

Gallipoli
Gelibolu
2015



Commemorative Services

ANZAC DAY

1915 – 2015 COMMEMORATIONS



1915
2015




Commemorative Services

ANZAC DAY



25 April 2015



The Australian and New Zealand Governments particularly acknowledge the considerable cooperation and assistance of the Government of the Republic of Turkey, the Governor of Çanakkale and the District Governors of Eceabat and Gelibolu.

Produced by the Department of Veterans' Affairs, Canberra, on behalf of the Australian and New Zealand Governments.

IMAGE CREDITS

Modern images of the Gallipoli peninsula appearing in this publication are taken from the collection of the Australian Government Department of Veterans' Affairs.

Front cover image: Men disembark on the beach at Gallipoli on 25 April 1915. (Australian War Memorial A05292)

Inside cover: A natural rock feature, named The Sphinx by Anzac troops, overlooks the piers, stores and hospital tents of North Beach at Gallipoli in December 1915, not long before the evacuation. (AWM C01621)

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Chaplain Walter Dexter, a veteran of the war in South Africa, cuts a lonely figure as he looks towards North Beach from a hillside track. One of the last men to leave Anzac in December, on learning of the evacuation he wrote: 'my heart is very sore, not for the evacuation itself, for I know that is best, but for all the valuable lives that have been lost here'. In this he echoed the thoughts of many who had served on Gallipoli. News of the evacuation was greeted with sorrow and regret at leaving the dead behind, and during the campaign's final days soldiers tended their friend's graves. An original Anzac recalled, 'every man of the ... 1st Division has someone, whom he honoured and respected, lying in one of those solitary graves at Anzac'. Before he left, Dexter scattered silver wattle seed in the gullies and cemeteries. 'If we have to leave here I intend that a bit of Australia shall be here', he wrote. Dexter was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for his work on Gallipoli and later the Military Cross in France, becoming Australia's most highly decorated chaplain.

(AWM C01470)



The Gallipoli Campaign



The Gallipoli Campaign

On 29 April 1915 a platoon of exhausted 11th Battalion soldiers gathered on the debris strewn beach at Anzac. It was their first rest since the landing four days earlier and the first chance to see who had survived the campaign's bloody opening moments. There were handshakes all round, but, said one: 'So many of our pals were missing when the roll was called ... I think it was not till then that I realised how awful war is ... Old South African soldiers tell me that they never saw such a terrible time in the Boer War'. As the scattered platoons and companies regrouped, men began to grasp the extent of the losses. Sergeant Richard Ward was ordered to determine how many of the 16th Waikato Company's men had survived the landing. 'I was awfully busy and still very tired but found only 34 men of our 226 in the company', he wrote, 'thirty more struggled in the next day. Finally 64 survivors were assembled'.

After days of fighting, the front was still dangerously close to the landing beaches. The Anzacs occupied a small arc of country criss-crossed by ridges and gullies, and marked now by the beginnings of opposing trench lines, sometimes just metres apart. They were hemmed in. Within sight of the first day's objectives – the high ground of the Sari Bair range north of the Anzac positions – the Anzacs could advance no further, but nor could they be easily dislodged.

On 19 May the Turks made a desperate attempt to drive them from the peninsula and were shot down in their thousands. Fred Palmer, a machine gunner in New Zealand's Wellington Battalion, saw them approach: 'The faces just got larger and larger in the dawn until you could see the brass buckles on their belts and I tapped the gun and they were wiped away'. Of some 42,000 attacking troops, at least 10,000 were killed or wounded. More than 650 Australians, of whom 160 were killed, and some 150 New Zealanders, also became casualties. William Worth, a 3rd Battalion private, probably raising himself above the parapet for better shooting, fell paralysed when a bullet tore into his neck. He spent the next eleven

weeks in Valetta Hospital on Malta before being transferred to England. A year later he returned to Australia. 'How glad your mother will be to kiss her boy again' wrote Carine Pennefather, one of his nurses. His mother was indeed glad, and relieved that William was still alive. Having a close relative or friend on Gallipoli was a source of constant anxiety.

As spring gave way to summer, conditions at Anzac deteriorated. The unburied dead in no-man's-land, the unsanitary conditions, the monotonous diet, scarcity of fresh water and plagues of flies and lice led to epidemics of disease. During June and July more men were evacuated from the peninsula with illness than because of wounds. Light Horseman Neil Boomer reached Gallipoli in May, remaining on the peninsula until 14 August when he was evacuated with enteric fever (typhoid). Two weeks before Boomer was hospitalised, the 1st Division's Assistant Director of Medical Services reported that 30 per cent of the men on Gallipoli were unfit, while a New Zealand medical officer wrote that: 'There is much enteritis among the men ... they are quite unfit for more work just now'.

Boomer was ill for months and never returned to Gallipoli. In this he might be considered fortunate. He left the peninsula during August, the month of the Nek, Lone Pine, Chunuk Bair and Hill 60, one of more than 23,000 men, sick or wounded, to be evacuated from the Anzac front between 7 August and 8 September. To the toll of wounded and ill, were added the dead: some 2000 Australians and more than 1100 New Zealanders during August. Hubert Meagher was among those killed at Lone Pine. A private when he enlisted almost a year before, he died as a lieutenant, leading his platoon in the perilous charge across no-man's-land when the assault began. Struck by a Turkish bullet before he reached the enemy trench, he lived just long enough to call: 'Go on boys; don't mind me'. After the battle a friend of Meagher's wrote to his wife, of 'Bert's' last moments, he 'just called out to us not to bother about him but to pour heavy

fire into the Turks, who were then only a few yards away. He was indeed a brave man and very popular'. Like so many of those killed in the furious fight for Lone Pine, Meagher's remains were never identified. Today he is commemorated on the Lone Pine Memorial.

