable trenches into the open. Sick men hid or escaped from their doctors to be in the charge, and every man was impatient to emulate the Lone Pine attack they had watched the evening before.

At four in the afternoon of 6 August the artillery began a gentle bombardment. It intensified early on the 7th, but at 4.23 a.m., seven minutes before time, it ceased. The light horsemen stood still in the silence. In the

¹ Bean, op. cit., II, p.631. Some of these attempts were ineptly generalled. For accounts of them, see ibid., II, pp.597-607, 624-33.
enemy trenches soldiers cautiously emerged from shelter, lined their front two deep, fired short bursts to clear their machine guns, levelled their rifles, and waited. At four thirty precisely the first line of the 8th Light Horse leapt from their trenches. As their helmets appeared above the parapet, an awful fire broke upon them. Many were shot, but a line started forward. It crumpled and vanished within five yards. One or two men on the flank dashed to the enemy's parapet before being killed, the rest lay still in the open.

The second line saw the fate of their friends. They watched the Turks reload, and aim again. They waited two minutes as ordered, then sprang forward. They were shot down. The 10th Light Horse filed over the dead and wounded into their places in the trench. They could hardly have doubted their fate. They knew they would die, and apparently they determined to die bravely, by running swiftly at the enemy. "Boys, you have ten minutes to live," their commanding officer told them, "and I am going to lead you." Men shook hands with their mates, took position,

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736. Lt.Col. J.W. Springthorpe, A.A.M.C., Physician, of Armadale, Vic. b.1855. (D), 29/8/15 Springthorpe was in Egypt, and was here repeating the statement of wounded survivors of the charge. Lt. Col. N.M. Brazier, (Pastoralist and surveyor, of Kirup, W.A. b. 1866) commanded the 10th L.H.Regt. at The Nek, but did not charge with it. Possibly the statement refers to Lt. Col. A.H. White, (Malster, of Ballarat and Elsternwick, Vic. K.I.A. 7/8/15, aged 33), the 8 L.H.Regt.'s C.O., who led the first line and was killed less than 10 yards from the Australian trench. Certainly the statement would fit White's frame of mind at that time. See Bean, op. cit., II, p.612.
Detail from ‘The Charge of the 3rd Light Horse Brigade at the Nek’, by G.W. Lambert.
and when the order came, charged into the open. The bullets of their expectant foe caught them as before, but they ran on till they were tumbled to the dust beside their comrades. Moves were made to halt the fourth line, but too late, and these men, too, climbed out and died.

It was now a little after 5.15 a.m.

...you can imagine what it was like. Really too awful to write about. All your pals that had been with you for months and months blown and shot out of all recognition. There was no chance whatsoever of us gaining our point, but the roll call after was the saddest, just fancy only 47 answered their names out of close on 550 men. When I heard what the result was I simply cried like a child.¹

Two hundred and thirty four dead light horsemen lay in an area not larger than a tennis court. Most were there still in 1919, their bones whitening the ridge to observers half a mile away. One hundred and thirty eight others were wounded, and about the same number otherwise survived, almost all of them from the later attacking waves.

They never had a hope of success. When they realized it, they were not deterred, but, remaining true to their ideals and their country, went bravely to a bloody and worthless end. "...it was heroic," wrote one who had watched them, "it was marvellous,...yet it was murder."²

All the tragic waste of the Great War was contracted into

¹ 691. 2/Lt. C.C.D. St. Pinnock, 57 Bn., Broker, of Croydon, N.S.W. K.I.A. 19/8/16, aged 30. (L), 15/8/15.
² 230. Cameron, (136,3), (D), 18/8/15.
their passing, for as they died the English troops at Suvla, plainly visible from The Nek, were making tea.  

A general despondency settled upon the Australian ranks after August. Twice, by the most gallant efforts, they had fought to win a decision. Twice they had been baulked, not, they felt, by their own failings, but by the misdirection of their leaders. Their sacrifices had won nothing, and could win nothing unless properly directed. The realization crippled their fervour, and they grew too weary and discouraged to welcome further fighting. As during the depressing days after the Landing, a few men hoped for a wound to take them from Gallipoli; and a new type of comment began to appear: "They are lucky who get away from here wounded...It is quite common for men to go mad here. The strain on the nerves is so severe...", and, "Now is the time we feel what war is. Reaction is setting in - and I can notice several "old hands" cracking up", and,

Ones nerves get very nervy...having to be on a continual strain of looking, watching and listening all the time. You will see some chaps walking along when all of a sudden they will duck behind something and get under cover when it is only a steam boat blowing off steam...everyone laughts at the time but still nearly everyone gets doing it some time.

2 703. Semple, (142,2), (L), 13/8/15.
3 309. Devlin, (38,1), (L), 2/9/15.
4 73. Armitage, (78,1), (D), 24/11/15.
5 173. Boulton, (76,4), (L), 11/9/15

see also:
The percentage of men reporting sick, which had fallen to 3.5 before the August battles, rose to 8.6 in mid August, and to 8.9 three weeks later.\(^1\) Statistically the health of the troops had collapsed: in fact, more men were yielding now to afflictions they had formerly defied.\(^2\) It was a certain indication of shaken morale.

The Anzacs were battered, but few were broken. In September an expert survey judged three quarters of them totally unfit for active service,\(^3\) yet most stayed proudly in their trenches, resolved to fight to the end. But for the first time they neither liked it nor felt obliged to like it, and they complained far more readily of discomforts they had scarcely mentioned before August:

One of the greatest difficulties here is the shortage of water...I had...the first [shave] for a week and my face was coated with the dust and grime I had got through all the recent fighting and trench digging. After I had finished the water in my mess tin...[was] muddy ...and I washed my face in that and...[then] had my tea out of the same tin...\(^4\)
I have not had a wash now for 4 weeks, nor had my clothes off. I accomplish my toilet with the corner of a towel steeped in a 2 ounce tobacco tin. Water for washing purposes is out of the question...\(^5\)

\(^1\) Butler, op. cit., I, pp.347, 349. The sick rate then fell, because colder weather killed the flies, and because shortage of men obliged medical officers to limit the number evacuated.
\(^2\) After August the Gallipoli campaign "is almost entirely concerned with disease and its effects." ibid., I, p.341.
\(^3\) Ibid., I, pp.351-2.
\(^4\) 703. Semple, (142,2), (L), 13/8/15.
\(^5\) 264. Coen, (108,2), (L), 3/10/15
see also:
393. Gates, (106,1), (L), 5/12/15.
Tucker has been a drawback. Always the same bully and biscuits...if a cove is lucky by paying 2/- a tin for milk he can have luxuries in that way... or 3/- for an ordinary cake of chocolate... I had the misfortune to break another tooth a couple of days ago, a good back tooth...when I was trying to bite through a particularly hard biscuit.

...immediately I opened...[my tin of jam] the flies rushed [it]...all fighting amongst themselves. I wrapped my overcoat over the tin and gouged out the flies, then spread the biscuit, held my hand over it, and drew the biscuit out of the coat. But a lot of the flies flew into my mouth and beat about inside...I nearly howled with rage...of all the bastards of places this is the greatest bastard in the world.

...a wash would be a great luxury, lice and flies... in everything, I wear my clothes inside out every few days, but still the brutes are scratched for.

The worst things here (Turks excepted) are the flies in millions, lice...& everlasting bully-beef & biscuit, & too little water. Also it will be a good thing when we get a chance to bury some of the dead.

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4 466. Hunter, (43,3), (L), 6/10/15

On 28 November snow fell, the first cold weather most
Australians had experienced for 16 months. "...we had no
covering of any sort and just had to grin and bear it...
[we stood] to arms...all night...it snowed on us all night
and all the next day." ¹ Physically, this new trial was
perhaps the hardest to bear: the blizzard froze soldiers
to death, and 3,000 men were evacuated from Anzac with
frostbite and exposure.²

Above all, the monotony of their lives and the lack
of progress wore down the hopes of the Australians. An
eternal round of patrolling, perhaps a little sniping,
tunnelling, sentry duty, and fatigues filled their days, and
none of these things could bring victory. Few soldiers
were keen to risk a great battle under their present
generals, but most wanted to shake away the deadly
stalemate that had settled upon them. "...the strain is
gradually telling", a soldier admitted, "& if I stick it
out for more than 3 months without a change I'll be
aggreably surprised." ³ From the end of August medical
officers continually urged the relief of the Anzac Corps.⁴
In September men began to be sent to Imbros Island for
rest, but the last man did not go until late November,

¹ 466. Hunter, (43,3), (L), 8/12/15.
² There were 12,000 cases at Suvla. James, R.R.: Gallipoli,
p.335.
⁴ Butler, op. cit., I, p.348. Birdwood (see 241. Carter,
(123,3), (L), 7/9/15) and Monash (see Cutlack, F.M.(ed.):
War Letters of General Monash, p.67 (10/9/15)) both
thought a relief imperative.
and as men wearily waited their turn during all that time, "the ever-repeated question [was] "When are we going to be relieved"...we all think we've earned a decent spell."¹ When relief came, men were "very thankful too, as... nearly all are feeling "run down"...we will have no difficulty carrying on, but at the same time, we are eagerly looking forward to be relieved."²

But the soldiers were spelled for a fortnight at most, and returned to Anzac looking as though they had not left it.³ A wound was the only passport to genuine rest, and after August the wounded were not anxious to return to Anzac. "I have seen quite enough of the glories of war," one wrote, "now I am quite willing to have some of the curses of peace. If the Australians lose many more men there will not be many left in Australia. I hope that they will see reason shortly and stop it altogether."⁴

Early in 1916 another recalled,

"Holiday wounds" were anticipated with great joy...I have seen [wounded] men...beam with smiles, when half an hour before that same face wore a haggard expression; but it must be remembered that these men were exhausted through months of service under awful conditions...I've heard...friends...

² 344. Ellsworth, (31,3), (L), 11/9/15
³ see also:
⁴ 323. Dowling, (154,1), (L), 19/8/15.
say I would give you a fiver (or a tenner) for [your wound]...1,
and a reinforcement in Egypt reported,

I was told by an A.M.C. man that the wounded soldiers from the early contingents were all eager to return to the front; but those who come now are glad to have done their bit and content to let others take their place.2

The unlucky, who were not wounded, were without comfort, and often their thoughts returned to peace and the homes they had left so willingly. One soldier confessed, "...if Johnie Turk was to declare the war over tomorrow I would be the happiest man on earth. I've had quite enough. If you ever catch me looking for gore again - well you can kick me."3 A private declared, "...we are all longing to be [home]...we're sick of the game of fighting & it will be a tremendous relief to know that its all over & we can go home & live in piece...,"4 and Lance Corporal Mitchell thought of "a land of sunshine warmth and happiness - a land of sweet scents and bright colours - home. But the track home is through a winding trail of smoke and blood, stench and torment. How many of us will

1 789. Youdale, (33,2), (D), -/4/16 (re -/10/15).
see also:
173. Boulton, (76,4), (L), 4 and 30/10/15.
4 434. 2/Lt. E.W. Harris, 3 M.G.Coy., Civil servant, of Claremont, W.A. K.I.A. 5/5/17, aged 28. (L), 9/10/15.
reach there unbroken?"¹ These thoughts were a world removed from the flushed expectations of a year before.

Still men wished to see the war won before they went home. They were too weak to march, some veterans told Birdwood, but they would fight.² "If England will only send us more men and ships. we can get through this job O.K." Lieutenant Armitage decided, "...It's no good making a fuss now over the mess that has been made - that can wait - what should be done is a determined strong push...we'd be through this show in 3 weeks...".³

No buffet had broken their resolution. Some Australians felt transient doubts about the fighting ("The fact that they died well is no answer to the question as to why they should die at all...")⁴, but these could not long survive, because they added pointlessness to discomfort and probable death. Men needed to find purpose in their actions, to make them bearable, and from the faiths of their past they discovered several justifications which supported them. One admitted that a soldier's life was a hard one, but "it also hardens one... broadens ones outlook on life, and...teaches one one's duty to humanity."⁵ After Lone Pine another wrote, "[We

² Letter from Birdwood to his wife, 18 August 1915, in James, op. cit., p.303.
³ 73. Armitage, (78,1), (D), 21/10/15 see also (D), 11/8 and 5/10/15 see also:
  10. Adams, (153,5), (L), 27/10/15; 176. Bourke, (127,1), (L), 8/12/15; 477. Jackson, (154,2), (L), 20/10/15.
⁴ 675. Richards, (135,2), (D), 1/8/15.
have all] suffered some casualty. But we all have the knowledge of...brave fighting for a just cause..."1 "It looks as if we are going to be here for months & months & months", a third complained, "...we are going to have a hell of a time here...each day Australia appears to fade further & further away from my longing eyes. Still we are out to do the job so must not complain if it is more arduous than we expected".2 "What a gigantic conflict this has turned into." a fourth soldier reflected,

the loss of life is appalling; rivers of blood... the trenches red with the life blood of my comrades ...Sometimes I weary so of it all and long for peace; it is only the fact that the safety of our loved ones, the integrity of our Empire is at stake that lifts ones spirits up again, to face the roughing and the grim horrors of the battlefield.3

The Australians remained convinced that what they did was worthwhile and necessary, and duty, although daily growing harder and harsher, kept them firmly to the task they had undertaken.

Most of the new arrivals after August landed with their martial enthusiasms intact, as though the war-weary

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1 278. Cotton, (76,4), (L), -/8/15.
2 566. McCrae, (127,1), (L), 7/9/15.
3 684. Lt. C.H. Ruddle, 9 Bn., School teacher, of Bundaberg, Qld. D.O.W. 23/7/16, aged 30. (L), 5/12/15
see also: 95. Capt. P.H. Auld, M.C., 50 Bn., Insurance clerk, of Kent Town, S.A. b.1896. (D), 20/8/15
men about them were invisible. "We are right in the soup now, and it is not half bad, in fact we are having a real picnic...", a Victorian student declared, and another student reported, "Well as for the life. It certainly appeals to me so far. The screaming shells and spluttering machine guns are music I have dreamed of since childhood." About two months after he landed a photographer commented, "...we have a tip top time here the experience is all one could want but of course we have not had a shot at hand to hand yet but I am looking forward to it and so are all the boys." "The military life suits me splendidly & , despite the occasional hardships..., I am tougher and fitter than ever before. There is no monotony in life out here and excitement is never lacking", a recent arrival remarked in mid November, and in December a late reinforcement wrote, "Have at last reached my destination and am agreeably surprised with it and find the conditions exciting. So far the weather has been glorious and the food good." The veterans were reporting snow and hard biscuits about this time.

1 25. Alcock, (85,1), (L), 27/9/15.
2 785. Worrall, (111,1), (L), 19/10/15.
5 444. Capt. R.J. Henderson, M.C.& Bar, 13 Bn., Electrician, of Drummoyne, N.S.W. D.O.W. 13/5/18, aged 32. (L), 12/12/15
see also:
250. Champion, (41,2), (D), 1/11/15; 683. Roth, (94,1), (L), -/9/15.
Men who reached Anzac after August were not given the opportunity to fight a great battle. This contented some:

My word war is a horror alright, until one comes right into it & sees the real thing he has no idea of what it means, glorious charges, magnificent defences, heroic efforts in this or that direction all boil down to the one thing, the pitting of human beings against the most scientific machinery & the result can be seen in the papers, but most were disappointed by the mundane routine of the trenches. Several noted that the Gallipoli fighting was "unreal", and "didn't feel like real warfare", and was not much different from being in George Street; and a light horse reinforcement wrote,

It is funny war here - dug into the ground like great rabbit warrens, with the enemy only forty yards, in some places only five away, and also dug in, and often days elapse and you never see a Turk, in fact...lots of us...haven't seen one at all yet...really a feeling gets hold of you and you wish for the order [to charge] to come.

784. Lt. H.V. Wood, 16 Bn., Carpenter, of Woodville, S.A. (b. Scotland) b.1889. (D), 10/11/15 refers to a new arrival who deliberately shot off his foot. Self inflicted wounds were rare on Gallipoli.

2 166. L/Cpl. W.J. Blake, 46 Bn., Salesman, of Bendigo, Vic. K.I.A. 18/9/18, aged 23. (L), 18/9/15
248. Capt. L.K. Chambers, 17 Bn., Clerk, of Mosman, N.S.W. K.I.A. 29/7/16, aged 22. (L), 26/10/15
Nothing would please me so much as to get word to charge now, I feel that idling here in the trenches is wasting time and I would like to be doing something...

A Second Division soldier commented,

...Abdul is only about 60 to 200 yards off...We snipe at him and he snipes at us...This "sit-down" style of warfare is different to what any of us anticipated. Nevertheless we are here as a garrison with a definite duty before us. We are hoping hourly that we may be attacked but the Turk is about as cautious as we are.

"The zip, zip, zip of the bullets overhead and the occasional boom of the big guns, seemed...[not] to herald that other phase in this great game to which we have so anxiously looked...our Mecca...a "Charge"", a man told his parents, and a young farmer concluded, "What wouldn't we give for a go at Abdul. It seems to be our duty to continually watch him..." This impatience contrasted with the grim lethargy of the old soldiers.

Yet the new and the old soldier still fought the war for similar ends. The world of both rested upon King and

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1 466. Hunter, (43,3), (L), 25/9/15 see also (L), 15/9/15.
2 292. Curnow, (111,1), (L), 22/9/15.
4 297. Dardel, (102,2), (L), 1/11/15 see also: 254. Chapman, (161,2), (D), 28/10/15; 683. Roth, (94,1), (L), -/9/15; 785. Worrall, (111,1), (L), 25/10/15.
5 There were exceptions among old soldiers. See 308. de Vine, (95,1), (D), 25/10 and 30/11/15.
country, upon duty, honour, patriotism, manhood, and courage, and both would die for their world. The folly of some generals had compounded their difficulties, but that had not lessened the justice of their cause, and they were determined to win victory, no matter the cost. If the Empire’s lustre was tarnished, it still meant a great deal, and few Australians on Gallipoli ever considered abandoning its defence. They remained willing to fight.

Early in December 1915 they learned that they would no longer have to fight. Anzac was to be evacuated. In one respect, the troops welcomed the news. Daily they saw more and more of their comrades sickening in the trenches, and themselves growing weaker without prospect of alleviation, and the miseries of winter approaching. One soldier, a fit man in December, had lost four stone in weight since he landed in August, and he was one who had not fought the great battles on the peninsula. Many Australians were ready to seek a better land, which would give them rest from the trenches.

