THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 15p No. 11 SPRING 1973

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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
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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 Editor is pleased to thank those members who very kindly sent Greetings at Christmas and regrets the impracticability of replying personally to all.

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POSTCODE

Please note that the Honorary Secretary's address in Cowden should finish with TN8 7HF.

LUNCHEON Wednesday 25 April

As usual this will be held at the Duke of York's HQ, Kings Road, Chelsea, near Sloane Square. Bus routes 11, 19 and 222 pass the gates. Ample room for cars. Members are asked to wear their Association ties if in possession. It is helpful for ready identification if members will wear a small card showing their name, unit and number above the breast pocket. Medals or miniatures. This is as usual practice.

The cost will be 50 pence per member. Drinks will be available at the bar and at the table, payable in cash. The bar will be open from 12 noon.

Male guests are welcomed, at the same price. Should the number intending to be present exceed the seating capacity the unlucky ones will be notified by post.

Applications should be sent to the honorary secretary by the 19th but no money should be sent.

applied 15/4/73.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This will follow the lunch. The Minutes of the previous A G M were circulated to members and so will be taken as read. Reports will be given and members may raise any matter pertaining to the Association.

Following the A G M Mr Liddle, Associate Member, will kindly show his film of Gallipoli, 1972, and will display some of his exhibits.

The film of the 1971 Gallipoli Tour may also be shown if called for.

29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL SERVICE

This annual service and parade is open to all and our members are invited to attend. Sunday 22 April. This is at the Gallipoli Memorial Chapel in Holy Trinity Church, Southend Crescent, Eltham S E 9 at 6.30.

No notification is necessary.

ANZAC DAY PARADE 25 APRIL

As usual, members are kindly invited to attend the ceremony at the Cenotaph. A wreath will be laid by the President on behalf of the Association. Members attending should parade at the Cenotaph by 10.45. Medals should be worn, and Association ties if in possession.

Following this parade there will be a service at Westminster Abbey at 12 noon, but this overlaps with our luncheon and A G M.

It is NOT necessary to notify the honorary secretary of intention to parade.

After the Cenotaph parade members may proceed directly to the Duke of York's H Q by number 11 bus which normally passes the Cenotaph. During the parade the service is diverted and should it not be restored in time members should walk along Whitehall to Parliament Square and catch the bus there, on the way to Victoria Street.

PHOTOGRAPHS AT A G M 1972

Mr F T K Woodworth, one of our committee members, has kindly prepared a 'key' to the members shown in the photograph; this puts names to faces. Will those who have a photograph and would like a copy of this tracing-paper key care to write, enclosing a stamped return envelope, to him at PEN ROATH, 44c HATHERLEY ROAD SIDCUP KENT.

Or they may be obtained at the Luncheon on 25 April.

ALL TIED UP

One member wrote, on receiving his Association tie:

' . . . the magnificent tie which made me discard my clerical collar in order to don the tie.'

BACK NUMBERS

No, not us, but of the GALLIPOLIAN.

It is not possible to produce the exact number which will be required each time and sometimes the number of copies exceeds those actually sent out. Copies of the following issues may be obtained on application to the honorary secretary, price 15 pence inclusive of UK postage. (Six stamps at 2½p acceptable).

Number 7	Christmas 1971
8	Spring 1972
10	Christmas 1972

It is regretted that other issues are no longer available; there are a few keptin reserve for posterity.

The GALLIPOLIAN

The actual cost of each issue is around £100, and of course the cost increases as does everything else. Each issue sent out costs around 18 pence, with postage, so it can be seen that the continuance of the journal is dependent on sufficient funds coming in annually. Thanks to many members and a few interested private individuals we should be able to keep it up. But it's up to members to send in material for publication.

Soon after an issue is posted an editorial conference is held, comprising the editor, chairman and honorary secretary. The first consideration is a telephone call to Andy Kirk to ask if funds will permit. So far we've always had the go-ahead. (But see page 40).

A varying menu is aimed for, but of course it must depend on what readers send in. Nearly all stories on Gallipoli are of interest, except the bald diary style such as: 'Monday - raining again, on patrol, bully stew. Wednesday - Old Bill got a packet and Jim went down with frostbite.' Make it a story and it could be interesting.

The editor's thanks to the various authors will of course be warmly endorsed by all members.

'AS OTHERS SEE US'

This phrase may not be original, but it seems to fit.

1. OUR BRITISH BRANCH !

From Down Under

Our Australian contemporary the GALLIPOLI GAZETTE prints a note in the October 1972 issue, received here at Christmas 1972, of our progress under the heading of: 'Not Fading Away Just Yet'. Following the statement, obvious to us but perhaps startling to the man-in-the-street that the minimum age is 74, we are paid the high compliment of being 'one of the world's most exclusive clubs'.

Coming from 'down under' no doubt explains the inverted reference to us as 'The British Branch of the Gallipoli Association'.

2. OLD SCOUTS

Following the announcement of Colonel Lord Rowallan, former Chief Scout, as one of our Vice-Presidents, 'THE GUILDSMAN' - the journal of the B-P Scout Guild - mentions this in the Winter issue 1972, number 85.

With some diffidence we quote an extract from it:

> *'The GALLIPOLIAN, journal of the Gallipoli Association has reached its ninth edition and is one of the most readable and impressive productions of its kind I have ever seen.'*

Members who are old scouts may care to get in touch with the B-P Scout Guild at 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W OPY, regarding membership.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

From time to time members write asking about the amount of the subscription. This is stated in full in the green folder which is sent to all applicants. It is helpful if members will please remit direct to the HONORARY TREASURER.

THE FIRST LANDINGS

Some names have been received in response to the announcement in Number 10, but from letters and discussions with some members I have decided that such lists would be impracticable and misleading. For one point, the Navy had some members who landed from picket boats and others who did not actually land, making it unfair to discriminate. Further, the R N D was present during the naval action on the 18th March, before it was decided that the army would make an opposed landing. They should be included, but that would need another category. On the whole the idea seems to be unworkable and so has been abandoned.

Thanks are accorded to those members who kindly sent in their particulars of service. The information will be filed for possible future use.

ERRATA and ADDITIONS TO MEMBERSHIP LIST

In the original printed journal, this section contains corrections to addresses, and sections on the two following pages contain the names and full addresses of new members. For reasons of data protection and personal privacy, this content has been removed.

EXTRACT FROM A READER'S LETTER

'It was through seeing the address of an old comrade in the journal that I was able to contact him and finally visit him. What a wonderful afternoon we spent together with our wives, recalling the events of 1914-1918, the times of stress, but also times of pleasure and companionship.'

DISTINGUISHED NEW MEMBERS

508 Dr George G CAMPBELL LLD MB ChB FRCS Hon FRSSA Chancellor of the University of Natal South Africa (RFA D Bty 55 Bde 10 Div)

516 ERNEST RAYMOND: Widely known as the author of 'Tell England', a very early story of the Gallipoli campaign first published in 1922 and reprinted no less than thirty-seven times. It has been followed by other stories of the campaign as well as other topics. (Capt RAChD 42 Div)

523 Major G R MOTT (6/3 South Lancs R 13 Div)
6 Devon House BOVEY TRACEY S Devon
Congratulations: 95 in March

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 15 February 1973)

TIES AND SHIELDS

Most members now have ties; there is a stock of ties available from the honorary secretary. See the Green folder. Shields too are available but only a small stock is held. The stock is re-ordered as requests are received. Again, see the Green folder.

