THE GALLIPOLIAN

the Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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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

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H J Sayers

Major A G Coulson (Associate Member)

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

The President, Vice-Presidents, Chairman (and Honorary Secretary), Honorary Treasurer and members of the Committee send their best wishes to all members for Christmas and the New Year

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MESSAGE FROM HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

During the visit to Gallipoli and Istanbul by members of the Gallipoli Association in May-June 1971, a cable was sent by the tour party to Her Majesty and a reply was received. This was reported in The Gallipolian for Autumn 1971, page 15.

Her Majesty visited the Peninsula on the 22nd October and immediately afterwards sent a radio telegram to us which we are most honoured to receive.

FROM The Royal Yacht Britannia via Portishead Radio

TO Major E H W Banner Chairman the Gallipoli Association

I have spent today among the peaceful beaches hills and monuments of Gallipoli. My mind turned irresistibly to the very different scene of 1915 when so many brave lives were lost in conflict with an honourable and tenacious opponent. Today with my husband and daughter and representatives of the Turkish government I have been proud to pay tribute to the courage and self sacrifice of all those who fell here 56 years ago.

Elizabeth R

This is indeed a signal honour for the Gallipoli Association, being recognised as the representative body of veterans in the United Kingdom who served in the Gallipoli campaign.

A suitable message was sent in reply.

NOTE The royal message was passed to the Press officially, but does not seem to have been published.

No comment.

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THE ROYAL VISIT TO GALLIPOLI

by Captain H N Lyster MBE MC (192)

Major Hugh Whittall DSO (240) and I arrived at Kilit bahir in the evening before the visit and went with others to a party and dinner at the Otel Dardenel given by the Australian Ambassador, Sir Alan McNicoll. Next morning we saw the royal yacht Britannia arrive but we ourselves were taken to the Helles Memorial to await the royal party, under the direction of Wing Commander F Elliott. In the meantime the Queen, Prince Philip and Princess Anne had gone to the Turkish Memorial where they laid a lovely wreath, fresh from Istanbul. The royal party then went to the French cemetery and laid a poppy wreath, being met by the French Consul-General in Istanbul and the Military Attaché in Ankara. Our Ambassador, who had travelled with the Queen in the royal yacht, went ahead of the royal party to Helles and positioned us in front of the memorial. When the procession of 27 cars arrived, he introduced us to the Queen, Prince Philip and Princess Anne.

We followed them up to the memorial where a wreath of poppies was handed to the Queen and the Prince who deposited it at the foot of the memorial. After signing the V I P book the party went around the whole of the memorial with its four faces commemorating the Royal Navy, the Cape Helles Army Corps and the Australian and the New Zealand Army Corps. The local graves gardeners were introduced to the royal party at this and each of the other cemeteries in turn. The procession then visited the Australian memorial where the Australian Ambassador received the royal visitors and Her Majesty and he alone entered the chapel and deposited a wreath inside. Then to the New Zealand cemetery where again a wreath was placed. The Graves Commissioner pointed out the main features seen from each memorial. At Gaba Tepe the royal yacht was anchored and all the guests had lunch.

Our 'tie' in Gallipoli

There I had the pleasure of meeting the Turkish Ambassador to St James' who introduced himself to me by saying 'I see you wear the same tie I received when I had the honour of being made an honorary member of your Association.' (See page 8). On board we had drinks while the royal party changed, as it was cold ashore. We followed to our respective places for lunch and I sat with the Queen's doctor on my right and the Princess's secretary on my left. The meal was excellent and the service superb. Later we returned to the smoke-room for coffee and liqueurs. There I had a few words with Her Majesty and a long chat with the Prince and told him that I had met him in 1951 when as a Lieutenant Commander he commanded H M S Magpie.

At 4 pm the royal party left us after shaking hands with all of us. We remained until 4.45 when I had a long chat with the Secretary to H M telling him that I recognised him having seen recently the film of 'The Royal Family'. Finally we left the royal yacht and travelled back to Istanbul by road.

On Sunday the 24th the royal party assisted at a Divine Service at the Embassy Chapel of St Helena, after which they followed a z-shaped course where about 1000 British and Dominion subjects had been allowed to enter the Consulate grounds. Each of the royal party stopped now and then to talk to some of the people behind the roped enclosure. I had the honour to present my wife to Her Majesty and Major Whittall had the same honour. On the Saturday and Monday the royal party visited places of interest and were entertained lavishly by the Turkish government. Thus ended a historical event and our Association can be proud that two of its members were received and entertained by Her Gracious Majesty. God Save Her.

The photograph on page 39 shows Captain Lyster being greeted by the Queen. Major Whittall is on his left.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM

HIS EXCELLENCY THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR

ZEKI KUNERALP

Senior diplomats tend often to take a somewhat sophisticated and almost blasé view of the social functions which they have to attend as part of the fulfilment of their duties. This is a sort of professional disease from which very few escape if they have been long enough in the career. Thus when going to attend the annual dinner of an association or a similar gathering they are prone to think: 'Oh yes, I know, this is not new for me, I have seen things like that before! '

There is, however, one group of meetings which even the most blasé of ambassadors will be unable to attend without being each time deeply moved ; they are gatherings of Gallipoli veterans. I myself had the exceptional chance of being three times their guest, the last time at the dinner of the Gallipoli Association on October 7th of this year. Each time I was overwhelmed by the same feelings of deep and multifarious emotion.

The reason for this is the realisation of the role which Gallipoli veterans have played and are still playing in history. Indeed this role has been unique not only because of the appalling sufferings which they so bravely endured during the campaign but perhaps more because of the almost cordial attitude which they have taken towards those against whom they fought so fiercely and whom they like to call so touchingly not their enemies but adversaries. Already during the campaign, When surrounded by death and destruction, they began to push aside feelings of hate and hostility and to put in their stead those of respect towards the adversary. Thus out of the infernal dust of the battle there emerged a solid bridge of mutual esteem and understanding which has considerably helped to restore the traditional bonds of friendship and co-operation between nations which history has destined to be not enemies but allies. This is certainly an unequalled historical achievement bound to command the admiration of everyone.

REUNIONS IN 1972

LUNCH AND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Thursday 27 April 1972 Duke of York's HQ

29TH DIVISION CHURCH SERVICE

Holy Trinity Church ELTHAM

ANZAC DAY PARADE : CENOTAPH

ANNUAL DINNER

Provisional date 6 October 1972

Details will be given in later issues

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GREEN FOLDER

This folder is a revised version of the blue folder which all recent members have received.

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MEMBERSHIP LIST

The list of December 1970 is now out of date and is now revised up to 1 November 1971.

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OBITUARIES

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

R L Livesey Late RAMC 1/2 Fld Amb (attd AIF) (230)
W A Alcott Late 4 Worcs R 29 Div (241)
Captain P R H Ramsey Late City of London Y (163)
A Francis-Hibbert Late East Kent Mtd Rifles 29 Div (110)
A H Kent Late RAMC 1/3 East Anglian Fld Amb (321)
G MAYNARD Late Queens R West Surrey R 53 Div (334)

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According to verbal reports both on the spot and after, and letters I have since received, the dinner seems to have been very well enjoyed. As one member put it, we are getting to know each other better and making new friends. Seventy-four attended altogether including our official guests, private guests and Mr Calvert of the Duke of York's HQ who most ably presented all comers to the President and our official guests, and later acted as toastmaster.

