THE GALLIPOLIAN

the Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 2/6

SPRING 1970

T H E G A L L I P O L I A N

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(Founded in 1969 on the campaign of 1915)

PRESIDENT	Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC DL
VICE-PRESIDENTS	Vice-Admiral Sir Gilbert O Stephenson KBE CB CMG
	Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC
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CHAIRMAN & HON SECRETARY	Major E H W Banner TD Claydene Cowden EDENBRIDGE Kent
HON TREASURER	A K Kirk Oakdene Ladyegate Road DORKING Surrey
COMMITTEE	Lt-Cmdr F E Garner DSC RN (Ret)
	H J Sayers
	Lt-Col F C Stigant

VICE PRESIDENTS

When the Gallipoli Association began from small beginnings the committee decided that no Vice Presidents should be included. However, the growth of the Association is now such that the decision has been reviewed. Among our members we have an Admiral, a General and an Air Marshal. As they represent the three services, although the Air Marshal was a Midshipman R N at the Dardanelles, it seemed fitting to invite all three to become Vice Presidents, which they have kindly agreed to be.

GENERAL NOTICES

FINANCIAL YEAR

The Association having been founded only in August 1969, no member has been such for longer than six months. Because of this, and thanks to the generosity of many members, our funds are such that no further subscription will be called for until 1 January 1971, and thereafter on 1 January in each year. Those who have very helpfully sent in a subscription for 1970 will have it carried forward until 1971. On the other hand donations are always welcome and increase the scope of what can be arranged, such as continuing The Gallipolian.

LUNCH 23 April 1970

Through the courtesy of the G O C London District we are again fortunate in having the facilities of the Duke of York's Headquarters, where the cost of an excellent lunch is about half that in an outside restaurant. It is not available at weekends and so cannot be held this year on the 25th April. The Headquarters is in King's Road, near Sloane Square, Chelsea, S W 3. Bus routes 11, 19 and 222 pass the gates. Ample car space. Members are asked to wear their Association ties, if in possession, with medals or miniatures, and identification tags as on page 5. Guests should be limited to one per member, male only.

12.30 for 1.00. On arrival, members will be given a ticket for a seat at the table. Should more than 80 be present then the remainder can have sandwiches etc at the bar, which will be open as long as necessary. The President will preside.

Lunch will be three-course, including coffee and gratuity, payable to the staff directly, at ten shillings each.

Those intending to be present should please advise me, to aid catering, but THIS WILL NOT CONSTITUTE A TABLE BOOKING.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 23 APRIL 1970

The A G M will follow the Lunch, and guests may look around the grounds while the meeting is in progress.

This being the first A G M the Agenda will be short, but it will give an opportunity for all to speak on any aspect of the Association, without giving prior notice.

Should the meeting call for it, tea and biscuits will be available at an extra shilling per ration.

ANZAC DAY PARADE AT THE CENOTAPH: 25 APRIL 1970

Members of the Gallipoli Association are kindly invited to attend and take part in the parade at the Cenotaph on Saturday the 25th April, where a wreath will be laid on behalf of this Association. Those wishing to attend should parade there at 10.40, wearing medals, and Association tie if in possession. Name card as on page 5.

The parade will be followed by a service in Westminster Abbey at 12 noon. There will be no march.

As this is not a Gallipoli Association parade it is not necessary for members to notify the honorary secretary of their intention to attend either or both of these functions.

29th DIVISION ANNUAL MEMORIAL SERVICE

Members of the Gallipoli Association are kindly invited to attend the church service held in the Gallipoli Memorial chapel in Holy Trinity Church at Southend Crescent, Eltham S E 9, on Sunday 26 April, commencing at 6.30 pm. This is not an Association parade and no notification of intention to attend need be sent to the honorary secretary. Medals and Association ties if possible.

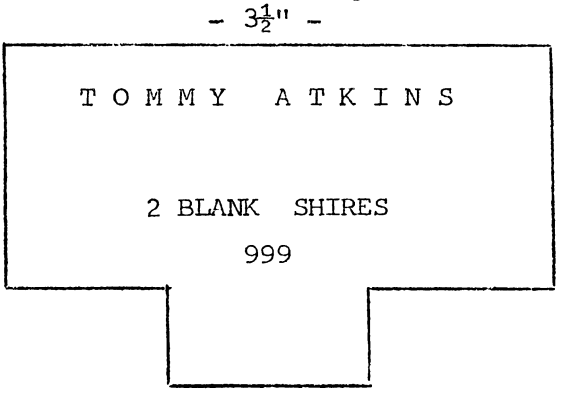
LOCAL BRANCHES

Because of the widespread membership the possibility of having Local Branches has been considered, especially as an exploratory lunch held in Birmingham in April 1969 led to the formation of a small committee for the purpose, so far this has not developed.