OBITUARIES

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

H MORRIS Late 9 R Warwicks R 13 Div	(77)
C JACKSON Late R Welch Fus	(42)
D M ELLIS Late 5 R Innis Fus 10 Div	(90)
A LEACH ISM Late 5 E Lancs R 42 Div	(408)
F R SMITH Late Suffolk Y 54 Div	(144)
Major H P WOOD Late Suffolk Y	(299)
H TRICKER Late 1 R Munster Fus 29 Div	(482)
K R MURISON Late RGA attd 29 Div	(293)
W J WEBB Late RE 53 Div	(340)
R E MOORE Late Suffolk Y	(141)
C R HEPWORTH Late RFA 59 Bde 11 Div	(106)
Brigadier G C BALLENTINE Late R Innis Fus	(238)

LOST TRAILS

Will any members having knowledge of the present whereabouts of the following kindly advise me ?

92	W G CAMPBELL 1 Lan Fus	London
112	C C MITCHELL RAMC	York
181	Capt L F PLUGGE	Associate Member
182	Capt R PLUGGE RN	Associate Member
377	H WHITE AIF	Altrincham

'DARDANELLES BANKNOTES'

The Daily Telegraph for 15 January 1973 refers to the overprinted 'Bradbury' banknotes which were issued on a very limited scale to our troops in the campaign, intended for use in Constantinople; alas, never to be presented there. It states that two notes of £1 value are to be auctioned and are expected to make more than £330.

Readers may recall that the subject of these notes was brought up by A L G Whyte (291) in the Gallipolian for Spring 1971 and others wrote on the subject in the following, Autumn, issue.

THE LANDINGS : 25 APRIL 1915

A note with reference to the GALLIPOLIAN, number 10, First Landings

By A W Clarke Midmn RN HMS *Implacable* (412)

Scribbled daily notes on sheets of naval signal pad while in the boats during those early days (for subsequent transfer to my 'official' log - which were then required of us) record the following:- *E. & O.E.*

Saturday 24 April: At Mudros. Drew our pulling boats from transports and also additional picket (5 team) boats from other warships. In the evening *Implacable* embarked 700 troops (of the 2nd Royal Fusiliers, 29th Division) from trawlers which had fetched them from transports. At 10 p m *Implacable* (and other assault warships) proceeded to sea, towing the assault boats astern: 4 picket boats captained by lieutenants and 16 open boats, each manned by a midshipman in charge and a crew of 4 (?) seamen.

Sunday 25th April: At dawn boats were called alongside (hot cocoa lowered to us - and v. welcome too), and the assault forces embarked. A section (?) into each open boat. Thence proceeded in four tows, two on each quarter of the *Implacable* to 'X' beach. As we neared the beach backed by a stiff climb to the interior, the *Implacable* opened fire from her forward 12-inch twin turret and the four 6" guns, and 12 pdrs, forward which could bear ahead. Our Captain had lowered one of the ships' anchors under foot and went on in with us till the cable dragged astern and the ship had to pull up. The fire was devastating, virtually blowing the face and top of the cliff to bits. At the last the picket boats 'slipped' the tows and each boat astern in turn slipped the following open boats - the latter's seamen had little further to pull on the oars and all grounded successfully. Most of the Royal Fusiliers literally land virtually dry-shod (if I recollect correctly).

Enemy fire was minimum. I, for one, don't remember noticing any - probably too busy steering my boat ! Continued during the forenoon to ferry follow-up troops from the *Implacable* to 'X' beach. I think the total number landed from the ship was some 700, plus more direct

from the transports lying off. It was at this p m stage that the job took me to W beach and involved the start of taking wounded (and alas some dying) back to the hospital ship. A harrowing experience topping, as it were, a physically most exhausting experience.

(I should add that after a very limited amount of sleep that night my and other boats were taken to Y beach at 8 a m on the 26th April to re-embark and evacuate that beach including wounded to HMS *Goliath* (battleship). This was completed by 2 p.m. and on the following night we were employed ferrying French troops to V beach until 5 a m the 27th. I remember the kindness of some Frenchmen in feeding me with oranges during those exhausting hours !)

But one was young and resilient. My admiration of the troops in those early trying days was enormous, and remains with me to this day.

EXTRACTS FROM HOME LETTERS FROM GALLIPOLI : 1915

by Captain C E W Brayley MBE RAMC (462)

As one of Kitchener's Volunteer Army my first overseas letter home was from Egypt and dated Sunday, 11th July, 1915:-

'Here we are at Alexandria after being at sea for eleven days. Unfortunately we have had to keep from the main routes and even then were not without adventure. We passed through the Straits of Gibraltar in the dark. The coastlines of Algeria and Tunis are gorgeous and tawny. The blue Mediterranean - how well it deserves that name - with its sunrises and sunsets is all that it is said to be and the heat even more so.

'We stayed for a few hours at Valetta which is beyond description. Here one saw the colours of the East in the picturesque costumes of the native boatmen, who swarmed round the ship selling their cheap cigarettes and fruit. A French battleship entered the harbour, the crew standing at attention on deck and the band playing "It's a long, long way to Tipperary". Mighty were the cheers we exchanged.

Unfortunately no-one was allowed to land and after three more days of the Blue Immense and intense heat we reached here. So crowded is this boat that I am living in a whirl of hatches, cables, ropes, winches, rafts, lifebelts, boats, deck swabbers, hay and horse boxes, that it is a fine art seeking shade and comfort in uncomfortable places whilst the flies are a nuisance. The sweat pours from me as I write, though I am almost unclad and in the shade. Since 4 30 am we have been discharging mules, wagons and material, and we expect to commence another long journey to the scene of operations tonight. To be more explicit in my information would be merely to court censorship.'

Mediterranean Expeditionary Force : Sunday 8 am 17th July 1915:

'I cannot tell you where I am but we have been in harbour three days now and expect to land at any moment. But for the disgusting conditions of life on board and interminable delays we have had a glorious passage. The heat at times is beyond description, and we are always bathed in oozing perspiration despite continual salt water shower baths and hanging about almost naked. I bathed from the side of the ship at 6 30 this morning and shall be in again tonight. We are absolutely out of touch with the war as we get practically no news. We are living so thick that Kit is always musing, 'Can you send me Oliver Twist?'

Cape Helles, Gallipoli : 25th July 1915:

'We have just returned from Divine Service - and under such romantic conditions, too - about fifty of us seeking shelter in a large cave at the head of a winding ravine on either side of which are our dug-outs. It seemed good to hear dear old English hymns in this out of the way place and this is one of the few occasions when I have really gone to church.

More often than not we are subjected to blazing sun and blinding dust. Rations are good and casualties few. Of course we are often under shell fire but there is little danger though at times the noise of the guns is ear-splitting. I need hardly say that I have seen sights and helped with cases which are better undescribed to you.

'I saw one man offer four shillings for four Woodbines, another offered me sixpence for a pipe of tobacco, while a third was anxious to secure three envelopes for a shilling. 'Le Matin' and about twenty letters reached me yesterday. You may guess how eagerly they were read.'

Between Anzac and Suvla, Gallipoli: about August 10th 1915:

'Writing you under extreme difficulties and cannot say when I can post this letter. War is hell ! No-one can prevent casualties. Life and death become a mere toss-up. Do try and live at peace with everybody. We are all often so near death (which nobody fears) here that we are all chummy. There is a wonderful help in friendship - two men have just dropped close to me. It cannot last for long at this rate. No wash for days. O for a sleep ! Stretchers, wounded, snipers, shrapnel, gun-boats, all around me. I am quite happy but if you do not worry about me I shall be much happier. I am doing my bit and am ready for anything - even for quiet afternoons in the garden at home !

