THE GALLIPOLIAN

the Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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SPRING 1971

THE GALLIPOLIAN

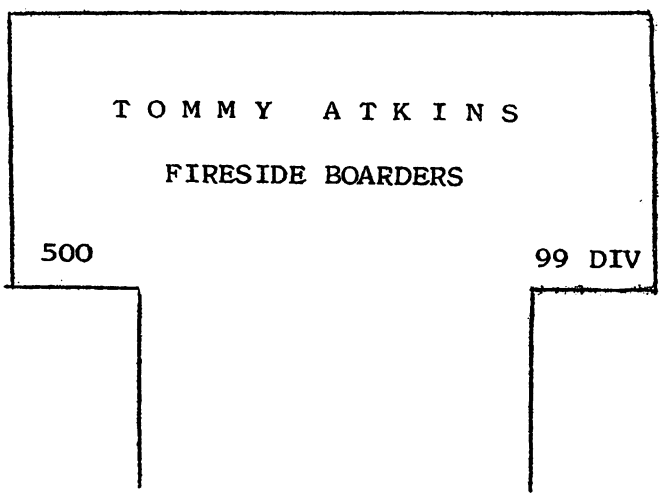
The Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION

(Founded in 1969 on the Campaign of 1915)

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	Lt-Col F C Stigant

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LUNCH Thursday 22 April 1971

We are again being accommodated in the Duke of York's Headquarters, Kings Road, near Sloane Square, Chelsea SW3. Bus routes 11, 19 and 222 pass the gates. Ample room for cars. Members are asked to wear their Association ties if in possession, and medals or miniatures. It is helpful for ready identification if the name is given on a card worn tucked into the top of the medals or the breast pocket. This may be half a postcard. See opposite page. Please write very clearly with a thick pen. Also add Unit or ship and Association number.

The cost will be fifty pence (50p) as before, payable at the table, for the 3-course lunch with coffee and gratuity, but not including drinks payable at the bar or at the table.

The bar will be open from 12.30 for lunch at about 1 o'clock. Up to about one hundred can be seated and members may bring (male) guests, especially sons. Should the number notified be in excess of the seating members will be advised by the Hon Sec.

Application: Please write to the Hon Sec by Monday 19th April, but DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY. No acknowledgement will be sent, unless the bookings exceed a hundred, as given above. This list is necessary for catering purposes.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING (To follow lunch)

The Minutes of the previous AGM were circulated with the GALLIPOLIAN for Autumn 1970, with the Accounts. Brief reports will be given, and some resolutions proposed, after which members will be free to raise any subject concerned with the Association, without giving prior notice.

Should the meeting call for it, tea and biscuits will be served at an extra 5p per head.

VISIT TO SECRET WAR-TIME PARLIAMENT ROOMS

After the meeting a party of up to 30 will be able to visit these underground rooms by special arrangement. Time, about 4 pm. Will members please notify me if they wish to attend, when they reply about lunch attendance ? The site is in Westminster, near 11 bus route.

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ANZAC DAY : 25 APRIL

Members are again kindly invited to attend the ceremonies. A wreath will be laid for the Association by the President, among others. Members attending should parade at the Cenotaph by 11.45, with medals and ties. For this year the service at Westminster Abbey will precede the parade, at 10.30, not as previously given. It is not necessary for members to notify the Hon Secretary of their intention to attend.

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29th DIVISION MEMORIAL SERVICE : 25 APRIL

Members are kindly invited to attend the church service at the Gallipoli Memorial Chapel in Holy Trinity Church at Southend Crescent, Eltham, SE9, at 6.30. Again, no notification is necessary.

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ANNUAL DINNER : 7 OCTOBER

Particulars will be given in the Autumn issue.

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GALLIPOLI TOUR 1971

Twelve members will be in the party, comprising: 1, 4, 31, 43, 53, 63, 72, 79, 129, 208, 290 and another. General Aran, one of our (Turkish) honorary members, has kindly made arrangements which include 5 days at will on the Peninsula, with Turkish army transport. Wreaths will be laid at the Memorials and a lunch and dinner will be held in our honour.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

The Treasurer thanks those who have sent in their subscriptions for 1971, and in particular those who very generously sent a donation in addition, which all helps to maintain the GALLIPOLIAN. Will those who have not yet sent their subscriptions kindly do so. It is helpful if members will give their number when writing to the Treasurer.

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From: Captain E W Bush DSO DSC RN (14)

LIEUTENANT COLONEL C M N DOUGHTY-WYLIE V C
(Killed in action 26 April 1915)

It has been said that the Colonel's widow laid a wreath on his grave in the French sector of Cape Helles on November 17 1915, and was the only woman to put a foot on shore during the campaign.

Could any Gallipolian please confirm this story for a book I am writing on Gallipoli? So far I have been unable to find proof that this pilgrimage in fact took place.

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A L G Whyte (291) writes :

There is one mystery in connexion with the Gallipoli campaign to which I have never seen any reference made in any of the books and it is this: In October 1915 while in the Anzac area we were suddenly issued with the amount of £1, in the form of two 10/- notes duly entered in our pay-books. These notes differed from the standard insofar as they were over-printed with two lines of presumably Turkish characters, generally assumed to be an acceptance of responsibility on behalf of the British Government.

Where we could possibly have spent these notes, otherwise than in a Turkish town is a mystery, but the question was not long in doubt because within about three days the notes were all called in and the strictest precautions taken to see that every one was accounted for.