Some were glad to leave for other reasons. The campaign seemed hopeless: "...necessity is imperative. We can not do good by staying here", and,

We are all very sorry to have left Anzac without gaining our objective after 9 months hard efforts, but the position in front of us was impossible,

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1 789. Youdale, (33,2), (D), -/4/16, p.104.
and our position untenable during the winter months, the whole business has been a very sorry mess up and a sheer waste of men & material.¹

But to most Australians these considerations were least important. Whatever their difficulties, they were not men to flee from them. On Lemnos after the Evacuation, the survivors of Anzac were given Christmas billies from home. On each a kangaroo was printed, pitching a Turk off the peninsula with his tail.² That hurt, for the defeat had not been the fault of Australian soldiers. On Gallipoli the men of the A.I.F. learnt to put their trust first in themselves: they never forgot this lesson, and they fought thereafter not only for King and country, but to maintain their own reputations.³

¹ 308. de Vine, (95,1), (D), 20/12/15
see also:
724. Lt. R.A.W. Smith, 19 Bn., Surveyor's assistant, of Annandale, N.S.W. D.O.W. 15/10/17, aged 23. (D), 17/12/15
95. Auld, (159,3), (D), 26/12/15; 344. Ellsworth, (31,3), (L), 22/12/15; Bean, op. cit., II, p.882.
² Rule, op. cit., p.29.
³ Australian reactions to the Evacuation are discussed also on pp.208-12.
1915. Australia's entry into the Company of nations - no finer entry in all history...to have leapt into Nationhood, Brotherhood and Sacrifice at one bound...what a year:- never can Australia see its like again.

Captain F.B. Stanton, 14th Battalion, 9 December 1915.
The Australians answered a vitally important question at the Landing. They fulfilled their expectations about their fighting prowess, and they proved their country to the world: by their achievement, they passed the test of battle. Others hailed them not only as fit to rank with Britain's heroes, but as having performed the finest deed in her history. "No troops in the world can have fought better,"¹ wrote an old Scottish regular who had seen eight years active service on the Indian frontiers, while a physician in Egypt, an Imperialist and a former critic of Australian indiscipline,² exclaimed,

The outstanding fact - sunny Australians, careless in language, in many externals, including discipline, have unflinchingly undergone a strenuous preparation, faced its ordeal more than courageously, and...come out with a "victor's and a hero's crown."³

Men of the British Navy, the shield of the Empire, praised the Australian accomplishment, "saying that they would take their hats off to the Australians after that day...They also said they never saw such gallantry and never heard such language before..."⁴ Indian soldiers called them

¹ 301. Davidson, (108,2), (L), 13/5/15.
² 736. Springthorpe, (150,1), (D), for example, 8/4/15.
³ Ibid., (D), 3/5/15
⁴ see also:
pp.49-50; North, op. cit., p.207; Edgar Wallace's poem, 'Anzacs', inserted, at his request, into The Anzac Book, p.95.
⁶ see also, for example,
⁷ 583. McLarty, (115,1), (L), 4 and 25/5/15.
the 'white Gurkhas', a high accolade, for every Australian rated the Gurkha among the best of the Empire's soldiers.\footnote{For examples, 144. Sgt. W.N. Berg, 18 Bn., Press photographer, of Glebe, N.S.W. Rep.T.A. 10/4/18, aged 21. (L), 8/12/15 572. McHenry, (92,1), (D), 16/5/15; 607. Mitchell, (79,2), (D), 4/5/15; Bean, op. cit., II, p.693n. The Gurkhas extended the same tribute to the New Zealanders, who throughout the war performed at least as well as the Australians.}

The men of the A.I.F. heard these things proudly. None could surpass what they had done, they believed, and the Empire knew it. Their new status placed them high, and for the first time in their lives an adherence to Imperial traditions became inadequate. Men who once had persistently worn English uniforms clung now to their Australian issue until long after it was tattered to rags, and by late May wounded in Cairo were objecting to using the British Soldiers Club because of its name.\footnote{737. Stanton, (99,2), (L), 26/5/15.} An Australian N.C.O. who had previously considered his associates 'malcontents' and criticised their drunkenness and brawling and indiscipline wrote after the Landing, "...the boys behaved steadier than many veterans would have...[they] acted on their own initiative, and...so saved a very critical situation."\footnote{21. Aitken, (101,2), (D), 29/4/15. see also: 374. Flockart, (129,2), (L), 28/4/15.} After reviewing the events of that famous Sunday, an ambulanceman on a ship off Anzac noted prophetically, "I really believe [today] will mark an era in Australian history. On this day Australians proved..."
themselves." Another Australian told his mother, "... it must be a comfort to know that we all have done our duty & held our own with the best troops in the world. Australia's rag time army is not so bad after all...". It was more than a comfort to his countrymen. It opened the door to a new world, and it radically amended the former balance in Australian minds between nation and Empire, a change which endured in their own lives, and in the history of their country.

Australians accordingly looked more critically at the performance of English soldiers. They saw much to admire: the young English midshipmen who piloted the tows at the Landing, the gallant and dogged Twenty Ninth Division, fighting at Cape Helles, and some of the British who attacked with them during the August offensive. Yet few could accept the barrier between English officers and their men, and many considered the former's punctilios and the latter's docility inefficient in a fighting force.

At critical points during the fighting, events confirmed their disquiet. The Royal Naval Division, which had relieved a part of the Australian line at the end of April, lost some trenches to the Turks soon afterwards. Although they regained these with Australian assistance, the reverse shook confidence in their ability. When the

2 619. Morrice, (113,1), (L), 11/6/15
see also:
3 Bean, op. cit., I, pp.532-4.
Second Brigade went to Cape Helles in May, at least one Australian was "quite astonished at the behaviour of the English troops while under fire, they are arrogant cowards in comparison with the colonials." These objections paled beside the bitterness directed against the Englishmen who had landed and dallied at Suvla. Australians regarded that blunder as the fault of English generals particularly, but some did not exonerate the British soldiery. An English university graduate in Egypt reported,

The Australians who returned here from the front profess to believe that the British soldier is not much good at fighting. They say that they take trenches and the British soldiers lose them again. They admit that the British regulars are good soldiers but not the New Army.

This Englishman doubted the truth of the reports, but Australians at the front emphatically asserted them. One stated that he had lost his earlier respect for the Imperial Army because his comrades had to retake positions it lost, and a corporal seconded to an English brigade at Suvla declared after returning to his battalion,

Glad we are, to get back here with the boys. Our army has been called a ragtime one, but never again will I think it so, after the poor miserable crowd we have been with. The lack of

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2 791. Young, (157,2), (L), 26/11/15.
3 544. Lt. H.E. Malpas, 7 M.G. Coy., Draughtsman, of Unley, S.A. K.I.A. 7/8/16, aged 22. (L), -/9/15

Despite the late date, the reference is possibly to the Royal Marine Light Infantry, the unit in effect indicated at p.168, n.3.
organisation, spirit and individual initiative was enough to break a man's heart.¹

An Australian officer complained towards the end of the Suvla fighting, "I wish Kitchener would send us soldiers not boys to do the business. If what I have seen (with a few glorious exceptions) are trained soldiers - well pack up and leave the Empire...". Yet, like almost every Australian, he remained loyal to his Empire, and he found a way to reconcile his loyalty with his contempt for the New Army. "We call the Regulars - Indians and Australians - 'British' - but Pommies are nondescript...", he wrote, and later, "The British Army contains many good ones - but there are others who lack initiative, endurance, and resource, and God help England if she relies on these last...this war has made me intensely British and absolutely Australian."² Other Australians similarly distinguished between 'British' and 'English', thus qualifying their Imperial ardour and reinforcing their pride in their own capacities. An English immigrant educated at Rugby School decided,

the right type of Australian is a real firm fellow and can't be beaten anywhere, that does not include the street corner wowsers of the towns but chiefly the country lads. Any of Kitchener's men and

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¹ 422. Guppy, (76,4), (D), 3/9/15
see also:
323. Dowling, (154,1), (L), 19/8/15; 977. Ryrie, (35,1), (L), 2/12/15.
² 73. Armitage, (78,1), (D), 29/8/15, 29/8/15, 18/1/16
see also:
ibid., (D), for contempt for English soldiers, 19/12/15, for affection for Imperial institutions, 23/3/16 quoted p.219.
Territorials look very awkward beggars beside the Australian, besides of duller intellect (that is judging the average by appearances). The British seem to be all boots, and gapes, but the Australian usually looks as if he knew what he was after.1

This disturbed the assumptions of pre-war years.

Australian soldiers could now support their preference for a less rigid disciplinary code. The English system, when applied to citizen soldiers, had not proved itself in battle. Their system had. "As long as they are safe or down at the base [the English troops] outclass our ragtime army", a private observed, "for when our work is done and mind relaxed we throw all cares to the wind & become an orderly rabble."2 Success convinced many Australians that what they did out of the line - off the job - was their concern, and that parade ground drill hardly improved a man's fighting abilities. "What is a soldier?", asked Sergeant Aitken,

Roughly speaking, he is a component part of a huge machine which has been drilled & trained to such an extent that it obeys an order implicitly, unquestioningly...A soldier will think, maybe, but will not act without orders...

...the Australian is not a soldier, but he is a fighter, a born fighter; each Australian has his separate individuality & his priceless initiative which made him...infinitely better than the clockwork soldier.

Discipline irks him, he is not used to it, & its a thing he can never be made to thoroughly understand;

1. Adams, (35,6), (L), 1/10/15.
2. Hampton, (169,1), (L), 13/5/15.
every man...considers himself the equal of every other man, its not in his programme to take peremptory orders, but he looks upon a request... almost...[as] a command.¹

"The Australian is...independent and high spirited," another soldier reflected,

and...should the military folk succeed in breaking that spirit the Australian will no longer be the fearless fighting man that he is now...Heart and soul [Australians]...are here to fight, not simply to obey fruitless orders issued only for the sake of enforcing authority...²

"My men are the 'Blind 50' in Camp or Barracks," an officer recorded of his platoon, "but they're grand soldiers in the trenches...Active Serv. discipline is very diff. to Camp or Barracks."³ The subsequent English complaint, that Australians were good soldiers in the line but bad soldiers out of it, was to most in the A.I.F. a virtue.

After the Landing Australians were less ready than ever to respect English officers. "We were going along...", recalled a trooper in 1916,

when we heard a fairy voice say "Hey you men, why don't you salute?" We told him we were Australians, but the officer said he did not care who we were, ...we would have to salute before we passed that way, so we said we would go another way...[we] went nearly half a mile...rather than salute him.⁴

¹ Aitken, (101, 2), (L), 29/8/15
See also Bean, op. cit., I, pp.47-8.
² 675. Richards, (135, 2), (D), 21/9/15.
³ 73. Armitage, (78, 1), (D), 20/6/15.
⁴ 789. Youdale, (33, 2), (D), -/4/16 (re -/9/15).
Such men would seldom salute even Australian officers. Monash\(^1\) reprimanded his brigade for its offhandedness, complaining that men kept pipes in their mouths or stood easy while superiors addressed them, played cards on sentry duty, dressed carelessly, and left trenches untidy.\(^2\)

Most officers tolerated many of these things, and more. "Ullo - where'd yer get the prisoners?", men asked the private escorting three of the First Division's generals about the lines,\(^3\) and another private told General Walker\(^4\) that judging by the crossed swords and battle-axes on his shoulders, the General was either a butcher or a pioneer.\(^5\)

Birdwood was told to "Duck, you silly old dill" while swimming under shrapnel fire at the beach one day, and he ducked. He knew the difficulty of enforcing a mere formal obedience, and how well his men fought in a real trial. Like many officers he accepted the standards of his men, and judged and was judged by the test of battle.\(^6\)

Yet, the significance they attached to their achievements in battle notwithstanding, many Australians

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\(^2\) Memo to Officers Commanding Bns. of 4 Bde., 18 November 1915, in 632. Mountain, (108,2).

\(^3\) 243. Casey, (128,2), (D), 14/5/15.


\(^5\) James, op. cit., p.178. The accuracy of this is not certain. See also ibid., p.178; Mackenzie, C.: Gallipoli Memories, p.73.

\(^6\) Bean, op. cit., II, pp.549-50.
behaved as though war were a game. Before the Landing an old soldier in the 11th Battalion told his men that flying bullets sounded like small birds passing overhead. During the battalion's dash across the open water north of Ari Burnu to the beach on 25 April, a man recalled the comment, looked skyward, and remarked to his neighbour, "Just like little birds, ain't they, Snow?". The whole boat burst into laughter. In other boats men played cards under fire, and talked and joked. "They want to cut that shooting out," a soldier protested, "somebody might get killed." "...they're carrying this too far, they're using ball ammunition", another exclaimed, and the laughter rose to mingle with the roar of the shells. As they touched the shore, one man climbed from his boat remarking that it was bloody poor farming country,¹ and at least two, while bullets kicked the sand around them, pulled out vest cameras and photographed the scene before strolling on. Other Australians, too eager to dally on the beach, laughed and sang as they charged up the hills, and their casual gait as they broke the dawn skyline on Plugge's Plateau first informed watchers on the ships that the covering force was ashore. They had come to their greatest and gayest adventure, and they were enjoying it.²

¹ Later another remarked, "This...is...scrubby country too poor for the most part to run one bandicoot to the square mile & then he wouldn't get fat." 705. Sheppard, (161,1), (L), 28/8/15.

² For this paragraph,
760. Lt. S.R. Traill, 1 Bn., Clerk, of Burwood, N.S.W. b.1895. (D), re 25/4/15
(footnote continued p.175)
Throughout the Gallipoli campaign no extremity ever shook their studied defiance. The beach at Anzac was always under aimed Turkish shrapnel fire, yet crowds swam there daily, "just like Manly Beach on Sunday, there were hundreds of men swimming and diving off punts & things... we don't seem to take much notice of shells now."¹ Swimmers were rarely forced ashore, and under fire entertained onlookers with remarks like, "Hope there's no sharks about," or, when wounded, "Cripes, I've been torpedoed."² After one day on Anzac some 2nd Battalion reinforcements, waiting to charge Lone Pine, watched the dust dancing in No Man's Land:

Talk about shrapnel, it sounded for all the world like blanky hail...A shell burst in the trench just behind Roper and I, and upended both of us...but we [just] shook hands and sat down again. And then Mac had to have his little joke, and wanted to know was it for a 2d car fare to Glebe.³

(Footnote 2 continued from p. 174)


¹ 977. Ryrie, (35, 1), (L), 1/6/15
see also:
612. Capt. F. Moran, 15 Bn., Bank clerk, of Brisbane, Qld. D.O.W. 20/8/15, aged 38. (L), 4/7/15
Bean, op. cit., II, pp. 382-3.
² 931. Sgt. H.B. Macarty, 50 Bn., Electrician, of Broken Hill, N.S.W. Rep.T.A. 24/6/16, aged 30. (Notes) But swimmers actually fired on had time only to dive under water, and see pp. 191, 206.
Another Australian before Lone Pine looked at the calico patches on his mate's back and commented, "Fancy going on the field without our numbers." 1 Men compared the tension before battle with that before a football match, or described their time in the line as an innings.2 "My word we do give the poor old Turks a terrible doing", a man noted on 19 May, "I think it is wonderful how our boys love fighting. It is just the same as sport. Australia can hold its own against the world...in sport, and...in fighting",3 and a private considered, "War is a great game, and I wouldn't have missed our scrap for all the tea in China."4

During the early weeks the game they played excluded the Turk.5 As boys they had learnt to hate their Empire's adversaries,6 and to revile the Turks for barbarous atrocities.7 At the Landing many believed willingly that Turks had mutilated Australian dead and wounded, and some accepted the most improbable accounts of Turkish barbarity: on 27 April a wounded Australian wrote, "We have one man

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1 Graham, op. cit., p.27.
5 Ibid., I, p.258.
7 320. Donkin, (90,1), (D), 24/12/14 and 26/1/15.
here with his tongue cut out, another lay wounded and a Turk cried "Australian" and drove his bayonet in, but was shot and the bayonets work was not completed...

The invaders consequently showed their foes little mercy. They hunted down the Turkish snipers hidden in the scrub behind their front, and killed them. They shot every Turk on sight, firing on enemy burial parties which were doing the Australians good service by their labour, striking down men attempting to cross the lines in surrender, and exclaiming after a successful shot, "Take that you black b----s." "I shot 3 snipers dead to-day," reported a New South Wales farmer, Archie Barwick,

they were picking off our poor fellows who were hobbling down to the dressing stations, the first one I killed I took his belt off to keep as a souvenir of my first kill with the rifle. the other two I laid out beautifully I felt a lot more satisfied after that for I had got even...

Like many Australians, he described his bayonet work unhesitatingly: "...I can recollect driving the bayonet into the body of one fellow quite clearly, & he fell right at my feet & when I drew the bayonet out, the blood spurted from his body...", he wrote, and later that day he bayonetted another Turk, which made him feel very proud.

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1 320. Donkin, (90,1), (D), 27/4/15
See also Bean, op. cit., I, pp.420-1. For exceptions see, 675. Richards, (135,2), (D), 4/5/15 quoted p.190, n.1; Butler, op. cit., I, p.149; Hogue, op. cit., p.75.


3 607. Mitchell, (79,2), (D), 5 and 14/5/15.

Hatred of the Turk died suddenly from almost every Australian about a month after the Landing. At dawn on 19 May, 42,000 Turks attacked the Anzac line. Large numbers were shot in No Man's Land, and only a few entered the Anzac trenches before being killed. They had no hope of success, but gallantly they maintained their attempts: more were slaughtered, the rest came on, their courage unshaken, until by noon 10,000 Turks lay killed or wounded. Their comrades sank into the scrub, and late in the afternoon the Turkish leaders gave up the assault.¹

The Australians had evened the score. "I'll admit to a certain savage pleasure in firing to kill,"² one stated that day, and later another recalled,

...we had a gorgeous time...for two solid hours we blazed away...our rifles got too hot to hold and the bolts jammed but we got others...as it got lighter...hundreds fell in a vain endeavour to make a bolt for safety - we had them before they got 5 yds.³

This suggests sport, and there was that sense, but more importantly the bravery of their assailants profoundly affected the Australians. "My rifle was in at the start, blazing at those shadowy forms," wrote Corporal Mitchell, "'Oh you poor devils', was all I could say, thinking only

¹ An account of the Turkish attack is in Bean, op. cit., II, pp.132-68. The Anzac losses were 168 killed and 468 wounded.
³ 326. Duke, (83,1), (L), 29/5/15
see also:
of the fate of the unfortunates if they got right up to us. It was a massacre." 1 The Turk had proved a normal man and a brave soldier, displaying those same virtues Australians ranked highest. Animosity gave way to admiration, and the Turk became part of the game. "Saida - play you again next Saturday," Australians shouted to the retreating enemy after the attack, and that attitude, a friendly but determined rivalry, became part of life on Gallipoli. 2

Five days later, on 24 May, an eight hours armistice was arranged to bury the dead. Enemies met, saluted each other, and exchanged photographs and cigarettes. 3 "...the time was taken up by making friends with the Turks, who do not seem to be a very bad sort of chap after all...", remarked Sergeant de Vine, "After today most of our opinions on the Turks were changed, they certainly play the game better than the Germans do." 4 When they had finished the work, and the time set had almost expired, each side waved a smiling goodbye before dropping back into their trenches.