If there was any solace for Meagher's family, it may have been in learning of his brave final moments and in being sure of his fate. Many families were denied even this consolation. After helping bury two men in early May, Roy Denning, a carpenter from Marulan in New South Wales, wondered 'if ever the loved ones of the two deceased would hear or know how they were quietly laid to rest on the slope of a lonely Turkish hillside'. Una Cumberland waited years before learning the fate of her beloved brother, Oliver. Joe Cumberland, another brother, had already lost his life, dying of wounds shortly after the landing. Oliver, like Hubert Meagher, survived long enough to join the assault on Lone Pine. Friends saw him in the charge across no-man's-land, and then – nothing. He was listed as 'missing'. Had Una seen the 2nd Battalion's war diary, she might have been able to accept that Oliver had been killed: 'a great many of our dead are still lying between the lines and nearly all of the missing will prove to be killed'. Instead, she was left wondering and hoping, until Oliver's remains were found near Lone Pine Cemetery in 1922.

By September the campaign had returned to stalemate. Lone Pine had been the only Allied success of the August offensive. The Anzac position was slightly expanded but there was scant hope that any further progress could be made on the peninsula. There were no more major battles and no further attempts to break out of the beachhead. Archibald Redhead, a sergeant, wrote about the campaign's final weeks in his diary: 'Things here have been much of a muchness ... weather decidedly wintry ... operations – in a big way – nil ... Broke front crown tooth eating biscuits. Chilblains on hands and feet very troublesome'. On 28 November he awoke

to 'Snow! ... three inches of snow on the ground and still snowing strongly ... Feet have been like ice all day'. To add to the discomfort, the Turks now possessed heavy artillery. 'Many casualties from bombardment', wrote Redhead, 'due mostly to being buried'. He also described the Anzac's 'new stunt of not firing' not knowing that it was a ruse to accustom the Turks to periods of silence in the lead up to the evacuation.

Senior Australian and New Zealand officers had recommended that the area soon to be known as Anzac be evacuated on the campaign's first night, but they were overruled by the senior Commander General Sir Ian Hamilton. Now after eight months of bloodshed, and still within a few hundred metres of the beaches over which the first landing parties had raced on 25 April, the Anzacs were leaving. In the most successful operation of the campaign, thousands of men were embarked over several nights in December without suffering any further casualties.

From Gallipoli, the survivors were taken first to Lemnos Island, and then to Egypt, where they were rested and reinforced. The war had almost three years left to run, and ahead of the Anzacs lay the titanic struggle on the Western Front and the great war of movement through the Middle East. But even after the battles in those theatres and through all the wars and conflicts that have followed over the century since 1915, Gallipoli continues to hold a central place in our wartime history. The men whose tenacious defence of precarious positions on the hills above Turkey's Aegean coast set a standard of conduct and endurance by which those wearing the uniforms of our countries' armed forces continue to measure themselves one hundred years later.



IMAGE ABOVE: The wife of a soldier places a wreath on the Ari Burnu Cemetery memorial near Anzac Cove, 25 April 1923. (AWM H12950)



SPIRIT OF PLACE

5.00am

Spirit of Place commences

Australian Indigenous Performance

A performance by William Barton, widely recognised as one of Australia's finest traditional didgeridoo players and a leading didgeridoo player in the classical world.

William's artistry is a summary of the best traditions of didgeridoo playing from across Australia, without belonging to one particular style of playing, and combines all of these techniques with a talent that is unequalled. His performance is engaging – notable for its power and depth of feeling, and the impact it has on the audience.

Soliloquy

A live soliloquy by Warren Brown about the landing at Anzac Cove, enhanced by discreet mood lighting of the water and terrain.

Roll of Honour

The names and epitaphs of those Anzacs who died at Gallipoli are presented on the big screens. The segment is accompanied by the Gregory Terrace – All Hallows' Gallipoli Choir. The backing track for this piece features Ellena Papas on harp, with members of the Queensland Youth Orchestra.

Silence

Karanga – Maori Call to Gathering

Performed by women of the New Zealand Defence Force.

The spirits of our ancestors are invoked through the physical realm of Karanga, which is a lamenting cry from the physical realm into the spiritual dimension. There is a gateway that is guarded by selected women of the tribe and through the medium of Karanga, it can be opened and closed accordingly as they so desire.

5.30am

Dawn Service





IMAGE ABOVE: Members of the Australian 1st Divisional Signal Company approach the shores of Gallipoli in a landing boat at 6 am on 25 April 1915. (AWM A02781)

IMAGE BELOW: Stretcher bearers carry wounded soldiers to waiting boats for evacuation to a hospital ship offshore, Anzac Cove, 1915. (AWM A05784)

OPPOSITE PAGE: Ari Burnu Cemetery

Dawn Service





DAWN SERVICE

Music provided by the Australian Army Band, the New Zealand Defence Force Band and the Gregory Terrace – All Hallows' Gallipoli Choir

Lieutenant Colonel Andrea McMahon
Director of Music, Australian Army Band

Dawn Service

Commences at 5.30 am

Introduction by Master of Ceremonies

Major General Mark Kelly AO DSC
Repatriation Commissioner, Department of Veterans' Affairs

Catafalque Party is Mounted

Members of Australia's Federation Guard and the New Zealand Defence Force

Call to Remembrance

Air Chief Marshal Mark Binskin AC

Chief of the Defence Force, Australia

We gather here at this time, on this now quiet beach, to remember and to honour those who came from across the world to take their place on the battle-field. One hundred years ago today, the quiet stillness of dawn and the gentle sound of the waves on this beach gave way to the flash and roar of gunfire over the painful cries of the wounded. For so many, the rising sun that day would be their last.

Each man who landed on these shores harboured his own fears and apprehensions. They worried how they would perform when they confronted the enemy and hoped that, when the time came, they would not let their mates down. Thoughts also turned to home and the loved ones they hoped to return to.

Lance Corporal George Mitchell, a member of the 3rd Brigade Australian Imperial Force, was one man among the first group of Anzacs to land here on the Peninsula. As his boat neared the shore, Lance Corporal Mitchell recorded the moment.

Keen biting breeze sprang up in our faces and we were cold. My breath came deep. I tried to analyse my feelings but could not. I think that every emotion was mixed, exultation predominating. We come from the new world for the conquest of the old. The price of failure we knew to be annihilation, victory might mean life. But even so whispered jests passed round and I remember turning to poor old Peter and asking him how he felt. 'Good' [was his reply].

The optimism did not last. The boats had not even reached the shore before the Turkish defenders opened fire. Lance Corporal Mitchell continued:

... The lead came in squalls, whispering when it came close and whistling when not, smashing into the woodwork of the boats and splashing into the water. The key was being turned in the lock of the lid of hell.