Why were these notes issued, and so suddenly withdrawn, and do any still exist ? If so I imagine that they would fetch a fairly big price.

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Cmdr E Allison Burrows RD RNR (302) writes:

Does any member remember landing on the Peninsula via the 'PARTRIDGE'? It was a small grey steamer with one red band on the funnel. At the landings most of the troops aboard were Anzacs but at the evacuation British troops were taken off Cape Helles beaches in December 1915 and January 1916.

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OPERATION 'CHRISTMAS'

Your Chairman wishes to thank those members who have very kindly sent Christmas cards, but as there were so many he was regretfully unable to reply to all.

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OPERATION 'WORKSHOP REPAIRS'

Your Honorary Secretary wishes to assure members that he is quite sound again. The operation was a normal double hernia and he was home again in 9 days.

He reports that while in hospital he was taken to a theatre: Laugh ? They soon had him in stitches !

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OPERATION 'GALLIPOLIAN'

Your editor is always seeking contributions for the Journal. Both short personal stories and longer authoritative historical accounts, also brief snippets which amuse and inform, in recalling long-forgotten memories of 1915.

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NEW MEMBERS (9 Dec 1970 to 31 Jan 1971)

In the original printed journals, this section contains the names and full addresses of new members. For reasons of data protection and personal privacy, this content has been omitted.

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EXTRACT FROM 'LOST ENDEAVOUR'

Money for Jam

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

(See the Christmas 'Gallipolian', page 12)

It's a relief sometimes to turn away from some of the grimmer aspects of war, and look at some of its lighter moments. In approved Sherlock Holmes vein, let's call this one 'The Case of the Wrong Box of Jam'.

I get a lot of fun reconstructing the crime as it might have happened, and although these boxes of jam were an unwelcome reality, the real history of how they came to be must forever remain the dark secret of some malodorous war profiteer (May Allah boil him in his own jam vat !).

It's surprising, too, how little things rankle - out of all proportion to their worth. The city financier in his journey up-town is just as much upset because his wife had burned the breakfast toast as ever he is at the prospect of the imminent collapse of his financial empire. Somewhere in the universe there must be a mysterious Law of Compensation that cuts us all down to size - to the size of what we all really are - illogical little gnomes of peevish genealogy.

Fiction demands the postulating of some bluff, hard-headed, unscrupulous North Country 'Purveyor of Jams to H M Forces' - all bounce, good fellowship and double brandies, and doing very nicely, thank you. A sound type of man, this - orthodox, regular Chapel-goer, (believing firmly in God and 20%).

'Started from scratch, Ah did an' all. Self-made - that's me.' (Well, at least he absolves God from the catastrophe.)

'And if them lads out there, fighting for thee and me want jam, then by God ! They'll 'ave it.' Even if Ah've got to put every man-jack on overtime'- and consoles himself that the profit margin will well cover the time-

and-a-quarter the workmen are unreasonably demanding. 'Do some of these chaps good to be in the trenches - that it would.' Righteous indignation oozes from him like the sweat of a high fever. Another contract like that last one, and he'd buy that place of Lord ..... He'd heard the noble Lord had fallen into financial difficulties due to being away at the war and no one to look after the estate properly. 'Ah, well ! War's war, and we mun all suffer.' Gradely place, too, that - a real ancestral 'ome - our Maggie's dead set 'er heart on it, she 'as an' all.'

'Beg pardon, Sir,' says the foreman, shambling in, 'but this last lot o' jam, Sir.'

'Well, wot of it, 'Orrocks ? Owt wrong wi' it ?'

'Nay, the jam's all right, Sir, so's the tins, but we ain't got enough jam to fill all the tins, not by a few ton we ain't, sir. And we're clean out of 'Plum and Apple' labels, too, Sir.'

'There's a hundred ton o' turnips wot Ah got cheap from a wholesaler last week. Wanted the money bad, 'e did. In war we mun all 'elp one another, so Ah took 'em off 'is 'ands, cheap like. All got to 'elp one another in wartime, tha knows, 'Orrocks.'

'Turnips, did you say, Sir ?'

'Ay, 'Orrocks, turnips. Do Ah 'ave to spell it out for thee. T-E-R-N-I-P-S, turnips. Takes all flavours and gives none. Nay, Ah don't know. Did thi mother never teach thee nowt, 'Orrocks. They'll pulp up grand wi' the main boiling.'

'Well, if you say so, Sir. But turnips.... ?' And what about the 'Plum and Apple' labels, sir ? We're clean out of 'em.'

'Are we now ? But wot about all them labels I saw at stock-taking ?'

'Oh, no, Sir. They wouldn't do at all. They are all labels we had for the peacetime jams - 'Blackcurrant', 'Gooseberry', 'Strawberry', etc.

- all these labels left over from peacetime. But no 'Plum and Apple' labels left, Sir. Not a one.'

'Well ?'

'Well what, Sir ?'

'Dammit 'Orrocks, do Ah 'ave to tell thee wot to do ? Or does ta want me to do the job meself ?'

'Well, if you say so, Sir ?'

'Ah do say so - now be off wi' thee and get thi job done. They're sealed cans, aren't they ? And if owt's ever said, anyone can make an honest mistake, can't they ? And dammit - 'aven't Ah got a lad o' mi own, fighting in the trenches ?'

