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THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 15p

No 13 CHRISTMAS 1973

The Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION

(Founded in 1969 on the campaign of 1915)

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* * * * * *

THE LATE AIR VICE-MARSHAL T C TRAILL

The Association has sustained a great loss in the death of Air Vice-Marshal T C Traill CB OBE DFC.

He was one of our youngest members, being a midshipman serving in H M S *Lord Nelson* at the Landings on 25th April 1915.

He was a regular attender at our reunions and he was missed at the Dinner this year.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GREETINGS

FROM YOUR PRESIDENT

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas for 1973 and a Happy New Year for 1974. It is difficult to be original with the traditional message.

But why should one try to be so ?

Let this also be construed as from each member to every other member of the Association.

I find that our Reunions become more enjoyable each successive year.

I think the main reason for this is that we get to know personally more members each time we meet.

We are now a Band of Brothers with the binding link of service in the

Gallipoli Campaign

BASIL RACKHAM

OUR ANNUAL DINNER - 4th October 1973

Our fifth annual dinner was held, as usual, (thanks to Colonel Philip Gething) in the Royal Air Force Club, Piccadilly.

Our Guest of Honour was the Turkish Ambassador, His Excellency Turgut Menimencioglu, who was accompanied by Rear-Admiral Fuat Basol, the Defence Attaché. We were honoured and delighted to have them with us.

Our President, Brigadier Rackham, was in the Chair. He welcomed us in his usual engaging manner and paid, of course, his special tribute to His Excellency, whom he invited to become an honorary member of our Association.

He was followed by General Savory (Vice-President), who expressed our pleasure at His Excellency's acceptance and presented him with the tie of the Association.

The Turkish Ambassador, in a warmly worded reply, stressed that although 58 years ago we had fought on the Peninsula as enemies, today, should war come, we would fight as friends and members of NATO.

The dinner was attended by 70 members. This is a slight decrease, which is not surprising when one considers that the average age of our members must be near 80. Age, however, cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite enthusiasm of us ancient warriors. A listener outside in the corridor would have been justified in thinking that the sounds of revelry emerging from the dining-room were those of the local Youth Club and not of a gathering of septu-octo-genarians.

'ARE WE GERIATRICS? NEVER!! '

* * * * * *

Edgar Banner and his gallant Committee worked wonders. All went with a swing. The food was excellent; the wines superb; the speeches short; and the company congenial.

R A S

E V E N T S I N 1 9 7 4

GALLIPOLI DAY 25 APRIL 1974

Our annual luncheon, followed by the annual general meeting, takes place on this day at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea, London.

This coincides with the

ANZAC DAY CEREMONY AT THE CENOTAPH

where we are invited to stand at the Cenotaph for the ceremonial laying of wreaths by the Australian and New Zealand High Commissioners, as well as other related organisations including the Gallipoli Association. Please note that this is NOT an Association parade: we are invited to join the Anzacs.

29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL SERVICE 1974

Again we are invited to join the service at Holy Trinity Church, Eltham, London S E 9. This takes place on Sunday, 28 April, starting at 6.30.

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Full details of all the above will be given in the Spring issue, number 14, which should be published late in March 1974, funds permitting.

ANNUAL DINNER 1974

At the Royal Air Force Club London 3 October.

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The GALLIPOLIAN

Members are earnestly solicited to provide material for future issues. Initially many members wrote long articles, including books, but these are now depleted and fresh stories, both of the personal type and the authoritative historical type are wanted if the journal is to continue in its present form. Long or short articles can be accommodated.

If possible, please send typescript, on one side of the paper, with double spacing.

in the original printed journal, this page and the two following contain the names and full addresses of new members, and also address amendments.

For reasons of data protection and personal privacy, this content has been omitted.

MEMBERSHIP LIST

No new membership list is being issued this year. It is expensive to produce and our funds will not permit; also, the work entailed is considerable. Each issue of the GALLIPOLIAN contains a list of new members and obituaries and the membership list can be amended accordingly. However, changes of address take place and where known

these are given here, together with errors in the list additional to those quoted in Number 11, Spring 1973. Names are given in alphabetical order.

AMENDMENTS

OBITUARIES (Up to 15 November 1973)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

The Right Hon Viscount BROOKEBOROUGH KG CBE MC
Late 10 Hussars GHQ 9 Corps (475)
A E MOUNT CEng MIEE Late 1 Essex R 29 Div (24)
J WHITE Late 13 Div (149)
P J LACEY Late Suffolk Y (331)
K E PARKES Late Lt RND Howe Bn (454)

R F A NIGHTINGALE Late RMLI Plymouth Bn (454)
Air Vice-Marshal T C TRAILL CB OBE DFC
Late Mdmn HMS *Lord Nelson* (see P 2) (10)
Dr B H PAIN MB ChB Late Surgeon RN (ret) (28)
G H COLEMAN Late RND (493)

THE LOST ARMY OF GALLIPOLI

'Regiment "Vanished" in Cloud: UFO Claim'

A startling story appears in the 'Sun-Herald' for 29 July 1973 which is worth a reference, partly since some member may know something about it, especially any member who served in the Norfolk Regiment.

The story starts: 'How did a complete British Regiment, the First/Fourth Norfolk, disappear on August 28, 1915, during the Gallipoli campaign?'

August 28th was a beautiful clear day, but it was noticed that six or eight 'loaf of bread' clouds were hovering over Hill 60 near Suvla Bay. The clouds, despite a strong breeze, did not move. The regiment of several hundred men was seen marching up a sunken road towards Hill 60. The regiment marched into the cloud - one of the clouds hovering over the road - but did not come out.'

This is quoted as a fact by the author Brinsley le Poer Trench, in his new book 'The Eternal Subject' about UFO - Unidentified Flying Objects. He writes that 'The First/Fourth was posted as missing, or wiped out.' He continues that the return of the regiment was demanded from the Turks when they surrendered in 1918, but the Turks said they had no knowledge of the matter and did not even know that the regiment existed.

Can any member expound on the subject, which sounds a bit far-fetched, to say the least ? Editor.

We are indebted to R W Lacey (328) for this.

ASSOCIATION TIES

A small stock of ties is available, as given in the green folder. In spite of price increases and VAT, the price to members is still 75p, inclusive of postage, while the present stock lasts.

MAJOR C J P BALL DSO MC : 29TH DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Former members of the 29th Division Association will be sorry to learn of the death of Major Ball, who was the mainstay of the Association for most of its life, first as Honorary Secretary and for the final years as the President in addition. The Association was disbanded in 1965, fifty years after the campaign.