The Turk 'played the game' by keeping the terms of the armistice, and thereafter the Australians regarded him

1 607. Mitchell, (79,2), (D), 19/5/15.
2 Bean, op. cit., II, pp.143, 162.
3 The trenches opposite were also reconnoitred, and dead ground in No Man's Land used as graves to fill it in. 899* Pte. G.E. Gower, 15 Bn., Grocer, of Brisbane, Qld. Rep.T.A. 8/5/16, aged 25. (D), 24/5/15.
4 308. de Vine, (95,1), (D), 24/5/15
see also:
almost affectionately, christening him 'Jacko', or 'Abdul', or 'Johnnie Turk', and communicating with him frequently during lulls in the fighting. Particularly after August, they threw bully beef and condensed milk in exchange for boiled onions, and swapped cigarettes, knives, photographs and badges between the lines. Men sometimes walked safely into No Man's Land and even to the opposing trenches to retrieve gifts thrown short, and garrisons wrote each other notes of friendly abuse or of commiseration for the life of a soldier. At Quinn's Post:

...a note was thrown over by the Turks, evidently in answer to one from our chaps asking the distance to Constantinople. ..."You ask how far it is to Constantinople. How long will you please be in getting There?" They used a knife as a weight when they threw the note and asked for it to be returned. It was thrown back but fell short...On being told where it was they asked our chaps not to fire while one of them got it...On another occasion there must have been a German officer approaching, for all of a sudden the Turks began signalling to our chaps to get down in their trenches. They immediately took the hint and then a machine gun began to play along the parapet from end to end. Of course, no damage was done. This shows something of the fairness with which the Turk fights.¹

Another man, probably at Quinn's, recorded,

...we got an interpreter up, and he sang out to [the Turks]...& finally got about a dozen...Up on the parapet having a "yap" to him - and one of our chaps went over and got a cigarette case from them...

¹ 668. Lt. J.C. Price, M.C., 2 Div.Sig.Coy., Turner and fitter, of Homebush, N.S.W. b.1892. (L), 22/10/15
see also:
248. Chambers, (161,2), (L), 26/10/15.
When we want to send a note over we "ring them up" by knocking a stone on a tin periscope - & they answer by waving a periscope. Then if the note gets into their trench alright, they give another "wave" as an acknowledgement.¹

"Did I ever tell you of Ernest", enquired a third soldier,

Ernest was a gaunt old Turk who used to come out of his trench every morning to gather firewood (our chaps never fired a shot for a long while) They used to chuck him tins of bully and he'd salaam and thank them. Poor old Ernest died a sudden death one morning when a new lot come in the trenches.²

Anzac and Turk arranged shooting matches, each contestant in turn firing at a target waved above the enemy trenches. Scores were signalled back to the marksmen, and occasionally bets were made on the result. Opponents also exchanged verbal sallies: one night in June Australians at Quinn's put up some barbed wire in front of their trenches, only to find in the morning that the Turks had stolen it, and re-erected it before their own lines. "Hey Turk", an Australian called. "Hello Australia", came the reply. "The John Hops are after you for pinching our barbed wire."³ Sometimes the jesting was more macabre: "Hey Turk". "Hello

¹ 248. Chambers, (161,2), (L), 26/10/15.
² 610. Lt. H.E. Moody, 3 F.A.B., Solicitor, of Yorketown, S.A. D.O.W. 27/8/16, aged 23. (L), 19/12/15
For this paragraph thus far,
Australia". "How many of you are in [i.e., will share] a
tin of bully?" "Oh Thousands. Thousands." "Well divide
that among you", and the Australians would throw over a
home made bomb timed to burst among the Turks gathered to
receive it. The Turks played this joke too, and the
Australians appreciated it: "This is the sort of thing
that makes life here interesting," one explained.

In short, the Turk was a brave and resourceful but
gentlemanly opponent who followed the rules. "They are the
whitest fighters that ever fought," a 10th Battalion

and are playing the game like men to the last post.
Any of our wounded they pick up, they are said to
treat skilfully, and humanely, and prisoners are
treated in the best possible fashion. This is
very different from the first round, when 'no
prisoners' was the order of the day on either
side, [because each was under a mis-impression
about the other.] ^

He was probably too generous to his enemy, for only 70
Australians were taken prisoner on Anzac, but his was a
typical regard. Some Australians refused to wear gas masks,

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1 607. Mitchell, (79,2), (D), 9/6/15; 931. Macarty, (175,2),
(Notes).

2 949. L/Cpl. R. Richards, 5 M.G. Coy., Clerk, of Homebush,
N.S.W. D.O.W. 26/11/16, aged 22. (L), 8/10/15
see also:
634. Mulholland, (110,2), (L), 15/10/15.

3 504. Capt. A.E. Leane, 48 Bn., Insurance inspector, of
Adelaide, S.A. D.O.W. while P.O.W. 2/5/17, aged 23. (L),
22/8/15.

4 A.I.F. Records Section: Statistics of Casualties etc.,
p.15.
because they said Jacko would never use gas, and Anzacs today retain affectionate memories of their old opponents.

Nevertheless the Australians were determined to maintain their reputations in a craft in which they had such apparent proficiency. They felt themselves not merely sons of the Empire, but Australians, owning no masters, and if war was a game to them, winning was serious business. Despite their laughter and their jesting, they fought remorselessly, to win, to enhance their glory, and to gratify their preference for the sport. Most had 'pre-match' nerves before a big battle, but "the first few bursts of shrapnel" dispelled these, and the men became "quite cool. Some smoking some having a few jokes, just the same as if they were at their usual employment." During the Turkish attack in May, and again before Lone Pine in August, men, their "sporting instincts" roused, offered bribes for a place in the firing line and even fought for a position, and until September very sick men

1 But see Bean, op. cit., II, p.322.
2 52 of 57 returned Anzacs questioned in 1967 and 1968 stated admiration for the Turks as soldiers and as men.
For this paragraph,
55. Anderson, (111,2), (D), 4/10/15; 241. Carter, (123,3), (L), 26/6/15; 631. Moulsdale, (80,1), (L), 13/12/15;
Moorehead, op. cit., p.173; Rising Sun (A.I.F. trench paper), 25 December 1916; Speech by the Turkish Ambassador to Australia, Colonel B.V. Karatay, to Australian Gallipoli veterans, 25 April 1968. Extract in my possession.
see also:
Bean, op. cit., II, p.155; Hogue, op. cit., p.113; Moorehead, op. cit., p.257; Schuler, op. cit., p.162.
remained in the trenches on the chance of participating in an approaching fight, or hid to avoid being "sent away in the middle of the fun." Too many volunteered for raids and patrols, and most mined and sapped vigorously, and ceaselessly scanned the Turk lines for a target. Before August many thirsted for a charge, and even after that month's battles, when weariness and disillusion had curbed their zeal, they patrolled No Man's Land tirelessly, still stalking the Turk. Some were killed by their eagerness: they looked too long over the parapet to see the fabled enemy, pushed too eagerly into No Man's Land, or enquired too closely into the workings of home made bombs or duds.

Many declared their own private wars. "...the rifles are making a horrible row", exclaimed Colonel Ryrie,

I must find out what its about. later. It was one of our men having a bit of a battle with some snipers, he has just come in wounded in the head, but he said he got three of them. he went into the scrub after them. his wound is not serious and he wants to go out again as soon as he gets it dressed.

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1 710. Silas, (100,1), (D), 1/5/15; 308. de Vine, (95,1), (D), 15-23/6/15.
2 Bean, op. cit., II, pp.285-7, writes excellently about this.
3 344. Ellsworth, (31,3), (L), 20/7/15; Bean, op. cit., II, pp.811-2.
4 Hogue, op. cit., p.171; 977. Ryrie, (35,1), (L), 14/7/15.
5 Ibid., (L), 14/7/15.
A 3rd Battalion officer discovered his men watching over the parapet while one of them stood breast high above it, arms folded, gazing towards the Turks. He was duelling with a Turk opposite, each man taking his turn to shoot at his opponent, till one should fall. The soldiers on Anzac felt they had the measure of their foe, and they lived for the game and for victory, readily risking death for a chance to kill. What baffled them at last was not their own deficiencies, nor even the undoubted stoutness of the enemy, but the mistakes of their own generals.

Australians fought successfully in battle partly because they were confident of winning, and partly because they were eager to kill. Battle rouses most soldiers to unfamiliar frenzies, and some Australians were swayed by no more than this. Private Aitken, of the 11th Battalion, recounted of the Landing,

...at last I've got war to write of to you; we're in the thick of it...we landed under fire. I quite forgot to be frightened...for some reason, I got quite annoyed and reckoned to have my money's worth if I were to be shot so rushed ahead and did my bit with the rest...

He went on to relate that after the first intoxication had died down it still gave him a sort of blood-curdling satisfaction to shoot at men as fast as he could, and that a bayonet charge was the acme of devilish excitement. Then, perhaps in a quieter moment, he reflected, "war is hell indeed - bloody hell; having to go through it, I think a man expiates all his sins..." Another soldier

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1 The Australian was shot, by some Turk on a flank. Bean, op. cit., II, p.287n.
described his bloodlust in the Hill 971 fighting:

...a lot of our men went down, but one never stops to think of them or oneself it is just a matter of keeping a few men together & go on so as to keep the front line intact...I used often to think what sort of feeling it would be to kill anybody, but now it is a matter of who is going under first, the Turk or yourself & you just...let him have the bayonet right through, but "oh" the misery & cruelty of the whole thing, "but a soldier does not want any sentiment." The look on the poor devils when cornered & a bit of steel about a foot off in the hands of a tempary mad man, because the lust for killing seems very strong.1

"I think I went mad for a while, at seeing so many hurt," a third man confessed, "for we could not see how the Turks were getting on. I wanted to get on top and charge the Turks...That was the only time I was "Battle mad.""2

These men record the transient influence of their passion, but other Australians, certain of their cause, trusting themselves entirely, and with something of a cruel and hard antipodean frontier in their souls, wrote of killing without hint of remorse, and with every suggestion that their murderous urge remained after the fire had died from their blood. At the Landing some carved their way up the hills with ferocious exultation:

I had the good fortune of trying my nice shinny bayonet on big fat Turk, he yelled out Allah, then on again we went & I came across a sniper when he saw me coming straight at him with cold steal he

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got up & started to run but my nimble feet caught him in two strides I stuck it right through his back\textsuperscript{1}

the Turks started to run those that did stop flung down their guns and cried mercy but the boys were not that way inclined and killed them all...we captured some German officers who got short shift one of them...shouted good old Australia...a lad pushed his rifle up to his head & blew it nearly off\textsuperscript{2}

...up the hill...we swarm...the lust to kill is on us, we see red. Into one trench, out of it, and into another. Oh! the bloody gorgeousness of feeling your bayonet go into soft yielding flesh - they run, we after them, no thrust one and parry, in goes the bayonet the handiest way.\textsuperscript{3}

...a soldier had 8 Turks (wounded) to guard he was placing them along in a row he said I am only going to bandage them up, finis Turk.\textsuperscript{4}

A man of the Fourth Brigade recalled the night advance towards Hill 971 on 6-7 August:

We charged 3 hills that night. On the first hill I bayonetted a Turk who was feigning death, with a few extra thrusts. He was an oldish man & on the first thrust which did not go right home he tried


\textsuperscript{2} 413. Pte. W.J. Gray, 5 Bn., Jockey, of Sale, Vic. D.O.D. 30/5/15, aged 27. (L), 27/5/15

If there were German officers killed at the Landing, which is highly improbable, it is unlikely that at that time they could have identified their assailants as Australians. The two men last quoted were writing to their mothers.

\textsuperscript{3} 884. Francis, (118,2), (L), 25/4/15.

\textsuperscript{4} 931. Macarty, (175,2), (Notes).
to get his revolver out at me, but failed... coming up the third hill, a gigantic Turk... grabbed me round the chest...he was a veritable Samson...[and] slowly began to crush the life out of me, I was almost gone when a mate of mine called Tippen came up & bayoneted him...We made sure of him & then continued up the hill. Poor Tippen got shot just in front of their trench in the stomach with two bullets, he died groaning horribly. I killed his assailant however by giving him five rounds in the head. I...let him have it full in the face. It was unrecognisable...  

One Australian, an ambulanceman, specifically linked the fighting effectiveness and the murderous inclinations of some of his countrymen:

There are a lot of bush-whackers, copper-gougers, etc. from the Cloncurry district in the 15th Battalion and I believe they are the finest of all soldiers, fearing nothing and as full of dash and endurance as man ever was. I am inclined to think they make it too willing bayonetting and killing when mercy should be shown and prisoners taken...There is no doubt that our men are hard and even cruel.  

Perhaps because it made war a series of individual combats, the favourite Australian weapon was the bayonet: "They will not face our bayonet" was a frequent boast.  

The Turks came to recognize their foes as both brave and merciless with the weapon, and rarely withstood the last minutes of an Anzac bayonet charge.  

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2 675. Richards, (135,2), (D), 11/6/15.  
4 See ibid., (D), 20/5/15, who quotes a Turkish prisoner.
Australians are enjoying themselves," an artilleryman stated,

when there is going to be a night attack, one can't buy a place in the main firing trench, and men are known to have refused £2 for their positions during the fighting. They stand up in the trenches & yell out "Come on, we'll give you Allah", &...let some Turks actually get into our trenches then tickle them up with the bayonet.

Many A.I.F. values consequently related to personal achievement in war. The Australian heroes were their best renowned fighters - Jacka, who won the first V.C. by shooting five Turks and bayonetting two; Simpson, the man with the donkey, and men like him, who risked death daily to save the lives of their comrades; Sing, 'the Murderer', the sniper from the light horse, who shot over 200 Turks; Freame, the best scout on Anzac, who knew No Man's Land as well as his own trenches; Black, and Murray, machine gunners of the Fourth Brigade, and a dozen more of their quality. 2

1 344. Ellsworth, (31,3), (L), 3/7/15. From an artilleryman this is hearsay evidence, but no infantry veteran I spoke with has doubted its accuracy.

They were the peers, but Australians applied the standards they set to every soldier: to the English, whom they found wanting so often, to the Turks,

The last patient I brought in...was shot through the lungs and I fear had but little time to live, but on the way down he said several times "By God, that Turk could shoot well. He got me a beauty, didn't he?" "I thought I had him right enough but he beat me easily."..."I feel pretty bad and expect I'm done for." "But, strike me dead, that Turk could shoot all right",^ and to themselves, and Australian standards impressed observers. On 8 May a British major watched the advance of the Second Brigade up the bare slope of Krithia Spur, at Helles, and recorded,

The enemy's shelling was shifted on to them in one great concentration of hell. The machine-guns bellowed and poured on them sheets of flame and of ragged death, buried them alive. They were disembowelled. Their clothing caught fire, and their flesh hissed and cooked before the burning rags could be torn off or beaten out. But what of it? Why, nothing!...They were at home in hell-fire...They laughed at it; they sang through it. Their pluck was titanic. They were not men, but gods, demons infuriated. We saw them fall by the score. But what of that? Not for one breath did the great line waver or break. On and up it went, up and on, as steady and proud as if on parade. A seasoned staff officer watching choked with his own admiration. Our men tore off their helmets and waved them, and poured cheer after cheer after those wonderful Anzacs.^
Out of battle, their standards impelled Australians never to bow before fear or hardship, and never to admit defeat. "Are We Downhearted", a man repeated a popular catchcry, "No we will beat these turks if we have to stay here 35 years...". Old soldiers knew the shell from which to duck or run, but self respect required that they swim under fire at the beach, and walk unflinching through the bullets of their enemies. Private Richards, a stretcher bearer, explained,

It is a queer feeling to hear a shell approaching in your immediate direction, not knowing where it is likely to burst, and because a dozen others passed safely over, one hates to pay John Turk the compliment of ducking...he grips his courage and takes "no notice".

A light horseman recalled that on fatigue duty,

(fooitnote 2 continued from p.190)
advanced is to appreciate the folly of the enterprise, the astonishment of the Turks, and the barbaric heroism of the men...". See also accounts of the Landing, Lone Pine, and The Nek in this and the preceding chapter.

See also Bean, op. cit., I, p.463; C.J. Dennis' poem, 'The Singing Soldiers'; James, op. cit., pp.17,303, the last repeated on p.158; the report of a British medical specialist that 3/4 of the Anzacs were unfit for action in September 1915, and their behaviour nonetheless, in Butler, op. cit., I, pp.351-2; pp.158-9.

2 As well as a fatalistic outlook sometimes. See pp.175, 206.

3 675. Richards, (135,2), (D), 4/8/15.
Johnny Turk started to shell us. Two of us were at each end of two long, heavy pieces of timber and it was practically impossible to run. The timber was too valuable to us to let it go so we just had to shuffle along at the best rate we could until we got under a bit of cover, when we had a good spell. Fortunately no one was hit.¹

This demeanour inspired those who watched. In August a recent arrival on Gallipoli observed,

By golly it is a treat to see the cool way these men who have been here since the first landing go about their work they don't seem to worry a bit about anything bullets and shells might be so much cotton wool for all the notice they take²

That was the impression they hoped to convey, but they would have behaved similarly had no-one been watching, to satisfy their own self respect. "Appleby and I were cooking tea", an infantry private remembered,

and it was very funny despite the danger. We would cut an onion then duck into the dug out for our lives, then out again give it a stir and in again as a shell would come whistling by...we were laughing all through because it was comical.³

While most of his mates bolted for cover from a barrage of Turkish shells, George Mitchell visited a cook's quarters and obtained a fortnight's supply of tea, a bag of "spuds", and a bag of onions.⁴ His comrades would have admired his

¹ 668. Price, (180,1), (L), 27/10/15.  
² 705. Sheppard, (161,1), (L), 28/8/15  
See also Bean, op. cit., II, p.383n.  
³ 419. Grubb, (103,2), (D), 14/9/15.  
gay defiance, because it mocked danger and so conformed to their code. It helped their predicament to be always happy and bright and joking and at times you can hardly believe that we are so next door to death. It is really marvellous...even when wounded you hear from many of them peals of laughter, while waiting for the Doctors...1

Wounded Australians showed a particular spirit in adversity. Anzacs true to their code 'cracked hardy' when wounded, thus least inconveniencing their comrades, and best showing their manhood to the world. Doctors reported several instances of their nonchalant courage. After the Turkish attack on 19 May a man was brought into the beach hospital with his hard palate shot away. He could not speak, but he wrote, "We gave the bastards hell". After the doctor had wired his jaw and moved on, the man sent him another message: "tell Doc there is a tooth loose." He had uttered no sound.2 Another came with a hand over his face, asking if the doctor were busy. He waited his turn, then removed his hand. A bullet had shot out his eye, and gone on through his head.3 In September a private wounded on 25 April asked if the doctor might help him with

1 612. Moran, (175,1), (L), 3/9/15
see also:
574. Lt. R.A. McInnis, 53 Bn., Surveyor, of Brisbane, Qld. b.1891. (D), 16/9/15

2 132. Beeston, (78,2), (D), 19/5/15.