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DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

'War is sweet to the untried'.

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

Mudros, in the Isle of Lemnos

A land-locked bay by purple hills surrounded,
A fleet of ships - a problem here propounded.
The bay was filled with joy and young men's laughter,
Exultant, cheering, confident in war:
No care nor thought if wounds or death came after,
We had arrived, from home had travelled far.
Mudros ! The beauty of that harbour set
In colours such as we'd not seen before;
A memory that we shall not forget
And which will stay with us for evermore.
Those early shades of our approaching night
Crimson, dark gold and ever deepening blue
To end in velvet-black to dim our sight
And drown our senses in faint sadness too,

Then all around us on the hills and strand
Appeared the twinkling lights of many tents
And, high above, the stars in God's safe hands
Looked down upon our small world's great events.
Then in the quiet softness of the night
We heard the 'Last Post' sound from shore and hill;
That last long call which is the warrior's right,
That sad and wistful sighing 'Peace, be still'.
The dark of night leaned down and then we slept.
The Navy in their ships strict watches kept.

Off Suvla Bay, Gallipoli Peninsula

The night had gone and then when we arose
We must prepare ourselves to meet our foes.
And so our final letters we must write
And make our gear all ready for the fight.
We sailed from Mudros harbour in the day
Our destination being Suvla Bay.
Last night we'd cheered ship's officers aboard
Today our lives depended on the Lord.
The rumble of the guns we now could hear
And did our best to conquer private fear.
We realized that soon the day would break
On real adventure with our lives at stake.
From little ships called 'beetles' we would land
And fight our way from there across the sand.
These battles are described in many books
In clearer words for anyone who looks.
Our duties carried on from day to day
And we to Anzac went from Suvla Bay.
Disease and flies and fighting took their toll
And sadly these reduced our muster roll.
Wounded and sick were safely sent away,
Our dead were often buried where they lay.
We'd sailed from home a glad and happy band
With scarce a thought of losses in that land.
Now few were left, so few of these our friends;
Our hearts were sad - and cheerfulness offends.

.....to be continued

EVACUATION

By Commander (S) E Allison Burrows R D R N R (302)

In the middle of December 1915 the ship in which I was then serving was slowly plugging her way across the eastern Mediterranean in one of those storms which can be so surprisingly severe for an inland sea.

Slowly is the operative word as our top speed was only nine knots. We were making our way from Alexandria to our war station at Mudros, having been for the past month in Alexandria repairing sundry damage inflicted upon us by 'Beachy Bill' a Turkish gun situated at Gaba Tepe on the extreme right of the position at Anzac and which could reach the ships landing troops on that beach.

Although officially we were described as HMS Partridge we were far from being a spick and span, spit and polish, vessel associated with the Royal Navy, but in fact a somewhat elderly cargo cum passenger cum cattle ship which had been running between Ardrossan and Belfast for many a year and our Crew and Officers were a hotch-potch of many sorts.

The ship herself was a queer old thing with two well decks forrard and aft, with large cattle doors on either side reaching down almost to water level; aft were passenger cabins on two decks which we used as store rooms and accommodation for the Officers, our wardroom was what had originally been the passenger lounge.

On the outbreak of the Gallipoli campaign the ship had been sent out to Mudros to act as a ferry from that Base to the Peninsula; being of shallow draft she could get close inshore and with considerable deck space could a large number of troops be carried over the short distance to the beaches. As a matter of fact tight packed we could transfer a thousand men at a time.

This had been our job all through the summer of 1915 until our encounter with Beachy Bill, with our scars healed, we were now returning to Mudros.

Arriving at Mudros we were astonished to learn for the first time that the Peninsula was being evacuated and that in fact Suvla and Anzac (our particular beach) had already been evacuated and that we had only arrived back just in time to take our share in the evacuation of Helles. The day before we arrived in Mudros, the retreat from Anzac had been successfully completed so we were immediately sent to Helles to start the same work there.

We left the same night taking up a few re-inforcements on a bright moonlight night and as we were halfway through our offloading the Turks opened fire on us with 6" high explosive from Chanak or batteries a little lower down. It was a very close call for us since they got eight shells within fifteen yards of us before we could get a move on.

As soon as we got our pick-up and moved, they shut down and we crawled round the corner into the comparative safety of 'W' beach where we received the consoling signal 'Return the same place in half an hour', but a swell sprang up too heavy to load troops and we had to leave empty and return to Mudros in beastly weather, in fact so bad that after the spell in Alexandria dock, I am ashamed to say I was seasick yet once more.

Two nights later we were there again, but this time they left us alone and we left fully loaded with troops. Christmas Eve we were there again, and again escaped without any undesirable attention; there were

a few seekers sent out for us, and a few shells whistled over our heads bound for the beaches, but it was too rough to load any troops and we returned empty to have our Christmas dinner in the safety of Mudros harbour.

We were back at the beaches for Christmas night and the next day, December 26th, we were loaded with troops and together with five other transports and two destroyers and a gun-boat were sent off to make a new landing on the coast of Greece in the neighbourhood of Salonika.

This landing passed off without incident and we quickly returned to Mudros to continue the evacuation. Friday, 31st December, we left Mudros for Helles with a General and his staff and various other officers, all of whom had been in the evacuation of Anzac and Suvla, and we learned that that night we were to return laden with a thousand troops of the to be ever-famous 29th Division as amongst the first batch off. Lying off 'W' beach this time we were left alone though a few shells came over but nothing to cause us to move.

