Membership List goes up to 500

# THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the

## GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 15p No. 10 CHRISTMAS 1972

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 Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC

Air Vice-Marshal T C Traill CB OBE DFC

Vice-Admiral Sir Peverill B R W William-Powlett KCB KCMG CBE DSO

Lt-Colonel Lord Rowallan KT KBE MC KStJ TD HON LLD

CHAIRMAN & HON SECRETARY & EDITOR OF THE GALLIPOLIAN Major E H W Banner TD MSc
Claydene Cowden Edenbridge Kent

HON TREASURER A K Kirk OStJ
Oakdene Ladyegate Dorking Surrey

COMMITTEE Commander V A de Mauny DSC RN (Ret)
H J Sayers
F T K Woodworth
Major A G Coulson (Associate Member)

* * * * * *

## THE SEASON'S 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

* * * * * *

## CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM THE TURKISH VETERANS UNION

It is an exceptional honour to me sending a Christmas and the New Year message to the most honourable members of the Gallipoli Association through 'Gallipolian'.

We Turkish Veterans are very keen on the famous motto of great *Ataturk*: 'Peace at Home, and Peace in the World'.

As you can read the creed of the World Veterans Federation which United Kingdom and Turkey are eminent members of it that: 'None can speak more eloquently for Peace than those who have fought in war!

As you know, we are gathering in front of the War Graves and Monuments at Peninsula from time to time observing minutes of silence in respectful remembrance of their so dearly cherished memories of War dead. These are not mere ceremonies of commemoration, but these are sincere efforts to draw great lessons from the past catastrophies and to win the future through peace, or rather to avoid the calamities of future Wars !

Let us stand shoulder to shoulder, in the framework of the World Veterans Federation, so that we shall be able to forward a better world, a world of Peace, Freedom and Justice in harmony with the United Nations Charter and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

As son of a Veteran of Dardanelles, Late Major Doctor
Riza Arif,
the Chief Medical Officer one of the Turkish Division,
As Vice President of Turkish Veterans Union,
As Honorary Life Member of the Royal Artillery Association,
Finally Honorary Member of the Gallipoli Association :

I wish a merry Christmas and very happy the New Year to you all, and see you all in 1975 Gallipoli Pilgrimage.

H. G. Aran
Major General, retired

## REUNIONS IN 1973

LUNCH AND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Wednesday 25 April  Duke of York's HQ

* * * * * * *

29TH DIVISION CHURCH SERVICE

Holy Trinity Church  Eltham  SE9  22 April  6.30

* * * * * * *

ANZAC DAY PARADE : Cenotaph  25 April

* * * * * * *

ANNUAL DINNER

Royal Air Force Club  London  4 October 1973

* * * * * * *

CORRESPONDENCE

As the Honorary Secretary I send letters to members through the post with a formal style of address, including rank where applicable. In the letter itself I try to make it informal by writing 'Dear Green', 'Dear White', etc., rather than the impersonal 'Dear Sir', or 'Dear Mr.' hoping to get in reply 'Dear Banner'. We are all of mature age and getting to know each other better and so can forget some formalities. As to rank, I myself was in the ranks in Gallipoli days.

May I remind members that it is most helpful if they will kindly add their name in block letters, or in type, with their signature. Also, the number helps both in time-saving and avoiding mistakes.

Articles for the Gallipolian are always welcome, preferably typed. Stories may be edited before publication if necessary such as for length or to fit the general style of the journal.

* * * * * * *

DINNER NUMBER FOUR By G E Dale R F A (72)

October 6th and again we're flying high at the R A F Club. Tonight we shall air long memories to the rhythm of meeting molars. 80 strong, we're milling around the bar, greeting friends and wheezing happily in anticipation. And I think: supposing the wave of some nasty magic wand suddenly bundled us back to 1915 and all that ! But happy dreams tonight, please, not nightmares.

Now a pride of Gallipolians lines up for a boomed introduction by announcer Calvert. Fine manly types. Not a pop singer amongst them. Brigadier B B Rackham presides again in his usual amiable manner, and reports sending a loyal telegram to Her Majesty. Our Founder-Chairman-Secretary-Editor rides again (am not sure which hat he wears tonight). Recruits still roll up; three now present joined the clan within the last ten days. Also with us, Vice-Admiral Langley Cook, and Commander Victor Sadd, late of U S Navy and, earlier, the Suffolk Yeomanry, who came specially from the U S A for the dinner. Both were in the Campaign.

Two Anzacs, Treasurer Kirk and Stagles scuttle around with full glasses. The six 'Chocolate Soldiers' relive that memorable Anzac-to-Chocolate Hill walk, and greet their leader, Captain Scott-Underwood. 92 now, he's not up to the cracking pace he set in 1965. Who, by the way, is our oldest member ? There are some tough old birds champing chicken tonight.

No guest of honour, so it's talk instead of listen. Well, tongues move faster than legs now, and if we've nowt to say we can still say it. And if we fumble a bit over long yarns may the Lord give us jet propulsion to get to the point.

Now it's the Associate Members. A restless lot. Mr. Liddle, from the far north, invites all to his igloo for a display of Gallipoli mementoes. Keith Tranmer breathes down my neck till I inspect his interesting display of the philatelic side of 1915. Alec Coulson, turned showman, runs a film of our Queen's Turkish visit - no extra charge. As I toy with my Turkish delight I recall the local reporter's usual ending: '.. and a good time was had by all.'

## GREETINGS

The following telegram was sent to Her Majesty:

> Brigadier B B Rackham and members of the Gallipoli Association dining at the Royal Air Force Club on Friday 6th October send Her Majesty their loyal and humble duty.

The following reply was received from Balmoral Castle:

> The Queen sincerely thanks all members of the Gallipoli Association dining at the Royal Air Force Club for their kind message of loyal greetings which Her Majesty greatly appreciates.

* * * * * * *

## THE FIRST LANDINGS : 25th April

The list of Founder Members given in No 9 issue seems to have been appreciated and two other special lists might also be of interest, not only at present, but for historical reasons.

1. Those members who actually landed on the Peninsula either at Cape Helles (all beaches) or at Anzac Cove, on the day of the 25th April. This list will comprise mainly members of the 29th Division and the Anzacs. Please make it clear which beach, and ship if possible.

2. Those who were on board and present at the landings on the 25th April, whether or not they landed later. This applies particularly to the Royal Navy and the Royal Naval Division, and to the remainder of the 29th Division and the Anzacs who landed subsequently. Please state which ship or beach.

Will those concerned kindly write in with full particulars so that the lists can be published in the 1973 Spring Issue, No. 11.

Please state which list.

## MEMBERSHIP

### NEW VICE-PRESIDENTS AND HONORARY MEMBER

Members will be pleased to see that we have two new Vice-Presidents:

Vice-Admiral Sir Peveril B R W William Powlett
KCB KCMG CBE DSO

Lt-Colonel Lord Rowallan KT KBE MC KStJ TD
(former Chief Scout) Hon LL D

The new Honorary Member is:

Winston Spencer Churchill MP

### DISTINGUISHED NEW MEMBER

The Right Honourable Viscount Brookeborough KG CBE MC Former Premier, Northern Ireland. Gallipoli service with the lO Hussars and GOC Staff 9 Corps, Suvla.

