THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 2/6

AUTUMN 1970

No. 3

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

The Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION

(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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H J Sayers

Lt-Col F C Stigant

Price to Non-Members
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AUTUMN
1970

LUNCH 23 APRIL 1970

As this preceded our first annual meeting most members were strangers to each other and as a special introductory feature members were presented to the President and all the officers individually. The wearing of large-type name badges helped and in this way all present were made to feel part of the proceedings, even if they knew no-one else on arrival.

Mr Calvert, the catering manager at the Duke of York's, ably carried out this announcing drill. The three-course lunch which included soup, chicken, sweet, coffee and gratuity all at ten shillings per head was much appreciated.

About eighty-five were present and later many wrote how much they had enjoyed the reunion and being greeted by name and meeting everyone else. It was particularly pleasing to find that in addition to the many members from the Home Counties, some had turned up from as far afield as Hants, Dorset, Glos, Devon, Worcs, Salop, Suffolk and even two from South Wales. In several instances members stayed in town for the Saturday Anzac Day parade and the Westminster Abbey service.

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MINUTES OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The minutes of the 1st A G M, held on 23 April 1970, are being circulated, with the accounts for the first year, separately to members with this issue.

THE CENOTAPH : ANZAC DAY 1970

For the first time the Gallipoli Association was present at the Cenotaph and our wreath was laid by the President (Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC DL).

A photograph of the wreath, after laying on a somewhat windy day, is shown on the inside front cover of this issue.

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THE GALLIPOLIAN

Thanks to a number of enthusiastic members, there are now several interesting articles in hand for one or two more issues. Other articles are still canvassed from time to time in order to keep the journal going.

In addition to relatively long articles taking three or four pages, many shorter notes are welcome, partly because they can be more easily fitted in, and also because while not all can write an interesting article, very many more can put forward short notes of personal interest, such as, for examples, 'Cease Fire' in the Spring issue and 'Who was the last man off?' in this issue.

MEMBERSHIP

Since the Spring issue was published, with a list of 33 new members, a further 72 have been admitted up to the end of June. As this list would occupy several pages, and as it is proposed to publish a completely new and complete list with the Christmas issue, the latest list is not being printed here.

A membership of 300 was reached in July.

COMMANDER N HOLBROOK VC RN

While it is normally invidious to quote the name of one new member out of many, the name of Commander Holbrook is so well known in the history of the campaign that it should be obvious.

At the end of 1914 the name 'Dardanelles' was just coming into the news as the navy bombarded the outer forts at the entrance. On the 13th December Lieutenant Holbrook took his submarine beneath the minefields and succeeded in torpedoing a Turkish battleship. For this exploit he was awarded the Victoria Cross. Later, other submarines also penetrated the minefields.

OBITUARIES

With deep regret, the following names are recorded:

J A Frankland late of the RFA 29th Division (45)
A C Prentice late of the Scottish Horse (194)
J I J Cope late of RE Signals HQ 53rd Division (52)

A poignant letter : 'Please accept the enclosed cheque for £2. 2. 0 in memory of a friend of mine who intended to join your Association but who unfortunately died last week.'

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SECOND ANNUAL DINNER : 1 OCTOBER 1970

As before, this will be held at the Royal Air Force Club, 128 Piccadilly, W 1. The club is between Hyde Park and Green Park underground stations. Several bus routes. Ample free car parking in nearby roads after 6.30. Dress: dinner jacket (or dark suit) with miniatures and labels as given in the Spring GALLIPOLIAN on page 5. 6.30 reception for dinner at 7. Members will be presented individually to the President and the other officers (as at the Lunch on 23rd April).

Price: 38/- inclusive of gratuity, but excluding wines and other drinks payable in cash. Except for the top table, seats will not be allocated so that members may themselves decide with whom they wish to sit, either in advance or on the spot. Former Midshipmen may like to join the 'Wardroom' table run by Commander Garner, a committee member. Those desiring this drill are asked to state this on applying. Any number of (gentlemen) guests may be invited and we can accommodate up to about 120 for dinner.

This year we shall be honoured by the presence of the President of the French Dardanelles Association, General Georges Lehr. Unlike our Association, the French counterpart has been in existence from the time of the campaign itself.

