25-26

THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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The GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION

(Founded in 1969 on the campaign of 1915)

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IMPENDING CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Within the next few months the Honorary Secretary's address is expected to be changed. At the changeover there may be some disorganisation and delay in correspondence over a period of a few weeks.

Members tolerance is solicited.

GALLIPOLI PILGRIMAGE 25 APRIL 1974

DISPATCH from Captain H N Lyster MBE MC (192)

As per usual some of us left Istanbul on the 24th April on our usual pilgrimage to Gallipoli. This year I had the honour of travelling with Sir Horace Phillips, our new Ambassador to Eceabad where we caught the ferry and crossed to Chanakkale. We had booked rooms at the Trua Hotel where we met some of the other pilgrims. These included the Australian Ambassador, the French Consul-General, our service attaches and our great friend General Aran who was as usual very helpful. On the 25th we were up at 06.00 and caught the 08.00 ferry back to Europe and at 09.00 eleven cars and three buses proceeded to the Turkish monument where a naval Guard of Honour was inspected by His Excellency. Wreaths were laid by H E, the Australian Ambassador and the French Consul-General and myself in the name of the Eoya Royal British Legion. We then left for the French cemetery, then our own monument at Cape Helles followed by the Australian and the New Zealand cemeteries.

This letter is to inform you that the 1975 Pilgrimage will be the last one recognized by the Turkish and Australian authorities.

On arrival at Chanakkale our Ambassador and myself called on the Turkish admiral who told us that the 1975 Pilgrimage would be the last one in which they and the Australian authorities would be represented and that all areas would in future be considered as a National Park. The Australian government are assisting their pilgrims to attend this last official visit to the Graves and we were told that already 200 people have booked their passages. We beg of you to inform all travel agents in the U K that 1975 will be the last official visit to Gallipoli and they should organize charter planes to make this last visit fully representative of British pilgrims. Please do your best to enable the 60th Pilgrimage to be a day to remember.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Members will know that our 60th anniversary pilgrimage is being planned to start on the 16th May, not for the 25th April)

ANNUAL LUNCHEON 25 APRIL 1974

As usual, this was very well attended and appeared to be enjoyed. In fact it became a little difficult to manage as many members drifted along without notice. Eighty-seven were expected and catered for, but ninety-three were served. Surely no-one did the "old soldier" by coming up for two meals ? We must expect a check on the actual number next time or we shall be in bad odour with the Duke of York.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 25 APRIL 1974

Only a few members had to leave before the A G M and so nearly a quarter of our actual membership was present; a remarkable number considering our wide spread of members towns and countries, and at our sort of ages. The Minutes of the meeting have already been circulated.

ANNUAL DINNER 3 OCTOBER 1974

Our sixth annual dinner will take place at the Royal Air Force Club, 128 Piccadilly, as usual. The Hotel is between Hyde Park and Green Park Underground stations and on several bus routes. There is ample free parking space in nearby roads after 6.30. DRESS: Dinner jacket (or dark suit) orders and decorations. The usual name label is recommended, worn above the medals. Please note that this label is NOT the place-card which is sent to those who apply for tickets. The place-card is for reservation of a seat by the member on arrival. Except for the top table places are open for members to sit where they please, singly or in groups. RECEPTION: 6.30 for 7. Before the dinner all present will be presented to the President and the Guest of Honour. PRICE: £3 per head. This includes coffee but not drinks to be paid for at the bar or at the table. GUEST OF HONOUR: This year we are proud to entertain Mr Winston S Churchill MP (subject to a General Election). He is of course the grandson of the famous figure known to all. APPLICATION: To apply for tickets, please write, with cheque (etc enclosing a return addressed envelope, not necessarily stamped, but to aid the clerical work.) Please write clearly, and the number helps. Last date: 28th September.

THE FRENCH CEREMONY OF 'LA FLAMME' AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS, 25 APRIL 1974

For this year the moving ceremony held annually by our French comrades was 'enlightened' by the honour accorded to one of our Associate Members, Mr Peter Liddle, who had been invited by the French government.