* * * * * * *

### 500

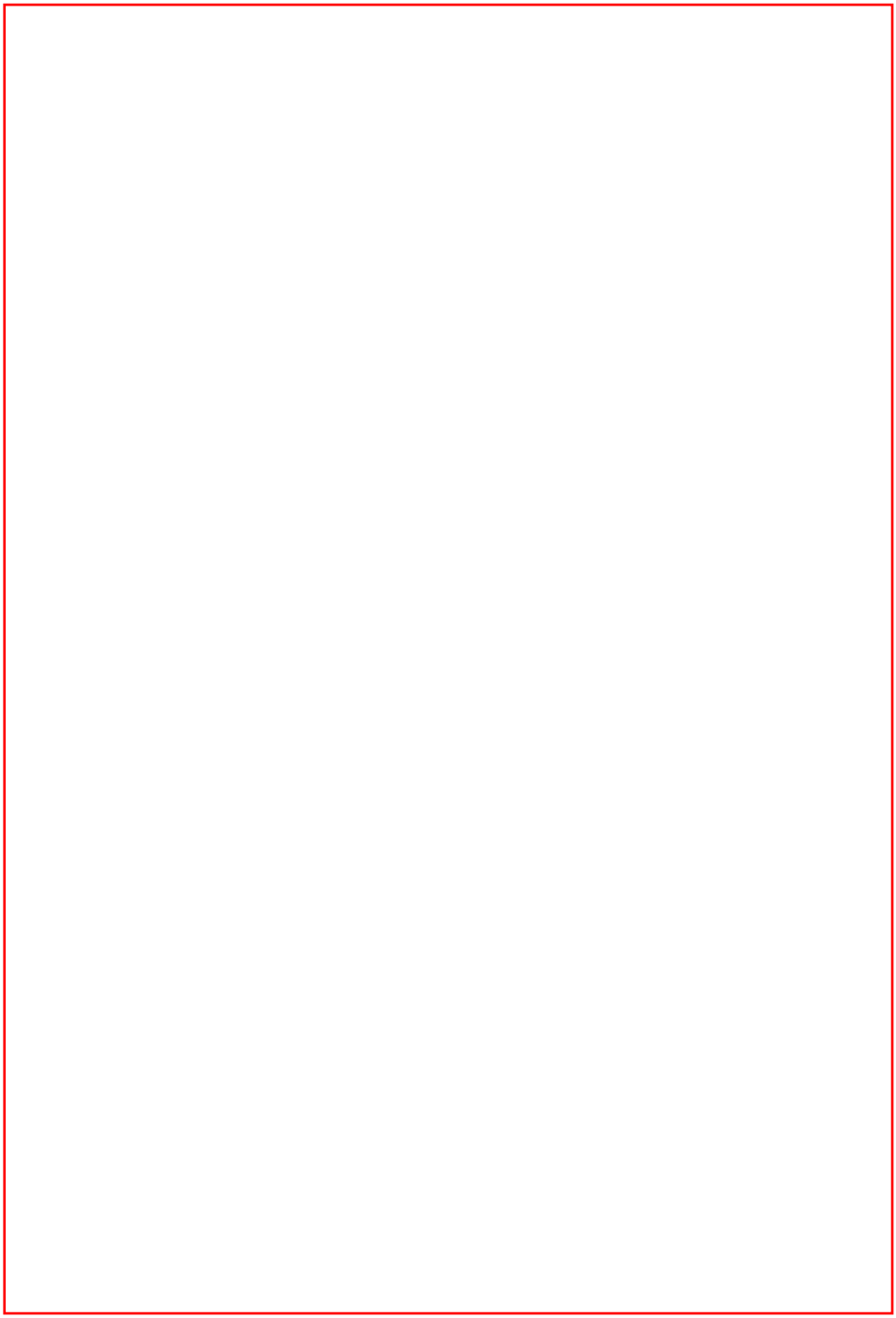
It is a matter of surprise and pleasure that to date over five hundred members have joined. This includes seventeen Associate Members who are not veterans. Thirty-nine are known to have died.