Please apply for tickets to the honorary secretary, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope, together with a cheque (or p o etc) at 38/- per person. Please make the cheque payable to the GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION. Unless your name is printed on the cheque please make your name clear in block letters. It is helpful if members' numbers are given.

Tickets will be sent which should be brought to the dinner and put on the table as a place-card.

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

W W Lugg, late 58 Bde RFA 11 Div (154) writes:

I often wonder if any of our comrades who served in the Anzac sector remember the unknown (to most of us) who used to play on a cornet 'tear-jerkers' like 'There's no place like home' and 'The blind boy'.

L Moore, late 4 Worcs R 29 Div (65) writes:

Is it possible to put me in touch with anyone who was a prisoner of war with the Turks? I would like to hear from any comrade who was a PoW at the same time as myself. I was captured on an advance towards Krithia on the 6th August, until 1918.

Air Vice Marshal T C Traill, late RN (10) writes:

I was interested in 'In the nick of time' because when the balloon went up I was still ashore. I had a picket-boat and two cutters up in Morto Bay to bring off the right flank of the rear-guard if they were pressed. No one had told us the timing and I was wandering about under de Tott's Battery when the great dump went up at Helles. I nipped down to the water quickly and was hauled off in a little punt to the cutters. I realised that I was probably the only member of HM Forces still ashore and that I was certainly the nearest to Constantinople.

Dr. A L Shearwood, late RAMC (298) who served as a MO at Suvla extends a cordial welcome to Gallipolians who may be in the regions of Hunstanton, Sheringham or Cromer on holiday or otherwise. He has photographs taken at Suvla and Helles. His address is:
[redacted] WELLS-NEXT-THE-SEA Norfolk.

NO KNICKS THIS TIME!

By H A J Lamb, formerly Lt RE Signals 40 & 13 Divs (98)

On January 8th 1916, Z DAY dawned at last. Fine but cold with a slight frost early, everybody being busy destroying stores, carts, etc.

During day a 17" shell fell in one of the trenches, causing a crater about 24 ft in diameter, and Turkish officers were seen urging their men to attack. As the heat of the day subsided, the evening got cold and the sea on the beach at Gully Ravine, near Helles, became a heavy swell. Some of the tracks down to the beach had been strewn with salt, sugar and flour to show the way, and at junctions, candles in little boxes, with directions shining through on calico covers.

At about 2 am on Sunday the 9th, we assembled on the beach. The HQ of my division and personnel and other regimental details. It was very nerve-trying, as the firing line had been left for about 2 hours and still the Turks had not spotted anything unusual. When lighters came in a heavy swell was running and one lighter ran ashore and had to be destroyed before we left.

About 3 am we were taken out to HMS Talbot, a very difficult and dangerous job, with a heavy swell running and wind blowing hard. Wooden ladders and nets had been let down, but our lighter was swept away from the ship several times. To make it more difficult to climb the ladders, we had full kit on and had a roll of blankets in our hands. One man, trying to shin up a ladder, fell into the sea. But in a moment a sailor had climbed down and rescued him. Some 500 of us got aboard at last, and went below where we were given pea soup, bread and cocoa. The best feed for very many days! We slept on covered-in decks; the sailors could not have been kinder or more hospitable, and tubs of rather potent Navy rum were put about on deck for us to help ourselves! As dawn broke, we sailed for Lemnos, but turned back to Imbros owing to the presence of enemy submarine. We left next afternoon. The fires lighted on the Peninsula as we left were wonderful and awe-inspiring. Such was the end of the campaign for us.

EXTRACT FROM 'LOST ENDEAVOUR'

By Charles Watkins (6 Lan Fus 42 Div) (167)

By early evening we had arrived within sight of the shores of the Peninsula and the ships cast anchor for the night a mile or so off shore. We stood along the rails and drank in the vividness of it all - the setting sun sparkling on the calm Mediterranean waters, the occasional flying fish breaking surface and descending with a flash and a plop back into the calm lake around us. The low-hulled destroyers of the Royal Navy weaved snakily around us in endless circles of protection from enemy submarines. Farther off, like big growling watch-dogs the light-grey painted cruisers and battleships loomed protectingly behind us, their big guns trained shorewards. The unnatural silence around us was occasionally shattered as their big guns let off a broadside towards the land with a bang that rattled your very teeth. From the land itself could be heard the faint crackle of rifle fire and flashes from bursting shells there showed intermittently of the fighting already going on by the 29th Division, which had landed a few days earlier.