This presentation, between the preprandial drinks and the dinner is much appreciated, especially by those who only rarely get to London and still more rarely attend a function such as this at the Royal Air Force Club. It was interesting to hear members announced in many cases by their Gallipoli-time rank and unit, such as Colonel Blank of the Royal West-shires, Private Murphy of the Irish Borders, Corporal Smiler of the Gunners, Commander Saile of H M S Wotcher, etc, etc. I was a bit lost, momentarily, to hear 'Second-Lieutenant Savory' announced until I realised that he had given his Gallipoli rank although he is one of our Vice-Presidents as Lieutenant-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC.

Such touches add to the festive nature of the dinner and show the bonhomie that exists between all ranks from Admiral to AB and General to Private.

Our Guest of Honour, His Excellency the Turkish Ambassador, Zeki Kuneralp, made a fine speech which was much appreciated, stressing the excellent Anglo-Turkish relations and quoting most kindly our tour earlier this year. He was made an Honorary Member of the Association and I had the honour of presenting him with a tie, which he promptly put on over his black bow tie, to the delight of all present. He expressed his pleasure and said he would wear the tie with pride.

It fell to me to announce proudly that, following the cablegram sent to H M The Queen by the tour party, and her gracious reply, I had now been informed by Buckingham Palace that in turn she herself proposed to send a message to us from the Peninsula on the occasion of her visit on Friday 22nd October. This is a signal honour for us and really puts us on the map. (See page 3).

The President toasted 'Absent Friends' including Laurence Binyon's exhortation as in Royal British Legion gatherings. Andy Kirk, our young Anzac, toasted the two Anzac guests as still younger brothers-in-arms, then Colonel Selahattin Dayicioglu, the Turkish Military Attaché was welcomed.

The menu was appreciated, not forgetting the traditional Turkish Delight as always with the coffee served at our dinners. Well, from our first one in 1969 anyway.

Finally a short film of parts of the 1971 Gallipoli Tour was shown, making many viewers envious and asking: 'When's the next ?' Perhaps 1975, sixty years after, is my suggestion.

NOTE The toast list referred to Commodore E C Thorne of the R N Z N, but almost at the last minute he was unable to attend and his place was taken by Colonel H L Jones.

EDITORIAL Grateful thanks are accorded to all those who very kindly wrote expressing their appreciation of the dinner. Will those who wrote please take this in acknowledgment as it is impracticable to write individually to all ?

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THE HONORARY TREASURER WRITES:

Let me take this opportunity of thanking you, in the first place, for the prompt payment of subscriptions, secondly to those of you who are generous enough to send sums far in excess of what is expected of you. Needless to say, this generosity is most welcome but most important of all is that it does help to make much more of the size of the 'Gallipolian' which apparently gives so much pleasure to all.

Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

NB Subscriptions are due on the 1st January for all whose numbers are <u>below</u> 373, unless they are already paid. This conforms with the green folder sent to all.

Please send direct to the Honorary Treasurer. Receipts are not sent as cheques are safeguarded.

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Echoes of the Gallipoli Tour 1971

Fifteen veterans puff and pant
Braving scrub in Turkey
Toiling up thro' dere and bahr
First-rate physical jerky.

Now we're wheezing back to seed
Livers rough and nobbley
Give, O give us some new parts
Legs are getting wobbly.

Come lumbago, screws or gout
If only we survive,
On two sticks each back we'll stump
In nineteen seventy five.

G E Dale (53)

OVERPRINTED 'BRADBURYS'

General Jameson (297) who wrote in the Autumn issue now adds an interestingsequel, as follows, which he received from Messrs Stanley Gibbons Currency Ltd.

'The £1 Gallipoli overprint is rare and we would pay £100 in extremely fine condition. We would pay £25 for an extremely fine 10/- note, but only £7 for a circulated note.'

Please don't trample the editor in the rush.

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WAR MEMORIALS

H H Hudson (244) 7 BN A I F writes :

Some years back I was continually grieved as I passed the Chingford War Memorial owing to its neglected state. It had been provided in 1920 by public subscription in a sunken rockery ground edged with shrubs but it was not maintained. I wrote a letter of complaint to the Council parks keeper as the Council had taken over the care of the memorial. I remember no reply so I wrote again, also without effect. I then wrote to the Secretary of the British Legion and still no reply came. On that I wrote to the Town Clerk who told me that an improvement would be made and he felt that I would be pleased with the result, and so I am. Not only the memorial but the whole ground has been greatly improved. Of course it now serves two world wars.

I went to see the War Memorial at Chalfont St Peter, Bucks, where I grew up. This was in an excellent state of repair and it was my first visit for 60 years. Finally, I went to a cemetery in or near Potters Bar, Herts, where I understood I should find in a corner the graves of, I think, 13 Germans who had been killed in the first Zeppelin raid, but I failed to find them. May I suggest that members visit their little war memorials and call for maintenance if it is required ?

EPISODES DURING THE GALLIPOLI TOUR 1971

by Lt-Col P J Gething MC 9 R Warwicks R 13 Div (4)

I was personally more concerned with the Suvla Bay front than with the other two so I was a little disappointed to find that our line between Chocolate Hill and the Asmac Dere had been obliterated; the land had been reclaimed by the farmers and it was quite impossible to pin-point the defence line. The 39th Brigade (13th Div) used a large well for its water and I thought if I could find it, it might be of some help to recognise the countryside. I found it on the official map but not on the ground. It was not till my second visit that the Turkish Colonel found some locals who said there was a very large well now disused. They found it, saying it was the only one north of Chocolate Hill. It was very overgrown and when I enquired why, was told that a horse fell into it and as he could not be got out had to be destroyed and so the well became disused. It was 'our' well, the R E had enlarged the original to serve the Brigade. But having found the well, I am afraid it was not possible to determine the positions of the trenches.

It is said that if one talks to anyone long enough one finds some mutual contact and the following episodes seem to bear out this statement:- In the evenings we talked over our experiences of 1915/16 and one evening I was recounting the part I took in the evacuation of Suvla Bay; how I was left behind with a party of twenty-five men to hold our line during the last night, to 'spoof' the Turks that the whole company was there. We withdrew after midnight, leaving the front line empty and made our way silently towards 'A' beach. Near Hill 10 the path crossed a bridge over a small stream; an R E officer from the other side called out, 'Hurry up ! Come on, you are last party and we want to finish this wiring and mine the path, so hurry.' At this juncture in my story, one of our members said, 'Yes, I was there helping to put the barbed wire in place.'

