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**ANZAC POSITIONS ON GALLIPOLI PENINSULA**

Description of Cliffs and Gullies on Which Australian and New Zealanders Have Been Clinging Four Months

**SUVLA BAY AND SURROUNDING POSITIONS**

Soldiers Live in Caves Like Prehistoric Man—Must Climb Like Goats to Reach Their Abodes

**GENERAL FRIENDSHIP AMONGST MEN AND OFFICERS**

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, September 30—I have just returned from a few days' visit to those cliffs and gullies on which the Australians and New Zealanders have been clinging for four months without rest or pause. Anzac is not the most comfortable place even on this most comfortable peninsula. You live in a cave like prehistoric man, and you climb like a goat to reach it. You sleep on a shelf of rocky marl. If you have head-cover, it crumbles down on your face at the explosion of guns or shells. If you have not, a shell or dropping bullet may prolong your sleep for ever. All day, but especially at night, the "over" bullets go ripping through the air, usually out to sea, but often they drop, and sometimes into a man. During a threatened night attack or a Turkish panic such as I described once before the air howls and whines with them, and then there is the shelling "hate" new every morning, noon, and eve, and, like the course of the sun, a daily astonishment.

Preparing for Winter. Yet there is no front of war which one visits more gladly, for at Anzac one seems always welcome to men and officers alike. This general friendliness comes, I suppose, of general equality and independence in Australian life—the absence of aristocracy and feudal deference. It is a fine result, and gives one greater hopes for "the Empire" than some of us felt before. As a British officer in high command at Anzac said to me, "These fellows don't salute. They go about almost naked. Their language is appalling. But they're a cheery lot, and they always go on." It is a rough time they have, to be cheery is perpetually laboring at new trenches, "humping" stores and ammunition on their backs up precipices, feeding month after month on the same good but weary rations, and "indenting" for water two days beforehand as the suburbs order cream. And now autumn has come. The heat is no longer so unendurable, but winter will come too. Of course I know nothing of future plans, but it needs no prophet to foresee that if we should remain here through the winter Anzac will need looking to. Cement, solid iron plates, corrugated iron to support sandbag roofs, timber such as the Turks already use for trenches, careful and difficult drainage in a country where the natural water-courses that become torrents in winter are now used as roads, spiky boots to climb the slimy paths now deep in dust—all must be prepared if winter is to be spent here, and I have no doubt that in that case preparations have well begun. But obviously the daily toll, already severe, would be enormously increased, and I do not see how the fighting force could be expected to carry it out. A crowd of civilian laborers would be needed, and must be obtained.

The Domestic Virtues. I mention this point in the hope of making people at home realize just one, at least, of the difficulties with which staff officers and the higher commands are here faced. Even civilians are probably now discovering that actual fighting takes up a very small fraction of the time and energy spent in war. As I quoted in a previous letter, "success in war depends upon the exercise of the domestic virtues." The splendid officer who enforced this maxim upon me was killed in action a few days later leaping over the parapet to show his men there was no danger. Yet the maxim remains true, and forethought in preparation for winter has always been distinctly a domestic virtue.

A Visit to Lone Pine. But let us now turn to more definitely war-like scenes. Three such scenes that I have witnessed in the last day or two will take us from the extreme right to the extreme left of this curious Anzac position, much prolonged since the gallant advance of early August, but still only five or six miles long, if one measure cliffs and mountains and ravines as one measures the spaces of the air.

Two days ago a general who was once at school with me upon the Severn, and under whose experience, beaten face I could see the boy still peering out, took me again round

those "Lone Pine" trenches, the heroic capture of which I tried to describe in a previous telegram. Though now much strengthened against the enemy it is still a sinister and dangerous place. The smell of death pervades it, for it has been impossible to bury some of the dead on either side, and at some points they are built in among the sandbags. And it is dangerous because the lines still approach so close—at certain points to within three yards—that one must not talk even in whispers. For at the sound of voices a Turk may lob a bomb over the parapet, and a bomb usually means the death of a man on each side of the bursting point if the trench is full.

Turkish Deserter's Story. The "Lone Pine" position forms a slight salient on our extreme right, where the cliffs fall away to the now fields and open country (now covered with Turkish trenches and entanglements) leading out to the familiar promontory of Gaba Tepe and the Turkish gun emplacements in the "Olive Grove" behind it. On its left is continually threatened and exposed to fire from a strongly entrenched Turkish redoubt called "Johnson's Jolly" by the Australians for some obscure reason of their own. Across the intervening yards of waste, littered with the shrunken forms of men, with rifles, accoutrements, meat tins, and all the hideous wastage of war, two Turks came crawling yesterday an hour before sunrise. They came without rifles, and our men were ordered never to shoot men coming without rifles, though in the twilight the order cannot always be observed. Still, the greater danger came from behind but, creeping on their stomachs through the scrub, they escaped notice, and were led to an examining post. They said they risked death because they knew that if they went on fighting they would be killed somehow, and they hoped for some chance of life so as to return to their farms.

The Turkish Strength. They reported the Turkish losses as enormous. They were convinced that the Turks would try no more general assaults, least of all upon the Anzac positions, because their losses in attack were always so terribly heavy, especially there. Of course, no one accepts what refugees or deserters say. They are in honor bound to make out the worst case possible. But these were real Turks, not Greeks or Armenians, and their story agrees with other evidences.

