

### BINDING Vol. III

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# THE GREAT EVENTS

OF

# THE GREAT WAR

A COMPREHENSIVE AND READABLE SOURCE RECORD OF THE WORLD'S GREAT WAR, EMPHASIZING THE MORE IMPORTANT EVENTS, AND PRESENTING THESE AS COMPLETE NARRATIVES IN THE ACTUAL WORDS OF THE CHIEF OFFICIALS AND MOST EMINENT LEADERS

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PRESENTING DOCUMENTS FROM GOVERNMENT ARCHIVES AND OTHER AUTHORITATIVE SOURCES, WITH OUTLINE NARRATIVES, INDICES, CHRONOLOGIES, AND COURSES OF READING ON SOCIOLOGICAL MOVEMENTS AND INDIVIDUAL NATIONAL ACTIVITIES

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With a staff of specialists

**VOLUME III** 

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## THE NAVAL DISASTER OF THE DARDANELLES

TURKEY DRIVES BACK THE BRITISH FLEET

MARCH 18TH

HENRY MORGENTHAU
GASTON BODART

HENRY NEVINSON

A consecutive Turkish narrative of the defense of the Dardanelles will probably never be written; but from Ambassador Morgenthau, that strong and observant American diplomat who stood nearest to the heart of the Turkish Government, we have a frank and careful record of what the Turkish leaders said and hoped for at the time. The British view of the disastrous event is given by a British expert on military and naval affairs. Dr. Bodart presents the official Teuton view.

The personages mentioned in Mr. Morgenthau's account have been already introduced in our earlier volume. Wangenheim and Pallavicini were the German and Austrian Ambassadors in Turkey. Enver was their Turkish tool, the Minister of War and actual ruler of Turkey. Talaat, the Minister of Finance, had been the leader of Enver's faction until the War crowded Enver to the front. Mr. Churchill was the sorely harassed but ever-energetic British Minister of Naval Affairs.

The "Dardanelles" is the name given to the southern portion of the series of Turkish waterways which, by connecting the Mediterranean with the Black Sea, separate Europe from Asia in the neighborhood of Constantinople. The southern or Mediterranean mouth of the Dardanelles is more than a hundred miles from Constantinople; but only this portion of the passage is easily defensible. Once this opening had been forced, the road to Constantinople would have been open, and the city must have surrendered or been destroyed by the huge naval guns. The assault was made chiefly by British ships; though they were aided by four French men-of-war, of which the largest, the Bouvet, was sunk in the main action, of March 18th.

The importance of this assault was that its success would have broken Turkey's strength completely and enabled the Allies to reach Russia with a mass of much needed military supplies. Its failure, on the other hand, released the East from its fear of British power, and tremendously strengthened the will of the Turks for war. This was again one of those evenly balanced moments which hang great with fate. Had word but reached the Allied commanders of the exhaustion of the Turkish ammunition; had they but endured their heavy losses but a little longer, the entire issue of the Great War might have been changed. Its three last terrible years might have been escaped.

#### BY HENRY MORGENTHAU 1

N March 18th, the Allied fleet made its greatest attack. As all the world knows, that attack proved disastrous to the Allies. The outcome was the sinking of the Bouvet. the Ocean, and the Irresistible and the serious crippling of four other vessels. Of the sixteen ships engaged in this battle of the 18th, seven were thus put temporarily or permanently out of action. Naturally the Germans and Turks rejoiced over this victory. The police went around, and ordered each householder to display a prescribed number of flags in honor of the event. The Turkish people have so little spontaneous patriotism or enthusiasm of any kind that they would never decorate their establishments without such definite orders. As a matter of fact, neither Germans nor Turks regarded this celebration too seriously, for they were not yet persuaded that they had really won a victory. Most still believed that the Allied fleets would succeed in forcing their way through. The only question, they said, was whether the Entente was ready to sacrifice the necessary number of ships. Neither Wangenheim nor Pallavicini believed that the disastrous experience of the 18th would end the naval attack, and for days they anxiously waited for the fleet to return. The high tension lasted for days and weeks after the repulse of the 18th. We were still momentarily expecting the renewal of the attack. But the great armada never returned.

Should it have come back? Could the Allied ships really have captured Constantinople? I am constantly asked this question. As a layman my own opinion can have little value, but I have quoted the opinions of the German generals and admirals, and of the Turks—practically all of whom, except Enver, believed that the enterprise would succeed, and I am half inclined to believe that Enver's attitude was merely a case of graveyard whistling. In what I now have to say on this point, therefore, I wish it understood that I am giving not my own views, but merely those of the officials then in Turkey who were best qualified to judge.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from "Ambassador Morgenthau's Story."

Enver had told me, in our talk on the deck of the Yuruk, that he had "plenty of guns-plenty of ammunition." But this statement was not true. A glimpse at the map will show why Turkey was not receiving munitions from Germany or Austria at that time. The fact was that Turkey was just as completely isolated from her allies then as was Russia. There were two railroad lines leading from Constantinople to Germany. One went by way of Bulgaria and Serbia. Bulgaria was then not an ally; even though she had winked at the passage of guns and shells, this line could not have been used, since Serbia, which controlled the vital link extending from Nish to Belgrade, was still intact. The other railroad line went through Rumania, by way of Bucharest. This route was independent of Serbia, and, had the Rumanian Government consented, it would have formed a clear route from the Krupps to the Dardanelles. The fact that munitions could be sent with the connivance of the Rumanian Government perhaps accounts for the suspicion that guns and shells were going by that route. Day after day the French and British ministers protested at Bucharest against this alleged violation of neutrality, only to be met with angry denials that the Germans were using this line. There is no doubt now that the Rumanian Government was perfectly honorable in making these denials. It is not unlikely that the Germans themselves started all these stories, merely to fool the Allied fleet into the belief that their supplies were inexhaustible.

Let us suppose that the Allies had returned, say on the morning of the nineteenth, what would have happened? The one overwhelming fact is that the fortifications were very short of ammunition. They had almost reached the limit of their resisting power when the British fleet passed out on the afternoon of the 18th. I had secured permission for Mr. George A. Schreiner, the well-known American correspondent of the Associated Press, to visit the Dardanelles on this occasion. On the night of the 18th, this correspondent discussed the situation with General Mertens, who was the chief technical officer at the straits. General

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Mertens admitted that the outlook was very discouraging for the defense.

"We expect that the British will come back early tomorrow morning," he said, "and if they do, we may be able to hold out for a few hours."

General Mertens did not declare in so many words that the ammunition was practically exhausted, but Mr. Schreiner discovered that such was the case. The fact was that Fort Hamidié, the most powerful defense on the Asiatic side, had just seventeen armor-piercing shells left, while at Kilidul-Bahr, which was the main defense on the European side, there were precisely ten.

"I should advise you to get up at six o'clock to-morrow morning," said General Mertens, "and take to the Anatolian

hills. That's what we are going to do."

The troops at all the fortifications had their orders to man the guns until the last shell had been fired and then to abandon the forts.

Once these defenses became helpless, the problem of the Allied fleet would have been a simple one. The only bar to their progress would have been the mine-field, which stretched from a point about two miles north of Erenkeui to Kilid-ul-Bahr. But the Allied fleet had plenty of minesweepers, which could have made a channel in a few hours. North of Tchanak, as I have already explained, there were a few guns, but they were of the 1878 model, and could not discharge projectiles that could pierce modern armor plate. North of Point Nagara there were only two batteries, and both dated from 1835! Thus, once having silenced the outer straits, there was nothing to bar the passage to Constantinople except the German and Turkish warships. Goeben was the only first-class fighting ship in either fleet, and it would not have lasted long against the Queen Elizabeth. The disproportion in the strength of the opposing fleets, indeed, was so enormous that it is doubtful whether there would ever have been an engagement.

Thus the Allied fleet would have appeared before Constantinople on the morning of the twentieth. What would have happened then? We have heard much discussion as

to whether this purely naval attack was justified. Enver, in his conversation with me, had laid much stress on the absurdity of sending a fleet to Constantinople, supported by no adequate landing force, and much of the criticism since passed upon the Dardanelles expedition has centered on that point. Yet it is my opinion that this exclusively naval attack was justified. I base this judgment purely upon the political situation which then existed in Turkey. Under ordinary circumstances such an enterprise would probably have been a foolish one, but the political conditions in Constantinople then were not ordinary. There was no solidly established government in Turkey at that time. A political committee, not exceeding forty members, headed by Talaat, Enver, and Diemal, controlled the Central Government, but their authority throughout the empire was exceedingly tenuous. As a matter of fact, the whole Ottoman state, on that eighteenth day of March, 1915, when the Allied fleet abandoned the attack, was on the brink of dissolution. All over Turkey ambitious chieftains had arisen, who were momentarily expecting its fall, and who were looking for the opportunity to seize their parts of the inheritance. As previously described, Djemal had already organized practically an independent government in Syria. In Smyrna Rahmi Bey, the Governor-General, had often disregarded the authorities at the capital. In Adrianople Hadji Adil, one of the most courageous Turks of the time, was believed to be plotting to set up his own government. Arabia had already become practically an independent nation. Among the subject races the spirit of revolt was rapidly spreading. The Greeks and the Armenians would also have welcomed an opportunity to strengthen the hands of the Allies. The existing financial and industrial conditions seemed to make revolution inevitable. Many farmers went on strike; they had no seeds and would not accept them as a free gift from the Government because, they said, as soon as their crops should be garnered the armies would immediately requisition them. As for Constantinople, the populace there and the best elements among the Turks, far from opposing the arrival of the Allied fleet, would have welcomed it with

joy. The Turks themselves were praying that the British and French would take their city, for this would relieve them of the controlling gang, emancipate them from the hated Germans, bring about peace, and end their miseries.

No one understood this better than Talaat. He was taking no chances on making an expeditious retreat, in case the Allied fleet appeared before the city. For several months the Turkish leaders had been casting envious glances at a Minerva automobile that had been reposing in the Belgian legation ever since Turkey's declaration of war. Talaat finally obtained possession of the coveted prize. He had obtained somewhere another automobile, which he had loaded with extra tires, gasolene, and all the other essentials of a protracted journey. This was evidently intended to accompany the more pretentious machine as a kind of "mother ship." Talaat stationed these automobiles on the Asiatic side of the city with chauffeurs constantly at hand. Everything was prepared to leave for the interior of Asia Minor at a moment's notice.

But the great Allied armada never returned to the attack.

#### BY HENRY WOODD NEVINSON

Orders for washing and clean clothes (to avoid septic wounds) were issued on February 18th, and next morning, in clear and calm weather, "General Quarters" was sounded. The firing began at eight, and the first scene in the drama of the Dardanelles Expedition was enacted.

The main forts to be destroyed were four in number; two on either side the entrance. One stood on the cliff of Cape Helles, just to the left or southwest of the shelving amphitheater afterwards celebrated as V Beach. Another lay low down, on the right of the same beach, close in front of the medieval castle of Seddel Bahr, where still one sees lying in heaps or scattered over the ground huge cannonballs of stone, such as were hurled at Duckworth's fleet more than a century before. Upon the Asiatic side stood the fort of Kum Kali, at the very mouth of the strait, not far from the cliff village of Yenishehr, and separated from the

plain of Troy by the river Mendere, near neighbor to the Simois and Scamander conjoined. About a mile down the coast, close beside Yenishehr village, is the remaining fort of Orkhanieh. None of these forts was heavily armed. The largest guns appear to have been 10.2 inch (six on Seddel Bahr, and four on Kum Kali), and when our squadron drew their fire their extreme range was found to be 12,500 yards.

Throughout the morning of February 19th, Admiral Carden concentrated his bombardment upon these forts at long range, and they made no reply. Hoping that he had silenced or utterly destroyed them, he advanced six ships to closer range in the afternoon, and then the reply came in earnest, though the shooting was poor. At sunset he withdrew the ships, though Kum Kali was still firing. In evidence, he admitted that "the result of the day's action showed apparently that the effect of long range bombardment by direct fire on modern earthwork forts is slight." It was a lesson repeated time after time throughout the campaign. The big naval shells threw up stones and earth as from volcanoes, and caused great alarm. But the alarm was temporary, and the effect, whether on earthworks or trenches, usually disappointing. For naval guns, constructed to strike visible objects at long range with marvelous accuracy, have too flat a trajectory for the plunging fire (as of howitzers) which devastates earthworks and trenches. It was with heavy howitzers that the Germans destroyed the forts of Liege, Namur, and Antwerp, and, owing to this obvious difference in the weapons employed, Mr. Churchill's expectation of crushing the Dardanelles defenses by the big guns of the Queen Elizabeth and the Inflexible was frustrated.

