

Documents: Diaries and Memoirs

Document 1. Excerpt from the diary of Mehmed Fasih (lieutenant in the Ottoman army at Gallipoli), dated 27 Oct. 1915:

...the Captain and I go to inspect damage to our trenches. Machine-gun emplacement (where *Mahmud Can* was hurt) is below ground at the end of a path. The gun is fired from a narrow slit facing the enemy. As if tossed in by hand, an enemy shell penetrated the position from this aperture. The carnage it caused is awful. Six dead lie there. Dismembered, parts of their bodies are intermingled. Blood has drained out of bodies, and chests and arms look like wax. Shins and legs, seared by the explosion, are purple. Some bones have been stripped of flesh. The men's features are unrecognizable. Pitch black...

(At this point *Mehmed Fasih* quotes a poem in now obsolete Ottoman Turkish. A free translation of the verses is offered below.)

Graves, graves...lie open throughout the World,
Lightning has blighted the rose gardens,
Soldiers, soldiers...have become corpses,
Heroes are now carrion for wild beasts.

...As I write this in my diary, relight and smoke tobacco remaining in my water-pipe, and drink up what was left of my coffee when the shelling started. But the horror of what I saw remains before my eyes.

Mehmed Fasih, *Lone Pine (Bloody Ridge) Diary of Lt. Mehmed Fasih, 5th Imperial Ottoman Army, Gallipoli, 1915: The Campaign as Viewed from Ottoman Trenches*. Istanbul: Denizler Kitabevi, 1997. 32.

Document 2. Excerpt from the diary of Mehmed Fasih (lieutenant in the Ottoman army at Gallipoli), dated 22 Nov. 1915:

Daydream about a happy family and congenial kids. Will I live to see the day when I have some?...O, my God! Will you ever allow such things to be my lot in life?

And what about my soldiers? My beloved children! In what shape are they? Take the sentry at my door. Due to the cold, his shoulders are hunched and his head is buried between them. His legs are huddled, his lips are blue. His nose is running, yet his grip on his rifle is firm. We of the 16th Division, have now been here for 7 months. Due to the torpor of our infamous commander, we are still here. Who knows how much longer we shall have to be here? Meanwhile, those who arrived after us have been relieved long ago. In fact, it is almost as if we had also been rotated. Because none of our original complement remain. We have had 7 batches of replacements so far.

Where are our old soldiers? While we originally had 200 soldiers in each of our companies, we are now down to 50 or less apiece. The rest have been martyred, are missing or have been wounded. Others have had to be evacuated on medical grounds. Which means all the veterans are gone.

Mehmed Fasih, *Lone Pine (Bloody Ridge) Diary of Lt. Mehmed Fasih, 5th Imperial Ottoman Army, Gallipoli, 1915: The Campaign as Viewed from Ottoman Trenches*. Istanbul: Denizler Kitabevi, 1997. 110-112.

Document 3. Excerpt from the diary of Mehmed Fasih (lieutenant in the Ottoman army at Gallipoli), dated 13 Dec. 1915:

We reach *Abdullah's* position. Sit and talk. He complains about his Regimental Commander. And reveals he has formally requested his transfer to another regiment. Everyone seems to have this kind of complaint. This means the ability to get along with each other, a prerequisite for success, does not exist in our Army. A situation which is brought about by the arrogance of those who have received a modern education and training, and the fact that the products of older generations do not give them credit, or consideration, for the new skills and knowledge they have acquired.

1800 hrs – By the time I leave my friends, it has become quite dark. I descent down to the gully from where, passing through the 3rd Battalion's Headquarters, I proceed to my place. Nobody had tried to reach me during my absence. Food is ready. And *Ziya* is there waiting for me.....We sit and eat together. After our meal we have coffee and smoke the water-pipe.

My men are singing their folk songs. All of these reflect deep sadness and a sense of mourning. They were singing those same sad songs when we left *Mersin*. But, the majority of those singing them now lie covered with earth.

Mehmed Fasih, *Lone Pine (Bloody Ridge) Diary of Lt. Mehmed Fasih, 5th Imperial Ottoman Army, Gallipoli, 1915: The Campaign as Viewed from Ottoman Trenches*. Istanbul: Denizler Kitabevi, 1997. 195.

Document 4: Excerpt from a memoir by Mehmet Arif Ölçen (Ottoman soldier on the Russian front).

