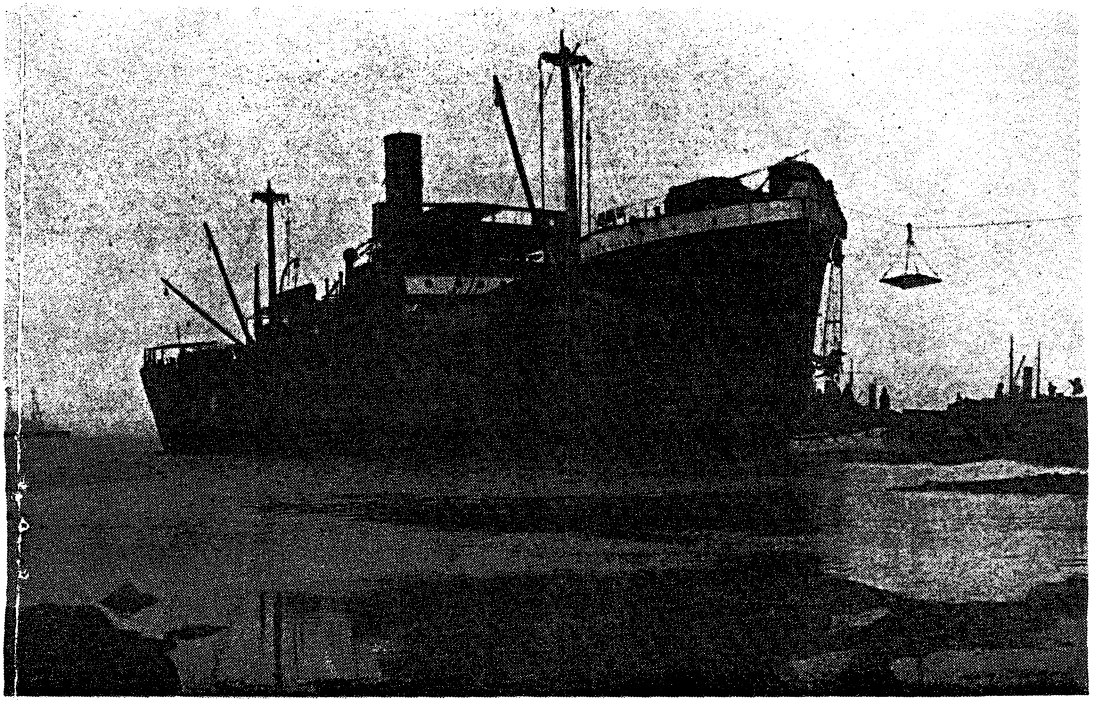
THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 15p No. 9 AUTUMN 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

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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)

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THE LATE SIR GILBERT STEPHENSON

Most members will be aware of the death of one of our Vice-Presidents, and probably the oldest member.

He was a fine example of 'sailoring on' and his activity over the years is an example to all of us.

The Association was honoured to number him among its membership.

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OLD SCOUTS

Our many Old Scout Members will be pleased to see the name of a new member, Lord Rowallan, a former Chief Scout, who has honoured us by joining.

FOURTH ANNUAL DINNER : 6 OCTOBER 1972

This will be held at the Royal Air Force Club, 128 Piccadilly, London W1V OPY, again kindly sponsored by Lt-Col P J Gething, MC. The Club is between Hyde Park and Green Park Underground Stations. Ample free parking in nearby streets after 6.30. Dress: Dinner jackets (or dark suits) with a name label worn above miniatures. Please note that this name label is NOT the place card which will be sent on receipt of applications. This place card should be folded to stand up, and placed on the table at the place selected. Members are free to choose their own places on arrival. Reception at 6.30 for 7 p.m.

Price £2, inclusive of gratuity, but exclusive of drinks which are payable in cash both at the bar and at the table.

This year we have invited no Guest of Honour so that the maximum time will be available after the dinner for our own reunion. Members are invited to bring male guests at will.

Please apply for the dinner by writing to the Honorary Secretary well in time, enclosing:

Name and address and number (preferably in block letters)

Cheque (etc) for £2 per person

Return stamped envelope

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PHOTOGRAPH

The photographic reproduction in this issue is of the lunch party on the 27th April 1972.

Copies of the original photograph, size 10 in x 8 in, may be obtained through Mr F T K Woodworth, a member of the committee by writing to him DIRECT. Price: 54p, including packing and postage.

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D I N N E R - P S

It may be possible to show a sound film of Her Majesty the Queen's visit to Gallipoli in 1971.

GALLIPOLI DAY 25 APRIL 1972

From Captain H N Lyster MBE MC (192) Istanbul 3 May 1972

We had three Ambassadors: British, Australian and Canadian, and an Air Marshal (Sir Neville Stack) who promised to join our Association. Each Ambassador had two attachés with him; two New Zealand majors attached to the U N Mission in Syria, and no less than eleven pilgrims, one of whom is a Gallipoli veteran and who also promised to join our Association. Both our Consul-General and the Consul were with us.

The Dardanel Otel where you stayed having closed for lack of support, we all stayed on the night of the 24th at the Truva Hotel on the Asian shore, crossing by ferry next morning where a procession of 25 cars met us, most flying their respective pennants; Sir Neville's had three stars for his service rank, ensuring general salutes. We first went to the Turkish Monument where a Guard of Honour awaited us. The Australian Ambassador, as the Doyen, inspected them with the traditional 'Meraba Askerler' to which they all replied, 'Sa Ol'. There was the usual strong wind on this eminence and those who had to lay wreaths had great difficulty in placing them and had to lay them against one of the pillars. There were a few Turkish veterans and a large number of locals. After the V I Ps signed the official book we proceeded to the British Monument at Cape Helles where I had a British Legion wreath to place alongside those of our Ambassadors. We spent a goodish bit of time there as some of the pilgrims wanted to find names only recorded on the walls as 'having no known grave'.

After this the procession went to the Australian cemetery and then to the New Zealand one. The two Officers stood at attention for a while and promised to send letters to their Association 'down under'. General Aran and his wife were with us and the General read a speech in Turkish and in English, pointing out that these gatherings were not to hate but to regret the death of so many men uselessly and to keep their memory green.

This was the end of the pilgrimage, and my 15th.

THIRD LUNCH 1972

By G E Dale R F A (53)

So here we are again at the Duke's Headquarters, relieved that the old boy himself isn't around to march us up to the top and all that. 84 veterans (some from far afield) are called to the bar at noon and dash straight into action. Laggards must elbow their way to the front line. It's that same old conversational roar; louder, I think, at each successive gathering. Which is at it should be.

It's outside for a photograph which, despite a drizzle, turns out well. Envious eyes follow a sturdy walker, training at a pace we haven't matched lately. (Maybe we'll puff instead). After the best lunch yet, now for the A G M. It's our usual nap time, but drooping chins are sternly disciplined.

In spite of that song, it seems that old soldiers really do die - with boots on of course. Membership, now increasing, must inevitably fade with time. Sadly I picture the last man at his lonely lunch. Funds being low, he'll pen his own 'Gallipolian', raise a glass of plonk and, tears in eyes, murmur 'Absent friends'. Then, sighing, maybe he'll open a tin of bully. But no ! I find that our growing band of Associate 'youngsters' will take over and all will be well. But it makes my blue blood boil to hear that the Press doesn't want us now. Publicity brings new members. Now if only we sported longer hair we could stage a Trafalgar Square demo - and get on the telly. There's a nice speech, fluent but concise, from Mr. Liddle, our new Associate Member.