The Anzacs stormed the ridges behind you in a hail of fire. Those who could continued upward toward the guns, which did not cease again for eight long months, but for a brief truce to bury the dead.

Lance Corporal Mitchell survived the Gallipoli campaign but many of his mates did not.

Today we honour all those Australian and New Zealand soldiers who landed at Gallipoli; especially those who gave their lives in the service of our countries. We remember that all those who served in the Great War left behind a life and a family, setting aside their fears to answer the nation's call to arms. It is our promise to remember them always and it is right that we do so at this time, on this day, in this place.

This is where the Anzac legend was born at great cost.

Here, the reality of war was revealed.

Here, so many died and dreams died with them.

Here, they lie in sacred soil.

Here, we honour their spirit, the spirit of Anzac which lives among us.

Here, we will remember them.

Address

The Right Honourable John Key
Prime Minister of New Zealand

Quotation by Mustafa Kemal Atatürk

President of the Republic of Turkey (1923–1938)
Spoken by Turkish Army Officers

Uzak memleketin toprakları üstünde kanlarını döken
kahramanlar:
burada dost bir vatanın toprağındasınız.
Huzur ve sükun içinde uyuyunuz.
Sizler Mehmetçiklerle yan yana, koyun koyunasınız.
Uzak diyarlardan evlatlarını harbe gönderen analar;
gözyaşlarınızı dindiriniz, evlatlarınız bizim bağrımızdadır.
Huzur içindedirler ve huzur içinde rahat rahat uyuyacaklardır.
Bu toprakta canlarını verdikten sonra artık bizim evlatlarımız
olmuşlardır.

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

Hymn: God of our Fathers

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart.
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire.
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Address

The Honourable Tony Abbott MP

Prime Minister of Australia

Reading

His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales

When the Anzacs left this place, they were tormented by the thought of leaving their comrades behind, that their suffering and loss would be forgotten, that their graves would lie untended. Lieutenant Ken Millar of the 2nd Battalion wrote:

There was the question of our dead mates ... we lived at Gallipoli with our dead alongside us. Owing to the lack of space our cemeteries were always under our eyes. The hardest feature of the evacuation was in leaving those dead comrades behind. They had bequeathed us a sacred trust ... as the party stole away from the line they took off their hats passing the crosses, and old hard-bitten Anzacs wept silent tears.

Company Quartermaster Sergeant Benjamin Leane of the 10th Battalion was one of six brothers, five of whom served in the First World War. He wrote his diary in the form of letters to his wife.

On the night before the landing he wrote:

In case the worst happens and I am unable to make any more entries I will take this opportunity to bid you goodbye dear girl. I trust that I will come through alright, but it is impossible to say and I must do my duty whatever it is. But if I am to die, know that I died loving you with my whole heart and soul, dearest wife that a man ever had. Kiss little Gwen and our new baby, who perhaps I may never see, and never let them forget Daddy. And you, dear girl, I would love to write you a long goodbye letter, but I must do my work and there is no time. But I love you dearly, my own Phyllis, and I trust that you will always love me. But remember, dear, that if I am killed, I wish you to do absolutely as you think advisable for your future ... One little word for mother, dear. Bear with her and be good to her in her few remaining years, for I know she loves me dearly. And tell her that I am not afraid to die, nor am I afraid of what is to come after death. Just tell her 'I know in whom I have believed'. And now, dear, dear sweet heart, goodbye, goodbye.

Benjamin Leane survived Gallipoli and was promoted to Major only to die in France in 1917. Here today, we remember his sacrifice, and that of all those who served and suffered here.

Prayer of Remembrance

Monsignor Glynn Murphy OAM

Director General Chaplaincy, Australian Army

God of life, origin of love, we remember across a century of time in our world, and hold in prayer before your eternal presence this dawn, the first Anzacs of Australia and New Zealand who gave all in service and sacrifice upon these shores, valleys and hills.

Their graves mark the grief of and loss to their family, friends and nations who kept vigil far from these shores.

We remember too all who served and eventually returned home with the burden of war upon their hearts and souls.

We remember all who have suffered the horrors of war in our world.

In your spiritual dawn of eternal life may they have true peace, everlasting love and live on, forever young with you.

We pray that future generations of pilgrims to this cove will always remember the youth, loyalty, bravery, love, service before self and sacrifice for others that mark the Anzacs of a century past.

This we pray through the Prince of Peace, Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer

Chaplain Class One Lance Lukin, RNZChD

Principal Defence Chaplain, New Zealand Defence Force

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name,

Your kingdom come, your will be done,

On earth as in heaven.

Give us today our daily bread. Forgive us our sins

As we forgive those who sin against us.

Save us from the time of trial, and deliver us from evil.

For the kingdom, the power and the glory are yours

Now and forever. Amen.

Wreath Laying

Official representatives to lay wreaths

Ode of Remembrance

Lieutenant General Tim Keating, MNZM

Chief of Defence Force, New Zealand

They went with songs to the battle, they were young.
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them.

Response:

We will remember them.

All:

Lest we forget.

Last Post

One Minute Silence

Reveille

National Anthems

İstiklal Marşı

Advance Australia Fair

God Defend New Zealand

The Final Blessing

Monsignor Glynn Murphy OAM

Director General Chaplaincy, Australian Army

As we conclude this centenary Dawn Service let us respectfully take our leave from this place of remembrance of bravery, sacrifice and service before self.

May we support the widow and orphan, and the afflicted and distressed of our world.

May we hold faith in the power of goodness to endure and to ultimately overcome evil, through the daily bravery of good people everywhere.

So may the blessing of God's presence be gently upon you and go with you this day: the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Catafalque Party Dismounts

Official Party Departs







IMAGE ABOVE: Australian casualties lie in and around the trenches at Lone Pine on 8 August 1915. (AWM A04029)

IMAGE BELOW: Members of the 1st Battalion AIF wait for relief by the 7th Battalion AIF, after three continuous days of fighting in the Lone Pine area, 9 August 1915. (AWM A01005)

OPPOSITE PAGE: Lone Pine Cemetery and Memorial.