February 13, 1916. The blizzard is continuing in all its fury. The sun has probably risen, but it is impossible to see ten paces ahead. Two days ago, with two companies, we captured Gavur Dagi north of Erzurum, a mountain whose summit rises to ten thousand feet. We will now abandon it. Last night, we took twenty-seven of our men to the hospital because their feet were frozen. The number of men in our unit is decreasing. The blizzard, the storm, two long days and two long nights. We are tired to the point of exhaustion....

As we withdrew, bullets of snow struck our faces like lashes from a whip. We tried to advance, but the wind fiercely resisted each step and we sank into the snow up to our chests. It has been two hours since we left that cold, barren hill, which we captured after fighting for two days and nights under terrible conditions. The snow, however, has not abated for an instant. We can hear the muffled sound of volleys of infantry fire in the distance....

Our three-hour climb had come to an end. We joined the regiment and settled into the trenches that were assigned to us. Bullets flew past our ears and whistled as they pierced the air, like harbingers of a storm that was about to break out over us....Our positions came under fire from the right. The bullets that struck the rocks sent stone splinters flying all about. They spread death as well as lead. I recalled the order that had been sent by the Army High Command: "Your positions represent the honor of the army. They are in the center of the division and are your graves."

Mehmet Arif Ölçen. *Vetluga Memoir: A Turkish Prisoner of War in Russia, 1916-1918*. Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 1995.

Document 5: Excerpt from a diary by Ihsan Turjman (an Arab soldier in the Ottoman Army in Palestine).

What Will Be the Fate of Palestine in This War?
Jerusalem, Sunday, March 28, 1915 [Gregorian],
15th of Mart 1331 [Ottoman fiscal],
Jammadi Awwal 1333 [Hijri]

This evening I went to visit Khalil Effendi Sakakini, in the company of Hasan Khalidi and Omar Salih Barghouti....Our conversation revolved around this miserable war and how long it is likely to continue, as well as the fate of this [Ottoman] state. We more or less agreed that the days of the state are numbered and that its dismemberment is imminent.

But what will be the fate of Palestine? We all saw two possibilities: independence or annexation to Egypt. The last possibility is more likely since only the English are likely to possess this country, and England is unlikely to give full sovereignty to Palestine but is more liable to annex it to Egypt and create a single domino ruled by the khedive of Egypt. Egypt is our neighbor, and since both countries contain a majority of Muslims, it makes sense to annex it and crown the viceroy of Egypt as king of Palestine and Hijaz.

Rumors abound in the street today. We heard that the English fleet has bombarded Haifa and that several English frigates crossed the Dardanelles and reached the Sea of Marmara. Even if this item is not true, it will soon be realized, since the Dardanelles have been hammered [by Allied ships] and cannot resist the British fleet forever.

“The Diary of Ihsan Turjman.” In *Year of the Locust: A Soldier’s Diary and the Erasure of Palestine’s Ottoman Past*. Salim Tamari and Ihsan Salih Turjman. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2011. 90-91.

Document 6: Excerpt from a diary by Ihsan Turjman (an Arab soldier in the Ottoman Army in Palestine).

My Job with Commander Ruşen Bey
at the Commissariat
Monday, March 29, 1915

People keep inquiring as to what I do and where I work. I tell them that I work at the Manzil [Commissariat of the Fourth Imperial Army] with Commander Ali Ruşen Bey. As to the first part of the question, I hesitate to answer since I am not sure what my job is exactly. If I were to say I am a clerk, I would be lying, since when I sat for the exam the officer in charge decided that my handwriting was not good enough for official correspondence. I was then assigned to a desk, to stamp and file official documents. Occasionally I am sent on errands for the Commissariat, and sometimes I take dictation. Most of the time I just sit there playing with my moustache. There are countless clerks in this Ottoman state who, like me, occupy office space, know nothing, and receive a salary at the end of each month. Such a state is bound to disappear....

Soldiers were seen stealing wood from our land in *Karm al A'raj*. Not satisfied with dead wood, they started tearing branches from our olive trees. Who can we complain to? The officers claim they cannot control their subordinates. Of course not. Officers are busy in the taverns getting drunk; then they go to the public places [brothels] to satisfy their base needs.

“The Diary of Ihsan Turjman.” In *Year of the Locust: A Soldier’s Diary and the Erasure of Palestine’s Ottoman Past*. Salim Tamari and Ihsan Salih Turjman. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2011. 91.