Cheers for Gordon Parker's generous aid with the 'Gallipolian' printing expenses. Bravo those Andover lads with the minibus. Throaty hear-hears for an amiable President, with a well-done for Mr. Treasurer, and a back-pat for the only member to sample a Turkish clink. Three ringing cheers for our founder and main prop, and 1½ for the careless comrade who had a swig at my beer.

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5 BN ROYAL SCOTS - GALLIPOLI DAY 1972

This Battalion, the only Territorial one in the original 29th Division landings on the 25th April 1915, held a reunion of their survivors at the Royal Scots Club in Edinburgh. 14 attended, under the Chairmanship of Lord Migdale. After the meal there was a general pow-wow and a resolve to repeat it next year, all being well.

THE FUSILIERS : GALLIPOLI DAY 1972

The Lancashire Fusiliers, of W Beach fame and 'six before breakfast' (Victoria Crosses) has lost its unique identity, being now the 5th Bn of the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers. The regiment held its annual Gallipoli Day parade in Bury, together with a reception, lunch and dinner. The parade included a service in the Parish Church and a march-past. The procession was led by Gallipoli survivors, with a detachment from H M S *Euryalus*, the successor to the ship which landed the battalion at W Beach.

Lt. General Sir George Lea, a former Lancashire Fusiliers officer and now Deputy Colonel of the Fusiliers, took the salute. The occasion was well publicised by the 'Bury Times' with a page-wide photograph of the parade led by the band of the 5th Royal Regiment of Fusiliers.

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ON THE OCCASION OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GALLIPOLI : 22 OCTOBER 1971

By Major H McK Whittall DSO RE RND (240)

There is a Turkish saying 'Omur Biter - Yol Bitmez', loosely translated - 'Life ends but the Road goes on'.

And I felt that all those who ended their lives on this Peninsula and in these waters, be they Turks, French, Anzacs or British, subconsciously paved the way for and fostered an understanding and feeling of friendliness between our different peoples, and that is their true memorial along the road that still goes on. For it is only through understanding and friendship between nations that peace may eventually come to this troubled world of ours. Not through wars.

OBITUARIES

With deep regret the following names are recorded:
W G Spencer Late RE (155)
John Hadnett Late RE 436 Fld Coy (358)
Major R S Bishop MC Late 6 Lincoln R (301)
C W Woods Late Suffolk Y (229)
B S Aitchison Late R Munster Fus (248)
Lt- Gen Sir Gilbert O Stephenson VICE-PRESIDENT (200)
R Wood Smith Late RND (76)
Lt-Col G M Hooper Late 1/11 London R (292)
Major (Dr) A L Shearwood Late RAMC (298)

NEW MEMBERS (up to 1 August 1972)

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

HALF A CENTURY ON

GALLIPOLI PILGRIMAGE 1965

While this is now somewhat out of date, a number of our members joined it and an account of it may be of interest.

This was a large pilgrimage; one hundred veterans and seventy wives and other relatives, as well as a few tourists found by Oceanways Steamship Company, who ran the party. It was also made a tour with sightseeing rather than a more limited pilgrimage to the battlefields only.

A few weeks before this, the Anzacs had made an official pilgrimage sponsored by their governments and recognised by the Turks; they landed at dawn on the 25th April.

For our tour the S S *Atreus*, a small ship of 2000 tons was chartered and we joined it at Venice; a call was made first at Corfu, then Athens and on to Salonika, with time for those interested to go up country in Macedonia. Then on to Mudros and its vast bay in the isle of Lemnos. It seemed a nice green land this time, although I think most of us found it a very barren shore in early 1915.

Turkey As we approached the entrance to the Dardanelles we paid tribute to those lost at sea there by casting a wreath, followed by a period of stand-still for a minute while the ship's siren blared away and effectively stopped any talking. Passing up the straits by night we saw little of the Peninsula but next morning, after a short trip up the Bosphorus we turned and landed at Istanbul; firstly we saw the sights and then we laid a wreath at the Taxim Square Independence Memorial. Here we had bad luck which upset many of our members and all the wives. I had asked for three coaches to take us from the quay to the memorial area but at the last minute I found I had been provided with only one coach to make three journeys. On the first coach was the party from the 29th Division and on debussing we crossed the road to the Memorial where we saw a band and a guard of honour awaiting us. Not knowing of the rest of the party still to come the band struck up the Turkish and then the British national anthems and so we, in the person of Major Ball, the President of the 29th Division Association, could only carry on and lay our wreath. The disappointment of the others when they arrived can be imagined.

We were met by some of the Turkish Veterans Union Members who were very friendly and helpful.

Gallipoli Istanbul was left on our return southwards through the Dardanelles by night, arriving at Chanakkale early in the morning. An early start was made so that those who wanted to see most of the Peninsula could have a full day. The *'Atreus'* took us to Morto Bay where we landed at the pier which had been hastily repaired for us. Coaches awaited and took us all up to the Turkish Memorial. Our party formed up and again a wreath was laid by the President of the 29th Division Association, Major Ball. After a time to look around and take photographs, we boarded the coaches to take us to the main British War Memorial at Cape Helles, overlooking V beach.

Cape Helles Again we paraded, medals worn, and after the laying of the Pilgrimage wreath nearly a dozen other wreaths were laid both by units and by some individuals. The XII Corps face of the four-sided memorial was garnished by this line of colourful wreaths. A picnic lunch followed, then a two-hour break with opportunities to visit the two local beaches which many of us remembered in the dim distance. For many it was their first revisit to the Peninsula and many memories were stirred.

We were met here by Mr McNiven, the Local Supervisor of the War Graves Commission, who had been put at our disposal by his Head Office in London. He was most valuable, not only in a general way but in specific cases where many of our members wanted to see particular graves or cemeteries and had been given details from London.

After lunch our coaches took us on towards X and Y beaches on the Aegean side, also Gully Beach, but on account of recent rains some of the tracks were impassable to vehicles and walking was the only way for those veterans who remembered the way to go after the years. Later most of us went on to Krithia village; this was once entered by a patrol of our troops in 1915 but it could not be held and on being turned out by the Turks, we never entered it again. Just beyond Krithia we saw where a track led off to Achi Baba, another unobtainable landmark all through the campaign. Krithia has a local museum and it was strange to see many examples of British equipment 'from the other side'.

Then back to the pier and the *'Atreus'* and a return to Chanakkale for the night. A party of Turkish officers came aboard and were regaled with refreshment while dinner was coming up

A fateful day Next day proved to be a fateful one. I first wandered around Chanakkale and met one of our two Anzac members of the party, Mr. Bill Bourne. He was one of the over-eighties and a most cheerful man. He said he had not a care in the world and that we worry too much over trifles, such as just missing a bus, or if the electricity fails, or other passing upsets. He ended with: 'It isn't a life and death matter.' Some of the party had visited Troy early that morning and then we all met and crossed the Dardanelles by ferry from the *Atreus* at Chanakkale. At Eceabat on the Peninsula we split up so that those who wanted could go to Helles for a second day. Many went on to Anzac and the way to Suvla. Roads were bad in places through rain, and we looked forward to the use of Mr McNiven's Landrover to get a party to Suvla from Anzac.

Anzac At Anzac Cove, the main starting point for those who were at Anzac in 1915, we all left the coaches for a preliminary visit. Bourne had particularly gone on the pilgrimage in order to try to find his old gun-put. As the coach approached Anzac he got more and more excited at the prospect and was a bit put out when the coaches had to go a little way beyond the Cove in order to park off the road. He stepped from the coach and started towards the Cove when he fell. Later, when we had time to adjust ourselves, it was generally agreed that this was a fine way to go out; he had been there fifty years before and had looked forward to returning once again; he had had a happy life and returned to finish his days. Two doctors in the party were with him within seconds, but could only pronounce that he was probably dead before he reached the ground. This was a catastrophe.