3 947. Reynolds, (137,6), (D), 17/5/15 see also (D), 17 and 18/5/15.
"a little trouble" he had. He had dysentery, a compound fracture of the arm, two bullets through his thigh, another through his diaphragm, liver, and side, and minor injuries. "You know a man is hit by the string of language, and he generally tries to have a look at who got him," an artillery officer stated, "and unless absolutely crippled, they almost invariably walk down to the Beach Hospital... Never a moan or a grouch. Always the question "How long before I can come back, Doc?". This question almost disappeared after August, but throughout the campaign the hardihood of the wounded never faltered. They rarely took things seriously, and claimed to be no more afraid of the Turks than of snakes. Until the last day, they "crack[ed] jokes if they only had their tongues left".

Their staunchness was its own reward, but it also lessened the inconvenience a man's mates were put to, and for Australians this was a basic consideration. War makes soldiers comrades, because comrades sustain hope in battle, mitigate despair in adversity, and relieve a monotonous existence. The Australians recognized this: "Warfare breeds the spirit of good will...one chums up with anyone now no matter what unit he belongs to", one wrote, and after the Landing another confessed, "in Cairo I was

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2. 263. Coe, (76,3), (L), 14/5/15.
3. 233. Campbell, (73,1), (L), 16/9/15.
ashamed of [my comrades]..., now I am proud to be one of them...". 1

But mateship was a particular Australian virtue, a creed, almost a religion. 2 Men lived by it:

"Put this flour in your dixie old man and make my pancakes with yours, will you?" "Lend us yer fire after you mate" "Usin' that bit 'er fat, I'm short of a piece, lets have it will yer"...The trench is no place for a selfish natured man where almost everything is common property, just for the asking. 3

They died by it, and it could become their finest epitaph: the man who had proposed a twopenny tram ride to Glebe before Lone Pine 4 was killed an hour later, and his mate wrote of him, "he was a jolly fine cobber, and always stuck to his mates." 5

Above all, they fought by it. They fought because their mates relied on them, and this and their own self respect were the chief causes for their continuing to fight after fighting had lost much of its attraction. "...please God I may die in the same manner and fight in the same

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1 710. Silas, (100,1), (D), 25/4/15 see also (D), 29/4/15 and Conclusion, 1916, and compare with (D), 3/1 and 16/3/15 see also:
374. Flockart, (129,2), (L), 28/4/15;
466. Hunter, (43,3), (L), 15/10 and 8/12/15; 566. McCrae, (127,1), (L), 14/6/15; 583. McLarty, (115,1), (L), 12/5/15.
2 Bean, op. cit., I, p.6.
3 683. Roth, (94,1), (L), 1/11/15.
5 Ibid., (D), 6/8/15.
spirit that I know my comrades will display, for they know not defeat". Signaller Silas prayed, and Archie Barwick, caught during the early fighting in a hail of bullets and with men dying constantly around him, admitted, "I had a terrible fight with myself...one part of me wanted to run away & leave the rest of my mates to face it, & the other part said no, we would stop & see it out at any cost...". He saw it out. "...when you...think of your poor cobbers left behind in the trenches," stated a man in hospital at Malta, "perhaps not [eating],...or still worse lying wounded in some place and not able to get a drink...you say to yourself "I'll play the game, I'll go back and help the boys out...". 

This sentiment could always rally Australians, and the man who risked himself for his mates was the best sort of Australian. A light horse scout told of a patrol into No Man's Land:

We advanced to within about 150 yards of the Turks where...[they] opened on us with shrapnel. I was slightly in advance of the rest and ordered them to retire and King sang out to me that Cooper was wounded...We carried him a few yards under fire from the Turks trenches when King exclaimed "My God my poor old leg is gone" and dropped. Hewitt and I carried Cooper on to the trench and then went back for King. We were in plain view of the Turks all the time and could hear the bullets singing all round us and thudding into the dirt.

1 710. Silas, (100,1), (D), 1/5/15.
2 840. Barwick, (174,2), (D), I, p.102 (re 28/4/15)
See also:
970. Hutton, (129,4), (D), 20/5/15; Bean, op. cit., I, p.607.
3 802. Clune, (148,2), (L), 20/8/15.
at our feet. How they missed us I don't know. We carried King into the trench...I then crept out and got...[his] rifle...¹

Not all Australians showed such spirit,² but many did. "One of our fellows goes out three times to bring in wounded comrades", an engineer wrote on 25 April, "The third time he is shot through the head and pitches forward on his face within a few feet of his goal."³ On the exposed hillsides of that first day, this death was almost inevitable, as were others like it at Lone Pine:

I saw several men sacrifice themselves here, they went to certain death, one chap in particular I remember...we were chasing some Turk's round a little sap & they reached the bend first, everyone knew the first man round the corner was a dead one, but this chap never hesitated, he threw himself fair at them, & the six fired together, & fairly riddled him with bullets, that was our chance & we into them, & it was all over in a few minutes.⁴

That man shared completely, and trusted entirely, and died bravely. Perhaps he felt his mates expected it of him, and perhaps in different circumstances he would have expected it of them. Therefore, without a word, he volunteered to die.

¹ 536. Cpl. E.L. Magill, 7 L.H.Regt., Farmer, of Bogan Gate, N.S.W. D.O.W. 20/10/15, aged 22. (D), 10/7/15.  
² See 132. Beeston, (78,2), (D), 17/5/15, and 947. Reynolds, (137,6), (D), 17/5/15, both reporting men, perhaps the same man, who ran from his stretcher under shell fire; and 995. Patton, (90,3), (D), 27/4/15, who states that a man of the 6 Bn. shot an unpopular provost sergeant.  
³ 998. Turnley, (118,1), (D), 25/4/15.  
Only death had conquered his spirit, and the shadow of death hung continually over every man on Anzac. By tradition death was a part of war's romance, but no Australian had prepared himself for the horror or the frequency of death on Gallipoli. They landed believing it unlikely that they would die, and until they fought a great battle most could still conceive death in the vague and abstract terms of their boyhood. At first the Turk was to them much like the shadowy foes of the Empire's past. 

"[I]...have shot 1 Turk, that is for certain", a young soldier told his mother, "...he grasped his side & rolled down the hill. I was awfully excited, it is just like potting kangooroos in the bush."\(^1\) "I am getting a hot shot", another announced, "...I hit at a face at 200 yards ...the sergeant swears I scored a bull...".\(^2\) A third remarked that he "did a bit of sniping this morning...[and bagged] my first Turk, getting him through the neck or shoulder, he threw up his hands and went down like one shot, the distance was 500 yards."\(^3\)

These soldiers saw their foe as targets, not men: death had no reality, and so they could assume their own continued immortality and miss the menace of the grim Reaper. They expected to go to war, kill, and go home: one predicted, "...with a bit of care...I'll be home to

1 421. Guest, (136,2), (L), 28/5/15.
2 683. Roth, (94,1), (L), -/9/15 (second letter).
3 294. Lt. C.H. Dakin, 5 M.G.Coy., Orchardist, of Woodford, N.S.W. K.I.A. 15/4/17, aged 23. (D), 26/10/15

see also:
11. Adams, (35,6), (L), 17/9/15.
ride in the train...as long as a man doesn't act the goat & expose himself unnecessarily he can't have a tumble."  
Three years later he was mortally wounded advancing into German machine guns in France.  

Long before then, death demanded the consideration of his comrades. It challenged some unexpectedly, materializing on a quiet morning. "A man was just shot dead in front of me", a trooper related, 

He was a little infantry lad, quite a boy, with snowy hair...I was going for water. He stepped out of a dugout and walked down the path ahead, whistling. I was puffing the old pipe...he suddenly flung up his water-bottles, wheeled around, and stared for one startled second, even as he crumpled to my feet. In seconds his hair was scarlet, his clean white singlet all crimson.  

The sniper could have shot the trooper had he so chosen, while the infantry lad passed on to the water cart. "I killed my first Turk on Saturday", a soldier reported, "I was firing at a sandbag on the Turkish parapet and this chap must have been trying to prop the bag up. I fired at the bag, and, to my surprise, I saw a man jump in the air and then fall...". The realization that he had killed a man distressed this soldier, and he tried to justify the deed: "It was just this Turk's bad luck...Anyway that is what I am here for."  

These were old defences, eternally relevant to the business of war, but only now did this soldier advance them.  

1 683. Roth, (94,1), (L), -/9/15 (second letter).  
2 Idriess, op. cit., p.25 (30.5.15).  
3 138. Bell, (186,2), (L), -/8/15.
Death materialized before other men when they killed their foes at close range during a pitched battle. "I got [a Turk] in the neck," an infantry private wrote after a trench fight in May, "...made me feel sick and squeamish, being the first man I have ever killed...I often wake up and seem to feel my bayonet going into his neck. Ugh! it does get on a man's nerves." Or death became real when friends were killed unexpectedly during the daily round of trench warfare. Sergeant Cameron, a Victorian farmer in the 9th Light Horse Regiment, recorded,

This afternoon we lost our brave little officer... than whom the Regt. boasted no better. He was on the observation post and just turned round to give an order when a bullet struck him in the left side of the head, coming out on the right. Mr. Mac as he was called, died giving his orders -his last words were "Stand to arms, Twelve hundred, Five Rounds - Oh God! and fell back...I feel a great loss keenly. The first officer of the 9th to go. Poor Mac!"

Even the sight of the dead could lead some men to consider the possibility of dying: "8 a.m. 9 hours armistice granted to bury dead...Will have a look over battle field while it lasts", Sergeant Cameron decided eight days after he reached Anzac, and later he wrote,

Have done so and...Its awfulness is appalling. Thousands of bodies lie rotting in the intervening space between enemy's and our trenches...and the stench is sickening. The burial party have indeed a horrible job, yet the whole thing is peculiar in that Turk, Britain or Australian are intermingled

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2. 230. Cameron, (136,3), (D), 31/5/15.
in the common task of placing out of sight the bodies of dead comrades, and in a few short hours this will cease and each will be in his own trench, each doing his best to add to the already large list.¹

For a time some Australians protested against death. After his mate was shot an infantry sergeant burst out, "Oh my God this is too horrible this bloody war - every day someone getting killed",² and when his brother was killed a trooper declared, "I am going to have some more shots at the bloody Turks now. I suppose they will get me in the end but I intend to avenge Reg."³ But grief and revenge were inadequate responses to a threat so relentless and an end so probable. Some soldiers, seeing the toll mount, pondered their own futures. "Frankly speaking no man has the firm conviction that he will return",⁴ Corporal Mitchell wrote early in June. "...we have not much time to think of [death]...here," Corporal Ranford claimed, yet he was thinking of it: "especially as we never know from one minute to another when our turn is coming."⁵ Private Richards commented:

...in front of me now...there are ten bodies lying in line...Yesterday these were fine specimens of Australian manhood. Men that any nation would be

¹ 230. Cameron, (136,3), (D), 24/5/15.
² 279. Coulter, (114,2), (D), 28/7/15.
³ 970. Hutton, (129,4), (D), 20/5/15
⁴ see also:
⁵ 363. Feist, (104,1), (L), -/5/15 quoted p.119.
⁷ 670. Ranford, (107,2), (D), 13/6/15.
proud to claim. It is a sickly sight if one is willing...to dwell on [it]...but this we must not allow as there is so much blood and slaughter about to face that one cannot be sentimental. ¹

Men were forced to accept that the dead were normal to life on Gallipoli, and unless the victim was a close mate or a relative, they soon were not sentimental. Three months after he had described the killing of his officer, Sergeant Cameron noted simply of a man of his troop, "Poor old Maude got one in the head today." ² At the Landing a 10th Battalion soldier called several times to a mate without response, then crawled up to his position: "The poor fellow had been shot through the heart, and was quite dead. At first these things fill you with horror, but after awhile you become accustomed to them and take little notice." ³ A 1st Battalion officer stated, "...the expression at 1d shy shows "Another doll over" is...[what] you experience...in seeing even one of our own men go over." ⁴ At Lone Pine a man told his family:

The dead were 4 & 5 deep & we had to walk over them: it was just like walking on a cushion...I daresay you will be surprised how callous a man becomes: a man may have a very close chum well if somebody tells him his chum is killed all he says is - "poor chap" - & he forgets all about him... ⁵

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¹ 675. Richards, (135,2), (D), 1/8/15.
² 230. Cameron, (136,3), (D), 19/8/15.
³ 505. Leane, (107,1), (D), 28/4/15.
and towards the end of the campaign an infantry private repeated, "...its no surprize to tell a fellow that so & so was killed last night one get so use to hearing of death's that the look of unconcern is all that one gets ...".  

Of necessity dead men were often ignored, or treated as refuse:

The dead that are left unburied are tossed over the rear of the trench, and are now smelling very badly being a menase to our general health, in fact the whole of the ground in front is covered with the dead who have been lying there for a week in the sun.

The stench of the dead bodies now is simply awfull, as they have been fully exposed to the sun for several days, many have swollen terribly and have burst...many men wear their gas protectors...there has been no attempt...to either remove or bury them, they are stacked out of the way in any convenient place...

Men must be prepared to see things here, and...carry on with the job...my sub & myself were sent out burying soldiers who had been dead for weeks...I had to undo their clothes to search for the Identity disc & Pay book, & the bodies were that swollen & rotten that their clothes are bursting at the seams. We work with handkerchiefs around our noses &...hook a couple of drag ropes around his ankles & drag him in & chop his arms in & fill up lively...speed at "filling in" is essential.

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1 148. Bessell, (191,1), (L), A10/15

see also:

2 308. de Vine, (95,1), (D), 2/5/15.

3 Ibid., (D), 9/8/15.

4 344. Ellsworth, (31,3), (L), 25/7/15.
First Brigade troops in a Turkish trench at Lone Pine, c.8 August 1915.
...our new firing line...is a most gruesome sight...as they have made it under where all the Light Horse bodies are lying and just on the parapet of the trench may be seen legs, heads and bodies of our men who died in the [Nek] charge...and are still there.¹

Some men even became similarly callous towards the dying: "A[wounded] Turk...the other night...let out some heart rending yelps - but our chaps roared and laughed at the poor devil".² But this was not usual on Anzac, even towards the Turk, and where they could Australians tended the dying gently.

Perhaps they saw their own ends in the surrounding dead. They clung while they could to notions of their immortality, but they came to know well that chance might at any moment stretch them alongside the still forms about them, and at length many were forced to admit the probability of dying. With varying degrees of reluctance, they abandoned their hopes and fortunes to the decrees of destiny, and became fatalists.

Their fatalism took different forms. Many who among the habits of peace had served their Maker now took strength from His comfort. "What is it to me, if I am killed?", one man asked,

...I am not left to worry over it...I think war is sent with a purpose by God, and I think it has its effect. Men are here who are immoral to a degree or were and after a time there is a change in them, one becomes more thoughtful for a time and...[we] direct our thoughts to our homes and from there to God... Men, who months ago, would have been ashamed

¹ 294. Dakin, (198,3), (D), 15/10/15.
² 73. Armitage, (78,1), (D), 4/11/15.
to have it known that they had a bible are seen reading it often in their posies... all [is] designed to draw men nearer to God.

Lance Corporal Mitchell, who was certainly not religious, supported him:

...taken all round the moral tone of our men has improved wonderfully with the advent of action. Swearing has diminished (except when close to the enemy) and the most hardened turn their minds to divine things. As one man put it "when you are talking to your pal, look away, and when you look back see him in a heap with a bullet through his brain, it makes you think." It does.²

Most men found their surroundings too horrible to see the workings of divinity in them. They came to prefer a more mechanical manipulation, to accept the illogical and hence understandable vagaries of fate, or chance, or destiny, or luck. "'Tis no good being anything but a fatalist", Lieutenant Coe decided after the first violent week on Anzac, "When your time comes, so does your bullet. And if my time is not up for years yet, well, I shall get back all right, and thank God for my narrow escapes...".³

In October another lieutenant observed,

What... appear marvellous escapes... one soon takes as a matter of course which is I think a wise dispensation of providence as were a man to dwell much on what might have happened if such & such a

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¹ 466. Hunter, (43,3), (L), 15/10/15. An example of religious leanings is in (L), 25/7/15.
³ 263. Coe, (76,3), (D), 2/5/15.
shell burst in such & such a place, his nerves would undoubtedly go to pieces in no time.¹

Although these men were obliged to accept the partnership of death in their enterprise, they would not submit their spirits to it. One soldier bathed under shrapnel fire because he needed a wash, and because it was "useless and impossible" to dodge the shells which exploded regularly above him.² Another, crossing an area swept by machine gun fire, felt simply as though he were hurrying home in the rain with a new straw hat on.³ Their fatalism fortified the defiance of such men, for they could ignore bullets, if being shot at was unavoidable.

More than this, because death menaced them, men strove against its oppressions. Usually a man could not choose the manner of his passing. When he could he tried to die well, to defy the great unknown and show its palsied hold upon his memory even while it bore his soul away. The death of Fred Lowry, the bushranger shot into immortal renown 50 years before, was several times re-enacted on those Turkish hillsides. "I'm dying," a 20 year old artilleryman muttered after a Turk shell had blown up his battery, "but

¹ 771. Warren, (155,3), (L), 17/10/15
see also:
³ 319. Donaldson, (137,4), (L), 16/7/15.
by God I'll die game."¹ "Mafeesh...missus and kids - dirty swine...", a wounded Australian murmured before he dragged himself to his knees, fired a last shaky shot at the sky, and collapsed.² "Tell Marjorie how I died",³ requested a soldier shot on the first day, and in July a dying infantryman kept repeating, "Oh well we've had some good times together."⁴ Some claim that Ned Kelly said almost the same thing, before he died.