SEPTUAS, OCTOS AND NONOS

Sir Reginald Savory in his account of the dinner (p4) refers to the fact that all present were either septuagenarians or octogenarians. In addition we have at least one nonogenarian, being over 95. This of course gave rise to the reference in number 11 issue, page 6, of 'One of the world's most exclusive clubs', the minimum age being given as 74.

Associate Members, having no Gallipoli service, are necessarily younger. Most are sons of members but we now have the grandson of a member, T H Edmunds (346). He is Jeremy Dudley (547) and is a student at the University of Abadan. His age is 11.

Will he be our final survivor ?

ASSOCIATION SHIELDS

A few shields are available for dispatch to home members. On account of the very high cost of overseas packet post the cost of £2.10 cannot be maintained and overseas members should write in to inquire the postage for their particular country.

Although the increase in UK post makes the shield more expensive, the makers are holding the present stock at the same price while stock lasts.

* * * * * *

A Gallipoli officer and his batman returned to civil life and the batman became the gardener to the colonel. One day when the gardener was ill in hospital, the colonel's wife went to inquire as to his health. It happened to be a day when only relatives could visit and she was asked, 'Areyou his wife?' On which she replied, 'Certainly not. I'm his mistress.'



COMMANDER VICTOR SADD (367)

All our members are necessarily veterans of the Dardanelles-Gallipoli campaign of 1915. Nearly all served with the Imperial forces from the United Kingdom but some served with the Anzac forces and now reside either in the UK or in Australasia. Some members live abroad permanently but are still British citizens. One of our members is unique in that although he served in our forces he is now technically a foreigner, having left this country after the war to become an American citizen. It might be thought that such a veteran would have no use for our Association but this is not the case. Commander Victor Sadd served as a trooper and as a corporal in the Duke of York's Own Loyal Suffolk Hussars (the Suffolk Yeomanry). After the campaign he first transferred to the R F C, later the R A F.

Following the war, he went to America and joined the U S Navy, becoming a commander and retiring with that rank. Several of our members also served in the Suffolk Yeomanry and attend the annual dinner and for the past two years Commander Sadd has crossed the Atlantic to visit his old pals and to come along with them to the dinner. This is a magnificent response which should make some of our more local members feel that they too might make an effort to come along. It is most gratifying to the chap who organises the Association affairs to find such enthusiasm displayed by a 'foreign' member.

REMEMBRANCE DAY 1973

The Association holds no parades on this national anniversary but some of our very keen members both initiate and carry out a wreath-laying on behalf of the Association in conjunction with their own local functions. One member, Captain W Corbet Williamson (37) is one of these and provided and laid two wreaths at Malvern, Worcestershire, for the Council service and for that of the Royal British Legion. We are proud to record such enthusiasm, and action.

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 Infantry Brigade

(Copyright by Sir Reginald Savory)

Continued from the GALLIPOLIAN Christmas 1972 (10)

By the 5th July, the Indian Brigade had shot its bolt. All its four battalions had been decimated. The 14th Sikhs, with little more than ninety men, was amalgamated with the 10th Gurkhas, who themselves had only a subaltern in command. The 5th and 6th Ghurkas were in a like state and were also combined. We were all then relieved and sent back to the beach, whence we were to go to Imbros for a rest. We spent four days awaiting transport, while we bathed, washed and slept.

It was not all bathing and sleeping, however. There was time in which to take stock ourselves. We had been on the peninsula for two months and had scarcely had a rest. Twice, our numbers had been reduced to less than a hundred men, and now we were little more than a band of survivors. Our men, all Sikhs, had never turned, never wavered, never complained. They had been sustained, in battle, by the ingrained antipathy of the Sikh for the Mussulman, but by now they had had enough. To state that their morale was high would be an overstatement; but it was certainly not low. They lived and went about their daily tasks in a spirit, now that they were back on the beach and awaiting embarkation,

of dazed relief. Their wants were simple. Their chief request was for sarson-oil, with which to anoint their long hair and their beards, which during the past few weeks had become grey and grubby with the dust and dirt of the trenches. They were non-smokers, to a man, and so were not worried by the shortage of the tobacco ration. A tot of rum, however, they appreciated. They cooked 'chuppatties' on iron sheets laid over wood-fires, and traded them now and again with British soldiers for a loaf of bread. ' 'Ere's a bloke, making pancakes,' one would hear, 'Give us one, Johnny,' and the exchange would be made with mutual smiles and that curious mixture of English Urdu, which was the 'lingua franca' of the British-Indian Army.

Otherwise they kept much to themselves. Their comments on their fellow-warriors were in general non-committal, except perhaps for the Senegalese troops of the French contingent, to whom (with their deep sense of colour) they referred as the 'Habshi log', or 'Wild Men'.

Our paucity of numbers gave us a feeling of community. We had been through dangers and discomfort together. Their attitude to me, so recently their youngest officer, was that of one whom they regarded almost as a mascot. I was the sole person to whom they could refer and who could speak their language, however imperfectly. They looked after me as if I were one of their younger brothers. I shall never forget, one night when we were still in the trenches and I was trying to snatch some sleep, being woken up by one of them bending over me in the cold of early dawn, and covering me with a blanket, possibly his own. It was a fleeting moment and I was soon asleep again. I never knew who it was, but it was an action I shall never forget.

I had much to learn, and began to feel my responsibilities. What, for instance, was I to do about promotions? There were so many places to be filled. The Sikh is an ambitious man, and each of them felt he was well qualified for the highest rank. I did my best to tackle this knotty problem by consulting my old commanding officer, Colonel Palin, then in command of a brigade and still nearby, and thus shelve on to him the responsibility for unpopular decisions.

We continued to wait for our boats. Each night we were ready to embark, but either there were not enough lighters to take us off, or else the weather was against us. On the night of the 10th July, when the men were concentrated ready to embark, and lying, sleeping in ranks, for their turn to be called, I met a naval officer on shore. He invited me on board his destroyer for a drink. I accepted, handed over to the senior Indian officer, and soon afterwards found myself in the ward-room, comfortably seated, and with a whisky and soda in in my hand. This was my first taste for weeks of furnished luxury. I was offered, and accepted, another whisky and then went ashore. There seemed to be no great hurry. I found awaiting me the commanding officer of our combined battalion, Lieutenant Battye of the 10th Gurkhas. He was furious. We had been ordered to embark, for Imbros. The men were aboard. Where had I been ? I told him. He took me aside, accused me of being absent without leave, and promptly placed me under arrest. Here was a pretty pass!! I was guilty; there was no mistake about it; and no extenuating circumstances. By the time I had embarked, all my men were asleep, and had no idea of what had transpired; nor, thank Heaven, did they ever learn. When we arrived at Imbros the following morning, after a very cold night on deck, we found reinforcements waiting for us. The 14th Sikhs and the 10th Gurkhas were re-constituted as separate units. Lieutenant Battye and I parted, though not on the best of terms. Subsequently we became good friends; but he omitted to release me from arrest, and there, to this day, I presume, I remain.

