THE GALLIPOLIAN

the Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 2/6 - 12½p AUTUMN 1971

THE GALLIPOLIAN

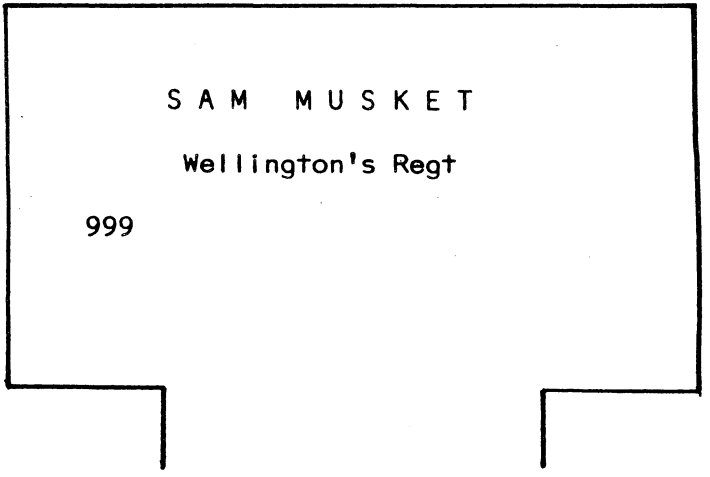
The Journal of the

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
	Air Vice-Marshal T C Traill CB OBE DFC
CHAIRMAN & HON SECRETARY & EDITOR OF THE GALLIPOLIAN	Major E H W Banner TD MSc Claydene Cowden EDENBRIDGE Kent
HON TREASURER	A K Kirk Oakdene Ladyegate Road DORKING Surrey
COMMITTEE	Commander V A de Mauny DSC RN (Ret.)
	H J Sayers
	Major A G Coulson (Associate Member)

* * * * * * * *



THIRD ANNUAL DINNER: 7 October 1971

This will be held at the Royal Air Force Club, 128 Piccadilly, London W1V 0PY, again kindly sponsored by Lt Col P J Gething, MC. The club is between Hyde Park and Green Park underground stations. Ample free parking in nearby streets after 6.30. Dress: dinner jackets (or dark suits) with labels as on page 2, and miniatures. Reception 6.30 for 7.

Price £2 inclusive of gratuity but exclusive of drinks which are payable in cash. Except for the top table members may select their own places at table and reserve them on the spot by place-cards which will be sent as a receipt for the cheque, etc.

Our Guest of Honour will be:

His Excellency the Turkish Ambassador: M Zeki Kuneralp accompanied by one of his staff. Other official guests will be: Admiral J V Gladstone, DSC, Head of Australian Joint Services Staff, and Commodore E C Thorne RNZN, New Zealand Defence Liaison Staff (or his deputy).

Members are invited to bring guests (male only).

Members of the Gallipoli Tour 1971 are asked to bring photographs for display and after dinner it is hoped to show one or more cine films of the Tour.

Please apply for tickets to the honorary secretary, enclosing a stamped return envelope and cheque, etc. Please make your name clear in block letters, and the number also helps to avoid mistakes.

As traditional, the dinner will conclude with Turkish Delight served with the coffee.

* * * * * *

THE HONORARY TREASURER thanks all members for their subscriptions and particularly those who have very kindly sent a donation as well, all helping us to keep going. He greatly deplores the loss of his records of payments through theft of his brief case after a committee meeting.

OVERPRINTED 'BRADBURYS'

A L G Whyte (291) in the Spring 1971 issue raised an interesting point which has elicited replies.

General Sir Richard Savory (69) in his article on page 27

Major T Verschoyle (21) writes: I still have one of the notes and I have a hazy idea that they were issued before we landed at Suvla - certainly before October. The translation of the Turkish is merely '60 silver piastres' the equivalent of 10/- at that time. Presumably when the notes were issued it was still hoped that we should shortly be in Constantinople!

General T H Jameson (297) writes: (extract) I was serving with the Royal Marine Brigade and accepted a payment of three 10/- notes which were superscribed with the equivalent in Turkish. I sent these notes to my father for safe-keeping and when the curator of the R M Museum opened a Gallipoli section I sent him one, retaining the other two. My local bank manager informed me that these were the first notes to be printed in the UK, but I have not had this confirmed.

Recently a programme shown in the south-west called 'Collectors' Items' dealt with various notes including these. The expert present said these notes were exceptionally scarce and could be worth £100 or more.

Unlike A L G Whyte's experience these notes were issued to me in July and without limit, and they were not called in. I was at Cape Helles from April to September.

Major H V Howe (Anzac) (227) writes: (extract) Aboard their transports at Mudros a day or two before the (first) landing, men of the 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade were paid in 10/- Bradburys- the men got 30/- or £2 each and officers more. After receiving our pay we were read an order instructing us that they were to be used for payment to Turkish civilians for goods acquired from them.

J W Traynor MM RAMC 11 CCS 29 Div (271) writes:

I well recall an amusing but true story about one patient we had in the Casualty Clearing Station on Cape Helles. A patient was brought with the usual ticket label tied to him. The M O asked him what was the matter with him and the casualty replied 'Dysentery'. 'How do you know you have dysentery?' asked the M O. 'Because it's on my ticket' replied the patient. The M O then took the ticket off him and asked 'What is the matter with you now?' 'I don't know' said the casualty.

* * * * * *

A non-member reader asks: 'Which was the last ship to leave the River Clyde at the evacuation?' NB - Not the last man: that never-ending discussion.

* * * * * *

Another non-member wrote in the 1970 Christmas issue, page 8, asking about 'pusher aircraft'. We now have a member who has been able to give information on the subject to the inquirer. He is: Flight-Lt F G T Dawson, late of the RNAS, 3 Sqn (368).

* * * * * *

Cmdr A G Buchanan RN (36) writes: 'Do you recall the water-boat supplying Anzac? S S Galliopia, known of course as the 'Gallon of beer'. She was so precious that she had orders that if a shell fell anywhere near her she as to up hook and clear out.'

* * * * * *

PLAQUE/SHIELD

An oak plaque has been designed for the Association, seven inches deep. It bears the Association colours with the names DARDANELLES on the grey and GALLIPOLI on the green, crowned and with GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION on a scroll below. Price, UK only, £2.10 including postage. To order.

* * * * * *

NEW MEMBERS (13 March to 31 July 1971)

In the original printed journal, this page a section of the next contain the names and full addresses of new members. For reasons of data protection and personal privacy, this content has been omitted.

* * * * * *

OBITUARIES

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

R R Hughes Late 1 Border R 29 Div (134)

Major L H Bailey MM Ment Disp Late 9 Bn (Queensland) Div AIF (217)

G P Smith Late 9 Worcestershire R 13 Div (184)

C W Cook DCM Late RFA 29 Div (136)

Col A C T White VC MC Late Capt 6 Yorks R (210)

GALLIPOLI TOUR 1971

This is a factual account which will be followed by personal accounts by members of the party, continuing in the next issue.

The itinerary in outline was based on a Lunn-Poly holiday in Turkey. The standard holidays were for one or two weeks and through their co-operation this tour was made up of a one-week actual holiday at their hotel at Atakoy, a seaside suburb of Istanbul, but taking two weeks overall by adding a separate week under Turkish agency arrangements, all included in the two weeks air tour.

