THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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The Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION

(Founded in 1969 on the campaign of 1915)

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As members sometimes wish to telephone to the Honorary Treasurer and the Honorary Secretary, their telephone numbers are as follows:

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GALLIPOLI DAY AT GALLIPOLI 1973

Dispatch from the Front by Captain H N Lyster MBE MC(192)

This year's pilgrimage was rather a disappointment as we had no Ambassador with us. Our own was unable to be present because the Turkish Government decided he was to present his letter of credentials on that day, the Australian Ambassador had left Turkey a few days ago and the Canadian said that as Canada had not taken part in that campaign he could not really represent anything. On the other hand we had with us the two British Naval and Army attachés to the British Embassy in Ankara as well as 17 Australians who are on a tour of Europe. Two of them had been with us during the campaign and one was a real source of information, being very well read on the subject.

As usual, we visited all the important cemeteries starting with the Turkish Monument where a guard of honour, consisting of a Naval platoon in charge of only a N C O was inspected by our Consul-General, Mr. Thorne. Wreaths were deposited on the imposing monument while a bugle sounded the two minutes silence. We then left for the visit to the French Cemetery and the Aussies were greatly impressed at the size of the cemetery as all known Frenchmen whose bodies were found are all in that cemetery. Our next visit was to the British monument overlooking the Straits. Wreaths were placed at the foot of our column and I placed one from the Royal British Legion, Istanbul Branch. Our next visit was to the Australian Cemetery where three wreaths were left; two by the Australian Pilgrims and one by our Consul General. The New Zealand cemetery was our next visit. In the last two places it was longer than usual as the Aussies present wanted to look at all the names in case they found some whose relations they knew back home.

We then left the heights of the area and on our way down to the seashore we passed three more smaller cemeteries and had to stop at each as the two Australian colonels in our party wanted to take snaps of these to show their friends when back home. We had lunch at the Graves Commissions bungalows on the seashore having brought pack lunches with us. The preceding night we all had dinner

at the TRUA hotel (Turkish name for TROY) and slept at this nic hotel situated of course on the Asiatic side. We caught the 8 o'clock ferry to return to Europe where we were met by Turkish military representatives and two buses of Turkish pilgrims.

The Consul General had kindly given me a lift in his car and we left Egeabad after our lunch to get back in Istanbul at 19.25 hours.

I wonder whether I shall be able to return next year for it is a trying journey and I was trying to work out whether this was my 16th or 17th pilgrimage.

ANZAC & GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL SERVICE
ANZAC DAY

EDINBURGH CASTLE - Wednesday, 25th April 1973

* By Lt-Col A G Brown MC TD - (360)

The sun shone kindly on several hundred spectators including an ANZAC contingent of twenty veterans with their wives, on a conducted tour, gathered to pay homage to the Fallen enshrined in the hearts of everyone present. In the Chapel an impressive service was conducted by the Right Reverend R. Selby Wright CVO TD DD, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, Chaplain to the Queen and well-loved 'Radio Padré' of the Second World War. The following wreaths were laid on the altar by permission of the G O C-in-Chief, Army in Scotland, represented by the Chief of Staff, Brigadier Riddle-Webster whose father is a past President of the Royal British Legion, Scotland and Hon President of the St Andrew's Branch:-

> The Army; The Royal British Legion, Scotland; The Gallipoli Association; New Zealand Air Force attaché; Australian Air Force attaché; Australian Returned Soldiers Association; English Speaking Union.

Following the service, the wreaths were placed out-of-doors on the South wall of the Shrine, pride of place being given to the Gallipoli Association wreath (laid by Lieut-Colonel A G Brown MC TD, St. Andrew's Branch).

The excellent arrangements were made by Colonel C Macleod of Glendale OBE TD, General Secretary of the Royal British Legion. An official Luncheon was given by the R B L. Appreciation of the Legion's organisation of this annual service, simple but moving, was made by both the New Zealand and Australian representatives. Two new members for the Gallipoli Association were enrolled fifty-eight years after !

* *The Editor is very sad to announce that his friend Andrew Brown died on the 6th July, while this was in production.*

29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL SERVICE

Some of our members attended this annual memorial service which is primarily for former members of the 29th Division. However, all who served in the Gallipoli campaign are most welcome. Unfortunately, the location, Eltham in south-east London, militates against wider attendance than the service justifies.

MALVERN, WORCESTERSHIRE

As in past years, one of our keen members, W Corbet Williamson, Lieutenant Royal Marines, provided and laid a wreath on the War Memorial. The inscription read:

'This wreath is laid for the Gallipoli Association in Memory of Friends and Foes who gave their lives in the Dardanelles Operations, 1915 and 1916.'

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.

FOURTH ANNUAL LUNCHEON AND A G M

This year the two functions were arranged to coincide with the Anzac Day ceremony at the Cenotaph, where we are invited to join and to lay a wreath. While this is very convenient for members who come in from the country, enabling them to attend all three, it prevents attendance at the Abbey for those who wish to attend the service there at noon.

Last year 84 were present at luncheon; this year the attendance was well up, at 112, giving Mr Calvert, the energetic and helpful manager at the Duke of York's HQ a problem only solved by turning out some of his regulars in order to give us his second room for the luncheon, which again pleases us at 50p inclusive.

We were particularly pleased to see the Andover Expeditionary Force again. They come in a minibus, with their wives who go on a shopping expedition, hence the term 'expeditionary force'. Others came from north, south, east and west, as usual. Bravo.

The Minutes of the A G M are printed separately and enclosed with this issue with the Accounts (No 12). Following the meeting two films were shown; one by Mr Liddle of his 1972 tour and another by the Turkish Tourism Information Office in London on Her Majesty's visit to Turkey in 1971. In addition Mr Liddle had brought along a lot of exhibits from his Gallipoli collection, including much sent to him by members. For a detailed account of the exhibition read the following article.

ANZAC DAY 1973

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

For the first time since the Association was formed we were able to attend the Anzac Day ceremony at the Cenotaph before the luncheon and the A G M. This coincidence of dates must have contributed to the increased number of members on parade and at the lunch, for which we were favoured with a day of perfect spring sunshine. There were probably fifty or more at the

parade, but 'parade' is a misnomer as our numbers were augmented with a mixed crowd of Australians and onlookers, giving a rather motley air to it all.

So large was the attendance at lunch (some 115) that it was necessary to arrange an overflow sitting: we did miss, however, the scarlet frock coats of our two old friends from the Royal Hospital. As always, Mr. Calvert and his staff provided quick and deft service of an excellent meal.