Exactly at 12 o'clock midnight as a new year's gift an original present came over in the shape of what we took to be a seventeen-inch shell, as we understood that a gun of this size had just got through from Germany.

It shook the ship from end to end with the force of the explosion in the water although it did not drop very near to us, but the arrival of this monster made us wonder how the rest of the evacuation would proceed.

New Year's Day we spent as Christmas Day at Mudros, but by the evening we were back at 'W' beach. That night the beach got an awful pasting with shells about four or five hundred feet in front of our nose and we were very relieved that they did not send any seekers for us, as they were using heavy stuff. We wondered what sort of a time the troops on the beaches were having waiting to come off, but in the event they were well dug in, and when the firing died away came off to us in pretty good order.

I think it was this night that, to my great surprise,

amongst the troops that came aboard was a young man in plain clothes, amid such a crowd of khaki and blue uniforms, he stuck out like a sore thumb.

On the way back to Mudros I had an opportunity of a talk to this young man and found, according to his story, that he was a Quaker and a conscientious objector who had been serving as a volunteer in the canteen at Helles; this story has a sequel of which more anon.

Saturday 8th January, all troops having been withdrawn back to the beaches, was the last night of the evacuation. We had gone up for the last night, more or less prepared for anything to happen, we having received orders to remain in our loading positions come hell or high water, but as a matter of fact it was almost the quietest night of the whole evacuation. Hardly a shell was fired and we were the last but one ship to leave, save only the destroyers bringing off the beach parties; the previous night there had been heavy shelling and an attack by the Turks; however, the evacuation was safely over and as we left we watched the huge fires burning the stores taken to the Peninsula with so much trouble and danger.

Some fifty years after this event, I came across an article in a very famous Scottish monthly entitled 'Five Christmases' in which the author described where and how he had spent his Christmas Day in the five years 1914 to 1918. Christmas 1915 he had spent at 'W' beach, Helles, a hundred or so yards away from us, the high-light of which had been an impromptu concert party in the Canteen. I wrote to the author complimenting him on a remarkable feat of memory and asking him if he remembered a civilian at the canteen party.

In due course I received an answer that he did, and so confirmed a tale told to me fifty years before.

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GALLIPOLI REMINISCENCES

By The Rev J K Best M C (CF 42 Div) (104)

In the early days on Gallipoli rations consisted of bully beef, army biscuit and rasher of bacon. Occasionally as an extra a tin of Ticklers plum and apple jam. What the ingredients of the tasteless stuff were was anyone's guess. The tins were eventually filled with scrap metal and explosive and became Ticklers bombs. An extra which would have been much appreciated, but which we did not get, was a packet of cigarettes. One day making my way round the trenches I came upon a group of Lancashire lads engaged in argument. In no-man's land some twenty yards from the front line lay a dead German officer. On him was a gold wrist watch. One lad was determined to get to him. The rest were trying to dissuade him from the attempt. The Turkish trench was only some fifty yards away and the ground was being frequently swept by machine gun fire. 'You would be a d---- fool to risk your life for a wristwatch.' 'Eh lad, dost a think I want the b------ watch ? Gosh no ! But he'll likely have some cigs on him - tha knows !'

On several occasions I heard what purported to be the speech of the Mayor welcoming back the 6th Manchesters after the war. It concluded with this peroration. 'Your fame has gone forth to the whole world; from East to West from North to South your praises resound. And now may I have the honour, the greatest honour that has ever fallen to my lot of shaking hands with both of you.' The survivors were usually reckoned to be the QM and an Officer seconded to the brigade. On May 7 I landed on V Beach with the battalion. They then numbered one thousand. On August 7 only eighty-seven were left to answer roll call. Was there a civic reception given for the battalion and if so were any of the original thousand present ?

Gully Beach was protected from Turkish shells and snipers' bullets by steep cliffs. Here the troops after a spell in the firing line could rest and bathe.

It was also a place where it was possible to hold services. The old familiar hymns recalled memories of home and helped for a while to banish the horrors of the trenches. Those on the beach would gather round and the swimmers come ashore. In a strange way one of these services almost brought my stay on the peninsular to a sudden end. It came about in this way. One evening a runner from HQ came with a chit informing me that General Hunter-Weston would be present at Church parade the following morning. I thought that our homely service so unlike a formal Church parade might surprise him - as indeed it did. The General and a Staff Officer arrived. I gave out the first hymn. A few minutes later I looked round. The General had disappeared. That afternoon the Staff Officer came to see me. 'The General is angry' he said. 'He expected to find the men properly dressed. None were properly dressed. Indeed' he added with a smile, 'some were not dressed at all. He has given orders that you shall be sent home. But don't worry, Padre. The order has been lost .' That was the last I heard of the matter, but I was left with the riddle. Why should a General disapprove of what was generally approved ? Fifty-five years later I am reading Compton Mackenzie's reminiscences which show Hunter-Bunter to have a school boyish sense of fun. Was it a joke ? I shall never know. If it was then, according to a well-authenticated story, some months later the tables were turned on the General. It happened that on a day when he was making a tour of inspection of the trenches a Sergeant had inadvertently drunk the entire rum ration issued to the platoon. There was only just time to lay him on the fire step & cover him with a blanket before the General arrived. He stood looking at the body. Nervously the Platoon Officer stammered 'The poor fellow ... was 'knocked out' ... a few moments ago. We are waiting for the stretcher-bearers .' 'I salute the gallant dead', said the General and continued on his way.