The Turkish agency was the Özcivelek Travel and Tourism Agency of Ankara, through our Honorary Member, Major General Aran (retired, Turkish Army). In this way we had the full week on Gallipoli, combined with a week's holiday for sightseeing etc. and the air transport which we could not have obtained other than by paying full air fare, a prohibitive amount.

The flight turned out to be a scheduled B E A flight from Heathrow direct to Istanbul on 21 May. On landing we were immediately greeted by local members of the Turkish Veterans Union and by the travel agents. All accompanied us to the Beach Hotel at Atakoy where we were to spend that night and all the second week.

The summary is that the tour was most successful, according to the 15 members of the party (14 in the second week).

Time and Transport

In the past, many such tours have been made to the Gallipoli battlefields but probably all have been limited by two factors: time and transport. This time the tour had been organized to include six full days on the Peninsula, to allow ample time, and through the good offices of General Aran we had military transport throughout the first week and on occasions in the second week also.

This transport made all the difference, and it was all the more valuable as there was martial law and a curfew in Istanbul, then undergoing terrorist troubles, not to mention an earthquake in Turkey. Our vehicles were able to move in spite of it all and we are very much indebted to the Turkish Army for their invaluable help in the circumstances.

The restriction did make some differences, however; for one thing the British Consulate was under armed guard and for another the ceremonial parade arranged for the middle Sunday had to be postponed until next day and it was not possible to notify all concerned in time.

No doubt there are as many personal objectives in a Gallipoli tour as there are members so that one or two coaches taking everybody does not allow anyone to spend all the time he wants at his particular sites, even if he gets there at all. Now with six days there was ample time to visit each front and the various individual highspots.

After the overnight's rest we started off early on the Saturday morning by road to Kilit bahir, stopping for a mid-morning drink, then for lunch at the Officers' Club at Kesan and on to Gelibolu (Gallipoli Town), where we were welcomed by the Chief of Staff of the Army Command, who introduced us to Colonel Hanci who was to be our 'Transport Officer' for the week. He had four jeeps and a minibus. The journey took most of the day, being about 350 road miles. Our hotel was the Dardanelles Hotel and much could be written about our stay there. All our rooms faced the Dardanelles and Chanakkale across the Narrows, a fine sight at any time of day or night. The weather for this week was perfect, hot enough to give those who wanted it the 'oxydized finish' but not too hot to cause perspiration.

War Memorials

On Sunday we visited the three main war memorials in the Cape Helles area. First and nearest the Turkish, then the French and finally the British, with its four faces commemorating the Royal Navy, the Cape Helles Army Corps, the Suvla Army Corps and the ANZAC.

At each we stood in silence for a minute facing the memorials, after which we made a short inspection. At the British memorial a wreath was laid. This wreath was an afterthought. We had been met on our arrival at Kilit bahir by four members of the Chanakkale section of their Veterans' Union, including their president and a lady. This lady produced and handed to me the largest bouquet I've ever seen and the only one I'm likely to receive. So when we visited the Cape Helles memorial I laid it ceremonially, using the ribbon marked 'GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION' I had taken out from England. Afterwards the ribbon was retrieved in order to put it on our wreath at Istanbul as arranged. One of the three men was Mr. Dilmen, a Turk who speaks excellent English and who reveres Major Millington, our War Graves Commission representative out there from the inception and for many years. He was known personally to Captain Wettern, one of the party, and was invaluable as a guide.

This Sunday gave everyone an opportunity for those who knew Suvla only to see something of the original landing places, especially V Beach of River Clyde fame. For the next five days we split up as required daily in order that each could either spend every day on a small front or could see different places daily, thanks to the army jeeps. Daily Colonel Hanci and I would divide transport so that it could be allocated for maximum use. This made all the difference, these individually planned visits; jeeps took two or three members at a time and with unlimited mileage were able to follow up members' routes, although it was up to the parties to direct the drivers, the young soldier-drivers having no conception of V Beach, Achi Baba, Suvla Bay, Chocolate Hill, etc. Naturally, many of the party had their own war-time maps although the now rapidly growing undergrowth made many features indistinguishable.

On the Wednesday a number of us went across by ferry to Chanakkale and on by minibus to Troy, including visiting Fort Dardanos, one of the outer defences of the Dardanelles; also Kum Kale where the French made their initial landing, and the realm of 'Asiatic Annie'. While in Chanakkale we visited the British cemetery where the Anzac, Bill Bourne, had been buried in 1965 (see the Gallipolian, Christmas 1969).

A high spot, in two ways, was the hill then known to us as Achi Baba in 1915 but now taking the name of the village a few miles to the west of it. This was formerly Krithia, or Kirte, but the new name is Alchitepe, the 'tepe' equating to 'baba'.

Alchi Tepe (Achi Baba)

We set off by jeeps after visiting the famous but small war museum there. Our jeeps found no difficulty until reaching the real and final ascent to the hill top upon which we had to scramble on foot. Scramble is right, there are no paths and the gorse and other tough undergrowth is about a foot high and necessitates just going straight into it on the way to the top. At the top we sat and ate our picnic lunches. To say that the shells fell all around us is not really a misnomer as our eggs were all hard-boiled. But the panoramic view was worth while, all around from west to east we could see the southern end of the Peninsula, except close inshore on account of the steep cliffs. We could appreciate the value of such a place to the Turkish command, and the reason for it being our main objective on the 25th April, but never to be captured by us.

It was this sensation, that we were now on the hill which had defied us throughout the campaign, that made the effort of reaching it so momentous.

Another high-spot, again in two senses, was Chunuk Bahr, the part of the Sari Bahr ridge where the notice board states that Kemal Attaturk saw the advancing troops, called up his reserves and drove them on. And

in effect won the war for the Turks. From here we could see the Aegean Sea and the Salt Lake and Suvla Bay to the west and the Dardanelles, in three places, to the east and south-east.

Most evenings were spent at the dinner table, reliving 1915 experiences. No one ever seemed to have time to read, it was all a good soak in Gallipoli memories of fifty-six years ago. We found Beysun, our agent's interpreter, most helpful and no doubt he learned a lot about those mad English!

As a brief change after dinner sometimes we would go down to the local waterfront and sit among the locals for a drink. The drink was nearly always tea: Turkish tea, no milk but ample sugar. And we got to like it, especially as the milk, probably goats', was decidedly thick and even a small quantity would effectively drown the tea. On our last evening we crossed by ferry to Chanakkale, in fact leaving Europe for Asia where we sat on that waterfront and looked across at Europe.

Istanbul

On Saturday 29 May we left Kilit bahir for Atakoy to start our second week. This time we again called at the Army HQ at Gelibolu and were hospitably received by the Chief of Staff and given lunch. A shorter stop later then on to the Beach Hotel for the week.

The weather during the second week was a bit disappointing on the whole; it rained during our trip by boat up and down the Bosphorus.

On our arrival at Atakoy we were greeted by General Aran, who had made the preliminary arrangements. The drill for the Monday's parade was discussed. This ceremony is described separately on page 16 of this issue.