Lunch was followed by the A G M. Pride of place, however, must be accorded neither to the lunch nor to the A G M but to the quite remarkable display mounted by Mr. Liddle of the Sunderland Polytechnic. Starting with a fine relief map of the Peninsula, there was a whole galaxy of maps, photographs (mostly private and unpublished), diaries, letters, and official documents (including a few Turkish). There were several dissertations written by Mr Liddle's student collaborators; and these deserved a far fuller scrutiny than one could possibly give them. They provided an interesting testimony to the inspiring effect of one man's enthusiasm for what might well be considered an unlikely subject.

Apart from the literary element of the exhibition, there were collections of regimental badges and of relics from the battlefields, topped by a skull which had been certified from the state of the remaining teeth to be Turkish! A particularly interesting item in this section was a Turkish medal, with a piece of ribbon attached, alleged to be a Gallipoli victory medal.

In addition to this treat, which would have required many hours, indeed days, to digest, Mr Liddle added to our enjoyment by showing a film covering his own exploration of the Peninsula in 1972, and including a few shots of the visit paid by the Association group in 1971. The film, if very naturally a little uneven in quality and in composition, was most interesting; and the battlefield scenes were enlivened by shots of ploughing, threshing, winnowing, and other domestic subjects. Whether the interruptions of the admirable commentary by

by survivors' stories was wholly successful I am not sure; but I am sure that music should be confined to occasions where a band is shown in action on the film.

One can only regret that all members of the Association were not able to see the exhibition and the film; and we shall hope to hear that a worthy home may be found for them in some regimental museum. Meanwhile, we who were privileged to see his handiwork will always be deeply grateful to Mr. Liddle for his devoted labours in assembling so much material, and for his trouble in bringing the results to the annual lunch for our delight.

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A young Gallipoli veteran took up a civilian job and soon afterwards got married. His associates in the office asked him how he liked married life, after a time. He said it was fine, and that some of them, married, didn't look after their wives as they should. He asked how long it was since any of them had taken the wife a box of chocolates, or a bunch of flowers, or taken her to a show. One of them thought there was something in it so on his way home he bought a nice bunch of flowers and on reaching home he thought he would create a better effect by ringing the bell instead of going in with his key. His wife came to the door and burst out crying. He asked: 'Whatever is the matter, my dear? Look, I've brought you some flowers.' She answered, 'Oh, dear, everything's gone wrong today. Baby fell off his chair and broke his arm, the man from the Prudential came and I hadn't got the insurance money. The telephone man came and wanted to cut it off as you hadn't paid up, then there was a telegram from your mother to say she's coming to stay for a month.' Then, with a fresh burst of crying ended up with, 'And now you come home from the office - drunk.'

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The GALLIPOLIAN -- and its contents

As has been published before, accounts which are printed endeavour to cover many aspects from the individual's viewpoint, necessarily narrow, to the wider and more critical accounts usually by senior officers, often with access to unpublished information. From time to time we are privileged to be able to include stories from our members giving 'inside information' which is thus all the more interesting.

One such story is that which follows, where Captain H N Lyster, of whom it is said that he was born with one foot in England and one in Turkey, gives his inside story which precedes the Dardanelles-Gallipoli campaign of 1915 by going back to 1914 in fact.

BEFORE GALLIPOLI

By Captain H N Lyster MBE MC 3 City of London R Fus (192)

I read with great interest the Christmas number (10) of our Journal the article on 'The Gallipoli Gamble' and would like to add my own version in this famous gamble.

Following the extra holiday on the 4th August 1914, returning to work at the Imperial Ottoman Bank in Throgmorton Street, London, I found that many of my colleagues had joined the Forces and asked to be allowed to do the same. I was told, however, that our General Manager, Mr. Barry wanted to see me about this. He asked me to postpone my application as he had other plans for me for the present. I was to go to Paris on an important MISSION. He told me to go down to the cashier who had orders to give me £250. I was to go and purchase enough kit to be in Paris for a few days and he gave me my tickets for my journey. He also gave me a document issued by the Foreign Office giving me certain privileges. My instructions were that on arrival I was to report to the manager of the Imperial Ottoman Bank in Paris : Mr de Cerjat who would give me further instructions. This was done and I was first taken both to the French Foreign Office and then to the French Foreign Office and then to the W O where I was given documents allowing me to travel anywhere in France, etc. I was to report twice daily at the Bank for further

instructions. Paris was a strange city in those days. All places of amusement were closed and restaurants had to close at 10 and most shops were closed with notices saying the staff had been mobilised. I assisted at the departure of the 'Paris taxis' with troops to defend Paris. I saw all the trees bordering all main roads being cut down to prevent German cavalry and guns using them. I saw the first plane visiting Paris and policemen firing their revolvers at it. I also assisted at the arriving of about 20 R E at the Gare du Nord and the crowd demonstrating their patriotism by tearing off their buttons and appropriating their caps, whilst girls kissed them so much so that the poor chaps did not look at all smart when their N C O tried to march them out of the station, for their faces looked strange covered in red and their tunics the worse by being open. The R E I was told had been sent to work at our Embassy as wireless operators. Dull days followed each other until about 10 days after my arrival I was informed that four chaps would arrive from London to 'help me'. They were to arrive by the 'evening train'. As I often went to the Gare du Nord I knew that ALL trains arrived late. I went and booked four rooms for my visitors and later bought food and drinks for them. In actual fact they only arrived at 09.00 the next day. They brought no news, however. In my daily visits to the bank in Paris I was told that preparations were made for my visit to Marseilles. Then I was told that I was to leave the next day for that city where I would contact the bank's agency there who would be at my service to make arrangements for a ship to be always ready with steam up to go to Constantinople with certain goods which I was to place on board. The journey to Marseilles was a nightmare. After only a few miles out of Paris, the train stopped and I had to leave my sleeping-car and restaurant as that train was needed by the students of St Cyr who were to be rushed to the front to be massacred by the Germans, being easy targets in their plumed kepis and gaudy uniforms. I showed my 'IMPORTANT' passes but out I had to go and wait on a platform for hours for a slow train to take me on my journety. It took me two and a half days to reach Marseilles. The

work in Marseilles was done actually by the Bank but I did go on board the vessel which was to play such an important role in future events. The return journey was much easier. I had booked a whole carriage but eventually allowed a French sergeant coming from Algeria to use my carriage in order to be able to 'protect' his prisoner. They were good companions, but I did feel a fool when I found out that my two companions were both only friends using the excuse of escort and prisoner in order to get better accommodation.