But what more would he have wished ? For over fifty years he had wanted to return to Anzac and to search for his old gun-pit. His heart was in bad condition and in the end he had his wish, although dying at the moment of the fulfilment of his wish. It was a quirk of fate that, after his exhortation: 'Why worry, it isn't a life or death matter', just passing by the actual place before the coach stopped proved to be a life or death matter for him.

The presence of Mr McNiven was of the highest value. I had had a letter from him earlier in which he had informed me that on the Anzac pilgrimage one of the party had died at Anzac and this present case was almost exactly a parallel. A consultation on the spot, and this was miles away

from any sort of Turkish authority back in Eceabat, led to the decision to endeavour to deal with the case as the previous one, where the Anzac had been buried in the Christian cemetery at Chanakkale. All this was of course with the agreement of his widow, and subject to whatever the Turkish authorities required. The event occurred shortly before noon and the ship was due to move off at 9 p m that day. It seemed doubtful if matters could be speeded up to that extent, as the Turks would probably have their own regulations which could prove delaying. However, the Landrover was pressed into service to return to Eceabat and the Suvla party had to walk.

On boarding the 'Atreus' it was my sad duty to broadcast that after all I called on the Pilgrimage for an extra parade, as a mark of respect, to the local cemetery.

'We buried him darkly, at dead of night' Just after sunset the long procession moved off from the ship, the ship sounding a long blast which was then taken up by all other ships in port. The ship sent a contingent of men from all departments in the ship from the officers downwards. We ourselves fell in and marched in threes, with our medals. Although we started at sunset we reached the cemetery in near darkness. Our own Padre, the Reverend Canon Davies officiated and under the circumstances it was all most impressive. As one put it, probably none of us would have such a following when our turn came. (See the 'Gallipolian' No 1 Christmas 1969).

Sightseeing again The visit to Gallipoli ended the pilgrimage part and the rest of the tour was sightseeing, including Dikili for Pergamum; Izmir for lunch and an unexpected local pageant. Ephesus was another world-wonder and finally we rejoined the ship at Kusadasi. The island of Samos was visited as we continued across the Aegean to the Greek islands of Delos and Mykonos with another short stop at Piraeus for Athens. Next day through the Corinth Canal to Itea, the port for Delphi, where we looked in vain for the Oracle.

The return trip to Venice was not at all good as a storm followed us all the way, the ship wallowing wildly in the gale. However, we did reach Venice and so parted, some by air to London and others overland by rail and the Channel.

E H W B

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

Cape Helles 4 May

Meanwhile, fresh troops had been arriving, and our brigade, which had been at one time the only reserve at Cape Helles, was sent forward to take over its part of the front. We had already had a few casualties, but from now on there was a steady drain of them; a few each day, but they mounted up. Our inoculation had begun. We counted ourselves fortunate in not having been sent straight into the attack, but to have had some days in which to adapt ourselves to local conditions. The reinforcements were not so lucky. Many of them, chiefly Territorials, had only just arrived from Egypt and were thrown straight into battle. Their gallantry was superb; their losses were devastating. They had no clear objective of adequate artillery support, and were launched, in lines, into 'the blue'. Each line consisted of men about a yard apart. Their officers either led the way, or followed close behind. In neither case could they control. The men were too scattered, the noise and the smoke too great. An officer was no more able to give orders than a private soldier. In most cases he could not even see what was happening. As the front line withered, it was followed by the second at a pre-arranged distance until it too was decimated, and the only reserve left was then itself in the front line.

On the 9th May, a brigade of Australians was brought to Helles from Anzac. The Indian brigade was then holding a line of trenches on the extreme left and these Australians had been ordered to attack through us. This meant jumping over our trenches; no mean feat for men in full fighting order. They came along in great heartwhile we covered their advance by shooting at the enemy in front. Then, they swept up to us, jumped our trench and surged on. At once a murderous fire broke out. There was not much that we could see, as by then we were sitting in the bottom of our trench, unable to shoot. Up came the

second line, over our trench they jumped. One of them jumped short and fell in among us. As he did so, a packet of 'smutty postcards' cascaded from one of his pockets. He had been slightly wounded. We patched him up, collected his postcards, put them in his breast pocket, buttoned it up and sent him back to the aid-post. As he left, he thanked us warmly, but not so much for our skill at first-aid, as for our generosity in returning his cards. His battle was over. As for his comrades who had gone ahead so valiantly, they faded away under a murderous fire, and ere long the few survivors came trickling back into our trench. Once more we were in the front line. That night we sent out patrols and brought in some of the wounded.

It had been another wasted effort; another frontal assault by strange troops, in long uncontrollable lines, against an unreconnoitred position and with an invisible objective.

We seem to have been mesmerised by frontal attacks in broad daylight, but there was one exception. On the night of the 12th May, the 6th Gurkhas filed silently out along the beach at the western flank and climbed the cliffs behind the Turks. They met no opposition. By early morning they had consolidated; and when the Turks came out in the morning to do their necessary business, they were raked by fire from the Gurkhas. Surprise was complete. They were forced to withdraw and the Sikhs, taking advantage of this, went forward and occupied their trenches. The casualties were negligible. This came as a breath of fresh air. At last, the simple, sensible thing was being done and a flank had been found or, at least, created. It could be done again on a larger scale by troops specially trained and rehearsed and with direct support from the guns of the destroyers guarding the left flank, and then repeated. This was the impression then made on the mind of a twenty-year old subaltern of the 14th Sikhs, and it remains one of his main recollections of all the fighting at Cape Helles. There was no further attempt of this kind. There may have been good reasons for this, but it was a pity not to have tried again.

Instead, we settled down to trench warfare, and dug and dug. Life began to get almost dull. As for me, my commanding officer was very kind. I was still the youngest officer, and was given various tasks to do in the back areas; at the regimental 'dump' for instance. Here we kept our mules; also were the officers' horses. My task was to assist the quartermaster; and escort to the front the rations and

ammunition, loaded on mules. This game me the opportunity of exercising the horses. It was not very safe or appropriate, but the deep gully ravine gave some cover, and as I rode up with the rations I used to be greeted with cat-calls and whistles from the troops in their shelters on the slopes of the ravine. It was not long before my pony was wounded, poor thing. He was hit by shrapnel; but I think he enjoyed his spells of exercise. It was better than being tethered all day, or of being used as a pack-animal and getting a sore back. Later, he was killed. There was hardly a square yard of the Helles peninsula which was safe from the enemy's artillery. My time at the 'dump' was not unpleasant. In the evenings, after bathing, I went visiting. My particular friends were the Royal 'Dubster' Fusiliers, so-called because the Dublin and the Munster Fusiliers had been amalgamated, owing to heavy casualties. They were cheerful company, despite their losses. They shared their bacon ration with me. Bacon was, for the officers of the Indian Brigade, a real luxury. It was not then part of the ration issued by the Indian 'Supply and Transport Corps', and was difficult to get. I even wrote home to my parents asking them to send out bacon from Fortnum and Mason's. We, in the Indian Brigade, had to buy our rations in those days. The cost was deducted from our pay, much to our disgust, though later we were put on the free list. My short period at the 'dump' was varied by spells at the front to gain experience, and soon I began to consider myself a real old warrior. 'There is nothing whatsoever to tell you', I wrote home on the 7th May. 'There is real hard fighting for any one who wants it, just as hard, if not harder than France, and it is good fun, at present, and I feel fitter and harder than I have been for some time ... we are rapidly becoming as indifferent to shrapnel and bullets as the most experienced old veteran'. The real thing had yet to come !