What might be termed 'Official Branches' do not now seem to be practicable, but members in a particular town or area are encouraged to get together and make their own arrangements. In some instances local newspapers can be helpful; the 'Bournemouth Echo' is one such paper which has twice published notes on the Gallipoli Association.

IDENTIFICATION AT REUNIONS

It has been pointed out that after so many years it is often impossible to recognize faces. To assist everybody the suggestion has been made that we all bear some form of label which will be immediately readable, not just a typed name requiring donning glasses and then peering closely. Will those who agree to this please provide themselves with half a postcard, cut as shown here to tuck into the top of the medals or miniatures, with the name and initials, and Association number if possible, drawn very prominently such as by a felt-tipped pen. This can be adopted at all our reunions by those in favour. If medals are not worn, it may be tucked into the breast pocket.



THE TIE

The initial deliveries of ties were very slow but now all orders have been fulfilled and there is a small stock in hand. We cannot, of course, maintain a large stock which may never be sold.

About two members in three have ties.

SUGGESTED PILGRIMAGE OR TOUR 1970

Some members inquired as to the prospect of a Gallipoli pilgrimage this year. The numbers were much too low for a full-scale pilgrimage, but it looks possible for a few enthusiasts to be able to spend a fortnight on the Peninsula in June, or one week there and one week at a hotel in or near Istanbul. Krithia village is a possible place for roaming daily at will around Cape Helles, or elsewhere for Suvla, in each case living at a local farmhouse. Air travel can be arranged and a reply from Turkey is awaited. The article 'Gallipoli Holiday 1969' on page 16 may be of interest here.

THIS IS A GRUESOME STORY

The infrequent Gallipoli post had arrived one day and one man was reading his letter from home when he suddenly yelled out: 'Good heavens', or stronger words to that effect, 'I'm the father of a three-legged child!' His mates looked in amazement and he went on: 'Look, the missus writes here: "Since you left home Little Billie has grown another foot !".'

this was a grew some story

THE GALLIPOLIAN: HAS IT A FUTURE ?

'The Gallipolian' originated as a glorified newsletter for Christmas 1969, primarily to keep members in touch who were unable to attend any planned reunions. It grew partly because there was a call for a list of members, and to include comments and extracts of letters, etc. I was very pleased to learn from several members that through this list they had been able to make contact with comrades they had not heard of since 1915.

Subject to demand and to material forthcoming I envisage three issues annually. March (giving April events); September (for the dinner) and December (for Christmas). Will members please send contributions ? The amount to be included each time is of course subject to funds, among other things.

In the event of there being ample material from which to choose, that submitted typed, double-spaced on one side of the paper will of course receive the first reading for selection. Readers' contributions will of course represent their own views and be personal recollections.

This present form, typed, while being a little less imposing than print, is appreciably lower in cost.

Where little or no information is given in the list as to members' Gallipoli service they are invited to send this for inclusion in a new complete membership list planned for Christmas this year. Subject of course to the above points.

Members who have books on the campaign in their possession and who would be willing to loan them to other members are invited to send me particulars for publication. In this event members can then make their own arrangements through each other, not through me.

E H W B

POSTCRIPTS TO 'THE ANZAC'

In case any readers of the Christmas GALLIPOLIAN had any doubt about the authenticity of the account given, the Anzac quoted was Mr B W Bourne, a corporal in the 3rd Artillery Brigade, 1st Australian Division at Anzac.

G E Dale (RFA, 59 Bde) of this Association writes:

'All 1965 Pilgrims will appreciate your tribute to the Old Anzac. Bourne occupied the next cabin to me and, before I met him, I was much impressed by the horse-power of my neighbour's door-slamming - quite bomb-like at night. Must be a giant, I thought. One day I caught him emerging with a bang, like a pantomime genie. Smilingly, I said, "So you're the chap who does all that door-banging!" Bourne grinned and took my arm. "Come and have a go yourself." A sliding door, owing to its position; to move it needed all my strength. Tugging hard I got it within a foot of closing - but suddenly it became very loose and I produced an outsize bang which seemed to shake the ship! Well, we had a good laugh and I gave him best.'