A FAMILY OF 33 AT 21

By Lt Col R T Tarrant V D (Anzac) (3) (Concluded)

Mudros Ahead

Then followed another night move with lights obscured to our next destination: Mudros Harbour ! As part of our training we again practised boat rowing, using nets at the sides of our troopship instead of gangways. I felt like a clucky hen with her brood of chicks; my family were kept together for the final checking of equipment; yes, and health, letter censorship and the limited time in which to write to the outside world. The soldier's best friend, his rifle, came under close scrutiny. Finally, what to take and what not to take were severely stressed. My family had but two casualties, caused by pneumonia which reduced my men to 31. Egypt had claimed two stout fellows.

Days of waiting had ended. Officers were briefed on the evening of 24 April as to destination, enemy's morale, and other obstacles to be met the following morning. 3rd Inf. Bde. were to land at first light, followed by 2nd Inf. Bde. with 1st Inf. Bde. to follow up to the high land, drive the Turks back and then head for Maidos to cheer the ships of the British Navy as it steamed up the Narrows towards Constantinople ! An ambitious programme never to be achieved.

The steady hum of the ship's engines told its own tale; we were at long last on the final stage of our journey to meet the enemy. An early breakfast, the final checking of men and equipment and then readiness for the landing on Gallipoli. The distant rumbling of gunfire, the bursting of shrapnel into which we were steaming followed by the news that '3rd Bde had landed and was in close touch with the enemy', made us eager to join in the coming victory ! Our destroyer came alongside, displaying a crowded deck with bodies covered with tarpaulins, to take us to a point from where we had to occupy open boats towed by pinnaces under R N control. Soon we were to be cast-off to finish the last part of

this voyage by towing to shallow water and make for cover under the cliff ahead of us. My platoon got safely ashore. A two-way heavy fire was going on overhead; and small-arms fire coming from above us.

A quick survey seawards showed the fate of many small boats with their victims; naval and infantry who would never reach enemy soil ! There was but little time for reflection; my platoon sgt., came to me with the sad news: 'D....' is dead ! The first of my family had answered the call. Then came the order to move upward as quickly as possible to fill the gaps at the top of the cliff - a stiff climb, yet the 3rd Bde had gallantly done it, and so could we, too ! On the way up we were ordered to pass up tins of drinking water; pushing those 4-gallon tins ahead of us was a difficult task while maintaining a foot-hold to perform this task. Some of my platoon found other tracks by which to reach the top, becoming separated on reaching the firing line; some of these men did not survive for many minutes.

Our Company Commander was directed to occupy the extreme left flank of the line from where could be seen Fisherman's Hut beyond which was a concrete gun emplacement, soon to become the target for accurate shooting by one of our supporting ships of the Royal Navy.

Sunday evening came as a welcome relief after a hot sunny day; we had held our position without the aid of picks and shovels; the surface was too hard for entrenching tools, making cover and firing positions difficult. We had the sea behind us and the enemy carefully concealed by natural cover with a good field of fire. Any movement on the ridge was quickly answered by well-aimed rifle fire. We hung on !

On that first night a strange incident took place; Suddenly, in front of us there appeared a tall figure wearing the rank badges of a major with 'red tabs' staring at us in the semi-darkness like dragon's eyes. He asked in a quiet voice the unit to which we belonged; on being informed '2nd Battalion' he

requested us to move quietly to the beach; adding that all members of the battalion were to assemble there. The move began in an orderly manner when the voice of our C O asked who we were and why the move from our former position. The Bde. Major who was with him spoke in undertones to the C O who then said: 'I am in command of 2nd Bn so get back as quickly as possible and be prepared to withstand an attack by the enemy'. We could only conclude that 'the tall staff officer' came from our quiet front; at this point of time there was a long lull in fire coming from our front.

Monday was another day of hanging on to our precious flank, not without losses. Tuesday, the third day on Gallipoli, was a day of considerable action; fire was much heavier from field guns and small arms. An Indian Mountain Battery had managed to raise guns by the aid of ropes and go into action on our right; guns from the Royal Navy poured a withering fire at targets ahead of our positions, but with only two machine guns per battalion, fire power came mainly from riflemen.

At about midday, we were ordered to attack over open ground, but the advance was held up on the crest of the ridge, which became a thin red line - red with the blood of the dead and dying. Efforts to move forward were held up through lack of mobile men; the casualties at this point of time were great; - dead men cannot advance! Taking a rifle to keep down enemy fire, I found it to be unserviceable; trying to use another from the other side enabled me to fire a few rounds left in its magazine, when a ricochet bullet shattered my tibia but at least I was alive. Attempts to drag me backward added further to casualties as one of my men was then badly wounded. At long last I was dragged under cover and taken to the beach where I saw my O C among other officer casualties. Later in the afternoon I was hoisted aboard a makeshift Hospital Ship; one of our own transports.

Back in Australia in 1920 I met some of the few remaining members of my family; some of whom were rearing families of their own - for World War II. France claimed many of the 'Originals' of 2nd Battalion, also reinforcements who joined up until the end of the war.