Our British officers started being hit. Two of them went in one day, as we were advancing to take advantage of the Gurkha's success at Gurkha Bluff; both of them company commanders, and I was posted to No. 4 Company, as second-in-command. At last, I was in the front line. Our trenches were not very deep, and one had to crawl along them. The Turkish snipers were busy, and to show one's head above the top was dangerous. There was still, even then, an idea that it was 'infra dig' for an officer to crawl, and many lost their lives by standing upright, when

they should have been on their knees. Those who had a 'near-miss' soon learnt sense. There were parts of the line, however where unseen Turkish snipers could fire right into our trenches from above, and which seldom became known except by trial and error. One such place remains vividly in my memory. My company commander, a cheerful, carefree soul, became of a sudden quiet, morose and full of fear. We were approaching, although we did not know it, one of those danger spots. He was in the lead. We reached a place where the trench curved downhill, and had hardly done so when there came the crack of a bullet. Spankie, for that was his name, fell dead. He had been hit through the temple, His end was instantaneous, and I was certain that he knew it would come. Since then I have never scoffed at premonition. *(To be continued).*

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LAST MAN

by Commander H S Ewart RN (198)

I am very interested to read in the latest (Spring 1972) issue of The Gallipolian about the prospective member who said he was the last man to leave Suvla.

I happen to be the last man to leave Anzac. I had been running my picket-boat on and off the beaches and patrolling submarine nets since the Suvla landing and I finished up as the Evacuating Officer's boat for the last two days and nights. On the last night, after seeing the last soldier safely into the last boat and towed away, the Evacuating Officer stepped into my picket-boat, I stepped in after him and we were away! I think it was from Watson's or Williams' pier. I can't remember which.

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During the A G M on the 27th April, Commander Ewart showed the tally board used on the above occasion, showing the names of the various small ships and their jobs.

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TIES AND SHIELDS : Both are in stock and may be obtained direct, on the appropriate payment as given in the green folder.

HOW I FIRST SAW
THE LATE KING EDWARD VIII, DUKE OF WINDSOR, THEN PRINCE OF WALES

By W J Jessup M M Finsbury Rifles 1/11 London R (312)

The news of the death must have brought back to many of us memories of the days when, as Prince of Wales, he paid visits to the troops during the 1914-18 War.

The following incident took place when he paid a surprise visit to the Suez Canal sector where I was engaged at the time on defence work at 'El Kubri'. With one or two others I was taking a very early morning swim in the canal where, at that hour, it was quite deserted.

Suddenly an irate Military Policeman appeared and bellowed 'Come out at once, you chaps, the Prince of Wales is on his way down.' I called out, 'I know, the Shah of Persia has just gone by.' 'No, no,' he called out. 'This is serious. I'm not joking. Get out.' This was accompanied by some highly flavoured language and convinced us that he was serious. We scrambled out and the Prince's launch appeared while we stood to attention, highly embarrassed, partly because we had never been so close to royalty before and also because bathing attire had no existence in our kit in those days. The Prince, who was quite unconcerned, passed us a few feet away, escorted by some officers who had been collected to meet him. He entered a car and went into the desert to visit a post some three miles inland.

This incident was typical of him as he disliked excessive preparations for his visits to the troops. Some hours later he returned and we all lined the roadway and gave him a hearty cheer more fitting to the occasion.

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THE ROYAL MESSAGE

Resulting from the receipt of Her Majesty's gracious message to all Gallipolians, as published in the Christmas 1971 issue, a member writes asking when we become the Royal Gallipoli Association ! Sorry, no prizes for a good answer.

A DAY WITH THE VETERANS

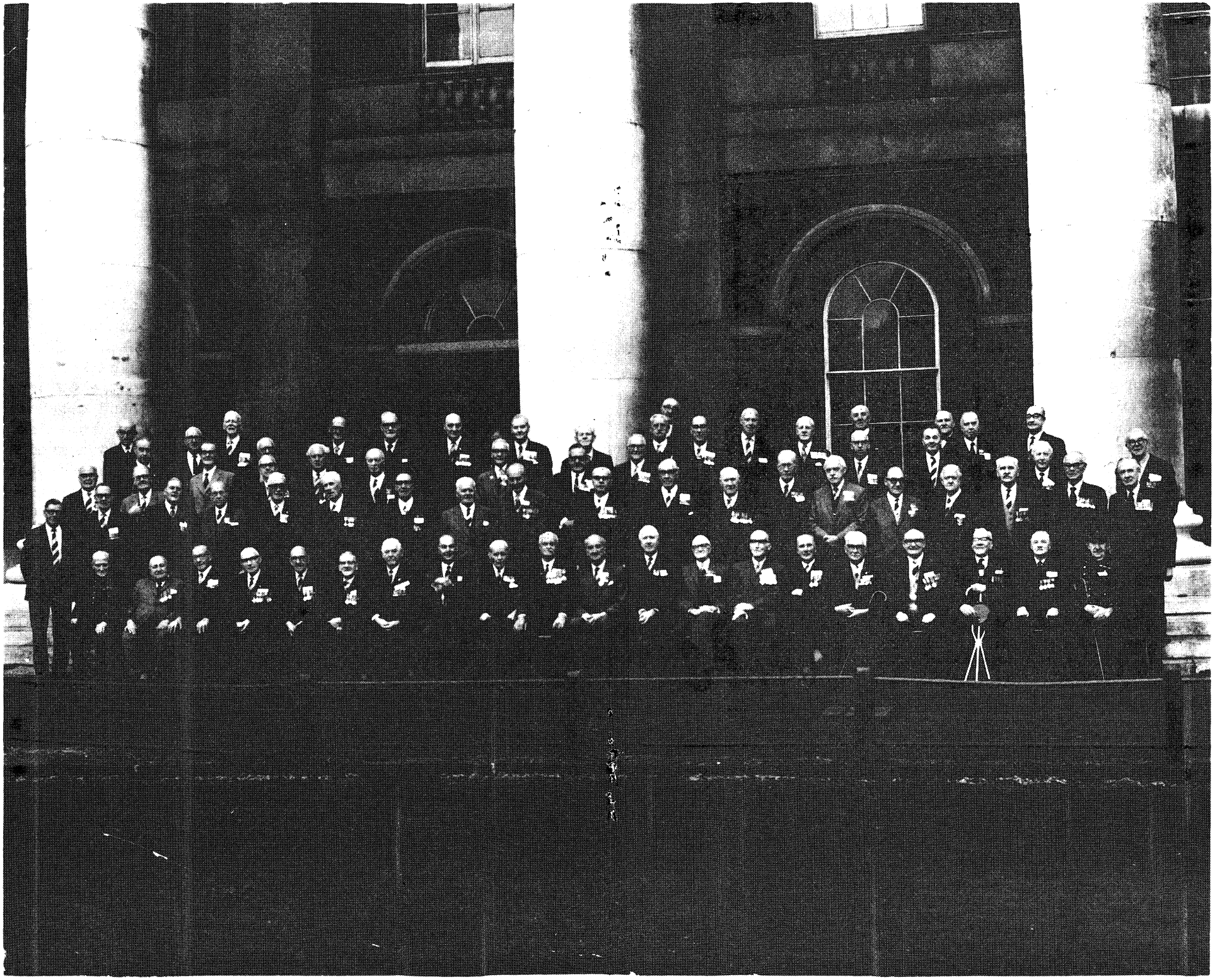
By Keith Tranmer (Associate Member 381)

I attended the Anniversary Lunch as an outsider with some trepidation. It is one thing to be an Associate Member but it's another to intrude in a meeting which marked the 57th Anniversary of that momentous landing at Helles and Anzac.

Fortunately, I knew some of the faces and names of those present and I knew something of the campaign, so having arrived at the Duke of York's Headquarters it was not really so bad.