Near Anzac, Gallipoli : August 21st 1915:

'Just now there is a lull, but it is the lull before the storm. The climate is finding most of us and some have had to return to Alexandria or England.

'As I write in my dug-out on the side of a hill overlooking a beautiful bay where warships are blazing away quite close, I am sheltered from the sun by waterproof sheets rigged up on sticks. We cook all our own food and eat anything that comes along - two onions I found on the beach this morning will come in handy fried tonight. Lord help us if we are here when the rains come - the guns are warming to it as I write. There will be a big scrap soon. God willing, I hope to be back in December to see you all before leaving for the campaign in Flanders. I'm afraid we shall have another eighteen months of it yet. Keep smiling ! '

St. John's Hospital, Malta : 5th September 1915

'Alas ! Here I am bowled over with dysentery. But there are compensations. A bath after three weeks

without a wash, clean clothing after being itching day and night, and a beautiful bed after living like rabbits in holes in the earth, are working wonders and I hope to be in the thick of it again before long.

'The climate of the Peninsula caught many of us and we are all as weak as kittens. I can give you no Dardanelles news except that steady progress is being made, but at great cost, which, of course, is bound to be the case in these days of trench warfare and machine guns. Advances are always costly. '

Ghain Tuffieh, Malta : 23rd September 1915:

'About sixty of us came here in motor ambulances last Monday. It was a glorious ten miles drive in a setting sun, through country the like of which I have not seen before. We have thrown over all the coldness and cleanness of hospital life for tents in a sweltering sun, sandflies biting by day and fleas tormenting at night. We are almost 2,000 strong here - Imperial and Colonial - all more or less war worn. I am merely suffering from weakness. I think my next move will be Alexandria after which it is just possible that I shall be on the Peninsula again in October.

I see the British Press is getting restive on the Dardanelles question. No-one who has not been present can conceive the bravery and hardships of the troops, especially the Colonials, and no-one better than they can see the awful extent of the blunder. I have been at many of the places you read about in the papers - Cape Helles, Anzac, Suvla, etc.

The *River Clyde* deserves a place with the *Victory* in the annals of history, and as one looks at the upturned keel of the *Majestic* lapped by the waters of the Aegean Sea one wonders what the end will be.'

Mediterranean Expeditionary Force : 18th October 1915:

'Here we are ploughing through the Blue Mediterranean on a glorious warm morning. No-one knows where we are making for. It may be Alexandria, Port Said or Lemnos. By the direction of the boat at present, I think Lemnos. It may be days before I can post these lines. If we are

for Lemnos I expect to be on the Peninsula or at Salonika in no time. I have been hob-nobbing with Australians and New Zealanders, men of far different outlook from Englishmen - often wealthy men, younger than myself, but older in their ways, magnificent in build and manly. I need hardly say that we are on the *qui vive* for submarines.

'A great gale blew last night so you can guess it was not too comfortable sleeping on deck in one's clothes with a life-belt for a pillow. Alexandria is now out of the question. You may guess where we are for. I hardly think you will see me this side of Christmas now.

Wednesday, 9 am. Here we are at anchor in what I suppose is one of the finest undeveloped harbours in Europe. Thursday 10 am. Under canvas, tents everywhere, on a cold, wind-riven mountainous island. We seem to have struck a bad seam but I am prepared for anything. Last night in the wind and rain two of us walked three miles over stony country to buy a pot of tea.'

The Grecian Archipelago : 6th November 1915:

'As I write I am clad merely in trousers and socks and boots, it is so warm. I bathed this morning and washed my shirt in the sea. It now hangs drying on the tent rope. One itches terribly in the night and a morning shirt lice-hunt is quite the thing and always successful.

Two of us climbed the highest island peak in the blazing sun yesterday, which affected me, and I sank down to rest in a cleft in the rocks and we lost each other among the rugged masses. Later I pegged away and got to the extreme summit upon which was a small Greek Church. Two miles down the slope I saw a Greek ploughman with his yoked oxen and primitive plough. These Eastern lands make the Bible very real. The donkey here is a very serious matter and is always heavily loaded, the rider sitting on top and pricking him on with an iron-pointed goad. One sees numbers of Rachels and Rebeccas at the wells waiting with their water jugs. But the old order changeth where the British set their feet.'

TO BE CONTINUED

A VERY REMARKABLE OLD GENTLEMAN

E H Turner Pte & A QM-Sgt Royal Marines Portsmouth Battalion R N D (342)

By Cdr (S) E Allison Burrows RD RNR FCA (302)

Mr Turner was born in 1883, but it would be a misnomer to refer to him as ninety years old, he is more correctly ninety years young, of slim build, 'Quick as a weasel', 'Bright as a button', and with a most prodigious memory. Sadly he has now lost his sight but it is a revelation to go round his garden with him where he can point out where everything is growing, what it is and where he now spends most of his time.

He started his working life at 13 with four years Boy's service in the 1st Battalion Volunteers Hampshire Regiment during which period he marched past at an Inspection Parade, Queen Victoria at Osborne House, the Old Lady seated in the little pony carriage surrounded by her attendants; this in 1889 before the Boer War.

In 1901, at the mature age of seventeen he joined the Royal Marines, Queen Victoria being still on the throne he is thus a Queen Victoria Marine, probably the last one left.

During his first period of sea time he served in H M S *Cleo* on the China Station. The *Cleo* was one of four sloops - *Cleo, Condor, Torch* and *Cadmus*, iron ships sheathed in teak, the last ships in the British Navy to have masts and yards and to carry a suit of sails as auxiliary power should their engines break down and nearly the last ships in which that strange 'Pipe', 'Down funnel, up Screw' was heard as a preliminary to hoisting sail, along with 'Hands to dance and skylark on the quarter deck'.

In 1912 having completed his twelve years service, he took his discharge and joined the Mercantile Marine in the Royal Mail Steam Packet Coy in S S *Andes* but on war breaking out in 1914 he was called back to the Marines. As a Private in the Portsmouth Bn R M L I with his Battalion he sailed for Gallipoli in the *Gloucester Castle* early in 1915.

His adventures soon began, on the 23rd April the *Gloucester Castle* arrived off the Island of Skyros where Rupert Brooke died and was buried that day, here Turner although only a Private (probably a triumph of experience over seniority) was placed in command of four Ship's boats with a Bowman and Helmsman minus rifles but armed with flares, Véry lights, smoke bombs and anything that would make a loud bang, with the intention that they should make a simulated landing in the darkness some miles further up the coast near the Bulair Lines.

Having been across to H M S *Vengeance* and inspected by her Captain they were returned to the *Gloucester Castle* and sent back to their quarters. What had transpired was that Lieut Commander Freyberg returning from burying Rupert Brooke had volunteered to do the same job with a boatload of soldiers and swim ashore to light flares on the beach and this he did the same night thereby winning the D S O, the next year to win the V C in France, finally to get three bars to his D S O, be promoted to General Lord Freyberg, Governor General of New Zealand and later Warden of Windsor Castle.

On the 24th, Turner still in the *Gloucester Castle* crawling south at slow speed passed the old *Canopus* busily bombarding the shore, the last time he had seen this ship was off Montevideo steaming at full speed to join *Monmouth* and *Good Hope* for the Falkland Island battle, but arriving late she lived to fight another day, he coming home to join up.