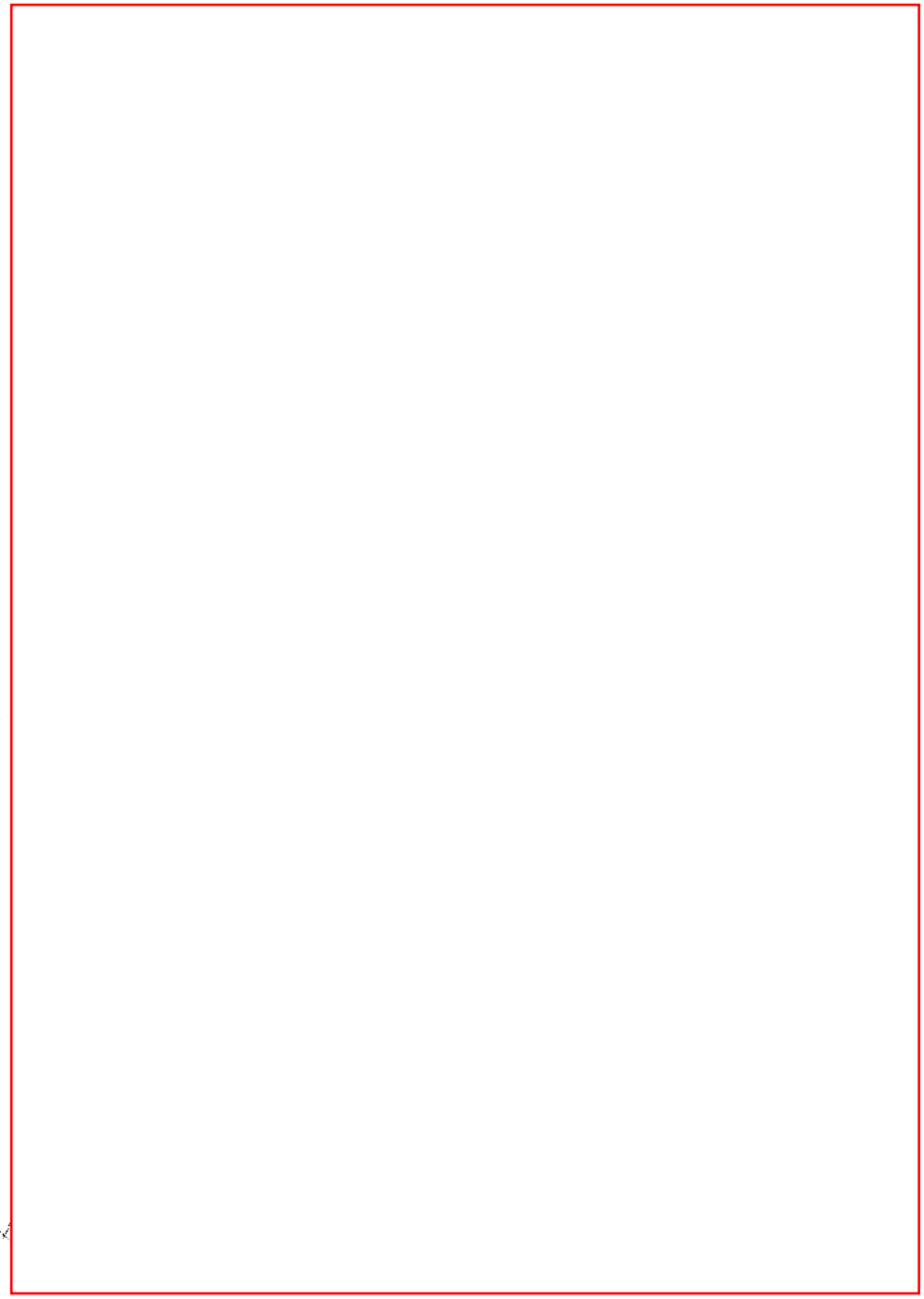
* * * * * * *

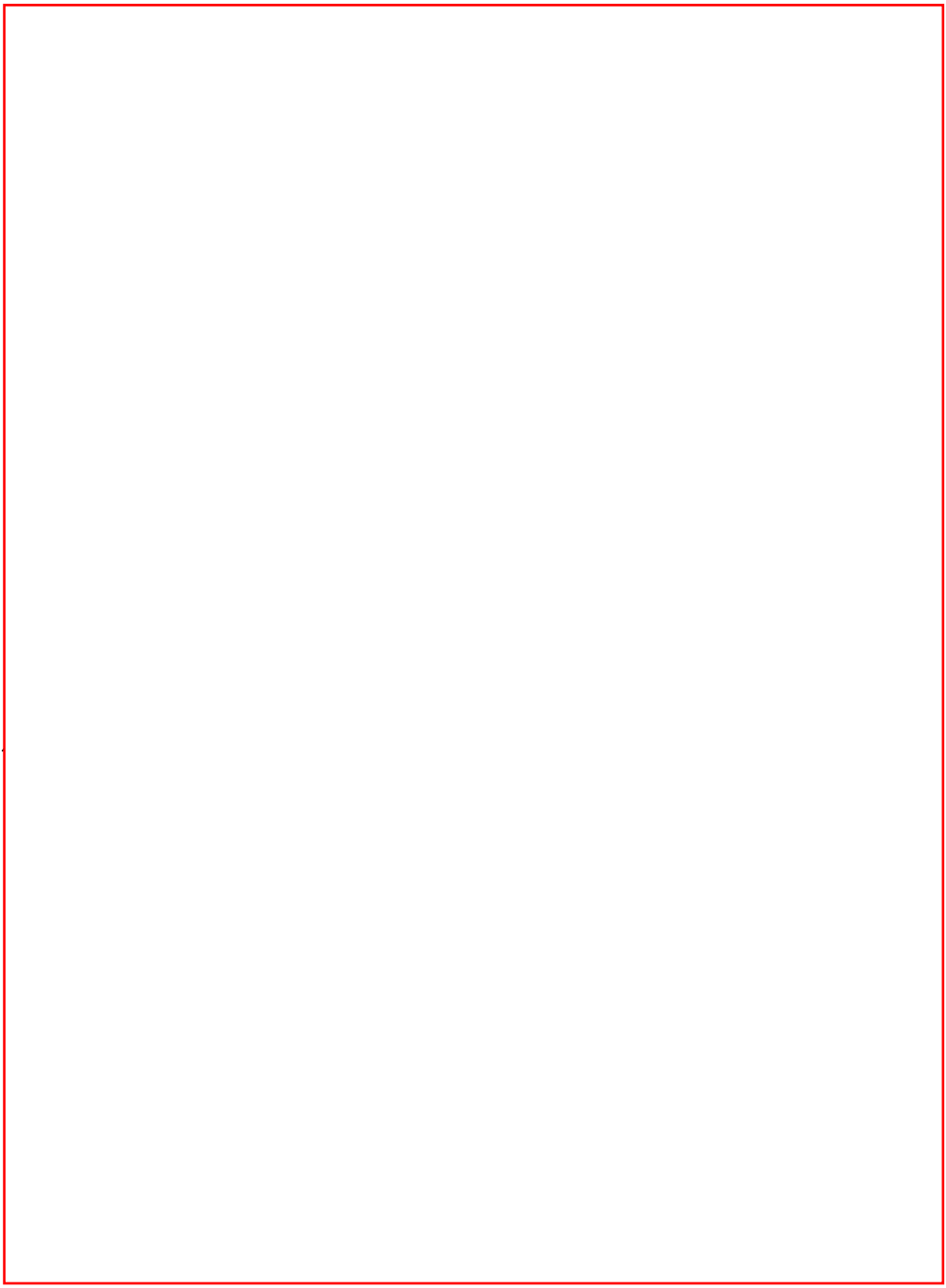
### NEW MEMBERS (up to 1 November 1972)

This section and those on the immediately following pages in the original printed journal contain the names and full addresses of new members. For data protection and personal privacy reasons this content has been removed.

It should be noted that this necessary edit is exceptionally long, arising from a listing of new members on the occasion of the Association reaching a membership of 500. Edited sections in other editions of the journal are usually much shorter.







## OBITUARY

With deep regret the following name is recorded :

A R Wells  Late 4 Worcs R  29 Div  (199)

## SUBSCRIPTIONS

Annual subscriptions will be due on 1 January 1973, unless already paid in advance or by banker's order. Members who joined since 30 June 1972 are NOT due for further subscription until 1974. This includes all numbers from 444 onwards who do not pay.

Associate Members pay £1 subscription (See Minutes of AGM April 1972)

The financial balance sheet is enclosed.

Of course, if any member desires to help our funds by a donation it will be most helpful.

# 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 Sir Reginald Savory)

Continued from The Gallipolian Autumn 1971

The next three weeks were spent in digging. By day, we deepened our trenches and made them liveable and safer; by night we went forward into no-man's-land, dug little trenches, evacuated them before dawn, and the next night dug communication-trenches linking-up with them; gradually sapping towards the Turks, until we were within about fifty yards of them. Once or twice, we found the Turks had occupied our new trenches and had to turn them out with the bayonet; but these were small affairs and, as we were usually successful, they helped raise our morale. Then, came a series of visits by red-tabbed staff officers. We knew what that meant. There was an attack in the offing. On the 3rd June, we received our orders. There was to be a general assault next day all along the line. That night there was little rest. We were busy cleaning all our arms, issuing extra ammunition, and making steps by which each man could easily clamber out of the trench, and go forward in the morning over the top. The orders were clear. At 11 a.m. all guns were to bombard the enemy's front trenches for twenty minutes. Then, for ten minutes they were to stop, while the infantry were to cheer and wave their bayonets over the parapet. The object of this was to persuade the enemy to man their trenches. Then the bombardment was to come down again, so as to hit them on the head.

At noon, we were to advance. It all seemed simple enough, but we were rather sceptical as to the cheering, and wondered if the sound of our voices would not be drowned in the general noise of battle. We were also sceptical as to whether our artillery would be sufficiently accurate to hit a single line of Turks, manning their front-line trenches, had our cheering induced any

of them to man them at all. However, it was all part of the game; orders were orders; and there was nothing for it but to do the best we could.

The 14th Sikhs were to attack astride the Gully Ravine. Two companies were on the right of the ravine, one behind the other. My company, No. 4, was on the top of the right hand side of the ravine and was in the front line. My Company Commander was Fowle, who had replaced Spankie. He was a subaltern with some nine years' service (there was no 'acting' rank in those days); a most capable, gallant man, with a tremendous sense of humour. As dawn came on the 4th June, Fowle and I carried out routine duties; we liaised with the British battalion on our right and with the company of our own regiment on our left, down in the ravine below. We also made contact with the company behind us, whose duty it was to attack fifteen minutes after us. We were to go over the top at twelve noon. We saw that our men had their food, and then sat down on the firestep for a bite of breakfast. By then, there was considerable noise. The guns had started registering at eight o'clock, and even before the real bombardment had begun, it must have been clear to the enemy that something was about to happen. Their artillery retaliated. One of their shells fell on our parapet just above our heads. The trench fell in, and Fowle and I were nearly buried. We had to be dug out with our ears buzzing and try to pretend that we had not been shaken. Fowle even started laughing. My watch had been broken, and as so much depended on our attack starting right on time, I had to try to borrow another. One of our signallers produced an army watch of turnip-type, and this I stuck into my breast pocket. Our breakfast was ruined. Time was now getting on. We allotted each man his place, opposite the step he had dug for himself the evening before; about one yard of front per man; and waited for the time to cheer. It was now 11.20 a.m. Our cheers and war-cries could scarce be heard, even in our own trench. Perhaps my ears were buzzing too much. However, we did our best. There was still another half-hour to go, before assaulting time, and one or two last minute adjustments had to be made. One or two men had been wounded, and had to

be replaced. Time went on. Fowle and I took up our positions. He was with the right half of the company, so as the better to liaise with the battalion on our right; and I was in the centre of the left half. Those last few minutes before zero-hour made no deep impression on me, except possibly the familiar feeling of waiting for the pistol before a sprint with a void in the pit of one's stomach and anxiety as to the result. And, then .... twelve noon ... blow the whistle ... scramble over the top .... off you go. I waited a second to see the men up, looked for Fowle, but could not see him, and then popped over myself. From that moment, I lost all control of the fighting. The roar of musketry was so intense as to drown all other sound, except for that of the guns. To try to give an order was useless. The nearest man to me was a yard away, and even then I could not see him. Soon I found myself running on alone, except for my little bugler, a young handsome boy, just out of his teens, who came padding along behind me and whose duty it was to act as runner and carry messages. Poor little chap. I was fighting a lone battle. The sooner I could get across no-man's-land and reach the cover of the enemy's trenches the better. And then, before I could realise it, I found myself standing on the parapet of a Turkish trench and looking down at a Turk inside it. He seemed an ordinary person. There was none of the 'Terrible Turk' about him. He was not even firing, but was leaning against the back of his trench. Yet, if I had given him time, he would have shot me; and there were others on either side of him. I jumped in and skewered him to the back of his trench with my bayonet. Poor devil ! I can see his grimace to this day. I then went on a bit along the trench ....