Nevertheless, after a few days of driving rain and heavy sea (a common event at this season, which might have been anticipated), Admiral Carden renewed the bombardment on February 25th, employing the Queen Elizabeth, Irresistible, Agamemnon, and Gaulois. The Queen Elizabeth, firing beyond the enemy's range, assisted in silencing the powerful batteries on Cape Helles, and though the Agamemnon was

severely struck at about 11,000 yards' range, the subsidiary ships Cornwallis, Vengeance, Triumph, Albion, Suffren, and Charlemagne stood in closer, and by the evening compelled all the outer forts to cease fire. Next day landingparties of marines were put ashore to complete their destruction; which they did, though at Kum Kali they were driven back to their boats with some loss. The story that marines had tea at Krithia and climbed Achi Baba for the viewplaces soon to acquire such ill-omened fame-is mythical. But certainly they met with no opposition on the Peninsula, and if a large military force had then been available, the gallant but appalling events of the landing two months later would never have occurred. Had not the War Council persisted in the design of a solely naval attack, even after their resolve had begun to waver, a large military force might have been available, either then, or to cooperate with a similar naval movement only a week or two later.

Stormy weather delayed further attack till March 4th, when a squadron, including the Triumph, Albion, Lord Nelson, and Ocean, passed up the strait to a position beyond the village of Erenkeui, conspicuous upon a mountainside of the Asiatic coast, and bombarded Fort Dardanus. The fort stands upon Kephez Point, which projects as though to defend the very entrance of the Narrows. Over the top of the promontory the houses and mosques of Chanak and Kilid Bahr could be plainly seen, where those towns face each other across the narrowest part of the passage. Of the eight lines of mine-field drawn across the strait, five lay between Kephez Point and Chanak. Day and night our mine-sweeping trawlers were engaged upon them, and considerable praise must be given to the courage and endurance of their crews, who for the most part had been North Sea fishermen before the expedition. Their service throughout, whether for mine-sweeping or transport, was of very high value. It almost justified the remark made to me by a skipper whom I had met before on the Dogger Bank: "If the Kayser had knowed as we'd got trawlers, he would never have declared war!"

A similar advance to engage the forts at Dardanus, and,

after those were thought to be silenced, the forts at Chanak and Kilid Bahr, was made next day, and again, in stronger force, on March 6th. At the same time, on the 6th, the Queen Elizabeth, stationed off Gaba Tepe on the outer coast, flung her vast shells clear over the Peninsula into the Chanak forts, her fire being directed by aëroplanes. She was supported by the Agamemnon and Ocean, and there were high hopes of thus crushing out the big guns defending the Narrows, some of which were believed to be 14-inch. Nevertheless, when the four French battleships advanced up the strait on the following day (March 7th), supported at long range by the Agamemnon and her sister ship Lord Nelson, the Chanak forts replied with an effective and damaging fire. It was impossible to say when a fort was really out of action. After long silence, the Turkish and German gunners frequently returned and reopened fire, as though nothing had happened. In his evidence, Admiral Carden stated that when the demolition parties landed after the bombardment of the outer forts, they found 70 per cent. of the guns apparently intact upon their mountings, although their magazines were blown up and their electrical or other communications destroyed. Still worse than these disappointing results was the opportunity left to the enemy of moving, not only bodies of men, but field-guns and heavy howitzers from one point of the Peninsula and Asiatic coast to another, and opening fire upon the ships from concealed and unexpected positions. Our landing-parties of marines also suffered considerably from the advantage thus given to the enemy, as happened to a body which landed at Kum Kali for the second time on March 4th. All such dangers and hindrances would have been removed if the navy had been supported by sufficient military force to occupy the ground behind the ships as they advanced.

Mr. Churchill, though striving to restrain his impatience, strongly urged Admiral Carden to press forward the naval attack with the utmost vigor. In a telegram of March 11th he wrote: "If success cannot be obtained without loss of ships and men, results to be gained are important enough to justify such a loss. The whole operation may

be decided, and consequences of a decisive character upon the war may be produced by the turning of the corner Chanak. . . . We have no wish to hurry you or urge you beyond your judgment, but we recognize clearly that at a certain period in your operations you will have to press hard for a decision; and we desire to know whether, in your opinion, that period has now arrived. Every well-conceived action for forcing a decision, even should regret-

table losses be entailed, will receive our support."

To this Admiral Carden replied that he considered the stage for vigorous action had now been reached, but that, when the fleet entered the Sea of Marmora, military operations on a large scale should be opened at once, so as to secure communications. On March 15th Mr. Churchill, still anxious not to allow his impatience to drive him into rashness, telegraphed again that, though no time was to be lost, there should be no undue haste. An attempt to rush the passage without having cleared a channel through the mines and destroyed the primary armament of the forts was not contemplated. The close cooperation of army and navy must be carefully studied, and it might be found that a naval rush would be costly without military occupation of the Kilid Bahr plateau. On these points the Admiral was to consult with the General who was being sent out to take command of the troops. To all of this Admiral Carden agreed. He proposed to begin vigorous operations on March 17th, but did not intend to rush the passage before a channel was cleared. This answer was telegraphed on March 16th. But on the same day the Admiral resigned his command owing to serious ill-health,

Rear-Admiral Sir John de Robeck, second in command, was next day appointed his successor. He was five years younger, was, of course, fully cognizant of the plans, and expressed his entire approval of them. Yet it appears from his evidence that though strongly urged by Mr. Churchill to act on "his independent and separate judgment," and not to hesitate to state objections, his real motive in carrying on the prearranged scheme was not so much his confidence in success as his fear lest a withdrawal might injure

our prestige in the Near East; and, secondly, his desire to make the best he could of an idea which he regarded as an order. "The order was to carry out a certain operation," he said, "or to try to do it, and we had to do the best we could." If the ships got through, he, like many others, expected a revolution or other political change in Turkey. Otherwise, he saw that transports could not come up, and that the ships could not remain in the Sea of Marmora for more than a fortnight or three weeks, but would have to run the gauntlet coming down again, just as Admiral Duckworth did in 1807. In his telegram accepting the command, however, he made no mention of these considerations, but only said that success depended upon clearing the mine-fields after silencing the forts.

Indeed, he had small time for any considerations. For on the very first day after receiving his command (March 18th) he undertook the main attempt to force the Narrows. The weather was favorable-no mist and little wind. The scheme was to attack in three squadrons successively. The first blow was given by the four most powerful ships -Queen Elizabeth, Inflexible, Lord Nelson, and Agamemnon-which poured heavy shell at long range into the forts at Chanak and Kilid Bahr, while the Triumph and Prince George bombarded Fort Dardanus on the Asiatic coast. and Fort Soghandere, opposite to it upon the Peninsula. This bombardment lasted from about II a. m. till 12.30 p. m., and all six ships found themselves exposed to heavy fire from the forts, and from hidden howitzers and fieldguns in varied positions upon both shores. At about 12.30 the second squadron, consisting of the four French ships, came up into action, advancing beyond the former line in the direction of Kephez Point. Though suffering considerably (chiefly owing to their inability to maneuver in such narrow waters, thus presenting very visible and almost fixed targets to the enemy's guns), the ten ships maintained the bombardment for about an hour (till nearly 1.30). The enemy's forts then fell silent, and it was hoped that many of them, at all events, had been destroyed.

Accordingly, the third squadron, consisting of six Brit-

ish ships (Irresistible, Vengeance, Ocean, Swiftsure, Majestic, and Albion), were brought up, with the design of advancing first through the Narrows, so as to insure a clear passage for the greater ships which made the first attack. At the same time the four French ships, together with the Triumph and Prince George, were ordered to withdraw, so as to leave more room for the rest. During this maneuver, all or nearly all the guns in the forts opened fire again, their silence having been due, not to destruction, but to the absence of the gunners, driven away by the gases or terror of our shells. Most of the ships suffered, and as the Bouvet moved down channel with her companion ships, she was struck by three big shells in quick succession. The blows were immediately followed by a vast explosion. It is disputed whether this was due to a shell bursting in her magazine, or to a torpedo fired from the Asiatic coast, or, as the Admiralty report said, to a mine drifting down the current. In two or three minutes she sank in deep water just north of Erenkeui, carrying nearly the whole of her crew to the bottom. The cries of the men dragged down with her, or struggling in the water as they were swept downstream, sounded over the strait.

At 2.30 the bombardment of all the forts was renewed, but they were not silenced. At 4 o'clock the Irresistible drew away with a heavy list. Apparently she also was struck by a mine adrift; but she remained affoat for nearly two hours, and nearly all her crew were saved by destroyers, which swarmed round her at great risk to themselves, since they offered a crowded target. A quarter of an hour after she sank, the *Ocean* was struck in a similar manner (6.50 p. m.) and sank with great rapidity. Most of her crew, however, were also saved by destroyers near at hand. Many of the other ships were struck by shell. The Inflexible and Gaulois suffered especially, and only just crawled back to be beached, the one at Tenedos, the other at Rabbit Island. At sunset the fleet was withdrawn. It had been proved once more that, in an attack upon land forts, ships lie at a great disadvantage. In this case the disadvantage was much increased by the narrowness of the waters, which brought the ships within range of howitzer and other batteries hidden upon both shores, and also gave special opportunity for the use of mines drifting on the rapid current, or anchored right across the channel in successive rows.

Mr. Churchill wished to renew the attempt at once. Perhaps he thought that English people are given to exaggerate the loss of a battleship. Admiral de Robeck shared this view. It was suspected at the Admiralty that the ammunition in the forts was running short, and, at a much later date, Enver Pasha is reported to have said: "If the English had only had the courage to rush more ships through the Dardanelles, they could have got to Constantinople; but their delay enabled us thoroughly to fortify the Peninsula, and in six weeks' time we had taken down there over 200 Austrian Skoda guns."<sup>2</sup>

That delay of six weeks was fatal, but the navy was not to blame. The British military leaders decided in favor of a land attack.

#### BY DR. GASTON BODART

With the entry of Turkey into the ranks of the combatants, the military importance of the Dardanelles became evident. This most vulnerable point of the Turkish Empire soon became the center of operations on the part of the English-French naval forces in the Mediterranean. The first enterprises were confined to a repeated bombardment (November 3rd, 1914, and February 19th, 1915) of the outer forts by 8 armored ships of an older type at a distance of 18 k.m., whereby the Allies silenced these forts to the extent that an entry into the outer strait, although hindered somewhat by floating and stationary mines, became possible. The means at hand did not suffice for further successes;

\*Speaking of this naval attack, Dr. Stürmer writes: "To their great astonishment the gallant defenders of the coast forts found that the attack had suddenly ceased. Dozens of the German naval gunners who were manning the batteries of Chanak on that memorable day told me later that they had quite made up their minds the fleet would ultimately win, and that they themselves could not have held out much longer."—"Two War Years in Constantinople."

so that the commanders of the respective fleets, Vice-Admiral Carden and Rear-Admiral Guépratte, considered it more advisable to establish a naval base on the islands of Lemnos and Tenedos and to make the principal attack, that is, the

forcing of the straits, with a much larger force.

This followed on March 18th, after the obstructing mines had been removed, and was accomplished by 16 battle ships (12 English and 4 French, only two of them, however, being of modern type), and a corresponding number of small cruisers, torpedo boats, and submarines. Altogether 38 English and 20 French vessels participated, these being under the command of the new commander-inchief, the English Vice-Admiral de Robeck. On the Turkish side the intervals between the fighting had been well employed by strengthening the fortifications. German engineers had modernized the existing fortifications, repaired the damaged parts, and constructed supplementary works. The task of defense was chiefly entrusted to Field-Marshal von der Goltz.

At the straits the command was shared by the German Admiral von Usedom and Djewad Pasha, the squadron being under the command of the German rearadmiral Souchon. German marine and foot artillery served the guns. The battle lasted almost the whole day, and, although several Turkish batteries had been silenced, ended with a complete success for the defense. Three battleships of 12-15,000 tons, among them being one French vessel, were so badly damaged by floating mines and artillery-fire that they had to withdraw from the fighting zone. The agreed-upon simultaneous action of the Russian Black Sea fleet did not materialize by reason of a lack of daring on the part of the Russian commander. This fiasco on the part of the Allies demonstrated the superiority of the land defenses as against the floating artillery, even that of greatest caliber, so that the already partially prepared cooperation of a landing corps was definitely determined upon by the Allies.

### THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES

THE LAST GREAT CRIME OF THE TURKS

APRIL-DECEMBER

LORD JAMES BRYCE DR. HARRY STÜRMER DR. MARTIN NIEPAGE TALAAT PASHA

This most wholesale of all the awful Turkish massacres of the past may, we are confident, be called the last. For surely never again will Civilization sink to such a depth of consciencelessness as to allow the Turks to rule over any other people. A Turk is not even fit to rule a Turk.

These massacres began by Turkish Government command in April, 1915, and continued just so long as there remained any living Armenians within Turkish reach. As to the German relationship to this particular group of horrors, we let Germans speak for their race. Dr. Niepage and Dr. Stürmer were both German Government employees in Turkey, the one a teacher in Asia Minor, the other a war-correspondent and former army officer in Constantinople. Both recoil in an agony of protest against what they saw; but it is sadly noteworthy that both have to admit that the mass of their countrymen in Turkey showed no such emotional weakness.

Of the torture and slaughter of over a million people, it is impossible to give full details. These two German reports do but brush the edge of the immeasurable foulness. Its general outline is therefore given from Lord Bryce's report to the British Government, made in October of 1915. James Bryce, former British Ambassador to the United States, was a personage of such world-wide honors and high repute both as statesman and as man of letters that his words may always be fully accepted. In this case they are conservative understatements of the unspeakable truth. His full report is sickening with tales of torture and of beastly lust. Talaat Pasha, the Turkish Minister of State and leader of Turkey at the time, was directly responsible for the massacre. His official orders have since been discovered and are printed here. He was assassinated in 1921 by Solomon Teilirian, a vengeful Armenian student.

#### BY LORD BRYCE

I AM grieved to say that such information as has reached me from several quarters goes to show that the number of those who have perished in Armenia is very large. It has been estimated at the figure of 800,000. Though hoping that figure to be beyond the mark, I cannot venture

to pronounce it incredible,1 for there has been an unparalleled destruction of life all over the country from the frontiers of Persia to the Sea of Marmora, only a very few of the cities of the Ægean coast having escaped. This is so, because the proceedings taken have been so carefully premeditated and systematically carried out, with a ruthless efficiency previously unknown among the Turks. The massacres are the result of a policy which, as far as can be ascertained, has been entertained for some considerable time by the gang of unscrupulous adventurers in possession of the Government of the Turkish Empire. They hesitated to put it in practice until they thought the favorable moment had come, and that moment seems to have arrived about the month of April, 1915. That was the time when these orders were issued, orders which came down in every case from Constantinople, and which the officials found themselves obliged to carry out on pain of dismissal.

There was no Moslem passion against the Armenian Christians. All was done by the will of the Government, and done not from any religious fanaticism, but simply because they wished, for reasons purely political, to get rid of a non-Moslem element which impaired the homogeneity of the Empire, and constituted an element that might not always submit to oppression. All that I have learned confirms what has already been said elsewhere, that there is no reason to believe that in this case Musulman fanaticism came into play at all. So far as can be made out, though of course the baser natures have welcomed and used the opportunities for plunder which slaughter and deportations afford, these massacres have been viewed by the better sort of religious Moslems with horror rather than with sympathy. It would be too much to say that they have often attempted to interfere, but at any rate they do not seem to have shown approval of the conduct of the Turkish Government.

There is nothing in the precepts of Islam which justifies the slaughter which has been perpetrated. I am told on

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>Later statistics carry this grim figure above a million.

good authority that high Moslem religious authorities condemned the massacres ordered by Abdul Hamid, and these are far more atrocious. In some cases the governors, being pious and humane men, refused to execute the orders that had reached them, and endeavored to give what protection they could to the unfortunate Armenians. In two cases I have heard of the governors being immediately dismissed for refusing to obey the orders. Others more pliant were substituted, and the massacres were carried out.

As I have said, the procedure was exceedingly system-The whole Armenian population of each town or village was cleared out, by a house-to-house search. Every inmate was driven into the street. Some of the men were thrown into prison, where they were put to death, sometimes with torture; the rest of the men, with the women and children, were marched out of the town. When they had got some little distance they were separated, the men being taken to some place among the hills, where the soldiers, or the Kurdish tribes who were called in to help in the work of slaughter, dispatched them by shooting or bayoneting. The women and children and old men were sent off under convoy of the lowest kinds of soldiers-many of them just drawn from gaols-to their distant destination, which was sometimes one of the unhealthy districts in the center of Asia Minor, but more frequently the large desert in the province of Der el Zor, which lies east of Aleppo, in the direction of the Euphrates. They were driven along by the soldiers day after day, all on foot, beaten or left behind to perish if they could not keep up with the caravan; many fell by the way, and many died of hunger. No provisions were given them by the Turkish Government, and they had already been robbed of everything they possessed. Not a few of the women were stripped naked and made to travel in that condition beneath a burning sun. Some of the mothers went mad and threw away their children, being unable to carry them further. The caravan route was marked by a line of corpses, and comparatively few seem to have arrived at the destinations which had been prescribed for them-chosen, no doubt, because return was impossible and because there was little prospect that any would survive their hardships. I have had circumstantial accounts of these deportations which bear internal evidence of being veracious, and I was told by an American friend who has lately returned from Constantinople that he had heard accounts at Constantinople confirming fully those which had come to me, and that what had struck him was the comparative calmness with which these atrocities were detailed by those who had first-hand knowledge of them. Things which we find scarcely credible excite little surprise in Turkey. Massacre was the order of the day as in Eastern Rumelia in 1876, and, in 1895-6, in Asiatic Turkey.

When the Armenian population was driven from its homes, many of the women were not killed, but reserved for a more humiliating fate. They were mostly seized by Turkish officers or civilian officials, and consigned to their harems. Others were sold in the market, but only to a Moslem purchaser, for they were to be made Moslems by force. Never again would they see parents or husbands—these Christian women condemned at one stroke to slavery, shame and apostasy. The boys and girls were also very largely sold into slavery, at prices sometimes of only ten to twelve shillings, while other boys of tender age were delivered to dervishes, to be carried off to a sort of dervish monastery, and there forced to become Musulmans.

To give one instance of the thorough and remorseless way in which the massacres were carried out, it may suffice to refer to the case of Trebizond, a case vouched for by the Italian Consul who was present when the slaughter was carried out, his country not having then declared war against Turkey. Orders came from Constantinople that all the Armenian Christians in Trebizond were to be killed. Many of the Moslems tried to save their Christian neighbors, and offered them shelter in their houses, but the Turkish authorities were implacable. Obeying the orders which they had received, they hunted out all the Christians, gathered them together, and drove a great crowd of them down the streets of Trebizond, past the fortress, to the edge of the sea. There they were all put on board sailing boats, car-

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ried out some distance on the Black Sea, and there thrown overboard and drowned. Nearly the whole Armenian population of from 8,000 to 10,000 were destroyed-some in this way, some by slaughter, some by being sent to death elsewhere. After that, any other story becomes credible: and I am sorry to say that all the stories that I have received contain similar elements of horror, intensified in some cases by stories of shocking torture. But the most pitiable case is not that of those whose misery was ended by swift death, but of those unfortunate women who, after their husbands had been killed and their daughters violated, were driven out with their young children to perish in the desertwhere they have no sustenance, and where they are the victims of the wild Arab tribes around them. It would seem that three-fourths or four-fifths of the whole nation has been wiped out, and there is no case in history, certainly not since the time of Tamerlane, in which any crime so hideous and upon so large a scale has been recorded.

Let me add, because this is of some importance in view of the excuses which the German Government put forward, and which their Ambassador in Washington is stated to have given, when he talked about "the suppression of riots," for the conduct of those who were their allies, that there is no ground for the suggestion that there had been any rising on the part of the Armenians. A certain number of Armenian volunteers fought on the side of the Russians in the Caucasian Army, but they came from the Armenian population of Trans-Caucasia. It may be that some few Armenians crossed the frontier in order to fight alongside their Armenian brethren in Trans-Caucasia for Russia, but at any rate, the volunteer corps which rendered such brilliant service to the Russian Army in the first part of the war was composed of Russian Armenians living in the Caucasus. Wherever the Armenians, almost wholly unarmed as they were, have fought, they have fought in self-defense to defend their families and themselves from the cruelty of the ruffians who constitute what is called the Government of the country. There is no excuse whatever upon any such ground as some German authorities and newspapers allege,

for the conduct of the Turkish Government. Their policy of slaughter and deportation has been wanton and unprovoked. It appears to be simply an application of the maxim once enunciated by Sultan Abdul Hamid: "The way to get rid of the Armenian question is to get rid of the Armenians"; and the policy of extermination has been carried out with far more thoroughness and with far more bloodthirsty completeness by the present heads of the Turkish Administration—they describe themselves as the Committee of Union and Progress—than it was in the time of Abdul Hamid.

Even if the statistics were more abundant and more eloquent still, they might fail to convey to our imagination the actuality of what has happened. A nation blotted out! It is easy to say it with the lips, more difficult to realize what it means, for it is something totally beyond our experience. Perhaps nothing brings it home more crushingly than the record which we have of one little community of sensitive, refined Armenian people, and of the terrible fates by which they were individually overtaken. They were the members of an educational establishment in a certain Anatolian town, which was endowed and directed by a society of foreign missionaries; and the following is taken directly from a letter which was written by the President of the College after the blow had fallen.

"I shall try to banish from my mind for the time the sense of great personal sorrow because of losing hundreds of my friends here, and also my sense of utter defeat in being so unable to stop the awful tragedy or even mitigate to any degree its severity, and compel myself to give you concisely some of the cold facts of the past months as they relate themselves to the College. I do so with the hope that the possession of these concrete facts may help you to do something there for the handful of dependents still left to us here.

"(i) Constituency: Approximately two-thirds of the girl pupils and six-sevenths of the boys have been taken away to death, exile or Moslem homes.

"(ii) Professors: Four gone, three left, as follows:

"Professor A., served College 35 years. Professor of Turkish and History. Besides previous trouble arrested May 1st without charge, hair of head, mustache and beard pulled out in vain effort to secure damaging confessions. Starved and hung by arms for a day and a night and severely beaten several times. Taken out towards Diyarbekir about June 20th and murdered in general massacre on the road.

"Professor B., served College 33 years, studied at Ann Arbor. Professor of Mathematics, arrested about June

5th and shared Professor A.'s fate on the road.

"Professor C., taken to witness a man beaten almost to death, became mentally deranged. Started with his family about July 5th into exile under guard and murdered beyond the first big town on the road. (Principal of Preparatory Department, studied at Princeton.) Served the College 20 years.

"Professor D., served College 16 years, studied at Edinburgh, Professor of Mental and Moral Science. Arrested with Professor A. and suffered same tortures, also had three finger nails pulled out by the roots; killed in same

massacre.

"Professor E., served College 25 years, arrested May 1st, not tortured but sick in prison. Sent to Red Crescent Hospital and after paying large bribes is now free.

"Professor F., served the College for over 15 years, studied in Stuttgart and Berlin, Professor of Music, escaped arrest and torture, and thus far escaped exile and death because of favor with the Kaim-makam secured by personal

services rendered.

"Professor G., served the College about 15 years, studied at Cornell and Yale (M.S.), Professor of Biology, arrested about June 5th, beaten about the hands, body and head with a stick by the Kaim-makam himself, who, when tired, called on all who loved religion and the nation to continue the beating; after a period of insensibility in a dark closet, taken to the Red Crescent Hospital with a broken finger and serious bruises.

"(iii) Instructors, Male: Four reported killed on the road in various massacres, whose average term of service

is eight years. Three not heard from, probably killed on the road, average term of service in the College four years.

"Two sick in Missionary Hospital.

"One in exile.

"One engaged in cabinet work for the Kaim-makam, free.

"One, owner of house occupied by the Kaim-makam, free.

"(iv) Instructors, Female:

"One reported killed in Chunkoosh, served the College over twenty years.

"One reported taken to a Turkish harem.

"Three not heard from.

"Four started out as exiles.

"Ten free.

"Of the Armenian people as a whole we may put an estimate that three-fourths are gone, and this three-fourths includes the leaders in every walk of life, merchants, professional men, preachers, bishops and government officials.

"I have said enough. Our hearts are sick with the sights and stories of abject terror and suffering. The extermination of the race seems to be the objective, and the means employed are more fiendish than could be concocted locally. The orders are from headquarters, and any reprieve must be from the same source."