Another member, who had been in the Yeomanry, talking on the coach one day, remarked that he had ended up the war in Brighton and there he had changed his army religion. I was interested and asked why. He said he was in charge of a party of cadets at the Yeomanry School; the C of E's had an early morning church parade and returned to barracks in time for 'Stables' but the Congregationalists, of which there were several in his party, attended the ordinary church service and returned when 'Stables' were over. So he changed his religion, but he said he was not sorry as the minister there preached a very good sermon, down to earth, forthright and most sincere. I asked him, 'What church ?' and he replied, 'Lewis Road.' Then I said, 'It may interest you to know that I married that minister's younger daughter.' He was the Rev Frank Gould and my wife, Nora, his second daughter. Did somebody say, 'A small world' ?

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GALLIPOLI TODAY

By Major T Verschoyle MC 5 R Inniskilling Fus (21)

I have now been fortunate enough to revisit Gallipoli five times in all; and this seems to be the appropriate occasion to sing my swan-song to that magic Peninsula.

On my first visit, in 1928, the party included two eminent historians of the campaign, Henry Nevinson and John North. The latter also came with us on the second occasion, in 1936, when among the 500 passengers on the ill-fated Lancastria were Lord Birdwood, Sir Roger Keyes, and Captain Unwin, V C.

In both the previous visits, we landed from the ship's boats, but in the 1957 expedition (the first to be organised by Edgar Banner), Chanakkale served as base. This was the only time that we were strictly confined to the cemeteries and their approaches, and under escort all the time. A fourth, one-day private

visit in 1965 was memorable only for the storms of rain and wind that effectively spoiled it. And now for the recent (fifth) visit, which surpassed all the others together, because at last there was ample time and suitable transport to go almost anywhere. After an initial visit to the Turkish, French and British memorials, the party split up; and for the rest of our stay small groups explored independently. My own account is therefore necessarily personal.

At the southern beaches three features deserve mention. First, at V beach, the little memorial to Sergt. Yahya, and the trenches occupied by him and his gallant platoon, who were chiefly responsible for the initial failure of the landing from the River Clyde. Secondly, the low bank behind which the survivors sheltered for the whole of the first day. Thirdly, despite the assurances given by the Chief of Staff at Corps HQ, the prohibition of a visit to W beach.

It is always interesting to view a battlefield from the enemy's side; and I have for long wanted to see the site of the HQ of the Bavarian Major Willmer, who skilfully commanded the whole Suvla front at the time of the landing. Quite a reasonable road leads to Great Anafarta, from which the minaret of the local mosque was so visible - and so unattainable - and there we were entertained by the village elders, who included one veteran of the campaign. A poor road leads on to Little Anafarta; and then Coulson, Coward and I made straight across country for some two miles to our goal. On our way back to Anzac, we turned off to Chocolate and Green Hills; but it is no longer possible to pursue the direct track to the Azmah cemetery. So the next day we followed again the road to Little Anafarta, and from there a winding, very poor track brought us at last to Azmah. Coulson and I walked up to the highest point of the Kirech Tepe ridge (the Turkish strongpoint) and then back along the top past Jephson's Post to the Karahol Gap, descending to Hill 10 cemetery. It was especially interesting still to be able to pick out the lines of trenches on both

flanks of the ridge occupied by my own battalion; and to see the bare patch that stood out all too plainly on the way to Kidney Hill, when we suffered severe casualties on August 15th.

My next area was Anzac; and Coward and I made our way up to the Chaylak Dere and Cheshire Ridge to Chunuk Bayir. Although the bed of the ravine was at first quite negotiable, we were soon forced to leave it and scramble up on to the ridge. The slopewas extremely steep, and the scrub so dense that, for a period, we cannot have made more than five yards a minute (this gave one a faint idea of what faced the Anzacs at the original landing). Our jeep met us at the top, and we drove on to Koja Chemen Tepe before returning to the hotel. On the way down, from a point just beyond Walker's Ridge cemetery, one gets a particularly good view of Rhododendron Ridge and the Apex, behind which Brigadier-General Johnston's brigade sat down to breakfast on August 7th - and thereby lost the whole battle for Sari Bayir. The final day was spent at Hill 10 and Lala Baba. Never having visited the latter before, I was surprised to find it to be a considerably more extensive feature than I had realised. Leaving out of account the off-shore obstacles inside the bay, the error made in not landing the whole of 11 Div on the open beach was all too obvious.

All my visits, except the first, have been paid in May or early June, when the Peninsula is looking its best. This time it was particularly beautiful, with golden masses of Spanish broom exploding through the fresh green of the scrub. A great increase in cultivation over all the flat ground is noticeable, even since the 1957 visit; and tractors are common. But, with this increase and concomitant drainage, the storks have vanished; and indeed all bird life has sadly diminished in recent years.

I cannot conclude without expressing my overwhelming sense of gratitude to Banner for organising the expedition; to the Turkish Army, for their lavish provision of transport; to the local gardeners for the beauty of the cemeteries; and to Coulson and Coward for accompanying me on my particular pilgrimage.

GALLIPOLI TOUR 1971 - RANDOM JOTTINGS

By Capt Eric F Wettern Royal Naval Division Engineers (61)

First I must mention Mr. Dilmen. Sureya Dilmen, of Chanak, is a Turkish Gentleman whose name was given me in 1965 by the Imperial War Graves Commission when I was planning a previous visit. He proved to be a wonderful organiser and guide on that occasion. This time he spent most of the week around and about with us - entirely on a friendly and voluntary basis - being immensely helpful. He is completely unique as a guide to the Peninsula and all the cemeteries. It is a rather colourful story. He was a Turkish Officer, fighting against us on the Anzac front. Then he was drafted to Palestine, where he was eventually gathered in by Allenby's forces, and spent two years in a British Prisoner of War Camp, making good use of the time by becoming proficient in the English language.

After the Armistice, he joined the Imperial War Graves Organisation, and served under Major Millington, eventually becoming his deputy, and serving with the I.W.G.C. for 35 years in all. So he has taken a hand, right from the start, in the whole tremendous operation, commencing with the tracing and if possible identifying of burials (and non-burials) and evolving gradually into the present wonderfully orderly array of cemeteries and memorials with their skilfully designed planting and colourful display of seasonal flowers.

Cemeteries can be rather sad places - especially when you have old friends resident there. But I found it particularly poignant that some of these cemeteries - each one looking as trim and colourful as though they were expecting a visit from the Queen that day - were only reached by us, by reason of the special facilities given to us by the Turkish Army, after circuitous and painful voyages in Army jeeps over miles of non-roads, and must be completely unfindable and unreachable to most. All that loveliness - with memories - and practically nobody ever to reach them!

The Fourth Battle of Krithia

On the morning of May 27th 1971, Coulson and I attained our first objective - the village of Krithia. We found the village strongly occupied by Turkish forces, and, as on many former occasions, our further progress was seriously impeded.

It happened to be a National Day, and the local troops were parading in front of the statue of Ataturk on the village green.

We reckoned that it behoved us to participate. The local troops were Marines, in rather smart white uniforms. Presently the ceremony took place, the colours were hoisted to the mast-head in correct Navy fashion, the wreath was deposited and saluted, and that was that.