Their earthly farewells dignified the lives and the memories of these men, and effaced their failings in the minds of those who saw them die. They became both inspiration and example, because in dying they had struck the best possible bargain with their last enemy. Those who remained walked perpetually along the edge of a great shadow, separated only by time from those who had already passed into the darkness. They hallowed the memories of their dead mates, especially if they had died well, because

¹ This was Donald Barrett-Lennard, and his words are almost those Lowry is reputed to have used.
³ McLarty, (115,2), (L), 21/7/15. McLarty was in 8 Bty., 3 F.A.B., with Barrett-Lennard.
⁴ Cavill, op. cit., p.81 (re 25/4/15) 'Mafeesh' is Australian Arabic for 'finished'.
⁵ Mitchell, (79,2), (D), 25/4/15.
⁶ Lewis, (30,3), (L), 15/7/15 see also:
⁷ Richards, (135,2), (D), 4/5/15 quoted p.190.
at any moment death might be their own destiny, and only
the memories they left would survive their passing. So
the living prepared themselves, hoping, if it was their
lot to die, to die well, and thus come nearest to
straddling the great divide.

News of the Evacuation upset this thinking, because
it would separate the survivors from their dead comrades
forever, as nothing else could. 7,594 Australians and
2,431 New Zealanders lay slain about those Turkish ridges,¹
and now, for the first time, most of their surviving mates
felt the real pain of parting. The strongest Australian
reaction to the news of that December was sorrow and regret
at leaving their dead in enemy hands. "I hope they won't
hear us marching down the deres", one said, and during the
final days men carefully tidied the graves of their friends,
fencing them, and placing stones and crosses above them.²
After he left Anzac a man who had landed on the first day
wrote,

It was a sad day for us that the order for the
evacuation was issued. Every man of the good
old 1st division has someone, whom he honoured
and respected, lying in one of those solitary
graves at Anzac, the thought of having to leave
these sacred spots to the mercy of the enemy made
the spirit of the men revolt and cry out in
anguish at the thought of it. It has even been
said that some of the men broke down and cried...
when they heard the order...It drives me almost
to despair...³

¹ Bean, op. cit., II, p.909. Butler, op. cit., I, p.449 and
111, p.896 gives 7,818 dead, plus (at 111, p.897) 600 non-
battle deaths.
² Bean, op. cit., II, p.882.
³ 717. Pte. A.L. Smith, 1 Fld.Amb., Railway signalman, of
Hornsby, N.S.W. K.I.A. 17/8/16, aged 25. (L), 30/12/15.
A section of Shrapnel Gully cemetery in November 1915.
Another veteran wrote or copied a sad goodbye to his dead friends:

Not only muffled is our tread
To cheat the foe,
We fear to rouse our honoured dead
To hear us go.
Sleep sound, old friends - the keenest smart
Which, more than failure, wounds the heart,
Is thus to leave you - thus to part,
Comrades, farewell!!  

At the Evacuation the Australians summarized all their qualities. Their sorrow at abandoning their dead increased their disgust with English New Army troops. "...I have seen at least two hardened soldiers - (Boer war men too) weeping over the news [of evacuation]," Lieutenant Armitage stated on Lemnos,

We all feel extreme disgust at the weakness of K's army - who bungled up the 'Sari Bahr' action, and fuddled Suvla Bay...inefficient, incapable, and badly led troops...If they had been shoved in right, we would have finished Jacko...

Private Mitchell, sick with enteric in England, thundered,

All that sacrifice, all that labour, all that suffering for nothing at all...the flower of Australia's manhood [dead]...Wandering parties

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1 422. Guppy, (76,4), (D), re 19/12/15
see also:
2 Not only Kitchener's army was responsible for this. See pp.146-8.
3 73. Armitage, (78,1), (D), 19/12/15.
of Turks in search of loot will trample over them ...I feel bitter about it. Had experienced troops been put in, instead of Kitchener's army - men fresh from the old country who had never heard a shot fired - ...the tale would have been different.  

Australians absolved themselves from any blame for their defeat, but they suffered it with the rest, and they felt the disgrace keenly. "Hill voiced the feeling of us all", a man declared after the news was first broken, when he said, "God help us if such a thing comes about. may it never be that, far better we should stay here and suffer hardship and privation, as we have done before, or better still throw everything into the scale and strike one great blow for victory or death with honour." 

An officer wrote, 

...the Turks have beaten us...Tonights...the last night at Anzac...it hurts to have to leave that place. I...was undoubtedly sick of it and needed a rest, but...to absolutely chuck the whole thing cuts right in. And I'm damned if they can say the Australians failed to do what was asked of them. They did everything...more than they were asked. We feel it very much believe me. We haven't had a fair chance...}

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1 607. Mitchell, (79,2), (D), 21/12/15
See also:
18. Adlard, (138,2), (D), 20/12/15. Some Englishmen agreed with this verdict. In December 1915 Punch published a poem inspired by the remark of a British officer who considered the Australian soldier "the bravest thing God ever made".

2 422. Guppy, (76,4), (D), 14/12/15.

3 610. Moody, (181,2), (L), 19/12/15
See also:
Many Australians, proud, shamed, and brave, determined to fight to the last. Even though they believed death or capture certain they begged to join the rearguard, and if they were refused they paraded before their officers demanding to know what dishonour had excluded them. If they were selected they were glad, and prepared themselves as befitted men of the Empire. "It will be a serious business," one of the chosen predicted,

and we will be very lucky if we ever reach the Beach and boats, but at school I learnt this motto: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," and I feel composed, and, if possible, happy... I take this opportunity of saying farewell to all the loved ones at home and all my intimate friends.

His manhood was guided by the traditions of his Empire, yet the Evacuation of Anzac and Suvla was one of the few intelligent military operations conducted on Gallipoli, and it was planned by his own countrymen. 35,445 men were got safely off Anzac in eleven nights, 20,277 of them on the last two nights, 18 and 19 December. There was one casualty, a man wounded by a stray shot, and the last Australians were in their ships before the first Turks ventured into the open. It was a brilliant withdrawal,

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1 Bean, op. cit., II, p.882.
2 785. Worrall, (111,1), (L), 16/12/15.
3 The others were possibly Lone Pine, and the British and French withdrawal from Helles, in January 1916.
hailed then as "an achievement without parallel in the annals of war."¹

The men left without hating the Turk. He had fought a good and generally chivalrous fight. Gallipoli had been a game to the end, played on both sides by sportsmen. Symbolically, men played a cricket match on the last day, on Shell Green, "just to let them see we were quite [un]concerned...& when shells whistled by we pretended to field them. The men were wonderfully cheerful & seemed to take the whole thing as a huge joke."² Some soldiers laid out food and wine for Jacko in their dugouts,³ and left him messages, saying goodbye, requesting respect for the Anzac dead,⁴ and sharing with him the serious and the comic, the great and the petty, as they had since May. In


² 977. Ryrie, (35,1), (L), 23/12/15.

³ Hogue, op. cit., p.278. Some Australians booby trapped food. 840. Barwick, (174,2), (D), II, p.262 (-/12/15). It was their parting joke.

The cricket match on Shell Green, 17 December 1915.
the headquarters dugouts of the Third Light Horse Brigade, someone addressed a note to the Commander of the Turkish Forces on Gallipoli:

The Brigadier presents his compliments to our worthy TURKISH opponents and offers those who first honour his quarters with their presence such poor hospitality as is in his power to give, regretting that he is unable personally to welcome them.

After a sojourn of 7 months in Gallipoli we propose to take some little relaxation at that period in which we are instructed by a Higher Power to observe "Goodwill towards all Men" and in bidding "Au revoir" to our honourable foes we Australians desire to express appreciation of the fine soldierly qualities of our Turkish opponents and of the sportsmanlike manner in which they have participated in a very interesting contest, honourable, we trust, to both sides.

For a little while we have been with you, yet a little while and you shall see us not. For us it is a matter of deep regret that the ancient friendship so long existing between the British and Turkish Empires should have been thus disturbed and broken by the insidious machinations of the Arch-enemy of humanity.

We have left this area and trenches in which we have taken considerable trouble and pride, clean and in good order, and would be grateful if they may be so maintained until our return, particular care being asked in regard to matters of sanitation, so vital to the health and well being of an army.

We hope that you will find the Wine, Coffee, tobacco, cigarettes and food to your taste, and a supply of fuel has been left in the cupboard to ameliorate in some measure the discomfort during the cold watches of the winter.

Our only request is that no member of the nation who was guilty of the inhuman murder of that noble woman Miss Edith Cavell to whose photo this message is attached, will be permitted to pollute with his
presence the quarters of soldiers who have never yet descended to such barbarous and ruthless methods.  

The Third Light Horse Brigade had suffered much on Anzac. Its troopers had charged The Nek. Yet none felt rancour for that. Their malice, and the malice of every Australian soldier, was entirely reserved for the Hun, for he had caused the war.

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1 From Supplementary Material for 3 L.H.Bde. War Diary, in the Australian War Memorial Library.

2 Australians blamed Germany not merely for the war, but for their particular tribulations on Gallipoli. For examples of both, 144. Berg. (167,1), (L), 8/12/15; 319. Donaldson, (137,4), (L), 16/7/15; 363. Feist, (104,1), (L), -/5/15; 505. Leane, (107,1), (D), 20/12/15; 800. Brett, (108,2), (L), c.12/9/15; p.103.
Men of the First Light Horse Brigade near Esdud, 10 January 1918.
Full many a time we've known the call to arms,
The sudden storm...the aching aftermath,
When spent companions slumbered 'neath the palms,
And wooden crosses marked the wake of wrath.

Full often have we saddled up and sped
Over the sand, sweeping along at large,
Braving the fitful hurricanes of lead,
Galloping down resistance in the charge.

...we have crossed the woeful waste of sand,
Left sorrow far behind; and we have heard
The skylarks carolling in the Holy Land,
Where flower and tree commune with bee and bird.

"Gerardy", in *Australia in Palestine*, p.91.

(A map of Egypt and Palestine is inside the back cover of volume 2)
The Anzacs bequeathed a memorable heritage to their country. To many, Gallipoli was Australia's Westminster Abbey, the fount of her traditions, the shrine of her nationhood, the tomb of her kings. "...Australia's best and bravest. Heroes all!...", a soldier hailed his comrades slain on Gallipoli, "The memory of their magnificent achievements shall ever be fresh in the minds of their own countrymen. The story of their heroism shall be told to Australians for generations to come..." The survivors of Anzac were a select fraternity, which could never admit new members, and for the rest of their lives they would take pride in their distinction. To have fought on Gallipoli conferred a special cachet, officially recognized by a gold 'A' veterans wore over their colour patches, and

This chapter discusses Australians in Egypt after the Evacuation, and Australian light horsemen in Sinai and Palestine between 1916 and 1919.

1 This chapter discusses Australians in Egypt after the Evacuation, and Australian light horsemen in Sinai and Palestine between 1916 and 1919.

2 789. Youdale, (33,2), (D), -/4/16, p.112.

3 264. Coen, (108,2), (L), 28/1/16

see also:
73. Armitage, (78,1), (D), 23/4/16.


see also:
574. McInnis, (193,1), (D), 17/10/15; Williams, Comrades of the Great Adventure, p.67.

5 This was authorised for men who had been on the peninsula by A.I.F. Order No.937 on 6 Nov. 1917, and for men who had been lines of communications troops in Egypt or the Aegean islands by A.I.F. Order No.1084 on 25 Jan. 1918. Bean, op. cit., VI, p.5, states that some men wore the 'A' earlier, possibly from early 1916.
universally evidenced by the deference other Australian soldiers accorded a man who had been on Anzac.

Yet the Gallipoli men were returned to Egypt, and most resented another incarceration in the land of sorrow. Time faded Anzac's discomfort - "It's the humour that they always remember. They forget all the troubles and hardships"¹ - but the Egyptian wastes seemed eternally to be with them. Those who hoped to belabour the Hun were especially irked. "I don't know how long we are here for", a man with four months active service on Anzac wrote, "Myself I would sooner be fighting & at the Germans. If I get the opportunity I will drive it in"²; and another just returned from the Dardanelles predicted, "...there is a job for us and our fellow Anzacs near by - and by God...we'll make our names stand out in Hunnish blood then...if only we get put against the God damned Huns - well things will move."³

As the months passed, monotony and a sense of futility corroded the patience of almost every veteran, and soon many, including some who had survived the fiercest fighting on Anzac, were quite ready for a second spell in the trenches. Lieutenant Armitage typified the growing discontent of such men. In January he wrote, "...my new men are all frightfully keen and anxious to get into a scrap - and I

¹ 258. Chinner, (32,2), (L), 16/2/16.
² 813. Hill, (111,1), (L), 14/1/16. Pte. Hill got the opportunity he sought; his reaction is quoted on pp.383, 447.
³ 73. Armitage, (78,1), (D), 12/12/15.
will admit that many of us 'old hands' are beginning to hanker after powder again. This life seems to slow..."; in February, "Its about time we had another scrap. Our last was on Nov. 16 - so we are getting the fighting itch again"; and in April,

"Well I suppose we will be into it again soon", another veteran speculated, "...I don't suppose they will keep old soldiers out of it for long", and Birdwood asked a soldier digging trenches by the Suez Canal "if I thought I was at Anzac digging trenches again? I answered him saying oh, no there is nothing flying about overhead - he cheered me by saying there might soon be - something!"^3

Because they thus ignored its hardships, the veterans probably did not believe themselves greatly changed by their stay on the peninsula. Lieutenant Armitage claimed,

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1 73. Armitage, (78,1), (D), 18/1, 15/2, and 17/4/16.
2 144. Berg, (167,1), (L), 17/1/16.
3 94. 2/Lt. H. Attwood, 7 Bn., Accountant, of Bendigo, Vic. K.I.A. 20/9/17, aged 35. (L), -/3/16
see also:
10. Adams, (153,5), (D), 13/1/16; 207. Burrows, (98,3), (L), 4/5/16.
I have been through a fair lot during the last year - have seen many sights, pleasing, horrible, awe inspiring, hellish, but as far as I can say, the effect has only been to broaden my experience, make me a little more serious...I think I am...as of yore, and many among his Anzac comrades would have concurred. They were proven fighters, but their purpose had not altered, and they still fought to humble the Hun. Their ideals and their senses of right and manhood remained secure, and their love for Australia was at least as strong as formerly. "...Australia's future as a free country is inextricably bound up with the successful issue of this conflict", one man decided, "...should my life be sacrificed ...[I make the sacrifice] willingly and cheerfully...my country is my life, my life is my country's." Their faith in their Empire, though questioned, was firm. "Talk about Empire sentiment," a frequent critic of English troops exclaimed after a review of Australians by the Prince of Wales,

well it was not till then that I realised what loyalty and royalty meant. To see a mere lad... [provoke] one continual roar of cheers, was a wonderful sight. Cheer - never have I heard such cheering. The Son of our King saw us...and we can say "God Save the King" - "Bless the Prince of Wales" - Damn their and our enemies." They were ready to soldier on, and do what honour and duty required.

1 73. Armitage, (78,1), (D), 23/4/16.

2 264. Coen, (108,2), (L), 2/2/16.

3 73. Armitage, (78,1), (D), 23/3/16. For his criticisms of English soldiers, see (D), 29/8/15 and 18/1/16, quoted p.170, and (D), 19/12/15.
But Gallipoli had wrought changes. Some soldiers now preferred even the desert to the trenches,\(^1\) and one or two schemed for repatriation:

Some of the Malingerers...have a method of making their knees swell by binding them tightly with a towel and continuously knocking at each side of the knee unfortunately that swelling only lasts about 24 hours. chewing cordite for a temperature is another scheme but a very old one.\(^2\)

More generally, the adventurous enthusiasms prevailing a year earlier had disappeared. Though they still rated victory most important, more men were ready to see the war end and go home, and many ruefully remembered their former innocence. A veteran stated of a new arrival,

He was not - much to his chagrin - on Gallipoli... The best wish I could give him was that he would never see a shot fired. However, I was of the same mind as he until I had the experience of being under fire. I do not care if the war ended tomorrow. While it is on, of course, I would never be happy unless at the front line but the sooner it ends the better for us all.\(^3\)

In May 1916 Lieutenant Armitage admitted,

As for V.C., D.S.O....there's not too much satisfaction in getting one - so long as one does his job thoroughly as a...soldier...and


\(^3\) 264. Coen, (108,2), (L), 30/1/16

see also:
201. Burgess, (220,1), (L), 17/1/16; 484. Kelaher, (140,2), (L), -/5/16.
leaves or goes through this show with a white name - that's all that counts,\(^1\)

and in the preceding September a soldier had concluded,

I have never once regretted joining the Army and if I have a bit of a rest & decent food I will go back...with a good heart: but if they say would you like to go to Australia...I guarantee I would not miss the boat.\(^2\)

But the boats were carrying reinforcements from Australia; by early 1916 there were sufficient of these to create two new divisions.\(^3\) This was begun in February, by mingling the new arrivals with the veterans: in the infantry for example, the original 1st to 16th Battalions exchanged half their strength for half the strength of their respective 'daughter' battalions among the new formations, the 45th to 60th Battalions. The move distributed the experienced men evenly through the force, and so facilitated training, but it was strongly resented by the old soldiers. "I felt as though I were having a limb amputated without any anaesthetic,"\(^4\) a 12th Battalion officer stated after watching his comrades march away, and Anzacs torn from the ranks of their friends and memories were especially bitter, for already their old units had won a loyal allegiance from them.\(^5\)

\(^1\) 73. Armitage, (78,1), (D), 14/5/16.

\(^2\) 806. Dietze, (202,5), (L), 19/9/15

\(^3\) see also:

21. Aitken, (101,2), (L), 17/1/16.

\(^4\) 4 and 5 Divs. 3 Div. was being raised in Australia.