#### BY DR. MARTIN NIEPAGE

When I returned to Aleppo in September, 1915, from a three months' holiday at Beirout, I heard with horror that a new phase of Armenian massacres had begun which were far more terrible than the earlier massacres under Abdul-Hamid, and which aimed at exterminating, root and branch, the intelligent, industrious, and progressive Armenian nation, and at transferring its property to Turkish hands.

Such monstrous news left me at first incredulous. I was told that, in various quarters of Aleppo, there were lying masses of half-starved people, the survivors of so-called "deportation convoys." In order, I was told, to cover the extermination of the Armenian nation with a political

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cloak, military reasons were being put forward, which were said to make it necessary to drive the Armenians out of their native seats, which had been theirs for 2,500 years, and to deport them to the Arabian deserts. I was also told that individual Armenians had lent themselves to acts of

espionage.

After I had informed myself about the facts and had made inquiries on all sides, I came to the conclusion that all these accusations against the Armenians were, in fact, based on trifling provocations, which were taken as an excuse for slaughtering 10,000 innocents for one guilty person, for the most savage outrages against women and children, and for a campaign of starvation against the exiles which was intended to exterminate the whole nation.

To test the conclusion derived from my information, I visited all the places in the city where there were Armenians left behind by the convoys. In dilapidated caravansaries (hans) I found quantities of dead, many corpses being half-decomposed, and others, still living, among them, who were soon to breathe their last. In other yards I found quantities of sick and starving people whom no one was looking after. In the neighborhood of the German Technical School, at which I am employed as a higher grade teacher, there were four such hans, with seven or eight hundred exiles dying of starvation. We teachers and our pupils had to pass by them every day. Every time we went out we saw through the open windows their pitiful forms, emaciated and wrapped in rags. In the mornings our schoolchildren, on their way through the narrow streets, had to push past the two-wheeled ox-carts, on which every day from eight to ten rigid corpses, without coffin or shroud, were carried away, their arms and legs trailing out of the vehicle.

After I had shared this spectacle for several days I thought it my duty to compose the following report:

"As teachers in the German Technical School at Aleppo, we permit ourselves with all respect to make the following report:

"We feel it our duty to draw attention to the fact that

our educational work will forfeit its moral basis and the esteem of the natives, if the German Government is not in a position to put a stop to the brutality with which the wives and children of slaughtered Armenians are being treated here.

"Out of convoys which, when they left their homes on the Armenian plateau, numbered from two to three thousand men, women and children, only two or three hundred survivors arrive here in the south. The men are slaughtered on the way; the women and girls, with the exception of the old, the ugly and those who are still children, have been abused by Turkish soldiers and officers and then carried away to Turkish and Kurdish villages, where they have to accept Islam. They try to destroy the remnant of the convoys by hunger and thirst. Even when they are fording rivers, they do not allow those dying of thirst to drink. All the nourishment they receive is a daily ration of a little meal sprinkled over their hands, which they lick off greedily, and its only effect is to protract their starvation.

"Opposite the German Technical School at Aleppo, in which we are engaged in teaching, a mass of about four hundred emaciated forms, the remnant of such convoys, is lying in one of the hans. There are about a hundred children (boys and girls) among them, from five to seven years old. Most of them are suffering from typhoid and dysentery. When one enters the yard, one has the impression of entering a mad-house. If one brings them food, one notices that they have forgotten how to eat. Their stomach, weakened by months of starvation, can no longer assimilate nourishment. If one gives them bread, they put it aside indifferently. They just lie there quietly, waiting for death.

"Amid such surroundings, how are we teachers to read German Fairy Stories with our children, or, indeed, the story of the Good Samaritan in the Bible? How are we to make them decline and conjugate irrelevant words, while round them in the yards adjoining the German Technical School their starving fellow-countrymen are slowly succumbing? Under such circumstances our educational work

flies in the face of all true morality and becomes a mockery

of human sympathy.

"And what becomes of these poor people who have been driven in thousands through Aleppo and the neighborhood into the deserts, reduced almost entirely, by this time, to women and children? They are driven on and on from one place to another. The thousands shrink to hundreds and the hundreds to tiny remnants, and even these remnants are driven on till the last is dead. Then at last they have reached the goal of their wandering, the 'New Homes assigned to the Armenians,' as the newspapers phrase it.

"'Ta'alim el aleman' ('the teaching of the Germans') is the simple Turk's explanation to every one who asks him

about the originators of these measures.

"The educated Moslems are convinced that, even though the German nation discountenances such horrors, the German Government is taking no steps to put a stop to them, out of consideration for its Turkish Ally.

"Mohammedans, too, of more sensitive feelings—Turks and Arabs alike—shake their heads in disapproval and do not conceal their tears when they see a convoy of exiles marching through the city, and Turkish soldiers using cudgels upon women in advanced pregnancy and upon dying people who can no longer drag themselves along. They cannot believe that their Government has ordered these atrocities, and they hold the Germans responsible for all such outrages, Germany being considered during the war as Turkey's schoolmaster in everything. Even the mollahs in the mosques say that it was not the Sublime Porte but the German officers who ordered the ill-treatment and destruction of the Armenians.

"The things which have been passing here for months under everybody's eyes will certainly remain as a stain on Germany's shield in the memory of Orientals.

"In order not to be obliged to give up their faith in the character of the Germans, which they have hitherto respected, many educated Mohammedans explain the situation to themselves as follows: 'The German nation,' they say, 'probably knows nothing about the frightful massacres which are on foot at the present time against the native Christians in all parts of Turkey. Knowing the German love of truth, how otherwise can we explain the articles we read in German newspapers, which appear to know of nothing except that individual Armenians have been deservedly shot by martial law as spies and traitors?' Others again say: 'Perhaps the German Government has had its hands tied by some treaty defining its powers, or perhaps intervention is inopportune for the moment.'

"I know for a fact that the Embassy at Constantinople has been informed by the German Consulates of all that has been happening. As, however, there has not been so far the least change in the system of deportation, I feel myself compelled by conscience to make my present report."

At the time when I composed this report, the German Consul at Aleppo was represented by his colleague from Alexandretta—Consul Hoffmann. Consul Hoffmann informed me that the German Embassy had been advised in detail about the events in the interior in repeated reports from the Consulates at Alexandretta, Aleppo and Mosul. He told me that a report of what I had seen with my own eyes would, however, be welcome as a supplement to these official documents and as a description in detail. He said he would convey my report to the Embassy at Constantinople by a sure agency. I now worked out a report on the desired lines, giving an exact description of the state of things in the han opposite our school.

Consul Hoffmann wished to add some photographs which he had taken in the han himself. The photographs displayed piles of corpses, among which children still alive

were crawling about.

In its revised form the report was signed by my colleague, Dr. Graeter (higher grade teacher), and by Frau Marie Spiecker, as well as by myself. The head of our institution, Director Huber, also placed his name to it and added a few words in the following sense: "My colleague Dr. Niepage's report is not at all exaggerated. For weeks we have been living here in an atmosphere poisoned with sickness and the stench of corpses. Only the hope of speedy relief makes it possible for us to carry on our work."

The relief did not come. I then thought of resigning my post as higher grade teacher in the Technical School, on the ground that it was senseless and morally unjustifiable to be a representative of European civilization with the task of bringing moral and intellectual education to a nation if, at the same time, one had to look on passively while the Government of the country was abandoning one's pupils' fellow-countrymen to an agonizing death by starvation.

Those around me, however, as well as the head of our institution, Director Huber, dissuaded me from my intention. It was pointed out to me that there was value in our continued presence in the country, as eye-witnesses of what went on. Perhaps, it was suggested, our presence might have some effect in making the Turks behave more humanely towards their unfortunate victims, out of consideration for us Germans. I see now that I have remained far

too long a silent witness of all this wickedness.

Our presence had no ameliorating effect whatever, and what we could do personally came to little. Frau Spiecker, our brave, energetic colleague, bought soap, and all the women and children in our neighborhood who were still alive—there were no men left—were washed and cleansed from lice. Frau Spiecker set women to work to make soup for those who could still assimilate nourishment. I, myself, distributed two pails of tea and cheese and moistened bread among the dying children every evening for six weeks; but when the Hunger-Typhus or Spotted-Typhus spread through the city from these charnel houses, six of us succumbed to it and had to give up our relief work. Indeed, for the exiles who came to Aleppo, help was really useless. We could only afford those doomed to death a few slight alleviations of their death agony.

What we saw with our own eyes here in Aleppo was really only the last scene in the great tragedy of the extermination of the Armenians. It was only a minute fraction of the horrible drama that was being played out simultaneously in all the other provinces of Turkey. Many more appalling things were reported by the engineers of the Bagdad Railway, when they came back from their work on the section under construction, or by German travelers who met the convoys of exiles on their journeys. Many of these gentlemen had seen such appalling sights that they could

eat nothing for days.

One of them, Herr Greif, of Aleppo, reported corpses of violated women lying about naked in heaps on the rail-way embankment at Tell-Abiad and Ras-el-Ain. Another, Herr Spiecker, of Aleppo, had seen Turks tie Armenian men together, fire several volleys of small shot with fowling-pieces into the human mass, and go off laughing while their victims slowly perished in frightful convulsions. Other men had their hands tied behind their back and were rolled down steep cliffs. Women were standing below, who slashed those who had rolled down with knives until they were dead. A Protestant pastor who, two years before, had given a very warm welcome to my colleague, Doctor Graeter, when he was passing through his village, had his finger nails torn out.

The German Consul from Mosul related, in my presence, at the German club at Aleppo that, in many places on the road from Mosul to Aleppo, he had seen children's hands lying hacked off in such numbers that one could have paved the road with them. In the German hospital at Ourfa there was a little girl who had had both her hands hacked off.

In an Arab village on the way to Aleppo Herr Holstein, the German Consul from Mosul, saw shallow graves with freshly-buried Armenian corpses. The Arabs of the village declared that they had killed these Armenians by the Government's orders. One asserted proudly that he per-

sonally had killed eight.

In many Christian houses in Aleppo I found Armenian girls hidden who by some chance had escaped death; either they had been left lying exhausted and had been taken for dead when their companions had been driven on, or, in other cases, Europeans had found an opportunity to buy the poor creatures for a few marks from the last Turkish

soldier who had violated them. All these girls showed symptoms of mental derangement; many of them had had to watch the Turks cut their parents' throats. I know poor things who have not had a single word coaxed out of them for months, and not a smile to this moment. A girl about fourteen years old was given shelter by Herr Krause, Depôt Manager for the Bagdad Railway at Aleppo. The girl had been so many times ravished by Turkish soldiers in one night that she had completely lost her reason. I saw her tossing on her pillow in delirium with burning lips, and could hardly get water down her throat.

A German I know saw hundreds of Christian peasant women who were compelled, near Ourfa, to strip naked by the Turkish soldiers. For the amusement of the soldiers they had to drag themselves through the desert in this condition for days together in a temperature of 40° Centigrade, until their skins were completely scorched. Another witness saw a Turk tear a child out of its Armenian mother's womb and hurl it against the wall.

There are other occurrences, worse than these few examples which I give here, recorded in the numerous reports which have been sent in to the Embassy from the German Consulates at Alexandretta, Aleppo and Mosul. The Consuls are of opinion that, so far, probably about one million Armenians have perished in the massacres of the last few months. Of this number, one must reckon that at least half are women and children who have either been murdered or have succumbed to starvation.

It is a duty of conscience to bring these things into publicity, and, although the Turkish Government, in destroying the Armenian nation, may only be pursuing objects of internal policy, the way this policy is being carried out has many of the characteristics of a general persecution of Christians.

All the tens of thousands of girls and women who have been carried off into Turkish harems, and the masses of children who have been collected by the Government and distributed among the Turks and Kurds, are lost to Christendom, and have to accept Islam. The abusive epithet "giaour" is now heard once again by German ears.

At Adana I saw a crowd of Armenian orphans marching through the streets under a guard of Turkish soldiers; their parents have been slaughtered and the children have to become Mohammedans. Everywhere there have been cases in which adult Armenians were able to save their lives by readiness to accept Islam. Sometimes, however, the Turkish officials first made the Christians present a petition to be received into the communion of Islam, and then answered very grandly, in order to throw dust in the eyes of Europeans, that religion is not a thing to play with. These officials preferred to have the petitioners killed. Men like Talaat Bey and Enver Pasha, when prominent Armenians brought them presents, often tempered their thanks with the remark that they would have been still better pleased if the Armenian givers had made their presents as Mohammedans. A newspaper reporter was told by one of these gentlemen: "Certainly we are now punishing many innocent people as well. But we have to guard ourselves even against those who may one day become guilty." On such grounds Turkish statesmen justify the wholesale slaughter of defenseless women and children. A German Catholic ecclesiastic reported that Enver Pasha declared, in the presence of Monsignore Dolci, the Papal Envoy at Constantinople, that he would not rest so long as a single Armenian remained alive.