My next recollection was of lying on my back on the parapet of the trench, with two enemy using my body as a rest over which to shoot at our second line coming forward. I must have been knocked out. It was not pleasant being used as an aiming-rest. I suppose I must have gone to sleep again. When I woke, there was silence. The Turks seemed to have gone. I begain to look around me, and saw my little bugler lying nearby, brutally mutilated. No one else was near. My head was bleeding and I was dazed. I could find none of my men. I walked back to the trench we had

just left. There I was picked up by one of our stretcher-bearers, a great burly Sikh, with a fair beard, one of our battalion wrestlers, who slung me over his shoulder and took me back. Where he took me, I do not remember; but my next recollection was of walking by myself down the Gully Ravine, with my head bandaged and feeling very dicky. A head popped-up out of a small trench on the crest of the slope. I recognised a gunner friend, Ormonde Wynter. 'Hello, Savory', he shouted, 'How are things in front ?' Little did I know ! And then, 'Come in and have some food and tell me all about it.' He gave me curried bully-beef, and a strong tot of rum. I was hungry and very thirsty .., The next I knew I was in the field-ambulance with a doctor bending over me. I had two little wounds in my forehead; the result, said the doctor, probably of a glancing blow with the tip of someone's bayonet. I stayed in the field ambulance for three days, having been shaken rather than hurt, and then left and walked back up the Gully Ravine to find my regiment. There were not very many of them. Of those who had been in the fight only two British officers, two Indian officers and seventy-none men had come back, and there was our most gallant medical-officer, Captain Cursetjee, a Parsee. One of the two British officers was our commanding officer, Colonel Palin. He had been in the thick of it and had been saved by his long Sikh turban, in which three bullets had lodged. That evening, Colonel Palin said, 'Well, Savory, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. I am going to make you adjutant.'

I wrote, next day, to my mother: ' I sent you one of those field-service postcards the other day as I had a bit of a wound in my forehead, but nothing for you to feel the least bit anxious about, as I rejoined the regiment (or what remains of it) yesterday evening; so don't go and send frenzied letters to various people, enquiring about me, as I am quite capable of answering them myself ...' This letter was destined to be late in reaching its destination.

Ten days afterwards, we were back in the front-line trenches, having been reinforced by about one hundred men, and there we stayed for nearly three weeks. There were

only three British officers, Colonel Palin, Captain Engledue and myself, as well as our Parsee doctor, Captain Cursetjee. Early on the 28th, Cursetjee was hit by shrapnel, while tending a wounded man in the open; a gallant deed which brough him the Distinguished Service Order. He was badly hurt, and we did not see him again for two years. That day, we took part in an advance on the extreme left flank. It was on a narrow front and was most successful. We pushed ahead for some thousand yards between Gully Ravine and the sea, thus threatening the right flank of the Turkish position. On our way forward, as Palin, Engledue and I were following the advance, a shrapnel shell burst just over us. It missed Palin (who throughout the whole campaign led a charmed life), broke Engledue's arm and got me on the knuckle. The next day, Palin was appointed to command a brigade, and I was left alone. That evening, I wrote home, 'We had a great advance yesterday and made a jolly good advance and then slaughtered no end of Turks when they counter-attacked ... a shrapnel bullet got me bang on the knuckle, but luckily broke no bones; although my hand is very stiff and sore and bled a lot; so don't worry if you see my name in the papers; although I have so far studiously avoided the hospital, it is nothing short of marvellous the way medicos find out one's name ... I am just going to have a good sleep; even although it is mid-day and devilish hot too.'

Perhaps it was as well that I took what sleep I could, for during the following week the Turks made a determined attempt to re-capture their lost ground. The Indian Brigade held a spur, known as Fusilier Bluff. Its right ran down into the Gully Ravine, and its left extended to the cliffs overlooking the sea. In our front was a ravine, in which the Turks used to collect before launching their attacks. They then had some fifty yards to cross in order to reach us. Our guns had the range to a nicety, so that by the time that the Turks emerged from their cover, they had already had a pounding, and their assaults, although supported by artillery, lacked vigour.

Writing on the 3rd July, while still in the trenches, I said, 'The Turks .... in front of us, seem to me to be

demoralised; their attacks are half-hearted and always meet with heavy losses.' Later I added, 'They come doddering along like a lot of old men, muttering 'Allah, Allah, Allah,' and one can almost see each man thinking to himself, 'I know I am going to be hit, and I wonder when and where it will be'... I generally take a rifle myself and am becoming quite a crack shot. I feel rather sorry for the Turks, as they seem to hate the whole show like poison. One's feelings when potting them are a curious mixture; one takes very careful aim, pulls the trigger and bowls the blighter over and then suddenly pity him and mutter, 'Poor devil', and then proceed to shoot another ... 'Poor devil' indeed ! I knew just how they felt; our roles, on the 4th June, had been reversed.

It was not, however, so simple and safe as my letters made out. It was a wearing and very anxious time. Once or twice we were hard-pressed. On one occasion, our old friends the 6th Gurkhas came up to help repel a particularly heavy attack. There was no room for them in our trench, and so they stood on the parapet behind us and fired over our heads. Nor was the fighting confined only to beating-off frontal attacks. In one place, where our trench ran downhill into the Gully Ravine (a trench called J.13), the Turks held the bottom half of it. It was the scene of close fighting, with bayonet and bomb. Our bombs were of the jam-tin type, locally made; just old empty tins of ration jam, filled with bolts and nuts, with a detonator inside and a fuse which had to be lit with a match. The enemy had real hand grenades, the size of a cricket ball; and the advantage was theirs. For a week, we and the Gurkhas tried to push them out of J.13. The bombers went down the bottom of the trench, while riflemen ran along outside firing into it, but we never succeeded in clearing them out, for when we thought we had done so, the Turkish machine-guns from across the Gully Ravine, in hidden positions, took such a toll that we could not stay. On the 3rd July, I had been superseded in command by one of our older officers, Captain Wilmer, who had hitherto been staff-captain to our brigade. Two days later, he was killed, while bravely leading a bombing party along J.13; and I found myself again in command; but our numbers were dwindling and my command was small.

The heat was great; the corpses in front piled up, and started smelling terribly. The Turks asked for an armistice. A British officer, with a white flag, went out in front, while we peered over the tops of our trenches watching him talk with his Turkish 'opposite number', and for a while, there was silence. Then, he returned. We had refused the armistice, and we settled down to await the next assault. It was the grimmest defensive fighting I had seen.

There were, of course, lulls. Fighting of such intensity cannot continue non-stop. During these lulls we had time to attend to domestic affairs; food and water; boots and clothing; filling up the gaps in the trenches; bringing up the mail. It was during one of these lulls, that the post-orderly appeared with his sandbag-full of letters. I sorted them out. One of them was in my father's handwriting; the envelope had black mourning edges; it was addressed to 'The Officer Commanding, 14th K.G.O. Sikhs' (myself). I opened it and read:-

*Dear Sir,*

*The news reached us a day or two ago that my son, 2/Lieut R. A. Savory had been killed in action. The date was not stated in the telegram from the India Office. His mother and I should both be deeply grateful if you or any of his brother officers who were present when the action was fought could give us any details, the date, the place where he fell, and the place of his burial, and whether his grave was marked, would all be details which help us in our sorrow. Any personal belongings which he had on him when he died, such as his watch or compass, we hope may be also returned to us in due course. I am sure you will forgive me for troubling you.*

*Yours very truly,*
*Arthur L. Savory*

The letter was dated the 13th June, nine days after I had wandered so uselessly about the battlefield on the 4th. The newspapers of that date had also come, and in them I ready my own obituary notice. Clearly, someone had

blundered. I could not resist the temptation, a few days afterwards, of writing officially to my father, acknowledging his letter, stating that his son was alive and well and finishing:-

*'I have the honour to be, Sir,*

*Your obedient servant,*

*R. A. Savory, 2 Lieut.*

*Officer Commanding, 14th K.G.O. Sikhs'*

They say that to be wrongly reported killed is lucky. Perhaps this is so.

TO BE CONTINUED

One Verse from Rudyard Kipling's *Ode on the Melbourne Shrine of Remembrance 1934.*

*Because of certain men who strove to reach,*

*Through the red surf, the coast no man might hold,*

*And gave their name for ever to a beach*

*Which shall outlive Troy's tale when Time is old.*

Major T E Hastings (228)

## IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T . . .

While on the Gallipoli Tour last year some members of the party visited Troy and the Asian shore forts as a brief change from the battlefields.

Some wit - (or half wit ?) explained that Troy was not just one place but that there had been nine successive Troys in the area over many centuries from 3000 B C to 400 A D, some destroyed by earthquakes, some by fire, wars, etc. He claimed that this was the origin of the expression, 'If at first you don't succeed, troy, troy, troy again! '

E H W B

# THE SECOND BATTLE FOR KRITHIA 8th May, 1915

By Col J L McKinlay OBE MM ED (AIF) (239)

Introduction During the Krithia operation outstanding bravery was conspicuous on numerous occasions - not only in rescuing the wounded but in carrying through the operation in the face of enemy fire.

All engaged in the dreadful blunder were too busy doing their duty to their mates to record what was really happening. Only those who survived could estimate the situation. The Australians taking part were 2,000 strong and the total killed were: Officers 16, wounded 32. Other ranks, killed 166, wounded, 507, missing 335.