I had originally thought of taking out a wreath from England but was deterred by weight and volume, as we had a limit set by air travel. It was a good job that a wreath was not taken, as it proved. Our local

Lunn-Poly agent was most helpful here and at short and week-end notice he had a suitable wreath prepared. It had to be suitable to the Independence Memorial and turned out to be, not a two-foot circular wreath, but a vast erection of red and white flowers mounted on a bipod standing nine feet high. Our ribbon was duly affixed to it and when it was laid all other wreaths had been cleared from the memorial.

Visits

Two other functions were arranged for us by our Turkish Veteran friends. One was a visit to the Army Commander's HQ which is in the building formerly occupied by Florence Nightingale when she started up in the Crimean War. This is on the Asian shore at Uskudar, formerly Scutari. We were allowed to see all over the residential rooms and as a further honour I was called upon to write something suitable in the state visitors' book.

The other occasion was a lunch given in our honour jointly by the Istanbul Rotary Club and the Özcivelek Agency which had looked after us, some Turkish veterans being mobilized so that we sat around, Briton, Turk, alternately. I was presented with a banner of the Istanbul Rotary Club and in reply could not help but say it was appropriate for the banner of the club to go to the Banner of the Gallipoli Association. The President made long speeches, translated for us. By this time I had become accustomed to making impromptu speeches, although this one had to be translated sentence by sentence.

Before we set out I had been given the tip that bottles of Scotch formed very acceptable gifts to our hosts individually and most of the party agreed and duly handed over their bottles in the good cause. Consequently we were able to show our appreciation on suitable occasions, not least to the lady who had given the bouquet. She had been a nurse in the campaign and on our being told that she drank Scotch she was presented with a bottle of 'medicine for the troops'.

General Aran, whose help was quite invaluable, was

of course formally thanked when he left. I said that in addition to our verbal thanks we would give him our thanks in black and white. One of our samples being Black and White, with all our signatures on the carton, was then duly handed over. To the Rotary Club president I said that we expressed our thanks both in kind and in spirit, handing over a bottle of Johnnie Walker, as a northern contemporary of John Bull. (For a 3-star general what about Martell's 3-star .....?)

The day before we left for home we all went on a sightseeing tour of Istanbul kindly arranged for us by the Lunn-Poly agent. This was fitted in on this day so that we could take advantage of an invitation to a party in our honour given by the Consul-General and his wife. We were pleased to meet other British residents also, as well as the French and Australian consular staffs. A fitting end to the 'Gallipoli Expedition 1971'.

I must add here that one of General Aran's preparations for us proved to be unwanted. He had arranged that both on the Peninsula and while in Istanbul we were entitled to army medical treatment in the event of accident or illness.

Our Thanks

The best thanks of the Association, and particularly those who were members of the party, are due to (1) Messrs Lunn-Poly Ltd for modifying their standard holiday arrangements to include our week on Gallipoli, (2) General Aran who helped throughout, not least by conjuring up army transport for us which proved the key to ultimate success, and for the ceremonial parade at Taksim Square, Istanbul, (3) The Özcivelek Travel and Tourism Agency of Ankara who looked after us during the first week's stay at Kilit bahir, and were our joint hosts at the Rotary lunch on the 2nd of June, and finally thanks to our new-found friends of the Turkish Veterans Union.

Who said what about the sixtieth anniversary in 1975?

E H W B

The following cable was sent to H M The Queen:-

Members of the Gallipoli Association send loyal greetings on the occasion of revisit to Gallipoli and laying a wreath in conjunction with the Turkish army in Istanbul BANNER Founder and Chairman

The following cable was received in reply:-

Banner Gallipoli Association Istanbul

Please convey to all members of the Gallipoli Association the sincere thanks of the Queen for their kind message of loyal greetings which you have sent on the occasion of their revisit to Gallipoli and the laying of a wreath in conjunction with the Turkish Army in Istanbul Her Majesty received their message with pleasure

Private Secretary
Buckingham Palace

7 June 1971

The assistance of the British Legion, Istanbul Branch, is warmly acknowledged in the handling of our cable.

FANTASY

London Whitehall The Cenotaph Anytime

A Guards' band, resplendent in scarlet. A Guard of Honour. Officers with drawn swords. A standard carried at the head of the column. A party of a dozen or so: civilian dress: foreigners and former enemies lined up as the Union flag is hoisted ceremoniously nearby. The band playing the National Anthem. Facing the Cenotaph the 'O C' placing a wreath at its foot. Two minutes' silence. The party turns and stands facing the roadway as the band and Guard of Honour march past the veterans, standing to acknowledge the salute as the standard is lowered on marching past.

FACT

Istanbul Turkey Taksim Square Independence Memorial
31 May 1971

An army band, resplendent in scarlet. A Guard of Honour. Officers with drawn swords. A standard carried at the head of the column. A party of a dozen or so: civilian dress: foreigners and former enemies lined up as the Turkish flag is hoisted ceremoniously nearby. The band playing the Turkish National Anthem. Facing the Memorial the 'O C' placing a wreath at its foot. A bugle call. Silence for two minutes. Another bugle call. The party moves and stands facing the roadway as the band and Guard of Honour march past the veterans, standing to acknowledge the salute as the Turkish standard is lowered on marching past.

Occasion: A party of members of the Gallipoli Association, veterans of the 1915 campaign, after a battlefield tour.

E H W B

BACK TO GALLIPOLI IN 1971

A Personal Impression

by G E Dale RFA 59 Bde (53)

Yes, fifty-six years it took but we got there at last! Fifteen wiry old boys of the Gallipoli Association did it. A fierce assault, at 600 mph, a swoop from the clouds, and Istanbul is ours - the pen still being mightier than the sword! Now for dinner and a well-earned night's rest.

More of this fabulous City later. An early breakfast and we're bound for those sites of earlier battles. On a magic carpet? No, just a coach, and before you can say 'plum and apple' we're speeding west through rural Turkey with a bank advertisement every mile. Goats and sheep graze the verges. Baggy-trewed women till the fields. Men relax over drinks - well, you can't get too westernized!

Honk! honk! Past a camel train and tiled or thatched villages. At Terkirdag our coffee is strong. Also the 'lavabo', from which we retire fast but in good order. Nice lunch at Kesan's NATO Officers' Club. Quiet international atmosphere, and I am surprised to see a notice headed "Bingo'. Minor roads now, heading for the Peninsula at Kavak. Now we're traversing that Bulair Isthmus, once fortified by Crimean veterans: to north, a dominating ridge; south, a swamp; deep gully between - no place for landings!

Road narrow and winding, with hills, gullies, trees, wildflowers, ox-wagons and primitive farms. A lordly Turk rides his donkey; wife walks with baby! On a cliff road we gingerly negotiate a subsidence. Tea at Army Headquarters, Gelibolu. Here we meet Colonel Hanci, who will command our ideal Peninsula transport. Getting on now. Where's this place to where old Leander swam once too often to see his priestess? Better luck spotting Ak Bashi Liman, site of the 1915 Turkish ammo. dump. And here's Eceabat (once Maidos), lively with its

harbour and ferries to Çanakkale (Chanak). Eyes front! Naval sentries below that high plateau which, bristling with guns, was our ultimate Gallipoli target. Yes, it's Kilit bahir, 'key to the sea', and here's the Dardanelles Hotel, our home for one week.