After which, quite inexplicably, we found ourselves with some Marine officers in the inner parlour of the Krithia War Museum, as guests of the Proprietor and Founder of the Museum, Mr. Mutlu.

Eventually, fortified by numerous beers, we tore ourselves away, and duly attained our final objective - the summit of Achi Baba.

Lastly, to Edgar Banner - Warmest thanks for all the hard work and planning which achieved this most successful venture.

And, while I'm at it, cheeriohs to all the rest of the Crowd, who shared the rough and the smooth together just like old times.

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THE GREAT BLIZZARD

By H E Slaymaker RE Signals 160 Bde 53 Div (66)

At about 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon, November 28th, forty-seven years ago, there began for those of us of the Herefordshire Regiment who were then serving at the Dardanelles an ordeal which, in its dramatic suddenness and severity, will always be an outstanding story in the annals of the British Army. The preceding pleasantly warm autumn days that followed the intense summer heat gave no hint of the dreadful experience that was soon to befall us. A thunderstorm of tremendous violence with rain coming down as from a waterspout swept over us for the next 24 hours. Our part of the line was particularly affected as it straddled a dry riverbed (Azmak Dere) across which a stout sandbag barricade had been built to join up the two trench systems on either bank. The force of the water rushing down the steep slopes of the high hills in front of us soon swept the barrier away and brought with it the bodies of drowned Turks and mules. Before long our trenches began to fill, and we were almost up to our waists in water. We anxiously awaited the expected improvement that daylight would bring to give us some relief from our miserable condition. Fortunately for what little peace of mind that was left to us, we did not know that far worse was yet to come in the form of a hurricane wind from the north that brought with it a blizzard of snow which lasted for two days, and two nights of exceptionally bitter frost when the thermometer dropped to nearly twelve degrees Fahrenheit (about twenty degrees of frost). All thought of fighting was driven from the minds of friend and foe, and everyone in the trenches got out on the top and walked about in the open, observing an almost complete unofficial truce.

Our regiment was due to be relieved on the Friday night, and the relieving regiment duly took over in the flood. Our signals sergeant and two of us signallers were due to be relieved by our opposite numbers at daylight next morning, but for some reason or other they never came, and by this time we were

the only ones left in the trenches. Our fingers were so cold that we could not turn the screws connecting the wires to the terminals of the buzzers, so we just had to leave them. The snow was now falling thickly and the sergeant decided that we should make our way to the back area, as it was obvious that the enemy was in no state of mind, body, or inclination to take advantage of the undoubted opportunity to break through the great gaps in the line and defeat us very decisively indeed. The three of us then started on our long march through the blinding snow down towards the beach. Soon after leaving the trench area we came across a tragedy which is probably the most vivid memory of the blizzard to all those who actually saw it. One of our regimental buglers was lying on his back dead in the snow, his face equally pallid, dressed in full marching order with his bugle neatly slung over his shoulders. I have said that the unofficial truce was almost complete. There had, however, been isolated rifle shots. Whether or not this had been an aimed bullet or a stray we shall never know, but a thin streak of blood running from his temple told us that he had given his life that others might live and, more important still, that they might enjoy such measure of spiritual freedom as has since been maintained, however precariously.

Some distance further, we came across a supplies dump in which were several cases of rum. Unfortunately it was not guarded, and a number of men of various regiments had broken open the cases. Ignorant of their peril, many of them drank far more than was wise in that bitter cold, and some of them lay stiff and dead in the snow. Others, with staring eyes and semi-conscious were being walked to hospital supported by the devoted R A M C orderlies, who worked night and day without rest to save as many of their fellows as they could. The warning to the three of us was too obvious, and we set about digging a large and shallow hole in the sandy soil to spend the night sheltered from the hurricane. Fully dressed, and, as I remember, with eleven damp blankets which we had collected from round about, we covered ourselves and

slept till morning. Then with the intense frost rendered more biting still by the high wind, we made our way towards the crowded field hospitals near the beach, and I found myself separated from the others at the end of a long queue waiting for a boat to take us out to the hospital ship lying offshore. My destination was Malta, where prolonged and devoted nursing restored my frost-bitten feet, already black with gangrene, to full life again. Others, not so fortunate, lost one or both feet from the same cause, while some ultimately died from the after effects of the prolonged exposure.

In all, of the Herefordshire Regiment ten or twelve died from exposure and about fifty were sent to hospital. Of the whole force about two hundred were drowned or frozen to death and five thousand suffered from frostbite. A few weeks later the Gallipoli Peninsula was finally evacuated and some months of intense suffering and discomfort came to an end for all of us who had set out with such high hopes and apparent certainty of victory.

Finally, it is most interesting to note that in the normal course of the weather in this region, severe winter is not experienced until January. Hence the army was totally unprepared for such conditions. Subsequently, however, similar severe blizzards occurred in November of 1922 and 1928.

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THE CHANGING EAST

Probably all of us have at times seen the unchanging local scene. Well, it seemed to be unchanging. The old man of the family on his donkey followed by his wives on foot, often with children, goats, chickens on strings, and the like.

Now the change is that the women walk ahead of the old boy - in case of land-mines.

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EXTRACT FROM 'LOST ENDEAVOUR'

By Charles Watkins 6 Lancashire Fusiliers 42 Div (167)

PEOPLE LIKE US

From the mighty armada of ships that carried us to our appointed task there had been such a burst of cheering taken up from ship to ship, that must have been heard at the very gates of Heaven. This armada of troopships, packed to bursting point with the male stamen of the flower of the British Army drawn from all parts of the Empire. Little brown men of the Ghurka Regiment, slant-eyed, tough as steel. From their belts hung the long deadly kukris - the wide bladed weapon that could cut you in two with one swipe. We used to play football with these chaps back in Cairo - us in our football boots and they barefooted. With their bare toes only they could lodge a drop-kick as good as any Cup finalist. Terrible little men who could move quiet as cats in the dark. If there was an opening in the enemy barbed wire, they'd slip through quietly in the dark, working silent deadly havoc with their kukris. Like a bunch of ferrets let loose in a rabbit warren, they'd slash and slay, then return just as quietly back to their own trenches.

There were the contingents from Australia and New Zealand - big brawny men in their picturesque slouch hats, criminally reckless with their lives, and who feared neither God nor Devil.

Men of the Scottish Highlands, their jealously prized and colourful tartan kilts of their training days in Cairo now exchanged for the drab but more serviceable khaki kilt of battle - men who spoke in harsh gutturals in argument. In repose they were dreamy and with the far-away look in their eyes. Over their trenches at night you'd oft hear the strains of melodious Scottish ballads hanging softly in the air. They weren't new to this sort of thing called war. Their own forefathers had done the same sort of thing before - for hundreds of years before -

in many a mist-clouded glen, both in their own bloody clan wars and in fighting the hated Sassenach. Now united with their hereditary foe in this common fight, we could still feel their slight suspicion and contempt.