* * * * * * *

Crewe railway station, that universal meeting place. Two old school pals had not met for years. One had got on and was an admiral, the other had reached the rank of bishop, when they saw each other while changing trains. Each thought he had not been recognized by the other, but they had. Thinking to pull each other's legs, the two being 'properly dressed', one asked the other: 'Stationmaster, which is my train for Birmingham?' The other replied, 'Madam I've no idea'. Then after a hearty greeting, they found time for a quick drink and a yarn about the Dardanelles campaign.

'A' BATTERY LANDS

By G E Dale R F A (72)

I would not place our solitary landing with the real thrillers, but there were moments when eyes popped and young hearts went pit-a-pat. Land we did, on August 7th and bounced four 18-pounders up Lala Baba. Our blood was up then and, as well we knew, Turks began toppling in rows like ninepins ... Ah! - but historians, following one another, write: 'No guns or horses landed on the 7th' and it hurts to think that maybe nobody noticed. I will now proceed to bang the drum and shame the blighters.

When our 59th Brigade sailed from Egypt on the *Minneapolis* we had sunshine in full measure but no first-class berths. Memory recalls cramped quarters, rough seas, red-hot decks and curry for breakfast. The stewards, a snooty lot, were having no truck with common soldiers. At Mudros on August 5th we did not land. Seeing troops marching in dustclouds on that arid landscape we didn't complain. So, nothing to do but tend our long-faced chums, gawp at other ships and whack back more curry.

Next day a tug draws four lighters alongside and 'A' battery's guns go over the side. 'Ah! ' we say, with our usual clever deduction, 'we're going somewhere.' In the afternoon, drivers and horses follow; later, we gunners are packed sardine-like in the tug. Speculation is rife. Only 'A' battery going ? Is it an honour or are we expendable ? Sergeant Stace knows no more than we. 'Why can't they tell us what's going on ?' I grumble. 'Maybe they're not too sure themselves,' says Hubert, my pal. (We are nos. 2 and 3 on C-sub's gun and are not to be parted - until Hubert collects a bullet on the 9th).

The sun is low when, to some listless cheers from those left behind, our string of five wriggles away like a clockwork train to join a convoy of many ships, including two destroyers with infantry sitting legs dangling over the sea. There's much shouting from ship to ship: 'Anybody there from ...?' But the others are 10th Div., wild Irishmen. (Our own 11th Div. are starting from Imbros, and are to land first, at 9.30 p.m.) Nightfall

comes as we leave the harbour; with it the S.M.'s gritty order: 'No noise - and no lights whatsoever!'

In the tug it's 'standing room only', and no room to doff our full kit, with two days rations, rifle and fifty rounds, - and lucky those with something to lean upon. To relieve boredom some are already starting on their biscuits, or nibbling their lump of ship's cocoa - a present from the Navy. Silence save for the odd cough of a horse behind, or the occasional muffled curse when somebody plonks his rifle butt on a comrade's foot. I wonder what a worrying mother would say could she see her son going to war in such a huddle, 3,000 miles from home, on the blackest night that ever was.

In the dark in fact in more ways than one. We do not know that we shall be the only battery landed to support two divisions in a new landing, both makeshift and afterthought; that the main assault will be elsewhere, or that our two divisions will become handy scapegoats for all failures. Many eyes will be watching; few of them friendly ones. Meanwhile the breeze turns cold, but the 'wine dark Aegean' is smooth and rather oily-looking.

Hubert and I try to pump 'Ginger', the friendly young half of the tug's crew. 'All I knows is we gotta keep with the rest and dump you lot on some beach,' he says. Then in lowered voice: 'You two like some rum?' Two bottles soon hold a potent brew - an error for which we shall pay dearly tomorrow. At the time it did warm and brighten the outlook. Soon we are wrapped in a warm glow of oldpalship and optimism. Turks - what about 'em? 'Yes, we'll stick together, come what may.' Saying which Hubert, too, grounds his rifle on my toe.

It's some hours later and the rum's influence has waned. I have almost achieved slumber while standing, when I am suddenly alerted by a general exclamation. Shivering, I stare at a red flare high out to port. It casts a dull glow on cliffs and a long, rough-looking hill, the top of which begins to sparkle. Comes a noise like someone with a giant whirling rattle, with zipping sounds all round 'Heads down! ' calls our C.O., Major Cowell - but we've already done that. 'Must have been spotted,' says someone. (Actually our share was 'overs', aimed

at the 6th West Yorks advancing up Lala Baba in a bayonets only assault, after stumbling a mile over strange ground in the dark. A severe test for new troops, and the very first assault made by Kitchener's New Army). When at last the musketry stops here we hear more from further afield, but nothing coming our way. Huddled together in great discomfort we can only guess at what's happening. For hours we circle at a crawl. A fading moon rises but gives poor light. Some six hours later we welcome the first faint dawnlight, as we pull past a battleship, a silent grey fortress - crew snug in warm bunks we say!

'Where's C-Beach?' calls Major Cowell to a passing launch. 'You're heading straight for it,' comes the reply. As daylight strengthens we shed our tiredness, and see we're approaching a spot near the left of a long, curved beach. Further left the beach ends in a jagged point and low cliffs. We are all eyes, when suddenly - BANG!! It's a bang to beat all bangs, with yellow and orange flames and smoke. 'So this is Hell,' I think - or maybe the world's end, with a bang instead of a whimper. It's a broadside from that battleship, right over us! Another and another, but we are ready now.

'Might have warned us! ' grumbles Winslow shakily.

'Thank God he's on your side,' snaps Sergeant.

In brilliant sun the tug's bow squelches into sand and we jump ashore with only wet feet and stare about. To our right, a sobering picture, khaki figures with blood-stained bandages lie in rows on the sand, and bearers are coming over the dunes with another burden. (The West Yorks had lost one third of their two companies, including most officers). A big red cross flag is being hoisted and, on a sand dune fifty yards inland, a group of staff officers study a map and point. Now all is orders and bustle. Drivers are getting their horses ashore. Ankle deep in soft sand, we gunners know we've got a real job on our hands getting guns and limbers with narrow, iron-shod wheels up that steep beach of powdery sand, and our C O is calling for speed.