In Paris after a few days of rest I was told I was to go to London. That evening I was taken to the house of the Baron de Neufice where a tailor made me a waist-coat full of pockets which later contained all the jewellery of two families which I was to deliver in London to Lord Oranmore & Browne. This was done and I did not in fact have a thank-you from his lordship! The next day back to Paris.

Two more days in Paris and back to London. This time my four companions had to come with me as we were to 'save' the Bank's gold threatened by the German push towards Paris. My four companions had each with him two gold bricks. We booked a complete carriage to our-selves. After a few hours out of Paris I realised that there was something abnormal as the train kept on stopping and we heard for the first time the sound of guns, in the distance. After a longer stop the train guard told me that we could not get to Calais as the Germans had cut the line and that the train would go to Le Havre. We got there early on a Sunday morning. The train, however, could not reach the maritime station as the bridge between the two stations had been blown up. Using my special passes I asked for as escort for my bricks through the town. Arrived in London on a rainy day we took four taxis and as we were leaving Waterloo station I heard a policeman whistling the driver to stop my taxi, but I showed him my War Office pass and he went on. Only when I made up my accounts did I learn that gold does pay duty on entering G B. I also learned that England had offered Turkey a paper loan of £5 million to enter the war with us or remain neutral, but Germany had offered £2 million in GOLD and the *'Goeben did the rest.'*

ANNUAL DINNER 4 OCTOBER 1973

Time marches on. This will be our fifth.
The Royal Air Force Club is again the venue for the dinner, kindly sponsored by Col Philip Gething, one of our members. The address is 128 Piccadilly, London W1V OPY and it is between Hyde Park and Green Park underground stations. Ample free parking space in nearby streets after 6.30. Dress: dinner jacket with orders and decorations (or dark suit with miniatures or medals). The usual name label is helpful, worn above the medals. Please note that this is NOT the place-card which is posted to those who have applied for tickets. These place-cards should be bent to stand up and placed on the table where the member wishes to sit. Except for the top table places are open for members to choose for themselves, singly or in groups.

Reception at 6.30 for 7. An early start is made to assist those who have to go a long way home afterwards.

Our Guest of Honour this year is the new Turkish Ambassador to London, Turgut Menimenioglu, accompanied by one of his staff.

As usual, all present will be received by the President and the Guest of Honour before the dinner commences.

Private (male) guests will be welcome up to the capacity of the room -- about 100.

The price will be £2.40 per head, inclusive of gratuity and VAT. Wines, etc., will be payable in cash at the bar and at the table.

APPLICATIONS Please write to the Honorary Secretary with a cheque (etc) for £2.40 per head made out to the GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION, noting that a return envelope helps to reduce the secretarial work to a welcome extent. Unless your name is printed on the cheque please write your name in BLOCK CAPITALS; the number helps.
PLEASE NOTE:
As the Honorary Secretary will be away between 14 and 21 September, applications by the 10th September will be very helpful. Latest date: Thursday 27 September.

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

OBITUARIES (Up to 1st August 1973)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

Lt-Col H ALLSEBROOK TD Late 9 R Warwks R. (443)

Major John NORTH (ASSOCIATE MEMBER) (289)

Col George LAIRD TD Late RAMC (375)

G M ROSAMOND Late E Anglian Div Cyclist Coy (393)

C C MITCHELL Late RAMC (112)

A COMERFORD (ASSOCIATE MEMBER) (189)

Col E S PHIPSON CIE DSO MD FRCP Late IMS (285)

S HARDCASTLE Late RFA (422)

Lt-Col A G BROWN MC TD Late Fife & Forfar Y (360)

A HUCKER Late ASC 29 Div (33)

J C DART MSM Ment Disp Late RE 10 Div Sig Coy (445)

MR P H LIDDLE (Associate Member 426)

Nearly all members will know of Mr Liddle, who is doing more than anyone to put the names of the Dardanelles and Gallipoli on the map of history. Although most of his work is initially based on his professional work as a history lecturer at the Sunderland Polytechnic, his enthusiasm has led him to undertake more than was planned at the outset, so his collection of documents, equipment, etc will be all the more valuable.

Many members have helped by loaning their personal material for copying and the permanent collection would be all the more useful if members would be prepared to hand over their contributions permanently.

An application for a grant from the Social Science Research Council towards the extra cost of all this work has unfortunately been rejected and funds in hand are not sufficient for all that is planned. Possibly some keen members may care to assist with cash contributions. It is known that some members have already been helpful.

Will any such members please correspond directly with Mr Liddle as it is a private matter. It will be realised that the Gallipoli Association has no funds for such a project.

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Our young Gallipoli veteran was on his honeymoon. Neither he nor his bride wanted the fact to be known at the hotel where they were to stay, so on arrival the groom said to his bride: 'You go in with the luggage and I'll follow with my hands in my pockets.'

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A young doctor joined the Royal Navy and was sent off to the Dardanelles. Before going, his girl friend told her friend that she was marrying a naval doctor. This brought the reply: 'What funny parts some doctors specialise in.'

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EXTRACTS FROM HOME LETTERS FROM GALLIPOLI: 1915

By Captain C E W Brayley MBE RAMC (462)

Concluded from No 11, page 16

Suvla, Gallipoli : 14th November 1915:

We are now restricted to two letters a week, so I am afraid it will be difficult to keep in touch with everyone. I am living in a dug-out with five others beside the sea. Food is good and just now we are not overworked. I could write much but the censorship is severe. Several of us caught a glimpse of Lord Kitchener at Lemnos. I have just read fifty pages of 'The Harvester'- unearthed it from another man's kit. Despite the evident monotony here the men who are still left of our unit keep smiling.

With kindest wishes to all for a close fireside English Christmas and may 1916 see the dawn of an age when wars shall be no more.

Yours, overlooking Samothrace in the far Aegean Sea.

Suvla, Gallipoli : 23rd November 1915:

Could you see me now! I am in a dug-out with four others, sitting on my blankets with a biscuit box for a table as I write. Outside it is bitterly cold and we are none too warm within. Whilst, close at hand, the sea is moaning, and the ships reply at intervals to the land batteries.

Though we cannot be with the 'ain fowk' this Christmas, yet we are all thinking of you and the home fires in far-away England, and we know you are thinking of us. We are only allowed to send two letters per week and correspondence here is always difficult.

Suvla, Gallipoli : 5th December 1915:

If I could only describe to you what we have been through during the last ten days, but words fail.