I was struck by the youthfulness of quite a number of Gallipoli veterans and this is my lasting impression of the day. There was an air of gaiety and an obvious pleasure in renewing acquaintanceships. I could picture some of those present stepping out from home to attend the gathering that day and feeling the years slip away from their shoulders, and I realised perhaps what made these men band together again and form the Gallipoli Association 54 years after the campaign. I spoke to many because seldom does a student of the campaign have such an opportunity. The representation of all services was wonderful. For the first time I met a veteran who had taken part in the fighting in the ruins of Sedd el Bahr after surviving the landing at V Beach and an Australian talked about Shrapnel Gully and Monash Valley. A faded copy of the evacuation timetable from Anzac was passed around by an ex-midshipman who, in spite of the excitement of the evacuation and his youth, had a quick appreciation of the occasion and seized his opportunity to retain a useful historical document.

During the A G M the subject of the continuation of the Association was discussed and I expressed the opinion that perhaps the Associate Member now had a role to play and I offered my services to Major Banner for the continuation of the Gallipoli Association in its present form for as long as possible. I also said that it was my sincere wish that when the final casualty return has been made, people like myself with more than a passing interest would continue to meet on or near the 25th April and toast the memory of those who fought on Gallipoli. The gatherings may be smaller and the association with Gallipoli somewhat vague, but the spirit of 1915, which is very much alive, is something worth preserving and remembering.



WITH THE POST-OFFICE TELEGRAPHS AT THE EVACUATION OF SUVLA BAY

By T H Edmunds RE Signals 9 Army Corps (346)

Evacuation having been decided upon for military reasons, on the 27th November nature took a hand and settled the matter finally. For twenty-four hours the peninsula was deluged by torrential rain and swept by a wind reaching hurricane force. Light piers and landing stages were destroyed, ships were driven ashore and the peninsula was to all intents and purposes isolated, it being impossible to land supplies.

The troops at Suvla Bay felt the full force of the storm. The rain rushed down the mountains held by the Turks and flooded the British trenches in the low-lying plain, causing them to collapse and drowning many of the infantry. On 28th November the wind suddenly veered round to the North and for nearly two days and nights snow descended in whirling blizzards. This was followed by two days and nights of intense frost, thus intensifying the unhappy position of the troops. In two or three days 10,000 troops had to be evacuated owing to frost-bite, the beaches being crowded with hapless men who hobbled about with their feet swathed in puttees and any other make-shift bandages they could find.

The size of the problem confronting the Staff may be imagined from the fact that 83,000 men, 5,000 horses and mules, 2,000 carts, 200 guns, as well as large supplies of engineering and medical stores had to be embarked. As Suvla Bay was under the direct observation of the Turkish gunners, the evacuation had to proceed gradually and cautiously, all the operations being conducted after dusk. Various manoeuvres were adopted to hoodwink the enemy. Men who had been embarked at night or who had been kept under cover during the day were brought back again fully exposed to the view of the Turkish observers. Indian muleteers drove their carts continuously to and fro, making as much dust as possible and thus creating an impression of the arrival of big consignments of stores. All ranks were instructed to show themselves as much as possible, and during the last few weeks the British gunners went for long stretches at a time without firing any rounds so as to accustom the Turks to the conditions which would actually occur when the final stage in the evacuation was reached.

At Nibrunezi Point, where I was stationed, very elaborate plans had been made for withdrawing the infantry. Several lines of defence had been built between the front line and the embarkation point, each line of defence being strongly protected by barbed wire with a gate on the actual line of retreat. Each night at dusk hurricane lamps, with the side facing the Turkish lines darkened, were placed on the line of retreat to guide the retreating troops, and were removed at daybreak the following morning. Wide white lines were also chalked each evening to guide the men and were brushed away at dawn. As the troops in the front line became fewer and fewer, various devices were introduced to hide this fact from the enemy, and although the whole process of evacuation took many days, the Turks were absolutely unaware of the course of events.

New wiring. During the last few days of the evacuation the Signal Units were very busily employed in wiring up the new lines of defence. On Sunday, December 19th, we were very heavily shelled while I was helping to wire up some trenches and finally our only embarkation pier was wrecked by a direct hit. We began to fear that the Turks were aware of our plans and would make a supreme effort to frustrate them. Luckily, however, there was a lull in the shelling and the field engineers were able to repair the damage.

On the final night of the evacuation, December 19th to 20th, I was assigned to a telegraph buzzer connected to one of the gates in the lines of defence. As the last of the troops passed through each line of defence, trip-wires were set so as to blow up any of the enemy who were careless enough to kick them or to pick up the harmless looking boots, rifles, etc. lying about, and the gate was securely fastened. The telegraphist then sent a message to Divisional Headquarters informing them that all the troops had passed his station a and that he was therefore coming in. I was asked by the telegraphist who was on the instrument communicating with the last line of defence to relieve him while he got his kit. I did so, but evidently the fellow I had relieved was afraid that he might miss the boat in a very real sense, for he did not come back, and I was therefore compelled to remain at his set.

At about 3.30 a.m. on Monday, December 20th, all the troops had been evacuated, and, acting under the instructions from the Officer-in-Charge of the Signal Office - a Major Crocker

- I sent a message to the 9th Corps Headquarters, which had been transferred from A Beach on to a ship in Suvla Bay, to the effect that the evacuation was complete.

I hastily gathered up my gear, left all the candles burning brightly in the dug-out as a present for Johnny Turk, and hurried down to the beach loaded with full bandolier, haversack, water bottle, mess-tin, overcoat, blankets, kit-bag, souvenirs, rifle and the heavy buzzer instrument. I arrived at the landing stage just as the last lighter was pushing off, and with the possible exception of one or two naval ratings, I thus had the distinction of being the last to leave, so far as I could ascertain. Almost as soon as the lighter had left, the shore was lit up by a series of huge fires. These were the dumps of stores which it had not been found possible to take away and which had therefore been soaked in petrol and fired by time fuzes. These fires naturally put the Turks on the 'qui vive' and they started a heavy shelling which was replied to by our battleships in the Bay.

We were transhipped from the lighter to the steamer *'Princess Irene'* which was anchored some distance from shore and taken to Imbros.

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ERRATA - Spring Issue

1. 'My Gallipoli Effort' by H H Hudson on page 36 should read 7 Bn, not 4 Bn. The mistake arose through mention of the 4 Bn Parade Cemetery, but Hudson served with the 7 Bn, as given in the Membership List.

2. On page 12, Mr. Liddle is correctly listed as a new Associate Member. The reference to him as an Honorary Member on page 9 is incorrect.

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GALLIPOLI 1975

Our keen young members of all ages may care to commence to start to begin to think of a Tour to Gallipoli, sixty years on.

Ideas are canvassed, including whether wives and/or girl friends should be included.

IMPRESSIONS OF GALLIPOLI

By Keith Tranmer (Associate Member 381)

I have written this account of my first visit to the battle-fields of Gallipoli because I thought it may interest veterans of the campaign to read the impressions of one who was born 9 years after the Great War ended.

My parents and those relatives who had served in the War spoke little about it but what conversation I heard was sufficient to fire a boy's imagination and lead him to the adult section of the local library to scan through books about the war. Gallipoli in those days was a puzzle because I could not understand why failure resulted from so many brave deeds but I suppose my reading was limited to my capabilities and I did not consider the Turkish view. On the anniversary of the 25th April 1937, I was the only boy in my class who knew the significance of the date and I recall having to stand in front of the class to give my garbled version of the campaign to an audience who thank-fully knew even less. In my version our submarines with Nasmith terrorised Turkish shipping, and the *River Clyde* beached to land our soldiers with cruel losses who finally chased the Turks at the bayonet point, while to the north brave Australian and New Zealand troops stormed up sheer cliffs to perform similar deeds. I did not tell them about the withdrawal because I only half believed the truth and my version was coloured more by the 'Artist's Impression' from illustrated journals than by reading historical accounts.