Our hitherto high spirits became dampened as the evening wore on. Apprehensively, we young soldiers knew we were fast approaching the Moment of Truth. The Moment of Truth! For young soldiers to encounter it for the first time - it's a solemn experience. There was none of the brave old - 'We, who are about to die, salute thee, Caesar'. Rather was it: 'We, who may be about to die, are a lot of frightened little boys'.

As always at such times, rumours of already fantastic casualties circulated the ship and we sought our hammocks that night in uneasy sleep.

Throughout the night we could hear the restless mules stowed in the big transport moored alongside us,

hear them stamping and shoving as the muleteers moved among them, calming them when the big guns let off a salvo.

Gawd, what blokes they were, these muleteers. The only ones who could do anything with these obstinate long-eared bastards on four legs. Little brown-skinned men from the hills of Northern India, little brown men of frail physique, perpetually frightened eyes, but with guts of steel. Without these blokes many of us would have perished of hunger in the later stages of the campaign, when the only means of getting food and ammunition to us in the front line was by means of pack-laden mules being led along the narrow treacherous paths cut out on the sides of the steep gullies, where down below the winter rain and snow had created a quagmire. Day and night, through rain, snow, frost and fog, these little brown men led their protesting mules, bringing supplies to us with clockwork regularity. Anxiously awaiting the life-saving food, rum and ammunition, we'd wait until we saw the first two or three of them appear, greet them joyfully on arrival with abuse and cusses. They'd grin delightedly, sup gratefully the hot tea we made for them, share our smokes and in broken English return in full our affectionate curses. But we well understood one another.

'White man speak with double tongue' says the Comanche Indian. Soldiers, too, 'speak with double tongue'. The one you hear is the language of the barrack sewer. The one you don't hear is the language of the heart - the glint of the eye, the warm grin of brotherhood. These muleteers, their teeth a white slash against a background of their dark, mud-covered faces as they laughed merrily at our obscene greeting and gave us in return, curse for curse, and smile for smile.

'I,too, saw God through mud -
The mud that cracked on cheeks when wretches smiled.
War brought more glory to their eyes than blood
And gave their laughs more glee than shakes a child.

I have perceived much beauty
In the hoarse oaths that kept our courage straight
Heard music in the silentness of duty.'

(Wilfred Owen)

Not many men on the Peninsula did a lousier, more thankless and more dangerous job than did these muleteers. Their only weapon: the rope that dangles from the mules' heads as they led their protesting charges along the slippery, sliding narrow paths. From these deadly dangerous narrow paths both mule and muleteer would occasionally hurl headlong to destruction into the sea of mud below. It's not a job that earns many VC's, in fact I doubt if any of them ever earned a medal at all.

But in Valhalla, there'll be a special lot of seats at the tables of the mighty for these little brown men of frail physique, with the frightened eyes and guts of steel.

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It was commonly held among the troops that when a man joined the army he was put on to any job but the civilian one he was used to.

One day a new Padre reported for duty and his Colonel said to him, breezily: 'Well, Padre, what were you in civil life?'

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EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY - 'SUVLA BAY'

By C R S Saunders Late 1 County of London Yeomanry (103)

At last the order came. We were to leave the mules, which were to return to Alexandria and go and join our Regiment as infantrymen. Leaving the Knight Templar, we were put aboard a small steamer, the Prince Abbas. We were packed and squashed together into a surprisingly small space, together with many men of other Units of which I particularly remember men of Welsh and Essex Regiments. Leaving Lemnos sometime in the afternoon, we again put out to sea. It was not very long before we began to hear the big guns thundering both from sea and shore. It was dark when we arrived and we hove to and awaited our turn for landing. From shore we could hear a terrific fusillade going on, for it must be remembered that we were only entrenched on quite a small stretch of land. There was not a place anywhere in our lines out of range of the enemy's guns and heavy shells and shrapnel whistled right merrily everywhere. Just before daybreak our turn came for shore, so helping one another to fix our heavy equipment on, we left the steamer Prince Abbas and boarded a lighter to be taken ashore. As usual, I came in for a heavy ammunition fatigue. That consisted of transferring the heavy cases of ammunition from the steamer to the lighter alongside. Everything eventually complete, we went ashore and landed in a little cove with pillar-like rocks on either side. Having emptied the lighter, we had a few spare moments to look about us. On the left were some Indian water-carriers with their little fat mules, carrying out their duties regardless of the shrapnel that from time to time whistled overhead. On the right were thousands upon thousands of rounds of ammunition stacked in as safe a place as possible. Behind us was the sea, while in front of us was the road we were to take inland.