It is generally believed that there are about 100,000 organized enemy now on the peninsula, with about 25,000 in reserve. It is not numbers but positions, trenches, machine guns and bombs that make the enemy so hard to beat. And of course there is courage.

**The "Mustard Plaster."**

Let us pass left along the main edge of the position to a still higher point. It is now called "the Apex," but lately "the Mustard Plaster," because the occupied post is stuck on the high mountain side as though without connection. To reach it you must walk through weary lengths of communication saps near the shore till you turn sharply to the right up the deep but now dry watercourse called Chailak Dere. The watercourse leads you steeply up the mountain side towards the long crest or summit called Chunuk Bair—not the very highest point of the ridge (that is Kaja Tepe or Hill 97), still further to the left, and cut off from the main course of the ridge by a terrible ravine), but an important position from which one can look right over the intervening ridges to the Straits, near Mardos. This summit is said to have been held by Anzac men for about two days during their splendid advance of August 8-10, when all this terribly difficult and confusing country was for the first time opened out and partly occupied. The summit could not be retained, but not far down the almost precipitous slope leading up to it this "Apex" post was rapidly constructed and is held.

**Like a Theatre Gallery.**

It is an almost incredible position. You may fix it at the point where the Chailak Dere and Aghyl Dere, both running down from Chunuk Bair, most nearly converge. In dug-out bivouacs there, our fellows live one line above the other, as in the tiers of a very precipitous theatre gallery. They are just protected from direct fire by being on a reverse slope from the Turkish lines on their left, and sheltered from the enemy on the right by an edge generally called "Rhododendron Ridge," but sometimes "Catherine's." Still there is an annoying "75" gun which the Turks have obtained by some nefarious means, and which the morning I was there flung in about thirty shells with great rapidity and such high velocity that they gave no warning. Fortu-

nately the men are now well protected, if they take the trouble to seek protection.

Close on their immediate left, also only a few yards away but just below them on the slope, stands "The Farm," where in peace-time has been a large barley field, and a barn still exists, but now the place is scattered with the same hideous wastage of battle—uniforms, rifles, and the bodies of men. Right across the barley-field the Turks have just constructed a powerful loop-holed trench, defended by wire entanglements. One can see them throwing out the earth as they dig. They are untrusting diggers. Down from the summit above the farm runs that appalling ravine, worn by water but now choked with a confusion of dead bodies. For, as I mentioned in an earlier letter, the Turks have used it as a rubbish shoot for hundreds of corpses.

**The Suvla Position.**

Looking north from the "Apex" one obtains a magnificent view of the whole Suvla Bay position. The left flank of the Turkish positions confronting us here stands revealed, if not exposed. One sees the two terrible trenches just behind the top of Scimitar Hill (Hill 70), which drove our men back after their splendid assaults on August 21. One sees the south side of "W Hill (Hill 112), and can make out the gun emplacements from which the shells can reach the Suvla Bay beaches and the "Apex" alike. One sees the valley of Byak, or Big Anafarta, hidden in cypresses, and the broad plateau on which Anafarta Sagar stands, further north and higher up.

Nearer, below, one looks down upon the intermingled ridges and gullies of the foothills that the winter rains have been carving out of this mountain for ages, and one is more than ever filled with astonishment at the courage and sense of direction which enabled the New Zealanders and others to penetrate and hold so difficult a country on the night of August 6-7. "No cartridges, only fixed bayonets," was the order. It was an extraordinary feat of arms. But this has been told already, and you have received the official account of the equally gallant capture of Hill 60 (one of the most northerly of those foothills and nearest to the big Anafarta Valley, which ultimately it will command). That was on the night of August 27 and the two following days. The Connaught Rangers, the South Wales Borderers, and an Indian brigade shared the extreme peril and the New Zealanders and Australians.

**Brave Chaplains.**

I have just visited the position and our new trenches there with a general who held command on this occasion and could explain the action step by step. But the official account is full and this letter long. I would rather just notice two instances of personal bravery in "padres" who usually have so little notice. Both are dead, but I may not yet mention their names. One was, I think, an Anglican priest who was with the Australians. On August 22, after the severe fighting of the 21st, he heard a wounded soldier calling out among the scrub that he was being devoured by ants, but could not move. He called for volunteers, and a stretcher-bearer and a Presbyterian minister came. They crept out with a stretcher, but both the clergy were at once wounded, the Anglican mortally.

In the other case a New Zealand padre, I think, a Presbyterian, present on Hill 60 during the fighting of the 28th, forced his way along a trench crammed with Turkish dead and wounded, to whom he attended as best he could. But hearing that a friend of his had been caught among the enemy in a trench further on he struggled forward, and in turning a sharp corner of a traverse met the Turks face to face, and was killed at once.

**Capt. Amundsen Forsakes Expedition**

NEW YORK, Oct. 12—Captain Raoul Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole and navigator of the only vessel that ever went through the Northwest passage has abandoned his drifting expedition across the North Pole, according to information received in this country yesterday.

The European war and the choking of the Panama Canal by which route he was waiting to approach the Arctic from the Pacific, combined to influence the explorer to forsake the proposed journey, which has been his ambition for nearly ten years.

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