Now, with thinning grey hair, the Anzac Day March calls them back re-unions to talk over old times. 'Do you remember, Jack ...?' - 'I helped to bury Snowy...' - Five of my old family came up to me early in the 1920s to tell me something of the past before the Evacuation of Gallipoli. We were silent for awhile, trying to swallow the same kind of lump in our throats. Going back in retrospect, Laurence Binyon's verse comes forcibly to mind: 'They shall grow not old as we who are left grow old !' Those young men left on Gallipoli march with us each Anzac Day, together with those who have grown old. - Yes, the dead will always march with us through life !

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WE WERE NEARLY LEFT

By J W Traynor M M RAMC 11 CCS 29 Div (271)

After the Royal Edward was sunk we left England from Southampton on the Saturday and arrived at Naples at 6 a m on the Wednesday, and we left the following morning via Messina Straits arriving at Mudros Saturday morning. The ship was coaled by hand all day. At Mudros we transferred to the 'Aragon' where we slept six at each side of a table as the ship was alive with rats. We left the next day and I remember it was dark and we could see shells and lights in the sky. We arrived at Helles at the break of day.

We went off this small ship singly at intervals on to the Lancashire Landing Pier and joined the 11th CCS on the top of the cliff. No one knew where we were until we were told we were at the Dardanelles. We were just like a gang of school-boys watching shells from the Turks aiming at the ships, some exploding some just making a splash until we were brought to the danger of one shell bursting behind us and covering us with dirt. We moved faster than greyhounds after that.

The Sergeant Major thought we would be better employed digging a drain round a field kitchen which had been dug out of the cliff side.

The Turks ran out of ammunition until Bulgaria came into the war. A notice was put up to say that an ammunition train had been seen on the way to Turkey. The next day it was all hell let loose. The Turks hit everything, such as Piers and Jam Tin Bombshed because he must have got the range before he ran out of ammunition. The only thing he did not hit was the Red Cross (Ambulance Stations, 17th Stationary Hospital and 11th Casualty Clearing Station). We then had to take our casualties to the Seddul Bahrside of Cape Helles and use the ship 'River Clyde' as a pier. Things got going very nicely again, piers rigged up, when the sea decided to smash everything up and we had to go with casualties to the French side and use the 'River Clyde' to get our casualties into small boats to take them to hospital ships.

A great many were suffering from frostbite and hospital ships were very busy taking them away. It was a very tricky business with a frostbitten chap on your back taking him through the 'River Clyde' and balancing down a steep gangway that was moving up and down and expecting to be thrown into the water at every step before one reached the Lighter below.

Then the rumour that we were leaving. Lord Kitchener arrived with a retinue of officers with red tabs. It was the nearest I had been to a General and he was taking a great interest and risk going across Hunter Weston Hill in broad daylight.

Things began to move more rapidly at Helles. There was an imitation of activity which was unreal and which was to deceive the Turks. Firstly a large fire was lit at Suvla Bay and then the Anzacs lit a fire and retired and waited which was disastrous for the Turks. The Anzacs then moved off.

Now it was our turn at Helles to get away. The ten of us were given the Turkish Crescent which is the Red Cross equivalent arm-band. Our officers left and

we were in the charge of Captain Angus RN and a corporal.

The day before the final evacuation the Navy gave a display as if they were going to force the Narrows and I never want to experience anything like that again. I recall saying 'God help those on the receiving end'. The rumour was that the Turks went to the Narrows and our chaps went over and took prisoners which delayed the evacuation at Helles. The final evacuation was officially the 8th January 1916. We were still awaiting orders at 2 am on January 9th and we thought the blighters had forgotten us. Sure enough the order came to go down in single file and keep to the line or we might be destroyed by our own booby traps. By the time we got down to the beach the Stationary Hospital had their casualties down so a fire was lit on the beach and the Turks must have thought 'we are not falling into that again'. We got down to the beach and instead of being directed to our hospital lighter we were put into a lighter which was all iron like a canal barge and which would not budge as it was over-loaded. We were standing shoulder to shoulder packed like sardines. We who were last in were first out and were told to get in any boat lying around. Mr. Raymond Asquith was RTO of the beach, seeing everyone away. Our lighter was the last to leave. Just then we heard calls from the hospital lighter for us; I was last of the line and saw one of our chaps loading a couple of burned casualties into the lighter. He was smoking his pipe and said that we had just two bloody minutes to live as the magazine was on fire. We had just got these two chaps under cover when Bang - up went the magazine. Out of the 25 aboard 2 were killed, our incinerator chap lost a leg and 5 were wounded yet again who were already casualties. We thought that the engineer's boat which got out before us might have got clear though we never knew this for certain. However, General Birdwood arrived with a destroyer which acted as breakwater, enabling us to get

out to sea and to the hospital ship.

Our Bosun caught the rope from the hospital ship and the lighter drifted from the hospital ship and the Bosun was in imminent danger of being crushed between the two. We crashed into the hospital ship with a terrific bang and this happened twice. Our Bosun was, however, safe though we were adrift and had thoughts of drifting back on to the rocks. It seemed ages before we were finally fastened behind the hospital ship, by which time it was daybreak. I walked up the ramp and sitting there was a doctor I had worked with in Liverpool. This was Captain Thomas who had brought casualties from the 17th Stationary Hospital down to the lighter and awaited our arrival. This Stationary Hospital was on the left of Cape Helles and being white canvas was nicknamed the "White City". As it was rather dark, I did not see Captain Thomas until daylight and the words he said were the old ones, 'The world is a very small place after all'. We had been in Liverpool only seven months ago.