(Editor: May I add here that contrary to the idea of his being a giant he was of less than average height)

R E Morgan (7 Royal Welsh Fusiliers) writes:

How well I remember the tragic death of Mr. Bourne, The Anzac, at Embarkation Pier Cemetery. Along with about eight Suvla boys I was in the jeep (later requisitioned for Mr Bourne's body) ready to set off for Green Hill Cemetery. After a quick conference and directions from Mr Niven (Commonwealth War Graves Commission) about a dozen of us set off on foot. Onward Pilgrims ! What progress to Green Hill Cemetery far away, to consumate the 50 years of yearning.

In 1960 I had failed to get transport from Istanbul, but now half a century later I was to be with them. God! What memories. An eleven miles slog. Via Doloroso! So tired, but gently fanned by the zephyrs from the Aegean we made it. I can hear the farmers' dogs barking. I can hear the frogs croaking; I can hear the silence with the cypresses and wild flowers painting the landscape. I can also see and hear. But no. (I was to be with them again in 1967, but this time the party was carried by tractor around Suvla). After taking photographs of my pals' graves in Green Hill Cemetery the party set off for Hill 10, Karakal Dagh, Jephson's Post, Ghazi Baba, Suvla Point. Here again the party divided, but with five others including a lady we decided to trek back slowly along that terribly tiring Beach, via the Cut, now waist deep, to Lala Baba Cemetery where the tractor picked us up for our return to Anzac and thence by coach to Eceabat.

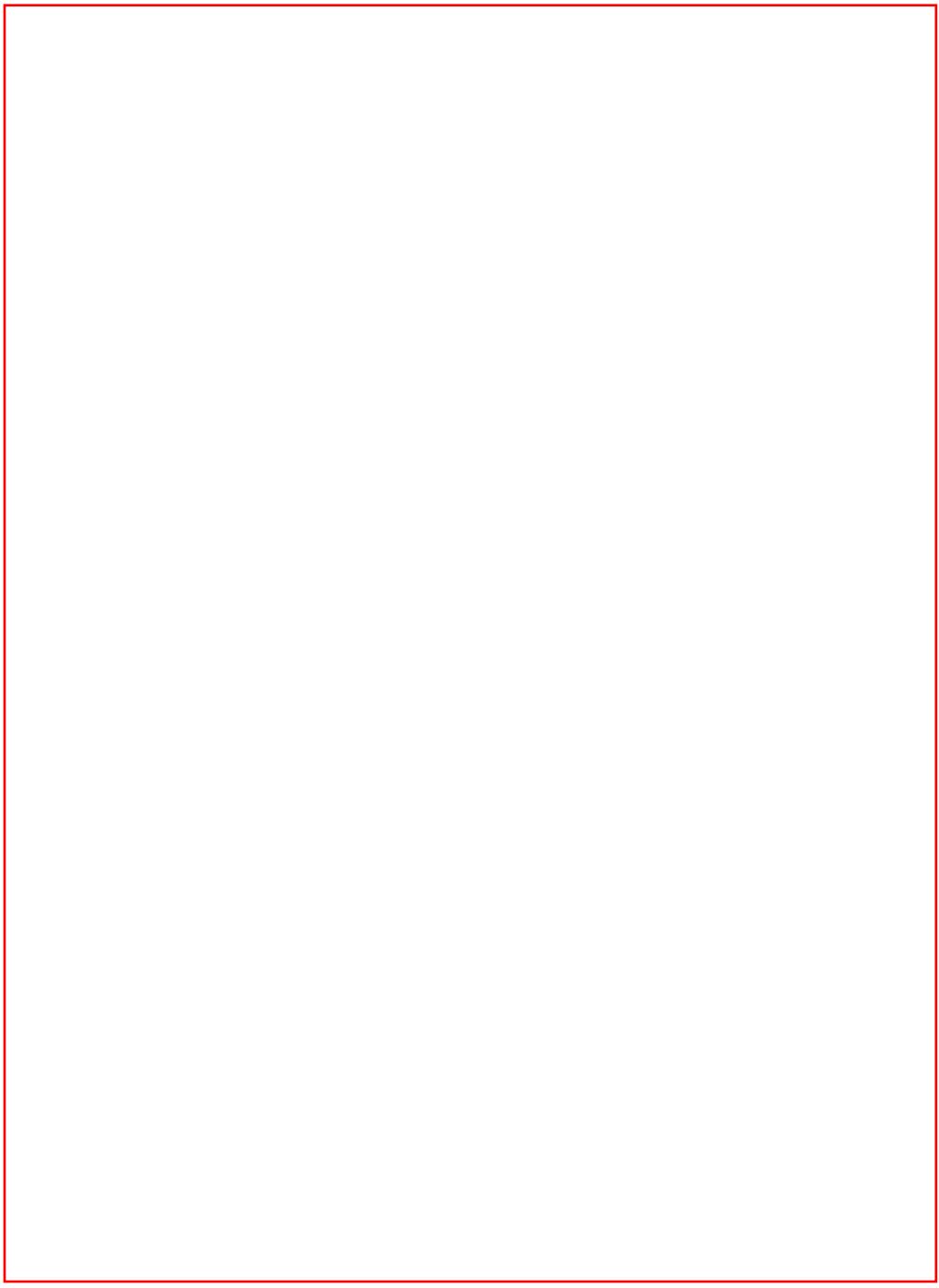
'With heavy heart and moistened eye
What is this land I now espy
Grave of hope, Arbiter of Doom
Destroyer of Youth, far too soon
Thou evil finger pointing scorn
At those who planned reverse at home
Let the marbled stones speak out
Your names are there: Evidence of Doubt
But westward now our sails are set
Eternal peace to you: Lest we forget!