178. Pte. V.A. Bowman, 9 Bn., Dairyman, of Corram, Qld. b.1894. (D), 26/2/16

185. Brew, (218,3), (D), 15/2/16; 250. Champion, (41,2), (D), 13/1/16; 509. Lewis, (30,3), (L), 22/3/16; Rule, op. cit., p.35.
The men whose arrival thus disconcerted the veterans were better warned of their futures than their predecessors. They had read the Gallipoli casualty lists, they heard the tales of the old soldiers. If they heeded these cautions, they shortly forgot them. Eric Chinner observed in December 1915 that the year had been a red one, and hoped that in 1916 peace would settle the sadness of the nations. But in January he declared, "...it makes me green with envy when [the old soldiers] tell me stories of battle...Our hopes [of a fight] are continually raised - only to be dashed to the ground again..."

Most new soldiers wished to experience their own battles, whatever the risk. Some repeated the impatient ardour which had marked the First Division a year earlier: a trooper languishing in the details because his regiment was at full strength hoped it would be "smashed up" in a battle, so that he could reinforce it. Others were made eager by the desert. One sailed reluctantly from Sydney in September 1915 and confessed to homesickness in October and November, but noted in January 1916, "Great possibility of remaining here till end of war which would be disappointing. Would like to have a scrap and put up

1 258. Chinner, (32,2), (L), 31/12/15
see also:

2 258. Chinner, (32,2), (L), 23/1/16 see also (L), 28/2/16.

with results."¹ "I wish they would let us get to business instead of fooling around here, everybody is sick of it",² an infantry private complained, and with mounting impatience another wrote, in February, "Things are very slow here, and I will be very glad when we get a move on... I wish they would let [us]...have a cut at someone - I don't mind who it is - as long as we get away from this inactivity"; in May, "...the sooner we are out of this the better. Surely they cannot keep us here, doing nothing, much longer"; and as he left Egypt, "[I] have had a long stretch of inactivity and a more or less easy time for many months now, so am quite ready to go "into it", in fact will relish the idea."³

Yet, unlike the earliest enlistments, these men restrained their exuberance, tending to direct it less towards adventure, and more towards duty. Some wrote of God and Empire:

¹ 346. Elvin, (77,3), (D), 7/1/16 see also (D), 30/9, 10/10, and 2/11/15.
² 78. Armstrong, (41,1), (L), 27/12/15.
We who are out here have a double duty to perform: to help our British brothers in the great cause, and to wipe out a debt to those who have given their lives for us earlier in the war. But God is with us. He will repay: vengeance is His. In His good time we shall win.¹

Others had a more pragmatic concept of their mission: directed by the Australian press and alarmed by the power of Germany's war machine, they longed to assail the Hun,

...to get to grips with the kasiers horde I think they would get a rough time of if we could get at them as it is a fault of ours to go & we do not take much notice of orders when we are in a tight as it is each man for himselfe different to the home lads who do not know what freedom is like we are used to in the bush...[I had to sell my farm to get here, and lost a bit of money] but I do not mind the sacrifce as I am happy to be able to do my duty for the dear old flag & I could not rest or give my mind to work so had to go.²

Shortly after leaving Egypt an untried soldier asserted,

...we are helping to save [France]... from the un-Kultured modern "Hun", who has, with the Kaiser & War Lord's sanction, done his best to out-do the savage tribe of Attila of old, in the wrecking of God Almighty's Laws, made for the good of humanity.³

¹ 258. Chinner, (32,2), (L), 28/3/16.
³ 865. L/Cpl. H.J. Cave, 1 Bn., Customs clerk, of Balmain, N.S.W. b.1892. (L), 2/4/16

see also:
258. Chinner, (32,2), (L), 1/4 and 4/6/16; 416. Griffiths, (222,1), (L), 28/1/16.
Although new and old soldiers differed in their attitudes to war, they diverged only slightly in their respective responses to discipline. New soldiers tended to react against minor irritations which veterans tolerated, and old soldiers more readily did what pleased them, but their monotonous existence and the proven worth of their army in battle made every Australian impatient of seemingly pointless restrictions. On Lemnos an Anzac explained,

...its nice and quiet here, no danger and all that but I really think I'd rather be back on the Peninsula; camp life with its rules and regulations, red tape and ceremony is very distasteful after having been thro' the real fighting.

Entertainment facilities still hardly existed in Egypt, and absence without leave, untidy dress, venereal disease, refusal to salute and to pay train fares, and attacks on natives and native property remained prevalent offences in the A.I.F. "If they take my advice they will take "Gallic leave", "in moderation" whenever they need it", a private on Gallipoli had written about two recently enlisted brothers, and despite the censor (his platoon commander) he added, "The penalty is nothing much. I have never "put in" for leave since I joined the military and I never went short for leave either in Victoria or Egypt." Many Australians, believing that Gallipoli proved the worthlessness of a strict code of discipline, thought

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2 201. Burgess, (220,1), (L), 18/10/15.
as he did, and passed their off-duty hours as they saw fit.¹

The practice of saluting aroused their particular opposition. A private explained,

...if we are to salute each and every officer we meet...a chap will get the equivalent of housemaid's knee in his elbow...Can't see how being all the time as stiff as a poker is going to win the war. We came here to fight for freedom, not to be slaves to our superiors - we haven't got any. If I salute an officer I like to feel that we are exchanging man-to-man compliments, and I reckon the officers worth saluting feel the same way.²

This was one manifestation of the unrelenting egalitarianism of Australians. An officer described another:

After breakfast I put my head outside my hut and rap an order. Do I see men running to obey? No. We are Australians. There are curses and growls everywhere...and in about a half-hour the men are on parade. I know all about it so I always call out half an hour before I really want them. Then a job is given them. Do they smartly obey? No. They gather in cliques and finally slouch off, swearing and smoking...a dirty black pipe (I have one myself.) Parade is over. I look at the work...they have done more than I expected. So they go on day after day. A better lot of men could not be found.³

² Ibid., p.115 (2/6/16).
³ 258. Chinner, (32,2), (L), 31/12/15.
The comradeship of the trenches reinforced the independent outlook natural to many old soldiers, and united almost every soldier in a more forceful opposition to authority.¹ Men acted with a directness, even a violence, that might have daunted them a year before. Australian prisoners evolved a system to escape from their escorts² which worked because "the escorts will not use their bayonets against their fellow soldiers"³, and a private detached to police duty recorded,

This morning the prisoners were very troublesome so the Sergeant of the Guard called me and another chap in (with fixed Bayonets) to take their Bedding, Blankets etc. They refused to give them up when asked So I turned to the Sergt. gave him my Rifle and Bayonet and told him to put me in. That I didn't enlist to do a Policeman's work.⁴

A young lance corporal noted,

Some Red-Caps (Military Police) raided a harmless Two-up School right away from the lines. The news spread like magic, and soon hundreds of chaps were around them - exit the Military Police. Everyone thought some damage would be done to them, but they thought discretion better than valour, and left calmly⁵,

and on a troop train between Heliopolis and Tel el Kebir,

¹ Because inexperienced men tended to imitate the veterans.
² Diagrams showing this are appended on p.474.
³ 671. Raws, (43,2), (L), 8/5/16.
⁴ 262. Cleary, (220,2), (D), 13/5/16
⁵ see also:
⁶ 988. Doyle, (223,3), (D), 14/5/16.
⁷ 250. Champion, (41,2), (D), 6/3/16.
...some silly ass... uncoupled the last truck (on which the officers were) and of course others followed suit, we were on the down grade and very soon the train was coming along in four parts. Talk about laugh, the front part of the train went on about two miles and then had to come back. There was a big row about it of course.

Not even Australians could defend some transgressions. Venereal disease clearly impaired battle efficiency, yet Australians in Egypt were particularly susceptible to it. In every army the sole effective counter to venereal disease was removal from sources of infection, but to Australians no area was out of bounds, and the higher rates of pay they enjoyed increased the disease rate among them. Australian soldiers also maltreated local Egyptians, whom they despised. As formerly, men gave Egyptians 'references' in English urging readers to kick the bearer, upset trays of food and fruit, and burnt Egyptian stalls; but now months of warfare had weakened Australian respect for civilian niceties, and the slouch hat terrorized the natives. One man stated,

We put in most of the day in the Wassa and explored most of the Joy houses but didn't do any business with them. The Aussies have got these people bluffed alright. I don't think there is any other place on Earth where a man can go into a house of this character do almost as he likes and walk out without cashing up or getting "flattened out" but these people fear the Aussies more than they fear their God.

1 600. McWhinney, (109,3), (L), 16/1/16. See also Australian War Memorial File No.265/2.

2 262. Cleary, (220,2), (D), 15/4/16.
Men of the Eighth Brigade on a route march near Tel el Kebir sniped at passing 'Gyppos' until their targets fled over the skyline, Egyptian conductors were thrown from moving trains, and Egyptian stationmasters and minor officials were assaulted. "The British soldiers are a sedate lot in comparison with ours," boasted a Victorian private,

they don't knock the baskets of oranges off the heads of the natives, or pull the boys off the donkeys by curling the head of their walking sticks round the heads of the said boys and pulling, but walk along the streets as if they had the reputation of the whole Islands at stake ...I think they imagine us to be a lot of hooligans and something to be well avoided. ¹

As they had a year before, the authorities retaliated. Early in February Sir Archibald Murray, General Officer Commanding in Egypt, who had daily to suffer the disrespect of Australian soldiers, complained of their indiscipline to both the Imperial General Staff in London, and Birdwood. Birdwood endorsed Murray's complaints and conveyed them to his subordinate commanders, observing that "other qualities beside actual fighting are necessary", criticizing Australian slackness in saluting and dress, and warning that these things might bar the A.I.F.'s transfer to

¹
For this paragraph,
France. "Wise" commanders saw nothing malevolent in the most frequent abuses, refusal to salute and absence without leave, and disciplined them accordingly, but a spate of orders to improve every aspect of discipline followed Birdwood's letter. Some units held saluting parades, others introduced 'saluting raids' (an officer followed at a discreet distance by military police detailed to arrest men who failed to salute him), military police were posted on trains and stations, Australian units were sent to garrison the Canal, and training was intensified.

On one or two occasions, perhaps because some officers mistrusted the discipline of their men, training was over-intensified. In March 1916, when it was already hot, the majority of the Fourth and Fifth Divisions were sent to march the heavy sand between Tel el Kebir and the Canal, about 39 miles, in three days. They carried full packs

1 Letter from Birdwood to General Godley, then commanding the Anzac Corps, 12 February 1916, which Godley circulated to all units on the following day, in Australian War Memorial File No.265/1. (Gen. Sir A.J. Godley, G.C.B., K.C.M.G. Commanded II Anzac Corps 1916-17, XXII (British) Corps 1918-19. b.1867.)

2 Some orders exceeded practicability. The Officer Commanding 5 Div. ordered that his Division "should drop the use of two words in particular...f--- and b-----; They are both beastly especially the first." 12 May 1916, in Australian War Memorial File No.265/2.

3 For this paragraph, Australian War Memorial File Nos 265/1-2; Bean, op. cit., III, pp.12, 20, 56-7, 60, 87.

4 Ostensibly because train transport was not available. Ibid., III, p.288.
and the water rations laid down for battle conditions, and most had recently been given typhoid injections. Too much was asked of them. Numbers early fell out, and more as the march continued, chiefly from the Fourth, Twelfth, and Fourteenth Brigades, which first commenced it. The Fourteenth attempted the most arduous route, and was particularly distressed. The men lost all formation, wandered dazedly over the scorching sand, and shambled to their destination in exhausted ones and twos. "Men fell unconscious in the sand and were left lying where they fell", a man of the 56th Battalion related.

Some became delirious and raved. The strongest among us felt that his strength had been taxed to the utmost...At each halt we looked back. Away to the skyline, we could see forms of men lying huddled in the sand, as though machine-gun fire had swept the columns...some would rise and totter a few paces, to collapse again...We were...marching on our determination, foaming at the mouth like mad dogs, with tongues swollen, breath gripping our throats with agonizing pain, and legs buckling under us."  

38 of the battalion's 900 men completed the trek on time, yet for several days afterwards the 56th was marched for two hour periods carrying full packs, to improve its march discipline. Their Brigadier was relieved of his command.\(^2\)

The Fourth and Fifth Divisions went to the Canal to release the First, Second, and New Zealand Divisions for France. This move began in March; and later the Fourth and

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\(^1\) Williams, The Gallant Company, pp.24-5.

\(^2\) The march is described in ibid., pp.24-8; Bean, op. cit., III, pp.288-91.
Fifth Divisions followed, the last units quitting Egypt in June. A few soldiers disliked the change, but most agreed with the Australian who exclaimed, "Thank goodness we have at last left...the land of Desert and Dirty Niggers." As they broke camp and marched to Alexandria for the last time, they sang farewell to the land of the Pharoahs:

We have written letters to our folk in Aussie land,
Saying we are leaving Gyppo s--- and sin and sand;
We are off to France to fight a much more worthy foe
Than the Gyppo - from whom we are mighty glad to go.
It's a long way to fight the Fritzie,
Where we might stop a shell;
But before we leave you spielers,
Here's a soldier's last farewell!
Good-bye saida Wallahed!
And all your rotten crew;
It's a long, long way to hang the Kaiser,
Good-bye and ---- you!

They were bound, at last, to meet the Hun.

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2 949. Richards, (182,2), (L), 21/3/16
see also:
709. Short, (226,1), (L), 19/5/16.
3 'Tiveychoc', op. cit., p.118 (16/6/16).
One arm of the A.I.F., the light horse, remained. This upset some light horsemen, because although the Turks would probably capitalize on their Gallipoli triumph by attacking Egypt, by 1916 the decisive battles were certain to be against Germany, on the Western Front. A number of men transferred to artillery or infantry units, and many were uneasy about the possibility of uselessly garrisoning a back area.

There was no cause for concern. By March 1916 it was clear that the Turks would attack Egypt, and in that month the British commenced building a railway and a water pipeline into the Sinai Desert, while the light horse began long patrols to harass the enemy. In mid April men of the 9th Light Horse Regiment destroyed a small Turkish outpost at Jifjafa, about 60 miles from the Canal, but most patrols were uneventful. The Turks struck the first effective blow, late in April, when their infantry overran Fifth Yeomanry Brigade outposts at Katia and Oghratina, inflicting more than 350 casualties. The Yeomanry were led principally by idle and incompetent officers, many of

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1 The 13 L.H. Regt. and a troop of the 4 L.H. Regt. went to France, principally as traffic police. In the desert campaign, Australians also served in the Anzac Section of the Imperial Camel Corps (formed early in 1916) and in the Australian Flying Corps. English forces in Egypt in 1916 were a (mounted) Yeomanry Division, two infantry divisions, and supporting units.

2 Unless indicated otherwise the narrative following is from Gullett, H.S.: Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-18, Vol.VII, and occasionally, the statements of light horse veterans.
whom fled the area with unreasonable haste and also abandoned their positions at Romani, seven miles away. They had been covering the railway, and on 23 April the Anzac Mounted Division\(^2\) crossed the Canal and advanced to Romani to relieve them. The Turks had not approached, and light horse patrols found Katia and Oghratina unoccupied.

By May the railway and an infantry division were at Romani, and during the following months, while the British strengthened their defences, the light horse searched the desert for Turks or Bedouins. The Arabs had no love for the Christians and much for their equipment, but usually attempts at their capture failed, because on the open sand they could easily observe and evade any attacking force.

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At Romani Australians later found abandoned beer, champagne, whisky, gin, and soda water cooling in buckets of water, unopened letters, golf balls, sticks, and links, dressing tables, chamber pots, camp stretchers, carpets, cake, and tinned food. General Ryrie lists five English lords whose effects were recovered, and comments, "They were not the right people to put at this sort of job." The luxuries were transported from the Canal by camel, and to enable this soldiers were put on water rations. Also, on 26 April, the Australians found six wounded Yeomanry lying in the desert near Romani. The Turks had bound their wounds and given them food and water, but the Arabs had stripped them, and they had been left by friend and foe to die. Three Yeomanry in a similar plight were found the following day. See,

977. Ryrie, (35;1), (L), 27/4 and 1/5/16; Gullett, op. cit., VII, pp.82-8, 91, 92.

The incident probably weakened the Imperial enthusiasm of some Australians.

2 That is, 1, 2, and 3 L.H.Bdes., and the New Zealand Mounted Rifles Bde.
Yet it rarely came even to that, and most light horsemen did not see an enemy. An officer outlined a typical patrol:

We were called up at 2.25 this morning fed up & breakfasted in a hurry & were headed into the desert at 4 AM; We arrived at Qatia before 8 oclock where C Troop put in the day & was our base, the other Troops were sent to various points on patrol with orders to be back at Qatia by 3 o'clock... A troop did not turn up & men were sent out in pairs to try & pick them up;...[they had] put themselves on guard over some Signallers who were repairing the telephone line to Ogratina ...[we returned to camp] at 8.30 watered & fed our horses & finished tea by 9.45; For the 16 hours we were away we only had a little bully beef & a piece of bread.

The inconsequence of these excursions accentuated their severity. May and June were the hot months of summer, and the desert forays often prostrated those who undertook them. The temperature reached its peak on 16 May - 124.5° in the shade, and leather burnt the fingers at touch. The day before, a large force reconnoitred near Katia. They left Romani after lunch on 14 May, camped for five hours east

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1 955. Tomlins, (86,1), (D), 27/5/16
The brevity of Lt. Tomlins' statement typified light horse accounts of the campaign. This explains the superficial treatment given the light horse in this thesis, but of itself is noteworthy. It was not true of light horsemen writing on Gallipoli. The skirmishing in Sinai and Palestine (like that during the Boer War) often did not lend itself to description; and perhaps constant mobility and exertion and a comparatively mild experience of battle discouraged expansive analysis.

2 Butler, op. cit., I, p.571.
of Katia during the night, patrolled the desert next day, and returned to Romani that evening. The trek was across heavy sand, a hot wind blew, and it was over 120° in the shade. By eleven on the morning of the second day the water was too hot to drink, and troopers began to faint. At half past one the patrol reached brackish water, and the men rushed it, "a lot of them half silly. Some were frothing at the mouth & I saw one man put a bucket of water to his lips & finish the lot." Then they struggled on, their horses taking two hours to travel six miles to Katia. There horses and men drank, and the men vomited the water, and drank again. After the patrol reached Romani, over 100 soldiers went sick with sun stroke and heat exhaustion, and several horses died.¹

In mid July the enemy began his expected advance into Sinai. The lines of sick vanished from the light horse camps, and patrols eagerly raided the advancing foe. The Turks came slowly, patiently toiling their equipment across the sand. East of Katia they halted to build defences, but on the night of 3 August they moved against Romani. Everything was against them. Their supply lines were extended across a waterless desert, they had few mounted troops and no superiority in artillery or overall numbers, the desert march had wearied them, and their opponents were well fed and well watered, with the infantry behind good defences. Despite their bravery and evident weaknesses in the British command, the Turks had never a real chance of success at Romani.