Men of the Irish regiments, who would just as cheerfully fight for the Ould Country against us, but now called upon to fight alongside us, just 'rolled up their sleeves and spat on their hands'. To an Irishman a fight's a fight - what'd it matter who you are fighting. Men whose grammar had a strange syntax and whose voices bore that persuasive lilt that could charm a bird down from the tree.

Men of our own English County Yeoman Associations - their horses now in storage back in Egypt until the end of this present campaign, and feeling mighty uncomfortable, too, in their unaccustomed accoutrement of infantry. The very names of these English Yeomanry Companies evoked nostalgic memories from the mists of our own war-scarred history. Descendants of other bygone yeomen who had fought under long-since forgotten English Kings, and drawn their long bows with such deadly accuracy at Crecy and Poitiers. In the present hour of their country's need these same descendants had 'resharpened their pikes' and without questioning the rights or wrongs of it had flocked in their thousands to serve. Soft speaking, gently nurtured men, these companies of English Yeomanry, who strove manfully not to smile at the broad uncouth Lancashire accent of my own regiment. In the whole of the history of the world a more mixed and colourful army was never crowded on to such a small battlefield as on Gallipoli.

Men of my own (42nd) Lancashire Division - men of the Rochdale Battalion, my own battalion, the 6th Lancashire Fusiliers, men of Rochdale, birthplace of John Bright. John Bright, the bitter opponent of slavery - the wealthy cotton mill owner of my home town, who, to his own great financial detriment so bitterly opposed the practice of employment of child labour in the cotton mills. John Bright, ardent pacifist, hater of wars -

'The Angel of Death is abroad in the land - almost you can hear the beating of his wings'. When he spoke these words to a hushed Houses of Parliament at the time of the Crimean War, I wonder if he did have a presentiment of this later campaign in which so many of his future fellow townsmen would bleach their bones. Men of my own battalion - at the start of the war their spare and poor physique, product of a neat diet of fish and chips and long close-confined work in the mills - but now filled out to more robust proportions after a few months of good army food, fresh air and exercise.

Men of the 5th Battalion the Lancashire Fusiliers - miners and sons of miners most of 'em, more at home with a pick than a rifle, whose clogs had but recently echoed metalically over the flagstones of Wigan and Bury. Pugnacious types of men, these, arrogant too in their pugnacity. 'Give us back our bloody clogs and we'll punce these bloody Turks off the Peninsula.'

Men of the 6th Battalion the Manchester Regiment - the 'office boys battalion' we nicknamed them. Outstanding in their neatness and prissiness, these chaps - recruited from the offices and warehouses of our Northern Metropolis. But valiant youngsters for all their prissiness. In a corner of the notorious Krithia vineyard one day in early August later that year, nearly a hundred of these lads lay packed in neat array - caught in a murderous machine-gun cross-fire while charging the enemy front line. In a space not a lot bigger than the average large front room of a house, they lay head to foot in layers of their last sleep. Even in death they were neat and orderly, but packed so tight together that to cross this corner of the vineyard you had to tread their squelching bodies, festering and swollen in the hot sun. I doubt if the average age of these lads exceeded 20 or 21.

'For how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temple of his gods.'

If Horatius was right, those boys sure agreed with him unanimously.

And now, some 50 odd years later, I wonder if the 'brass-Conscious' Mancunians ever give a thought to those lads of theirs and their sacrifices in this mistaken and ill-fated enterprise. I'd like to think so, but I guess we all tend to forget. And it's easier - and more comfortable - to forget, than to remember. And we can always buy a poppy on November 11th just to square the account.

Somehow the efforts of any generation are forgotten almost before History has had time to turn a page.

There were umpteen other regiments - just as good - but you'd need a whole library to list the deeds and exploits of this multi-regiment force that sailed so blithely and confidently to their appointed task.

And what sort of a Lancashire Fusilier would I be if I didn't give pride of place to the 1st Battalion the Lancashire Fusiliers who landed a few days before we did. '6 V Cs before breakfast' has since been - and justifiably so - the Battalion's proud boast, as at 4 a m on the morning of the 25th April they successfully stormed 'W' beach from open boats. To quote from General Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch -

> 'No finer feat of arms has ever been achieved by the British soldier - OR ANY OTHER SOLDIER - than the storming of those beaches. Gallantly led by their officers, the Fusiliers literally hurled themselves ashore and, fired at from right, left and centre, commenced hacking through the wire. A long line of men was at once mown down as by a scythe, but the remainder were not to be denied.....'

Or to quote from the despatch of Vice-Admiral de Robeck on the naval aspect of the operation -

> 'It is impossible to exalt too highly the service rendered by the 1st Battalion the Lancashire Fusiliers in the storming of the

beach. THE DASH AND GALLANTRY DISPLAYED WAS SUPERB.'

No wonder they were allotted 6 V C s for that early morning's work.

BROMLEY,
STUBBS,
GRIMSHAW,
WILLIS,
RICHARDS,
KENEALLY.

Their ranks ranged from Major to Private - you'll find 'em all, individually by rank, in the London Gazette dated 15.3.1917. But I have omitted their individual ranks, for in sublime heroism like this - as in Death itself - rank has no meaning.

The cost was heavy - 11 officers and 350 men of the Battalion killed or wounded in the first few minutes, besides 63 of the 80 naval ratings manning the cutters and the open boats that towed ashore the boats of the Lancashire Fusiliers. No aircraft cover, no protective landing craft - nearly a thousand men, touched by the fire of heaven, jumping from their open boats and hurling their frail bodies against the stout shore defences - the barbed wire that ran past the water's edge into the shallow sea itself, the hidden machine-gun nests, and the murderous rifle and shell fire. And losing more than a third of their number in so doing, but pressing on and attaining their objective - justifiably earning their '6 V C s before breakfast'.

It's never been done before. I doubt if it will ever be done again.

* * * * * * *

ANZAC REMEMBERED

By Captain Eric Bush D S O D S C R N

A Midshipman of H M S Bacchante, aged 15½ (14)

It is Saturday, April 24, 1915, and to keep out of the way I am standing at the after end of the upper bridge watching the Captain. I'm his 'doggy'. At the same time I am surveying the scene round me. We are weighing anchor. I can feel the ship trembling as the heavy cable comes in. At dawn tomorrow we are to land the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps near Gaba Tepe, which is about half way down the Peninsula.

Our flagship, the battleship Queen, is now leading us out of harbour. Her band is playing Fall in and Follow Me. Next astern come Triumph, Prince of Wales, Bacchante, and London, in that order. On board three of these ships are 1,500 picked troops who will be the first to land. At the moment they are all on deck cheering and shouting slogans. Someone has found an enormous canvas screen and has painted on it 'CONSTANTINOPLE'.

I don't suppose Mudros Harbour has ever been so full before. The anchorage is simply packed with warships, merchant ships and transports of all descriptions. Several destroyers are getting under way, too. Each has a number of seamen's hammocks lashed round the upper bridge, to give protection from shell splinters and bullets. Some will attend on the transports, others fill up with troops. As there are no U-boats in the Mediterranean just now, we do not need escorts.