Document 7: Excerpt from a diary by Ihsan Turjman (an Arab soldier in the Ottoman Army in Palestine).

The Hanging of Soldiers at Jaffa Gate
Tuesday, March 30, 1915

On my way to the Commissariat this morning I met Uncle Sa'd Eddin Effendi Khalili. He asked me if I had heard about the hanging of two soldiers at Jaffa Gate. They were sentenced to death by hanging, it is claimed, because they deserted their company. What is a soldier supposed to do? The army pays each soldier 85 piasters a month and expects him to survive on it. Even then, most soldiers have not been paid one matleek since the General Call [November 1914]....

The Shameful Behavior of Our Officers
Sunday, April 25, 1915

...Both Cemal Pasha [the Great] and Cemal the Little [Küçük] were invited for dinner at the Commissariat. The cost, I am told, was over 30 Ottoman pounds. Yesterday HQ sent several military vehicles to Latrun to bring alcoholic drinks. More than 100 officers were invited, and the military band played throughout the meal. It's hard to take seriously Cemal Pasha's (and his retinue's) claim of devotion to Islam and of wanting to liberate Muslims from the British yolk.

"The Diary of Ihsan Turjman." In *Year of the Locust: A Soldier's Diary and the Erasure of Palestine's Ottoman Past*. Salim Tamari and Ihsan Salih Turjman. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2011. 93, 108.

Document 8: Excerpt from a diary by Ihsan Turjman (an Arab soldier in the Ottoman Army in Palestine).

Misfortunes Visit Us All at Once:
Locusts, War, Inflation, and Diseases
Sunday, May 9, 1915

I write this with my mind totally preoccupied. I cannot think of anything except our present misfortune. When will we finish with this wretched war, and what will happen to us next?

Our lives are threatened from all sides: A European war and an Ottoman war, prices are skyrocketing, a financial crisis, and the locusts are attacking the country north and south. On top of all this, now infectious diseases are spreading throughout the Ottoman lands....

Typhus Is Spreading in Jerusalem
Monday, May 24, 1915

I was shocked to hear today about the death of Ahmad Effendi Nashashibi....He died from typhus in the prime of his youth. He was buried this afternoon. Diseases are spreading like wildfire among the population, especially among Muslims – for they do not take the proper precautions, may God forgive us. I was told from one of the health inspectors in town that four typhus cases were reported in one day alone in Bab Hutta. When I heard the news, I was struck with great dread, not only for the people but also for myself. First, because I live and breathe all day among soldiers, in a place that is full of bugs and lice; and second, because of the lack of good hygiene in the workplace....I love life and enjoy its offerings. Please God, I am still young, do not take me away.

“The Diary of Ihsan Turjman.” In *Year of the Locust: A Soldier’s Diary and the Erasure of Palestine’s Ottoman Past*. Salim Tamari and Ihsan Salih Turjman. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2011. 117-118, 127-128.

Document 9: Excerpt from a diary by Ihsan Turjman (an Arab soldier in the Ottoman Army in Palestine).

Executions and Life Sentences
For Syrian and Palestinian Patriots
Thursday, September 1, 1915

A few years ago enlightened elements in the Syrian nation petitioned the Ottoman government in Beirut to implement basic reforms. At the time intellectuals from Syria and Palestine, together with some notables from neighboring Arab countries, formed a movement based in Egypt and sent a delegation to Paris, where they met with leading French politicians to discuss their demands. When the coalition government was formed, their voices were repressed, but that did not stop them. When the general mobilization was announced last year [1914], they went on the offensive and resumed their activities both openly and through clandestine groups....A large number of activists were arrested and were sent to the military tribunal in Sofar. Many were sentenced to death, and others were given life sentences....

I do not know any of these patriots, but I was deeply shaken by this news. Farewell to you, brave compatriots. May our souls meet when your noble objectives are realized....

I Am Ottoman by Name Only,
The World Is My Country
Friday, September 10, 1915

[Cemal Pasha] issued an order, communicated by phone to the Commissariat Wednesday evening at 5:30 P.M. It became known that many of those employed in the department of censorship, as well as the local police force and gendarmes, had been recruited from the local population. He therefore ordered that no members in the armed forces be allowed to serve in their [home] regions....

...I was at a loss about what to do. I have too much dignity to plead exemption for myself, for I prefer to go to the front than to beg for mercy.