Now for one of those brief, foolish incidents which somehow stick in the memory. Bombardier Bodkins, who never

misses a chance to show himself, bustled up to me. 'Here - hold my rifle while I go in the water to help... What! And me a bombardier too! I begin to redden and swell like a turkey cock. 'Hold your own (something) rifle! ' I say. 'I'm going in, too.' We exchange baleful glares; then lay our rifles above the beach and wade in together.

Horses pulling, gunners straining on dragropes, the first gun is on the move when somebody inland slams a big door. There's a queer whining note, increasing to a harsh shriek as our first round of shrapnel bursts out to sea with a vicious clang. Somebody hit in a lighter ? Dan Brayson ? Well, well, first casualty the sanitary orderly. Shells whine over at irregular intervals, many falling short or over, but we know they'll get the range soon. With wheels nearly axle deep it takes all we've got to get those guns, etc. on to firmer ground. Now comes another noise, rather like an outsized motor bicycle. Up above - a plane coming in very low from the sea. Right overhead - German markings - a Taube ! We stare up in wonder; then he drops a bomb landing near those staff officers. They scatter but one lies still. Presently word is passed down that Lord D.... has been killed. (At Lala Baba cemetery in 1965 I noted that it was his father who was the lord).

More shell are landing on the beach. 'Dirty dogs, firing on the Red Cross', shouts somebody, ignoring our own landing under that flag. Major Cowell, now mounted and stern-faced rides past. I hear his muttered, 'Let me get my battery rides into action! ' Captain Glynn with the battery staff rides away to choose the battery site. There are some terse instructions to the nos. 1 and, returning, Sergeant Stace says the guns have to go half-a-mile along the steep hillside before they can get up above. It's to be one gun at a time, with nos. 1, 2 and 3, the others to climb the cliff and proceed under cover.

No 1 gun moves off, the sergeant riding and two gunners walking. (Limber seats, on active service, are piled high with oat bags, blankets, etc.) After an interval No 2 gun follows and soon gets out of sight. Hubert and I have noticed that, although those Turk guns are still

firing, they seem to have found a better target. We exchange looks. 'Might be a bit nasty,' I say. 'Let - let's stick together, George,' mutters Hubert. We sling our rifles and adjust equipment. Our turn now. Off we go with sergeant riding bravely ahead. As we wheel right from the beach a shell thuds into the hillside above, and the drivers whip up their horses. Away they go, leaving Hubert and I alone like orphans of the storm. We grab hands and break into a trot. 'Quicker - quicker!' I seem to hear my guardian angel say as another shell lands short. Now we're in top gear with rifle, bandolier with fifty rounds, haversacks askew, water bottle and mess-tins clanking, stumbling like stampeding cattle over salt bushes, puffing hard and mucksweat streaming. (No, no. It wasn't funny, chums!) 'BANG - scream - ker-rack!' Down now on our bellies while pellets thud into the ground. I'm hit in the head! No, it's that darned rifle. Damn near, that one. 'You all right, George ?' 'Ye-es, are you, Hubert?' Up again and scuttle on - it's our first Gallipoli Gallop. (Oh, if Mother could see me now!) We've got it all to ourselves on that unforgettable half-mile.

'Mean to say you were afraid?' I seem to hear somebody. Comrade, our eyes stood out like the white balls on chapel hatpegs. Show me the hero who remained calm under his first shellfire and I'll show you a liar ! On, on we scuffle until a scared signaller beckons us up a steepish slope. Some three hundred yards ahead we see no. 1 gun fire the first round, and Sergeant Stace struggling with our gun trail as the drivers ride away. Arriving, we fling off all equipment, slam a round in the breach, glad to know that we are helping the P B I to take an entrenched mound the other side of the hill. The time by my watch is 5.50 a m.

So begins a long tiring day with target after target - but don't waste ammo because it's a bit scarce!! Alas, it always remains so. We are sited below the hill crest, with cliffs and sea to our left. It seems a bit odd, having wars at the seaside. This is a long rough hill covered with burnt grass and scrub patches, with a dried-up lake below. Easy to imagine you are on an island. Signallers speak of a distant village with

mosque and four windmills. The place has much more than its share of blowflies and other creepy-crawlies. Infantry around us appear to be sorting themselves out after what we hear was a mixed up landing of the 34th Bde at 'A' Beach, lighters ran aground fifty yards out and 1000 yards too far south. (The resulting delay frustrated all plans and indirectly led to the confusion and fatal mixing of two divisions).

Meanwhile a great brass sun beats relentlessly down from a clear sky, and we learn what the word 'thirst' really means. Lips crack and heads go dizzy in the stifling heat. Infantrymen approach begging for water but our bottles are empty. (And I notice that it's not tea, beer or champagne I long for, but just that humble stuff which lions drink). Later the sun is suddenly obscured; we look up in wonder to see a small black cloud. There's a roll of thunder which dwarfs the naval guns, and down pours the blessed rain. Parched lips try to catch the drops, and we fumble with our canteens, but too late. A few minutes and the vampire sun reappears. The battery steam and clothes are speedily dried.

To our front they are digging a big hole for the disposal of dead Turks in a trench, and some 80-100 live ones, prisoners, slouch south along the cliff, ragged and dejected. Odd shells disconcertingly shave the hill, often to land in the sea. Bigger stuff comes from Asia Minor, searching for the ships, which up-anchor and move when waterspouts get too near. These shells take a long time to arrive with a queer wobbling whistle -- 'coming on their hands and knees', we say. One small ship is sunk and another set temporarily on fire. We are happy to learn we have returned compliments to the battery which shelled us on the way up.

Red-tabbed officers pass on their way to our O P at the hilltop. An elderly general, well attended, moves slowly - 'Not very good on his pins,' Hubert remarks. With all this coming and going we make double sure that we shall 'clear the crest' before engaging our last target for the day, a small hill the far side of the dried-up lake. It is entrenched and our infantry are to advance in full view of the enemy over a lengthy stretch of flat coverless ground. Incidentally, this same hill

(Chocolate) will be our home as from tomorrow night. Together with the Navy we plaster it with all we've got and hope that we've helped our lads. After which it is dusk and we lay out 'nightlines', in case we are needed later.