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DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

'War is sweet to the untried'

SATURDAY NIGHT SOLDIERS

By Captain D M Penrose T D 1/7 Essex R 54 Div (185)

The times were peaceful: no one thought of war,
Or so it seemed to those who did not know,
And these I think were numerous indeed.
We all were used our daily work to do
And to enjoy such leisure as we had
In sport and games and many other ways.
But one or two of those in higher spheres
Perhaps had inner knowledge or a fear
The War God Mars would never really sleep.
They therefore set to work and tried to rouse
The young men of those days to join a Force
Whose aim would be to guard their homes and Land.
In short, to play at soldiers, so it seemed,
And join a Force called "Territorials".
The general population stood aside
With condescending smiles and sneering jest
And thought that these young men were wasting time.

1914

When martial music stirs the young men's blood
And songs of war rouse up their spirits deep
Then will they mass and to the Forces flood
With full intent their Country's pride to keep.

A uniform is often an attraction
So, too, the skill required in use of Arms.
To ride and shoot and bring big guns to action
And wait alert for any night alarms.
Among the skills the Infantry must learn
Are how to use the rifle and its care,
With bayonet to fight and not to spurn,
To cook and camp and even mend a tear,
To dig a trench, protect it with barbed wire,
And know just where one needs to leave a gap
Through which patrols can go out or retire.
To load a truck and, sometimes, read a map.
To learn to march on road and field and track:
To take care of his boots and of his feet:
To practice taking part in an attack:
In short, to be a really fit athlete !
All these are factors leading to the way
Of skilful preparation. There remains
The need to let imagination play
Until the soldier final skill obtains.
Thus on and on these warlike skills they learn
And think, perhaps, of medals they may earn.
War is quite sweet and easy day by day
They feel quite sure the foe they'll swiftly slay.
Thus does imagination play its part
When all are young and heroes are at heart.
They thirst for honour, glory and the rest

And then, in theory, wait the final test.

To war at last, so let us try to see
What happens there, for what will be will be.
Let young men of a unit tell their tale
And if your thoughts are with them, they'll not fail.

The Young Men's Tale 1915

We were stationed at St Alban's in the early days of war
When the orders came to move us to the Middle East afar.
So at midnight, or just after, we were marched down to the train
And our friends and hosts marched with us just to wish us luck again.
At the siding, in the moonlight stood a high-barred iron fence
And the marching troops and people made a multitude quite dense.
But the people had to halt there while the marching troops passed through
And the barrier seemed comb-like to our tensed-up senses view.
Oh, then all was skilful bustle as we climbed aboard the train
And we waved excited farewells as we started off again.
So we travelled through the darkness, saw the dawn and daylight too,
Just until we reached the quayside and our troopship came in view.

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WITH THE GURKHAS ON SARI BAIR

By Colonel E S Phipson CIE DSO MD FRCP IMS (Ret)

Late MO 1/6 Gurkha Rifles (285)

The Inspiring spectacle of the 6th Gurkha Rifles on parade before H M the Queen in the Gardens of Buckingham Palace will long remain in my memory.

It also brought to mind, in retrospect, the same Regiment with which I served as medical officer, over fifty years ago, in one of the toughest battles in which they can ever have been engaged, and in which the Regiment lost all its British officers as casual--ties, two-thirds of its Gurkha officers, and over half of its other ranks, and all but gained a victory which might well have altered the course of World War 1.

The scene was, of course, Sari Bair, that formidable bastion of the Gallipoli Peninsula rising to some 1,000 feet above the blue waters of the Aegean Sea, its lower part sloping gently to the sea-shore and its upper part rising more and more steeply to the summit; its surface covered with rough scrub and rocky ravines and steep-sided nullahs - most difficult country over which to launch an attack.

The period to which my thoughts turned so vividly was the sultry 8th and 9th of August 1915, when, lying alongside Allanson and Cornish in Bn H Q - a rough dugout or foxhole some 300 yards from the summit on a moonless night, We awaited the critical advance to the summit, timed to begin about dawn, and preceded by a bombardment by the Navy of the area beyond the ridge.