On the 25th, still sailing south, they were hove to off 'W' beach and witnessed the ever famous First Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers make their landing christening with their blood the beach evermore to be known as 'Lancashire Landing'.

The Marines were not to be used as follow up troops on 'W' beach and the *Gloucester Castle* turned north and landed her troops at Gaba Tepe on the right flank of the Australians after sunset on the 28th of April. It was here that our Marine met his brother who having been in Australia had joined up with their Forces.

He said farewell to him and saw him for the last time at

Lone Pine, one of the famous places in that desperate campaign. Fifty years later on the anniversary of the Landing, it occurred to this extraordinary man to wonder if his brother had survived the Gallipoli adventures and was still alive, so he wrote to the President of the Anzac Association to enquire, and a few weeks later received a communication from the Australian Minister of State to the effect that they had been unable to trace his brother in Records but they were inserting an advertisement in "The Reveille", the Australian Army journal to see if he could be found.

Shortly afterwards, Turner received a letter from his brother who had seen the advertisement and so the brothers were re-united though distance will prevent them ever seeing each other again. This episode is a reminder of the pride, honour and affection held by the Australian people for their 'Gallipoli Veterans'.

In due time, the Marine Battalion was moved from Anzac to Helles and joined up, what was left of them, to the Royal Naval Division. Turner although wounded twice, stuck it out at Helles until September when he was wounded for the third time and this time much more seriously and all he remembers is that he was at Helles and that when he came to himself again he was in the Royal Naval Hospital, Portland but how he got there remains a mystery to him to this day.

Here this story of our Red Marine ends as his subsequent experiences are not part of the Gallipoli story, but today this lively talkative, cheerful man is alive and looks like easily reaching his century and no small credit for this must be given to his handsome and charming wife who faces the difficulties of looking after a blind man and the troubles of old age as cheerfully as does our Queen Victoria Marine.

EDITOR: 'Red Marine' refers to the scarlet tunics of the old R M L I, the Royal Marine Light Infantry, as distinct from the 'Blue Marines' of the Royal Marine Artillery.

Now they are merged as the Royal Marines.

THE FLOOD

By Lt-Col P J Gething MC 9 R Warwickshire R (4)

Those who were at Suvla Bay during and after November dated everything either 'Before' or 'After the Flood'. There had been a forewarning that a storm was likely towards the end of November but there were no precautions one could take and I suppose we were all used to the British forecasts being so unreliable that little or no credence was given to it.

On November 27th the storm broke, the temperature fell and it rained, snowed and hailed. Our company was in support just behind the front line, the battalion occupied the hollow ground between Chocolate Hill and Gloster Post towards Azmac Dagh. I and 2nd Lieut Rogers (now Colonel) shared a dug-out which, of course, was just a sap cut from the support trench with two fire steps formed to take our bedding. The roof was a tarpaulin stretched across and pegged down to earth. The three of us, including our company commander, had finished supper, which we took in our dug-out, as my batman was the cook, when the company commander was sent for to report to Bn HQ. I and Rogers were busy baling out the water; the Captain's parting words were, 'By the time I get back it will be over your beds'.

The sides of the trench must have collapsed and formed a dam which burst and caused the flood. The water rose almost to the top of the trenches and then subsided almost as quickly as it had risen. We went along the company trench. The men had scrambled out and were on top in the open. We got them collecting their rifles and equipment which many had left behind and encouraged them to keep on the move. The Turks were in like condition and could be seen moving about in the open but no shots were fired on either side.

By this time the rain had turned to snow and hail and it then began to freeze hard. It took us about an hour to make sure that each man had a rifle and to get them onto drier land. When I returned along the trench, which was still unfit to stay in, I found six men had crawled back and were huddled together on a firing step frozen to

death. We then found about twenty men lying by a hedge with ground sheets over them more or less frozen stiff; we got them up, after a lot of groaning and complaining and made them hop round in a circle to restore their circulation.

For three days we lived in the open trying to keep warm and got our clothes dry. During this time there was no firing on either side. We got a fire going with what wood we could find and all ranks huddled round it in a vain attempt to keep warm, but the smoke blinded us and some ruined their boots by keeping them too near the heat. Our doctor had gone sick and some of the men streamed down to the hospitals on the beach. As I said previously, we were in the support line and I think had the worst of the flood, but the troops in the front line could not move about as we did and a number suffered from frost-bite - in fact, one officer lost most of his toes and another lost his foot.

Our Company then relieved the front line Company and then started a mopping-up period, salvaging mess utensils and property from the water-logged dug-outs. When things settled down again I was sent to the beaches to get a list of our men who had reported direct to the hospitals there and it was then that I first heard of the intended evacuation. When I arrived back at the unit, nobody would believe the account of what I had heard. I was not justified till the evacuation orders were received some days later.

* * * * * * * * *

A young farmer left his girl friend and went off to Gallipoli. After many years they met and married and one day went for a walk where they had often been in the past. The wife got over the stiles on her own and was a bit peeved, saying to the old chap: 'John, you're not so gallant as you were when I was a gal', to which he replied: 'No, Maria, and you're not so buoyant as you were when I was a boy.'

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THE 1ST AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

By G Scott Sgt-Maj 4Bn A I F (378)

Fifty-eight years ago last October the 1st A I E F left Australia for the War; 25,000 volunteers with no more than 8 to 10 weeks training.

Thirty-nine troopships in three lines of thirteen with an escort of five warships, HMAS *Australia, Melbourne, Sydney,* with the ill fated HMS *Hampshire* which was later to be sunk in Norwegian waters with Lord Kitchener aboard and a loss which the country could ill afford. The Japanese ship *Abuki* was the other escort. Some 10 days out from Fremantle the *Sydney* left us to sink the German raider *Emden* at the Cocos Islands; we were in the War and beer was issued to celebrate the occasion.

We slept in hammocks and the initial attempts to manage this type of bed were more than amusing. In one minute and Out the next and some bruised backsides.

These troopships were very far from being 5-star accommodation as we soon found out, washing and toilet facilities often a question of queuing and the Indian Ocean not at all like a boating lake and receptacles such as jam tins were produced to implement the insufficient buckets. This particular unpleasantness was later to be aggravated by an outbreak of food poisoning as we arrived at Alexandria and we were kept aboard for 24 hours before going into temporary camp there.

We later entrained for Cairo and went under canvas at Mena in the shadow of the pyramids and the sphinx, roasted during the day but blankets needed at night.

Very strenuous training in the early days resulted in a lot of hospitalisation, chiefly pneumonia, until authority from home stepped in and, as a result, breakfast preceded all training.

Reveille was a noisy business for our tent as the buglers were next door and they just lifted up the tent flaps and let us have it in no uncertain manner. This was followed by the pipers who were next door to the buglers doing their stuff up and down the lines. Evenings were spent in the

mess huts playing cards, writing home, etc.

A boxing tournament organised later on was a great success, except personally, I retired early on with a broken nose.

We had our first pay day on Christmas Eve and leave was general, and everybody straight into Cairo. Our own party of four really disgraced ourselves, A W L for 3 days, finally and very ignominiously dragged out of the Eden Palace Hotel in the early hours of the morning by the picket and made to walk it home and into the guard tent with quite a lot of others I might add. A bit later, on a very sorrowful request sent up to Roddy, our platoon sergeant, we were allowed to go to our own tent. Before the C O I was spokesman and tried the excuse that it was Christmas. 'Damn it man, it was Christmas for all of us, 7 days C B and loss of pay. A host of other very amusing incidents, the 'Wogs' and their oranges - 'O-ring-ees, two for a half' - (½ piastre) and so to the day of all days, Christmas 1914.