Lone Pine Australian Service





LONE PINE SERVICE

Music provided by the Australian Army Band and the
Gregory Terrace – All Hallows’ Gallipoli Choir

Lieutenant Colonel Andrea McMahon
Director of Music, Australian Army Band

Lone Pine Service

Commences at 11.00 am

Official Party Arrives

Introduction by Master of Ceremonies

Major General Mark Kelly AO DSC
Repatriation Commissioner, Department of Veterans’ Affairs

Catafalque Party Mounts

Members of Australia’s Federation Guard

Welcome

Senator the Honourable Michael Ronaldson
Minister for Veterans’ Affairs
Minister Assisting the Prime Minister for the Centenary of ANZAC
Special Minister of State

Reflection

Air Chief Marshal Mark Binskin AC

Chief of the Defence Force

The land we stand on was once a battlefield, the scene of one of the bloodiest battles in Australia's history. On August 6, 1915, 104 days after the Gallipoli landing, the Anzacs squared their shoulders and prepared to confront the enemy again – this time here at Lone Pine.

Those who survived those first hundred days had already endured the terrible reality of war. Tormented by fear and surrounded by death they suffered through illness, persevered through exposure and continued on – exhausted. As the August Offensive began, some remarked that it felt like the 25th of April all over again.

Private Bert Facey was one of the Diggers who took his place among the Anzacs during the Battle of Lone Pine. Like many others, he had struggled through the hardships of the campaign since coming ashore in the first landings. The horror they faced as they made their way to shore weighed heavily on the soldiers' hearts and minds.

Bullets were thumping into us in the rowing boat. Men were being hit and killed all around me ... I was terribly frightened ...

... we all ran for our lives over the strip of beach and got into the scrub and bush.

Men were falling all around me. We were stumbling over bodies, running blind. The sight of the bodies on the beach was shocking. It worried me for days that I couldn't stop to help the men calling out ...

The Gallipoli campaign exacted a heavy toll that left an indelible scar on our nation. More than 8,000 Australians died. Many still lie in this hallowed place.

They were ordinary men who found extraordinary determination and bravery on the sands of Gallipoli. While we will never fully understand what they suffered in the name of duty, we honour them and the actions that inspired the Anzac spirit.

Unconditional loyalty in mateship;
Endurance in hardship;
Courage, even in the face of certain death;
Sacrifice in the name of service.

These are the enduring values that emerged from the Gallipoli campaign. They are characteristic of those who fought here and are values we continue to honour and admire.

Today, as we gather here to commemorate a century of service – we look toward the next hundred years.

We vow to uphold their Anzac spirit and promise to remember them.

Lest we forget.

Bible Reading

Romans 12:9–18

The Honourable Bill Shorten MP

Leader of the Opposition

Love must be completely sincere.
Hate what is evil, hold on to what is good.
Love one another warmly as Christians,
and be eager to show respect for one another.
Work hard and do not be lazy.
Serve the Lord with a heart full of devotion.
Let your hope keep you joyful,
be patient in your troubles, and pray at all times.
Share your belongings with your needy fellow
Christians, and open your homes to strangers.
Ask God to bless those who persecute you –
yes, ask him to bless, not to curse.
Be happy with those who are happy,
weep with those who weep.
Have the same concern for everyone.
Do not be proud, but accept humble duties.
Do not think of yourselves as wise.
If someone has done you wrong, do not repay him with a wrong.
Try to do what everyone considers to be good.
Do everything possible on your part to live in peace with
everybody.



IMAGE ABOVE Members of No. 2 Field Engineers come ashore at 6 am on 25 April 1915, as men of the 7th Battalion AIF advance up the steep ground. (AWM P02226.014)



Hymn: Abide With Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Reading

His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Wales

In this quiet place, it is difficult to imagine the carnage, the desperation of the fighting that took place here. But it was in this spot that many acts of valour took place, and despite the number of Victoria Crosses awarded for the fighting here, most of these acts went unrecognised. Great valour was a common virtue.

The most sacred bond between soldiers is the unspoken pact that if the situation demands, they will lay down their lives for each other. Sergeant Archie Barwick of the 1st Battalion wrote:

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

This great bond, these self-sacrificing actions, display the extremes to which soldiers will go for their duty and for each other. While we honour their bravery, we must also remember the emotional cost, the guilt, sorrow and mental anguish of those who survived. In early 1916 George Lewis wrote to the mother of Private Frederick Muir:

Dear Madam,

Being a dear friend of your son Fred and probably the last of his Illawarra mates who saw him alive I feel I must write of the esteem and love we all had for him ... After the evacuation his battalion came and camped beside us again ... and when I sought for him I received the sad tidings of his death. The war has taken as victims most of my dearest friends of the 1st Division but none was more dear to me than your son. I feel consoled by the thought

that he died a hero's death fighting for freedom and justice
against tyranny and military oppression. You have my heartfelt
sympathy and I can realise how terrible your grief must be for I
loved him too.

Fred's friend,
G. Lewis

It is this love, the memory of these lives lost, that draws us
back here now, a century later, to stand amongst their graves
and to remember their loss and all they gave for us and for
each other.