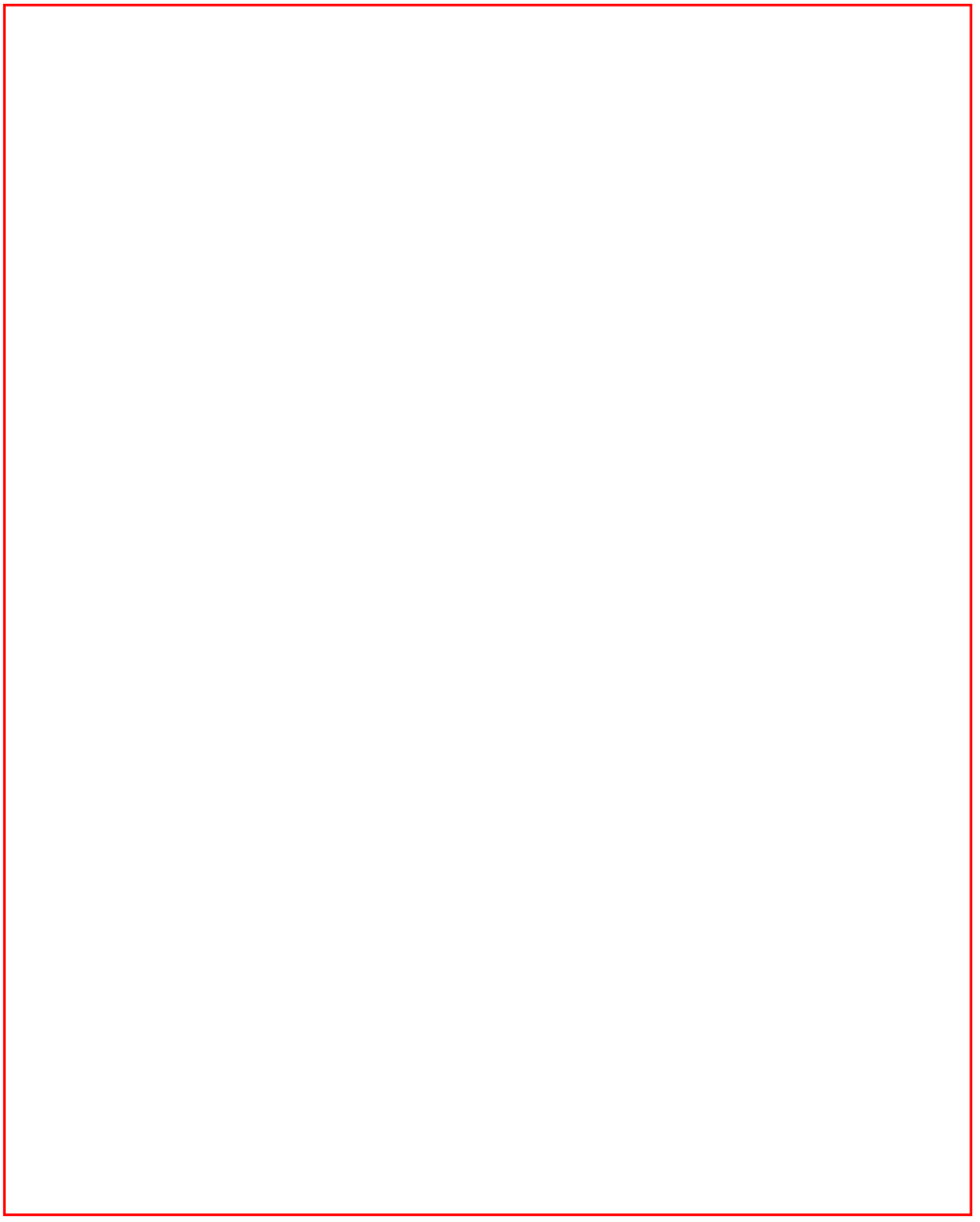
(Scribbled on Chocolate Hill, looking over the Salt Lake: May 1965)