As a survivor, I humbly give an account of my contribution to this action. Even when I was wounded, which was early in the attack, there were wounded everywhere. The following is an extract from 'Official History (Gallipoli)' of the war, describing the attack. 'In half an hour the gallant charge - an unrecognised Balaklava - had ended with a loss of over a thousand men out of 2,000 engaged, including the Brigadier and both staff officers.'

Certain examples of sheer courage remain clear in my memory after fifty-five years. The stretcher bearer - a lad of about 18 years, of an English Regiment who pleaded with our colonel to be allowed to follow us out of the trench, and bring back wounded - which he did.

Dr Bean, Australian War Correspondent who was able to go through the whole action with his walking stick, without even a scratch. Never once whilst I was there did he even try to take cover (not that there was any). Our colonel, who kept calling 'Come on, Australians', only to be wounded in the end.

The Middie who against darkness and responsibility, eventually handed his barge full of wounded over to the *Franconia*.

Life at times is hard to understand. What makes men do anything to get back to their unit, after being wounded or attending a school in the back areas ? It's like a kind of home sickness - 'My unit is the best in the forces'.

Of the 25 of us who left Western Australia with the 1st A I F now 55 years later only 3 or 4 remain. Since returning, three have suffered a lingering death from cancer. As I saw these pals suffer, I'm at a loss for an answer to many questions. If they had been killed in the advance on Krithia, I would have been left with the memory of them in their youth - honest pals, unselfish, willing to carry one's load when things were hard during the hot days of training in Egypt, and sharing their tin of Fray Bentos (corned beef) during the first few days on Anzac. When they returned to Australia they played their part in helping to make this great country what it is - only to suffer so much at the end of the road - their lives.

The Battle To bring one into the picture prior to the Second Battle for Krithia one must state the following facts. Both forces had secured a foothold on the Peninsula but neither had secured their objectives. Achi Baba at Helles had not been reached. On the 2nd May the powers that be decided to abandon temporarily the advance at ANZAC and concentrate on advancing from Helles to Achi Baba.

Note At this stage of the campaign the Turks had lost 199 officers and 13,955 men, whilst the Anzacs had lost approx 8,000 all ranks.

The Commander's decision was to use all available force - break through and advance to Achi Baba before the Turks could bring up sufficient reserves to prevent this. To give the force at Helles extra troops to carry out this attack it was found necessary to transfer two Brigades from the Anzac area.

The N Z *Otago* Battalion and part of the *Canterbury* - portion of the 4th Brigade - and the 2nd Infantry Brigade (A I F) were detailed to move South to Helles on the night of 5th May. So that the Turks would have no knowledge of this, embarkation was carried out in darkness. The journey was to take two hours, with hopes that the troops would be in bivouac before sunrise on the 5th May. Owing to the heavy sea, it was well after midnight before the destroyers and mine-sweepers were able to leave Anzac Cove. I remember it was bitterly cold, waiting to embark, as no fires could be lit.

Through this delay it was daylight before we arrived along side the *River Clyde* at Cape Helles. The *River Clyde* had been joined to shore by lighters to form a pier. The only enemy fire encountered during our landing was a shell which landed close to the pier throwing up a cloud of black mud. It apparently came from the Asiatic coast.

The first impression of our new surroundings was the battered fort alongside the road, close to the coast, and pier which had been reduced to rubble by the 14" shells fired by the *Queen Elizabeth*. In the distance (approx 5 miles) Achi Baba could be seen. On the slope which led up to Achi Baba to the left was the village of Krithia - plus a number of windmills. Apart from occasional shelling which appeared to be falling around Krithia - and the front line - there was little action to be seen. The ground seemed to have had a wheat crop at one time interspersed with a low scrub.

The 2nd Brigade Signal Section (25) of which I was a lineman, with the Brigade HQ moved forward along a track beside a tiny muddy stream. It was here the Brigade established its HQ and we were told to dig into the bank of the stream, where the Colonel told us we could be seen from Achi Baba so we kept under cover as much as possible, though little cover was to be had. During the rest of the day and the following, apart from laying telephone lines to the Battalions, we were able to move about more or less in the area. In fact many of us visited the French Batteries which were on our right - close to the mouth of the Straits. I have vivid memories of the bright poppies which could be seen amongst lupins and small flowers, possibly daisies. On one occasion we wandered up the stream from which our drinking water and washing water was obtained. Further up was a small detachment of Indian troops (whose duties were to attend to mules for transport purposes). Prior to this we had not had contact with Indian troops except the mountain Batteries which had supported us at Anzac. We were not aware that such as toilet paper was used by our Allies. But to our horror we observed that they were standing in the stream carrying out their toilet - the water flowing down stream - while we were using it for drinking purposes ! It

left more than a nasty taste in our mouths.

Originally the attack on Krithia was timed for May 6 - but owing to our late arrival and other circumstances, it was delayed.

During the afternoon of the 8th May the Brigade HQ were moved further up the creek which was about 300 yards behind the front line, and we were told to dig in for the night. At approx 5 pm the Brigade received orders to advance and attack Krithia - this required us to pass through the present front line (which was some 300 yards from where we were). The attack was timed for 5.30 pm - so all fires had to be doused at once and fast movement everywhere, if we were to pass the starting line by 5.30. Fortunately we had little personal gear to attend to. It consisted of a pack containing all our possessions - underclothing, socks and shaving gear (no safety razors in those days) - plus overcoats and ground sheet. These we dumped in a heap at our Signal dugout which was alongside the stream. We didn't have such things as blankets or other comforts - these had not arrived at this stage. All we had going forward was a rifle with 150 rounds of ammunition carried in a bandoleer (being a mounted unit we had leggings and riding breeches). As a lineman I was detailed by the Sergt to get a reel of cable and telephone - along with a mate - and move forward with the Brigade Commander to keep in touch between this his base and himself as he moved forward. Once we had left the cover of the stream and moved a few hundred yards it was as if all hell had been let loose; the ground was flat with not even a small bush for cover, hence we were in full view of the Turks who raked all around us with machine gun fire. My mate and I reeled out the cable and kept up with the Commander. I, with the telephone hung in front of me, over my tummy, for I had a horror of being hit in the stomach. What use a telephone would be I had no idea. We reached the front line which was held by what was called the 'Composite Brigade Trench' - British troops. Some of us fell into it whilst others flung themselves behind the parados. We were only there for a few minutes before the Brigade Commander gave orders for us to advance.

How he was not shot I'll never know - or the Australian War Correspondent , Dr. Bean, who still had his walking stick and never for a moment faltered. I think it was the guts shown by our leaders that made us do likewise. My part of the advance came to an abrupt halt when we were about 100 yards father on. Here I received a bullet in the neck, which lifted me completely off my feet. I was always given to think that when one was shot, it would be just a tingling sensation or so; this was like getting hit by a sledge hammer. When I came to a member of one of the Battalions had taken my place on the reel and have moved on. By the time I had reached a dressing station some distance back, it was just about dark. Here I was bandaged up and told to make my way to the beach-head some three miles back. A mile or so from the dressing station - not knowing which direction to go exactly - I was challenged by a voice which brought me to a stop at the sharp end of a bayonet of a Gurkha. 'Where do you think you are going ?' 'The beach,' I replied. When he saw we were wounded, he called an N C O who helped another digger and myself onto the road. My friend wounded in the lower part of the stomach was in great pain and it was all he could do to walk as far as the road. We were offered a ride in a G S wagon but after only a few hundred yards were forced to get out and walk, owing to the rough road. It was past midnight before we reached the beach, where we were told to get into a barge, which was in tow of a pinnace. The pinnace was in charge of a Middie (midshipman) who couldn't have been more than 18 years old. When the barge was full, which was only a few minutes after we were ordered into it - there were stretcher cases lying all over the bottom, in fact it would have been hard to find enough space for even one more to stand.

After some delay the Beach Master instructed the Middie to proceed to the *Franconia*. It was pitch dark and all ships at anchor must have been easily six or seven miles out from the beach. With practically no lights visible the Middie had difficulty in finding the ship. He must have gone alongside half a dozen ships of all sizes, and shouted, '*Franconia*', only to be told to go astern, or some such order. To assure us he would find the *Franconia* eventually, he repeatedly tried to cheer us up by saying,

'We will make it soon, mates.' Eventually he did after what must have been two hours or more. Fortunately the sea was calm, and even so there was great difficulty in getting the stretcher cases on board. If every anyone deserved a decoration it was that Middie. My mind goes back to the service they did at the landing. When we were about to embark in the ships' boats to be towed to the shore by a pinnace, the skipper, like many others, his nerves were not the best - things were not going just as they should have according to him, so he shouted over the side of the ship, 'Who's in charge of that bloody pinnace ?' to which the Middie appeared from the engine room and replied, 'At your service, Sir.'