The attack started just before dawn when Allanson dashed forward with his line of troops,

while I remained at Bn H Q to await developments. Allanson was wearing a bright red cloth patch on the back of his uniform to make him easily recognisable from the rear. It reminded me of the Crusaders and indeed there was a good deal of the Crusader in Allanson.

The battle was soon joined and raged furiously on the ridge beyond it, just outside my range of vision. The noise of battle became more and more deafening when it was suddenly interrupted by six massive explosions of shells fired by the Navy, who evidently mistook our Gurkhas for Turkish troops. Most of us thought that they came from H M S Euryalus, a familiar and encouraging sight at anchor in the bay, but Allanson thought, and perhaps correctly, that they came from a Monitor's 12-inch guns. The results of those six mighty explosions, Allanson said, were ghastly at such close quarters, and led to a sudden retreat of the troops to the line from which they started. The blast was so tremendous that, although protected by the ridge, I was blown backwards heels over head out of the fox-hole, but I was not hurt.

I shall never forget the sight of the casualties - dead and wounded - after the naval shelling. They looked as if they had been sprayed with canary-yellow colour-wash - the effect of the Lyddite used in the high explosive shells of 1915.

Allanson stayed a little while on the ridge, gazing, as he said, on the Promised Land, but soon saw that the attack had failed, and that the Turks were massing for a counter attack. He limped back to Bn H Q, wounded in the thigh and very dejected, and in considerable pain. I attended to his wound and he set about getting the troops back to their earlier position from which they had started to attack.

The same evening Allanson, whose wound was by then very painful, was ordered down by Bde H Q and, before

leaving, to hand over the command to Geoffrey Tomes (53rd Sikhs) who had been sent up for the purpose. But Tomes was killed a very short time after he had taken over, and I was able, at least, to soothe his last moments.

When I told Allanson of his death, he thought for a minute and said, 'A splendid fellow, Tomes. Well, Phippy, there's no one left to hand over to but you. Do all you can to help Gambirsing Pun (the Subadar-Major), he'll never let you down.' Truer words were never spoken. Then, assisted by two stretcher-bearers, he began to limp painfully down the steep and rocky hillside.

Left to myself and feeling rather lonely, I started to take stock of the situation. My first thought, oddly enough, was that I must cease to claim the protection (if any) of the Geneva Convention, and so I removed my Red Cross Brassard, and put it in my haversack. I might, I thought, have to deal with combatant officers of other units, and although at that time I held no combatant commission myself, I thought it was just as well to look as if I did. I was soon to have to put it to the test.

My next step was to send a salaam to Gambirsing Pun, with whom I had been on friendly terms since I had first joined the Regiment in October 1914. He told me of our severe losses in G O s and G O R s, and that all our field telephones were out of action. I told him that I thought I should try and find some troops in reserve to help us out.

I sought out what appeared to be the nearest, which was a unit of Kitchener's Army: I found them comfortably disposed in a small open glade, surrounded by trees about half way down the main nullah, having a hearty meal from steaming field-kettles, which were being handed round to them. I explained our situ-

ation to the C O who, in answer to my earnest request for reinforcements firmly, and rather indignantly refused, saying he could not think of disturbing his 'lads' who had not had a square meal since breakfast at Suvla that morning ! He might well have added, noticing my junior rank, 'Who do you think you are?' but refrained. I could perceive that argument would be fruitless, so I returned empty-handed to my Bn H Q.

As we had no field telephones, I decided not to leave my H Q any more, but to try sending written messages, but this proved equally abortive. The troops on our flanks, when I wrote to them in the capacity of C O - the South Wales Borderers, the 9th Worcesters and the South Lancs - replied that they had either retired, or expected to retire, and themselves needed reinforcements or were momentarily expecting an attack, so it was evident that we were out on a limb and in no shape to hold a determined Turkish counter-attack which, indeed, seemed imminent.

I reported the situation to Bde H Q and I had a note from Allanson, who then was at Bde H Q, saying that we might with luck be relieved that night.

The night of August 9/10th was harassed by constant sniping apparently from our flanks, and desultory rifle fire along the whole of our diminished front, but the Turks never approached nearer than 20-30 yards.