The object of the deportations is the extermination of the whole Armenian nation. This purpose is also proved by the fact that the Turkish Government declines all assistance from Missionaries, Sisters of Mercy and European residents in the country, and systematically tries to stop their work. A Swiss engineer was to have been brought before a court-martial because he had distributed bread in Anatolia to the starving Armenian women and children in a convoy of exiles. The Government has not hesitated even to deport Armenian pupils and teachers from the German schools at Adana and Aleppo, and Armenian children from the German orphanages, without regard to all the efforts of

the Consuls and the heads of the institutions involved. The Government also rejected the American Government's offer to take the exiles to America on American ships and at

America's expense.

The opinion of our German Consuls and of many foreigners resident in the country about the Armenian massacres will some day become known through their reports. I can say nothing about the verdict of the German officers in Turkey. I often noticed, when in their company, an ominous silence or a convulsive effort to change the subject when any German of warm sympathies and independent judgment began to speak about the Armenians' frightful sufferings.

When Field Marshal von der Goltz was traveling to Bagdad and had to cross the Euphrates at Djerablus, there was a large encampment of half-starved Armenian exiles there. Just before the Field Marshal's arrival, so I was told at Djerablus, these unhappy people, the sick and dying with the rest, were driven under the whip several kilometers away over the nearest hills. When von der Goltz passed through, there were no traces left of the repulsive spectacle; but when I visited the place shortly afterwards with some of my colleagues, we found corpses of men, women and children still lying in out-of-the-way places, and fragments of clothes, skulls and bones which had been partly stripped of the flesh by jackals and birds of prey.

The author of the present report considers it out of the question that, if the German Government is seriously determined to stem the tide of destruction even at this eleventh hour, it would find it impossible to bring the Turkis!. Government to reason. If the Turks are really so well inclined to us Germans as people say, cannot they have it pointed out to them how seriously they compromise us before the whole civilized world, if we, as their allies, have to look on passively while our fellow-Christians in Turkey are slaughtered in their hundreds of thousands, their women and daughters violated, their children brought up as Mohammedans? Cannot the Turks be made to understand that their barbarities are reckoned to our account, and that we Ger-

mans will be accused either of criminal complicity or of contemptible weakness, if we shut our eyes to the frightful horrors which this war has produced, and seek to pass over in silence facts which are already notorious all over the world? If the Turks are really as intelligent as is said, should it be impossible to convince them that, in exterminating the Christian nations in Turkey, they are destroying the productive factors and the intermediaries of European trade and general civilization? If the Turks are as farsighted as is said, can they blind themselves to the danger that, when the civilized States of Europe have taken cognizance of what has been happening in Turkey during the war, they may be driven to the conclusion that Turkey has forfeited the right to govern herself and has destroyed once for all any belief in her tolerance and capacity for civilization? Will not the German Government be standing for what is best in Turkey's own interest, if it hinders Turkey from ruining herself morally and economically?

In this report I hope to reach the Government's ear through the accredited representatives of the German nation.

When the Reichstag sits in Committee, these things must no longer be passed over, however painful they are. Nothing could put us more to shame than the erection at Constantinople of a Turco-German palace of friendship at huge expense, while we are not in a position to shield our fellow-Christians from barbarities unparalleled even in the bloodstained history of Turkey. . . .

Even apart from our common duty as Christians, we Germans are under a special obligation to stop the complete extermination of the half-million Armenian Christians who still survive. We are Turkey's allies and, after the elimination of the French, English and Russians, we are the only foreigners who have any say in Turkish affairs. We may indignantly refute the lies of our enemies abroad, who say that the massacres have been organized by German Consuls. We shall not be able to dissipate the Turkish nation's conviction that the Armenian massacres were ordered by Germany, unless energetic steps are at last taken by German

diplomatists and officers. And even if we cleared ourselves of everything but the one reproach that our timidity and weakness in dealing with our ally had prevented us from saving half a million women and children from slaughter or death by starvation, the image of the German War would be disfigured for all time in the mirror of history by a hideous feature.

It is utterly erroneous to think that the Turkish Government will refrain of its own accord even from the destruction of the women and children, unless the strongest pressure is exercised by the German Government. Only just before I left Aleppo, in May, 1916, the crowds of exiles encamped at Ras-el-Ain on the Bagdad Railway, estimated at 20,000 women and children, were slaughtered to the last one.

# BY DR. HARRY STÜRMER

I have spoken to Armenians who said to me: "Formerly Sultan Abdul Hamid massacred us from time to time by thousands. At stated intervals, in regular pogroms, we were turned over to the knives of the Kurds, and certainly suffered terribly. After that the Young Turks, at Adana, in 1909, showed they, too, could shed the blood of thousands of us. But since our present sufferings, rest assured we look with longing back upon the massacres perpetrated under the old régime. Now we have to complain not of a definite number of murdered people; now our whole race is slowly but surely being exterminated by the chauvinistic hatred of an apparently civilized, apparently modern, but, for that very reason, terribly dangerous Government. Now they are taking our women and children, who die on those long wearisome trips on foot that they have to make while being deported, or in the concentration camps without anything to eat. The few pitiful survivors of our people in the villages and cities of the interior, where the local authorities eagerly carry out the Central Government's orders, are then forcibly converted to Islamism, and our young girls are put into harems and houses of prostitution.

"Now that the Young Turks find themselves bleeding

white in a disastrous war, they are trying to right the balance of the races and permanently establish themselves as the predominant element in the country. That is why these are not merely abortive outbreaks, but calculated political measures against our people; and therefore we can hope for no mercy. Since Germany, weak and conscienceless, permits our extermination, if the war lasts much longer the Armenian people will simply cease to exist. And so we now look back with regret to the terrible Abdul Hamid."

Was there ever any more terrific tragedy in the history of a race? And this was a race quite free of all illusions of nationalism, cognizant that it would be helpless crowded in between two great nations. The Armenians had felt no real impulse toward Russia until the Young Turks, whose comrades they had been in revolt against Abdul Hamid, foully betrayed them. They had been completely loyal to their Osmanli citizenship, more so than any other element of the empire, with the exception of the Turks themselves.

Germany's attitude gave evidence of the most shameless cowardice. We certainly had sufficient control of the Turkish Government in military, financial, and political matters to be able at least to force it to observe the most

elementary rules of humanity.

And, unfortunately, the fact has been established by nurses and doctors returning from the interior that German officers, more eager than some of the Turkish officials of local districts, who hated to carry out the instructions of the Committee of Union and Progress, light-heartedly took part in the extermination and expulsion of the Armenians.

Just such a case of criminal interference by military persons, in the interior of Anatolia, was officially brought to the attention of the embassy. At that time Count Wolff-Metternich happened to be the German Ambassador, a man who, in spite of his years, and in contrast to Freiherr von Wangenheim, victim of a weak and criminal optimism and pro-Turk blindness, now and then dared to oppose the Turkish Government. In the present instance he reported the matter to Germany; whereupon this very crime which he reported was made the pretext for his dismissal.

#### BY TALAAT PACHA

(All of the following official Turkish dispatches are signed by Talaat himself, except the first. This is signed by the "Djemiet" or executive committee of the "Young Turk" organization which was managing the government. Talaat was himself chairman of this committee; so that the Djemiet signature is equivalent to his. The "Djemal Bey" addressed was the chief Turkish official in Asia Minor.)

March 25th, 1915.

To Djemal Bey, Delegate at Adana:

The duty of everyone is to effect on the broadest lines possible the realization of the noble project of wiping out of existence the well-known elements who for centuries have been the barrier to the empire's progress in civilization. We must, therefore, take upon ourselves the entire responsibility, pledging ourselves to this action no matter what happens, and always remembering how great is the sacrifice which the Government has made in entering the World War. We must work so that the means used may lead to the desired end.

In our dispatch dated February 18th, we announced that the Djemiet has decided to uproot and annihilate the different forces which for centuries have been a hindrance; for this purpose it is forced to resort to very bloody methods. Certainly the contemplation of these methods horrified us, but the Djemiet saw no other way of insuring the stability of its work.

Ali Riza [the committee delegate at Aleppo] harshly criticised us and urged that we be merciful; such simplicity is nothing short of stupidity. We will find a place for all those who will not coöperate with us, a place that will

wring their delicate heartstrings.

Again let me remind you of the question of property left. This is very important. Watch its distribution with vigilance; always examine the accounts and the use made of the proceeds.

THE DJEMIET.

September 3rd, 1915.

To the Prefecture of Aleppo:

We advise that you include the women and children also

in the orders which have been previously prescribed as to be applied to the males of the intended persons. Select employees of confidence for these duties.

Minister of the Interior, TALAAT.

September 16th.

To the Prefecture of Aleppo:

You have already been advised that the Government, by order of the Djemiet, has decided to destroy completely all the indicated persons [Armenians] living in Turkey. All who oppose this decision and command cannot remain on the official staff of the empire. Their existence must come to an end, however tragic the means may be; and no regard must be paid to either age or sex, or to conscientious scruples.

Minister of the Interior, Talaat.

November 18th, 1915.

To the Prefecture of Aleppo:

It appears, from the interventions which have recently been made by the American Ambassador [Mr. Morgenthau] at Constantinople on behalf of his Government, that the American Consuls are obtaining information by some secret means. They remain unconvinced, despite our assurance that the deportations will be accomplished in safety and comfort. Be careful that events which attract attention shall not occur in connection with those who are near cities and other centres. In view of our present policy, it is most important that foreigners who are in those parts shall be convinced that the expulsion of the Armenians is in reality only deportation. Therefore it is necessary that a show of gentle dealing shall be made for a while, and the usual measures be taken in suitable places. All persons who have given information to the contrary shall be arrested and handed over to the military authorities for trial by courtmartial. This order is recommended as very important.

TALAAT.

December 11th, 1915.

To the Prefecture of Aleppo:

We are informed that some correspondents of Armenian

journals are acquiring photographs and letters which depict tragic events, and these they give to the American Consul at Aleppo. Dangerous people of this kind must be arrested and suppressed.

> Minister of the Interior, TALAAT.

> > December 29th, 1915.

To the Prefecture of Aleppo:

We are informed that foreign officers are finding along the roads the corpses of the indicated persons, and are photographing them. Have these corpses buried at once and do not allow them to be left near the roads. This order is recommended as very important.

> Minister of the Interior, TALAAT.

> > January 15th, 1916.

To the Government of Aleppo:

We are informed that certain orphanages which have opened also admitted the children of the Armenians. Should this be done through ignorance of our real purpose, or because of contempt of it, the Government will view the feeding of such children or any effort to prolong their lives as an act completely opposite to its purpose, since it regards the survival of these children as detrimental. I recommend the orphanages not to receive such children; and no attempts are to be made to establish special orphanages for them.

Minister of the Interior, TALAAT.

(Undated.)

From the Ministry of the Interior to the Governor of Aleppo:

Only those orphans who cannot remember the terrors to which their parents have been subjected must be collected and kept. Send the rest away with the caravans.

Minister of the Interior, TALAAT.

# BRITAIN'S FAILURE AT THE DARDANELLES

THE "ANZACS" WIN AND LOSE THE MAIN ASSAULT AT SARI BAIR

AUGUST 6TH-IOTH

LORD KITCHENER ELLIS BARTLETT GENERAL HAMILTON AIDE OF GENERAL VON SANDERS

Britain tried for months to win the Dardanelles by naval power alone, as a previous section of our work has shown. Then in April of 1915 she brought land troops also to the Dardanelles and gradually developed a resolute assault, employing at length over 120,000 men. By this time, however, the Turks, previously unready and uncertain of their will to war, were well equipped with German guns, were led by German officers, and were self-confident, eager and fanatically aroused.

The Dardanelles peninsula is steeply mountainous, and its excellent defensive positions were resolutely held by a Turkish army much exceeding the Britons in numbers. So that while the British struggled doggedly for months, they never succeeded in fighting their way beyond the protection of the ships' guns which guarded their landing places. Even their landings were sharply opposed, and every foot of ground along the rugged coast was dearly bought.