Address

The Honourable Tony Abbott MP
Prime Minister of Australia

Reading

Scots of the Riverina

Maximilian Claessens
Simpson Prize Winner

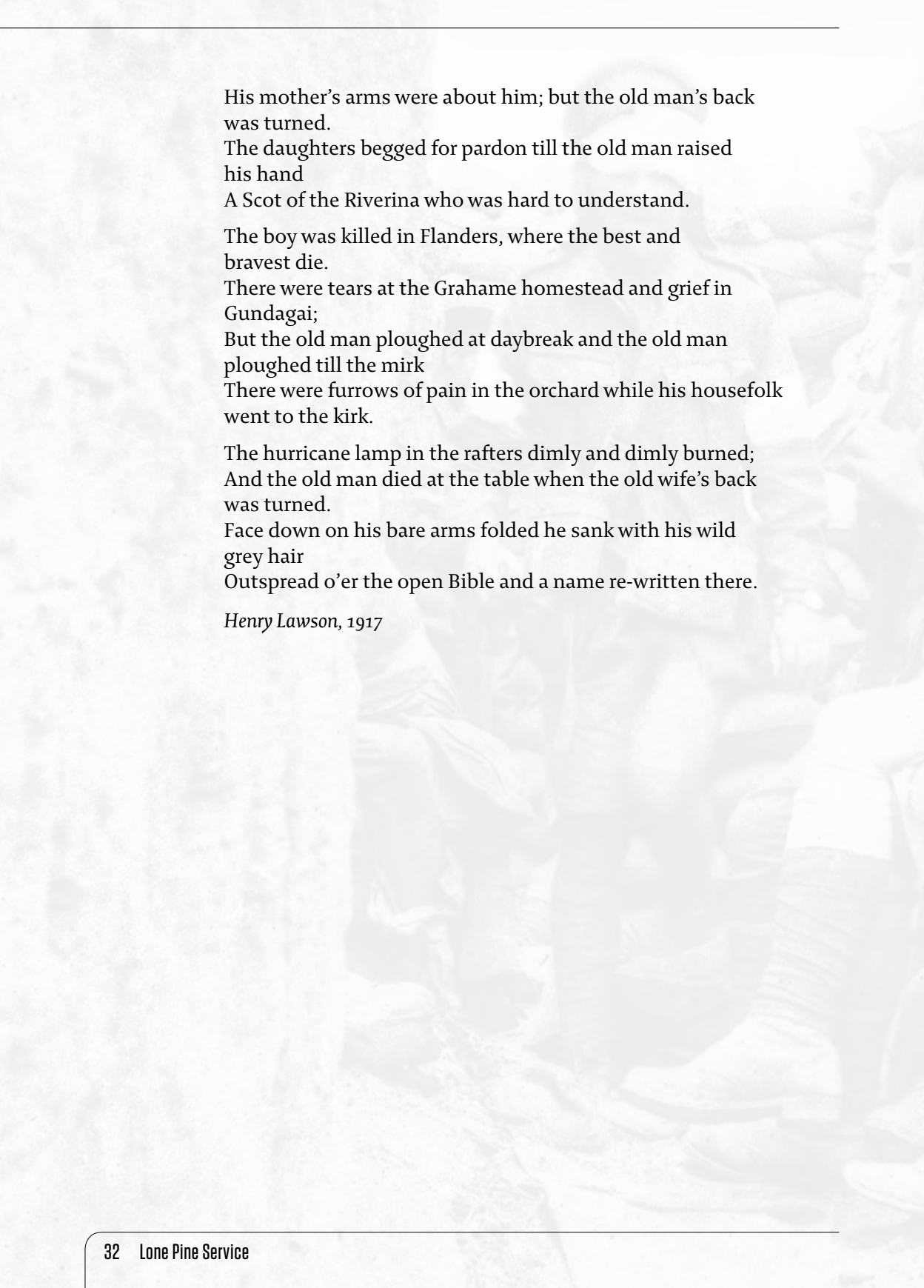
The boy cleared out to the city from his home at harvest time
They were Scots of the Riverina, and to run from home was a
crime.

The old man burned his letters, the first and last he burned,
And he scratched his name from the Bible when the old
wife's back was turned.

A year went past and another. There were calls from the
firing-line;
They heard the boy had enlisted, but the old man made no
sign.

His name must never be mentioned on the farm by Gundagai
They were Scots of the Riverina with ever the kirk hard by.

The boy came home on his 'final', and the township's bonfire
burned.



His mother's arms were about him; but the old man's back
was turned.
The daughters begged for pardon till the old man raised
his hand
A Scot of the Riverina who was hard to understand.
The boy was killed in Flanders, where the best and
bravest die.
There were tears at the Grahame homestead and grief in
Gundagai;
But the old man ploughed at daybreak and the old man
ploughed till the mirk
There were furrows of pain in the orchard while his housefolk
went to the kirk.
The hurricane lamp in the rafters dimly and dimly burned;
And the old man died at the table when the old wife's back
was turned.
Face down on his bare arms folded he sank with his wild
grey hair
Outspread o'er the open Bible and a name re-written there.

Henry Lawson, 1917

Prayer for the Australian Defence Force

Monsignor Glynn Murphy OAM

Director General Chaplaincy, Australian Army

Almighty God, the example of your son Jesus Christ shows us a life of loving service and sacrifice, for the benefit of others. This example has been followed by past members of Australia's military forces, whom we remember while paying respect at Lone Pine today.

May present and future members of the Australian Defence Force continue to uphold these values and service to our nation, through your divine grace and assistance.

Be with all family members of our defence personnel, as they too support and secure the strength of our nation's military through their family love of and care for those who serve.

May Australia's defence force, at home or abroad, be a means of safety, protection and hope for many who suffer evil or natural disaster, in the years to come.

This prayer we make in the name of that same Risen Christ, Lord of Life.
Amen.

Official Wreath Laying

Official representatives to lay wreaths

Ode of Remembrance

Rear Admiral Ken Doolan AO RAN (Ret'd)

National President, Returned & Services League of Australia

They went with songs to the battle, they were young.
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

Response:

We will remember them.

All:

Lest we forget.

Last Post

One Minute Silence

Rouse

National Anthems

İstiklal Marşı

Advance Australia Fair

Final Blessing

Monsignor Glynn Murphy OAM

Director General Chaplaincy, Australian Army

The Lord of Life leads us beyond the empty tomb.

So may the Lord bless us and keep us.

May the Lord make his face to shine upon us and be gracious to us.

May the Spirit of the Lord watch over us and our great southern land, Australia, that we may live in peace.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

Catafalque Party Dismounts

Official Party Departs

Public Laying of Wreaths

Members of the public are invited to lay floral tributes





IMAGE ABOVE: Lieutenant-Colonel William Malone addresses New Zealand troops at Gallipoli, 1915. (2006.575 National Army Museum NZ)

IMAGE BELOW: Members of a New Zealand artillery unit reload their 18-pounder field gun, Gallipoli, 1915. (AWM P01155.003)

OPPOSITE PAGE: Rhododendron Ridge, looking up towards Chunuk Bair.