We had decided to make up for the time we had been cooped up on board the *Euripides*, our troopship, and had Christmas dinner, I think, at the Metropole; it certainly was not Sheppard's, that was out of bounds to other ranks. A very alarming happening was the burning down of the Wazir, a low native quarter of very, very ill repute due, it was commonly thought, to the non return of a soldier from one of the dens of vice after much enquiring and searching. The Fire Brigade was brought out but the Aussies would have none of it, they just simply hacked the hoses to pieces. The mounted troops from the barracks were called in but they did not interfere and I don't think they wanted to.

We left Egypt in late March aboard SS *Simla* and threaded our way up the Aegean Sea through the many islands and islets to Lemnos not far from our ultimate destination. We were seeing something of the world and enjoying it, the little while on Lemnos was delightful and interesting.

All this was soon to change and as we stood off Gallipoli on the night of the 24th April our C O, Lt-Col Onslow Thompson paraded us and in his gentlemanly and fatherly manner told us to behave like gentlemen and uphold the

good name of Australia when we reached Constantinople. Alas, never to be.

The order of landing was the 3rd Brigade, 2nd Brigade, 1st Brigade, so we missed the initial resistance of Johnny Turk.

We landed by lighters which were in charge of Naval personnel, often Midshipmen (Snotties) as was ours on A29, and these youngsters' orders were replied to by 'Aye Aye, Sir'. 'Right-o-cock', which would have been more like Aussie stuff, was really out. The sea was barbed wire for quite a distance from the beach and had been broken up very badly by the big guns and we were often badly entangled with the stuff as we had to wade the last 50 yards or so.

A real picture of war was there to greet us, the beach covered with dead and wounded, the white blood-stained bandages making a scene never to me to be forgotten. The whole area was still being heavily shelled as we went forward up the gullys to join up with the advance.

A poignant and humorous little incident happened hereabout. Wop Chandler turned to our platoon officer and asked, 'What's all this stuff, Sir?' 'This, Chandler, is shrapnel.' Chandler: 'Well, I reckon nowt to it.' A few minutes after, he went flat on his face and goodbye Wop! A little later we stopped to sort of check-up and to my surprise and delight there was Chandler all smiles and still 'reckoning nowt to it.'

We had discarded packs and were just in battle order with the usual 24 hours iron ration; it was to be all we had until the fifth day. We were recalled to the beach by a trench round-robin, units mixed to hell, hungry, thirsty, sleepy and on reaching the shelter of the cliffs on the beach I think all ranks were asleep 'dead acoop' in Aussie language, in about 5 seconds flat.

Our sleep was very short-lived, an hour or so at the most and then, 'Fall in, the 4th Battalion'. There was trouble on the left of the position and up we went. We had regular visits to the beach for water which was being brought in, there was none on the peninsula.

There were incidents galore during our 9 months, humorous and tragic; the gradual loss of friends, Tommy, Pat, Don, all in a week. A cooked morsel of 'bully' on a mess tin lid spoiled by Johnny at Quinns Post and the sally - 'Sorry about the stuffing, Pat'.

The Turkish boast that they were going to push us back into the sea was tried by them on Ramadan, a religious festival day, the 19th May, and they lost heavily and had to be granted a 48-hour armistice to bury their dead.

The third landing on Gallipoli was at Suvla Bay by troops under the command of General Stopford on the 7th August which met with little success. The landing was accomplished fairly easily but delay in continuing the advance enabled the German General, Liman van Sanders, to mass his troops on the crest of the rise and so another blow to our attempts on Gallipoli. We attacked Lone Pine at this time in an effort to help the Suvla landing; it was a very costly job, Johnny's trenches were covered by pine logs which enabled him to shoot from under the ends and which had to be prised up and moved before we could get in and then it really was bloody murder for everybody. One of our most popular officers, Capt Stewart Milsom was killed and is buried there but he'd taken his toll of Turk. We spent our days there cleaning up; dead for company during the day and burials at night; our battalion practically decimated. Lord Kitchener's visit caused speculation and the evacuation resulted.

An outbreak of dysentery, the November blizzard, our own lousy bodies, the lack of fresh water for cleansing, our only method was the sea where we kept adjacent to the landing stages for quick shelter should Johnny start his shelling from Gaba Tepe, was all very uncomfortable. A campaign which could have been a success was a failure, but one remembers the valour, the comradeship, the eternal good spirits, the hellish times and the not too bad times. Intolerable conditions, but those Anzacs were tough. We said goodbye on the 19th December, we wrapped our feet with sacking and crept silently down to the beaches and away. Rupert Brooke's immortal lines 'If I should die, think only this of me, that there's some corner of a foreign field that is for ever England.' They died and that corner of Gallipoli must for ever be Australian.

LETTER FROM 'SOMEWHERE IN GALLIPOLI'

By B H A Eames 1 Dorset Yeomanry 2 Mtd Div (341)

My dear Phil (my young brother)

I was delighted to receive your own and Mother's letters yesterday dated 3rd August - as you will see we have left Egypt for the Dardanelles. It was just about a fortnight ago that we sailed from Egypt as Infantry, having only had about two days notice to effect the change from Cavalry. The voyage in the troopship was very smooth indeed and practically everybody kept free from sea sickness. We proceeded to a certain island in the trooper and then transferred to a smaller craft. The voyage in the latter was carried out at night time and all lights were out and perfect silence kept. We finally landed in small open boats under shell fire. The beach on which we landed had been occupied by the Turks about eight days previous.

Our first duty was to dig ourselves in but this was done in rather an open place as we were shelled all day. Consequently in the evening we shifted higher up the hill and again made dug outs. We remained at this base, a day or two and during the night of August - the Regiment marched out into action. I shall not forget that march; it had a grim aspect about it and everyone felt the time had come to prove our worth. We arrived at a point on the beach during the night and there rested some hours. It was early in the afternoon of the following day that we took part in a big battle. First of all we advanced a matter of two miles at the double under heavy shrapnel and shell fire and I can assure you it was awful. The air was full of dust and smoke and the sound of bursting shells was deafening. Gaining the cover of a small hill we rested some few minutes and the roll was called but up to this point our losses were few. Leaving this place, we then went into the firing line. I cannot describe the fight - it is indescribable. All I can say is that it consisted of one complete rush from trench to trench up a big hill. The rush culminated in a bayonet charge and I regret to say we lost very heavily although our purpose was accomplished. How I came through I cannot

say for it was simply a miracle. At one time it was like very hell for the Turks when we broke cover opened a raging fire of maxims and rifles upon us. It was real touch and go for one felt that any moment might be the last. I can assure you the sight was awful; wounded and dead lay everywhere and on one occasion as I rushed forward two fellows were shot down a matter of two yards from me.

During the night or rather early next day, the positions we took were held by fresh troops and we retired to a base close to the firing line. Most of us were well nigh exhausted as we had been at it for hours. Personally, when the roll was called, my feelings were much touched for it revealed the loss of many fellows I knew so well. You can judge of the fight by the fact that we lost all officers except the Colonel and half the men. In my troop alone the troop officer, both sergeants, all N C O's except one, and two out of my section are among the killed and wounded. Since then we have been resting (??) at a base close to the firing line. This 'resting' consists of fatigues and we seem to be on most of the time making roads, digging trenches and fetching stores, etc., from different bases. We are under shell fire and men are daily wounded in the dug outs. Five of us share one dug out which as you know is a large hole in the ground about 4 feet deep, banked up with sandbags. As I write the shells and shrapnel are continually bursting over us and a large shell has just burst about 10 yards away burying men with dust and dirt. I can also hear fellows shouting for stretcher bearers to take men away who have been wounded. In fact, we are never away from it and often when we go to draw water at the wells they shell us and snipers pick men off. As regards the battle last week-end, I would like to say how gallantly our Colonel acted. Being the only officer left, I was with him most of the night and when we were keeping dead cover he was walking about giving orders and receiving and sending messages, in a very cool manner, while all the time bullets and shells were flying everywhere. Unfortunately my personal friend was badly wounded in the stomach but I understand he is doing well. When we

approached the Turkish trenches, you should have heard the enemy yell, 'Allah' and run for their lives.