The main British assault was the one herein described. It aimed to win the summit of the peninsula ridge, from which the other shore, within the mouth of the Dardanelles, could have been bombarded. For the section of this topmost ridge known as Sari Bair, the British fought for five days. On the fourth day, August 9th, they held the summit for a moment, but lost it the next morning before reënforcements could reach the exhausted remnant of survivors.

We have here the story of their gallant attack as their Minister of War, Lord Kitchener, told it officially, also as their commanding general, Sir Ian Hamilton, reported it, and then as a noted British war-correspondent and eye-witness enthusiastically described it. General Sanders, the German commander in Turkey, authorized the report of the fighting as here given from the Turkish viewpoint.

Not until the end of the year did the Britons admit that their advance was hopeless in face of the determined Turkish resistance and the great natural strength of the peninsula. Then they suddenly withdrew their troops, lest a worse fate befall them. Their total casualties at the Dardanelles exceeded fifty thousand.

For this daring expedition upon a foreign coast, Britain relied mainly on her colonial troops from Africa and Asia. The volunteers from Australia and New Zealand were gathered here; and from their initials and those of the other colonials, their force was known as the Anzacs. Regular "Ghurka" troops from India also fought here, and some Frenchmen, besides a few home troops from the British Isles. To Britons the Dardanelles expedition ranks as the chief disaster of the War, as also the occasion of some of its most desperate battles.

#### BY LORD HERBERT KITCHENER

ON the Gallipoli Peninsula during the operations in June several Turkish trenches were captured. Our own lines were appreciably advanced and our positions were consolidated.

Considerable reënforcements having arrived, a surprise landing on a large scale at Suvla Bay was successfully accomplished on the 6th of August without any serious opposition.

At the same time an attack was launched by the Australian and New Zealand corps from the Anzac position, and a strong offensive was delivered from Cape Helles in the direction of Krithia. In this latter action French troops played a prominent part and showed to high advantage their usual gallantry and fine fighting qualities.

The attack from Anzac, after a series of hotly contested actions, was carried to the summit of Sari Bair and Chunuk Bair, dominating positions in this area. The arrival of transports and the disembarkation of troops in Suvla Bay were designed to enable troops to support this attack. Unfortunately, however, the advance from Suvla Bay was not developed quickly enough, and the movement forward was brought to a standstill after an advance of about two and one-half miles.

The result was that the troops from Anzac were unable to retain their position on the crest of the hills, and after being repeatedly counter-attacked they were ordered to withdraw to positions lower down. These positions were effectively consolidated, and, joining with the line occupied by the Suvla Bay force, formed a connected front of more than twelve miles.

From the latter position a further attack on the Turkish entrenchments was delivered on the 21st, but after several hours of sharp fighting it was not found possible to gain

the summit of the hills occupied by the enemy, and the intervening space being unsuitable for defense, the troops were withdrawn to their original position.

In the course of these operations the gallantry and resourcefulness of the Australian and New Zealand troops frequently formed the subject of eulogy in General Hamilton's reports.

It is not easy to appreciate at their full value the enormous difficulties which attended the operations in the Dardanelles or the fine temper with which our troops met them.

There is now abundant evidence of a process of demoralization having set in among the German-led, or rather German-driven Turks, due, no doubt, to their extremely heavy losses and to the progressive failure of their resources.

It is only fair to acknowledge that, judged from a humane point of view, the methods of warfare pursued by the Turks are vastly superior to those which have disgraced their German masters.

Throughout, the coöperation of the fleet was intensely valuable, and the concerted action between the sister services was in every way in the highest degree satisfactory.

# BY GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON

The first step in the real push—the step which above all others was to count—was the night attack on the summits of the Sari Bair ridge. The crest line of this lofty mountain range runs parallel to the sea, dominating the underfeatures contained within the Anzac position, although these fortunately defilade the actual landing-place. From the main ridge a series of spurs run down towards the level beach, and are separated from one another by deep, jagged gullies choked up with dense jungle. Two of these leading up to Chunuk Bair are called Chailak Dere and Sazli Beit Dere; another deep ravine runs up to Koja Chemen Tepe (Hill 305), the topmost peak of the whole ridge, and is called the Aghyl Dere.

It was our object to effect a lodgment along the crest of the high main ridge with two columns of troops, but, seeing the nature of the ground and the dispositions of the enemy, the effort had to be made by stages. We were bound, in fact, to undertake a double subsidiary operation before we could hope to launch these attacks with any real prospect of success.

- (1) The right covering force was to seize Table Top, as well as all other enemy positions commanding the foothills between the Chailak Dere and the Sazli Beit Dere ravines. If this enterprise succeeded it would open up the ravines for the assaulting columns, whilst at the same time interposing between the right flank of the left covering force and the enemy holding the Sari Bair main ridge.
- (2) The left covering force was to march northwards along the beach to seize a hill called Damakjelik Bair, some 1,400 yards north of Table Top. If successful it would be able to hold out a hand to the Ninth Corps as it landed south of Nibrunesi Point, whilst at the same time protecting the left flank of the left assaulting column against enemy troops from the Anafarta valley during its climb up the Aghyl Dere ravine.
- (3) The right assaulting column was to move up the Chailak Dere and Sazli Beit Dere ravines to the storm of the ridge of Chunuk Bair.
- (4) The left assaulting column was to work up the Aghyl Dere and prolong the line of the right assaulting column by storming Hill 305 (Koja Chemen Tepe), the summit of the whole range of hills.

To recapitulate, the two assaulting columns, which were to work up three ravines to the storm of the high ridge, were to be preceded by two covering columns. One of these was to capture the enemy's positions commanding the foothills, first to open the mouths of the ravines, secondly to cover the right flank of another covering force whilst it marched along the beach. The other covering column was to strike far out to the north until, from a hill called Damajkelik Bair, it could at the same time facilitate the landing of the Ninth Corps at Nibrunesi Point, and guard the left flank of the column assaulting Sari Bair from any forces of the enemy which might be assembled in the Anafarta valley.

The whole of this big attack was placed under the command of Major-General Sir A. J. Godley, General Officer Commanding New Zealand and Australian Division,

Amongst other stratagems the Anzac troops, assisted by H.M.S. Colne, had long and carefully been educating the Turks how they should lose Old No. 3 Post, which could hardly have been rushed by simple force of arms. Every night, exactly at 9 p. m., H.M.S. Colne threw the beams of her searchlight onto the redoubt, and opened fire upon it for exactly ten minutes. Then, after a ten-minute interval, came a second illumination and bombardment, commencing al-

ways at 9.20 and ending precisely at 9.30 p. m.

The idea was that, after successive nights of such practice, the enemy would get into the habit of taking the search-light as a hint to clear out until the shelling was at an end. But on the eventful night of the 6th, the sound of their footsteps drowned by the loud cannonade, unseen as they crept along in that darkest shadow which fringes the searchlight's beam—came the right covering column. At 9.30 the light switched off, and instantly our men poured out of the scrub jungle and into the empty redoubt. By 11 p. m. the whole series of surrounding entrenchments were ours.

Once the capture of Old No. 3 Post was fairly under way, the remainder of the right covering column carried on with their attack upon Bauchop's Hill and the Chailak Dere. By 10 p. m. the northernmost point, with its machine gun, was captured, and by 1 o'clock in the morning the whole of Bauchop's Hill, a maze of ridge and ravine, everywhere

entrenched, was fairly in our hands.

The attack along the Chailak Dere was not so cleanly carried out—made, indeed, just about as ugly a start as any enemy could wish. Pressing eagerly forward through the night, the little column of stormers found themselves held up by a barbed-wire erection of unexampled height, depth, and solidity, which completely closed the river bed—that is to say, the only practicable entrance to the ravine. The entanglement was flanked by a strongly-held enemy trench running right across the opening of the Chailak Dere. Here that splendid body of men, the Otago Mounted Rifles, lost

some of their bravest and their best, but in the end, when things were beginning to seem desperate, a passage was forced through the stubborn obstacle with most conspicuous and cool courage by Captain Shera and a party of New Zealand Engineers, supported by the Maoris, who showed themselves worthy descendants of the warriors of the Gate Pah. Thus was the mouth of the Chailak Dere opened in time to admit of the unopposed entry of the right assaulting column.

Simultaneously the attack on Table Top had been launched under cover of a heavy bombardment from H.M.S. Colne. No general on peace maneuvers would ask troops to attempt so break-neck an enterprise. The flanks of Table Top are so steep that the height gives an impression of a mushroom shape—of the summit bulging out over its stem. But just as faith moves mountains, so valor can carry them. The Turks fought bravely. The angle of Table Top's ascent is recognized in our regulations as "impracticable for infantry." But neither Turks nor angles of ascent were destined to stop Russell or his New Zealanders that night. There are moments during battle when life becomes intensified, when men become supermen, when the impossible becomes simple —and this was one of those moments. The scarped heights were scaled, the plateau was carried by midnight. With this brilliant feat the task of the right covering force was at an end. Its attacks had been made with the bayonet and bomb only; magazines were empty by order; hardly a rifle shot had been fired. Some 150 prisoners were captured, as well as many rifles and much equipment, ammunition and stores. No words can do justice to the achievement of Brigadier-General Russell and his men. There are exploits which must be seen to be realized.

The right assaulting column had entered the two southerly ravines—Sazli Beit Dere and Chailak Dere—by midnight. At 1.30 a. m. began a hotly-contested fight for the trenches on the lower part of Rhododendron Spur, whilst the Chailak Dere column pressed steadily up the valley against the enemy.

The left covering column, under Brigadier-General w., vol. III.—17.

Travers, after marching along the beach to No. 3 Outpost, resumed its northerly advance as soon as the attack on Bauchop's Hill had developed. Once the Chailak Dere was cleared the column moved by the mouth of the Aghyl Dere, disregarding the enfilade fire from sections of Bauchop's Hill still uncaptured. The rapid success of this movement was largely due to Lieutenant-Colonel Gillespie, a very fine man, who commanded the advance guard, consisting of his own regiment, the Fourth South Wales Borderers, a corps worthy of such a leader. Every trench encountered was instantly rushed by the Borderers, until, having reached the predetermined spot, the whole column was unhesitatingly launched at Damakjelik Bair. Several Turkish trenches were captured at the bayonet's point, and by 1.30 a. m. the whole of the hill was occupied, thus safeguarding the left rear of the whole of the Anzac attack.

Here was an encouraging sample of what the New Army, under good auspices, could accomplish. Nothing more trying to inexperienced troops can be imagined than a long night march, exposed to flanking fire, through a strange country, winding up at the end with a bayonet charge against a height, formless and still in the starlight, garrisoned by those specters of the imagination, worst enemies of the soldier.

The left assaulting column crossed the Chailak Dere at 12.30 a. m., and entered the Aghyl Dere at the heels of the left covering column. The surprise, on this side, was complete. Two Turkish officers were caught in their pajamas; enemy arms and ammunition were scattered in every direction.

The grand attack was now in full swing, but the country gave new sensations in cliff climbing even to officers and men who had graduated over the goat tracks of Anzac. The darkness of the night, the density of the scrub, hands and knees progress up the spurs, sheer physical fatigue, exhaustion of the spirit caused by repeated hairbreadth escapes from the hail of random bullets—all these combined to take the edge of the energies of our troops. At last, after advancing some distance up the Aghyl Dere, the column split

up into two parts. The Fourth Australian Brigade struggled, fighting hard as they went, up to the north of the northern fork of the Aghyl Dere, making for Hill 305 (Koja Chemen Tepe). The Twenty-ninth Indian Infantry Brigade scrambled up the southern fork of the Aghyl Dere and the spurs north of it to the attack of a portion of the Sari Bair ridge known as Hill Q.

Dawn broke, and the crest line was not yet in our hands, although, considering all things, the left assaulting column had made a marvelous advance. The Fourth Australian Infantry Brigade was on the line of the Asmak Dere (the next ravine north of the Aghyl Dere) and the Twenty-ninth Indian Infantry Brigade held the ridge west of the farm below Chunuk Bair and along the spurs to the northeast. The enemy had been flung back from ridge to ridge; an excellent line for the renewal of the attack had been secured, and (except for the exhaustion of the troops) the auspices were propitious.