It commenced with a terrific gale followed by sheets of rain such as you cannot imagine in England. In no time blankets and kits were under water. And it was night! This was followed the next day by a terrible frost and

a snow-driving wind. Then commenced our work. Four of us last Sunday with a stretcher, in a biting wind, lost round the snowy, slushy Great Salt Lake, making for the trenches. And when we got there! Mud and misery! Jack Frost had done his diabolical work, and quicker than army shells; men old in a night with exposure, knee-deep in mud and water.

We got our case back poor fellow. Three miles stretcher-bearing, such as I have never seen before. We often went over our knees in the Lake. Imagine our boots, socks, puttees and trousers! I was in wet clothes for three days. Most of our stretcher-bearing is done at night, and three nights ago we got lost round the Lake which is a large expanse of water, varying considerably in size according to the weather. We ended up on heavy muddy ground and continually got stuck with our loads and more than one fell with a stretcher case on top of him and had to be pulled out! I shall never forget that stretcher-bearing, foaming and sweating as in death throes.

We have reinforcements from Mons and Dixmude here. Never, they declare, did they do such work in France. When I think of the number of men I have seen brought low by that storm, the work of man in this war grows puny compared with that of nature and the elements.

Now for the moment all is quiet. We have cleared the cases of frostbite, etc. - I dare not tell you how many. In August we attended to the terrible havoc wrought by machine guns and shrapnel. In December we have fought the ravages of ice and frost and I can hardly say which has been the greater.

The Island of Lemnos, Mudros West : 22nd December 1915:

It must be some time since last I wrote you, but alas! the time is often out of joint. We are resting here after three weeks such as I can never forget. It is without prejudice that I say that the trenches and the frostbite in Flanders last winter were not so bad as we have seen them on the Peninsula. Those who have experienced both tell me so and we have had it in Army Orders. As I write I am crushed with fourteen comrades

in a bell tent. I gaze out from the tent to the mountains around, tawny, sleepy, slow upheavals of countless ages, but now the very emblems of peace and grandeur. I contrast them with the nations gone mad; the Devil's maelstrom which is bringing down the mighty from their seats, and is even pitiless to the humble and meek. One solitary peak in front of me I have great affection for. Its grey rocky summit rises over two thousand feet and is crowned with a tiny Greek church. I have climbed it and felt some of that exhilarating passion of freedom and peace experienced by a greater spirit when he stood silent upon a peak in Darien. Here one breathes in the spirit of the Bible. I lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. I see the sheep making for the green pastures and still waters. The fig tree is planted by rivers of water. Rachels wait with their pitchers at the wells. One covets Nabob's vineyard and oxen yoked to the plough are still pricked with the goad which it is useless to kick against.

England indeed must be a more serious and sterner England than when I left. We hear so little and mails are few.

27th General Hospital, Mudros West, Island of Lemnos, 30th December 1915:

I am only here with a septic toe. The unit is moving today so I am dumped as being a cripple. It is just a little aftermath of days and nights of soaking wet boots and socks during the storms when we were stretcher-bearing round the Great Salt Lake through mud and water such as I never saw on Salisbury Plain. Gods! The cases we carried and the sundry biscuit-box crosses to be seen with the cold inscription 'Died from exposure'. I may be a bantering flippant bounder, but behind it there is a Philip Sydney vein that would sacrifice all to alleviate some of this suffering. The sublime moments are when we are away from all militarism and doing the work for which we were sent.

We received the Christmas mail on the 27th December after being cut off from the world for a month.

POSTSCRIPT:

And so end the fourteen extracts from home letters written by one man who in his early twenties tore himself from civil life to serve as a volunteer in Kitchener's Army in September 1914. Those who went through the blood and toil, tears and sweat on Gallipoli in 1915, will know only too well the difficulties under which these letters were often written - in pencil and on odd pieces of paper under uncomfortable conditions. Personal experiences and impressions may, at times, be repeated for some of these letters were written to close friends as well as to my parents.

I think they do reveal a deep love for England in our young generation and all that England stood for in those perilous days. One young man who had that love which never faltered was Rupert Brooke. He gave his all for England, but before he died he wrote:

'If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.'

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March 1915: Scene, the quayside at Avonmouth and the 29th Division embarking for 'somewhere where it's hot'. One trainload was very late arriving and the troops were rushed aboard; the train was a non-corridor train and as soon as one man got on board he asked the nearest sailor urgently: 'Where's the latrine?' He got the answer, with an accompanying hand-wave, 'Port side'. On that he yelled out, 'I can't wait till we get to Port Said. I've got to go NOW!'

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Our young Gallipoli veteran was on his honeymoon. Neither he nor his bride wanted the fact to be known at the hotel so the groom gave the chambermaid a good tip and asked her not to say they were newly married. Faithful to the tip, she replied, when asked: 'Oh, no mum, they're just good friends! '

HE WAS THERE

By Harry Moody 5 Connaught Rangers (233)

If you should meet a proud old man
Wish him well, and shake his hand,
For he spent his youth on a foreign strand
For the freedom of his native land.

You may see him one November day
A blood-red poppy on display.
For this old man when in his prime
Was one of the finest of his time.

Helped save his country - served you well
When the brave sone of our nation fell
In the mud and blood of Passchendaele.
It was ther he lost many a pal.

With song he sailed across the sea
To the horror they called Gallipoli.
Remember the boys on that fateful shore
Who saw their homeland never more.

For Services Rendered by such as he
You walk the world - with dignity.
Be grateful, son - don't pass him by.
He suffered much - for you and I.

He gave the joy of being young
For a better world and happier tongue.
The glory of the past may wane.
You may never see his like again.

So, should you meet a proud old man
Wish him well, and shake his hand.
He will tell you nought, of his own accord,
But raise your glass - thank the Lord,
He was there !

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THE AYRSHIRE YEOMANRY ON GALLIPOLI

Col The Lord Rowallan KT KBE MC KStJ TD HON LLD
Ayrshire Y (434) VICE-PRESIDENT

Shortly after our return to Fife from Buddon in August 1915, rumours started to circulate and eventually we were asked if we would like to go to Gallipoli. It would of course mean that we should have to leave our horses and go as volunteers, for the Territorials were only for service at home.

A frantic period ensued. We had to learn how to dig and revet trenches and how to make bombs out of jam tins, a stick of gelignite and a detonator.

At last we were all aboard the Arcadian- first stop Malta and then on to Mudros which was the rear base for Gallipoli. There were no submarines about but, in the course of a quick little storm, one of the sergeants lost his false teeth overboard - a tragedy which he did not fully realise till it came to bully beef and hard tack.