AMENDMENTS TO MEMBERSHIP LIST IN THE CHRISTMAS ISSUE

This page and a number following it contain the names and full addresses of members and new members.

For reasons of data protection and personal privacy, this content has been omitted.





OBITUARY

With deep regret, the following name is recorded:

Captain B C Westall OBE MA
late of the 6th Essex Regiment,
54th Division, at Suvla. (195)

INTERVAL

The honorary secretary will be away and so unable to deal with any correspondence at all between the dates of: 16 May to 3 June: 1 to 17 August, all inclusive.

Apart from this, on many days the incoming post is so heavy that it is not always possible for a reply to be sent by return and the senders' indulgence is requested.

Many letters are received which do not seem definitely to require a reply; in these cases no acknowledgement is then sent.

INFORMAL PARTY: LONDON AREA

Those who wish may care to join a very informal party, open also to wives and families unlimited, on Thursday, 16 July. Meet at Westminster Pier in time for the 2.30 boat to Kew, and return at will. Tea locally in Kew Gardens. Members book their own passages and no notification is necessary. Some may prefer to join the party on arrival of the boat at Kew.

Association ties will aid identification.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

'When reading the Christmas edition of The Gallipolian I had the pleasure of renewing the acquaintance of a very old friend.....Nothing had been heard of him since he left for India.'

'It was a joy to find the name of my platoon commander whom I last saw at Suvla in August 1915.'

'.....list of names amongst which I found two more from H M S Triumph.'

(This letter made me feel a bit grown-up) 'My uncle's grandfather (a member) wants a Gallipoli tie.'

CEASE FIRE

R HOUGH M C 6 Border R 33 Bde 11 Div writes:

'I wonder whether any of the present members were in the area when the following took place ? It was about 2.30 am on the 12th August 1915 in front of Chocolate Hill. I was bringing my M G section in after a digging operation in no-man's land. When within 50 yards of our line we were blasted with rifle and machine-gun fire from our right, quickly followed by similar treatment from the Division on our left, with Johnny Turk a close third. After about ten minutes our Brigade M G officer, Major Bridges of the 7 South Staffs Regiment found a bugler and we were pleasantly shocked to hear the 'Cease fire' sounding. Was this the only time this call was heard out there ?

ONE BELLE

I sometimes recall a gay young thing, a vision in white trimmed with pale green; much more attractive than all her big sisters in near-blacks and old greys.

This was in 1915, April to be exact, and with the 29th Division armada the troopships arrived from Alexandria and anchored in Mudros Bay. There were many ships, in fact so many that the ship I was in ran aground. Being unable to get clear under our own steam a number of small ships acted as tugs to try to extricate us. One of these was the newly-arrived 'Prince Abbas', fresh from England and her pleasure-cruise job, now in a war-time role of minesweeper. She looked so fresh and startling that of course all eyes were on her and while I cannot remember the names of any of the others I do recall the 'Prince Abbas'. Alas, even with all these tugs we could not get away and for my part I left in the party taken on to the 'Aragon', a troopship carrying some Worcesters and Essex, leaving the safety of the harbour via the boom en route for Cape Helles. This was the afternoon of the 24th April. Next day became history which is outside my story.

Some weeks later I was returning from W Beach by night and climbed up a rope ladder to the deck of the usual unkempt minesweeper, en route for Mudros. On mooching around to get my sea legs again I saw the ship's bell, and was most surprised to find that I was in the 'Prince Abbas', no longer a bright attractive belle, but painted out to be like the rest - inconspicuous.