Turning to the right assaulting column, one battalion, the Canterbury Infantry Battalion, clambered slowly up the Sazli Beit Dere. The remainder of the force, led by the Otago Battalion, wound their way amongst the pitfalls and forced their passage through the scrub of the Chailak Dere, where fierce opposition forced them ere long to deploy. Here, too, the hopeless country was the main hindrance, and it was not until 5.45 a. m. that the bulk of the column joined the Canterbury Battalion on the lower slopes of Rhododendron Spur. The whole force then moved up the spur, gaining touch with the left assaulting column by means of the Tenth Gurkhas, in face of very heavy fire and frequent bayonet charges. Eventually they entrenched on the top of Rhododendron Spur, a quarter of a mile short of Chunuk Bair—i.e., of victory.

At 7 a. m., the Fifth and Sixth Gurkhas, belonging to the left assaulting column, had approached the main ridge northeast of Chunuk Bair, whilst, on their left, the Fourteenth Sikhs had got into touch with the Fourth Australian Brigade on the southern watershed of the Asmak Dere. The Fourth Australian Brigade now received orders to leave

half a battalion to hold the spur, and, with the rest of its strength, plus the Fourteenth Sikhs, to assault Hill 305 (Koja Chemen Tepe). But by this time the enemy's opposition had hardened, and his reserves were moving up from the direction of Battleship Hill. Artillery support was asked for and given, yet by 9 a. m. the attack of the right assaulting column on Chunuk Bair was checked, and any idea of a further advance on Koja Chemen Tepe had to be, for the moment, suspended. The most that could be done was to hold fast to the Asmak Dere watershed whilst attacking the ridge northeast of Chunuk Bair, an attack to be supported by a fresh assault launched against Chunuk Bair itself.

At 9.30 a. m. tne two assaulting columns pressed forward whilst our guns pounded the enemy moving along the Battleship Hill spurs. But in spite of all their efforts their increasing exhaustion, as opposed to the gathering strength of the enemy's fresh troops, began to tell-they had shot their bolt. So all day they clung to what they had captured, and strove to make ready for the night. At II a. m. three battalions of the Thirty-ninth Infantry Brigade were sent up from the general reserve to be at hand when needed, and, at the same hour, one more battalion of the reserve was dispatched to the First Australian Division to meet the drain caused by all the desperate Lone Pine fighting.

By the afternoon the position of the two assaulting columns was unchanged. The right covering force were in occupation of Table Top, Old No. 3 Post and Bauchop Hill, which General Russell had been ordered to maintain with

two regiments of mounted infantry.

At 4.30 a. m. on August 9th, the Chunuk Bair ridge and Hill Q were heavily shelled. The naval guns, all the guns on the left flank, and as many as possible from the right flank (whence the enemy's advance could be enfiladed) took part in this cannonade, which rose to its climax at 5.15 a. m., when the whole ridge seemed a mass of flame and smoke, whence huge clouds of dust drifted slowly upwards in strange patterns on to the sky. At 5.16 a, m. this tremendous bombardment was to be switched off on to the flanks and reverse slopes of the heights.

General Baldwin's column had assembled in the Chailak Dere, and was moving up towards General Johnston's headquarters. Our plan contemplated the massing of this column immediately behind the trenches held by the New Zealand Infantry Brigade. Thence it was intended to launch the battalions in successive lines, keeping them as much as possible on the high ground. Infinite trouble had been taken to insure that the narrow track should be kept clear, guides also were provided; but in spite of all precautions the darkness, the rough scrub-covered country, its sheer steepness, so delayed the column that they were unable to take full advantage of the configuration of the ground, and, inclining to the left, did not reach the line of the Farm-Chunuk Bair -till 5.15 a. m. In plain English, Baldwin, owing to the darkness and the awful country, lost his way-through no fault of his own. The mischance was due to the fact that time did not admit of the detailed careful reconnoissance of routes which is so essential where operations are to be carried out by night.

And now, under that fine leader, Major C. G. L. Allanson, the Sixth Gurkhas of the 20th Indian Infantry Brigade pressed up the slopes of Sari Bair, crowned the heights of the col between Chunuk Bair and Hill O, viewed far beneath them the waters of the Hellespont, viewed the Asiatic shores along which motor transport was bringing supplies to the lighters. Not only did this battalion, as well as some of the Sixth South Lancashire Regiment, reach the crest, but they began to attack down the far side of it, firing as they went at the fast-retreating enemy. But the fortune of war was against us. At this supreme moment Baldwin's column was still a long way from our trenches on the crest of Chunuk Bair, whence they should even now have been sweeping out towards O along the whole ridge of the mountain. And instead of Baldwin's support came suddenly a salvo of heavy shell.

These falling so unexpectedly among the stormers threw them into terrible confusion. The Turkish commander saw his chance. Instantly his troops were rallied and brought back in a counter-charge, and the South Lancashires and Gurkhas, who had seen the promised land, and had seemed for a moment to have held victory in their grasp, were forced backwards over the crest, and on to the lower slopes whence they had first started.

But where was the main attack—where was Baldwin? When that bold but unlucky commander found he could not possibly reach our trenches on the top of Chunuk Baif in time to take effective part in the fight, he deployed for attack where he stood-i.e., at the farm to the left of the New Zealand Brigade's trenches on Rhododendron Spur. Now his men were coming on in fine style, and, just as the Turks topped the ridge with shouts of elation, two companies of the Sixth East Lancashire Regiment, together with the Tenth Hampshire Regiment, charged up our side of the slope with the bayonet. They had gained the high ground immediately below the commanding knoll on Chunuk Bair, and a few minutes earlier would have joined hands with the Gurkhas and South Lancashires, and, combined with them, would have carried all before them. But the Turks by this time were lining the whole of the high crest in overwhelming

The New Army troops attacked with a fine audacity, but they were flung back from the height and then pressed still further down the slope, until General Baldwin had to withdraw his command to the vicinity of the Farm, whilst the enemy, much encouraged, turned their attention to the New Zealand troops and the two New Army battalions of No. I Column still holding the southwest half of the main knoll of Chunuk Bair. Constant attacks, urged with fanatical persistence, were met here with a sterner resolution, and although, at the end of the day, our troops were greatly exhausted, they still kept their footing on the summit. And if that summit meant much to us, it meant even more to the Turks.

At daybreak on Tuesday, August 10th, the Turks delivered a grand attack from the line Chunuk Bair Hill Q against these two battalions, already weakened in numbers, though not in spirit, by previous fighting. First our men were shelled by every enemy gun, and then, at 5.30 a. m., were assaulted by a huge column, consisting of no less than a full division plus a regiment of three battalions. The North Lancashire men were simply overwhelmed in their shallow trenches by sheer weight of numbers, whilst the Wilts, who were caught out in the open, were literally almost annihilated. The ponderous masses of the enemy swept over the crest, turned the right flank of our line below, swarmed round the Hampshires and General Baldwin's column, which had to give ground, and were only extricated with great difficulty and very heavy losses.

# BY ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT

The great battle, the greatest fought on the Gallipoli Peninsula, closed on the evening of August 10th. Both armies then busily engaged in consolidating their new positions, in taking stock of gains and losses, replenishing their ammunition and munitions, and reorganizing the divisions, brigades, and battalions which of necessity became intermingled in this rugged, mountainous country.

I have visited the ground over which the Anzac corps advanced in its desperate efforts, extending over four consecutive days, to reach the crest of Sari Bair, commanding the ridge overlooking the Dardanelles. The New Zealand infantry, the Gurkhas, and some other battalions almost reached the objective, but were unable, through no fault of their own, to hold their position. A battalion of Gurkhas actually reached the crest of the plateau, but the Turks, taking advantage of the confusion, counter-attacked in great force, and the gallant men from the hills were driven from the crest to the lower spurs beneath.

It was a bitter disappointment to have to relinquish the crest when it almost seemed to be within their grasp after so many months, but there was no alternative. The Anzac corps fought like lions and accomplished a feat of arms in climbing these heights almost without a parallel. All through, however, they were handicapped by the failure of

the corps to make good its positions on the Anafarta hills, further north, and thus check the enemy's shell fire.

When all the details of these complicated arrangements are collected and sifted, they will form one of the most fascinating pages of the history of the whole war. It was a combat of giants in a giant country, and if one point stands out more than another it is the marvelous hardihood, tenacity, and reckless courage shown by the Australians and New Zealanders.

The main force debouched from the Anzac position in Lone Pine—a position situated on a plateau 400 feet high, southeast of the Anzac lines. The Australians rushed forward to the assault with the fury of fanatics, taking little heed of the tremendous shrapnel fire and enfilading rifle fire. On reaching the trenches the great difficulty was to force a way in, for the cover was so strong and heavy it had to be torn away by main force. Groups of men effected entrances at various points and jumped in on top of the Turks, who fought furiously, caught as they were, in a trap. Some surrendered, but the majority chose to die fighting. In every trench and sap and dugout desperate hand-to-hand fighting took place, four lines of trenches being captured in succession, and fresh infantry being poured in as the advancing lines were thinned by losses.

In this fighting bombs played the most important rôle, and it was only by keeping up and increasing the supply that the Australians were able to hold the position after it had been won. The Turks massed their force, and for three nights and days made desperate counter-attacks, frequently retaking sections of the line, only to be driven out again. In this extraordinary struggle, which took place almost under ground, both sides fought with utter disregard of life. The wounded and dead choked the trenches almost to the top, but the survivors carried on the fight over heaps of bodies. In spite of immense reënforcements, with most determined courage the Australians held the ground thus won, and finally the Turks wearied of the struggle.

The trenches were now merely battered shambles, and the task of removing the dead and wounded took days to accomplish. The bodies of 1,000 Turks and Colonials were removed from the trenches alone, while hundreds of others lie outside. The total Turkish losses in this section alone are estimated at 5,000, chiefly incurred in furious counterattacks, among which each bomb burst with fearful effect.

The capture of Lone Pine is the most desperate hand-to-hand fight that has taken place on the peninsula, but this was but a diversion and preliminary to the main movement northward, which began the same evening under cover of darkness. No finer feat has been accomplished in the course of the war than the manner in which the troops destined for the main movement against Sari Bair Ridge were deployed for the attack. Millions of rounds of ammunition and thousands of shells were successfully concentrated at advanced posts without the enemy becoming aware of the movement. Neither did he know of the strong reënforcements which had reached the Australian corps. All this required the utmost skill, and was successfully kept a profound secret.

It was at 9 p. m., August 6th, when the force crept forward from the outposts. For nights past the navy had thrown searchlights on this and other lower positions and had bombarded them at frequent intervals. This procedure was not departed from on the 6th, and the Turks had no suspicion of the coming attack. When the lights were switched on to another position the Australians dashed forward and speedily captured the positions in succession, and throughout the night Bauchop's Hill and Big and Little Table Tops were occupied.

By the morning of the 7th our whole force was holding the front and slowly moving toward the main Sari Bair position in face of great difficulties, harassed by the enemy's snipers and checked by the difficulties of the ground and the scarcity of water. It was decided to postpone a further advance until nightfall. The forces were reorganized into three columns.

For the final assault on Chunuk Bair, which was timed to begin at dawn on August 9th, large reserves from another division were thrown into the firing line to assist the New 266

Zealand and Indian infantry, and the men, as far as possible, rested through the day and the early part of the night. The advance on the morning of the 9th was preceded by a heavy bombardment of Chunuk Bair and Q Hill by the naval and land guns. The advance of No. 3 column was delayed by the broken nature of the ground and the enemy's resistance.

Meanwhile the Gurkhas charged gallantly up the slope of Sari Bair, and actually succeeded in reaching the heights on the neck between Chunuk Bair and Q Hill. It was from here that they looked down on the Dardanelles, but were unfortunately unable to hold the position in face of violent counter-attacks and heavy shell fire.

During this time the Turks counter-attacked the left column in great strength, and the column was compelled to

withdraw to the lower slopes of Sari Bair.

Meantime throughout the day and night the New Zealanders succeeded in maintaining their hold on Chunuk Bair, although the men were thoroughly exhausted. During the night of the 9th the exhausted New Zealanders were relieved by two other regiments. At dawn the Tenth Regiment of the Turks, which had been strongly reënforced, made a desperate assault on our lines from Q Hill and Chunuk Bair. To the strength of a division, in successive lines, they hurled themselves, quite regardless of their lives, on the two regiments which, after desperate resistance, were driven from their position by artillery fire and sheer weight of numbers further down the slopes of Chunuk Bair.

Following up their success, the Turks charged right over the crest and endeavored to gain the great gully south of Rhododendron Ridge, evidently with the intention of forcing their way between our lines and the Anzac position. But they had reckoned without our artillery and ships' guns. This great charge of four successive lines of infantry in close formation was plainly visible to our warships and all our batteries on land. In this section the Turks were caught in a trap. The momentum of their charge down hill prevented them from recoiling in time, and they were swept away by hundreds in a terrific storm of high explosive shrapnel, and common shells from the ships' guns and our howitzers and field pieces.