In 1956 my interest in Gallipoli was revived by the publi-cation of Moorehead's book and although I am aware of the inaccuracies, I enjoyed the book because it brought back memories of some of the earlier accounts I had read in boys' books and papers or the backs of cigarette cards, which more often emphasised the heroics and incidents, without the explanation found in serious accounts of the campaign. I don't think my comparison or introduction to a serious study of the campaign matters very much because in the window of the Troyanzac Agency in Chanakkale, I found the same pictorial appeal I have myself experienced and related. Here on display are pictures of the heroes and incidents of Anzac, the landing at Anzac Cove, the Charge at the Nek, Cpl. (later Capt.) Jacka, V C, and a host of others. No receptive true-blood Australian or New Zealander passing through from Europe to Asia is going to by-pass Anzac when

it is only an hour away and the mini-bus is already waiting.

In the early 1960's when television and numerous authors had their hey-day with a never-ending stream of Great War material I faded out again and left the scene for those members of the public who were having their first introduction to the subject. I may have stayed that way had not a young member of my staff who had followed a documentary on television, asked for advice on a book to read. I gave him my Moorehead because I did not think he was ready to tackle a serious historical account particularly of the Western Front. I recall saying that Gallipoli was a story with a beginning, a middle and an end; (Something I borrowed from the admirable Aspinall) and unlike France, where victory was never in sight for all our efforts here in Gallipoli was an opportunity to fight a brief campaign which would result in a resounding victory the full scope of which no one could predict with certainty. The result was that I began rereading for myself, not continually but occasionally, and this time with the odd visit to archives to study personal accounts and diaries.

Earlier this year I had photo-copies made of Dawnay's maps of the campaign and began planning my visit using these maps on which I would pin-point places and incidents of interest and details of these I copied into the note book I would carry. Add to this a light ruksack, camera and binoculars and I was off for Istanbul and the Otel Dardanel at Kilitbahir during the first week of October.

It is a long bus ride from Istanbul, but the new road is more direct than that used to send reinforcements back in 1915 until it reaches the Peninsula proper and there I imagine it is the original road.

In 1915, the Turks (under General Liman von Sanders) were concerned about the possibility of an attack in the region of Bulair and as the bus went through the region with the Dardanelles to the south and the Gulf of Saros also visible north of the road, the reason for their concern is obvious.

The gentle slopes from the beaches of the Gulf offer no cover for defence and the possibility of troops landing under cover of the guns of the Fleet is interesting to contemplate. It is not surprising that this neck of land is now heavily reinforced by a concrete spine of bunkers.

I planned two visits each to Helles, Anzac, and Suvla and

on my first day I went direct to Sedd el Bahr so that I could tour the beaches from Lancashire Landing, 'W' to 'S' Beach. The next day was left to cover the area between Krithia (I prefer to use the old names) and the beaches taking in 'Y' Gully and 'X' Beaches. I had transport to drop me in the early morning and collect me from a selected point in the evening and only at Suvla and part of Anzac did I use transport all day. The weather was superb with temperatures around 70° plus, and the light stayed good until around 6 p.m.

I shall never forget my first sight of 'V' Beach. It was like all the photographs I have seen come to life. There was the bowl shape of the bay and the rocky curving reef out towards the spot where the *River Clyde* had stood all those years before, and as I approached the beach my eyes ran from the old castle with the shell holes in the walls to that famous sand bar under which the gallant Fusiliers had sheltered.

The compactness of it all amazed me and I walked to every vantage point to see the scene as it was on the 25th April 1915. Indeed it looked so familiar with only the ships, wire and men missing from the contemporary photographs. Removing my trousers I waded out into the sea to photograph what it must have looked like from one of the barges. I recalled Commander Unwin and A B Williams were two boyhood heroes, but their gallantry within a few feet of where I was standing were only two examples of the bravery, much of it unrecognised, that went on around me 56 years earlier.

It may be a long time ago, but I notice that in 1962 the Turks placed a memorial against the trench where three of their platoons held up the landing until they were either killed or wounded.

The huge memorial on Morto Bay (near 'S' Beach) on which Turkish cruise ships play their searchlight at night is to be extended and this activity surprised me because it seems so far removed from the sentiments of Kemal Ataturk who claimed the bones of his soldiers were sufficient memorial to the defenders of Gallipoli. Of course there was a great deal of activity everywhere preparing for the visit of our Queen (October 1971) and some roads were being resurfaced.

Krithia was hot and dusty and I took a line towards 'Y' Beach and Gurkha Bluff, crossing cultivated fields before reaching and crossing Gully Ravine. The beach can only be

reached down steep scrub-covered cliffs and I do not suppose many visit this area. Achi Baba looks close and brought home to me the significance of the lost opportunity and the agony of those who fought for a foothold at Lancashire Landing and 'V' Beach and by their efforts gave their comrades such a splendid chance.

There is a wide track of sorts along Gully Spur which ends suddenly in dense scrub and thickets crossed with quite deep trenches full of old tins, rusty metal and broken jars forcing one into Gully Ravine as the only outlet from the area. At the beach outlet an old engine sinks into the sand to remind one that this was once a busy junction. A road runs up from the beach and past the restricted 'W' Beach with notices and a sentry to keep one away from all except Lancashire Landing Cemetery where I recall the headstone of a young Fusilier aged 16 killed at the landing.

I made my final visit to Sedd el Bahr to visit Doughty Wylie's grave and drink tea with the ancient Turk who claims to have been one of the defenders of 'W' Beach before striking north for Krithia Spur and the French Zone around Morto Bay, and the end of my two days at Helles.

I did not land on the beach at Anzac, but at least I went out to sea a little way with a fisherman to see something of the famous coastline. I then approached Anzac Cove and the Ari Burnu from near Chatham Post and it was all a great thrill. Here I was at last looking up at the Sphinx, Russells Top and Walkers Ridge, all recognisable from the photographs I had studied but now I was to appreciate the dilemma of unit commanders faced with such unfamiliar surroundings and the wrong beach. Here before me I saw the significance of all I had read and I take my hat off to the men who made the best of a bad job. Today as probably then, Shrapnel and Monash Valley are a tangle of scrub ready to repel even my enthusiastic intrusion and this was a disappointment because I planned to follow one route up which men had scrambled in Spring sunshine that April morning and then became a life line to the front for the remainder of the campaign. My struggle ended at 4th Battalion Parade Ground Cemetery, a time consuming and exhausting experience which prompted me to leave a note for the next gardener to pass addressed to Mr Pemberton (War Graves Commission) suggesting the erection of sign posts if a path exists. The scars of war are everywhere in Anzac and the silence of the valley has not been broken

for many years. Many thousands have visited Anzac in the last 56 years but very few penetrate the barrier of dense scrub that hides the fading scars of battle between the old front line and the beach. Lone Pine stands beside the road to Chunuk Bair marking the first of the immortal Posts whose names will remain long after nature finally reclaims the battlefield.

Some visitors feel intruders which I did not feel, although the silence is at first uncanny because one does not hear bird songs or see any form of animal life; it was for me a stimulating experience to see Anzac for the first time. When I arrived at The Nek and looked over into the blue Aegean far below it was difficult to associate the bitterest fighting of the whole campaign with such a superb setting.

The sunset was beautiful and the experience deeply moving for surely the setting is unmatched by no other battlefield of such bloody reputation in modern war and if anything lures me back it would be this.