Kilit bahir

Here to greet us are those dear old Gallipoli Veterans Union, with one lady ex-nurse - who packs a powerful hand-grip. Short speech by English-speaking Veteran Dilmen is answered by our leader (who speaks English too), and we all become honorary Veterans.

Dardanelles' bedrooms are small but clean; food (including packed lunches) is good and ample; the staff very helpful. The dining-room, above, offers a fine view of The Narrows and ships passing continuously. Almost next-door rises the old stone walls of fort Hamidieh 2nd. Maybe decorations are - well, unusual. By our table stands an enormous aged tree section with contorted branches and twisted tendrils - a gruesome sight which finds a regular spot in our nightmares. During dinner it's 'lights out' - for all Kilit bahir, and we finish with candles. The clock, with still pendulum, gives right time twice a day. 'Stands the dining-room clock at twenty-five to two.'

Snags, as they appear, probably cause more merriment than vexation. Warm water, for instance. Well there ain't none, see. Have a cold shower or shave - and like it! Next morning I'm an early riser. All night water's been gurgling into our plugless wash-basin; now there's not even cold water. (Yes, this is Gallipoli all right!) Outside I pounce on a startled waiter and make washing motions. 'Ahh - SU!' he yelps, and points to heaven with screwing motions. (What - wait for rain?) He scuttles upstairs where, it transpires, something needs unscrewing to start a pump.

It's a nice ride to Helles, where a hot sun starts work on those pale legs in hot pants. Save that the

River Clyde is missing, and that there is more cultivation, Helles must look much the same as on that far off April morning. The sullen hump of Achi Baba still presides over all. A new lighthouse, of course. Sedd el Bahr has been patched up but its castle still shows our Navy's handiwork. (To complete its humbling I see 'goal posts' painted on a wall.) On V-beach that God-sent sheltering bank has reformed. A gun barrel with flared muzzle lying on the sand was not there four years ago. Near Morto Bay (believe it or not) there's a nearly-completed motel! The redoubt is still prominent, complete with guns, and Doughty-Wylie lies alone on the hillock where he fell. Camber now has a tiny harbour. W-Beach, for some obscure reason, is out of bounds, and is our only taboo. At Krithia (now Alcitepe) a new mosque and school. With its humble dwellings and stony streets it seems less than prosperous, in what looks remarkably like a large shell hole, against trench remains, a fig tree provides welcome shade for lunch.

At dawn next day I start up in bed with alarm. Loud and dreadful wailing noises! Some poor dumb creature being knifed or slowly strangled? My room mate's snoring, mouth open - not him. The yowling fades to a whine; then swells afresh, and another voice joins the hullabulloo, and the challenge is met by all the dogs and cocks within hearing. I snatch back the curtain. Ha! Ha! Another of those funny snags. Two small mosques within fifty yards. Calling the ruddy faithful to prayer at 04.10! To be continued in our next - five times a day. However, we shall miss out till sunset. (Incidentally, there's a light inside each mosque, so that the muezzin can see to press the right button. Yes, it's done by radio now.) As nobody heard it yesterday morning maybe it's toned down for Sunday.

On to Anzac

It's Anzac today. But first to the 'bankasi' at Eceabat for currency, with support from English-speaking Col. Hanci. Fifteen hairy Gallipolians line the counter.

Looks like a takeover and local customers tactfully give us best. Bank staff understandably a trifle flustered. Not so a little girl clerk, who cooly flicks calculator keys as though Gallipolians are two a penny. The raid over we prepare to retire. 'Wait, please' says our Colonel. Hullo, something wrong? 'Well, the manager has sent out for tea.' Well, indeed!

Anzac still looks like its old self from below. Above, scrub and trees tend to conceal and level out hills and gullies. The best road in the battle areas leads up from Bolton Ridge, between former opposing trenches, to Koja Chemen itself. Seen from Lone Pine, over massed vegetation, Gaba Tepe (thorn in Anzac's side) juts seaward bold as ever. At Chunuk Bahr we see that famous 'triangle of shining Narrows water' and the trench from which Kemal led that final mass charge. A board reads: 'In the early morning of 10th Aug. Anafarta's Commander came just on this spot ... At the end of the day Mustapha Kemal won the Chunuk Bahr pitched battle and Turkish soldiers drew the enemy down to the hills near the sea.' Just inside the New Zealand cemetery four large balls mark the spot where a bullet spoiled Kemal's watch. The trench runs into a well-preserved concrete observation post, and joins another trench along the cliff edge, overlooking The Farm. As we drive back, through massed greenery and many flowered cemeteries on that good wide road, I have the illusion of driving through a somewhat wild park.

Local colour

A Turkish historian joins the party at times. A friendly, rather excitable chap, who has a way of popping out from behind some bush in remote spots. He certainly knows his Gallipoli, however, and can instantly point out well-known landmarks - with their British names. 'W-Hills' he will chirp, pointing: 'Scrubby Knoll' or 'Mal Tepe'. On Walker's Ridge there is disbelief when he indicates 'The Sphinx' -

It's a slim, side view - but Sphinx it certainly is.

Tortoises still plod around, peering about warily. (As they have been known to live 150 years, I wonder if some remember us!). Bull-frogs still croak near water. On a track two beetles manoeuvre what looks like a marble, and nearby an ant lion lurks within his conical pit. Snake trails in a dusty track on the Anarfarta Spur; also a big green lizard. There's no flies on us, or practically none. (Maybe the only creatures to regret our going?) Seeing no praying mantis, I describe one to Mr. Pemberton, the War Graves officer. 'Never seen one of them' he says. Did we drive them away?

So weird to stand up boldly in some former hot spot, to take a good look without the 'ping' of a sniper's bullet. Most of us have some long-remembered spot to find. Alas! scrub grows but memories fade. Orientation, too, is disturbed by the approach from 'enemy' territory instead of some beach. One thing impresses all who return - the deep and rather sad SILENCE. Away from cultivation you may find trenches, often mere furrows, especially if you know where to look. In one place only I see two very rusty tins - jam and 'bully'. For years the area has been scoured for scrap metal by a small Alcitepe band. One young Turk has been seen waist-high in Anzac Cove, retrieving rifle ammo. with the help of a frogman's mask! Some finds go to Salim Mutlu's small and rather crude Alcitepe Museum of 'The 1915 Çanakkale Battles.'

Hollyoak, in May, has tender apple-green leaves and no prickles. (But we find plenty of other thorns!) Last year's acorns lie below, each bored by a minute hole. Small bushy olives still dot the landscape, and everywhere a carpet of spring flowers - oleander, poppy, hollyhock, honeysuckle etc. Much more cultivation, often rock-hard lumps. Meeting a Turk in his field, we wave or shake hands, grin and make old-pally noises. Near Anzac is a rough beach restaurant, hung with lines of drying fish. Here we meet a jolly elderly lady showing four gold teeth.