We hardly had time to disembark before we were off again in one of the Burns-Laird ships. Searchlights were to be seen in the north-east as we changed our craft to 'beetles', like the troop landing craft of 1944. It was pitch dark as we went ashore at the foot of a cliff and marched wearily a few hundreds of yards to trenches which were to be our lodging for the night. We got out our waterproof sheets and pegged them to the sides of the shelter. Those of us who did not allow for drainage watched the sheet bulge as the rain fell.

The British and French occupied zone was an equilateral triangle coming to a point at the cliff where we had landed, with sides and base about five miles each. The ground was barren with here and there what had once been a little vineyard or grove of olive trees. Here and there was a little nullah or water course, at that time dried up. Beyond the base of the triangle were the trenches and Achi Baba, a hill about 1100 feet high from which every scrap of the ground could be seen. Even in the so-called rest camp, no party of five or more was allowed because it drew fire.

We were told that anybody who did not lie down at once on hearing a shell was a fool. A Squadron Leader and two Subalterns made full use of this warning. It wasn't a shell, but the ambulance had good brakes and no harm was done.

The trenches were narrow until we reached the front line with its firestep and parapet. In many places we were only 15 yards apart where a bomb sap had been extended.

There was very little patrolling as the wire was everywhere. The weather was hot and the flies and the smell of the rotting bodies draped on the wire after the last full-scale attack on 28th June gave an eerie and ghostly atmosphere.

Sniping caused a lot of casualties especially in those parts of the line where it was possible to enfilade us. The Senegalese were on our right and they were a menace with their shots into the sky.

I had with me my own rifle with its orthoptic sight and this was first class value once I had identified the sniper.

I have written of our bomb making. The bomb had a five-second fuse and we had to hold them for two full seconds to make sure they were properly alight. If they were not, the Turks threw them back. However, I found a cure for that. If you took off the red cover of the instantaneous fuse it looked very like the five-second. So I took it off and threw it to the Turks and then waited for the bang. Later they became more cautious.

Another menace was the catapult. It was erected with an ordinary wooden Y. We erected it, put a bomb in a canvas pouch, wound up the strands of elastic with a ratchet, lit the fuse, pulled the trigger and ran as fast as possible round the corner of a travis while the frame collapsed and the bomb dropped out of the pouch.

We never lost our amateur status. One SQMS was asked by his Squadron Commander, 'Well, Jimmy. Have you remembered everything this time?' He had forgotten his ammunition the time before. 'Aye Major, but a'll no dae that again.' 'What about the rations?' 'Och no,

a' forgot about the rations. It's no sae very difficult to forget aboot the rations.' Towards the end of our time we got a few Mills bombs and even some rifle grenades but we really had very few mod cons. We relied on the Navy for all our heavy stuff and their shooting was simply wonderful, especially HMS *Edgar* which held the gunnery championship of the whole Fleet. She would hit the parapets of the Turkish trenches, with six-inch shells, about 50 yards from us, over and over again, from about six miles away.

HMS *Queen Elizabeth* fired her 15-inch guns. Her shrapnel was the size of a tennis ball. Every now and then when one of her shells grazed the top of the hill it ricocheted, turning over and over, making ten times the noise of an underground train.

When we arrived, a Turkish gun used to fire every now and then from the Asiatic shore, but there was a French trumpeter who kept watch on the top of Sed el Bar, an old fort and, when he saw the flash and the smoke, the trumpeter blew his trumpet and we used to stroll into cover and there was plenty of time. Later bigger shells started arriving and came over long before the warning. Eventually one shell did not explode. It was marked Vickers 1915! The Turks had captured some six inch-guns from Admiral Trubridge at Salonica. We didn't think it funny - they should have given us warning.

About once a week a German plane used to fly over us if the weather was fine. They had no bombs but once they threw a bag of darts about six inches long with a sharp point and fluted tail.

About the end of November the blizzard arrived and that wasn't funny either. The stream of water drained off our trenches but didn't freeze to the extent it did for the Turks. Poor devils, they sat on their parapets and we had not the heart to shoot. Our 2 I/C shared a dugout with the Doc and QM and the icy water reached him before it got to them. 2 I/C started complaining. Doc: 'Oh shut up, if you don't want to sleep we do.' 2 I/C in a querulous voice, 'It's all very well for you fellows but I'm not used to this sort of thing.' The

ice melted!!! as the QM joined the Doc.

It was said that there was only one day's supply of anything at the end of it. Certainly it must have been the last straw in the decision to evacuate. But when we heard it did nothing to raise our morale. They had got away with it but we hardly expected it could be brought off once more that Anzac and Suvla had been evacuated. A regime of silence was inaugurated during which any attack must be met with the bayonet alone. Starting with five minutes the period was gradually increased. Booby traps were prepared, the seres of the rifles being filed into hair triggers and tins fixed with string or wire so that water dribbled through a hole into a tin below until it was heavy enough to pull the trigger. We actually had a Christmas dinner but my Troop cook was bringing the plum pudding with his legs straddled on either side of the dixie. What we called a 'whiz-bang' cut the handle without exploding and spread the pudding on the floor of the trench. This did not go down well and he suggested that they should go and scrape it up for themselves. The time for evacuating was approaching apace, the silence reached 30 minutes as the troops were thinned out. On the night before the last the Turks did, I believe attack but at a time when a relief was taking place and the Turks were met with a solid defence. We went as we had arrived, by beetle to the *Redbreast* and in her to Mudros. One of the fellows sprained his ankle in landing so he was put on a stretcher. We were all dog tired and the reaction hit us hard. It was pitch dark and we would take a few steps and then lie down and sleep. Eventually we woke with the sun high in the sky. We looked for the stretcher. It had gone. So had the man. We were outside a Casualty Clearing Station and when we asked about him they said 'He was in a coma and we could not wake him so we put him on board the *Britannic*, first stop Blighty.' Looking back on it all, we got used to our little bit of trench. We missed the conversations with 'Johnnie Turk' at morning 'stand to'. We knew their voices and exchanged compliments not understanding a word the other said. There was never any ill-feeling.

Perhaps it was the last field where this spirit prevailed.

LOST AT GALLIPOLI

By W J Jessup MM 1/11 London R (Finsbury Rifles) (310)

The following anecdote may be of interest to readers familiar with the area.

We were situated at the time in a very rocky part of Gallipoli, on the beach and facing the Aegean sea. Suddenly we had orders to move at dusk. So the procession which set out was as follows -- first, the Battalion, then a connecting file, and finally at the rear, an Indian convoy. This convoy consisted of a few mule-driven carts loaded with picks and shovels, various other items too big for us to carry, and some other boxes which later interested us very much. Two men, of which I was one, were assigned as guards with each cart.