During this time preparations were being made to put us aboard the hospital ship 'Letitia' (which was later sunk with a load of gold bullion) which took us to Lemnos.

We stayed about a week in Lemnos and then went to Egypt on a ship called the 'Egypt' (which was also sunk after we left it). We arrived at Gabbari Dock, Alexandria, then on to Suez in very heavy khaki clothing. Then we took over an Australian C C Station, with all its equipment, at Serphiem between Suez and Ismailia. Then back to France via Marseilles.

As a point of interest, a Captain Eves gave me a case of instruments to take care of at Helles and was surprised that I had still got them and managed to return them safely. I was tempted to get rid of them by the Indian medicos, but the Captain and I had been through some rough times and it was the least I could do for him.

I should like to end by recalling the parody of 'Roaming in the Gloaming' which many will remember:-

Roaming in the gloaming when you're at the
Dardanelles,

Roaming in the gloaming when 'The Goben' tests her
shells,
When she gets down to Chanak
She will very soon get back,
When she hears Queen Lizzie's roaming in the
gloaming.

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RETURN TO GALLIPOLI

By R E Moore Suffolk Yeomanry 54 Div (141)

I shall never forget, we were on hill 60 at Anzac about 10 yards from the Turks, in the trenches in which we remained for three weeks until we evacuated the Peninsula for good.

We had been through the summer heat with the swarms of flies and dysentry, shortage of drinking water. Our diet was bully beef, army biscuits with 'apricot' jam. We had later rain storms that made the trenches like miniature rivers, then that never to be forgotten blizzard which froze everything including our blankets into something like cardboard; following on came the hundreds of cases of frozen feet, which the Gurkhas on our left seemed particularly subject to.

Then a rumour came on the grape vine that we were going to evacuate, which no one believed, but from then onwards we noticed that for one or two hours we were not allowed to fire during the night, sometimes it would be from 1 to 3 o'clock or to 2 to 4 and with the Turks so close it was rather a jumpy experience and we also noticed that those of us who were less fit were moved to the base and we heard afterwards were evacuated. Then as time went on we were told all about the arrangements, and every night many men left us and on the last night we were a very thin line indeed.

We were divided into three parties, one left at about 5.30 am, the next one at 7.30 each with the Maxim

Gun to which I was attached at the time, we had to carry them down loaded ready between two poles like a stretcher so that we could put them down and fire at once.

Before leaving the trenches we distributed empty sandbags on the ground to deaden any sound of walking about and we fixed rifles between the sandbags of our trenches pointing at the Turks, with two tins attached, one full of water fixed to the butt of the rifle and the other underneath attached to the trigger, we made a small hole in the top tin which we plugged with a piece of wood until we left and when the bottom tin had sufficient water the weight would fire the gun. Sandbags again were laid on the pier to walk on, and I remember saying to a friend of mine as we left, 'If I ever get through this bloody war alive I am going to have another look at this place'.

It was many years before it was possible to revisit Anzac; the Turks were afraid of Russia and there was no real link with Turkey again until the end of 1953. It was the spring of that year when my friend, Rowley Smith, and I began to make enquiries through Messrs Thomas Cook & Co. We hoped to get a boat that would take us from England to give us about a week in Turkey and then return. This we found impossible; eventually we had to take a train to Marseilles and then by a Turkish boat, the 'Iskandrum' to Istanbul. I may say it was a very nice comfortable ship of about 8,000 tons.

The next thing was to find the money when we got there as the oversea allowance at that time was only £25.

I eventually found an engineer who had been sent to Turkey to teach the Turks how to run a very fine installation they had got from America on Lend-Lease to provide fresh water to the city. He was well paid but at the end of his time he was only allowed to bring out £5. We had neither of us met before so it was a gentleman's agreement. I paid a cheque into his bank in England; he left me the amount in Turkish lira to be called for at an address in Istanbul, and he also allowed me 10 lira to the £ which at the time the rate of exchange was only 8

to £1.

We now began to feel we were getting somewhere and we called on the War Graves Commission at Grosvenor Gardens to see if they could put us in touch with the officer in charge of War Graves on the Peninsula. They said they would write at once to him and post his reply as soon as they received it. In his letter he said as soon as you get to Istanbul send me a cable to say what boat you will come by and I will meet you and fix up accommodation for you at Canakkale. His name was Major T Millington O B E. He was most kind and helpful. The accommodation was rather primitive but quite clean and as I had left my wife in Istanbul it was quite all right for two old soldiers.

The first day there we motored to Troy and had a look round but there is not much left of it today to see; it was arranged that we should visit Anzac and Suvla the next day, Monday. Major Millington lived on the Asiatic side of the narrows and had a motor boat to take us over. When we arrived there was a Landrover waiting with one of his Turkish drivers to run us around; we started off by going inland. He pointed out during the morning that 'You are now going in No-Man's Land.' The Turkish trenches were on our right and ours on our left, not more than about 10 yards apart. Though they were silting up quite a lot, you could clearly see them. I asked to see hill 60 and he said, 'You will soon be there', and when I saw the place where I had lost some good friends of mine, it looked exactly as I thought it would after a lapse of over 40 years. We had taken lunch with us and in the afternoon we went to Anzac Cove and Suvla. Anzac looked very peaceful and though I had a camera I was not allowed to take any photos except of the cemeteries, and before leaving Istanbul we had to get a permit from the Chief of the Police to make this visit and wherever we went a police-man in plain clothes accompanied us, so that no photos could be taken. They at that time feared Russia.