Chunuk Bair New Zealand Service



CHUNUK BAIR SERVICE

Music provided by the New Zealand Defence Force Band

Lieutenant Commander Owen Clarke, RNZN
Director of Music

Chunuk Bair Service

Commences at 1.45 pm

Official Party Arrives

Karanga

Members of the New Zealand Defence Force

Introduction

Chaplain Class One Lance Lukin, RNZChD
Principal Defence Chaplain, New Zealand Defence Force

Bidding and Sentence

Micah 6.8

Chaplain Class One Lance Lukin, RNZChD
Principal Defence Chaplain, New Zealand Defence Force

We gather to glorify God who sustains the world,
To remember with thanksgiving
those who have loved and died in the service of their country;
And to ask for God's help and blessing
That we may be worthy of their sacrifice each day of our lives.

'What does the Lord require of you
But to do justice, and to love kindness,
And to walk humbly with your God?'

Catafalque Party Mounts

Members of the New Zealand Defence Force

Welcome

His Excellency Jonathan Curr

New Zealand Ambassador to Turkey

Reading

Ecclesiasticus 44:1-15 Eulogy of the Ancestors

Lieutenant Colonel Micheal Duncan, MNZM, RNZAC

New Zealand Defence Force

Let us now sing the praise of the famous, the heroes and heroines of our nation's history, through whom the Lord established his renown, and revealed his majesty in each succeeding age. Some held sway over kingdoms and made themselves a name by their exploits. Others were counsellors, who spoke out with prophetic power. Some led the people by their counsels and by their knowledge of the nation's law; out of their fund of wisdom they gave instruction. Some were composers of music or writers of poetry. Others were endowed with wealth and strength, living peacefully in their homes. All these won fame in their own generation and were the pride of their times.

Some there are who have left a name behind them to be commemorated in story. There are others who are unremembered, they are dead and it is as though they have never been born or left children to succeed them. Not so our ancestors; they were people of loyalty, whose good deeds have never been forgotten. Their prosperity is handed on to their descendants, and their inheritances to future generations. Thanks to them their children are within the covenants – the whole race of their descendants. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their names live forever. Nations will recount their wisdom, and God's people will sing their praises.

Commemorative Address

The Right Honourable John Key
Prime Minister of New Zealand

Waiata – How Great Thou Art

Music provided by the New Zealand Defence Force Band

Vocals provided by members of the New Zealand Defence Force, New Zealand Youth Ambassadors and members of the public

Whakaaria mai, tōu rīpeka ki a au
Tīaho mai rā roto i te pō
Hei konā au titiro atu ai
Ora mate hei au koe noho ai

Whakaaria mai, tōu rīpeka ki a au
Tīaho mai rā roto i te pō
Hei konā au titiro atu ai
Ora mate hei au koe noho ai

O Lord, my God! When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works thine hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder;
Thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed.

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art.
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art.

Reading

Extract from a letter written by an unidentified member of the
Canterbury Mounted Rifles, 17 August 1915

His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Wales

We have just come through a big battle, in which our Army has gained a good deal of ground, but the price was heavy. We had the honour of opening the attack by rushing a series of Turkish trenches with the bayonet in the dark, on the night of August 6th. Poor Bob Lusk and Frank Jarman, in my section, were both killed. Jarman fell in the first burst of fire from the machine-gun on the ridge we were attacking. Poor Frank, he got a very short run for his money. We found Bob Lusk the next morning, dead, with his wire cutters in his hand right at the muzzle of the gun, which, of course, was taken, and a good few Turks were lying bayoneted here. It was about here I got separated from Jim Orr. A party of us, under our troop officer, worked our way up to the spur called Bauchop's Hill, meeting several small batches of Turks on the way, who were given very short shift. It was deadly work in the dark with the bayonet. We didn't fire a shot until we reached the top. About half-way up the spur we were joined by a small party of the Otago Mounted Rifles, under Colonel Bauchop himself, and we continued to clear out the enemy's trenches until we reached the top ... it was a terrible night we spent on the plateau, fired on from all sides, and listening to the attack waxing and waning behind us and away on our left rear.

Colonel Bauchop was the life and soul of us that night. He was here, there, and everywhere where danger threatened most. He took great risks, and exposed himself continuously, walking about the plateau. He asked for a volunteer to hold a place a little down a spur, and I said I would go. He asked my name and remembered me. Two of our fellows went with me, but we were shortly recalled without incident. He shifted me about a good bit that night. The Turks crept up close all round us, and made several half-hearted attempts to drive us out. About dawn poor Colonel Bauchop was badly hit. Forty per cent of us

on that hill were hit that night. Poor young Way was lying just on my right when he was hit in the stomach, and Reg Atkinson was lying on my left talking to me when he got two bullets in the hand and wrist. I consider I was awfully lucky to get off without a scratch. I remained on that hill for the rest of the following day.

Shortly after daylight on Bauchop Hill I was bandaging up an Otago man, who was hit through the thigh, and when I was doing it the poor beggar got another through the knee of the same leg. The snipers in this broken, scrubby country are hell. Yesterday I was sent out to do some sniping at the enemy, who were getting water from a well 200 yards away. I took poor Jim Orr with me, and we went back to our supports and were going to make a detour from there. We went down a little gully for about 150 yards from the bivouacs and decided to leave our heavy gear there. Orr got his off first, and said he would just take a peep over the ridge to see what the country was like. He had only gone a few yards when a shot rang out on our left rear and poor old Jim fell shot through the heart. I ran up to him and carried him into cover. He never spoke, except to say, 'I'm done, old chap', and died quietly in my arms in about three minutes.

Press, 26 October 1915, p. 2



IMAGE ABOVE: The Anzac shoreline, empty and peaceful today,
was crowded with men, boats and supplies during the campaign.
(PA1-o-478-04. Alexander Turnbull Library, <http://natlib.govt.nz/records/22415742>)



Reading

Lieutenant Colonel William Malone's last letter to his wife

Hon Craig Foss

Minister of Veterans' Affairs, New Zealand

Quinn's Post

8.10 pm 5.8.15

My sweetheart

In less than two hours we move off to a valley, where we will be up all night and tomorrow in readiness for a big attack which will start tomorrow night. Everything promises well and victory should rest with us. God grant it so and that our casualties will not be too heavy I expect to go thro' all right but dear wife if anything untoward happens to me you must not grieve too much – there are our dear children to be brought up. You know how I love and have loved you, and we have had many years of great happiness together. If at any time in the past I seemed absorbed in 'affairs' it was that I might make proper provision for you and the children. That was due from me. It is true that perhaps I overdid it somewhat. I believe now that I did, but did not see it at the time. I regret very much now that it was so and that I lost more happiness than I need have done. You must forgive me. Forgive also anything unkindly or hard that I may have done or said in the past.