All went well until we reached a very sandy beach, our boots went deep into the sand and we could only walk with difficulty, but the carts came to a complete stop. The mules, true to character, refused to move. By this time, we had lost touch with the connecting file. The Indians gave up the struggle, took their blankets and retreated under cover of the sand dunes, and there was nothing else for us to do but follow their example.

When the morning came, the Turks, who were nearby must have thought the carts ranged along the beach were guns, and proceeded to send over a lot of shrapnel. We finally managed to get them under cover, and were then faced with the problem of what to do next.

Having lost touch with the Battalion and in any case unable to move in the daylight without drawing the Turkish fire, we also had to guard our carts. So we finally decided the only thing to do was to wait for someone to find us. This took four days and we only had one day's supply of Army rations, so how did we live? The answer was provided by the more interesting items on the carts. The cart which I was guarding happened to contain boxes of Officers' rations that had been purchased from the Army & Navy Stores. So, as desperate needs call for desperate remedies, and as we also found a well that had

not been poisoned by the Turks, we managed not only to survive but actually live in luxury for four days.

On the fifth day an officer from the Anzacs came along the beach and asked us what we were doing. He went back and got in touch with our Battalion who were dug in at their side. That night a number of our men came down and we all rejoined our unit as a fatigue party taking up the supplies by road.

How much of the Officers' rations survived is anybody's guess but the picks and shovels were all present and correct.

I often wonder what would have happened if the officer had not come along when he did.

Would the Battalion have ever missed us ? How long would we have remained there ? (Possibly after we had finished the officers' rations we would have partaken of the mules themselves).

The funny thing was that we never heard anything further about the matter.

GALLIPOLI - My story

By M E Gray Sgt R A M C (465)

Continued from No 11, Spring 1973

After the show we were back again on a ship and our destination turned out to be the island of Mudros where we stayed for a few days and then back on the ship again and sailing southward. On this part of the journey an event happened which diverted my experiences away from those of my chums. Nearly all of us were suffering in varying degrees from diarrhoea or dysentery. One of the boys told me he had a bottle of chlorodine, which we knew was good for temporary relief and I took a dose. This 'chlorodine' must have been peculiar because a short while afterwards I started to vomit a black substance which came to the notice of our OC, Col. Samuel. He was a fatherly old man and ordered me to stay in my bunk. When I had got rid of the 'chlorodine' I felt reasonably good and by this time we were getting near Alexandria so I got up and dressed as I did not want to be separated

from the boys. Col Samuel was very annoyed that I had dressed and said I was a stretcher case and was to go to hospital. So there I was feeling fit and being carried off the ship on a stretcher - the first time I had reported sick. (Oh no, there was the sprained knee when I fell into the pigsty leading to our mess-barn at Ipswich). I could not tell them that their diagnosis of hematosis was all haywire and that I had taken some wonderful stuff given me by a friend. Off to a military hospital where I had a glorious hot bath and was put into a bed between sheets - a lovely experience after so long in dugouts. Not so good however was the milk diet as I was very hungry. But there was a boy in the next bed who had gastritis. They were trying to get him to eat chicken and fish and other delicious light diet items. He has no desire for them and passed them over to me. It was not long before the doctor put me on light and then full diet and eventually sent me to a convalescent camp. While there an order was issued that all Territorials who had 12 years' service (active service counted two years for every one served) could have home leave. I qualified and, oh boy, I was booked for home. This was the early part of 1916 and soon I was on a troopship steaming merrily through the Mediterranean. Here, and later after we had passed Gibraltar we encountered very rough weather and strange though it may seem I was not seasick. Being a Corporal I was in charge of a table to seat 20 men and dish up the meals. The food was quite good, too, the dinners consisting chiefly of Irish stew with plenty of beef. For days there were only two or three of us to devour 20 pints of stew served in the oval dixie. The rest were feeding the fishes. It was a wonderful experience to feel well while the ship pitched and rolled. This was the only time I escaped the horrors of seasickness.

What a glorious sight are the hills and white cliffs of dear old England. I had only been away for about a year, but it seemed much longer - packed with unusual experiences. And so on to dear old Cardiff where my sweetheart and folk were waiting. The home leave was a month.

The trip back on the hospital ship was wonderful. The only personnel or passengers were RAMC men and nurses. We each had a swinging cot to sleep in, the ship went the usual passenger route near the coast and was lit up at night with a huge red cross on the sides. I thoroughly enjoyed that trip and made a point of writing a few lines to your mother each day. I was of course very much in love. I kept wondering if I would get back to my old unit and the boys. We were never told our desinations andjust had to wonder and hope.

From a beautiful hospital ship I was transferred at Alexandria to a filthy little craft with an assortment of almost everything living including vermin. There were a few British soldiers like myself, all sorts of natives, mules, chickens, goats and lots of other strongly smelling creatures. 'Where are we bound for?' I asked everyone in sight. I found it was the North coast of Africa - a port called Soloom. The Turks had come down across the Arabian desert to within a short distance of the Suez Canal and there was a threat to the Nile and west of the Canal.

Imagine my surprise and delight when I found that I was rejoining my old unit and pals who were stationed at Soloom. I had not seen them since the day they had carried me off the ship at Mudros. We had some grand swimming at this camp. The water was warm - just like Lake Taho (USA). The moonlight nights were also very beautiful and peaceful. It was difficult to imagine there were maniacs like the Kaiser causing so much trouble.

One incident, I think, is worth recalling. One day into our camp crawled a little Bedouin boy about 8 years old. His shin bone had been broken midway between the knee and ankle. The bone was protruding and was covered with maggots. The breakage must have taken place days before and he had received no attention or dressing. Dr Dunbar (who helped to bring three of our children including Alan into the world) was Major in charge of our section and he appointed Norman Johnstone (a lovely character after whom we named our firstborn) to cleanse the boy and generally be responsible for him. This

meant shaving his head. burning all his rags, cutting down an army outfit of clothes to fit a boy of 8, build him up physically and make him ready for the operating table. Dr Dunbar then removed the tibia bone completely, stitching up the membrance which encloses the bone. His theory was the a complete new bone would grow inside the membrance and by Jove it did. Before we left that camp little Micky Heel (that's what he called him) was walking about with a new shin bone. The operation was the subject of an article in the British Medical Journal. If he had been left he would certainly have died. You can imagine he became a pet. Dr Dunbar and Norman Johnstone jointly offered the parents to provide the necessary funds to send him to school to be educated but they were, shall we say, undeveloped and unable to appreciate what this meant and took him away probably to lead their life of squalor and poverty.