However, I cannot imagine myself fighting in the desert front. And why should I go? To fight for my country? *I am Ottoman by name only, for my country is the whole of humanity.* Even if I am told that by going to fight, we will conquer Egypt, I will refuse to go. What does this barbaric state want from us? To liberate Egypt on our backs? Our leaders promised us and other fellow Arabs that we would be partners in this government and that they seek to advance the interests and conditions of the Arab nation. But what have we actually seen from these promises? Had they treated us as equals, I would not hesitate to give my blood and my life – but as things stand, I hold a drop of my blood to be more precious than the entire Turkish state.

“The Diary of Ihsan Turjman.” In *Year of the Locust: A Soldier’s Diary and the Erasure of Palestine’s Ottoman Past*. Salim Tamari and Ihsan Salih Turjman. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2011. 130-133.

Document 10: Excerpt from the writings of George Abel Schreiner (a war correspondent of the Associated Press of America, who observed and wrote about events in the Ottoman Empire).

Bosanti, Anatolia, April 25th [1915]

...Coming around the bend of the old pass road was a caravan, afoot and clothed in red – a dirty, wet red.

More Armenians!...Old men in rags; women in red calico pantaloons, red waists, red shawls, and some of them in red veils; children of all ages, dressed like their elders; the halt, the blind, the sick made up this miserable column....

The spectacle was pitiful. The rain was still coming down in a cold drizzle. It was cold up in that elevation – a sort of March weather. Few of the exiles had shoes; all of them were soaked to the skin, the clothing hanging to the weary bodies limp and wet. All faces showed suffering – hunger, exposure to the cold and wet, together with mental anguish about their kin and the future....

Five miles I had gone, and still there was no break in the column. Since the exiles walked in groups and preserved no uniform marching order, I could not estimate their number. All I can say is that the exiles numbered no less than 4,000.

Then I came to the stragglers. The picture grew yet more harassing. It was composed of men and women trying to help some sick relative or friend along. Some of them sat by the wayside, tired and disconsolate, while the object of their care lay in the wet grass, resting or asleep. Two men were digging a grave. I passed a woman who was groaning under the weight of a large boy she carried on her back. To judge by the size of the child's head, I should say that he was a cretin and not in control of his withered limbs. Another woman was leading a blind man. More carts with sick children aboard came, their screeching wheels filling the ravine with dismal sounds.

It was afternoon before I got beyond the red train of misery....A new picture! ...Several hundred Armenian soldiers were sitting by the roadside, breaking rock. The Turkish officer in charge of the party explained that there was less intention in the music to entertain than design to get the work done. The "band" was employed to make the working-party keep time with the hammers, more rock being crushed in the manner. He had hit upon the plan himself, said the officer.

The Armenians, I learned, were part of a regiment which had just been disbanded and disarmed.

"We cannot trust them any longer," explained the officer. "So we took their arms away from them and put them to work improving the roads."

He had ten Turkish infantrymen to control the party of nearly 500 Armenians.

George Abel Schreiner. *From Berlin to Bagdad: Behind the Scenes in the Near East*. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1918. 200-204.

Document 11: Excerpt from the writings of George Abel Schreiner (a war correspondent of the Associated Press of America, who observed and wrote about events in the Ottoman Empire).

The government being for the greater part in the hands of the Turks, discrimination against non-Turks ensued....

Again it was shown that while the Greeks and Armenians might pay taxes, and do such work in the armies as their doubtful value as Ottoman soldiers permitted, they really had no place in the heart of the Ottoman government. They were still stepchildren to whom one threw the crusts, to whom, in the case of the Armenians, came all the abuse.

I have known hundreds of Greeks and Armenians whom this conduct of the government estranged. Together with their Turkish compatriots these people had hoped that Turkey would continue and that better days would come. But again it was made clear to them that they were *in* the empire, not *of* the empire....

The needs of the government being many and broad in scope, it was soon discovered that even the Turkish population could not be spared. The tax-collector called on all, and was adamant with everybody....

It got to be the turn of the Turkish population.

There was by that time not a single Turkish household in the empire that did not have all of its able-bodied men of military age at the front or in the barracks. What fighting there was done in the Caucasus and in Mesopotamia was done by Turks. The Ottoman Greek is of no value as a soldier, and the Armenian was no longer trusted. The former was employed in the sanitary service and on the lines of communication; the latter built roads, dug trenches, and acted as beast of burden. That meant that the Turkish population lost all the blood on the battle-fields.