Somebody has discovered a stone-built well S E below our hill (I photographed it in 1971), and water bottles are full. Gathering a few dried twigs, I light a fire and use my lump of 'ship's cocoa'. As I sip the milkless, unsweetened brew I ponder over the day's work. All that heaving, scuffling, helter-skelter stuff, sweating, gun-firing, ringing and chest full of cordite -- must have lost about a stone in weight. Now what have I earned ? At 11/1 per week - let's see - it works out at 1/7 per day! I must see about a rise tomorrow.

LETTER FROM 'SOMEWHERE IN GALLIPOLI'

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

(Continued from No 11)

British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force

30 September 1915

My dear Phil,

A very large mail arrived the day before yesterday and I had the luck to bag the following: letters from yourself, Dorothy, Joy, Mr. Rider, Vera Noble, Ethel Rice, 2 letters, tobacco and papers from Ewart and a large 4 lb tin of Mackintosh toffee-de-luxe. The latter was sent straight from the firm but in Dorothy's letter she hopes I have received the tin of Mack. toffee sent by Dad and Ewart; hence I take it that is the tin referred to. Imagine my delight at receiving all the above. Many, many thanks for the letters from home and especially the toffee. Such a gift as the latter is invaluable out here and I can assure you it was most welcome. The other fellows in the trench were not long in noticing what I had received and the tin has been duly handed round. The letters of this mail were the first I have received in answer to letters and post-cards stating I

was in Gallipoli. I must thank you all for the kind expressions of thought and good wishes for my welfare and safety. I have seen the papers that refer to the Battle of Hill 70 that we took part in on August 21st. Although the 2nd Mounted Division took part that day yet it was only the 2nd South Midland Brigade that charged Hill 70. This Brigade comprises the Dorsets, Bucks, and Berks, and the Divisional General after the battle specially complimented the Brigade for its gallantry. The reports in the papers are no exaggeration of the affair but you must allow for the journalistic touch. The letter I received from Mr Rider was delightful. Please give him my kindest regards and best thanks.

You will no doubt be interested to know of my recent doings. We were in the trenches for four weeks till last Sunday, when we were relieved and taken into the reserve where we are now stationed. During that four weeks we were a fortnight in the reserve line and a fortnight in the front firing line about 150 yards from the Turks. I consider that for a commencement of trench life a month is a good sample. As far as I can remember the North Somerset Yeomanry started with 48 hours which is very reasonable indeed. It is difficult to describe what trench life is like. It is a 'sardine' life in which you do not get any real rest. The trenches we were in were about seven feet deep with a good parapet of sandbags. It was my luck (??) to be stationed with the rest of my section at the end of the trench which meant a keen look-out on the flank as well as the front. Within 30 yards of the end of the trench was a natural gully, which ran from our lines to those of the Turks. This of course was a source of danger to us as the enemy could come up the gully and have a look at our position. In order to prevent this we were ordered to sap out a small trench from the main one to the gully. When this was finished, I was detailed with five others to guard the sap which was a pretty trying business. The gully was a ghastly sight as it was full of dead men, mostly English, with a few Turks. These poor fellows had been killed during the advance and it has been impossible to bury them. Many of them I'm afraid, having been wounded, crawled into the gully for cover, and died there. Sentry duty

consisted of one hour on and three off during the day and one hour on and two off during the night. From this you can eaily see we got very little rest indeed. You cannot sleep much when you only turn in for two hours at a time. It was also a nerve-wracking job for we had to keep a sharp look-out at the loopholes with loaded rifle. During some nights the Turks advanced up this gully but they soon returned when we opened fire and threw bombs. Snipers were so close to us that I could plainly hear them reload their rifles after firing. The worst of it all was the realisation of having so many dead men around you. Without being unduly callous but at one loop-hole you could put your hand over and touch two fellows or rather what remained of them. Sentry duty in the dead of night is a weird business. The black darkness is relieved by the flashes from the rifles and by the big star lights and rockets thrown into the air by the enemy and ourselves. These star lights light up the various positions and thus enable us to see who is about. Firing continues through the night with a kind of ebb and flow; occasional shots for some minutes and then it is taken up by the whole line. There are other numerous duties which each man has to do his share of: ration fatigues, working parties, burying parties; and listening post. The latter is quite exciting work. You are detailed off with a party of others to go out in front of the firing line between your own and the enemy lines and there you lay down with your ear to the ground and listen for any movement of the enemy. Of course this is only done at night time.

There is one thing that has surprised me most of all, namely the way we are fed when in the firing line. I do not want you to run away with the idea that we are provided with luxuries but our rations consist of good plain food. Let me give you a typical day's rations - Breakfast - Tea, bacon, biscuit or bread and jam. Dinner - Bully beef or fresh meat (stewed or boiled) with onions and potatoes, bread or biscuit. Tea - Tea, bread or biscuit, jam and boiled rice. Twice a week we get an issue of rum and once a week an issue of tobacco or cigarettes. Whether you enjoy your food or not depends upon the cooking. We used to do our own in such things as mess tins or biscuit tins, but in our troop we happen to have the Squadron Cook and so we are relieved of

the job and I can assure you he is famous. He makes grand tea and his stews and rice are a treat. You will be surprised to see we get bread and fresh meat. This is not regular but during a week we might have three days bread and meat and four days biscuit and bully. The latter you soon tire of so we are deeply thankful for the bread and meat which is a great change. I call it a marvellous organisation that can supply men with such food in a country where no roads exist and which was practically uninhabited except for a few peasants before the war.

The Turks made a big attack on our lines about a fortnight ago. It was about tea-time and everybody was waiting for the cook to shout 'Tea up', when suddenly the Turks commenced an attack. In a few minutes the air was rent with the roar of bursting shells and the firing of hundredsof rifles and the ceaseless working of machine guns. It was great sport for about half an hour and the Turks received back from us what they duly deserved and the attack was repulsed. The bullets were slapping into the sandbags like blazes and it was dangerous work to show even your hair above the parapet. This is where a periscope comes in useful. During all this time the cook had stood firm to the 'dixie' and we had our tea after all, in fact it went down with greater relish.