Much later I read that the 'Prince Abbas' had been sunk, the usual fate of ships out there in 1915, so the gay 'Prince Abbas' is now no more than a memory.

E H W B

GALLIPOLI HOLIDAY - 1969 STYLE
By H E Slaymaker (R E Signals, 160 Bde, 53 Div)

I had been invited by the peasant farmer who had driven us over the battlefield when three of us visited it in 1965, but I had no thought of being able to accept it until I happened to read an advertisement in THE TIMES by a Turkish gentleman married to an English lady of a seat in his car to and from Istanbul at a reasonable rate. I may say here that they were excellent hosts on all counts. The result was that in mid-July I joined them at Ramsgate to cross the channel by hovercraft and we travelled via Calais, Brussels, Cologne, and along the motorways through Munich, Salzburg, Graz, Zagreb, Belgrade, Sofia, Edirne (Adrianople), and so on to Istanbul. I stayed there in a small hotel in a truly Turkish quarter for two days before going by bus alongside the Sea of Marmara and the Gulf of Saros to Eceabat (Maidos) and over the ferry to Canakkale (Chanak).

I arrived there in the late afternoon on the ferry over the Narrows of the Dardanelles. I had informed my host that I would meet him on the Sunday morning at Eceabat, as I thought this would be the most convenient day for him. Actually it was otherwise, for this is the one day on which the daily bus from and to the village of Anafarta does not run. I had planned to stay at the Hotel Trova at Canakkale, but found this was closed for extensions. There is, however, a Hotel Truva there, but I went to a rather better one, although this is not saying much for it. On the Saturday morning I went searching for an interpreter and found one around mid-day, and I arranged for him to come to me in the afternoon. Around 4 p.m. he came to my hotel room to say that my host, Ahmet, was in the lobby. He did not know him, but had heard him by chance enquiring for me at the Hotel Truva. So at 5 p.m. we were aboard the ferry to Eceabat and soon on our way to Anafarta by car. This is one of two villages, Big Anafarta and Little Anafarta that are on the edge of and in view of the battlefield.

Turkish hospitality knows few bounds and so we were both accommodated by my host and his Wife in their somewhat primitive farmhouse.

I had suffered a little from stomach trouble when leaving Istanbul and this was then dying down, but I was not completely fit on the Sunday. However, I hired a tractor and a small company of us visited all four British military cemeteries on the Suvla battlefield. The next day quite a number of the villagers and I went over to Little Anafarta to have the evening meal with a young man and his family. We had met him on our original visit. We all sat on the floor for this and it was delightful to see their pleasure at having me there. As I had no responsibility for anyone else at this time, and as I was not due to return until 16 days later I was able to visit all three battlefields at my leisure, i.e. Cape Helles, Anzac and Suvla. This last was the one where my regiment fought. They brought back poignant memories of 'W' Beach at Cape Helles, where the Dublins, Munsters and Hampshires were nearly annihilated immediately on landing; of Anzac, where the Australians and New Zealanders were taken by an unknown current a mile north of their projected landing place and in consequence found themselves attacking up extremely steep and rugged slopes covered with scrub, and so were unable to get any favourable positions. The Suvla landing took place three months later, and the midsummer heat, coupled with the lack of water, was absolutely devastating in its effects on the troops and had much to do with our further failure. On this visit I was very fortunate in this respect for it was the coolest summer experienced in Turkey for very many years, and there is actually a large number of wells of the purest water in the district. These were not accessible to us when we were there.

The wonderfully kept cemeteries are mute witnesses of our abortive attempts to force the Dardanelles, described by the official historian as a task of exceptional difficulty.

After a few days my professional interpreter had to return to carry on with his normal work, but we had an interlude by crossing the water again and going to have a look at Troy, which is a wonderful experience. Most of my time, of course, was spent on Suvla. My host's farm is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the village, and we used to walk there and back most days. I used to spend a lazy morning with him there and walk over the battlefield to one or other places of interest in the afternoon, and we would walk back in the evening. Some days we would go on as far as the sea and swim. In the evening, the men of the village used to gather in the square, and I used to join them, usually with the interpreter, and they asked me all sorts of questions about the war. A few of them had fought against us. I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a young Turkish Naval Officer who is an amateur military historian, with, like myself, a particular interest in the Dardanelles campaign. As he has a reasonable knowledge of English he was very helpful to me, and I was able to help him to extend his knowledge of the language. So we spent many pleasant hours together in the battlefields. In particular he and I and my host were present on the anniversary of our landing on the heights above Anzac at a ceremony at the monument erected in memory of a Turkish sergeant who held this position against our attacks. Here I met many Turkish officers and a number of the Turkish veterans who had fought against us. To get there we had to climb up the sharp and narrow Walker's Ridge, of which it has been written that it is so rugged and difficult to scale that it is hardly conceivable that it could be entrenched. I am glad to say that I was able to climb up it unaided. On my final day we went by donkey for a final visit to the coastal cemetery and then to the shore where we had a swim at the spot where I myself had landed 54 years ago.