There were 1400 (or more) wounded on board - there may have been one doctor but certainly not more than two - and of course no nurses. There were stretcher cases everywhere. There were a few orderlies but most of the crew gave a hand when not on duty. The ship had brought out troops from U K and was not fitted out as a hospital ship - with the result that there was a 4" howitzer on board which couldn't be landed at Helles because there wasn't such a thing as a derrick to do the job. The result of all this was that the skipper couldn't (or wouldn't) fly the Red Cross flag. We set sail for Alexandria the following morning at full speed, the ship shook from stem to stern with the speed she was making. The trip took something like three days, in which we lost 14 men. For everyone there was a service, and as the body was sent down a slide the skipper turned the ship hard to port so that there was no chance of the propeller striking the body - a last salute from a big liner.

When we arrived at the mouth of Alex harbour there was no pilot to take the ship in, so after circling three or four times he took the ship in - at what must have been well over the required speed for there was a terrific jolt. The arrangements at Alex were good for we were taken by train to Cairo, from there by truck to Heliopolis where the Casino had been taken over for a hospital. Since leaving the front line I hadn't had any attention to my wound, for there were hundreds worse off than me. When

the nurse had a look at me all she could say to the orderly was, 'Just take him away and give him a wash - no, perhaps a scrub would be much better.' Which they did, returning me to have my wound dressed.

After about a week I was feeling my old self again with good food and attention to my wound, so much so that the hospital staff who were very short of orderlies, thought that myself and my pal, who was from the same signal section (slight wound in the leg) could be used as orderlies. This we were ordered to do, much to our disgust.

One of our duties was to take spare parts from the operating room to the incinerator - plus many other such unpleasant tasks. I never realised that spare parts could weigh so much - such as leg.

After putting up with what we considered a most unpleasant occupation, both my cobber and self paraded before the chief medical officer, and requested that we be sent to the front. The reception we received wasn't of the best. He told us in no uncertain terms that we were lucky to be here, and to think of what the lads in the front line at Anzac were having to put up with ! He didn't realise we had been there. When we told him we had been wounded and wanted to return, he was amazed ! 'Well, if that's what you want, you may go.' So the next day we made our way to the reinforcement depot, which was close to the hospital.

After a couple of days amongst what we called the deep thinkers (this it must be remembered was early July 1915), we had enough of doing squad drill, etc. So we had a conference and made up our minds the first chance we got we would get out of this place. It wasn't long before it arrived. We found out that there was a draft leaving for Anzac early one morning. So as we had not been issued with any equipment, and were not on the draft, we decided we would have to do something about it. The draft was due to leave the depot early one morning about 2 a m - so the night before we broke into the Q store and fitted ourselves out with rifle, webb equipment, etc., and when the draft started to move off for the train in the dark to take them to Alex, we tagged on behind and made the ship without being found out. Once on the ship we realised we

were in for trouble as there was sure to be a parade, etc. So when darkness came on the first night, we took up residence in one of the ship's lifeboats where we remained for three days only coming out late at night to obtain food, etc. - from the mess rooms. The ship laid off Anzac Cove until darkness came on as ships arriving in the area could be seen by the Turks. Without any trouble we got into one of the small boats which were taking troops ashore. Once on the wharf, we made a break for it despite shouts from someone wanting to know where those men were going. We knew, for we had an idea that our old unit would be somewhere near where we had been before going to Helles. We found them all right - and was our Officer and especially the Sergeant pleased to see us ? Not half as pleased as we were to see them.

## MR LIDDLE (AM 426)

A report on Mr Liddle's visit to Turkey in 1972 has been circulated by him direct to our Members who helped him by sending him material in various forms.

Will any member who has NOT received a copy please write DIRECT to Mr Liddle if they would like a copy.

## PICTURE OF ANZAC COVE

A water-colour by Norman Wilkinson is available to anyone interested. The picture measures about 2 feet by 1 foot, framed. The picture will be sent to the first applicant sending in £5 to:

*Mrs M Hamilton*
*Rectory Farm*
*St Margaret South Elmham*
*Harleston*
*Norfolk*

Please write DIRECT to her.

## OUR OLD YOUNG MEMBERS

one of our members tells the true story of how he was flatly contradicted by a lady, not on a question of opinion, but of fact. He was on holiday on a Greek island a few years ago and one fine and very hot afternoon he took a brisk walk along the waterfront. On returning to the hotel, the weather being just as he liked it, he was walking with a swing and enjoying it. On the way he passed some other members of the party sitting at a shady table at a taverna and drinking something cool. He waved and passed on.

In the evening one of the ladies of the party said something congratulatory about his being able to get a move on, and in that heat. Next day the party went by cars to another village and again partook of refreshment at a taverna, inviting some of the locals; men only of course, the women being busy at work. Our member asked the driver, who acted as an interpreter of sorts, if any of them had been in the Salonika campaign in the first war, as he had. One old chap was found who looked like the oldest inhabitant, no National Health teeth, etc. and a bit doddery. Then he was asked, through the driver, what his age was. He said he was seventy and so our man replied, 'So am I', and they shook hands.

That evening the same lady asked him what the fraternisation was all about and was told that the two were in the Salonika campaign and were the same age, seventy. On that she immediately contradicted him with, 'Rubbish, you can't be.' Our man was so surprised that he said you could have knocked him down with an army tank. It was some time before the lady believed that it was true.

I see there is an omission in the story. The first word has got lost; it should start, 'Number one .....

## JOHNNIE CAME MARCHING HOME

A Gallipoli veteran got home on demobilisation and he and his girl friend decided to celebrate. 'Let's go to the Corner House,' she said. 'Right, we'll go to the brassiere.' 'It isn't silly, it's the brasserie.' 'Well, never mind what you call it but we're going on the bust, anyhow.'

E H W B

# THE GALLIPOLI GAMBLE

By Les Lawrance 5 R Inniskilling Fus 10 Div (436)

(Extract from book presented to
Sir Winston Churchill on his ninetieth birthday)

This story written in blank verse, is the Gallipoli campaign of 1915, as seen through the eyes of some of the officers and men of a regiment which had three battalions actively engaged on that front. For this reason the general background of the incidents will be those sectors in which one or all of these battalions were at one time or another engaged. The author has upon occasions strayed into prose and some poetry, believing the change of mood might be more colourfully expressed through that particular channel. He expresses thanks to the officers and men of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers for their invaluable assistance and use of certain data, and to the Cassel Company of London for permission to use some facts contained in Sir Compton Mackenzie's book, Gallipoli Memories.

## PREFACE

At the outbreak of the first war, Turkish policy was in the main determined by Enver Pasha, Minister of War, who was pro-German. At the height of the crisis in July 1914 the Ottomans proposed to the Germans a secret alliance against Russia, which was agreed to on August first. The agreement was for the Turks to enter the war immediately the Russians opened an offensive against Germany.

On August eleventh two powerful German cruisers, *Goeben* and *Breslau* arrived at the entrance to the Dardanelles and were given clear passage. These two had recently completed the bombardment of two towns in French Africa and then had steamed on to Messina. The British Admiral Milne was stationed at the northern end of the Straits of Messina, but the cruisers steamed out of the southern end on August sixth. A small British squadron under Admiral Troubridge followed, but did not dare to engage them. Many considered there was an air of *festina lente* on the part of this chase. The presence of the modern cruisers at Constantinople helped the German Intelligence to establish a firm influence over Turkish policy, additionally it

revealed the trend of Turkish thinking. These two vessels were then officially purchased by the Turkish Government to take the place of two battleships being built in England, which had been confiscated by the British.

On October twenty-ninth Turkish warships and the two cruisers bombarded Odessa and Sevastopol on the Russian seacoast. Britain and her allies immediately sent an ultimatum and on November second Russia declared war followed on November fifth by Britain, who also annexed the island of Cyprus. General Liman von Sanders was made head of the German Military Mission at Constantinople and brought great pressure to bear on Turkish strategy.