George Abel Schreiner. *From Berlin to Bagdad: Behind the Scenes in the Near East*. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1918. 357-360.

Document 12: Excerpt from the writings of Alexander Aaronsohn (son of Romanian Jewish immigrants to Palestine).

It was with high hopes and expectations that I approached the Lebanon. I was looking forward to the moment when I should find myself among people who were free from the Turkish yoke, in a country where I should be able to breathe freely for a few hours.

But how great was my consternation, when, on entering the Lebanon, I found on all the roads Turkish soldiers who stopped me every minute to ask for my papers!

...While I was watering my horse, I tried to ask questions from a few inhabitants. My fair hair and complexion and my khaki costume made them take me for a German, and they barely answered me, but when I addressed them in French their faces lit up. For the Lebanon, for all it is thousands of miles away from France, is nevertheless like a French province. For fifty years the French language and French culture have taken hold of the Lebanon. No Frenchman has more love for and faith in France than lie in the hearts of the Lebanese Christians....

I could not help wondering at the mistakes of the Allies. If they had understood the situation in Palestine and Syria, how differently this war might have eventuated! The Lebanon and Syria would have raised a hundred thousand picked men, if the Allies had landed in Palestine. The Lebanon would have fought for its independence as heroically as did the Belgians. Even the Arab population would have welcomed the Allies as liberators. But alas!

Alexander Aaronsohn. *With the Turks in Palestine*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1916. 58-60.

Document 13: Excerpt from the writings of George Abel Schreiner (a war correspondent of the Associated Press of America, who observed and wrote about events in the Ottoman Empire).

Beersheba, a prosperous town of the ancient province of Idumea, was the southern base of operations for the advance on Suez....

The soldiers themselves suffered much hardship. The crowding in the tents was unspeakable; the water-supply almost as inadequate as the medical service, which consisted chiefly of volunteer Red Crescent societies – among them a unit of twenty German nurses sent by the American College of Beirut. Medical supplies, such as they were, had been taken from the different mission hospitals and pharmacies of Palestine – these “requisitions” being made by officers who knew nothing of medical requirements and simply scooped together everything in sight. As a result, one of the army physicians told me that in Beersheba he had opened some medical chests consigned to him and found, to his horror, that they were full of microscopes and gynecological instruments – for the care of wounded soldiers in the desert!

Visits of British aeroplanes to Beersheba were common occurrences. Long before the machine itself could be seen, its whanging, resonant hum would come floating out of the blazing sky, seemingly from everywhere at once. Soldiers rushed from their tents, squinting up into the heavens until the speck was discovered, swimming slowly through the air; then followed wholesale firing at an impossible range until the officers forbade it. True to the policy of avoiding all unnecessary harm to the natives, these British aviators never dropped bombs on the town, but – what was more dangerous from the Turkish point of view – they would unload packages of pamphlets, printed in Arabic, informing the natives that they were being deceived; that the Allies were their only true friends; that the Germans were merely making use of them to further their own schemes, etc. These cleverly worded little tracts came showering down out of the sky, and at first they were eagerly picked up. The Turkish commanders, however, soon announced that anyone found carrying them would pay the death penalty. After that, when the little bundles dropped near them, the natives would run as if from high explosive bombs.

Alexander Aaronsohn. *With the Turks in Palestine*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1916. 40-42.

Document 14: Excerpt from a letter to the editor of *The Times* by T.E. Lawrence (“Lawrence of Arabia,” a British leader of the Arab Revolt against the Ottoman Empire) about the immediate postwar arrangements in Iraq.

July 22, 1920

Sir, In this week’s debate in the Commons on the Middle East a veteran of the House expressed surprise that the Arabs of Mesopotamia were in arms against us despite our well-meant mandate. His surprise has been echoed here and there in the Press, and it seems to me based on such misconception of the new Asia and the history of the last five years, that I would like to trespass at length on your space and give my interpretation of the situation.

The Arabs rebelled against the Turks during the war not because the Turk Government was notably bad, but because they wanted independence. They did not risk their lives in battle to change masters, to become British subjects or French citizens, but to win a show of their own.

Whether they are fit for independence or not remains to be tried. Merit is no qualification for freedom. Bulgars, Afghans, and Tahitans have it...Feisal’s Government in Syria has been completely independent for two years, and has maintained public security and public services in its area.