As the shells from the ships exploded, huge chunks of soil were thrown into the air, amid which you saw humar bodies hurled aloft and then chucked to earth or thrown bodily into deep ravines. But even this concentrated artillery fire might not have checked the Turkish advance, unless it had been assisted by the concentrated fire of ten machine guns at short range. For half an hour they maintained a rapid fire until the guns smoked with heat.

During the whole of this time the Turks were pouring across the front in dense columns, attempting to attack our men. Hardly a Turk got back to the hill. Their lines got mixed up in a wedge as those in front tried to retire while others pressed them from the rear. Some fled back over the crest, seeking to regain their trenches; others dashed downward to the ravines. In a few minutes the entire division had been broken up and the survivors scattered everywhere.

If they succeeded in driving us from the crest of Chunuk Bair, the Turks paid a terrible price for their success. Thus closed, amid these bloodstained hills, the most ferocious and sustained "soldiers' battle" since Inkerman.

### BY AN OFFICER OF THE GERMAN STAFF

This Narrative Received the Direct Approval of the German General in Command, Marshal Liman von Sanders

Toward 4 p. m. on August 6th artillery preparation was begun against our positions, with a stupendous expenditure of ammunition. Days before, the enemy, after fair fighting, had set up great tents at this point, marking them each with the sign of the Red Cross; and for this reason they had not been fired upon. As a matter of fact, however, these tents were not intended to serve as shelters for the wounded. Under cover of night, the English set up heavy howitzers at this point,—only thus was it possible for them to undertake

a surprise attack here.¹ After drumfire of an hour and a half, 4,000 Britons attacked the strongly entrenched positions of the defenders. The situation grew critical. Indeed, the enemy's plan of compelling the Turks to call up reserves and thus to divert troops succeeded. Essad Pasha could do nothing but call up reënforcements from all quarters. Marshal von Sanders offered the services of Kannengiesser's division, which in the interval had arrived from the southern front. But it was soon evident that their active participation was unnecessary, although for the time being the troops were held at this point against possible eventualities.

By means of sham maneuvers at various points of attack, though "sham" is scarcely the word, since extraordinarily bloody battles developed both at the south group and at Kanly Sirt, the British general, Hamilton, believed that he had sufficiently committed his opponent; and so, on the evening of August 6th, he inaugurated his grandiose plan, which was to lay open the Dardanelles for the Allies from Kodja Djemendagh on, and at the same time to cut off the rearward communications of the Turkish army. Had this operation been successful, the way to Constantinople would have been open; hard-pressed Russia could have received the longed-for help by way of the Black Sea; the Turkish army on Gallipoli would have been put in an extremely dangerous situation, and the name of Sir Ian Hamilton would have been inscribed on the roster of the great strategists of the world.

Any one who observed the ensuing conflicts will unhesitatingly give the highest praise to the death-defying courage of the troops who landed on Suvla Bay. The "Anzacs," as the English newspapers called the Australia-New Zealand Army

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This is typical of the way in which German writers made such charges, loosely, casually, and without offering any evidence, or apparently making any investigation. Their method is not that of honest men disgusted at an opponent's act of almost unbelievable treachery, and determined to prove this evil deed despite the amazed doubt of their hearers. It is the shallow method of those who seek only to increase the anger of an audience already so prejudiced that they will believe anything on the strength of a loose assertion. The high repute of the Anzac fighters makes the accusation as unbelievable in matter as it is slovenly of manner.

Corps, fought like lions. If the brilliantly planned operation failed, it was because Sir Ian Hamilton met in the commander of the Fifth Turkish Army <sup>2</sup> a master who in a few moves answered "check" with "checkmate."

The night of the 6th of August settled down pitch black. All day the rain had fallen unceasingly. Not a ray from the moon, not a sparkle from the stars, could penetrate the thick canopy of clouds. It was so dark that a man could scarcely see his hand before his face. The great transports entered Suvla Bay with all lights out. Not even their outlines were visible. Phosphorescence gleamed in the foam of the waves breaking on the beach. But beyond stretched the eerie blankness of the night. Everything that happened out there was as if behind a veil. Without a word, without a sound, the troops entered the lighters brought for the purpose. On the northern and southern promontories and opposite Tuslagöl Australians and New Zealanders landed with noiseless footsteps.

The Turkish outposts before the main positions on the rim of the heights which on the west overlook the lowland of Tuslagöl drew back in the face of overwhelming numbers, and immediately a field telephone informed the army high command of the landing of strong forces. Liman Pasha without delay sent an alarm to the two divisions stationed in the northeastern part of the peninsula for the protection of the Gulf of Saros, and started them for Anaforta by forced marches. At the same time the division of Djemil Bey, part of the right wing of the southern troops, was started toward Kodja Djemendagh. The enemy on Suvla Bay at once made bridgeheads of Softa and Laletepe to assure the safety of further landings.

Another part of the Anzac corps landed south of Suvla Bay at the mouth of the Asmakdere. At the same time the Thirteenth Kitchener Division and a mixed division made up of New Zealanders and Australians, which had made use of the landing place at Ari Burun, marched northward, hugging the coast. Then turning eastward, they followed

<sup>3</sup> Marshal Liman von Sanders.

the dry river beds of the Saslidere and the Agylldere and a ravine running parallel to and between the two valleys toward Kodja Djemendagh. On the morning of the 7th two new divisions which had landed on Suvla Bay in the night marched to the south to join those which had landed at the Asmakdere.

During the night of the 7th-8th Colonel Kannengiesser received orders to march against the right wing of the northern group. As the dawn began to break, he reached with two regiments Djonk Bahir, a southeasterly spur of Kodja Djemendagh, just as the enemy, after climbing to these heights from the sea under cover of darkness, was making preparations to dig in there. The order to attack was quickly given. Some rapid fire salvos were discharged at the Anzacs, busy at the work of entrenching; then the colonel himself led his troops in an assault on the surprised foe.

The Anzacs were about to abandon the heights in wild flight when the colonel, pressing forward far in advance of his men, was struck in the breast by a rifle bullet and fell unconscious. At the sight the ranks of the attackers wavered. Their dearly loved German leader might have led them to certain victory, but now they hesitated, and though they had already won much ground, were inclined to retire slowly, when Djemil Bey appeared with the Fourth Division. He took in the situation at once, assumed command of the troops and infused in them the spirit to carry forward their invincible attack. Everywhere the British were thrown from the heights. Not till halfway down the slope could they make a stand, and under the protection of their ships' guns dig in.

On the same morning a regiment of the enemy moved from the landing place at Softatepe, the northern promontory of Suvla Bay, toward Kiretschtepe and attacked a battalion of Gallipoli gendarmerie. These were oldish menthe beards of some were white—recruited entirely from the peninsula. But they were defending their homes, and the greater strength of the enemy was unable to drive the gallant fellows from their carefully prepared positions. Another body of the enemy had proceeded through Tuslagöl, now almost completely dried up, and from Laletepe against

Mestamtepe. At this point the attackers succeeded in holding their positions.

During the night of the 7th-8th still other troops in considerable numbers disembarked on Suvla Bay. The lack of heavy artillery and the shortage of ammunition were now seriously felt by the Turks. Had conditions in this respect been different, the enemy's transport and battle fleet, which was now calmly anchored between the two tongues of land forming the bay, protected against U-boat attack by a steel net stretched between the two headlands, could not have stayed there, and the landing of troops would have been very much more difficult.

Gradually, on the morning of the 8th, the pale gray of the ships' hulls was detached from the fog wreaths which still veiled the sea. Lightning flashed from the muzzles of cannon. The roar came up like thunder from the sea. Endless seconds passed. Then, from the slopes of Kodja Djemendagh, there was the noise of the Anzac guns that had been landed there; a shorter sound wave struck the ear. And now broke loose a storm of iron and lead. The entire fleet off shore directed its fire against the summit of Kodja Djemendagh, which soon looked precisely like an active volcano. The whole mountain cone was enveloped in a cloud of many-colored smoke and dust. A terrible and yet a fascinating sight! Still nothing stirred in the Turkish lines.

Just as the hellish concert reached its climax, the Turkish howitzers, which during the night, through prodigious exertions, had been placed on the heights north and south of Anafarta, joined in. Only a single shot fell here and there. On our side the costly ammunition had to be most carefully husbanded. Very cleverly the enemy had set up on the landing places field hospitals, from which fluttered, in plain view from a great distance, the sign of the Red Cross. This, according to army orders, must be rigorously respected.

The Marshal mounted his horse. His presence was needed. Up on Kodja Djemendagh two divisions were stationed under the command of Djemil Bey. He had placed his men so skillfully in the numerous fissures, ravines, and declivities of the mountain that they were enduring fairly

well the terrific fire from the ships' guns. Signals flashed among the fleet, and suddenly, at one stroke, every cannon stopped firing. This was the moment Djemil Bey was waiting for. Quickly he hurried to the observer's stand of the mountain artillery, which high above on Jonkbahir was stationed in the front line. His surmise was right. There they came, the Anzacs, ascending the heights in broad storming columns. In good order so far as the difficulty of the ground permitted. Even the new Kitchener troops had learned much

during their short period of training.

The artillery commander, trembling with excitement and eagerness for the fray, looked questioningly but vainly at Djemil Bey, whose orders had so far condemned him to inactivity. Further waiting was exacted by that man of iron nerves. Now the attackers, climbing laboriously, were crowding closely together in the ravines and gullies, two thousand meters away; they drew nearer—to fifteen hundred meters, to a thousand. White stones visible only to the defenders, the other side being painted dark, marked for the Turks the exact distances from their lines. At this moment the mountain artillery started its salvos; the machine guns began to crackle and snap; from the lines of riflemen a hail of bullets sped forth against the Anzacs. It was a scene of Death, of raging, frightful Death, mowing down all. Not a man of those that peopled the slope survived.

New troops stormed forward in dense masses—a broad front was impossible over the broken terrain of the ascent—led by athletic young officers overflowing with enthusiasm. Many of them perhaps had but recently left the benches of the colleges of Cambridge, Oxford, London, or Edinburgh. The foremost ranks faltered before the heaped-up bodies of fallen comrades. Too late! Struck by the ceaseless hail of iron, hundreds rolled upon the ground. Those who followed, as soon as they came within range of the Turkish artillery and machine guns, suffered the same fate. Fearful confusion resulted. The instinct for self-preservation gained the upper hand. First single individuals, then small groups, and finally great masses of the survivors, turned back. It was the signal for the Turkish lines everywhere to advance.

With bayonet and rifle stock the Ottoman horde stormed down the slope. The Anzacs suffered terrible losses. Only a few remained alive. Hundreds of unwounded prisoners fell into the hands of the Turks.

That night Liman Pasha assigned Mustafa Kemal, who had in many ways distinguished himself in the recent battles, to the command of the troops in the Anafarta sector. The general Turkish attack began on the morning of August 9th, and halted any new Anzac attempt to advance.

The enemy realized this only too soon, and changed his tactics. His next move was to attack on the line Kiretschtepe-Asmakdere. The only high ground he was able to hold here was the hill of Mestantepe, and that was hotly contested. From the greater height of Ismailtepe Colonel Salahheddin threw a division against Mestantepe in a wild forward rush. The Turks were prevented from taking the whole hill by the numerous machine guns which had been set up there and by the guns of the fleet, but they pressed the enemy back a considerable distance. The division pushed forward south of Asmakdere and pressed the enemy back close to the coast; the same thing occurred north of Mestantepe. By noon of the 9th the English everywhere except on Mestantepe had been crowded back to the coast.

The center of the fighting in the days that followed was at Kiretschtepe. At that point the battalion of Gallipoli gendarmerie, led by the brave Captain Kadri Bey, was holding back constantly increasing superior forces. The reënforcements ordered up by Liman Pasha from the Asiatic side arrived on the evening of the 9th. On the morning of the 10th Mustafa Kemal placed himself at the head of fresh troops and once more attacked the Anzacs west of Kodja Djemendagh. A bullet went through his coat and penetrated his watch, in which it became imbedded. When shortly afterwards Liman Pasha arrived on the scene, Kemal Bey handed him the watch for a souvenir. The Marshal accepted the gift and responded by presenting to the Bey his own valuable watch. All through that day the English brought up reenforcements. But to no avail! They had been decisively beaten back; and no later effort changed the situation.