Early in the morning of August 10th I received a welcome message from Pepys, the Brigade Major, Indian Brigade:- Retire on to next main position held by our troops. I sent another salaam to the S M, read the order to him and asked him how the retirement should be carried out. Fortunately we could both converse in Hindustani of a sort, and it soon became apparent, to my relief, that he knew the drill from A to Z, and I marvelled at the precision with which he described the different phases of the retirement and the proper precautions to

be taken, such as the removal and disposal of the bolts of rifles which could not be taken; the disposal of surplus ammunition, collection of stores, destruction of equipment which could not be carried, and the timing of the movement itself - and what a movement !

To retire 900 feet down a rocky declivity, intersected by deep and narrow gullies, many of them choked with corpses, and the infinitely difficult job of carrying down the wounded - all these problems, insoluble to me, presented little difficulty to Gambirsing Pun, whose knowledge and competence seemed complete and indefeasible. I recalled Allanson's words, He'll never let you down.

It was a sort of nightmare but I remember sinking into a chair, dog-tired, in General Cox's H Q and his kindly words of welcome, and his rather cryptic enquiry, 'Haven't you been wounded?' On my replying, 'No, Sir,' he said 'Not even a slight one?' My repeated negative seemed, somehow, to disappoint him. Afterwards I often wondered what he had meant. I have been told that I ought to have regarded it as a high compliment.

Anyway I was sent to the Field Ambulance, under Major Battye, for 48 hours reconditioning, and fed on tinned chicken instead of 'Bully' - a wonderful change, and I was soon back in the line.

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STORM IN THE ADRIATIC

By G E Dale Formerly Sgt 59 Bde RFA (53)

On the morning of May 22nd 1965 the SS Atreus was chugging happily back to Venice with lots of sunbronzed Gallipoli Pilgrims when Neptune (or was it Poseidon ?) suddenly decided to huff and to puff. A then queasy, but restless Pilgrim now recalls this - er - memorable occasion.

8 am. Wake to find myself swaying in the bunk. Timbers creak and doors slam. (Hi -- where am I and what goes on ?)... Why, it's just the start of another sunny day at sea. Or is it ? Surely our little Atreus gets too sprightly for her years. The bunk lifts; then slumps. Oh dear ! is it going to be nasty ? It was.

Dress, wash and shave under difficulties. Up for breakfast, very bravely. (Huh, - not many here !) Somebody says: 'I've paid for breakfast and I'm going to have it.' 'Well, have mine too' retorts his pal. 'I can't face it.' I toy with some toast and sip coffee. 'Bit wild out there,' ventures my neighbour, gloomily nodding at the window. 'Don't let's look,' I say. 'It only makes you think.'

Back to cabin 43 to see how my companion fares. Ah - not taking things gladly ! 'It's easing a little', I lie, tactfully, and prescribe a quiet rest. 'You'll soon shake it off,' I add with a sunny smile, thoughtfully placing a bowl within reach.

Up above again with firm hand-holds. But how undignified, this creeping around with hands like a palsied landlubber. I'll try the old sea-legs. (Release the rail and step out boldly. That's better ! But just then the old tub starts to rear like a bucking bronco - I lurch - and at once the deck comes up and hits me. Two navy types to the rescue with amused grins. 'We've been through this before,' says one. So have I but I still don't like it. (Better cancel the sea-legs maybe.)

There's rain on deck and cold spray from those dark green billows. (Oh, where's all that lovely blue sea gone?) Passing the galley I am startled when a Greek cook staggers out, face, hands and clothes spattered an ominous red. MURDER - MURDER !! LOOK AT HIS BLOOD ! ...Or is it SUICIDE?...NO - just upset tomato soup. I lose interest and pass on. And here's an old comrade draped putty-faced over the rail. Am pained that my matey greeting brings no light of friendship to his eyes. 'It's me breakfast,' he mutters. 'If I could only get rid of it I'd--' I make sympathetic noises. Am sure he'll soon have his wish, and those red snappers waiting below, their rations. Shall I remind him of that legendary blob of fat on string? No - not tactful, perhaps.

As I move on the public address gabbles a warning to Keep hoff deck, a Greek voice and the usual funny English. Nobody laughs this time. I see the little lady doctor bustling around. (I hear later that she dispensed some wonderful tablets - real life-savers). Somechaps are standing about in the gangways trying to appear casual - but not moving far from the cabin door. There's strategy for you !

