Man Who Barred A.I.F. Gallipoli Onslaught Sends Special Anzac Message to Australia

WITH THE DIGGERS AT DAWN

10,000 ATTEND SHRINE SERVICE

Ten thousand persons assembled at the Shrine for the Anzac Day dawn service to-day.

Four thousand two hundred Diggers filed through the Shrine.

By Tahu Hole.

A QUARTER to six. Down the black night, down the black morning, the dawn came, grey-veiled and dimly lit.

With 10,000 others, who had gathered from all parts of Victoria, I watched it.

When I came there, my feet crunching over the fresh cinder paths, the red oil-lamps were still burning, winking and muttering, their short flames flapping in the sharp draughts. Like star lights, their ruby shrine made a richer semi-darkness. The Shrine was a pale tracery against the dawn which pressed round it enviously.

The silent, wet, thin trees were like strong, sombre thoughts.

This is the hour when the people join with the veterans to pay tribute to the nation's war dead. It is the hour when words are hollow, hollow as wheat husks. It is the hour when everyone who looks at the cold chiselled memorial tablet knows he is looking at the heart of a tomb. A stone cold heart that has been fashioned because of the warm sacrifice of men.

* * * *

COMING through the damp, dripping Domain, stumbling over bluestone cubes, treading mud, I see harsh headlights flashing through the trees. Here and there a green light twinkles with the red.

Echoes carry a long way, as far as they do in the country early in the morning, as in the evening. The sound of men's voices floats over clearly; car doors slam; somewhere in the darkness someone walks firmly, striking the ground with iron-shod heels, jingling spurs at each step. A railway engine screams. Rain drops fall on my hat, on my coat.

I turn and am free of the overhanging trees. I am on level ground on the eastern side. The Shrine is plain now, solid and white against a starless sky. Around it myriads of little lights are spilt over the city, over the suburbs.

Already there is a dense crowd. A quiet, patient crowd, mostly all men, dwarfed by the dawn. There is no scintillation except the lighted lamps, the flares from matches, and the glowing cigarette ends drawn into quick, brief life by the men who stand about, stamping their feet, moving up and down. Everything else is quenched; there is no gleam from the medals pinned to top coats.

I fall into line at the back; a broad line, probably a hundred men abreast. I am among former soldiers: their pungent whispers tell me that. The man beside me is old, grey, stooped, with twisted, knotted hands; in front of me a young man who was robbed of his youth; behind me a woman. There is a low-toned puff, followed by a flash from a photographer clinging to a precarious perch.

The young man, turning, catches my eye. His are pale, disappointed eyes. On the instant I think of Thoreau's saying: "The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or, perchance, a palace, or a temple on earth, and at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a wood-shed with them."

But the tragedy is that this young man has no philosophical eye; only a wondering, disappointed eye. . . .

"The Black Silhouettes of Men"

A BRIGHT white light appears suddenly outside the Shrine. It is the signal that a wreath is being laid by the Lieutenant-Governor (Sir William Irvine).

For a few seconds it illuminates a sea of faces beneath it; then it snaps out. The wreath has been placed in position. City clocks strike leisurely six times.

Bugles sound the Last Post, then the Reveille.

We begin to move at last, a dark, strong, orderly mass. I look ahead and see the black silhouettes of men against the shadowy Shrine. In slow waves they reach the crest, thin out, and file towards the doors.

No one looks after us. Drawn up beside the road is an ambulance. Two officers stand by; another two mix with the men, almost unnoticed. There are no boos, no jeers, and there is no need. For them, we wait, moving up and forward, with the men, a little, like, often, half a step.

I have been here half an hour. The thick dark is melting. Lemon streaks are being brushed into the greyness. The pale walls of the Shrine grow whiter. It stands firm, no longer faint or plastic to the darkness. Chains of glittering lights disappear.

Progress is slow, but we move in a rustle of contentment. There is no hurry. We have scaled the first flight of steps, shuffled over the flat stretch; now we are well up the second flight, which is the last. The Shrine looms above us, black and purple and white. At the top a uniformed soldier stands, his face red with the cold air.

The last step is beneath our feet. To those behind us, coming up in measured waves, we are the silhouettes, the friezes. Quickly we, thin out, file toward the doors. Hundreds of spectators watch us. Later to-day, perhaps, they will file through. We remove our hats; we pass the carved columns; we enter.

* * * *

I AM in a vault, lofty, soundless, timeless. Its innermost walls, yellowish, are lit by rays of electric light streaming through a square of glass high up in the peaked roof.

The light throws into bold relief the pure white sculptured friezes of fighting men.

OUT into the open again, out into the daylight. The constant flow of men causes other men to ponder.

Standing there at the side entrance, watching them pass, I should not be surprised if

I heard a voice that cried, "Make way for those who died"
And all the coloured crowd like ghosts at morning fled;
And down the waiting road, rank after rank there strode,
In mute and measured march a hundred thousand dead.

AT THE CENOTAPH

THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR (Sir William Irvine) placing a wreath on the Stone of Remembrance. With him is Sir. H. Chauvel.

MARCH OF DIGGERS

21,600 In Big Parade

Headed by General Sir Harry Chauvel, about 21,600 men of the A.I.F. made an impressive procession as they marched through the streets of the city to-day.

THE route of the parade was lined with thousands of spectators.

For more than an hour and a half the procession filed off from the starting point on the southern side of Prince's Bridge. The last marchers did not cross the bridge until 3.20 p.m.

The procession to-day was less than ever a military spectacle, more than ever a march of men—men with medals, indeed, but mostly men with memories.

"They are Coming"

'A distant flourish from a band—"They are coming!" You cannot move at the barriers. Slowly the group of horsemen paces up—a band, naval men, shining helmets of soldier policemen. . . .