The offensive against the Russians petered out, and the Caucasus front remained quiet until April 1915 when the Turks commenced the deportation and massacre of the Armenians. At this point they drove the Russians out of the Armenian stronghold and a stalemate occurred. Meanwhile they initiated some operations against the British in Egypt, but the Anzacs (Australian and New Zealand forces) easily repulsed them.

The entry of the Turkish Empire into the war had greatly extended the areas of possible conflict. In view of the stalemate that existed on the Western front the idea was conceived in England (notably, it is said by Sir Winston Churchill, Lloyd George and Lord Kitchener) that it might be shrewder to have the French hold the Western front while Britain should concentrate on using her newly raised armies in an endeavour to attack the enemy in some more vulnerable location. They chose the Near East in the belief that a resounding success might induce the Balkan States to join the Franco-British Entente. Some French generals were sympathetic towards the plan but the majority, led by General Joffre, gave vigorous opposition, in which they were joined by Sir John French, who at that time commanded the British in France. However, Churchill and his supporters continued to press and presented three plans of action. (1) A landing at a point in the Alexandretta Gulf which might cut the railway and prevent the Turks carrying troops and supplies for the Egyptian campaign. (2) Send a force to Salonika strong enough to bring Greece and Bulgaria to the Allied side. From

there they would (via the Danube) attack Austria.
(3) Attack the Dardanelles, land a force and capture the Turkish capital. All these schemes had to be shelved because of the insistence of the Allied generals that newly trained forces be sent to France.

On January second the Russians made strong representation to the British for some diversion in tactics to relieve the pressure of the Turks in the Caucasus. The War Council met and after much debate finally decided on January thirteenth to implement scheme number three (action in the Dardanelles). On February nineteenth the British began a naval action and a few days later occupied the island of Lemnos in the Aegean Sea as a base. The Gallipoli forts were soon silenced and several companies of marines landed without much opposition. It is now quite clear that a landing at that time on a more intense and extensive scale would have secured Gallipoli Peninsula and the Dardanelles, but it was not until April twenty-fifth that the British invasion took place; and in that interval the Turks under General Liman von Sanders had strengthened the defences and placed approximately 75,000 men in the field. That naval action on Frebruary nineteenth was somewhat like leaving a calling card with a note on it to say, 'We'll be back later'.

From the opening gun on February nineteenth a touch of timidity pervaded every command coming out of H Q. The campaign was reluctantly agreed to by the French and so each order issued seemed to be shrouded in a veil of apology for fear someone might be offended. The campaign was a caesarian operation that lived just long enough to see the light. It never got right off the ground. No wonder regimental officers and men began to question what was going on, and eventually the campaign became a live topic among the men. They blamed the politicians and those in high places for the sorry chaos.

The responsibility for this calamitous operation never has been squarely placed upon anyone's shoulders and wounds could not be healed by attempting to do so now. A smoke-screen was sprayed over the sorry and wretched mess by dramatising the withdrawal as 'the glorious evacuation from Gallipoli Peninsula' and labelling it as

a great piece of strategy in which not a man was lost. Many reasons were offered for the failure. Politics, timidity, lack of real desire for success, confused leadership, bad co-ordination and poor communications. These and many more have been put forward to justify the defeat. We hazard the guess that the campaign never was taken seriously enough - it was a side-show to appease the Russians, divert attention and relieve some pressure ... a side-show in which over 117,000 were casualties. (28,200 killed, 78,095 wounded, 11,254 missing). Over 96,000 were hospitalised through sickness and statistics are not available as to how many died from disease. The leaders came in for their share of criticism, among them such well known figures as Lord Kitchener, Sir Winston Churchill and Sir Ian Hamilton. Even the troops came under verbal fire.

Despite all the clamour, the government refused to strike a medal commemorating the Gallipoli campaign. ' 'Twas not a victory', they said.

WE SHOW OUR HAND

The Turkish policy at outbreak of
The War was clear, and definitely drawn
By Enver Pasha, Minister of War,
Who made a secret pact with Germany.
This caused the Allies much concern because
The Bosphorus, gateway to Russian ports
Through the Black Sea, would now be closed to all
Allied ships - thus calking up the Russian
Navy; also preventing flow of trade
And commerce. The Russian pleas for help at
First fell on deaf ears, but finally the
Cabinet decided that blockade of
The Bosphorus and Narrows should be smashed.
And so we have Gallipoli, which was
A campaign planned to permit passage through
The Dardanelles, and let our merchant fleet
Sail into Russian ports. A brilliant stroke
Of strategy. But some said of this plan -
'Conceived within impatient womb perhaps
Because of stalemate on the Western front.'

While others felt that politics had ruled.
Maybe it was impression that was sought.
For if Constantinople could be ours,
The Western Front might crumble overnight.
And so in Febru'ry one-nine-one-five,
We and the Frenchies made the first attempt
To break our way up through the Narrow Strait.
The operation failed with heavy loss.
Of paramount importance our prestige
Was bruised, and Turkey now had seen our hand.
She waited then like cat who plays with mouse.
Before proceeding, let us mark it well
As bungled strategy.

THE LANDING

Was warning heeded ? - No, within two months,
On April twenty-fifth we then combined
To make a landing south at Sedd-el-Bahr,
On beaches S V W X and Y.
With Anzacs landing down at Gaba Tepe.
The General, Sir Ian Hamilton,
Watched from his ship. He saw the *River Clyde*
And tow-boats under murderous Turkish fire
At V Beach and Cape Helles just a few
Made shore, but they were held at water's edge
By shell and enfillading maxim fire.
At Beaches X and Y and Ghurka Bluff,
Located north and west up from the toe,
The landings were effected without loss.
By April twenty-sixth our men won through,
And held a narrow strip of Turkish soil -
So shallow this that all supplies which came
By sea, (including water) suffered loss
From shells directed so we learned by Huns.
As theatre balconies o'erlook a stage,
So Turk positions dominated us
From honey-combed emplacements in the cliffs.
Thus day and night one stood and worked and slept,
And bathed and ate as though in no man's land,
A contrast to the Western front, where one
Looked forward to those blessed days of peace

In Rest Camps - where but rarely stalk-ed death.
But at Gallipoli he walked close at
One's side. No wonder brave men broke beneath
The strain of constant closeness to the grave.
Impression that the Turk was moribund
Was based upon some previous Balkan war.
Resourceful - valorous - fanatical,
That's what the Ottoman turned out to be.
Despite the hazard discipline was not
Relaxed, and Company parades formed up.
Church services and even *vingt-et-un*
Were held and played in their respective place.
Yes - even sick parades lined up. But what a joke !
For all were sick. Beneath that blazing sun
A stronger foe appeared within the ranks -
His name write bold across the scroll of time.
Disease - disease was now the stronger foe.
Unburied bodies out in no-man's-land
Blew up like huge balloons, to burst
And spill their putridness upon the earth.
The flies zoomed down like dust to eat their fill;
Then like a pestilential horde they crossed
Our lines, and settled on our sweating arms
And faces, where as leeches they would stick,
Inoculating us with every kind
Of fever known to man. Thanks be to God,
The sunset brought relief, although we knew
That in the night the vermin tracked across
From Turkish lines and lice took over where
The flies left off. 'Twas more than man could stand.
This left us with malaria and the runs,
Plus rotting wounds whose stench made hard men puke.
And from the bloody sodden earth there rose
A grey cadaverous mist, which covered all,
And spread its cold and clammy hand as clouds
Of sweat envelops those about to die.
The M.O. and his corps were ill-equipped
To fight a second cause. They too succumbed,
And men were left to fend as best they could.
C.O.'s perforce gave out the quinine pills,
And Subbies learned to give a hypo shot.
The Commissariat did the best it could

Considering they too were under fire.
If they'd had flour they could have baked some bread -
If they'd had water. Hard tack took its place,
With bully beef, maconachie and rice.
The water came from *Alex.* in huge scows,
And on the journey grew a greenish scum.
The M O countered with chlorine
But rations never were enough to quench
A thirst, and sometimes not sufficient to
Support a life. Yes, some went mad and died.
Unless you've lived beneath relentless sun,
And been without a drink for three full days,
You've no conception of what agony
Man passes through. His tongue at first will coat -
Then swell and thicken, filling up his mouth
Until he feels as though his head will burst -
But mercifully then he passes out.
And so disease became the front rank foe,
Its casualties exceeding those from wounds.
Without the proper food and drink or rest,
Few could be mustered fit enough to fight,
And yet they steadfastly refused to quit.
The incident that now I shall relate,
Occurred before a truce to bury had
Been made. The front was littered with dead Turks
Mowed down with cries of 'Allah' on their lips.
A lad was wriggling out beyond the trench
To take his duty place on 'listening post'.
He moved when clouds obscured the moon's bright light,
And almost reached the designated point,
When Duffy's hand sank deep into the earth.
'A sickly fear came over me,' he said.
'I tried to pull my arm out, but could not.
I froze as solid as a block of ice -
My body sweating out a clammy film.
'Twas when my buddy whispered, 'Come, let's go'
That I came to, and out of my deep freeze.
I forced my left arm 'gainst the solid ground,
And gradually I withdrew my hand.
As it came out I heard a squelching noise,
And then a stench of death far worse than I
Had ever smelled rose up as like a cloud.