By the second day I was familiar with the topography and marvelled that an army could secrete itself away particularly with the reinforcements for the Battle of Sari Bair. Names that stirred a boy's imagination and positions only seen on the maps were now reality. I was able to see and agree with one authority on the campaign who wrote that precarious as our hold was, the Turks would never push these men off Anzac. So much for the Turkish notice board at the Ataturk memorial on Chunuk Bair which ends by saying in English, 'The Turkish soldiers drew out their enemies back to the sea'.

I was amazed at the crisscross of shallow trenches that remained at the Chessboard all dangerously concealed by the scrub which hides the bones and the litter of rusty metal. I hacked away similar scrub at Malone's Terrace to uncover and photograph the trench which led up to the line.

I have always believed that the decision to evacuate was the right one but I can understand the much quoted remark of an Australian who said that he hoped the dead would not hear their departure. That spirit is one of the things that keeps Gallipoli alive for Goodness knows there was no shortage of those of all ranks who gave their lives in individual acts of valour in order to secure our success particularly in the early stages of the campaign, and the loss of so many senior officers was partly the reason for

our failure at times. I have mentioned this because the Cemeteries of Gallipoli contain so few identified dead. At Chunuk Bair only 3 New Zealand headstones, 1 Royal Navy, and 1 of Allanson's Gurkha's and this is typical of all the small cemeteries.

I found this very sad because often there is not an individual grave name to record or represent the presence or action of a unit in a particular area. What a shame that someone like Col. Malone, to mention one example, could not lie in an identified grave on Chunuk Bair.

The Visitors Book at Lone Pine records the visit of the occasional veteran and more frequently visitors like myself. The gardener speaks no English but was delighted to learn that I had seen him and recognised him from B B C Television. He had spent his entire working life as a gardener at Anzac since he had been recruited by Major Millington, a man known and respected by thousands of returning veterans and visitors. Although I have little understanding of Turkish there was no mistaking the sincerity of this man's praise for his old chief.

I found Suvla an easier prospect to visit. Already from the heights of Sari Bair I had looked down on the plain and Salt Lake much the same as the Turks had done 56 years earlier. It must have presented a fantastic sight to them when we landed and spent the next two days concentrated in such a flat open area. I could not picture the scene as I had done at Helles and Anzac, but walking from Chocolate and Green Hill to the Lala Baba I marvelled that General Stopford had found it necessary to delay his advance at all. Perhaps it was the prospect of Sari Bair looming up as a backcloth and looking so formidable that made him hesitate; it was his first command in battle. Whatever it was, the outcome of the Suvla operation damped my spirits. I wanted to see Suvla Bay, Salt Lake and climb the hills but they did not have the appeal of Helles and Anzac. There seemed to be lots of broken rum jars around Lala Baba and some of the old trenches but mostly the plain has been cultivated and traces of the front line are not easy to find. The tracks in the hills are faint and when I reached what I thought was the line held by the Yorkshire Regiments during their brief hold on Scimitar Hill, I could find nothing to substantiate my map reference. It is interesting to note that the Turks have built a

few concrete emplacements for the future defence of Suvla Bay.

I could not help feeling as I left Gallipoli that I may be among the last visitors to see much of it as it has been for the many who have visited since the twenties. Nature has covered a great deal of the traces of fighting where the plough cannot go and a notice board requests campers not to enter parts of Anzac which are left as the last resting place of soldiers of the Great War but at Chunuk Bair they are erecting a large water tower adjacent to the New Zealand memorial and near Battleship workmen were building a house, so perhaps in time those lovely quiet beaches may be employed to encourage tourists of another kind. I hope not because I think there will always be someone in succeeding generations who catches the bug of Gallipoli and like me wishes to see it as I saw it, alone with plenty of time in hand to look and reflect and marvel that with all the misfortune and mistakes the very spirit and courage of our men did not overcome the obstacle that separated them from victory.

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ANZAC : ZERO HOUR

At the reaping and the shearing,
At the sawmill and the mine,
In the stockyard and the clearing,
At the pressing of the vine.
By the camp-fire of the drover,
By the fence with sliprail drawn,
Men will tell the story over
Of the landing in the dawn.

From 'Landing in the Dawn'
by John Sandes

THE IMMORTAL GAMBLE

By Captain A W Clarke CBE DSO RN (412)

The arrival of the *Goeben* and *Breslau* off Constantinople in August 1914 probably tipped the balance of Turkey's attitude towards the warring Powers, and after a good deal of diplomatic manoeuvring and doubtless also in the light of German early successes against her traditional enemy, Russia, Turkey threw in her lot with Germany and Austria on 30th October 1914. Turkey thus became a threat to the security of the Suez Canal, raids by the *Goeben* into the Eastern Mediterranean could not be discounted, Russia faced another enemy and the Balkan States began to think of being on the safe side and joining the Axis.

At home, the advocates of an early elimination of Turkey carried the day, and the decision was taken that the Navy should force a passage through the Dardanelles and appear in strength before Constantinople. It took time to release the ships needed for this enterprise; and meanwhile a supporting Army was assembled in the Middle East to 'follow up' the breakthrough into the Sea of Marmora. So it was that after some preliminary bombardments of the forts at the entrance during February and early March, the Fleet entered the straits on 18th March 1915. The attempt failed and the severe losses suffered, mainly from mines in the approaches to the Narrows, led to the decision that in the circumstances the right thing to do was to undertake a combined assault in strength on the Peninsula, gain control of the European side of the Dardanelles and so neutralise the guns on the Asiatic shore and thus enable the minesweepers to clear a passage right through.

We all know what subsequently happened. In a remarkably short time the transports were 'assault-loaded', the operational orders for the Army (75,000 strong) completed, further warships were added to the existing strength, and at dawn on Sunday 25th April 1915, under the guns of the supporting Fleet, the Army stormed the beaches. The several landings experienced a variety of fortune, but the build-up steadily progressed, and the Expeditionary Force became firmly established. Nevertheless, in the weary months that passed, a stubborn enemy held the Army at bay. A strong landing in Suvla Bay northward of Gaba Tepe failed to break the deadlock. To the end the Army in the Suvla - Gaba area never penetrated further than two miles from the coast, and at the Helles end the front across the end of

the Peninsula was held four miles inland. The vital area overlooking the Narrows remained throughout in Turkish hands and so, after all, the Naval breakthrough, the whole purpose behind the launching of the military operations, never eventuated.

At the end of the year the Government decided to cut their losses and withdraw from this 'second front'. The last man left the Suvla-Gaba Tepe area on the night of 20th December, and those at Helles were all away by 9th January 1916. The two successive withdrawals and embarkations were, miraculously, executed without the loss of a single man. It remains a remarkable tale of deception, good staff work and improvisation.

The total Army casualties throughout those nine months - killed, wounded and evacuated sick, British and French - amounted to 252,200. Turkey's records show that the defenders suffered an almost identical loss - 251,000; but the records were very loosely kept, and other Turkish Authorities have since put the total as high as 350,000. The campaign was at the time judged to have ended in defeat. The verdict of the Official History presents a different view:

> 'In war it is only the sum of the failures and successes that is of importance, and in weighing the result of the Gallipoli operations, with all its high hopes, their bitter disappointments and their record of matchless heroism, it is right to remember that at the expense of a casualty list which was less than double that incurred on the first day of the Battle of the Somme, 1916, the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, in Gallipoli, destroyed the flower of the Turkish Army, safeguarded the Suez Canal, and laid the foundation of Turkey's final defeat.'