I told you at the commencement of this letter that we are now in reserve about ½ mile from the firing line. We now have a little time to look around and are able to get more rest. We are still in trenches and they shell us every day with shrapnel. However, I am glad to be relieved from the continual nerve tension that comes over you in the firing line. Every day and night we go out in parties digging trenches. This pick and shovel work is very tiring indeed and is more than I am used to. I am now able to have a clean up. Yesterday I got leave to have a sea bathe. We are only a mile from the coast and in fact you never lose sight of the sea as the peninsula is so narrow. How I enjoyed that bathe - the first good wash for about six weeks. Just after landing here I lost my pack which contained a change of underclothes. I have now managed to get hold of a pair of socks and a shirt and yesterday I took off a pair of the former I had worn for seven weeks and a shirt I had had on for six

weeks. It is impossible to keep clean in the trenches and I regret to say my clothes are dirty and verminous. We have been having some peculiar weather lately, the kind of weather that soon knocks you up; a mixture of very hot and wet days and very cold nights. Some nights are bitterly cold and sometimes when on sentry I have been absolutely shrammed. When it rains the trenches soon become a quagmire and already in places they are a foot deep in water. I cannot say that I'm feeling over fit and robust but I must not grumble. I put it down to a kind of reaction that must set in after a period of nerve tension and lack of rest. I wish we were like the Tommies in France who after a period in the trenches are withdrawn right away from the sound of battle and are given a good rest in barns and empty cottages with a chance of purchasing grub and dainties, etc. We cannot have that here where the only ground we hold has been taken at a high sacrifice of blood. I regret to say our numbers are getting smaller every day. Casualties have claimed some but sickness is taking away a large number of men to hospital. What has surprised me is that I have stood it so long while men of stronger physique and bigger build have been knocked up quickly. For good health and fitness I am devoutly thankful and I pray that I may continue to keep fit and well so that I can carry on and do my bit for the Old Country. Our lot out here is not a happy one by any means but when we grouse and grumble it is all in good part. Sometimes things go well but at other times one's patience and spirit is tried to the utmost and it requires a good heart and courage to overcome it. Letters and parcels are a great blessing; in fact you feel it is about all you live for sometimes. I leave you to send what you like in the way of dainties but mind it is well and securely packed. Such things as Horlicks malted milk tablets, acid drops, peppermints, tin of cocoa and biscuits and sardines are always welcome, but please don't send tobacco and cigarettes as we get plenty. Every mail brings parcels for men either killed or wounded or in hospital. The Post Office will not take them back so they are divided among the men of the troop to which the owner belonged. Through the last mail I received a portion from three parcels which

included two or three slices of cake, a few chocolates, sweets and biscuits and cigarettes and a pair of socks. I only wish the fellows themselves were here to receive their own parcels.

This letter is getting a very long-winded affair and I can assure you it means quite an effort to me to write it. Altogether it has taken me on and off for three days so please forgive spelling, etc. The position in which I write is not one of ease and comfort. I am sitting at the bottom of the trench doubled up with my knees acting as a writing table and the same nearly in my mouth. You have to exist like sardines in the trenches and the flies are absolutely unbearable and nearly drive you mad.

Although addressed to you personally this is a family letter meant for all of you. Please pass it on to Ewart and tell him to excuse my not writing to him personally. His recent letters were most welcome and provided excellent reading. The 'London Opinions' continue to arrive every week. I am glad you are all well and that Mother is still mending. I only hope that her natural anxiety as regards myself will not delay her complete restoration to health and strength.

Well I must really close. With heaps of love to you all and a kiss for Joy, I remain

Yours ever - Basil

A BOY AND HIS DOG

By Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus (167)

There's an old saying, 'If you're a man, try to be born in Spain. If a woman, try to be born in France. If a dog, try to be born in England.' I don't know about France, but it's certainly true about Spain. Spain, the last Western world stronghold of the dominant male, where man is king, and woman - well, she's merely a woman. And where even to mention such a thing as Women's Lib would be almost high treason.

And if it's true about Spain, then it's doubly true about England. If the cat was sacred in Ancient Egypt, what can you say about the dog and England. A cynical friend of mine once said - and rather peevishly - 'To

an Englishman, the word dog is merely God spelt backwards'. But this particular bloke was a postman, and maybe his job, and the occasional encounter with some of our canine friends had given him a jaundiced view on life. But as a race, we English certainly love our little four-legged friends with an almost inordinate affection, a fact which, among other things, sends all the proprietors of the many publicised dog foods, laughing all the way to the bank. And don't get the impression I dislike dogs - on the contrary. But they don't'turn me on' like they do the average dog-loving Englishman.

All this preamble is, I confess, merely an excuse for me to chuck my hat into the ring and tell you a story about a certain young soldier on Gallipoli, and his dog. It's a true story, as any surviving member of 'C' company, 1/6th Bn. Lancashire Fusiliers will vouch for. The only thing that is not true in this story is the name of the young soldier, for, although I remember him vividly, his exact name escapes me after all this long 50 and more years ago.

Back in Cairo where we had done our training in 1914, we were housed in the barracks of the Citadel, an ancient edifice standing on high ground just on the edge of the city - an ancient and imposing Moorish stronghold of historic proportions, and one which legend says was built in the days of Saladin. The outgoing regiment we had relieved there had left behind them a cocky little white-haired fox terrier answering to the name of Jim. We adopted him - or rather, did he adopt us. More regimental than the R S M was this little tyke and just as well versed in regimental routine. So, if he wasn't exactly on the official ration strength, he was just as much a member of the battalion itself as our own C O, Lord Rochdale, and just as popular. Each morning at day break as we'd set out for our gruelling training marches over the nearby desert, the dog would accompany us from the barrack square, as far as the Citadel gates, and just ahead of the band. As we'd trudge down the steep hill leading to the city below, our heavy ammo boots sending up low clouds of choking white dust which kept us quiet, and all you'd hear above this dust-choking silence would be the shrill barking of the little dog getting fainter and fainter as we moved

away, for every morning he'd accompany us just as far as the Citadel gates, and wait just outside, barking us a shrill God-speed. At times the Colonel, Lord Rochdale. ahead of us, would lean low from his saddle and make a playful lash at the dog with his whip, sending the dog into transports of doggy delight. A real jovial old-timer, our C O, this first Lord Rochdale, a vetern himself of the South African War. Maybe he had dogs of his own back home, for the dog and this Lord chap seemed to understand one another very well. At dusk on our return the dog would trot out to meet us about a quarter of a mile from the barracks, do a smart about-turn, and keeping about 50 yards ahead of us, and in a dead straight line, he'd head the procession and lead us in, one ear stiffly erect. I doubt if even a line of trees would have deflected him from his straight course as he marched solemnly in front of us. It was as good as a circus act and pleased us all no end, from the Colonel himself right down to the humble private. And with a battalion of boy soldiers such as us, a dog is almost a sine qua non. We sure loved that little tyke.