The Turks and their allies were now becoming very threatening to our defences of the Suez Canal and the time came for the 53rd Welsh Division including ourselves to be moved to the Canal Zone - Kantara -near the Bitter Lakes where water melons grow. We swam in the Bitter Lakes and the Canal. A wonderful sight near the Canal was to be sitting or strolling along with only sand in sight, - the Canal being lower than the banks on either side, and then a huge liner or perhaps a battleship would come gliding noiselessly by, looking for all the world as if it were ploughing through the desert sand. We would then climb on the banks and wave to the passengers or crew only a few yards away. I remember swimming in the Canal on a Christmas day. It was a bit fresh but not so cold as Southerndown on an average August day.

So now our task was to drive the Turks across the Arabian desert from Alexandria to Gaza and out of Palestine. For more than a year we were destined to live on sand. I expect you have been in a sandstorm Al? Sand everywhere including eyes, nose, mouth, down your back and front. The dixies in which the inevitable Jippo and tea were made generally finished up with an

inch of sand in the bottom. How much sand we ate and drank was nobody's business.

It was a slow business working our way across the Arabian desert. All food and water had to be conveyed from Alexandria and for an army this meant laying a pipe line, a railway and a road on which the men and vehicles could travel over the soft sand. The road consisted of heavy wire netting. One vivid recollection I have of the desert is the clear night sky and the stars which seemed to be more numerous and brighter than they were anywhere else. We would be sitting down enjoying the cool peaceful night after a hot sweltering day when the strains of a beautiful violin solo by Kreisler or some other classical piece would come floating over the air from a gramophone which Norman Johnson had been given permission to have sent out. I wish I could remember the names of all the pieces. One was 'Mimi' from the opera 'La Boheme' and I think another was 'Humoresque'.

After some months in trying conditions among the flies and camels and the establishment of rail heads and stores dumps at intervals, we arrived before Gaza where the Turks had strongly entrenched themselves. We made two unsuccessful attempts to capture Gaza with many casualties, much work and sweat. On one occasion after trudging behind a sandcart for more than 24 hours collecting wounded I peeled off my socks and with them came a goodly portion of skin. After these two assaults on Gaza, General Allenby took over command and the third attempt consisted of an encircling movement around Beer Sheeba. We started at sunset and marched in full kit all through the night. No smoking and no lights. On this march I learned how to sleep on the march as did many others. We would be trudging along when the head of the column would stop. Each man would bump into the man in front and immediately collapse on the ground fully asleep. After a few minutes there would be a shout and a whistle and on we would go again. I formed the opinion that a small portion of the brain which controlled the legs remained awake while the rest was only semi-conscious. Do you think this is possible ? Going back a little before the above encircling march, while among

the sandhills a call came to collect wounded from one of the infantry dressing stations. There were three of us with three sandcarts each drawn by four mules with two drivers per team. One Lance Corporal Jones had been to this dressing station in daylight and was our guide. It was dark and each sandhill looked like the next one. There were no stars to guide us and we had no compass. We were relying on our guide and were soon lost. We knew that the strip of coast was occupied by the Turks and our dressing station was South of the coast about half a mile. Soon we heard the sound of the surf quite distinctly and were sure we were making for enemy territory. Then we saw a tiny light in the distance and did not know if it belonged to the Turks or to us. There was only one thing to do. One of us had to reconnoitre and find out whose light it was. If it turned out to be a Turkish post and our scout did not return, we would have to retire in a hurry. We tossed up for who should go and our guide L/Cpl Jones lost. It turned out to be our dressing station and we went up with our sandcarts and collected over 20 wounded. It was now just on daybreak and on our way back to base we met squads from the 1st and 3rd Welsh Field Ambulances, both of which had been looking for this dressing station all night and had become lost just like ourselves. Our O C Dr Dunbar, a well-known doctor, was pleased that we, out of the three lots, had got there first, but it was more by luck than good judgment.

Our infantry got well behind Gaza via Beer Sheeba and forced the Turks to retreat and on we went on the narrow road which ran up the centre of Palestine.

In due course we came to Bethlehem, at that time a small village on the side of a hill. Whenever Mum and I go for a run in the car and approach Llantrisant I always say, 'There's Bethlehem', it is so like it. I saw the Church of the Nativity built on the spot where Jesus is said to have been born but we had very little time to stop at any place now because the Turks were on the run and it was our job to keep them so. An then came :

J E R U S A L E M

No doubt you have read that the occupation of Jerusalem was arranged in such a way that not a single shell was fired on the Holy City. Our forces advanced mainly from the South pressing forward on the left and right with the object of encircling the City without doing any damage to the Christian Shrines and capturing what troops were in the vicinity. However, the Turks, who always seemed to be well informed as of course we were also retreated before the two jaws of the pincers met and none were left when the 5th Welsh Battalion of the 53rd Welsh Division advanced through and mounted guard on the Jaffa Gate of the City on the 9th December 1917. The point of this is that the 1/2nd Welsh Ambulance of which I was a proud Corporal looked after the health and succour of the 4th and 5th Welsh Battalions and we established an advanced dressing station just outside the City wall near the Jaffa Gate and the Law Courts. As soon as I could get away from duty a friend (one Charles Harcourt) and I went 'scrounging'.

After visiting the Law Courts where we were just too late to pick up some valuable stamps and legal documents, we called at the Tomb which General Gordon was convinced was the Tomb of our Lord. Since his day it has always been known as Gordon's Tomb. I cannot remember much about the Tomb, but I do remember very clearly the two old ladies who were in charge of it and the little house nearby. We were the first British soldiers to call and the old ladies were very frightened. However, we had no difficulty in reassuring them and eventually were invited inside. The rooms of the house were scrupulously clean. One of the ladies was bedridden and the other whom we will call Martha did everything else including the collection of the fees charged for viewing the Tomb. She could speak English fairly well and we learnt that they had had a very lean time during the Turkish and German occupation particularly in the matter of food. While talking about food we remembered that we had some tea and sugar in our 'emergency rations' so we asked them when they had drank tea last. 'Not for years, only a little coffee' they said and their eyes lit up when we gave them our emergency rations. They wanted to make us some tea but we refused, saying we had plenty

more in the stores. I asked them if they had a visitors' book and they produced a large leather-bound book in which there were many names of visitors going back several years. Most of the recent entries were names of Turkish and German officers so I ruled a line under the last name and wrote: 'Re-opened for the use of the British Expeditionary Force' and added the date, 10th December 1917, my name and regiment, 1/2nd Welsh Field Ambulance. I think I also added Cardiff, S Wales. About a week later we called again to see our lady friends and this time we were armed with about a pound of tea and a couple of pounds of sugar which we had procured from the cookhouse. Martha asked if we would like a cup of tea. This time we said, 'Yes', keeping our new supplies up our sleeves for the time being. She poured out a liquid which was hardly distinguishable from hot water. 'What is this?' we asked. 'Tea, but we make it last a long time', she replied. Then we gave her the new supply. They were very grateful and we had no qualms of conscience as to the way our supplies had been acquired.