¹ 932. Macrae, (234,1), (D), 15/5/16; 977. Ryrie, (35,1), (L), 15/5/16.
It hardly seemed so to the defenders. The enemy's assault fell upon the southern flank of the Romani positions, where the light horse held a thin line of posts, and for a night and a morning the outnumbered horsemen fought a gradual withdrawal, holding back the attackers until the heat of the day should exhaust their efforts. The Turks advanced bravely, some throwing off their boots to move more swiftly over the clutching sand,¹ and by evening they had won Mount Royston from the New Zealanders, and obtained some command of the southern Romani area. But they had lost over 2,000 men, their strength was spent, their water seven miles away at Katia, and their foe unbroken. When the Australians and New Zealanders counter-attacked the following morning, they turned and fled. Many were captured, but at Katia their rearguard stood. "The Turk was a snarling fury over every yard of ground...", Trooper Idriess wrote,

From palm to palm, from mound to mound, we fought forward, sweat creasing rivulets of sand down our faces, matting the hair on bared chests...Over every bare patch the Turks had machine-guns trained...the men...simply had to rush through a continuous stream of bullets...[or] several streams of bullets criss-crossed...We fired back, split up into many little groups, nearly all in sections. We'd jab our bayonets through the bushes, and the Turks would stab back - we'd burst in around the bushes and glimpse the Turks' gasping mouths as they hopped back behind the next mound.²

At dusk the Anzacs retired, and the Turks withdrew to Bir el Abd. There they resisted further assaults and even

¹ Idriess, op. cit., p.99 (5/8/16).
² Ibid., pp.103-5 (5/8/16).
counter-attacked, and on 9 August the British fell back to Romani.

The Australians and New Zealanders, a small proportion of the British force, won Romani. They lost about 1,100 men, yet they made Egypt safe, and gained the initiative for their side. \(^1\) They reported the great victory calmly:

...for two weeks we have been engaging the Turks, and the last couple of days put the finishing touch to it. very strenuous, and quite the hottest time ever I experienced. but it is good to know the Turks were very well "hit up." \(^2\)

More had been possible at Romani, for during most of the battle the bulk of the British force had remained idle, moving only when the Turks had fled, and then following cautiously. They lost an opportunity to destroy the entire Turkish army in Sinai.

On 12 August light horse patrols found Bir el Abd evacuated. The enemy had withdrawn to El Arish, the nearest water, 30 miles to the east. The British followed them slowly, building their railway and water pipeline as they came. Twice during this time mounted troops raided

\(^1\) The Turks never regained it.

\(^2\)

323. Dowling, (154,1), (L), 6/8/16
For similar accounts of Romani,
523. Lt. S.R. MacFarlane, 1 L.H.Regt., Farmer, of Rylstone, N.S.W. b.1894. (D), 4-8/8/16
777. Capt. H. Wetherell, 5 L.H.Regt., Clerk, of Chelmer, Qld. b.1881. (L), 20/8/16
936. Tpr. S. McCarthy, 7 L.H.Regt., Shearer, of Redfern, N.S.W. b.1891. (D), Notes
127. Barton, (212,1), (L), 4-6/8/16; 955. Tomlins, (86,1), (D), 4-5/8/16.
Turkish desert posts, Mazar on 16 September, and Maghara on 15 October, but neither raid achieved much, and the Australians were generally obliged to confine their activities to the wearing monotony of their desert patrols. "I was unable to stop falling asleep in the saddle", a man recorded of a four day patrol,

The first time I fell asleep I landed up against a wagon wheel, the second I got nearly kicked by a draught horse. The third time...my cussed little pony took me right ahead alongside our worthy Colonel & Major & my innocent slumber was broken by bitter words...¹

The work was boring, and despite rests on the Canal the brigades were sick of Sinai. One trooper complained,

All food one eats seems to contain sand, one can feel it grating on ones teeth & lately there has been a strong wind blowing continuously & sand has been whirling around us all the time. This Sinai Peninsula is a dreary waste of desert; one longs to see timber and green grass once again.²

At last orders to attack El Arish came, and on the night of 20-21 December the Anzac Mounted Division and the Camel Corps Brigade silently surrounded the village. It was deserted. Without a fight the Anzacs had come from the wilderness, onto the firm ground and the flower covered hills of the Holy Land.

The Turks had retired to Magdhaba, 23 miles inland, and there offered the British an unenviable challenge.

² 477. Jackson, (154,2), (L), 18/11/16 see also (L), 29/12/16 and 25/1/17.
The Magdhaba defences were well sited, yet an attack would have to succeed within a few hours or be forced by lack of water to return to El Arish. Light horse and camelier attacked the place on 23 December, and broke the enemy's resistance just as orders came to retire. Only 146 attackers were made casualties, but the wounded were made to suffer a fearful ordeal: an incompetent British staff kept them languishing at El Arish, and they did not reach hospital in Egypt until late December or early January. Men had feared wounds in Sinai, because transport there was always agonizing and often fatal; it appeared they still had much to fear, from their own staff.

The advance continued. Rafa fell on 9 January 1917, after a hard fight, and by March the British had arrived opposite the Turk line between Gaza, on the coast 30 miles north of El Arish, and Beersheba, 30 miles inland from Gaza. This was the strongest Turkish position in the Middle East, and the gateway to Palestine. It was defended by about 15,000 well entrenched men, it took advantage of high ground to command its approaches, and it was flanked by waterless desert. It had to be breached before nightfall on the first day of an attack, or want of water would force a retirement.

The British attacked at Gaza on 26 March 1917. Led by the Second Light Horse Brigade, the mounted men raced east and north of the town to surround the defenders:

One squadron was sent ahead to reconnoitre while the main body advanced slowly... We could see the road to Beer Sheba running away to our right & a cloud of dust...travelling in a hurry... Two or three of our boys...galloping across country... cut off the fugitives... It was a great race, lasted some time & our lads won in the finish...  

The soldiers had captured the relieving commanding officer of Gaza and his staff; the mounted brigades then took up position and settled to wait the main attack, from infantry, south of Gaza.

This was spearheaded by the Fifty Third Division, but incompetent leadership marred its attempt; it began four hours late, and at crucial points was not given artillery support. The men advanced gallantly, but slowed among cactus fences in the area, and almost halted before the slopes of Ali el Muntar, a commanding knoll 1,500 yards southeast of Gaza. When time expired at dusk, a costly advance had won Muntar, but Gaza remained in Turkish hands.

General Chetwode, commanding the 'Desert Column' (roughly, the mounted troops), had foreseen the infantry failure, and soon after midday ordered General Chauvel\(^2\) to attack the town. The scattered ring of horsemen were gathered together by about four in the afternoon; then they galloped in from the rear...dismounted & advanced on foot...[through numerous] Prickly Pear Hedges, 6 ft high & "or 5 feet through, it was just like

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going through a maze, little narrow lanes running in all directions, with Turks hidden all through it. We had to cut our way through the wretched stuff with our bayonets & got smothered with prickles and thorns.¹
I saw our men & Turks firing at each other through the cactus not more than 6 ft apart & some of our fellows were shooting off their horses like shooting rabbits. they said they could see them better from up there.²

The going was hard and furious, but shortly after nightfall men of the Second Light Horse Brigade from the north and New Zealanders from the east were entering Gaza. They had won.

We had captured & killed a lot of the enemy & thought things were going well with us...[when] word came through for a general & speedy retirement. Then the fun began, we had got so far into the maze of Prickly Pear & mud huts that we did not know which way to get out. So just had to do the best we could cutting & slashing to get through the cactus & dragging our prisoners along with us. However we got out & found our horses & got away.³

The order to retreat was the most unfortunate of a series of blunders perpetrated by a careless and poorly organized British staff.⁴ All ranks of the light horse received it with dismay, and withdrew reluctantly, the Turks nowhere pursuing them. The reverse hardly disturbed the equanimity of many light horsemen - one wrote, "It was a ticklish job and risky...However we are nearly ready for

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¹ 796. Baly, (241,1), (L), 2/4/17.
² 977. Ryrie, (35,1), (L), 30/3/17.
³ 796. Baly, (241,1), (L), 2/4/17.
another go for it & this time I think we’ll take it use but others carried bitter memories of the first Gaza battle.

In mid April a second attempt on Gaza, in which Australians took little part, failed, and not till October did the British again assail the Turkish positions. Until then the Australians patrolled No Man's Land and the desert wastes east of Beersheba, and raided Turkish installations, the most notable raid destroying railway track between Auja and Asluj on 22 and 23 May 1917.

General Allenby, the new British commander, used the summer of 1917 to build up his resources, until by October he outmatched his opponents in every respect. Then he struck. On the morning of 31 October, three infantry divisions attacked the western approaches to Beersheba. When they had embroiled the defenders in battle, the horsemen swept forward, cutting the roads leading east from the town, and scattering the Turkish outposts. But the defence held, and once more time and want of water pressed the attackers. The methodical, casualty saving tactics usually employed were too slow to win the day, and in mid afternoon Chauvel ordered two comparatively untried light horse regiments, the 4th and the 12th, until then in reserve, to change Beersheba.

1 796. Baly, (241,1), (L), 2/4/17
see also:
127. Barton, (212,1), (L), 29/3/17.
At four thirty p.m. the chosen regiments drew up behind a hill southeast of the town. When their lines were ready they trotted forward, and as they crested the rise they saw Beersheba four miles away, and between an open and gentle slope, cut across by an unknown number of enemy trenches. As the first Turkish shrapnel shells burst above them, the men drew their bayonets, urged their mounts to a gallop, and thundered across the slope. At first men and horses crashed regularly to the ground as shrapnel and machine gun bullets caught them, but during the last half mile casualties almost ceased as the Turks forgot to lower the sights of their weapons, and soon the galloping lines were home. Some struck down at the men in the trenches, others charged on, into the town and beyond.

Perhaps theirs was the last great successful mounted charge in history. Certainly it ruined the Turkish hopes, for it smashed open the gate to Palestine. Half an hour before the barriers which had so long defied assault were secure, now all was confusion and disaster. "We did not believe," a captured German officer confessed, "that the charge would be pushed home. That seemed an impossible intention. I have heard a great deal of the fighting quality of Australian soldiers. They are not soldiers at all; they are madmen."¹ The stroke of the Australians converted defeat to victory, secured the morale of their side, and injured the will of their enemy, who never afterwards withstood a mounted charge. For that gain 31 Australians were killed, and 36 wounded. Yet, as

¹ Gullett, op. cit., VII, p.404.
almost always, light horsemen reported the incident laconically. "I enjoyed the whole turn out it was very interesting", one stated, "A man could get any amount of good souvenirs..."¹

Next day the victorious British surged northwards through Beersheba, and then swung east to encounter the Turkish reinforcements rushed from Gaza to halt them. Determined enemy resistance at Tel el Khuweilfe and near Tel el Sheria between 1 and 8 November prevented the complete rout of the Turkish armies, but everywhere the British advanced, slowed only by thirst, exhaustion, and a rearguard of German machine gunners. By 9 December they had taken Jerusalem; and shortly afterwards they halted.

Before this offensive, in July 1917, twenty two per cent of the Anzac Mounted Division had 'Barcoo rot', or septic sores caused by food deficiency, and the original members of regiments were showing a general lassitude and enfeeblement which easily enabled doctors to distinguish them from later reinforcements.² Allenby's tireless advance had further exhausted the men, until their condition was

not the tiredness that comes from one or two days hard work but the exhaustion that comes from weeks of long treks sleepless nights anxious severe scrapping little food and cold nights...at least 90% [of the I.C.C.] had caught mange from the camel. This...greatly interfered with the mens sleep. Continual scratching broke the skin and this led to septic sores.³

¹ 46. Anderson, (102,2), (L), 4/11/17.
² Butler, op. cit., I, pp.671, 672.
Allenby therefore rested his squadrons, while he reorganized his supply lines and planned his next stroke.

He delivered it on 19 February 1918, west of the Jordan River. His men broke quickly into the open, within two days advancing 26 miles to their objective about the Wady el Auja, north of Jericho. Again Allenby halted, and while he prepared another general assault, the raid on the railway at Amman took place. Amman was roughly 30 miles east of Jericho, deep in Turkish held mountains beyond the Jordan. To reach it attackers had to win bridgeheads across the flooded river, then fight forward over narrow mountain tracks. The Anzac Mounted Division\(^1\) and English infantry began the attempt on the night of 21 March 1918. By the 23rd they had seized three bridgeheads on the Jordan's Turkish bank, and the mounted troops were struggling forward against rain and resistance to Amman. They arrived on 27 March, and found the village defended by about 4,000 enemy soldiers: Arabs had warned the Turks of British plans. The raiders' attacks inflicted minor damage, but Amman held firm, and on 31 March the attacking force withdrew. By 2 April the men had recrossed the Jordan, retaining only one bridgehead beyond it, at Ghoraniye.\(^2\)

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\(^1\) Now comprising 2 L.H.Bde., the I.C.C.Bde., and the N.Z. Mtd. Rifles Bde. On 30 March 60 Div. (London infantry) reinforced the Anzacs at Amman, and contributed materially to the few advances made.

The Amman raid was an ill-conceived enterprise. The raiders assailed an alerted enemy, superior to them in numbers, and entrenched in good defences. They caused the Turks trifling inconvenience, but lost 177 Australians killed and 1,023 wounded or missing. This was as many as at Romani, and almost a quarter of those suffered by Australians during the entire campaign. No reverse in Sinai or Palestine affected light horsemen so deeply.¹

A month later British forces once more raided east of the Jordan. On 30 April the Australian Mounted Division² and the Sixtieth Division attacked and captured Es Salt. This was on the track to Amman, but now the mountain trails leading back to the Jordan were precariously held, and the Turks pressed their opponents closely. Early on 1 May they attacked at Damieh, near the river, drove back the light horsemen, and only by the slightest margin failed to cut the main Es Salt track.³

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¹ Gullett, op. cit., VII, p.585.
² Made up by 3 and 4 L.H.Bdes., and 5 Yeomanry Bde.
³ The Turks captured nine English guns protected by 4 L.H. Bde., which, save for the pieces left on Gallipoli, were the only guns lost by Australians during the war. Men censured 4 L.H.Bde. for their loss: one trooper wrote, "...the 4th got the order 'every man for himself' leaving the guns without an escort or horses & became completely demoralised...[they] absolutely showed the white feather ..." 847. Birkbeck, (99,2), (D), 1/5/18. The men responsible were the victors of Beersheba. The incident is recounted in Gullett, op. cit., VII, pp.620-2.
On 2 May Turkish pressure increased at all points, and by the 4th they had forced the British once more behind the Choraniye bridgehead.

The Australians reported this fight with predictable brevity. "Well here we are back again after another trip to Es Salt and mighty lucky we are to be back, we were nearly all collared...", General Ryrie noted, while at Es Salt a man of Ryrie's brigade remarked, "Our position is serious as Jacko is giving our chaps a bad time further back & we are pretty well cut off & can't get rations. During the evening we were told that we had to get out at dark...we...got away two in the morning."  

It was now high summer, and the front quietened while the soldiers suffered the heat. Few among the local populace remained in the Jordan Valley during summer; the Australians were kept there, in a moist heat varying between 100° and 114° in the shade. A light, powdery dust perpetually frayed their tempers, they rarely tasted fresh food, and flies, mosquitoes, spiders and scorpions plagued them. The number of sick evacuated rose alarmingly, for even Egypt was civilization beside the barren monotony of that hot, sticky, dusty and lonely valley.

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1 977. Ryrie, (35,1), (L), 6/5/18.  
2 860. Burgess, (110,1), (D), 2/5/18.  
Light horsemen in the Ghoraniye bridgehead, May 1918.
On 19 September 1918, Allenby launched his final offensive, away from the Jordan and along the coast, up the Plain of Sharon towards Tul Keram, Samaria, and Nablus. His direction completely deceived the Turks: English infantry quickly overran their defences, and early on the first morning horsemen broke through to their rear, within 24 hours virtually trapping two Turkish armies. Nazareth, 40 miles north of the start line, fell on 20 September, and Nablus and Samaria a day later. The great chase had begun.

Everywhere the enemy were demoralized. The Turkish armies west of the Jordan lost general formation as every man, seeking his own salvation, turned to dodge the flying hoofs of the horsemen, or cowered from the bombs and bullets of airmen who cut them down as they crowded through the mountain gorges in retreat. On the night of 20-21 September 23 Australians straddled the Nablus-Jenin road and bluffed 2,800 Turks and Germans and four guns into surrender:

They had no idea we were there and came along in batches of 100 or so. The road ran between high hills, passed over a bridge, and then on to about 10 acres of clear, flat ground...We would allow the enemy to pass over the bridge, then bail them up and disarm them, and then turn them out to the flat. There was a great amount of booty...and... We struck some good cigars and there we were with about six revolvers each smoking cigars bailing them up. We must have looked like the Kelly Gang...I got an Iron Cross and several other medals,

also...thousands of pounds of Turkish notes...
also a number of stamps. They had a large
stack of champagne...which was pretty decent...
also a good pair of binoculars...Also a
waterproof coat also a couple of green Turkish
towels.¹

By 24 September only a few hundred Turks remained free
west of the Jordan, and east of the river mounted troops,
sweeping easily through Es Salt and Amman, took 10,000
prisoners and 57 guns.

Some hard battles were fought later, notably at
Semakh, on the southern shores of the Sea of Galilee, on
25 September; but Allenby's triumphant progress could not
be halted. On 1 October light horsemen took Damascus, and
on the 2nd Khan Ayash, 17 miles further north. Near this
village on that day, 100 men of the Third Light Horse
Brigade captured 1,500 prisoners and three guns, and two
light horsemen took 88 prisoners and a machine gun.² This
was the last light horse action of the war. Since 19
September 21 Australians had been killed, and 71 wounded,
and light horsemen had taken 31,355 Turkish prisoners.
They reported their victories soberly. "...the boys have
enjoyed the stunt pretty well so far," a corporal noted,
"of course they had a pretty rough time coming up; some
reckon they are sick of the look of Turkish prisoners..."³

¹ 831. Lt. H.H. Stephen, 9 L.H.Regt., Farmer, of Glenelg,
S.A. b.1889. (L), 17/10/18.
² For this incident, see Gullett, op. cit., VII, pp.707-8.
See also ibid., VII, p.706.
³ 46. Anderson, (102,2), (L), 27/10/18.
On 30 October, after Allenby had reached Aleppo in Syria, the Turks signed an armistice, but the Australians heard this news and the more momentous announcement of 11 November without much demonstration. The long years were over, and home was near, but the end had been too swift for men to give thought to the future, and some even found it difficult to recall properly their civilian past. So they waited, quietly but expectantly, until the army should order them back to Australia.