Suvla

Passing several wells we're now riding up that Suvla 'Gap', past the W-Hills, noting that those 'W' serrations are formed by scrub over V-shaped gullies. In Biyuk (big) Anarfarta, men gather round in friendly welcome - but never a woman. On to the smaller Anarfarta, a rickety place. There's the vacant humps where four windmills stood, and now down that narrow, rocky Kanli Keuprin Dere, scattering a herd of jet-black goats. (Our driver sings today - sounds like muezzin stuff - and cadges 'cee-garettes'.)

Chocolate Hill is a mass of golden broom. As Salt Lake is sighted somebody exclaims: 'Why - there's water in it!' So there is, always it seems, save in the hottest summers. Some front-line remains on the north of Green Hill. On Lala Baba, many rum-jar fragments, some with the Glasgow manufacturer's name. (What a time they must have had preparing to evacuate!) Lala Baba's top is a nightmare of trenches, dug-outs and prickly bushes. Many cows graze south of Salt Lake.

Grey salt bush (like small resting sheep) still line six miles of smooth beach from Anzac to Nibrunesi Point. Gently lapped by the tideless Aegean, C-Beach sand is soft and silvery, with shells and tiny flat pebbles.

On the hillside near our hotel a large white soldier figure triumphantly brandishes a rifle, with an inscription (translated): 'Stop, oh passer by! Bow and listen! This quiet mound is where the heart of a nation throbs.' On the Asian side is the Turkish Navy's simpler effort: 'March 18, 1915.' (It seems apt that here one night the throbbing Banner heart wakes its alarmed owner. However, it's those 'ships that pass in the night' with thumping diesels!)

The Cemeteries

Gallipoli cemeteries are the real war reminders. Thirty-one of them; six at Helles; four at Suvla; twenty-one at Anzac. Nicely kept by Turk gardeners; each is a tree-shaded oasis of shrubs and flowers.

Graves have names and details on a recumbent plaque set in concrete - easy to scan. Mr. Pemberton, the War Graves Commission officer, says that gardeners do not come easily, most having land of their own. Only three of their Anzac bungalows are now occupied. Understandably, wives object to loneliness.

When the W.G.C. began its sad work most wooden crosses had gone and they had to work from burial party records. Very many are just unidentified burials. 20,700 others, recorded on the Helles Memorial, still lie in unknown graves. At the Nek Cemetery a 1915 sapper tunnel has just now collapsed. The numerous Anzac cemeteries are good landmarks, but often cover interesting sites.

Three cemeteries which are at once sizeable and specially impressive are: Lancashire Landing, Lone Pine and Green Hill. In the latter I pause over a name. For there lies quiet, decent Charlie ..., moved from where we laid him, below Chocolate Hill. Charlie never knew our brave new world of strikes and demos. He missed the Slump; another World War, and several cold ones. Charlie never watched "telly", or saw an honest 'bob' become five new pence .... All that trouble and strife missed! Ah, but life is sweet. Rest in peace old pal.

Even jeeps won't go everywhere and legs have to take over. We top Achi Baba; struggle up Gully Ravine; identify The Vineyard; scramble up Hill Q; trudge Kiretch Tepe; stalk along the Spur; brave Scimitar Hill scrub, to find the 'scimitar' itself - bared rock. For variety, there is lots of lumpy cultivation to be crossed. Never a dull moment!

'And what did you do in the evenings?' I seem to hear. What - after a day's Gallipoli gambolling? All we require is a good dinner and a night's rest, to get up steam for tomorrow. (Incidentally, Col. Hanci says that Turkish men become 'old' at sixty. They wouldn't scramble about like you chaps.) After dinner we talk

in the lounge over drinks. For further entertainment we have our own star turn, whose recitations, in Lancashire dialect, are greatly appreciated!

On the long ride back to Atakoy a highlight is lunch at Army Headquarters, Gelibolu. Fine room of great height; roses and large leaves strew the table; soldier waiters super smart. 'This,' I ask, 'was surely the 1915 Headquarters of von Sanders?' Puzzled looks, and I am directed to a fine large picture of Attaturk. Here we lose our good friend Col. Hanci. With his excellent English and easy helpful manner, he had become 16th, and not the least popular, member of the party.

Atakoy

Beach Hotel, Atakoy, faces the Marmara south of Istanbul. The site is within an old stone wall and a solid building is called 'The Magazine'. At the centre is a square tower, built by Sultan Murat 4th 'to control and protect his gunpowder factory.' So this is the site of one of those 1915 arsenals, known to be so vulnerable to naval guns. Here, food, accommodation and service are very good - and we even have plugs in wash-basins, although ours is a misfit! We discover later that shades of the old arsenal can still conjure up a deadly weapon.

Now for an easy-going week of rest and/or sight-seeing. Sunbathing too, for the hot pants boys, to match pale torsos with hairy brown legs! You may join a coach trip along the sparkling Golden Horn; sail around the Bosphorus; shop in the Bazaar, or go mosque-viewing - I hear there's only 500. There's a nice ferry ride to Uskudar, with a visit to Selemiye Barracks, once Florence Nightingale's hospital, and to see her own room with original furniture. The great square barracks, enclosing an enormous 'stamping ground', is now head-quarters of the 1st Turkish Army, whose G.O.C. we meet.

Arriving back at Atakoy, somebody asks, 'Where's Wardie?' Where indeed! 'He was on the ferry.' While we consider a search party comes a phone call. Ward has been picked up by the Turkish Navy, who are sending him along in a taxi.

We snore through a stormy night and morning reveals five workmen collecting seaweed. Also a rather unpleasant smell which, we say airily, will soon pass. So to our Turkish breakfast: rolls, butter, cheese, jam, and tea with sugar only. To each comrade his own small container of super-sticky jam. Tired of having 'jam on it', someone wants an egg. How to explain? We trace ovals, crack imaginary shells; even cluck and pretend to lay, while the waiter looks blank. An inspired Gallipolian rises and flaps his 'wings' with a loud 'cock-a-doodle-dooo!' An egg appears!

Seems we have underrated Turkish seaweed - it can whistle up reinforcements. Many tons are carted away, but supports move up, and the smell grows stronger. Three days later they're still carting and the wind blows our way. This, comrades, is the pong to beat all pongs! No self-respecting British seaweed ever smells like this. Must be seaweed PLUS. It proves a great spur to more energetic sight-seeing.

The parade

At that impressive parade in Taksim Square I wonder how drum major and bandsmen can perform while marching with those great lunging stamps. In their scarlet coats and white helmets they march as though unstoppable. The following guard of honour goose-steps, the leader with feet raised nearly waist-high. Boots make little noise, having rubber soles - with whitened edges. Marching past the Independence Memorial, the smart uniforms are seen to contrast greatly with those of their 1915 grandfathers.

All enjoyed that fine lunch with the Rotarians at the Péra Palais Hotel. (I wondered whether we downed more whisky than we gave!) My neighbour, an agent for Stanton Ironworks, near Nottingham, tells me that our main course is Dolma/bilber yaprak, and I take his word for it. From our Turkish friends I see that one does not wait politely for interminable speeches to end!

At the party given by the British Consul, Mr. Horn, there are nice people, drinks and tasty snacks. Below

we see what surely is the greenest and best-kept lawn in Istanbul.