This is a great life out here, essentially rough and ready and full of excitement and always teeming with the guns and maxims. It is fine to watch the Navy bombard the enemy lines and their great guns are daily firing. The first three days after landing we existed on iron rations which consists of bully and biscuit, but now you should see us living well. We get plenty of bully and biscuit but each man has a daily issue of bacon (1 rasher), jam, tea, sugar and condensed milk and we even get an issue of mustard and pepper once a week and we have rum, tobacco or cigarettes once a week. It is marvellous organisation when you consider that but three weeks ago the groundwe occupy was in Turkish hands and even them was practically uninhabited. Of course, we do our own cooking the their being five in the dug out we 'muck in well together'. We make our tea in a disused petrol can, and it goes down well. It is surprising the dishes we serve up out of bully and biscuit. This morning at breakfast we had tea, bacon, biscuit and fried bully and then biscuit and jam. The Turks know when we have our grub and shell us every meal time so the food goes down with even better relish. The great drawback is the water supply which is scarce. The engineers are now sinking wells but a great deal of water is brought here in boats. When we first landed, we had to go nearly a mile for water. It is hard when you have to go 24 hours and only have a pint of water. But now things are better thanks to the Royal Engineers who do a grand work. Of course, we never wash and the dirt is getting well engrained into my skin. My shirt is like a very dirty duster and when you have to exist on one pocket handkerchief, it's a bit of a pinch.

There is plenty of dirt in everything and my tunic is full of dust - in fact my whole uniform is the worse for wear and is looking very active service like. It always amuses me when we have our grub, as the dust gets in everything but we simply mix dust and food together and it goes down just as well. I cannot say when we return to the trenches again. I had to go up last night

with a fatigue party. It seemed pretty quiet then but during the night the firing was incessant. Yesterday's mail was very welcome. I was glad to know Mother was well on the road to recovery. Tell her not to worry about me for after surviving that last battle I ought to come through all right. Don't forget to send papers and such things as Mackintosh Toffee and other dainties but they must be well packed to arrive all right. I have endeavoured to describe the life out here and also what it is when in action, but I fear I have failed. You cannot realise what warfare is until it has been sampled and it is beyond description in such a letter as this which is written under difficult and trying circumstances. Am glad to say I feel fit and hope all at home are well. For goodness sake don't worry about me. I can well look after myself and if things do happen, well it is all for the sake of the Old Homeland.

You might pass this on to Ewart as I shall write few letters out here.

With fondest love to all. Yours ever, Basil.

WITH THE 9TH BATTALION ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGT AT THE EVACUATION OF SUVLA BAY

By H A Hibberd 9th R War R 3 Division (270)

I was very interested in the article of the Autumn issue of the Gallipolian by T H Edmunds, R E Signals (346) and well remember how we tried to hoodwink the Turks into making believe we were there to stay. I was picked for a digging party on December 14th. There were about 20 of us and we were taken to a trench on the extreme right communication trench and told to dig and throw the dirt as high as possible over the parapet to attact attention of the Turks, which we did very shortly after starting with disastrous results. After 10 minutes digging, the Turks sent a shell over which exploded after passing over us, about 400 yards away. A few minutes later, after our young officer in charge had got excited and instructed us to carry on digging, the Turks sent 2 more shells over, each getting nearer to our trench, and I said aloud that we should get to Hell out of it. The officer heard me

and asked if I was getting the wind up, and I told him the truth - I certainly was. But before the officer of any of our digging party could say or do anything, over comes No. 4 shell, exploded smack over the trench we were digging, killing five and wounding four of our party.

We had orders to retire to reserve trench, but with another comrade who lived at Small Heath, Birmingham, I returned to help the wounded. We managed to carry two who were wounded in the legs to the reserve trench before stretcher bearers arrived. My company officer, Captain Berthon arrived and asked me to go and get the identity discs and belongings from the dead comrades, which I did with the same comrade who helped me with the wounded; for some minutes I felt very sick as it was a terrible sight and also a difficult task as the dead comrades appeared to be lying altogether. The Captain was very pleased with our efforts and gave orders that both of us were to be excused all duties for 48 hours. We were sent to rest in small tents on the beach for that period.

Captain Berthon was an excellent officer, served in the Boer War and was very popular with all of us. I regret to say he was killed in Mesopotamia in 1917. As for the comrade who assisted me in this awful incident, he was also killed in Mesopotamia on April 9th during an attack we made on the Turks. I was wounded and sent to India. I was there for five months, then back to Mesopotamia in September 1916, with the Battalion, until 29th March 1917 when I got two very severe wounds. I went back to India until January 1920, then home to Blighty and Demob until 1939, when I rejoined and served until 1945 with R A, but I did not go abroad - I was busy with a Bofor Gun, helping to defend England.

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The youngest officer in the regiment got married and his Colonel invited him to bring his wife along. On their arrival, the Colonel got in first with: 'So this is your most charming wife'. To which was given the reply: 'Sir, this is my only wife'.

JACK'S YARN

By J C Dart MSM Ment Disp RE Signals 10 Div (445)

Jack was a great reader and that day as we were lying on our backs in the Hospital Ward he put his book aside and no book could have been more interesting than the tale he told.

When war broke out, being a Royal Naval Reservist he was duly called up and naturally thought he would be detailed to one of H M Ships. However, such was not to be, for Jack was posted to the Anson Battalion of the Royal Naval Division and served with that unit in Antwerp, but it is not of his fortunate escape from that City that I wish to write. The Ansons took part in that historic landing at Cape Helles and from thence onwards until June 13th, Jack escaped injury. To continue in his own words.

'On the night of July 13th (?19th) we were ordered to take a Turkish trench some 400 yards away from ours. This was not the first attempt made to capture this position so you can guess we had no soft job on. Well, about 10 p m the order to advance was given so over the trench parapet we clambered quickly. As we advanced, Johnny Turk heard us and then the music started. The bullets came as thick as the flies on the Peninsula and blokes were dropping in scores. To make matters worse they dosed us with shrapnel and I copped one which broke my leg just above the ankle. Our boys were forced to retire and in such haste that the wounded were left lying between the two trenches. There was a mean skunk near me who had been hit in the shoulder. He crawled over and got me to dress his wound up a bit. Naturally I thought he would do the same for me because I could have used my entrenching tool as a splint and my puttees for bandages, but the brute thought only of his own precious skin and crawled away towards our trench. He even had the audacity to say just before leaving me that I had better not stop out there as the Turks would be sure to attack and God help the wounded then. If ever I meet that cuss again, he's for it.

I tried to tie my leg up but couldn't manage it so there

I had to lie among the dead and the dying. The groans were pitiful to listen to and I could hear the cries for water, water, grow gradually fainter until they ceased altogether. God help them, they must have suffered agonies. I dragged myself behind a bush and as there was a small bank in front of it, I was quite safe from the Turkish bullets. The broken end of the leg caught in every obstacle when I moved and I must have fainted once or twice from the awful pain.