My visit was very touching in many respects. My host and his wife were so anxious to please me, and everyone looked after me like one would a child.

They were vexed with the interpreter for not asking me what foods I would like, but I told them that I was glad that he did not, but I preferred to eat such as I could. In my host's words, he said that if I had wanted it he would have got "Bird's milk" for me. I have no doubt whatsoever of his sincerity. On leaving at a very early hour in the morning, a number of the villagers were there to bid me farewell and there were many invitations to come again. The crowning act was that of my historian friend who gave me a memento, his deceased father's solid silver identity bracelet. He was a notably brave officer of the Turkish forces in Korea, so I felt the full force of this tremendous compliment.

The return journey was very pleasant also, and everything went extraordinarily well from beginning to end.

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ENGLISH AS SHE IS ....

I well recall two pals among the crowd of us outward bound from Avonmouth in March 1915 in the troopship City of Edinburgh. After leaving Malta we knew that our immediate destination was Alexandria, in Egypt, whereupon many troops commenced letters home to be posted on arrival. These two pals were named King and Quinn, and it can readily be imagined that they became known as the King and Queen. One was from Lancashire; one a Cockney. The first one was stumped and asked his pal: 'Sithee, Bill, how does't spell 'Egypt' ? The other thought it out and said with not much exaggeration: 'Ay, jay, way, pay, tay.'

I am sorry that they are not members. Can anyone else remember these two comics ? E H W B

IN THE KNICK OF TIME

By an officer on the evacuation staff

of the RIVER CLYDE

The headquarters of the evacuation staff at Helles was aboard the River Clyde, and I was one of the forward points for collecting parties that were to be evacuated. After I had reported that all parties that were supposed to come through my post had reported and were complete and correct, I telephoned this through to the officer in charge of the evacuation on board the River Clyde. He therefore ordered me to light the fuzes and come away myself. This I did without, I hope, undue haste, and when the half dozen or so of us assembled aboard the River Clyde we thought we had a moment or two to celebrate before we ourselves got on board the little boat that was to take us further out to sea.

There were one or two cases of what were called medical stores aboard and one looked as if it might contain champagne. So we burst it open pretty quickly, only to discover to our dismay that it was filled not with bottles of champagne but with women's knickers. How they got to Gallipoli where only one woman ever made an appearance, nobody has yet explained. However, we had better luck with the next case and found it did contain champagne which we gulped down pretty rapidly, dressed the River Clyde with a few of the nurses' pants, had another go at the champagne and hurriedly left the ship. We had not gone very far when the fuzes we had lit did their work and all hell was let loose. However, there was nobody left on Gallipoli by this time on the last night and it was quite exhilarating to see the Turks shelling the empty beaches with all they could let off.

(Editor: With the ship dressed (or undressed?) in this way, did they raise their glasses aloft and drink the toast: 'Bottoms up' ?)

MY VIEW OF SUVLA

By Captain Douglas Figgis
(5 Royal Irish Fusiliers, 31 Bde, 10 Div)

In the issue of the Gallipolian, Christmas 1969, one of your correspondents wrote, 'Gallipoli, especially Suvla, has haunted me continually, Stopford could have won a Field Marshall's baton, etc., alas, Major Wilmer with about 1,000 Turks demoralised 20,000 British when they made a belated and pathetic advance'.

It has also haunted me since 1915 when, as a junior Officer I landed at Suvla. If G.H.Q. had any plan at all it would have appeared to have been: put the troops ashore and let them get on with it.

How G.H.Q. thought that to land the whole of the 11th Division in the dark on a strange shore and, a few hours afterwards, land two Brigades of the 10th Division almost on top of them could possibly be successful passes the comprehension of even a junior Officer. Units became inextricably mixed, my Battalion was landed at the wrong beach; this necessitated a march of about three miles along a sandy, dusty beach in full view of the Turks who shelled us readily.