I have made a will and it is at the office at Stratford. I think it was justly drawn. Anyway I intended it so to be. I hope and think that the provision for you and the children will keep you and them in ease and comfort.

I know that you will never forget me or let the dear children do so. I am prepared for death and hope that God will have forgiven me all my sins. My desire for life so that I may see and be with you again could not be greater, but I have only done what every man was bound to do in our country's need. It has been a great consolation to me that you approved my action. The sacrifice was really yours. May you be consoled and rewarded by our dear Lord.

Your loving husband

Wm. G. Malone

Malone Papers, MSX2553, Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington

Lt Colonel William Malone commanded the Wellington Infantry Battalion at the assault on Chunuk Bair on 8 August 1915. In the battle that ensued he was killed and remains among the many New Zealanders with no known grave at Gallipoli.

Reading

Reflections of Dan Curham

Lieutenant General Tim Keating, MNZM
Chief of Defence Force, New Zealand

We were thin, most of us, weak with dysentery and poor nutrition ... The track uphill was steep and hard going. We had just jumped from our trench and gone a little way, sixteen of us with two guns, when Turks spotted us and we met a hail of bullets. We made perfect targets. We couldn't run with the load we were carrying, guns, tripods, and all our boxes of ammunition. It was quite a deadly volley. Dust spurted up around our feet as the bullets struck the ground. I tried to lift my knees high to escape them. Men began falling around me. They just dropped, men I'd been living alongside, fighting alongside, for months; boys from my own town.

We had been a very close-knit little group, almost brothers. But we couldn't stop or sorrow for the fallen. Our orders were to go on, to the top of Chunuk Bair. More and more of us fell. I kept on uphill until I discovered myself altogether alone, the one survivor of the sixteen who started out. By some miracle I was the only one who got anywhere near the summit of Chunuk Bair. I never saw or heard of my comrades again; I don't even know what happened to their bodies.

... I have felt their loss very deeply for the rest of my life ... Talking about Gallipoli, especially about Chunuk Bair, brings sorrow to my heart even as I talk to you now.

... I didn't weep physically ... I was not a weeping chap. I wept in my heart.

Dan Curham cited in Maurice Shadbolt, *Voices of Gallipoli*, Hodder and Stoughton, Auckland, 1988, pp. 41–49. Dan Curham served with the Wellington Battalion and was one of a group ordered to bring a machine-gun up to the men who had seized Chunuk Bair.

Official Wreath Laying

Music by the New Zealand Defence Force Band

During the wreath laying the New Zealand Defence Force Band will play:

Abide with Me (Eventide) William Monk, 1861.

Ellers E. J. Hopkins, 1861.

These hymns are often sung at Anzac Day and other military commemorations in New Zealand, Australia and the United Kingdom.

E Pari Rā A traditional New Zealand song composed by Paraire Tomoana in 1918. It was written as a tangi for Maori soldiers killed in battle in the First World War.

Pōkarekare Ana This traditional tune emerged in the north of Auckland in 1914. It is known and sung worldwide but is synonymous with New Zealand.

Hine e Hine Written in the early 20th century by Princess Te Rangi Pai (Fannie Rose Howie). A well known New Zealand song.

Prayers for Peace

Chaplain Class One Lance Lukin, RNZChD

Principal Defence Chaplain, New Zealand Defence Force

God of Peace,
We thank you for the stillness and beauty of this place.

We come to you remembering the horrors of war.
To remember lives ended, in the flower of youth,
The lives of Anzacs and Turks.

We come to you remembering all families and loved ones
Whose lives were changed forever,
By the conflicts of long ago.

And so, we come to you with our yearning for peace:
Peace among our nations;
Peace in our homes;
Peace in our hearts.

God of humanity,
Give us the resolve to make our world a better place,
And grant us peace and goodwill amongst all people,
Amen.

The Act of Remembrance

Warrant Officer Class Two Tama Andrew, RNZALR

New Zealand Defence Force

and

Mr Barry Clark, QSM, JP

President, Royal New Zealand Returned and Services' Association

E kore rātou e koroheketia
Pēnei i a tātou kua mahue nei
E kore hoki rātou e ngoikore
Ahakoa pēhea i ngā āhuatanga o te wā
I te hekenga atu o te rā
Tae noa ki te aranga mai i te ata
Ka maumahara tonu tātou ki a rātou

Response

Ka maumahara tonu tātou ki a rātou

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them.

Response

We will remember them.

Last Post

Corporal Kevin Hickman, NZAB

Bugler, New Zealand Defence Force

One Minute Silence

Rouse

Corporal Kevin Hickman, NZAB

Bugler, New Zealand Defence Force

Lament

*Played on bagpipes by Flight Sergeant Murray Mansfield, RNZAF
New Zealand Defence Force*

National Anthems

İstiklal Marşı

God Defend New Zealand

Catafalque Party Dismounts

Waiata – Pō Atarau

Music provided by the New Zealand Defence Force Band

*Vocals provided by members of the New Zealand Defence Force,
New Zealand Youth Ambassadors and members of the public*

Pō atarau

E moea iho nei

E haere ana

Koe ki pāmamao

Haere rā

Ka hoki mai anō

Ki te tau

E tangi atu ne

Now is the hour

when we must say goodbye

Soon you'll be sailing

far across the sea

While you're away

Oh please remember me

When you return

you'll find me waiting here

Final Blessing

Chaplain Class Lance Lukin, RNZChD


Principal Defence Chaplain, New Zealand Defence Force

Kia tau mai anō ki a koutou
Ngā manaakitanga a te Atua Kaha Rawa
A te Matua, a te Tama, a te Wairua Tapu.
Āmine.