Morning came as a great relief because I thought I should be able to attract the attention of someone. I tied my handkerchief to the entrenching tool and started to wave it about, but what I got for my pains were bullets whizzing overhead, fired by our own men. Probably they thought the Turks were trying the old white flag game. I didn't keep the waving up for long. Then the sun got up and I had to undergo the horrors of thirst. Not a drain of water had I in my bottle and I knew there was no opportunity of getting any unless I were rescued. I had biscuits and bully but I couldn't eat. I had a little shelter from the sun behind the bush but the heat was so intense that I eagerly awaited nightfall. I endeavoured to crawl towards our trench but the distance covered was so small that it would have taken me 10 nights to accomplish the task and I knew I should be dead, long before then, unless succour came. I resolved to lie where I was and trust to providence. So the days and nights went on. The stench from the dead bodies was awful and to make matters worse, flies started to pitch on the wound.

After six days of torment I came to the conclusion that no help would be forthcoming and decided to open an artery in the morning of the 7th day. I wrote a note in my pocket book asking the finder to forward it to Mrs Foulston and flung it as far as my strength permitted toward the British trenches. I told the Missus all that had happened and what I intended to do. After that I waited for the end but thank God it was a different end to what I had intended.

As soon as it was daybreak one of the boys climbed out of the trench and ran straight across to me having seen me

moving about. All he could do was to drag me along and the pain was so acute that I mercifully fainted. When I came to, 'twas to find myself safe in our trench.

The next day found me aboard the Hospital ship where I received proper medical attention.

If ever a man was worthy of the D C M it was the man who dragged me in on the morning of the seventh day.

The Missus received my pocket book all right but two days previously the War Office had advised her that I was missing so she made up her mind that I was dead. A week after receiving the book she had a further communication from the War Office stating I was now reported wounded in Hospital. Must have been a shock for the Missus, eh ? '

I agreed.

MY STORY

Connected with the Diary by J C Dart

I had been feeling queer all day with a slight attack of sickness so when I received the order to get my detachment together I did not appreciate the honour which had been thrust upon me. However, two other detachments were also detailed to get everything in readiness to move off at dusk so I had no cause for complaint. Each detachment had a barrow, drum of cable, vibrator, 2 portable telephones, tins of stationery and earth pipe. Every man was in full marching order and in addition carried his waterproof sheet and his blanket.

We moved off at dusk following the mule track over the ridge. The enemy must have seen us when crossing the sky line for a couple of shells burst near us before proceeding far. The mule track had boulders strewn along it, consequently we often had to lift the barrow clear of the obstacle. After covering a distance of 1½ miles we ran into thousands of infantrymen who had been concealed all day in a gully. They were also on the move and it was a matter of great difficulty to get our barrows through the crush. There were pack mules and mule carts all moving in a seemingly endless procession. A sharp crack of a

rifle told us that someone had forgotten to put his safety catch to the rear and when later we saw a Tommy on a stretcher being taken to the Hospital it was realised how easily a man can be shot by his own comrades. We reached our rendez-vous at A Beach West well on time and waited for the Captain to arrive. At 8.55 the C O and one of the Headquarters Sergeants put in an appearance and then away we went. A few mules had been placed at our disposal and they were soon loaded with blankets and other equipment. The track runs parallel to the sea for 2 miles, the last mile of which was soft sand. Twice we halted for rest on account of the difficulty experienced in pulling the barrow through the sand. Eventually we reached the hill known as Lala Baba and after much labour a spot was selected for the Signal Office. It was my turn to take out a detachment for cable laying but when I received the bare order, 'You are to lay a line to Hill 60, otherwise Chocolate Hill', I was wishing the fates had been kinder. I had no idea of the nature of the country between Lala Baba and Chocolate Hill and so decided to 'Tap' in on one of the existing lines between the 11th and 29th Division. I was fortunate enough to get the latter on Chocolate Hill at 'Tee In' and ascertained there was a track to Hill running around the Southern shore of Salt Lake. Before setting out I found the detachment was to work in conjunction with one from the 2nd United Division Squadron.

The length of cable to be laid was obviously over two miles, therefore it was decided to pull out as much cable as possible from a drum left behind at headquarters and afterwards join the end of that to a drum taken out on a barrow. The night was pitch dark but away in the distance flares were going up and it was apparent a big attack was in progress.

Our first obstacle was a reserve trench at the foot of Lala Baba over which the barrow had to be lifted. A little farther on we ran into a sentry guarding a well and he gave us our direction. A platoon was passing at the time and it was far from comforting to hear our men say, 'Tis murder to go along that road tonight. The Turks are sweeping it with rifle fire.' The 2nd

mounted detachment went in front and when we caught it up, a joint was first being made. An officer doing the job found it difficult to make the joint, so I helped him. As I sat down the man on my right suddenly said, 'Something has hit me on the back of the hand', and sure enough a bullet had struck him there, most probably despatched by a sniper. The cable had become very difficult to pull out so we started on the second drum.

Unfortunately, the mistake was made again of attempting to pull the cable by hand with the result we found ourselves stuck ¼ mile from our destination. Three or four of us sought cover behind a bush and one could hear the ping of bullets as they sped overhead and the 'phut' as they hit the ground. A man was sent back to where the barrow had been left with instructions to bring it on at full speed. Meanwhile, the officer with two men had continued the journey to Hill 50/60 with the idea of finding out where the office was to be installed.

There we lay under the flimsy shelter of the bush whilst half a mile away machine guns were rattling, rifles cracking and bombs bursting and we wondered what the end would be. The creaking of wheels brought us back to what we had on hand and we quickly went on towards Chocolate Hill, meeting the officer on his way back from there. Another half a mile and the journey was at an end. Covering that distance one had to be extremely careful to avoid numerous dugouts. The circuit was rigged up in the 29th Divisional Signal office and at 3.45 the line was through.

It was most desirable that the detachment should return during the darkness and this was accomplished quite safely. I had to wait until 5.30 consequently I made the return journey in daylight but it was not until I reached the well that the first shell arrived. Scattered all over the plain were articles of equipment, ammunition, dead bodies of men and animals, medical requisites, shell cases and iron rations. T'was a scene to sadden any heart. Utterly exhausted, I reported my return at 6.30 am and immediately afterwards must have dropped off to sleep in an old Turkish trench. However, I was rudely disturbed at 2 pm by tremendous bombardment by our Artillery.

GALLIPOLI - My Story

By M E Gray Sgt R A M C 1/2 Field Ambulance
53 Division (465)

I had joined the Territorials in 1910 when reporting in West Wales and on drifting back to my home town, Cardiff, I transferred to the 1st/2nd Welsh Field Ambulance, 53rd Division. I had chosen this unit as it seemed to me to be more interesting to learn how to heal the body than to destroy it. I certainly found the lectures we had in the old University College, Cardiff, by Col Sheen, one of the cleverest surgeons in the country, extremely interesting. I had just finished a week's camp at Portmadoc, N Wales, and came back for the August Bank holiday 1914. At 3 am there was a loud knock at the door and a policeman handed me my calling papers. And now I was a soldier and destined to remain so for 4½ years.

After spending the remainder of 1914 intensively training at Northampton, Cambridge and Ipswich, the last named attending the infantry who were strengthening the defences on the East coast and always wondering where our ultimate destination would be, we were issued with tropical kit and it was evident we were soon to find ourselves in some warm theatre of war.