They were called in from the hillside,
They were summoned from the glen;
But their country found them ready
At the stirring call for men!

Naval men now, with memories of the first Anzac Day, when Navy and Army faced death shoulder to shoulder, and with memories of the war in the Pacific.

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile"

says the band, and appropriately enough the thirteenth, with the gallant blue and black, going past, ten after ten—the devil's number! for the devil's own—but these at least came home and brought the devil's colours with them. Behind them, a platoon or two in khaki, with fixed bayonets, behind the King's colour—and there are scores in the crowd who know that it is the right thing to uncover as the King's colour passes.

A cheer goes up! A Victorian crowd, true to its Scottish forbears, cannot restrain its "Hurrah!" when the skirl of the pibroch sounds down the street. The "Jocks" band goes by.

At the Cenotaph

Among the official party on the dais were Rear-Admiral Sir Francis Hyde, the police commissioner (Major-General Blamey), Brig.-Gen. F. B. Heritage and Group-Captain Anderson, Brig.-Gen. C. H. Jess represented the Governor-General. Others present were the Lieutenant-Governor (Sir William Irvine), the Lord Mayor (Councillor H. Gengoult Smith), and the Lady Mayoress, the Minister for Customs (Lieut.-Col. White) and Mrs. White, Sir Gilbert Dyett, and the Attorney-General (Mr. Menzies).

TURKEY, OLD FOE, REMEMBERS

"HOW HEARTRENDING FOI OUR NATIONS!"

Kemal Pasha, dictator of Turkey, who will go down in history as "the man who stopped the Anzacs," sent to-day, through "The Star," the following special Anzac Day message to Australia:—

"The landing at Gallipoli on April 25, 1915, and the fighting which took place on the Peninsula will never be forgotten. It showed to the world the heroism of all those who shed their blood there. How heartrending for their nations were the losses that this struggle caused!"

Below, Dr. C. E. W. Bean, official war historian, tells what Kemal Pasha, then commander of a Turkish division—now Ghazi, or "conqueror" of all Turkey—meant to the defence of the Dardanelles.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA as he w in war days. The fer is now pr hibited.

0T963 ANKARA 73 22 655PM CTF HR

NEWSPAPER STAR MELBOURNE

1 REPONS VOTRE DEPECHE STOP VOUDREZ BIEN TROUVER SOUS NUMERO 2 MESSACE MONSIEUR PRESIDENT GAZI MUSTAFA KEMAL 2 LES COUPLAYS DEBAROUEMENT GALLIPOLI 25 AVRIL 1915 ET CEUX QUI EURENT LIEU DANS PRESQU-ILE ONT MONTRE AU MONDE A LA FOIS HEROISME DE TOUS CEUX QUI Y VERCERENT LEUR SANG ET COMBIEN FURENT DOULOUREUSES POUR LEURS NATIONS LESPERTES QUE CETTE LUTTE CAUSEES

HASAN RIZA SECRETAIRE GENERAL AD INTERIM

A REPRODUCTION of Mustapha Kemal's Anzac Day message, sent in French, the translation of which appears above.

By Dr. BEAN, Official War Historian

AS soon as the news of the first landing reached him Kemal Pasha recognised that it was a serious attack and not a feint.

He was informed that a battalion of the enemy had landed at Gaba Tepe, and was making for the highest hill in the neighbourhood, known as Tola Chemen Pepe, the chief height on the Bari Bair range.

It was suggested to him that this was probably a feint, but he grasped at once that this hill was the vital point in that area overlooking the narrows of the Dardanelles, and that the attack upon it must be regarded not as a demonstration, but as a main offensive.

Accordingly, without waiting for orders either from the commander of the army corps, or from the Army General (Liman von Sanders) he set out at once with his best regiment, the 57th Turkish, to march across country straight toward this hill. He had practised his division — the 19th — over this ground during the weeks before the landing, and although the country was rough he was able to cover the distance much more quickly than our troops.

KEMAL PASHA, as he is to-day.

By the time the foremost Australian parties were half way up the main ridge his leading troops were close enough to stop any chance of further progress by our men.

It is characteristic of Kemal that he led this regiment personally, compass in hand, in the other, the co[illegible] leading battalion. T[illegible] walking beside him until they w[illegible] sight of the Australians.

If Kemal had acted with less vigo[illegible] he could not have reached the hill in time to take responsibility. It is quite possible that the day was saved by the Australians in which they had to cling to darl[illegible] the 57th (that followed [illegible]

GALLIPOLI TO-DAY

Special "Star" Pictures

WEAR "GALLIPOLI TO-DAY!"

Full-life centre-page of "The Star" are a series of 25 pictures, sent specially to this newspaper by the Imperial War Graves Commission in the Kirk (Colonel C. E. Kirkbride).

The pictures were taken by Mr. Thomas Mullaney, who is an Australian, and is the custodian of the graves and memorials of Gallipoli. He lives in the old Turkish village at Chanak, on the Dardanelles, just a mile or so across from the shore of the landing on April 25 1915.

To-day, at the head of his Turkish gardeners, he raised the Australian and British flags to the half-mast on Anzac Cove, while our former enemies, by his side, saluted in the memory of those who fell.

See Pages 14 and 15.

Anti-War Council's Wreath

Claiming that its inscription was offensive to the spirit of Anzac, a representative of the Returned Sailors and Soldiers' Imperial League to-day removed a wreath from the Cenotaph, where it had been laid by returned soldier mem-

Victorian Council Against War (Re[illegible] turned Soldier Section, Adults Section Women and Youths Section) to th brave men of the world and of Au[illegible] tralia in particular, who were slaug[illegible]