Istanbul sights

It's our last day and we set out with coach and guide, full of purpose. First it's shoes off for Sultan Ahmet's Blue Mosque, with its six minarets. Nearby the obelisk of Theodosius and the serpentine column. Next the wonderful mosaics of the Kariye Mosque, and that huge underground cistern. By the time we've seen some of the priceless treasures acquired by the Topkapi Palace in twenty-five centuries of history, we're beginning to wilt. But lunch in a very special little restaurant with a view helps. Outside I am startled to see a notice saying 'W.C. FOR WOMAN AND MAN'. Ladies first?

Of course there's always the Great Bazaar of 3,000 shops, all under cover. An Asiatic Bedlam, but not to be missed. See porters staggering away with unbelievable loads on harnessed bent backs - beds, fridges, wardrobes etc. Ha ha! But all those shop-keepers are not there for fun. Take a mere glance at the goods in passing, and three great Turks will emerge, foaming at the mouth, and start to drag you inside. Salesmanship gone mad. Nice to have been, but somebody can have my share of Bazaar next time!

Full marks for that last day's scuffle, and let's pay tribute to the uncanny skill of our coach driver. A swarthy, tubby little man with black moustache and a ready chuckle, he made that coach do all but talk. Hairsbreadth escapes come thick and fast. A fat Turk, obviously about to become mutton, escapes with a 'touch', to be eased aside with the bonnet. Other vehicles are narrowly shaved, just when we're sure that our last hour has come. All risks are taken with carefree confidence - and we are grateful for those half-inch clearances!

On our last evening we try to express our appreciation of our leader, who spent so much time and effort perfecting arrangements - even achieving a few really

first-class 'wangles'. Probably most holidays become less than perfect, but our pilgrimage/holiday has come very close to it.

Goodbye

Now it's goodbye to our good Turkish friends. Gen. Aran, a tower of strength and influence; the Agency, which served us well - with special reference to the likeable Baysun; the Istanbul Rotary Club (we're honorary members now). And not forgetting those dear old Veterans who mothered us throughout. From generals, privates, sailors and civilians everywhere we have had nothing but help and kindness. While dodging their shrapnel in 1915 we never dreamed that one day these Turks would provide army transport for us to tour the battlefields. With 'enemies' like this, what will our friends be like? At partings, Turks have a saying: 'Smiling may you go, and smiling come again.' What could be nicer?

It's back to earth now - or is it WATER? As I take my seat in the Trident a notice informs me: 'Your life-jacket is below the seat.' Ah well, soldier on!

* * * * * *

SOME GALLIPOLI MEMORIES

by Lieutenant General Sir Reginald Savory
KCIE CB DSO MC DL JP (69)
late 14th King George's Own Sikhs of the
29th Indian Infantry Brigade

(Copyright by Lt Gen Sir Reginald Savory)

We sailed from Port Said on the 27th April in the 'Dunluce Castle' under sealed orders, but there was no real secrecy as we had been issued with £1 and 10/- notes superscribed in Turkish.

The Ghurkas and ourselves, all regulars of long service in the Indian Army arrived off V Beach ready for the great adventure.

At dawn, on the 1st May, we went ashore in lighters, and landed at V Beach, at the tip of the peninsula, alongside the ship which we had seen aground, near the old fort of Sedd-el-Bahr. We were collected, company by company, and then led to a bivouac area on the cliffs above the beach. While waiting, we had time to look around. The beach was crowded. Stores, ammunition and all the paraphernalia of an army were being unloaded from every imaginable type of small boat and being stored under the cliffs, and in any cover which could be found. There was little or no transport, except for The Zion Mule Corps, a most gallant and hard-working body of Jews, recently recruited in Egypt. They worked until they almost dropped. To this day, the army has never acknowledged its debt to them. Instead, at that time, they were the subject of disparaging remarks. Their motto was said to be 'No Advance without Security', and, with the bawdy humour of soldiers, 'A little bit off the top'. They were as fine a body of men as ever served, and were invaluable, throughout the campaign.

It was not long before we were sent to help them, although we were almost the only reserve left, and had to be ready for action, with our arms at hand. The beach was like a beehive. Not only were there stores being unloaded, but there were men building shelters, more troops disembarking, parties of staff-officers coming ashore from the headquarters ship, and the inevitable crowd of British soldiers playing football. 'Asiatic Annie' was busy; and my first experience of casualties was witnessing one of her shells falling among the football crowd, who having scattered and picked up their wounded resumed their play. They were men of The Royal Naval Division playing a company-match!

In the afternoon, we returned to our bivouac. There was still much domestic work to be done. The regimental mules, and the officers' chargers, had come ashore and had to be tucked away in such little cover as remained. Our two machine-guns joined-up; and the regimental cooks prepared an evening meal. Such officers as could be spared went forward to contact the troops in front and

get some idea of the fighting. Their accounts were not encouraging. Most of them had been through the landing at V Beach and were badly shaken, and very tired. The talk was of Turkish barbed-wire, so thick that our wire-cutters could not deal with it; of Turkish snipers; and of the almost impertinent audacity of the German officers. One of the last-named was said to have ridden forward on a mule and shouted out 'I want to speak to the commanding officer and the adjutant of the .....shire Regiment, please', in perfect English, and when they obeyed this peremptory command, to have shot them on the spot. Their talk was not that of demoralized, so much as that of very angry and puzzled men. The snipers were the worst. There was one who had been found in a tree, behind our lines, and had picked out the officers. He was found and shot, in cold blood; a very gallant man. Feeling was running high. Some Turkish prisoners who had been brought down to the beach, were said to have been lined up under the cliff and executed. What truth there was in this, I do not know, but it was widely believed, and the name of the officer who ordered it was freely mentioned.

It was not a good introduction to war, but somehow we sloughed it off. Perhaps it was as well that our men, who spoke only Punjabi, could not understand. They went about their duties in their own quiet way, and when night fell, were as snug as they could be.

It was a very cold night, with a heavy dew, and just as the sleep of exhaustion was setting in, every gun on the peninsula started firing. Our bivouac was near the gun positions and the noise was ear-splitting. We 'stood-to'. There was no more sleep that night, nor was there to be for the next two nights, for the Turks attacked by dark in a desperate attempt to drive us into the sea. The 14th Sikhs took no part in the fighting, as the Indian Brigade was still in reserve; but we were prepared to move where and when might be necessary. At night we 'stood-to'; by day, we reconnoitred routes to the front-line. On the morning of the 3rd May, Lieutenant Meade and I were looking for a way forward to reinforce one of the forward battalions, when we heard a

voice behind us, 'Where are you off to? You're in no-man's-land'; looking round, we saw an unshaven face, staring at us and taking careful cover behind a sandbag, which seemed to be on the top a trench. 'I should come back, if I were you. It's pretty unhealthy out in front'. A few seconds later we were in his shallow trench. He was an officer in The King's Own Scottish Borderers with what remained of his platoon. He had been there some days without relief. He knew nothing of what had been going on and was running short of ammunition. His trench was isolated. There was no continuous line in those days, and Meade and I had wandered blithely past him. Had he not challenged us, we would have gone on, as it all seemed so peaceful. The sun was shining; the sky was blue; there was no sign of any fighting; no bodies; none of the 'junk' of a battlefield; no sniper had even a 'pot' at us. What contrasts there are in war! Meade and I went back and told the K.O.S.B.'s where their lost platoon was, and then, having carried out our task and made our report, went down to the sea to bathe.