At the actual landing my Battalion lost the senior Major, two Captains and the Adjutant killed, and twelve Officers wounded. I never saw my Colonel for two days, he was probably landed at a different beach.

The second Major I only met when my platoon fought their way through shelling and hidden snipers to Chocolate Hill at about 7 p.m. It was falling dark and I asked for orders and Major Johnston told me to line the hill, find out whether there were any troops on our left and dig in until morning as we were under heavy rifle fire from Green Hill and Scimitar Hill, both higher than Chocolate Hill.

...cont'd

Next morning early we took Green Hill, but nc reinforcements, ammunition or water came up and in the heat of the day the men had emptied their water bottles.

So much for the day of the landing, 7th August. Many books have been written and mostly the blame has been laid on the troops and little on Sir Ian Hamilton and G.H.Q. A successful General merits praise, witness General Allenby in Palestine and General Montgomery in North Africa; they made their plans with meticulous care, water, rations, ammunition and reserves all ready. If Sir Ian and his Staff made any such plans they broke down completely and the result was chaos.

After a few days Sir Ian planned to land at Suvla to urge Stopford to get on with it and organise. At G.H.Q. there was not a vessel with steam up to take Sir Ian to Suvla and precious hours were lost. When at last he saw Stopford Sir Ian wrote in his despatch, 'I found chaos, chaos prevailed'.

Did he immediately relieve Stopford of his command? No, he went back to G.H.Q.

Surely it was not beyond the wit of man and of the C.in C. and his planning Staff with all the troops and the co-operation of the Navy to have devised a plan that had some chance of being successful. Some weeks beforehand a fast destroyer could have reconoitered the land and someone could have made a rough sketch of the terrain.

Those could have been shown to the two Divisional Generals, the Brigadiers and all Officers so that all would have known exactly where they were going to land, the approximate time and the immediate objectives, as the forces approached land, first in their small steamers, then in lighters the hills could and should have been shelled by guns from the Navy. Only a few Battalions should have been used in the initial assault, the rest kept in reserve to act as reinforcements.

Meanwhile a demonstration of force at Bulair - a narrow neck of land to the north in the Peninsula where von Sanders had concentrated his main body as he had expected the attack to take place there - should have taken place by the Navy and some transports.

This would have misled von Sanders as to the real objective. With our left flank well guarded, the Turkish batteries shelled and/or silenced, landings in company strength should have been made all along the beaches. Salt Lake and the sandy wastes to the south should have been crossed in small parties, section strength in echelon, 120 yards in depth and 60 yards wide all along the line and the Turks in their trenches shelled until the attack arrived at the foothills.

This was done in Palestine on a flat open plain towards a fortified redoubt and with few casualties, it was, however, directed by a General with ability.

No thought was given to try to acclimatise the troops to the extreme heat that G.H.Q. knew prevailed on the Peninsula during the day; my Brigade was on board S/S Andania from 6th July until 7th August with one route march through Alexandria.

With some forethought surely we could have been put ashore at Mitylene or Lemnos and the men given some chance of keeping fit. It was also unfortunate and unlucky that Officers were allowed to land in Officers uniform, Sam Browne belt and all, they were picked off by plucky snipers who remained camouflaged in the stunted oak trees and scrub on the left of Salt Lake; many snipers were spotted and shot but many remained.

By 16th August my Battalion was reduced to the Colonel, the new Adjutant, another Officer and myself and about 180 men.

Sir Winston Churchill's idea of capturing the Dardenelles was brilliant, the execution of it a dismal failure.

end

This Association was founded to serve all veterans of the campaign, army and navy, and all ranks. It includes Anzacs residing either in the U K or not.

There is provision for Associate Members; those who were not present in the campaign but have special knowledge and interest in it, such as war historians.

The object of the Gallipoli Association is to keep alive the memory of the campaign among members who served in it, by meeting for meals annually or biennially, and other functions as may be decided at Annual General Meetings. These are basically (1) an A G M to follow a lunch near 25th April (2) a dinner in October. Other functions may include participation in the Anzac Day ceremony at the Cenotaph, normally on 25th April, and followed by a service in Westminster Abbey.

The Gallipoli Association tie comprises wide green bands for the land of Gallipoli and blue-grey for the waters of the Dardanelles, with narrow stripes of navy blue and scarlet for the services. Price 15/- postage included, from the honorary secretary.

Waiting for an inspiration
Drives me into desperation
Affected is the respiration
Even causing perspiration
Ending with the expiration
Of the brightest aspiration