As the historian says, the high hopes were not fulfilled, but that considered view should give comfort. The sacrifices made were not in vain. True enough, had the 'gamble' come off there would have been no need for the Mesopotamian or Palestinian campaigns. The Canal would have been secure without the retention there throughout the war of considerably forces. The Salonika front would have been unnecessary, and there would have been no requirement

for continuous naval forces in the Eastern Mediterranean in the event of forays by the *Goeben* and *Breslau*, and it is even conceivable that Russia would have been able to p play a more effective part against Germany. But this is only speculation; and in no way contrary to the historian's verdict.

Finally, it can be asserted with confidence that the inter-Service collaboration from beginning to end remained secure and mutual. The Navy strained every resource throughout to support its soldier-comrades and was filled with admiration for their endurance and valour. The Dardanelles once and for all broke down past feelings of suspicion between the two, and set a pattern for the two-way respect which played such a part in the successes which attended the subsequent seaborne operations in the second World War.

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A war version of stories about 'an Englishman, a Scotsman, a Welshman and an Irishman'.

Our line had been broken locally by enemy action and re-inforcements were collected to go into the line to fill the breach. All sorts of odds and ends were found, including cooks, orderlies, new reinforcements, etc., few of whom knew the others and had no combined training to be up to date. They were found to include troops from all the four countries and on assembly two runners from each unit were sent to a signals dug-out to await message-carrying jobs. Soon a shell-burst blocked the entrance but a rescue party got to them and found that the two Irishmen were fighting; the two Welshmen were singing; the two Scotsmen were arguing over the Loch Ness monster and the two Englishmen were waiting to be introduced.

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This being issue number 9, a commentary on the signi-ficance of the number may not be out of place.

In 1915 the 'number 9' pill was the almost universal remedy for every kind of ailment. On one occasion the pill was out of stock and the M O told his orderly to administer first a number 8 and then a number 1. Is this the origin of the term 'one over the eight' ?

GALLIPOLI - And what we missed

Major H V Howe (227) is an Anzac living in Australia and he has written to Commander C Drage (25) a most interesting letter which has reached me for publication.

'Some years ago I was invited to accompany our Commonwealth Film Unit to Gallipoli, to make a film on the campaign for release on the 50th anniversary of the Landing. Of course I accepted but I was horrified to find that the producer intended to make a typical American film - nurses, love-stories and all that tripe. I saw the Minister and told him that my acceptance was conditional upon production of a historical film correct in every detail - and moreover urged that it should be presented in its true aspect - the greatest victory ever achieved by the Turkish Army. I urged that the co-operation of the Turkish Army should be sought in the production and their response was enthusiastic. My views were fully supported by the Returned Soldiers League here, and for a few months I believed that our Commonwealth Film Unit might set about producing a really epic film comparable to that about the 8th Army's North African campaign. The grand project was, however, dropped and ended up as a half-hour television programme of views of Gallipoli. The Turkish Army authorities, with whom I had been in contact, were very caustic about it and I'm rather surprised that they haven't produced a film of their own !

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LOST TRAILS

THE GALLIPOLIAN has been returned from some Members' addresses as 'Gone away'. If any Members can help as to the situation will they be good enough to let me know ?

99		Andrews J
278		Alvey Major C
250		Tubbs Sq Ldr H V L
203		Bishop Major W E
205		Maxfield Captain W
91	AM	Kitchener P H

THE OLD *'RIVER CLYDE'*

By G E Willis OBE

(Mr. Willis is not a member, but he was a Salonikan and known to all in the former SRA as the Editor of the *Mosquito*)

The Account in your Spring 1972 issue of the *SS River Clyde* reminds me of an historic reunion in the Mediterranean 36 years ago with the famous old ship and some 500 passengers of the Cunard liner *SS Lancastria*, nearly all of whom had served in Gallipoli or Salonika, then cruising home after visiting the battlefields and cemeteries relating to their respective campaigns.

Excitement ran high on the *Lancastria* when we were informed that just before reaching Gibraltar, visible contact would be made between our ship and the *River Clyde*, then converted into a Spanish collier, trading between Gijon and Barcelona under the name of *Maruja y Aurora*. Leaders of this pilgrimage cruise were Field Marshal Sir William Birdwood and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes and most notable among the passengers was Captain Edward Unwin VC CB CMG RN, hero of the landing on V Beach at Cape Helles on April 25th 1915.

This dramatic reunion with his old ship which he commanded took place at 11.11 am on May 19th, 1936. My notes of the event read as follows:- 'Amid intense excitement all the passengers on the *Lancastria* crowded on the port side and watched the approach of the tiny steamer which seemed such a dwarf in comparison with our six-deck vessel. Signals of greeting were hoisted and both vessels sounded their sirens during the moments of passing. Only a few yards seemed to separate us, and her crew lined her deck and we waved to them in return. It must have been a stolid breast that was unmoved, but none of us could have felt quite the same emotional stress as did Captain Unwin. Blunt British seaman as he was, I was told that he was so overcome that tears rolled from his eyes as he gazed at his old ship from the bridge of ours. For this was the first time that he had seen the *River Clyde* since he left it battered and torn by shell fire, and incidentally it proved to be the last.

Captain Unwin died at the age of 86 on April 19th 1950, but this touching episode of 1936 must have remained a memory with him to the end.

DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

'War is sweet to the untried'

By Captain D M Penrose TD 1/7 Essex R (185) (Continued)

When we left home to reach the Middle East
We were not better neither were we worse
Than any other unit of our kind,
For we could march and camp and we could shoot
And we were also very fit and keen.
So, too, we had a fine esprit-de-corps.
But when it came to warfare then we showed
A woeful lack of real experience,
Mere amateur campaigners quite untried.
But time moved on and we acquired much skill
Though dearly bought in battle and fierce toil.

When war was first declared we dreamed a dream
A dream of youth where victory was ours
Where duty called and honour whose bright gleam
Outshone all thought of death and darkest hours.
But Death himself will never be denied
Nor Mars, the God of War, relent or yield.
So Youth must note Death cannot be decried
Nor Mars bereft of victoms on the Field.
So to our fallen comrades we will say,
'Sleep gently, soldier, we thank God for you.
Because you fought there comes to us a day
When wars shall cease and Peace shall reign anew.'

Now all is over. Finished is the war.
What shall we do ? Our unit will disband.
Is there a niche which we can find and fill ?
For we must earn our bread or we shall starve.
But while we look and think upon these things
There is a question which affects us all.
What of the future of our own home-land ?
1919
So let us pause and to our hearts thus say:-
'Be still, I think for England. Yes for Her
We armed and went to war. Now in effect
She still has need of us, we like to think,
And wants to make a land for heroes' homes.'
The war, we're told, was one to end all wars !

(To be continued)

FOUNDER MEMBERS

Founder Members are those members who were present at one or more of the exploratory reunions held in April 1969 : Lunch at the Duke of York's HQ and Dinner at the Royal Air Force Club on 25 April, and the trial lunch in Birmingham.

Names are in alphabetical order and as members' numbers are allotted by the date the application form is received and not by attendance as above, numbers are omitted as they would be misleading.

C C Aldridge
H Allsebrook
E H W Banner
J M L Bogle
J Brooks
P Blair
A G Britt
J L Bowker
C A Cook
G E Dale
W E Davey
F W Davey
S J Fenton
J C Forster
A H Firman
L F Falls
A J Fenton
F E Garner
P J Gething
J Gordon Wilson
S H Gyton
H Grattidge
J Harrod
E Hucker
N H Hartshorne
H A Hibberd
H H King
W F King
A K Kirk
J Lock
S F Lawrence
D N Lissenberg
V A de Mauny
H Morris
L H Ollive
B B Rackham
A W Riley
C W Rogers
H J Sayers
V H Scott
F C Stigant
R W Smith
E S Tait
J S Underwood
T Verschoyle
E F Wettern
E A Wright

Associate Members are excluded from the list

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