A fine cruise ship, nicely stabilized, hovers on our starboard beam, binoculars trained our way. 'Are you all right?' she seems to say. 'NO - WE'RE NOT!!' 'Tut-tut - how we wish we could help. As she sweeps smoothly onward I fancy I hear peals of merry laughter. It's a terrible time we're having!

Greek steward approaches and tries to shoo me below for lunch. LUNCH!! The heartless brute! I address him with dignity: 'There are brave men here with rows of medals who have yet to complete the regurgitation of breakfast - and you propose to bung us full of olive-oil fancies to make a day of it. Go, take a running jump, man!' But he doesn't understand English.

By now Neptune/Poseidon is really doing his stuff, and visits to cabin 43 have become terrible ordeals.

Time I played safe with a seat inside. It's inside, or over-the-side. Yes, I must consolidate.

Alone in the saloon three of us sit together on the port side. Conversation not sparkling - mostly grunts. And nobody wants a beer - always a bad sign, this. Seen through the opposite window, as the Atreus rolls, a huge dark-green wall rises UP-UP-UP and UP; then plunges nastily into the depth. We stare at it, fascinated, our innerds making heavy going of the altitude changes. The beam rolls are more potent than the stem to stern heavings - and damn those corkscrew motions ! My neighbour nudges me and points - yes, I've seen it ! That watery wall is now mounting much higher. As it drops again out of sight there comes a slithering-rumbling noise and - whoops ! - the heavy chairs and tables toboggan down to overwhelm us. It's a shambles. Then, for good measure, the whole caboodle recedes and slams back again several times. (And to think that we paid good money for this !) We are trapped - helpless. In reply to our shouts stewards shuffle in and untangle us. One comrade has an injured leg, but there will be no medals earned for this.

Well, we reached Venice at last. Lovely place, Venice, with lots and lots to see. For the immediate present, however, we can make-do with that calm sea inside the breakwater.

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GALLIPOLI - A PERSONAL NOTE

By Major A G Coulson (Associate Member) (63)

Although I did not serve in Gallipoli I am privileged to be an associate member (the first, I believe) of the Association as a keen student of the campaign and indeed one for whom its study has proved an absorbing hobby.

I first set foot on the Peninsula from a P and O cruise liner in 1926, when a party of passengers landed at Khelia Bay (opposite Chanak) and travelled in horse-drawn carts (the motor car had not yet arrived) across the Maidos Plain to Lone Pine, where we had an al fresco lunch. We also surveyed the Suvla scene from the Anzac heights and visited Helles. My photographs taken at this time have become doubly interesting when compared with those taken on later visits.

On returning home from the cruise I read John Masefield's fine book Gallipoli, of which I am the proud possessor of a first edition. It was my reading of this book which aroused for me an interest in the campaign which has never left me.

I do hope that many more personal recollections will be put on paper and published. May I urge members of the Association to take up their pens and record their reminiscences through the medium of the GALLIPOLIAN for the benefit of others ?

That great Englishman, Sir Winston Churchill, in his book The World Crisis (Vol 11, Chapter XXIV) said:

> It is impossible to assemble the long chain of fatal missed chances which prevented the forcing of the Dardanelles, without experiencing a sense of awe. One sees in retrospect at least a dozen situations all beyond the control of the enemy, any one of which, decided differently, would have ensured success.

The story of Gallipoli will be read and re-read long after all who took part in it have passed on, not only for its place in history, but also for the many inspiring examples it provides of man's courage and achievement in face of difficulty and danger.

WHO WAS THE LAST MAN OFF ?

By Major Colin Alvey, formerly Sgt Plymouth Bn RMLI (278)

I was a young Royal Marine sergeant, Plymouth Battalion, Royal Naval Division. Those who were fit and selected to act as the last rearguard, practically the last 'off' the Peninsula. My platoon of about 18 or 20, the fittest, occupied the position in Sedd el Bahr graveyard, immediately above and to the north of the village itself. I received orders to retire, or really evacuate, at about 1 am, after the army troops, the Manchesters here, had evacuated. I led my men down the cliffs, by the side of the River Clyde. The rest of my company and battalion were arriving and going over the decks of the River Clyde on to the destroyer HMS Grasshopper. It would be about 1.30 am when we did this, because at around 2 am when the Grasshopper was dashing about at top speed the whole beach seemed to 'blow up' as French and British sappers blew up all they could.