My job as Captain's 'doggy' ends when we are clear of the harbour. I have a feeling he has forgotten me, so I stare at him to catch his eye. Good, he sees me and nods. Off I go.

My immediate destination is the picket boat, resting in her crutches on the boat deck. I have been told to take charge of her at the landings. We shall tow the launch, the first cutter and a merchant ship's life-

boat which we have borrowed for the occasion. These three boats can take about a hundred and sixty soldiers not a bad command for a Midshipman.

Our picket boat has a crew of eight, including myself. We are going to meet on the upper deck to talk things over. Let me introduce them.

First there is Petty Officer William Main, our Coxswain. Aged thirty-six, he is short, powerfully built, with jet black hair. There is character written all over his face. Salt of the earth, I should call him.

Leading Seaman Worsley and Able Seaman Bice are our two bowmen. They are both excellent chaps and fine seamen.

Then, in the stern sheets, there is Neish, a bearded sailor of the old school, and Hodgson, our youngest seaman. They make a grand pair.

I can see Stoker Petty Officer 'Bogey' Knight now as he peers out of his engine-room hatch. Tall, hair cropped very short, strong features, he is about the same age as Main. A most reliable man. Finally, there is Stoker J. Bell, a gallant lad who will spend all his time shut up in the boiler-room without so much as a clue as to what is going on.

The hands are going to be called before midnight, so the ship's company have been advised to pipe down early. I will have a meal in the gunroom at about 6 p m and then turn in.

My hammock is on the aft-deck with those of the other Midshipmen. As I get under the blankets, I feel scared for the first time. I turn over on my side and my hands come together. Soon I am fast asleep - 200 fathoms down.

It is now 11 30 p m and the gunroom is full of Midshipmen but surprisingly quiet. We are all completely dressed. I am sipping from a bowl of cocoa and munching ship's biscuits. There is other food on the table but I am not hungry.

From my pocket I pull out the orders and start studying them all over again. 'Cap covers are not to be worn,' I read. 'Tows are to be 150 yards apart.' 'No lights to be shown.' 'There's to be no smoking.' 'When approaching the beach, boat-hooks are to be used for sounding, and directly the water shoals picket boats are to cast off their tows, boats astern sheering off to port.' And so on. But there is no time to finish as I am wanted. 'Midshipman of the picket boat,' someone shouts at the gunroom door.

Our squadron has stopped. Boats are hoisted out and taken in tow. We go over to the Prince of Wales to fill up with troops. The night is starlit and clear. The sea is flat calm. The moon is bright but low in the sky, and soon it will set.

The Prince of Wales has rigged a lot of extra ladders to speed up embarkation, and the job is soon over. The Queen and London have finished, too.

To begin with the whole squadron gets under way and leads us towards the land. Destroyers havejoined up full of troops, and our transports are somewhere near, too.

The shore is now about two miles away. The moon has set, and it's one of the darkest nights that I can ever remember. The ships have all left us to take up their stations, and we are alone: twelve picket boats with their tows, steaming east in line abreast. We're the spearhead of the invasion. May God be with us.

I am finding this last run a bit exacting. It is not easy to keep station in the pitch dark or to prevent tell-tale sparks from coming out of the funnels. The line concertinas sometimes and then opens out again.

Worsley and Bice are keeping a good look-out for'ard. It has gone 4 a m and the sky ahead seems to be getting a little lighter and the stars less distinct. Yes, there is no doubt about it, dawn is breaking.

In a moment or two, Worsley comes aft to say that he thinks he can see land ahead. I go for'ard with him. Yes, there's land there all right.

My heart beats faster. I look to starboard and then to port. We seem to be pretty well in station. Bow waves all along the line are bright with phosphorescence. I hope this won't give us away. I look aft. Our tow seems all right, too. The men have already tossed their oars without waiting to be told. Its 4 20 now. Soon it will be all over.

The next few minutes seem to drag. Then Worsley indicates that he can touch bottom with his boat-hook. We stop engines. Our heavily laden boats carry their way better than we do and forge ahead, as Neish and Hodgson let go aft. Our launch, the heaviest of them all, comes right up alongside for a moment. One of her soldiers holds out a watch for me to send home to his mother, but it is too late to help him. Our engines are going astern, and we are out of reach.

Oars, muffled to prevent any noise, are being lowered carefully, without making a splash. The men are starting to row. Some of the soldiers are helping with the oars, others are adjusting their equipment, tightening their chin-stays, slinging their rifles. I take all this in at a glance, but what stirs my imagination is the look on the men's faces.

A bugle call from on shore gives the alarm. We've been seen ! Very lights are set off and star-shell, too. The enemy opens fire and down comes a rain of bullets. It is just dark enough to see the flashes of the rifles and machine-guns and light enough to recognise Turks moving about on the shore. The time is 4 30 a m.

There is no cover for our soldiers, and several are wounded before the shore is reached. I see some of them fall back into the crowded boats as they stand up to jump out. Thank goodness, there are only a few more yards to go.

The moment their boat grounds, they leap out. In some cases it is further out than they imagine, and they have to wade ashore up to their waists in water. A few unlucky ones are completely out of their depth, and their heavy equipment is carrying them under. But the majority are reaching the shore in safety, and I have a glimpse of them lying flat on the sand behind their packs and firing, then rising with a cheer and charging up the beach.

It is almost daylight now, and our destroyers with troops are close behind us. We pick up our launch first. Her casualties are very distressing. Unfortunately there is nothing we can do to help them. One Australian is wounded in the wrist and is clutching his arm in a desperate endeavour to check the flow of blood. Another sits in the bottom of the boat with a bullet sticking out of his cheek. More wounded are there, but I can't see them properly.

As we round the stern of the nearest destroyer, I notice that they are having casualties, too. Some wounded are being carried along the upper deck by sailors to a place of safety. As we turn to recover our other two boats, I see fresh troops clambering down into our launch. There is no time to take out the wounded, so they, poor chaps, have to make another trip inshore, in fact several more before anyone can attend to them.

There were thirty-six boats in the original landing, and most of them seem to have got off again somehow. But those left behind are a sad sight.

Glancing up at the high ground in front of us, we see violent and bloody skirmishes going on as the Australians and New Zealanders with their bayonets drive the Turks before them.

It is broad daylight now, and the sun is up. Able Seaman Hodgson has been hit and is lying in the stern sheets where he fell. I leave Petty Officer Main's side for a moment, and with Able Seaman Neish drag him on to one of the seats in the after cabin.

He can't speak and looks in a bad way. We have his jumper off him and his singlet too. Ah, there is the wound - a tiny red mark just under his right shoulder blade shows where the bullet went in. We make him as comfortable as we can, and leave him.

Unloading from the destroyers is finished, and we are now on our way out to the transports for more troops, stores and ammunition. They are anchored rather far out. It is not their fault. A heavy Turkish gun has made them keep their distance. A Turkish battleship, too, has been potting at them from across the Straits, but Triumph, with one of Manica's balloons to help her, has driven her off.

We have managed to persuade one of the transports to take poor Hodgson's body. He is dead.