And if Jimmy belonged in part to all of us, be belonged by common consent in particular to one Jack Gibney. Jack was the one the little dog always sought out among the crowd of us lounging in the evening on the barrack square, deftly and good-humouredly dodging our good-natured kicks as he roamed amongst us seeking his rightful master. A quiet, rather inarticular lad was Jack, not over given to conversation, but he was the adored god to this little tyke, the one to sit slavering at, open mouthed, as dogs do to a beloved master. Not much of a dog lover myself, I do however recognise that between certain individuals and dogs there is a bond of understanding that is an alien world to me, Jack and this dog were on the same wavelength. Even speech was superfluous between them. So it was particularly hard on Jack that he should have to be told that his pal had to walk the plank.

When we left Egypt, and despite stringent instructions to the contrary, the dog embarked with us for Gallipoli - either smuggled himself along with us, or had been smuggled on. His presence aboard the ship had been tolerated the first few days and the ship's crew vied

in providing him with the choicest delicacies. But about a couple of hours from our destination, someone in authority had decreed that the dog should be shot - and within the hour.

I guess there wasn't much other choice. Probably the barking of a dog over the quet sea when we anchored for the night might increase the known hazard from enemy submarines. Or maybe it was considered there was no place for a dog in the precarious landing that was to awaity us. Jack at last mournfully agreed to distract the dog's attention while one of our sergeants - a crack shot - administered the coup de grace.

The kaleidoscope of memory plays weird monkey tricks with us all at times. A shake of the tube, and the little bits of coloured glass at the bottom of the tube throw up a bewildering variety of pictures. Something has jogged my arm right now and I get a vivid picture of us all collected at the stern of the ship to witness the execution - the mournful fascination of the macabre - and drowning our own deep concern in the blessed sea of levity.

'Aim that bloody gun straight, Sarge', muttered one of our chaps, anxious to get the whole rotten business over quick. It could have been a swift and merciful end for this little tyke. The position was perfect - the dog sitting in his usual stance of open-mouthed, panting adoration of his master.

Only just in time did someone knock the gun up and the bullet whistled harmlessly out to sea, and a very real tragedy was averted by a split second. At the last moment, Jack, in an agony of indecision, had thrown himself protectingly around the dog and picked him up.

Language abounds in clichés - and the English language most of all. The one I call to mind is that one about the right moment finding the right man, or something like that.

I give full marks to the middle-aged South African war veteran, one of the three or four in our battalion who, in the stunned silence that followed, crossed over to Jack and consoled him. Then he took the dog in his own arms, patted it a bit, then gently dropped it over

the side of the ship.

The fast receding figure of this little white terrier paddling frantically after us evoked our coarse and cruel comments. As men so often do at such times - and especially soldiers - we affected a brutal callousness, hiding the softer sentimental compassion we really had for this little morsel of sentient life, paddling after us so desperately until he eventually passed out of sight of our straining eyes - cloaking our genuine concern in a curtain of cuss words and brutal jokes.

After tea we discussed the problematical tomorrow and our landing ashore, while Jack assuaged his outraged feelings by picking a fight with a perfectly innocent soldier who, he said, had been laughing at him.

But Jack needn't have worried all that much. I stumbled across him two or three days later on the Peninsula. He was lying stretched out, his eyes wide open to the mid-day sun. His body had the rigidity of the final sleep, but his face bore the relaxed expression of a boy who has at last whistled up his lost dog.

The boy and his dog - together again.

'Swing low, sweet chariot,
and carry him safely home'.

And if there's room for the boy 'Up there' - then I'm sure they'll find room, too, for the dog.

* * * * *

THE DINNER - *en pension*

We were pleased to welcome a red-faced, red-coated Chelsea Pensioner at the Dinner. He was most convivial and very honoured to be greeted by an Ambassador, as well as by members from General downwards in rank.

He said he would like to join the Association, but to our later surprise we learned from his Adjutant that he was not a Gallipoli veteran anyway !

ANZAC - Landing from the *Galeka*

By H H Hudson 7 Bn A I F (244)

In 1956 a relative went on holiday to Australia and sent me as a gift a book AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL, Canberra, 14th Reprint 1955. I skimmed a few pages and have rarely touched it since.

This morning by chance I picked it up and opened it at page 136, Item 'Two Precious Relics' and read the official account of my landing as follows. 'The two ships' boats on the central platform are among the most treasured relics in the whole collection. They are boats which carried Australian soldiers to the immortal landing at Anzac. The first, from the Devanha, was one of those which landed troops near Ari Burnu at the northern end of Anzac Cove, and survived to return to the parent ship and continue with her through the war. The second boat has a tragic history. The troops on the *Galeka* were to be taken ashore by the returning tows, which had already landed men. When the tows did not arrive for the rendez-vous, it was decided to land the men belonging to the 6th and 7th Battalions in the*Galeka's* own boats. Three platoons of the 7th Battalion were there-upon sent off in four of the ships'boats, but as they neared the shore deadly machine gun fire took appalling toll of them. Of the 140 officers and men who left the *Galeka* in these boats, only three officers and 35 other ranks stepped ashore. The rest were killed or grievously wounded. This boat lay stranded on the beach at Anzac until after the Armistice, when it became possible to bring it to Australia.'

You may like to compare the official version with what appeared in issue No. 8, page 36, My Gallipoli Effort, written from memory nearly 60 years after the event.

GALLIPOLI RESEARCH IN FRANCE

By Peter H Liddle Associate Member (426)

In three visits this year I have been able to make contact with most of the 60 or so veterans of the campaign who have written to me. To add to the diaries, photographs, original letters, books, etc. which they have been kind enough to send me I have been able to add approximately forty tape recordings to the research material available.

The first visit was a very brief one to Paris for the annual lunch of the veterans of the Paris region but I did manage some tape recording. However, in July and August my wife and children were taken, without undue protest on an itinerary which included Marseilles, Toulon, Cannes, Nice, St Michel de Maurienne, Albertville, Chambery, Bourgoin, Montrand les Bains, Coupy-Belligarde, Sury le Comtal, Clermont Ferrand, Pont de Beauvoisin, Les Echelles, Romans, Bourg en Peage, Valene and Malaucene. As so many of our stops were academically fruitful and all greeted by warm hospitality it is difficult to pick out highlights for a brief report. Locating veterans of the Koum Kaleh landing was exciting and I may now be in reach of my first Senegalese veteran. (First troops at Koum Kaleh were Senegalese). At Marseilles I found a survivor of the French battleship *Bouvet*, lost on March 18th 1915, and when I checked his evidence, given within two days of the event, with his present recollections I found that they differed but little. This evidence was preserved in the Archives of the Ministry of Defence (Naval Records), Paris. Original diaries of a French midshipman on *Gaulois* together with his recollections of the combined Naval attack were extremely useful and original water colours of the Peninsula were given to me by a man from Nice to add to the English paintings held in our Archives.