During the next few days, there was very heavy fighting, day and night. The Indian brigade was moved from one place to another, ready to plug holes in the front and if necessary to counter-attack. On the 4th May, we had to reinforce the French whose Senegalese troops had been driven back. Fortunately, their own reserves restored the situation. We, who were close behind them, had a grandstand view of the operations, and I think what impressed us most was, not the danger, nor the shrapnel fire, of which we had our full share, but the fact that the French troops were still wearing the uniforms which must have been unchanged since the Franco-Prussian War; blue coats and red trousers. How they stood out against the background of fields and olive trees. It was hard to believe one's eyes. My mind went back to that parade on the barrack-square at Peshawar, when we had been ordered to prepare to receive cavalry; but then we were, at least, dressed in khaki, not in our red coats. Perhaps, in that respect, we were ahead of the times, as even the German Army had only recently adopted their new uniform of field-grey.

* * * * * *

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN (and on Gallipoli)

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

On August 7th 1915, 2/Lt Eric Duckworth of No. 8 Platoon, 'B' Coy., 1/6th Bn. Lancashire Fusiliers, went 'missing' near The Vineyard. We all know what 'missing' so often meant on Gallipoli.

In 1922 Eric's parents made a pilgrimage to the Peninsula where, in memory of their son they planted a small British Oak in Redoubt Cemetery, and where many of Eric's Platoon - all boys from Rochdale and district - found their last resting place. Eric's younger brother Geoffrey has also since made a pilgrimage to this sacred land of lost endeavour and where so many other trees and plants have been nurtured by the bones of other British and Colonial boys.

Geoffrey tells me this little oak sapling is now a big British Oak over 30 feet high. I like to think of this symbolic British Oak having weathered many a Mediterranean storm over the past 50 years, as we ourselves once weathered an equally violent storm there, in 1915.

Geoff is particularly appreciative of the kindness of Major Hughes, late of the Imperial War Graves Commission, who, after assisting to plant this little oak sapling, took water to it every day for a long time to foster its early growth. Such a kindness as this, as Geoff himself says, gives a nice warm glow to the heart. Me - I think of those two lines of the poem

'Such things as this, and some more now
and then
Are part of the strong golden friendship
of men'

* * * * * *

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE ANZAC I HAVE EVER MET

by Col J S McKinlay OBE ME ED AIF 1 Div Signal Coy (239)

We first met in a tent at 'Blackboy Hill' Camp, Western Australia. Sgt Thorpe and I then a Sapper like myself. He was, I am sure, the best visual signaller in the A.I.F. Had it not been for Jim I would never have been chosen as one of the 25 sent from Western Australia to join the 1st Div Sig Coy in Victoria in August 1914. A parade was called one morning and the Major told us that a test in flag reading would be given and from this test 25 would be selected to go to the Eastern States. As luck would have it, my partner was none other than my friend Sapper Thorpe from the Indian Army. The procedure was, that the sender was posted some 50 or 60 yards up wind and whilst I wrote down with my back to the sender, he read. It was 'chicken feed' for him as the speed was only eight words per minute. No errors on his sheet when checked! Then it was my turn to read whilst he wrote down for me. The flag used by the sender was of silk, on a specially light pole. After the first few groups it was very obvious to me that I was hopeless. It was also apparent to my pal who said 'Shut your mouth you b.... fool - I can read the flag with my back turned.' (The sound of the flapping was very clear.) So into the 1st Div Sigs, A.I.F., I went with top marks in flag reading.

There are many stories one could tell of my friend who was made a Sgt when we arrived in Victoria. The first is that when we were lined up for inspection before our new C.O. Sgt Thorpe was asked by the Major what service he had had. Promptly he replied 'Thirteen, three twenty two, British Army.' Most of us in our ignorance gave a sniggle. The Sgt turned to us and said 'That's right you bald A... recruits, laugh.' Later in the day we found out that 13,322 meant 13 years 322 days' service in the British Army. He taught us much in Egypt, after he had recovered each morning from the ale drunk in the Sgts' Mess the previous night. We wondered if he would

be as good as he made out to be when 'the day' arrived.

As we approached the beach the warships were shelling Gaba Tepe. Smoke and dust could be seen rising into the sky. Where was our talking Sgt? Only up the mast of the ship as high as he could get, shouting 'That's it, chums, give it to the B....s'. Our Sgt would have carried out all he taught us and lots more but he only lasted a couple of days. He collected an empty shell case down the side of his spine, and as the boys helped him on to a stretcher his only request was for a fag - no moans out of him. When we arrived back in Perth, Western Australia in 1919, there he was as large as life outside the Theatre Royal, a spruiker wearing the ribbons he was so proud of, calling out in the voice we had heard so often on parade, 'Pass right inside, ladies and gentlemen, and see the finest show in the SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE'.

* * * * * *

RESCUE: SUVLA

by H Hough Lt 6 Border R 33 Bde II Div (156)

This is really a sequel to 'Cease Fire', Spring (page 14). At about 3 o'clock in the morning of 12th August, a man fell into our trench, exhausted and hysterical. He was a Sgt of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and begged someone to take him to the one who had earlier been shouting 'Cease fire, the English!' He was taken to Major Bridges, and told this tale:

'At about 6 a.m. on the morning of the 9th I had been wounded and rendered unconscious. When I came to, it was dark and I had no means of knowing on which side lay our lines. So passed the night of the 9th. I was in pain, had neither food nor water, and in this condition lay until I heard Major Bridges shouting later.'

He said that during the night, he had heard other men crying out for water, and begged the Major to bring them in. Very soon, four stretchers with bearers and twelve men as covering party, were ready and at dawn we

moved off for the battlefield of August 9th.

The first thing that struck me was that the hands and faces of the dead were completely black; the next, that we were under observation and Johnny Turk was letting us know it. We began weaving across the Battalion front and soon we came to our first case. The stretcher bearers bandaged him and he was sent back to the line. Another case was collected and received the same treatment.

Our next and last case was one Pte Dickenson of the Borders, but when he had been bandaged, one of the Turkish marksmen scored a bull, and Dickenson was killed. We were now much closer to the enemy line, and could hear them shouting, sometimes in English. Dead bodies had become fewer, so we decided to call it a day, and returned to the line. We were out just over an hour.

It must have been a terrible ordeal for these men, and if any are still alive, how interesting their stories would be.

* * * * * *

'LAID-ON' FOR THE GENERAL

by W G Mead RE Signals 9 Army Corps HQ (282)

As a RE Signals Motor Cyclist Despatch Rider attached to 9th Army Corps HQ one became accustomed to the Turks' shells dropping close by but when the 'close by' shell arrives from our own Artillery guns behind us - and when 'us' includes the Corps Commander, BGGS and BGRA plus Aide, imagine what a 'to do' it caused. Being an old soldier of 18 years of age at the time I felt quite safe, being one of the GOC's party - how could danger come his way - I was soon to learn that even Generals are not exempt from shot and shell.