The destroyer cruised about all night, not being allowed in port before daylight. The weather was wild and stormy and it is sad to relate that quite a number of my comrades were washed overboard, lost after surviving months on Gallipoli and then successfully getting away. The destroyer put into Imbros at daylight. We were virtually starving and for the first and only time in my service we were fighting among ourselves to get the bread the ship's cooks had prepared for us. However, discipline prevailed and order was restored.

The night was the 8/9th January 1916 and the end of seven months unbroken fighting in my case. I was never ill or wounded and consider myself a very lucky man. Later, we went to Lemnos, eventually going to Stavros, in Greece, to delay the Bulgars who had then entered the war.

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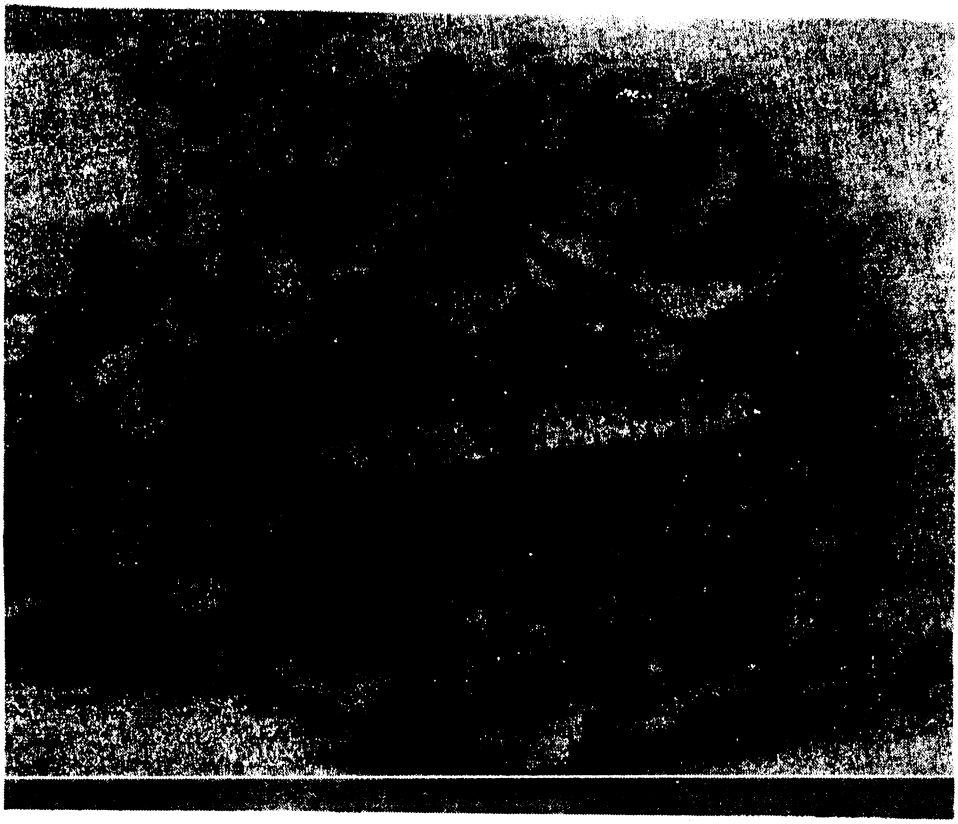
ANDOVER

Four members from Andover were enterprising enough to advise their local newspaper of their coming to London for the Lunch and A G M on the 23rd April. As a result they were seen off by the Mayor, Councillor Mrs Anne Thorne.

The photograph shows them, left to right: Tom Rolfe, MSM, formerly WO I ASC 29 Divisional Train: Albert Marlow, formerly Driver ASC 246 Coy, 29 Division: Ernie Stevens, Armourer WO II attached 6 Royal Irish Fusiliers, 31 and 10 Division: the Mayor: Fred Goulding, Corporal RMLI Portsmouth Bn.

Well done, Andover !

(Reproduced by permission of the Editor of the Southern Echo, Andover, and Mr C E Wardell, the photographer, of 15 Foxcote Road, Andover)



WREATH AT CENOTAPH

For the first time the Gallipoli Association was on parade at the Cenotaph on 25th April 1970.

The wreath was laid by the President.