All day long we ferry backwards and forwards, making ourselves as useful as we can. Some Turkish snipers annoy us as we lie off shore. The Turks have also brought up several 15-pounder guns and have obtained an accurate range of the beach. Our picket boat has just received a direct hit from one of them but no one is hurt.

Soon it is late afternoon, and shelling of the beaches is increasing. Suddenly we hear the noise of a warship firing rapid salvoes. Soldiers ashore are cheering and pointing to the southward. We look round and see it is our dear old Bacchante absolutely plastering a hill in the direction from which the shelling has been coming. Rear-Admiral Cecil Thursby in the Queen has told Captain Boyle to see what he can do to silence the guns. Taking the Bacchante so close inshore is a fine feat of seamanship. As she fires, her bows are actually touching the bottom. The old naval spirit of 'Close action' never fails. Thanks to Bacchante, the enemy's guns have stopped firing and the moral effect on us all is tremendous.

A start is at last being made to evacuate wounded. There are hundreds to be taken off and

many have been lying about in the sun all day. It is a long and painful task to which service boats are not suited. This work is also hindered by a shortage of stretchers. But the wounded don't complain.

Some destroyers are now coming in with men from a New Zealand Regiment. As we finish unloading them, the sun sets behind the horizon and it is dark once again.

More destroyers arrive with troops during the night. It is difficult work landing them in the dark when no lights are allowed, not even on the beaches.

The Turks are counter-attacking with the greatest vigour. The scale of the attack and the noise of the firing worries us a lot. Our anxiety increases when we are told to collect as many boats as we can and bring them inshore ready for an evacuation. Instinctively, we know that if such a drastic step becomes necessary, only a few will get away.

The battle has been raging all night long and the Diggers have won. Nothing can shift them now.

It is daylight again and we are concentrating on landing water and ammunition, and evacuating wounded from last night's battle. We are just beginning to wonder how much longer our boats' crews can keep going. Some of us can hardly keep our eyes open from lack of sleep. We try stuffing ourselves with bully beef and biscuits, washing the mixture down with cups of strong tea. This helps to keep up our strength and makes us more wide awake. If anyone asked me now what I would like best to eat I should reply: 'New bread and butter with brown sugar.' I cannot think why.

It is 10 p m, but we need not worry any more about our fatigue. We have our three boats in tow and are steaming back to the ship. We can see the Bacchante ahead of us. She is completely darkened but makes a perfect silhouette against the night sky.

I am lucky. Lieutenant Tom Phillips * has lent me his cabin. It is on the upper deck just by the Quartermaster's lobby. As I go to it, I notice the time; it is midnight. We have been on our legs for seventy-two hours. No wonder we feel weary. My gear has been put out for me and some hot water, too, but I'm too tired to wash, so tip the water away and close the basin.

I cannot sleep for the moment. My mind is too full of thoughts. Visions come back to me of Anzacs cheering and charging up the beach. I see wounded coming out of the water and crawling to safety. I hear the noise of rifle and machine-gun fire and the occasional crump of a heavier shell. I see bronzed faces of soldiers all around me.

I wake up to find that it is still quite dark, and it takes me a minute or two to remember where I am. I hear voices, so get down off my bunk and go over to the cabin door to investigate. I await my opportunity and then sing out, 'Quartermaster, what's the time, please?' The talking stops, and a sailor appears, smiling. 'It's close on midnight, Mr. Bush,' he says.

Is it my appearance, I wonder, which amuses him ? I must look a sight. No, of course it isn't, I see what's happened. I've slept the clock round.

* Killed in action as Commander-in-Chief, Far Eastern Fleet, H M S Prince of Wales, December 10 1941.

(EDITORIAL: Captain Bush is probably our youngest member and brought in nearly all the naval officer members to the Association. He was awarded the D S C for his work at the Landings when he was under sixteen and subsequently gained three D S O s.)

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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)

The Evacuation of Gallipoli

At last there came an order to depart,
To leave that fatal land we'd tried to gain,
So we, when preparations had been made,
Departed from the trenches where we'd fought
Amid the heat and flies and shells and bombs
And all the other incidents of war;
Departed in the night where silence reigned.
We left,in empty trenches, silent ghosts
Of all who'd been our comrades in the fight:
Took with us kindly memories alone
Of friends we'd known now resting in their graves.
Those graves we left; graves of our closest friends
Where cliffs reach down to meet the darkening sea.
Then we ourselves with silent footsteps moved
On through those old and deep and grim ravines
Where we'd, so often, tired and wondering toiled,
Down to the shore to wait the little ships
There to embark and in whose anxious care
Sail to the West and in that quiet night
Climb to the safety of those larger ships.
Thus from that grim and ghastly blood-drenched shore
Sailed, at long last, out to the restless sea
We few still left who'd been the first to land.
And so we sailed with glad but saddened hearts
And yet with thanks that we ourselves were spared
But still determined to destroy the foe
When plans could be prepared to make this so,
What of the sick and wounded you may ask ?
Their transport could present a tricky task.
But here the 'powers-that-be' had used great skill
They'd used some famous liners them to fill
And bring the sick and wounded safely back
And save these famous liners from attack.

For it was felt that e'en the wicked Hun
Would scarcely stoop so low as sink each one.
And what a wondrous sight these big ships were
Which had these casualties within their care.

From stem to stern each one was painted white
And all were brightly lit at sea at night
By means of one long band all coloured green
Amidships, too, a large red cross was seen.
To us they really looked quite lovely things.
We felt the sense of safety comfort brings.
To us in battle who had suffered loss
They gave the quiet message of the Cross.

Egypt Again

And so to Alexandria at Mex
Where we encamped to rest us and refit.
Then out to Dabaa in an ancient train
Of trucks which were all open to the sky
To watch for the Senussi and take care
They did not cut the railway in the West.
This duty we accomplished and returned
Once more to Egypt but this time to where
Old Cheops built his famous ancient tomb.

TO BE CONTINUED

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LETTERS FROM GALLIPOLI

By Cmdr (S) E Allison Burrows RD RNR HMS Partridge (302)

These are letters as written from day to day without later knowledge or hindsight.