Official Party Departs

Public Laying of Wreaths

Members of the public are invited to lay floral tributes



Nurses, sailors, soldiers and civilians attend a memorial service at Anzac on 25 April 1923. In the years after the end of the First World War, Gallipoli was a very difficult place to get to. One Australian, leaving Egypt in March 1930, arrived via Athens on a Rumanian steamer. The journey, he said, involved 'a good deal of trouble, annoyance, and expense'. 'It is not easy to get into Turkey', he said, 'and it is not too easy to get out'. In more recent times, Gallipoli has become an important, and much more accessible, destination for many Australian and New Zealand travellers, and never more so than on Anzac Day. The first service was held here in 1919, and Anzac has been the site of commemorations for almost a century. Where in the early days the drab hues of military uniforms dominated, today the dawn service is a sea of colour, but no less solemn or respectful.

(AWM H15729)



Ceremonial Protocols National Anthems



TRADITIONS AND CUSTOMS

CATAFALQUE PARTY

Historically, a catafalque was a support for a coffin, but it has come to represent a remembrance stone or a tomb. A catafalque party was originally appointed to guard a coffin from theft or desecration. Now it performs a ceremonial role, honouring the dead.

ODE OF REMEMBRANCE

Many ceremonies of remembrance include a recitation of the Ode. It is the fourth stanza of *For the Fallen*, a poem written by Laurence Binyon (1869–1943) in 1914. It can also include the third stanza. The Ode has been recited in ceremonies since 1919. Visitors should stand, remove headwear and refrain from talking during the reciting of the Ode.

LAST POST

The *Last Post* is a bugle call which signals the end of the day. It became incorporated into funeral and memorial services as a final farewell and symbolises that the duty of the dead is over and they can rest in peace.

ONE/TWO MINUTE(S) SILENCE

One (or two) minutes of silence are held to reflect on the significance of the day and as a sign of respect.

REVEILLE

In major ceremonies the *Last Post* is normally followed by *Rouse*, except at the Dawn Service, when *Reveille* is played. Historically, *Reveille* woke the soldier at dawn, and the name of the ceremony is mentioned in sixteenth century books on war. Until a hundred years ago, *Reveille* was performed on drum and fife. Today a solo bugle or trumpet is used. While *Reveille* is played as the first call of the day, *Rouse* may be used at any time.

ROUSE

After the one minute silence, flags are raised from half-mast to the masthead as *Rouse* is sounded. Traditionally *Rouse* called soldiers' spirits to arise, ready to fight for another day. Today it is associated with the *Last Post* at military funerals and at services of dedication and remembrance.

FLAGS

The flag protocol for Anzac Day ceremonies at Gallipoli is the Turkish flag on the right and the Australian and New Zealand flags to its left.

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND FLAG PROTOCOLS

The Australian and New Zealand National Flags should not be subjected to indignity or displayed in a position inferior to any other flag and should not be any smaller than any other flag. The flags should always be flown aloft and free and should not be allowed to fall or lie upon the ground. When a flag is raised or lowered, or when it is carried past in a parade or review, all present should face the flag, men should remove their hats and all should remain silent. Those in uniform should salute.

Lowering flags to half-mast is considered a sign of respect for important persons in many countries, including Australia and New Zealand.

TURKEY FLAG PROTOCOLS

Like in the Australian and New Zealand flag protocols, the Turkish flag should not be displayed in a position inferior to any other flag and should not be any smaller than any other flag.

In normal circumstances, as a symbol of mourning and respect, the Turkish flag is fully lowered rather than lowered to half-mast.

HAT PROTOCOL

Hats should be removed at the following times: during the Ode, the playing of the *Last Post*, the one minute silence and the playing of all national anthems. When laying a wreath, the hat is removed as a sign of respect, once the wreath has been laid. Hats are not removed during the playing of the *Reveille* or *Rouse*.

GALLIPOLI ROSE AND ROSEMARY

The cover of this book shows a Gallipoli Rose and a sprig of rosemary in the Gallipoli motif. *Cistus salviifolius* grows wild on the Gallipoli peninsula. It is believed soldiers at Gallipoli during the First World War were so taken with its beauty that some took seeds home and planted them as a symbol of peace and remembrance. Over time the flower has become known as the Gallipoli Rose.

Rosemary, also found growing wild on the Gallipoli peninsula, is an ancient symbol of remembrance.

NATIONAL ANTHEMS

İSTİKLAL MARŞI

Korkma! Sönmez bu şafaklarda
yüzen al sancak;
Sönmeden yurdumun üstünde
tüten en son ocak.
O benim milletimin
yıldızıdır, parlayacak;
O benimdir, o benim
milletimindir ancak!
Çatma, kurban olayım,
çehreni ey nazlı hilal!
Kahraman ırkıma bir gül ...
Ne bu şiddet, bu celal?
Sana olmaz dökülen kanlarımız
sonra helal;
Hakkıdır, Hakk'a tapan,
milletimin istiklal.

Fear not, the crimson flag, waving in
these dawns will never fade;
Before the last hearth that
is burning in my nation vanishes.
That is my nation's star,
it will shine;
That is mine, it belongs
solely to my nation.
Oh coy crescent do not frown for I am
ready to sacrifice myself for you!
Please smile upon my heroic nation, why
that anger, why that rage?
If you frown, our blood shed for you will
not be worthy.
Freedom is the right of my nation who
worships God and seeks what is right.

GOD DEFEND NEW ZEALAND

E Ihowä Atua
O ngä iwi mätou rä
Äta whakarongona
Me aroha noa
Kia hua ko te pai
Kia tau tö atawhai
Manaakitia mai
Aotearoa

God of Nations at Thy feet
In the bonds of love we meet,
Hear our voices, we entreat,
God defend our free land.
Guard Pacific's triple star,
From the shafts of strife and war,
Make her praises heard afar,
God Defend New Zealand.

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR

Australians all let us rejoice,
For we are young and free;
We've golden soil and wealth for toil,
Our home is girt by sea;
Our land abounds in nature's gifts
Of beauty rich and rare;
In history's page, let every stage
Advance Australia Fair.
In joyful strains then let us sing,
Advance Australia Fair.

Beneath our radiant Southern Cross
We'll toil with hearts and hands;
To make this Commonwealth of ours
Renowned of all the lands;
For those who've come across the seas
We've boundless plains to share;
With courage let us all combine
To Advance Australia Fair.
In joyful strains then let us sing,
Advance Australia Fair.





2015