Mesopotamia has had less opportunity to prove its armament. It never fought the Turks, and only fought perfunctorily against us. Accordingly, we had to set up a war-time administration there. We had no choice; but that was two years ago, and we have not yet changed to peace conditions....

It is not astonishing that their patience has broken down after two years. The Government we have set up is English in fashion, and is conducted in the English language. So it has 450 British executive officers running it, and not a single responsible Mesopotamian. In Turkish days 70 per cent of the executive civil service was local. Our 80,000 troops there are occupied in police duties, not in guarding the frontiers. They are holding down the people. In Turkish days the two army corps in Mesopotamia were 60 per cent Arab in officers, 95 per cent in other ranks. This deprivation of the privilege of sharing the defence and administration of their country is galling to the educated Mesopotamians. It is true we have increased prosperity – but who cares for that when liberty is in the other scale?....

I would make Arabic the Government language. This would impose a reduction of the British staff, and a return to employment of the qualified Arabs. I would raise two divisions of local volunteer troops, all Arabs, from the senior divisional general to the junior private. (Trained officers and trained N.C.O.’s exist in thousands.) I would entrust these new units with the maintenance of order, and I would cause to leave the country every single British soldier, every single Indian soldier. These changes would take 12 months, and we should then hold of Mesopotamia exactly as much (or as little) as we hold of South Africa or Canada. I believe the Arabs in these conditions would be as loyal as anyone in the Empire, and they would not cost us a cent.

T. E. Lawrence. “127: To the Editor of ‘The Times’.” In *The Letters of T. E. Lawrence*. Ed. David Garnett. London: Spring Books, 1964 (originally published 1938). 306-308.

Document 15: Excerpt from an interview with Mustafa Kemal in 1918 (then an Ottoman officer at Gallipoli, later the president of the Turkish Republic).

On the 29th [of May 1915] the enemy attacked trenches 31, 33, and 34, to be repulsed with heavy loss of life. These were the trenches we had dug after the attack of 14th April at a point near Bombasirtı on the Arıburnu front, some 7-8 m or 10-12 m from the enemy positions. This proximity to the enemy and the events that were to occur there give the spot a very special place in military history. A feature of the enemy trenches opposite these was their position on the edge of a precipice descending to Korkuderesi.

The enemy soldiers in these trenches were in a constant state of suspense. Not a single night passed without attacks on the trenches, which were converted into a veritable inferno by the constant explosions of shells and underground mines.

Of course, our own trenches facing the enemy were in much the same state and we had beams erected over them in an attempt to reduce the numbers killed by the enemy bombardment.

They were continually throwing “incendiary petrol bottles” on to the beams, thus causing fires in the trenches, which, as a result, were never free of flames and smoke. Naturally, we suffered severe losses. But in spite of everything, the heroic devotion of our men stood up unflinchingly in the face of all the flames and explosions. They held their positions with admirable determination and gave effective response to the enemy.”

Ruşen Eşref. *The Story of Gallipoli As Recounted by Mustafa Kemal*. Istanbul: Grafik Sanatlar, 1930. 25.

Document 16. Excerpt from the diary of Kenneth Best (British chaplain at Gallipoli), dated 5 June 1915:

Our poor boys behaved like heroes, but are sadly cut up. No clear orders. Told to make for unidentified objective. They went over trench after trench till they had a mere handful of men left and could get no further. Faced by a mass of Turks, they had to retire, losing nearly everybody. Heaps of mementoes, but one had not heart to take them away.

Blood, flies and smell – I shall never forget it. As one crawled along the trench, hands and legs of the dead hanging over the edge would strike one's face. Here and there a familiar face, cold in death. Heartbreaking work.

7 June 1915:

...Some of HQ Staff make a pitiful spectacle. Meet them in dug-out: you would fancy they were fire-eaters fearing naught. Walked with one – hardly any shrapnel, yet he would only walk near dugouts. At slightest noise he would bolt inside, whether our own guns or sound of a hammer. Ludicrous expression of agony and anxiety on his face. He sat down in hollow, presumably to light pipe, beads of perspiration on face. How hot he said – yet it was in cool of evening. Later I heard him court martial a poor boy of 15, whose nerve had gone after a week's murderous fighting. It makes one's blood boil

Kenneth Best. *A Chaplain at Gallipoli: The Great War Diaries of Kenneth Best*. Ed. Gavin Roynon. London: Simon and Schuster, 2011. 141, 143-144.