I puked and puked - not much there anyway.
When suddenly the moon came out again.
I knew just what to do - keep still - freeze tight.
But what I saw beneath the moon's bright light
Dried up my blood and once again I retched.
In front of me there was an old Turk's head,
Just like a rotten turnip, but with beard.
My arm had been thrust deep into his guts,
Which under broiling sun had liquefied.'
Poor Duffy did his tour and then came back
To tell this story over brew of tea.

TO BE CONTINUED

## THE FACELESS ONES

## alias TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK

## alias TURKISH DELIGHT

This is a true story about an incident which took place shortly after the war, in about 1920

A New Zealand engineer officer who was a surveyor, had the job of mapping parts of outlandish Turkey.

One day, with his assistant, he arrived at a walled enclosure and went inside where they saw the women of the household in and around a pool. Some were washing clothes and others bathing.

As soon as the surveyors were spotted there was a succession of yells, and those who were bathing promptly picked up a towel and covered their faces, it being part of their old religion that a strange man should never see their faces, hence the old yashmak, later abolished by Kemal Attaturk.

E H W B

## 'THE GUINEA STAMP'

'The rank is but the guinea stamp.
The man's the gold for all that.'

By Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus (167)

But this particular Lord of ours - our Commanding Officer - the first Lord Rochdale - qualifies under both headings - both for the guinea stamp, and of being all or a man. God knows, I am no lickspittle of the aristocracy. I am a staunch and rude democrat - they don't come ruder than me, but for this particular member of our aristocracy and for the many others like him in the First World War, I am the biggest lickspittle of them all.

I found myself that first day, and by pure chance, right alongside him as we scrambled up the low cliffs in twos, threes and fours in this broken country. Woefully short of breath and with the sweat streaming down his face, revolver in one hand and walking stick in the other, urging his men forr'ard - this Lord Rochdale. By rights, and at his age and physical condition he should very properly have been occupying a safe seat at the War Office or at some H Q Base, and where he could have been and without the slightest loss of honour, instead of being on this young man's Commando type enterprise. But not for him the soft seat of war. Like many others of his kind, he just wasn't that sort. And he stuck with us during the campaign, sharing equally our dangers and hardships until age and its infirmities finally caught up with him.

It was about the Autumn time of the year when, and with his spirit still willing, but his flesh weak, he made his undignified exit from us - on to the hospital ship. Sorrowfully we watched him being hoisted, like a sack of potatoes on to a horse's back. Wracked with rheumatism, lumbago and the kindred ills of middle age, he had the greatest difficulty in clinging on to the horse being led at walking pace to the beach where a Naval pinnace was waiting to cart him to the hospital ship. He deserved a more glorious exit than that. But it's one of Life's little ironies that all too often an undignified exit awaits many a worthy man - be it a felon's cross or the indignity of being carted away like a sack of spuds on the back of a horse.

'Ee ! But Ah feel right sad, now 'e's leaving us,' one of our chaps said.

'And 'ow does ta think he feels?' said our Platoon Sergeant compassionately.

Fortunately our erstwhile C O survived his ailments and except for looking very much war-battered, he was back at his duties in his mills after the war. And, dammit, he even still wore that daily fresh carnation in his button-hole, just as flamboyantly as ever. Goddam this old aristocracy, but you can't help liking these noble Lords of ours. They seemed to stand for something so solid and permanent, something so - so - damned English - if y'know what I mean. Arrogant, snooty sometimes, just a little stupid perhaps sometimes, - jovial flamboyant, contemptuous of all other nations - those 'lesser breeds without the law' - but game to the very last, these old time members of the aristocracy. Somehow, and when you feel you should be despising them, you find you can't help liking the b...'s. And even their very faults make them so incredibly English. ('And now' - says my Recording Angel - 'stow your blethering loquacity and get on with the story.') Sorry, but a chap gets carries away sometimes.

## Identity Discs

Probably the most important part of a soldier's kit, these Identity Discs. There used to be two of them, about the size of a penny, one red, one green and made out of fibre board. These Identity Discs were worn on a piece of string around the neck, next to the skin. I forget what used to be stamped on the green one - it could have been first and second choice of flowers in a certain eventuality. But I honestly forget what was on the green one. On the red one however was stamped your name, initials, regiment and the initials of your own particular fancy in the religious line - like C E (Church of England), R C (Roman Catholic), O D (Other Denominations, or more tersely abbreviated by us to Odds and Sods). Besides being decorative and until you've seen a bunch of soldiers coming in from a bathe dressed in nothing but their identity discs - well, you've missed a lot - but besides being decorative they had a real practical value and were no end helpful to the Celestial Traffic Cop

busy in those early days directing the stream of traffic crowding in towards St Peter's Gate. The main road would be full of the more numerous C E's, and with the R C's and O D's being allowed to filter through now and again from the side roads. So you see, to go into battle without your Identity Discs would be inviting real trouble - like going abroad without a passport, or walking through the Italian quarter of a town shouting 'Shoot the Pope'.

Being R C meant that we were of the Only True Faith (God forgive us for our presumption), and also ensured, or so we hoped, that we could pass through those Golden Gates without too much passport formalities. As regards the others, well - no doubt there'd be all sorts of difficulties, visas, three references and all that. So you see there were all sorts of advantages in having your identity discs stamped 'R C'.

'R C' meant too, that among other things we believed in fairies and the power of our protecting saints to shield us from all harm. And if the protecting saint fell down on his job now and then and the bullet ripped into your guts instead of bouncing harmlessly off you, well - even a saint can slip up sometimes. So like I said, I'll bet the protecting saints of those two swaggerers from the Emerald Isle were working frantically that day.

I turned to comment on this to the L Cpl crouched alongside me but he didn't reply. He'd just had half his lower jaw shot away with a clump of shrapnel balls. For a few brief seconds his eyes held mine in the mute agony of the badly wounded. I remember, and still with disgust, the sickening feeling of elation I got when I saw it was he and not me that had been hit. It is only very recently I have learned that such a reaction as was mine is a normality in human behaviour, but until I knew that, the sense of shame I forst got had haunted me for many, many years. Why doesn't someone tell us about these things earlier. That little black devil of shame you keep trying to push down deep into the well of forgetfulness - it forever keeps bobbing up, and it is only after the thing is explained to you properly that you feel like a man suddenly released from a dark dungeon.

TO BE CONTINUED

## PENSIONS PATTER

EXTRACTED from The Gallipoli Gazette (Australia) which was extracted from The Windmill (Canada).

All the extracts given below are from genuine letters sent to the Pensions Office; although crude, they are written in good faith by the authors.

I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why this is.
This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it.
Mrs. R. has no clothes and has not had any for a year. The clergy have been visiting her.
In reply to your letter, I have already co-habited with your office, so far without results.
I am forwarding my marriage certificate, and two children, one of which is a mistake - as you see.
Unless I get my husband's money, I shall be forced to lead an immortal life.
I am writing these lines for Mrs. G. who cannot herself write. She expects to be confined next week and can do with it.
I am sending you my marriage certificate and six children. I had seven and one died, which was baptised on a half sheet of paper by the Rev. Thomas.
Please find out if my husband is dead, as the man I am now living with won't eat or do anything until he is sure.
You have changed my little girl into a little boy. Will this make any difference ?
Please send my money at once as I have fallen into errors with my landlord.
I have no children as my husband is a bus driver and works all day and night.
In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.
I want money as quick as you can send it. I have been in bed with doctor all the week and he does not seem to be doing any good.
Milk is wanted for my baby as the father is unable to supply it.
Sir, I am glad to say that my husband reported missing is now dead.

 *Printed by Promotion House, Edenbridge, Kent*