In the visitors' book many new names, some of British officers of high rank, had been added.

Quite recently I endeavoured to obtain a photostat copy of the page in the visitors' book but as you will see by the attached correspondence, the reply from the Mayor of Jerusalem's office was not very helpful. After all, 45 years is a long time.

Two days after the occupation of Jerusalem, when our troops had formed a line on the uppermost part of the Mount of Olives the call came to me for a sandcart (an ambulance wagon drawn by 2 or 4 mules with 6" steel tyres to prevent sinking in the desert sand) to collect wounded from the Mount of Olives. I decided to go myself and this was the first ambulance wagon to go through the outer City of Jerusalem. I picked up an officer who had been badly wounded in the abdomen. The roads were very rough and stony and he pleaded with me to stop the cart to give him a respite from the intense pain caused by the vibration of the wagon. I knew he was bleeding internally and it was important to get him

to the dressing station as quickly as possible and I was torn between two urges. However, I steered a midway course and every time I stopped Arab children and adults gathered round in friendly curiosity. Unfortunately the wounded officer died shortly after reaching the dressing station. There was really very little hope from the beginning.

Later I visited all the holy shrines in the City and outside but was particularly impressed with the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane, with its gnarled trees which might well be 2,000 years old. On the top of the Mount was a fine building - a college built by the Germans and in it was a huge oil painting of the Kaiser. I'm afraid this is one thing our boys simply could not allow to remain intact, but all else, particularly the whole of Jerusalem and Bethlehem were not damaged in any way either by our boys or, give them their due, by the Turks.

Soon we advanced Northwards of the Mount of Olives and the field ambulance were always very close to the infantry. We had now left the only road and were in the rocky regions where the wounded and sick had to be collected by camels (horrible creatures). I was now in charge of a gang of Egyptian camel drivers and a few days before Christmas 1917 we had a blizzard high up in the hills. It rained, snowed and sleeted and many of our infantry suffered frostbite. On Christmas morning 1917 I was called to take six camels and their native drivers to collect men suffering from frozen feet. The camels slithered all over the place and it was amazing to see how far their front legs could open out without dislocating their shoulders. Talk about doing the splits ! When getting near 'the line' some rifle bullets whistled overhead and some fell fairly near. One of our boys had been hit just here and the bullets were from the enemy all right. The Jippo drivers commenced to panic and asked 'Engleesee or Turks?' I replied with much emphasis and strong words 'Engleesee'. If I had said or showed the slightest sign of fear, I would have lost my Jippos and have been left with half a dozen of slithering and stampeding camels.

It was very cold and as we trudged on I thought of the good times we used to have on Christmas mornings opening our stocking in a warm bed and finding all sorts of nice things, sometimes a bundle of sticks and matches to light the fire. Ah well, it would not last for ever. Perhaps next Christmas (1918) I would be home sweet home. I wrote a long letter to my dear wife that Christmas night.

All those who belonged to the 53rd Welsh Division were proud of the fact because we had seen much service and built up a reputation for being good fighters and with a fine spirit of comradeship, or as the French say, 'Esprit de corps'. There was a mixed lot on our left extending across the plains of Jaffa to the Mediterranean Sea. They were not doing so well and we were ordered to go down on to the plains and get them out of their difficulties. So down we went from the cold hills of central Palestine to the Dead Sea where it was sweltering hot and over to the orange, vine and fig groves of the plains. Here we used to go out with sandbags and pick the lovely Jaffa oranges and luscious purple figs and grapes. If there was a farmer about, he would have to accept 5 piastres - about 10 cents for a sandbag full- about 50 Jaffas.

After the good old 53rd Welsh Division had shown the others how to drive back the Turks we had to trek back up to the mountains. On this march it rained more heavily than I had ever seen rain before - even in South Wales. Our uniforms were soaked, also our equipment and blankets. Late at night we arrived at our destination - Nablus - high up in the hills. It was also bitterly cold, but we had a building - an old barn in which to shelter. The Colonel ordered a double issue of rum. My pal at that time was Private Garlike who in peacetime was secretary to the Bath & West Agricultural Society. We had much in common and were in charge of medical comforts. Teetotallers were in great demand. I had such a friend and so did Garlike, so we had four double issues of rum and in World War I it was the real McCoy. We had procured a tin of ideal milk which we put in a quart mess tin and made up to a quart with rum. The lot we placed on a methylated spirit stove and it promptly caught fire.

TO BE CONTINUED

ANZAC

(No 2 POST 1915)

'Down Memory Lane'

By F W W FLOYD Sergt ASC (Horse & Mule Transport)
54th E A Division (455)

The first rays of dawn herald the birth of a new day. The sea is calm and, except for an occasional splutter from machine guns, snipers' bullets or the mournful wail of spent bullets, all is quiet.

Men come from the shelter of dugouts and are soon preparing the morning meal, aware, from past experience, that fate has decreed that before the day is far spent, some will have crossed the Great Divide, others will be permanently maimed or destined to spend the rest of their days in darkness. Some will be afflicted mentally and life will not have much to offer them.

In short Anzac is about to stage another day of suffering and sacrifice, and the actors in this tragedy must try and forget all they were ever taught about the sacredness of life. Without warning, shells begin to fall with such increasing volume that it is evident much more than the customary daily bombardment is to be staged. The noise is terrific and it is impossible to find cover from the shrapnel and bursting H E shells. It is the season of harvest but it is not the kindly fruits of the earth which are to be gathered on Gallipoli, but men, and, be it added, the very finest we have.

We must give of our best and in our saner moments reflect on the cost. The stretcher bearers are soon busily engaged on their errands of mercy and the inside of the field hospital, by the gully, is no sight for the sensitive. A young subaltern, just in from night convey duty to the trenches sets a fine example by calmly reading a 'Bystander' in his dugout and shows no signs that he is conscious of all that is happening around him. His last mail from home had brought news that his younger brother had been killed in action.

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