Then one night we were bundled into a train, travelled slowly all night and woke up at Portsmouth. No-one among us knew where we were bound for but on the troop-ship *Northlands* (swarming with cockroaches and other undesirable companions) we were soon sailing South-West. A destroyer escorted us for a day or two and then we were alone. We seemed to be changing course often, no doubt for the benefit of German 'U' boats which were very active. And now most of us were very sea-sick. The old tub of a boat pitched and rolled and I decided that the sea was not for me thank you. Then came Gibraltar where we stopped but were not allowed ashore. On to the wonderful Mediterranean with its Recketts blue water and the porpoises playing with the bow of the ship. We kept in mid-ocean for safety reasons. Our next call was Malta and while lying off in the huge harbour, those who could swim were allowed over the ship's side down rope

ladders or off the deck about 30 feet up for expert divers. The water was beautifully warm and I swam until I was nearly all-in. Then whistles blew all round the ship and we were ordered to come aboard quickly as a shark had been sighted. There was a scramble for the ladders and ropes but I was unlucky with the ladder and was too tired to shin up a rope so had to be hauled aboard with many others. It was a wonderful swim after the sweltering heat of a packed ship - temperatures as in Sacramento in June - same latitude. A day ashore at Malta and then on once more to Alexandria where we stayed for a few days but were not allowed to leave the camp on the sands. On again in a North Easterly direction and we guessed we were bound for Gallipoli which had been much in the news and whose planners had come in for much criticism. After a while, in the middle of the night, with no moon, we were put off the *Northlands* in small landing craft and beached. This was Suvla Bay. The first troops had landed the night before and some heavy fighting had taken place the day before.

I am tempted to write from a military point of view, but firstly I am not competent to do so and secondly we have all seen, heard and read so much about war and the fiasco of Gallipoli that I will try to confine myself to personal incidents.

Just before the break of dawn we moved along the beach of Suvla Bay in single file and having by now become a corporal I was the last bringing up the rear of 'C' section. We had rests on the way along the beach because we were heavily weighted with kit including ground sheets, blankets, etc., etc. I found I had left my greatcoat about ten yards behind on the beach and went back for it. As I got to it I heard a 'Whoof' very close and there was a spout of sand. I wondered at first what it was but it soon dawned on me that it was a shell which had sunk into the sand without exploding. The Turks on the hills encircling Suvla Bay had a perfect view of the beach and they had the range to a nicety. But here let me say they respected the red cross and when we put up our operating tents and red cross flags they never shelled us unless infantry were passing. We had no identification and

and therefore they were quite entitled to shell us. Fortunately, we had no casualties on this occasion, but I did not like my 'christening'.

Life was not pleasant at Suvla Bay. There were millions of flies, lice, scorpions, scorpion-spiders, chameleons, centipedes, frogs and crickets incessantly croaking at night with many other crawly creatures. We used to put a few lice in the centre of a piece of notepaper and gamble which would reach the edge first. On one occasion our chemist gave a frog an injection (in the cause of science, of course) and it jumped about ten feet into the air. Kind creatures, weren't we? In one camp under famous Hill 10, we would wake up to find dozens of centipedes on our blankets. They would not sting unless provoked but I have seen more than one 'sting' consisting of two rows each of 50 poison injections from their 100 legs. The doctors used to make a shallow incision along the rows of stings and rub in permanganate of potash. Sometimes we used to put a scorpion and a scorpion-spider together and see which would win. The spider usually did.

The heat was terrific, especially on the white Salt Lake which reflected the sun. To make things more interesting we had snipers who played havoc with our boys when they caught them singly and who were shown no mercy when they were found and a party sent out to surround the tree in which they were hiding, wonderfully camouflaged. So we had our first taste of war and what it meant. What a waste - how idiotic it all was. After some weeks of attending to badly wounded, sick and dying men I often went down to the water's edge on a moonlight night and the words that always came to my mind were, 'How long, Oh Lord, how long'.

But you must not think it was all toil and tears - far from it. We formed a band consisting of two flutes, a tin whistle, mouth organ and accordion and had some wonderful musical evenings under the stars and the moon shining on the sea with the sombre warships lying out a few hundred yards. Every now and then there would be a flash on the distant hills, a shrill whistle down at the food dump and then the crump of an explosion. Some fine lads, including our own Qartermaster Sergeant, were

killed while drawing rations. The Turks used to shell it regularly. Sometimes the site was changed and the new position well camouflaged and for a time the shells would go wide. We had erected an observation pole on which a sentry was posted. As soon as he saw the flash he would blow his whistle and all those on the dump would take cover. In spite of all this, to be detailed to draw rations was always coveted as there was always some extra sugar, jam or cheese which could be 'scrounged'.

Then came a terrific blizzard and we were not prepared for it. In fact we were clothed in drill shorts and tunics. Hundreds of our boys died from exposure, pneumonia, dysentery and other diseases. It was very trying to be in charge of a marquee packed with unconscious men, some badly wounded and to be helpless to do anything useful for them. On several occasions I was on night duty trying to get some warmth and life into frozen limbs and bodies. When we saw that one of the boys was breathing his last we would call the medical officer. On more than one occasion I have been told, 'Don't worry, Corporal, if he came round he would soon die as he has double pneumonia.' Some of the boys in the shallow trenches got hold of jars or rum, which proved to be the end.

We seemed to be getting no-where and then we heard that Lord Kitchener was on the Peninsula. As a result of his visit the evacuation was decided upon and its organisation commenced. This was a wonderful piece of work. Alan Moorhead has described the evacuation and in fact the whole of the Gallipoli campaign in his book called 'Gallipoli'. One paragraph reads: 'There was a simple and immediate reaction (to the news that we were evacuating the peninsula) and possibly it was a desire to remove the stigma of defeat, to create artificially a chance of heroism since the plan provided none : the men came to their officers in hundreds and asked to be the last to leave the shore. It was nothing more than a gesture, something for the pride to feed on, a kind of tribute to their friends who were already dead, but they were intensely serious about it...there was no need to call for volunteers to man the trenches at the end; it was a matter of selection. ...At Suvla every man and animal had been got off.'

BE SURE NOT TO MISS THIS PAGE.....

Dear Fellow Members,

I have been amazed at the wealth of stories some of our colleagues still recall after so many years, which only goes to show that even if life begins at 21, it doesn't necessarily follow that it ends at three score years and ten.

I am reminded that perhaps occasionally our memory does not always keep pace with time, which I think most of us at our age find just runs along at breakneck speed regardless.

For instance, one is apt to allow this speed to play tricks, so much so we can quite easily forget that time waits for no man and our subscription dates can easily be overlooked.

For 1973 we have only received approximately 50% of the subs and should you be in any doubt as to whether you have paid, please drop me a line and I shall tell you by return. You will appreciate that stamps cost a lot of money so we try to avoid using them. By the way, when sending cheques of money orders, please make them out to Gallipoli Association and not to the Chairman or myself personally. Being an Association of this nature, the bank insists I endorse everything with the Gallipoli stamp.

I look forward to seeing as many as possible at the Gallipoli Luncheon in April but meanwhile here's wishing you all continued good health.

A K KIRK
Hon Treasurer

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One of our non-European allied troops was unwell and was persuaded to report sick and see the doctor. He went to the M O tent in some trepidation, and was asked 'Which doctor?' as there were two on duty, one for sickness and the other a surgeon. He became most alarmed and said in some terror, 'No, not a witch doctor. I want a real doctor.'