Not all went home. Some light horsemen died of malaria in Damascus after the Armistice, and some were killed during the Egyptian uprising early in 1919. And the horses stayed: the old horses were destroyed, the able were sold in Egypt and Palestine. Many troopers had brought their horses from Australia, and thereafter man and horse had shared a hard campaign together. The Australian walers had been good campaigners, loyal and game through the parched desert marches, during the cold, wet treks over the treacherous mountains, and in the wild, galloping rides of battle. They were acknowledged generally superior to other horses serving in the Middle East, and their riders thought them fit to share Heaven, yet they were sold into the slavery of the Arabs. It was a bitterly resented decision. Major Hogue wrote,

1 None of ten light horse records covering the period do more than mention the Armistice with Turkey, and only three report excitement or relief at that with Germany. For this paragraph, see also Gullett, op. cit., VII, pp.779-80.
2 Ibid., VII, p.793.
3 Ibid., VII, p.787n., refers to "a passing unhappiness", but it seems to have been more than this. Sir Wilfred Kent Hughes, a former light horse colonel, stated at the unveiling of the Desert Mounted Corps Memorial in Canberra on 19 April 1968 that light horsemen would never forget their (footnote continued p.252)
I don't think I could stand the thought of my old fancy hack
Just crawling round old Cairo with a 'Gyppo on his back.
Perhaps some English tourist out in Palestine may find
My broken-hearted waler with a wooden plough behind.
No; I think I'd better shoot him and tell a little lie:
"He floundered in a wombat hole and then lay down to die."
May be I'll get court-martialled; but I'm damned if I'm inclined
To go back to Australia and leave my horse behind.¹

Most light horsemen were countrymen,² and almost all considered themselves bushmen. Those who by necessity or inclination rode horses in civil life were attracted to the mounted arm of the A.I.F., and from these a difficult riding test selected only the best horsemen. Many of the chosen were accustomed to an outdoor existence, and at

(footnote 3 continued from p.251)
horses, companions of a long campaign, and the assembled veterans cheered the remark. Mr. J.H. Sturgiss (formerly Sgt., 12 L.H.Regt., Farmer, of Lower Boro, N.S.W. b.1890) has well described to me the light horseman's affection for his horse.¹

¹ In Gullett, H.S. and Barrett, C. (eds): *Australia in Palestine*, p.78. Some Australians shot their horses rather than condemn them to the future Major Hogue anticipated. For this paragraph, see ibid., pp.71-7, 149; Gullett, op. cit., VII, p.32.

² A study of the embarkation rolls for the original complement and the last two reinforcement sections of 1 L.H.Regt. (N.S.W.), 5 L.H.Regt. (Qld), and 10 L.H.Regt. (W.A.), showed that about 85 per cent of men came from rural areas and were chiefly in rural occupations. Few of any occupation in country towns in 1914 could have isolated themselves from rural influences. See also ibid., VII, pp.29-31.
least were susceptible to the skills and attitudes of the bushmen. They thought themselves the sturdiest and freest of their race, well able to ride, shoot, and live off the country.¹

Bush types persist in an army,² and they did particularly in the Australian Light Horse. Bushmen among the Australians introduced to all the British Middle East forces several innovations learnt in Australia,³ and they were good horsemen usually,⁴ and did have a good eye for ground, and could exist under harsh conditions. The heat, the long days in the saddle, and the outdoor camps were much the same in Sinai, Palestine and Australia; if the light horseman lost by his separation from home and his subjection to discipline, he gained like minded companions and the sense of an elevated purpose, and he was enabled to display many characteristics natural to his countrymen, but more or less suppressed among Australians on the Western Front. Light Horsemen performed dashing and chivalrous feats and won some of the most complete victories of the war, yet they behaved as though nothing they did was exceptional, and they wrote little about it. They advanced almost 400 miles in two and a half years, but thought they ground slowly.⁵ Theirs was a most serious task, and

¹ Gullett, op. cit., VII, pp.30-2; Hogue, op. cit., p.22.
² Henderson, K.T.: Khaki and Cassock, p.33. This observation is frequently made.
³ Gullett, op. cit., VII, pp.104-6, 195.
⁴ Although not good horsemasters, a skill they learnt better during the war. Ibid., VII, p.31.
⁵ 796. Baly, (241,1), (L), 12/2/17.
seriously they engaged in it, yet they never admitted that it was more than a sort of game, and they encountered every menace carelessly and confidently. During the Turkish advance on Romani in July 1916, an Australian patrol rode into a superior enemy force. The Australians retired two or three hundred yards, dismounted and engaged their advancing foe, then retired as the Turks drew near. Several times they played this game, and once they boiled their billies and made tea while their enemy laboured across the sand towards them.\footnote{Gullett, op. cit., VII, p.130.} In December 1916 General Ryrie remarked, "I tried to shoot a big vulture yesterday. if I had, I would have chopped his head and claws off and dressed him & sent him out to Col[onel] Fuller for a Xmas turkey."\footnote{977. Ryrie, (35,1), (L), 17/12/16.} These attitudes became almost impossible to Australians in France.

With similar levity and resolution, light horsemen mocked apparently insupportable and superfluous spiritual and temporal usages. They derided the conventions of God. They followed the Crusaders, and they helped liberate the Holy Land, but they never admitted a serious zeal, they were not religious,\footnote{Gullett, op. cit., VII, p.38.} and they showed only an active tourist's interest in the birthplace of their faith. More, they would object to the prices asked by boatmen for transport across the Sea of Galilee by observing that it was no wonder 'that other bloke' walked, and delighted in the story told of the cameliers, that, had they been in
Palestine when Christ was crucified, they would have been blamed for it.¹

They also derided the conventions of men, and developed distinctive attitudes towards discipline. Although many light horsemen, the sons of landowners or professional men, had been bred to a gentlemanly restraint, so that originally they were "remarkable among the Australian force...for punctilious observance of formalities...", in time they became as averse as any Australian to army ceremonial.² Few light horsemen had heard a word of stark command in their lives, and, though deferring initially to the romance of army life, they quickly came to judge the merits of every order by their own standards. Sometimes they were obliged to accept instructions they resented - "...compelled to go to Football match...", noted one man, "it went against the grain to be compelled...but it turned out a very interesting game..."³ - but where possible they ignored useless impositions, and regulated their lives by accustomed and independent ways. "Tom...was up before the Major this morning," a trooper in Sinai related,

...he was doing a galloping stunt on a donk in the village here & rode express into a cafe where the Brigade Major was having some eggs etc. The donk propped & slid along the floor knocking the B.M.'s table over. Tom was told to be more careful in future⁴,

¹ Reid, op. cit., pp.219-20.
² Gullett, op. cit., VII, p.34.
⁴ 860. Burgess, (110,1), (D), 5/4/16.
and in Palestine a general commented, "I went out last night and shot two dogs which were always barking. The owners hav'nt said anything about it, I think they are afraid. I never did like barking dogs much." 1

Apparently the cameliers were especially unruly, and were proud of it. Their Corps had been formed partly by enrolling 'bad characters' from other Australian units: "I doubt if so many "hard-doers" could have been found in any other Australian fighting unit," Frank Reid, a camelier private, wrote after the war,

...hardly a day passed without at least half a dozen of the Cameliers being paraded at the orderly room for disorderly conduct... Nearly every night there was a stoppage of the [Cairo tram] service because the Cameliers would not pay their fares...a conductor would be pushed off the tram and the driver would follow him. Then...wild rides, with gongs clanging as the trams proceeded full speed across intersections with natives, fowls, and donkeys scattering in all directions to escape injury.

This was an old Australian game, but occasionally cameliers threatened to shoot unpopular officers, and once an officious camelier lieutenant lost his patrol in the desert and then asked his men where they were. A private rode up alongside him and whispered hoarsely, "Sir, something tells me we are on active service abroad." Cameliers preferred giving officers a wave or a nod rather than a salute, and, as did most Australian soldiers, they loved the officer

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1 977. Ryrie, (35,1), (L), 27/2/18.
2 Reid, op. cit., pp.3-4.
who led well in battle, lived as a soldier in camp, and respected the dignity of his men.\(^1\)

Almost every light horseman resented saluting.\(^2\) The salute was a difficult exercise of obscure necessity, particularly when performed from horseback, in the desert, before neatly dressed staff officers rarely seen about the business of war. Many Australians considered that those who most demanded the salute usually least deserved it, and generally they ignored any but their own officers. "Not only do you men fail to salute me when I ride through your camps," one British general complained, "but they laugh aloud at my orderlies." Most English leaders were led to make similar complaints, but no admonition produced improvement: General Ryrie observed, "Our men are not popular with the Imperial men as they will not salute them, we are always trying to drum it into them, but they are very tough."\(^3\) Yet as the light horse displayed its excellent battle discipline and won an unending succession of victories, the demands of the Englishmen gradually disappeared.\(^4\)

Perhaps because of his victories, the light horseman's war was not severe. Between April 1916 and December 1918, 973 Australians were killed in action or died of wounds in Sinai or Palestine, and 430 died from other causes. 3,351

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\(^1\) For this paragraph, Reid, op. cit., pp. 4, 22, 167-8.

\(^2\) Gullett, op. cit., VII, p. 533.

\(^3\) 977. Ryrie, (35,1), (L), 20/3/17.

\(^4\) For this paragraph, Gullett, op. cit., VII, pp. 207-8.
were wounded, and only 73, none of them officers, were taken prisoner. 1 In France more fell in a day. There were periods of privation, and some hard battles, but little to approach the fearful conditions on the Western Front, and most light horsemen knew it. Although in the end many wearied of war, 2 some did not, 3 and the senses of glory and romance continued throughout to permeate their accounts of battle. Near El Arish an officer listened to the rumble of the guns bombarding Gaza, and thought it quite pleasant, awakening good old memories of the past on Gallipoli. 4 Men in France heard only menace in that rumble. A brigadier at Magdhaba, 5 suddenly confronted by the rifles of five Turks, raised his cane and shouted at them in Zulu, prompting their surrender. 6 In June 1916 a light horse patrol attacked a small Turkish outstation near Bayud:

...a long range duel ensued in a desultory manner for about 3 hrs: the only casualties - on our side


2 Lt. A.T.S. Adams, M.M., 12 L.H.Regt., Station manager, of Liverpool, N.S.W. b.1885. (D), 15/2/17


at any rate - being two horses slightly wounded by strays.

I myself heard three bullets whistle over, the first I have heard since Anzac, - I was forgetting that there was a war on.

The whole thing was very funny officers would ride up smiling & rubbing there hands "There is a beautiful little engagement going on up the hill there"
"Anybody hit yet?"
"Oh no not when I left"
"It seems so incongruous after the peninsular".

In July 1916 Ion Idriess was one of a patrol ambushed at Mageibra: "[We]...rode like laughing madmen", he related,

...half our bodies were in view of the Turks.
How their rifles rattled from across the valley!... Quickly we gained on the rest of the patrol, the wind swished back their excited laughter...
Soon after the others had sped out into the desert from the bottom of the hill we caught up to them, steadying down to a swift hand canter. Everyone was laughing...[and] enjoying the joke immensely.2

Despite its discomforts, this was often a gay war. Although men fought it seriously, in a sense it was not a serious war: it was a sideshow, fought against an enemy who was deluded, not fiendishly bent on mankind's destruction. Success persuaded a few Australians to discount the Turk as a soldier;3 but the Turks were infantry fighting against horsemen, and they were badly fed and equipped and shockingly treated when ill or

1 878. Evans, (239,1), (D), 12/6/16.
2 Idriess, op. cit., pp.93-4 (-/7/16).
3 Reid, op. cit., p.170.
wounded. They lived and fought gallantly under conditions insufferable to European soldiers, and while most light horsemen shared Gullett's assumption of a racial superiority over their opponent, few despised him. He was always Jacko to them, dedicated to the destruction of his country's enemies, and fighting gamely and fairly through every reverse.

To reach Romani the Turks manhandled equipment across 70 miles of sandy desert, and they laid planks and bushes over every yard to support their sixty-pounder guns, thus laboriously inching the ponderous machines forward. That by itself won Australian admiration, but then the Turks made a forced march over the last ten miles to Romani, and conducted a spirited assault at the end of it. The Australians attempted nothing like it, and "every man in his own fashion, by praise or jest or grim curse, expressed admiration for the willingness, the determination, the bitter stubbornness of the Turk."

That admiration was never slackened. After Romani a patrol near Salmana Oasis found

68 Turks who had been left behind in the retreat & who were almost perishing from thirst. They had been four...[or] five days - without water and... were all very weak & could not walk any distance... & were beyond...offering any resistance...We gave

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1 Gullett, op. cit., VII, pp.102, 260, 372.
2 Ibid., VII, pp.38, 260-1.
3 878. Evans, (239,1), (D), 13/8/16.
them what [water] we could &...there was nothing for it but to put them on our horses while we led them! This was a very queer sight...From the Colonel downwards giving up our horses to prisoners of war while we trudged along the sand for about 5 miles...It was hot & heavy work. But we got the poor beggars all in. You see that it is not true that we shoot all our prisoners!\(^1\)

In September 1918 about 6,000 Turks were trapped by Allenby's advance in waterless country south of Amman. They were at the mercy of English and Australian airmen, but would not surrender, and entrenched themselves at Ziza. Squadrons of the 5th Light Horse Regiment went to meet them, and learned that the Turks were willing to surrender, but mistrusted 10,000 Arab tribesmen who for days past had prowled on their flanks, thirsting to plunder. General Ryrie, sharing their mistrust, galloped the rest of his Second Light Horse Brigade to Ziza, took three sheikhs hostage, broke through the Arab cordon, and joined the Turks. Australian and Turk bivouaced together that night, dissolving months of conflict in hours of armed alliance. Both fired at the Arabs and killed a few, but they were not attacked, and when the New Zealand Brigade arrived in the morning, the Turks surrendered.\(^2\)

The Turkish commander at Ziza had offered to destroy the Arabs, then surrender. The offer might have appealed in other circumstances, says Gullett, because the British

\(^{1}\) 777. Wetherell, (238,2), (L), 20/8/16

see also:
991. Hicks, (255,3), (D), 20/9/16.

\(^{2}\) The Ziza incident is described in 977. Ryrie, (35,1), (L), 1/10/18; Gullett, op. cit., VII, pp.724-7.
general who received it "was strong in his respect for the Turk and his scorn for the Arab, but it was impossible at the time..."¹ To a man, light horsemen vehemently hated the Arabs. The desert Bedouin hung like jackals about the Australian camps, begging and thieving. They were of no consequence racially, they were black and dirty, and they smelt. Like Ryrie at Ziza, the Australians hardly thought it worth mention if a few were killed.

But the Arabs were also treacherous and cruel,² readier to pillage than to fight, spies for the Turks, savages who dug up British dead for their equipment, who attacked weaker patrols, who stripped and left to die men lying wounded on the field. British policy protected them to encourage their allegiance: the Arabs used their advantage to licence their brigandage. Their claim to have been wronged by 'men in big hats' usually brought official retribution and orders to pay damages upon Anzac heads, yet counter claims were ignored. Reason and bigotry developed in the horsemen a murderous hatred towards the desert nomads, which sometimes exploded into action. At Hassana, in Sinai, men were sent out to round up Bedouins who had fired on Camel Corps patrols,

...but when they approached...a Bedouin fired at close range, and Lance-corporal MacGregor fell badly wounded...

Later in the day a party of silent, grim-faced Cameliers captured the Bedouin who had shot the

¹ Gullett, op. cit., VII, pp.725.
² I repeat here a point made generally in my discussion on sources, that I am attempting to describe attitudes held not by myself, but by Australian soldiers at the time.
lance-corporal... With picks, shovels, and rifles they marched out to a sandy hillock, and the Bedouin was forced to go with them. Half an hour later they returned - without the Bedouin...

At Mejdel, on the Sea of Galilee, in September 1918:

The ghoulish inhabitants...used to gather rifles from the road and snipe at our column, or shoot from a distance into a camp at night, in the hope of dropping a straggler whom they might plunder and strip. At last a party of road engineers...sent out scouts, who caught and brought in six of these foul vermin, caught... lying in wait with rifles in their hands. In the presence of the muktar (headman)...they were stood in a row and shot, giving the local inhabitants a wholesome object lesson.2

After the Armistice the insolence of the Arabs rose at last to blatant murder. One night in December 1918, near Surafend, a New Zealand machine gunner was wakened by an Arab tugging at his equipment. He sprang up and chased the thief, shouting for aid as he ran, but as he overtook the native he was shot through the stomach with a revolver, and died as his friends reached him.

This was one of several thefts and murders in the area. Grimly the dead man's comrades tracked his murderer to Surafend, placed a small picket around the village, and

1 Reid, op. cit., p.85.
2 516. Love, (246,2), (L), 10/11/18

For this paragraph,
waited for dawn. When they demanded the killer, the sheikhs were evasive, and appeals to the British staff for action proved fruitless. At dusk a large number of Australians and New Zealanders surrounded Surafend, passed out the women and children, and fell upon the men. Many Arabs were killed, most of the remainder were injured, and the village and a nomad camp near it were burnt. Then, their work done, the soldiers returned to their lines.

"In the morning all the disciplinary machinery of the army was as active as hitherto it had been tardy," but no culprit was found. Allenby abused the Anzac Mounted Division for their offence and caused much resentment thereby, but relations between Arabs and Australians did not improve. In March 1919, during the Egyptian uprising, a Gurkha sentry attached to the Second Light Horse Brigade was murdered by Egyptians. General Ryrie asked the village nearby to produce the murderer for execution; on receiving no response, he burnt the village.

The fierce individualism with which he fought Turks, Arabs, and English staff officers lay close to the heart of the Australian light horseman. He lived under few restraints, and was equally careless of man, God, and nature. Yet he stood by his own standards firmly, remaining brave in battle, loyal to his mates, generous to the Turks, and pledged to his King and country. His speech

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2. 977. Ryrie, (35,1), (L), 29/3/19.
betrayed few of his enthusiasms, and he accepted success
and failure equally without demonstration, but the
confident dash of the horseman combined with the practical
resource and the equanimity of the bushman in him, and
moved him alike over the wilderness of Sinai and the hills
of the Holy Land. Probably his kind will not be seen
again, for the conditions of war and peace and romance
that produced him have almost entirely disappeared.