The third visit took in veterans at Soissons, Liverdun, Chalons sur Saone and Macon. In addition to the Gallipoli work involved here, I was able to see the Chemin des Dames, scene of Nivelle's tragic offensive in 1917, and the sombre remains of the bitter trench fighting at Bois le Pretre, not far from Nancy.

At Strasbourg I met a retired Senior Naval Officer who had studied the whole campaign and who remains convinced of the worthwhile nature of the conception but considers German direction of the defences was the decisive factor in the Allied defeat.

At Reims the family of Admiral Guepratte gave me full access to his papers and I am in the process of photo-copying those most useful to my work. Particularly striking were the affectionately respectful letters from British Naval Officers who had spent some time on the French Admiral's ship.

In Paris I listened with impassive countenance to tales of the fearsome reputation the Royal Naval Division had gained amongst the French. If they had really done what it was rumoured had been done to Turkish prisoners I wonder at the foolhardiness of any Turks remaining West of Constantinople. I did not inform this veteran that earlier on the same day I had been at the Chateau de Vincennes looking at the files of military papers and had noticed a complaint by a French General that he had come upon one of his sergeants kissing a corporal in the trenches. These military archives did however produce much material of real significance including Koum Kaleh landing plans, communications between Generals Hunter Weston and d'Amade, fascinating details on the preparations for and details of the great attack of the 4th June. The establishment of the French aerodrome at Tenedos was well documented, even to the inclusion of the question of compensation to the unfortunate land-owner for the loss of crops. There was a detailed report of the activities of the submarine E 11. Details of French courts martial were there too, and though some poor men were shot, it seemed questionable whether a certain Jean Fischer was not worse off with a sentence of degradation in front of the ranks, 20 years detention and a further six years without leave (10.4.15). A further grim detail was a secret situation report detailing the loss of 500 mules in one day. This report (31.7.15) dealing with the question of morale makes three points which are undermining factors, (a) danger every-where (b) no rest (c) 'diminution de la Valeur Militaire' and counselled an immediate abandonment of Anzac, and

instead, an attempt on the Asiatic shore. One more detail which particularly struck me in relation to the date 30th April 1915 was the reply from the French War Minister to d'Amade's plea for more ammunition ..... 'The needs of the armies of the N E (i.e. Western Front) - always considerable and urgent - must take priority.'

A French Naval veteran (the fourth from Gaulois) Rear Admiral Lucas provided me with exceptionally good photographs of the Naval attack on the 18th March and another of the Paris veterans, in addition to distinguished Gallipoli service, which was exceedingly well documented, had devised the system of anti-aircraft defence for Paris and other cities in 1917-18.

The Naval Museum and the separately housed Naval Archives did not prove rich repositories of material pertinent to 1915 but the Head of Department at the Naval Archives was absent and this may have had something to do with my disappointment there.

My visit to Paris coincided with the Annual Assembly of the French veterans of Serbia, Salonika and the Dardanelles and I was impressed and touched by the moving ceremony at the Arc de Triomphe. I have in fact been asked to re-light or re-charge the Eternal Flame there for the French Dardanelles veterans in April next year, which is an honour for our Association which I hope to fulfil. With work in France and Turkey completed I am now however endeavouring to finish the research by visiting Australia and New Zealand.

My return to the North East of England was by way of Chichester, Gillingham (Dorset), Sherborne, Bovey Tracey, Torquay, Ipplepen, Newton St. Cyres and Dunster, where I had the great pleasure of meeting and working with members of our Association, who are so welcoming and ready to help me in my work.

In conclusion may I ask any members who have information or documentation which may help me if they would be kind enough to get in touch. My address during this sabbatical year of work on Gallipoli is:

10 The Precinct, Tunstall Hill, Sunderland, Co. Durham,

as I am less frequently in College, though any mail addressed there is always picked up within two days. I am trying to preserve all original and recollected material of personal experience of the years 1914-18, and especially on Gallipoli. At the same time I am working on a thesis on the Gallipoli Campaign through the eyes of those who took part in the ranks or as young officers. Longmans have promisted to publish this work.

My main source of material is, of course, from private unpublished diaries, letters and photographs. May I stress to those considering whether to help me that no evidence or recollection is too slight for consideration and I am anxious to document every aspect of the campaign. Apart from Commander Holbrook V C, I have no submariner contact. I have not a single R N A S man (this is very sad). I have only one veteran of the November 3rd 1914 bombardment, very few of the shore fort demolition parties and each landing beach for 25th April, especially Y Beach deserves better documentation.

Of the British ships sunk, *Ocean, Irresistible, Majestic, Goliath and Triumph*, I have only one survivor *(Triumph)*. (A gratifying recent addition has been evidence of the loss of the *Royal Edward*). Do please help if you can, I shall certainly work hard to try to make your efforts worthwhile.

One further point is that if any member would be willing to give or lend me for an extended period the Australian Official History dealing with Gallipoli and any books on the New Zealand forces in Gallipoli (also Regimental Histories) I would be most grateful.

ANOTHER TIE-UP

General Aran, an honorary member known personally to those on the 1971 Gallipoli Tour and from the GALLIPOLIAN to other members, was in London in November and able to join the President and Chairman for lunch one day. The General and the President had not met, but found themselves on the same bus on the way to lunch. Yes, you have it; they recognized each other's tie.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

It is now over four years since four of us sat at the home of our Chairman wondering whether the time was past for redeeming some of the memories and perhaps renewing acquaintance with fellows long since forgotten, mainly because we had all drifted apart and gone our separate ways into the wilderness of the world before us.

The GALLIPOLIAN, our journal, has, we hope, brought back something that was missing, bringing back some of the hardships we shared, some of the joys and most important of all, the old feeling of comradeship which existed and cannot ever be forgotten.

It has also brought us right up to date with the present turn of events such as inflation. For instance, we are now paying about twice as much to produce the journal, with increased postage, so that at over £100 per issue our subscription of 25 pence minimum doesn't go very far.

Fortunately, we have a number of very generous members, but we would appeal to those who forget how the years roll by and mention, with regret, that nasty word, Money, but you know it does help to grease the wheels.

Subscriptions for 1974 will be due on the 1st January next and it would be most helpful in planning the GALLIPOLIAN for 1974 if you could please send in your money by the 1st February, as we hope to publish the usual three issues in the year.

A K K

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