Soon after the arrival of Lt Gen Sir Julian Byng, later Lord Byng of Vimy, at Suvla Bay to take command of the 9th Army Corps a 'stunt' was laid on for the GOC

to witness, from a front line trench, a display of barbed wire cutting in 'no man's land' by the guns of the RFA specially positioned.

On the day of the event I was detailed to join the GOC's party as Despatch Rider which evidently included duties as orderly as I was assigned the task of carrying the General's trench periscope. I received special orders from his Aide that when we arrived at the communication trench I was to take my place in the 'Indian file' directly behind him.

The day was quiet, no shells to worry us on our way on foot across open country towards the trenches. Upon taking to the communication trench every local commander en route pushed me back one, evidently with the intention of catching the GOC's eye. As soon as the Aide discovered I was well out of touch, the various commanders had the experience of seeing a D/R move up the file to receive a rocketing from the Aide loud enough for them to hear and take notice of the position and importance of the GOC's orderly!

Upon arriving at our destination in the front line trench, positions were taken up. On each side of the GOC were the BGGS and BGRA, the Aide and myself with periscope. The various commanders spread themselves about. I guessed the 'moment of truth' had arrived when the Aide called for the GOC's periscope. I heard the signal passed back to OPEN FIRE.

After what seemed a very long wait the sighting shell arrived - not on the barbed wire in front but directly behind our front line trench. The 'works' fell in and covered us all with sand and dust but luckily the sand bags did their job as no one was injured.

After sorting ourselves out and the pause whilst the inquest was in progress, I will never forget how calm the GOC remained throughout the incident and whilst the repairs to the trench were going on, as if to convey to his staff - 'Let's get on!' Upon completion of the trench works - positions were once again taken up and the order to fire passed back.

This time over whizzed the second shell - right on target - the wire could be clearly seen to twist and turn in the air. Over came more shells equally as accurate. After the show was over the GOC and staff proceeded to Brigade HQ to wine and dine and perhaps give their opinions on the display - I was very well entertained in the NCO's Mess and heard 'plenty' there.

After the Corps HQ Staff and party had departed I wager the BGRA left behind a few 'Rockets' to go off with very few Honours recommended that day.

When one remembers that the combatants' trenches were approximately 100 yards apart, the GUNNERS gave a display of remarkable accuracy - but, oh dear, that sighter. I wonder if any other 'Gallipolian' was present in the area that memorable day. It was my 'Red Letter' day of the whole war. I was left wondering why the Turks did not reply!

* * * * * *

THE GREAT FLOOD & FROST - NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1915

by Brigadier R B Rathbone 6 Loyal North Lancashire R (267)

All who served in Gallipoli during the last month before the evacuation of Suvla and Anzac will remember only too well the horrors of the great flood and frost - particularly those at Suvla.

It started on the evening of the 26th November. I was PMC of our Company mess and we had just received a large case of foodstuffs and utensils from Fortnum & Mason. I had designed a wonderful 5-course dinner, and we (five officers in all, I think) were half-way through it when the storm broke. Torrential, shattering rain, which the flimsy roof of our mess dugout did little to exclude, and a tremendous wind. That much-looked-forward-to dinner was perforce swiftly abandoned.

Compared to others the 38th Brigade was lucky, as it occupied the high ground on the Chocolate and Green

hills, and we were able in some measure to drain off the water from the flooded, swirling trenches. But the plight of those in the flat plain, notably the 39th Brigade on our left and the 2nd Mounted Division on our right, was pitiable. Many were drowned, others died from exposure. Whole sectors of the line had to be evacuated.

I was ordered to turn out my platoon for drainage operations. My men shivered on the brink of the trench we started on, trying ineffectually to shovel out the turbid mud and water. This was useless, and calling on them to follow, I jumped in, and there we were, up to our thighs in icy water, shovelling for all we were worth. Perhaps our efforts were not entirely in vain.

About 3 a.m., soaked through, and feeling unutterably weary, I made my way to my dugout, only to find it in ruins, and my kit buried beneath the debris. Disconsolately I walked towards a red glow nearby, and a cheery Lancashire voice called out, 'Would you like a cup of tea, Sir?' It was the Battalion HQ cook's dugout, which had not suffered the fate of mine. Here I found warmth, friendliness, and good cheer. 'Give him a good strong cup - aye, a Lancashire cup.' Never was tea more welcome.

The blizzard still raged the next day, and I think it was that afternoon that the famous message from General Maude, our divisional Commander, arrived. I think I have the exact words still. 'Tell every officer, NCO and man in the division how much I admire their splendid pluck, bravery and courage in the face of this vile weather. Tell them that their conduct adds lustre not only to the reputation of those fine old regiments whose names they bear, but to the British Army. Am trying to send up more coal. Also coke. Am authorizing a fresh rum issue tonight. General Maude.' I well remember, wrapped in a ground sheet in the pouring rain, going round the Company dugouts and reading the fast disintegrating message to the troops. It cheered them.

The following morning the rain had abated, but the cold was intense. Both the Turks (who were in similar plight) and ourselves were walking about in the open - there was a sort of undeclared armistice.

About 11 o'clock, General Maude visited us, with three Staff Officers. Faultlessly turned out, his field boots (between mud splashes) gleamed like horse chestnuts, his Guardsman's buttons sparkled. What a tonic. Nothing could have exceeded his kindness, sympathy and helpfulness. How he managed it, since many stores had already been evacuated, I do not know, but that evening he sent up braziers, fuel and sheepskin coats. We were fortunate in our divisional Commander.

That night it froze, and our soaked blankets solidified. So the weather must have continued for two or three days, for it was on the 1st December - less than three weeks before the evacuation - that astonishingly, we received massive reinforcements, of the order of ten officers and 500 men. The first we, in 'D' Company, knew of their arrival was early on that sunny morning, when fresh, clean faces, polished Sam Brownes, and uniforms of a spic-and-spanness we had long forgotten appeared at the entrance to our mess dugout where we were huddled in the frozen blankets aforementioned. One of these new arrivals later told me his impressions. 'I looked into the dugout and saw four filthy, haggard, weary faces, each with a four-day growth of stubbly beard. I thought, My God, is that what I shall be looking like in a day or two?' This draft created a difficult accommodation problem - there was nowhere to put them all. However, more dugouts were made, we took over trenches on our right, evacuated by the Scottish Horse, and managed somehow.

I remember no more significantly bad weather, and on the night of the 19th December, on a clear moonlit night, we marched down to the beach at Lala Baba, embarked in lighters, thence to a ship, and left Suvla Bay for ever.

* * * * * *

Please note that the caption detail below refers to a photograph which can be found on page 40 of edition number 8. It would appear that at the time of publication, either the photo was not available, or that it could not be accommodated in the remaining space available in this edition.

GALLIPOLI TOUR PARTY 1971

Front, from left:	Woodworth (72); Dale (53) (with stick); Coward (354); Pilling (352); Banner (1)
Second row:	Gething (4); Stapleford (290) (over Coward); Riley (79); Horridge (129); Pomfret (356) (at end)
Third row:	Verschoyle (21); Wettern (61); Ward (43)(over Pilling); Coulson (63) (over Banner);
Far back:	Prynne (208)

(Photograph by courtesy of F T K Woodworth)