The next day the Launch arrived to take us to Cape Helles, when we arrived at Sedd-El-Bahr.

We much admired the beautiful monument erected by the British at the Cape, its thousands of names mostly those who have no known grave.

We noticed wild pigs, jackal, sea eagle, etc.,and I picked up some old cartridge clips which though rusted over the years were nice to find. We returned to Chanak by boat in the evening and the next day we boarded a boat to take us back to Istanbul.

As we had three weeks in Turkey we now began to explore the other parts of the country. One of the great wonders is the Sainta Sophia Mosque, it was built in the sixth century and there is not a crack or settlement to be seen anywhere. Its size is enormous, then the Blue Mosque is beautiful and wonderful with its coloured tiles.

We went to Bursa the old Capital and stayed at Ankara the new Capital, and admired the lay-out of the Place of the Nations where the Tomb of Kemal Pasha now is.

We visited Princes Islands and Scutari and then returned to our base for the return home, after a most interesting and enjoyable pilgrimage.

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GOOD-BYE, GALLIPOLI

by W Corbett Williamson M C R M RND Corps H Q (37)

Standing by in the troopship 'Somali' at the naval bombardment of Turkish forts in the Narrows on the 18th March 1915, landing at Sedd-el-Bahr from the 'Franconia' half-way through May, going up the line as an infantryman, being attached to the 2ième Zouaves, taking part in the Third Battle of Krithia on 4th June, duties as orderly at VIII Army Corps Headquarters, using a six-foot catapult to hurl home-made jam-tin bombs into Turkish trenches, etc.etc., kept me busy for the first part of the Dardanelles operations.

The month of August 1915 found me acting as private-in-charge of a 3.7 trench howitzer up saps in the vineyard sector attempting to distract Turkish attention from what was going on at Suvla Bay. It was then that a local

kind of dysentery laid me low. With great difficulty I got back to my unit, and then the hospital ship 'Clan MacIlvray' took me to Lemnos Island, some thirty miles west. So great was the pressure on landing, hospital and convalescent facilities that we had to wait three days in the ship until the liner 'Aquitania' left for England with a large number of Suvla Bay wounded on board, possibly two thousand. For a short time this relieved the immediate pressure.

Two months later, however, in October 1915, I returned to Cape Helles on the Gallipoli Peninsula and became an orderly at VIII Army Corps Headquarters, later under occasional Turkish artillery fire. At the beginning of January 1916 preparations for the final evacuation were well advanced. All officers and other ranks who could possibly be spared left the Peninsula at night in order to make the last lift as light as possible. Sub-Lieut. Robert Ritson RNVR had to go; he left written orders for me to be private-in-charge of his diminishing command of 34 men attached to Corps Headquarters consisting of nine men with the Naval Transport Officer, 8 Royal Marine Cyclists (of whom I was one), 7 officers' servants, 6 signallers, and 4 details at Lancashire Landing. When Major J E F d'Apice, our DAA and QMG, now also acting as Camp Commandant, told me that he would require only two orderlies for the last lap, I chose myself and my second-in-command to stay on to the end. After smashing their bicycles under my supervision, the other six orderlies left that night. The two of us who remained spent the last hours of the 8th January 1916 and the first hour or two of the 9th taking signals from the RE signal office about twenty yards away to the office of the GOC Embarkation, Major General the Hon. H A Lawrence, who with Brigadier General H E Street (Corps Chief of Staff) Major d'Apice, and General Lawrence's own staff officer sat round a bridge table on which there was a candle stuck in a bottle for light as all electrical equipment had been destroyed or removed.

In some ways the scene might have been taking

place on manoeuvres in peace time; I myself came smartly to attention as I handed each signal to the GOC Embarkation, who read it in silence and passed it round to the other three officers who also read it in silence before I was dismissed. But I had the feeling that a most hazardous operation was being carried out 'according to plan'. This feeling was heightened by what I saw outside. In the darkness, forty feet below me, I could just make out infantry battalions marching silently round the cliff to 'W' Beach where they would embark in lighters.

Very early in the morning of the 9th January 1916, I handed what turned out to be the last signal to General Lawrence who read it in silence and passed it round. Our Corps Chief of Staff spoke: 'I think it is time for us to go,' said General Street. General Lawrence and his staff officer left at once, while General Street handed me two fairly heavy suitcases containing papers. We hurried out of the office, and seeing my rifle leaning against a concrete wall, General Street picked it up and led the way down the zig-zag path to the track between the cliff and the sea.

Off a nearby wooden jetty, put up on the previous afternoon, a ship's boat was waiting for us, coming alongside to pick us up, so General Street, Major d'Apice, another staff officer who had just joined us, and we two orderlies were rowed out, in a rising sea, to Admiral de Robeck's yacht 'Triad'. After hot drinks and biscuits had been given to us, we two orderlies settled down in a cabin and had just got off to sleep when a terrific explosion shook the 'Triad'. It was the shore magazine going up. Lord Kitchener had said during his visit to Gallipoli earlier, 'You will slip away in the dark, and the Turks won't even know you've gone.' He was right, and the explosion was our 'Good-bye'.