Dear Everyone June 15th 1915

After a few days of silence I again send a few lines. We had one or two very quiet patrols and a few days in port at our Base. At the end of the last patrol we were ordered to await two Cruisers and a certain kind of vessel (Troop transport) they were escorting to our Base, this we joined up with early yesterday morning. About half past nine as I was at work in the office, I heard the sound of gunfire and so naturally went on deck to see what was doing, to find that one of the cruisers was firing, a few minutes silence and then another fusillade and this continued for 1½ to 2 hours more or less continually. We very soon realised what was on, a submarine attack and we could see the periscope occasionally appear above the water to be immediately fired upon when it would disappear for a time. There were two of them and they were very persistent, but the weather was against them. Twice one of them came up close to our stern but disappeared as soon as fired at. However, we drove them off eventually with no damage done and arrived safely at Mudros once more in the early afternoon We had not been in very long when we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to leave again, for the Peninsula, and shortly after half a battalion of soldiers were put aboard of the same Regiment as young Batty belongs to, for us to deliver at the Peninsula. They were not very long out from home and of course all very spick and span. They had had rather an unfortunate day and were both very hungry and thirsty. I issued some biscuits to the men and raked up some sort of meal for the officers which they seemed to enjoy although it only consisted of corned beef, ships biscuits and cocoa and some awful whisky which we had had foisted upon us. To return to our story, about 12 o'clock at night we arrived at the particular beach where our men were to

be landed. As we came closer we could hear the guns booming and see the flashes as they were fired, some of them at us, or at least in our direction, but without doing us any damage. In the bombardment a quantity of small arm ammunition was set on fire and an awesome sight it was to see the blaze and hear the report as it exploded, like a huge rip-rap on the 5th November. The bombardment died down, the fire was extinguished and our troops were landed. At 2.30 in the morning I was so tired that shells or no shells, I turned in. We were supposed to leave again before daylight, but it did not come off for when I turned out again at 4 30 a m we were still close inshore with a few men on board whom we were to take back for a rest, about 250, fortunately no wounded. We could see quite clearly on the shore the lines of trenches and the dugouts, tents, etc., on the side of a low hill 3 or 4 hundred feet high sloping from the water's edge, bare and sandy.

To see it was to realise the stupendous task it must have been to effect a landing, a task which had it not been done one would have considered impossible. A short distance away was the prow of the Majestic sticking up through the water where she was torpedoed and sunk earlier in the year. Everything was quiet and peaceful although we expected every minute to hear shells buzzing around our ears. I turned in again at six but not to sleep, excitement I suppose, but shortly afterwards the order was given for us to return to Mudros and we are now on our way back there. The men we have on board are tired and worn out, dusty and dirty just as they have come out of the trenches and they lay on the beach last night under shell fire. But it was not very long before the men were washing and shaving themselves. It was pitiful to see them, some of them mere boys, lie down on the decks and go to sleep. I sent down to them half a barrel of biscuits, how I am going to account for them goodness only knows (eaten by rats, I expect) and 200 of the inevitable cigarettes. One lad looked about 18 with a scar running from the corner of his eye to his jaw. But I suppose it has to be. I am feeling very tired and hope we don't have to turn to and coal as soon as we get in.

With kindest regards to you all.

To be cont'd

The following citation from the London Gazette of 26 October 1916 refers to the late Colonel A C T White V C M C (210) (See obituary notice, Spring 1971)

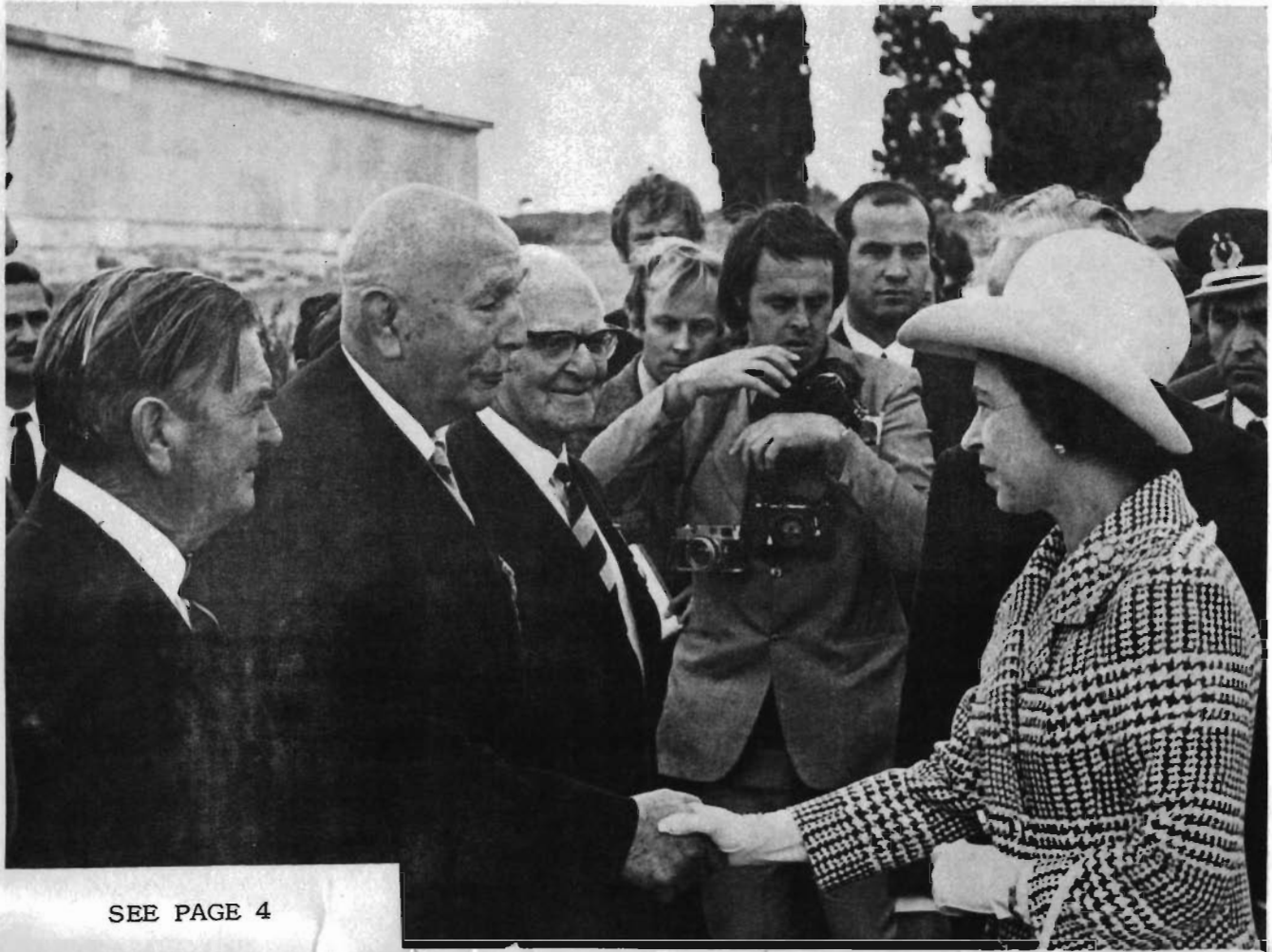
VICTORIA CROSS

Temporary Captain Archie Cecil Thomas WHITE
Yorkshire Regiment

For most conspicuous bravery. He was in Command of the troops that held the southern and western faces of a redoubt. For four days and nights, by his indomitable spirit, great personal courage, and skilful dispositions, he held his position under heavy fire of all kinds and against several counter-attacks. Though short of supplies and ammunition his determination never wavered, when the enemy attacked in greatly superior numbers and had almost ejected our troops from the redoubt, he personally led a counter-attack, which finally cleared the enemy out of the southern and western faces. He risked his life continually, and was the life and soul of the Defence.

Stuff Redoubt, France 27 September to 1 October 1916

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SEE PAGE 4