Mr Liddle reports: 'Neither the heaviness of the rain nor the cold of the late afternoon seriously marred the moving ceremony at the Arc de Triomphe which commemorated the French veterans of the Dardanelles: the Kum Kale and Gallipoli landings of 1915. Seeking shelter in the subterranean passage beneath the Arch the warmth of the annual greetings of veterans from all over France was evidence of a comradeship kept young despite the years. Backs were straightened, shoulders squared as the men paraded on the rain-swept area in the centre of which was the Eternal Flame itself. Drums rolled to herald the symbolic recharging of the flame by the President of the French Dardanelles Veterans Association and Mr Liddle of the (British) Gallipoli Association as the beautifully-sounded notes of a bugle echoed above the silent thoughtful gathering. Each man held his own private memories but all were conscious that due recognition was being paid to an imperishable record of individual service and sacrifice.

THE FRENCH DARDANELLES ASSOCIATION LUNCH

A few days after the ceremony of La Flamme the annual lunch was held. During the excellent meal conversation was of course centred upon the *Gaulois*, *Bouvet* and the landing at Kum Kale, on the 4th and 21st June, and of the amazing English playing football under shellfire. The gesture of presenting on behalf of our Members to the French Association President with the handsome (British) Gallipoli Association shield was warmly appreciated and the audience sympathetically made allowances for Mr Liddle's French as he spoke of the evidence of the matelot and the poilu together with the young officers serving in the Dardanelles area in 1915.

KEMAL SPEAKS: WERE WE DEFEATED AT GALLIPOLI ?

In the campaign our main objective was Constantinople. We did not achieve the goal, in miles by a long way but tactically by many near-misses. Consequently it can be called a defeat for us. But Kemal Ataturk, who should know, is on record as having said that we were not 'defeated and pushed into the sea. It was not a victory at all. The enemy had simply retired of his own free will.' Acknowledgment of this is made to the Gallipoli Legion of Western Australia, in an article by Colonel G D Shaw, the Secretary. It deserves wide publication.

NEW MEMBERS (UP TO 1 AUGUST 1974)

In the original printed journal, this section of this page and that on the following contain the names and full addresses of new members.

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

OBITUARY (At 1 August 1974)

Lt-Col M W B Deane	(384)	E W Skelton	(135)
J H Brebner OBE	(392)	A Lawrence	(481)
A Randall	(232)	E V W Wright	(431)
E G Davis	(243)	E Stevens	(215)
T W H Usherwood	(459)	Lt-Col A E Jelf-Reveley	(347)
P J Bennett	(220)	E H Dixon MSM TEM	(178)
A W Riley	(79)	J H Murcott	(275)
Ernest Raymond OBE	(516)	Maj F J Jebens MC	(68)

SENIORITY - LIFE MEMBERSHIP

Not many members have written about their ages and it is suspected that they may be coy about it. Possibly they think that some new tax may be devised against them. As far as is known to the Editor, the oldest member is Major G R Mott, who served at Gallipoli with the 6/3 South Lancashire Regiment in the 13th Division. His age is 96. We must think of some special method of celebrating the centennial birthdays as they occur.

Two other Life Members are: N Lowry, then 2/Lt DCLI and RND attached 29th Division (123).
C T Rolfe MSM, then WO I ASC 29th Divisional Train (197).
Another who celebrated his 95th birthday on the 23rd June received a congratulatory greeting:
'95 salaams to you, Sir, from 581 other Gallipolians'.
This was of course a message as from all the other members of the Gallipoli Association, present and past. This refers to Lt-Col Algernon Edward Jelf-Reveley, BA JP, Deputy Lieutenant (347). He commanded the 7th Bn Royal Welch Fusiliers in the 53 (Welsh) Division and was twice mentioned in dispatches. See page 12.

JUNIORITY

Quite a number have claimed the honour of being the youngest member of the Gallipoli Association and three names can be put forward.
The first is definitely Captain E W Bush, DSO and 2 bars, DSC RN. His age was 15 at the landings, his birthday being 12 August 1899. He had no 'nominal' age as he was a Midshipman (14)
A runner-up to be considered, being from another service, namely the Royal Naval Division, is F C Wray (179) who served as an AB in the Anson Battalion. His birthday is 16 May 1899.
Lastly, for the army the youngest known member is J P Gurney Grice (264) who served as a corporal in RE Signals, 9th Corps HQ. Birthdate - 19th June 1898.
Many members were under 17 on enlistment.

GALLIPOLI TOUR 1975

Thanks to the good work put in by Mr Tranmer, our energetic Associate Member, this is now well in hand. The general lines are largely on the lines of our successful 1971 expedition with the main alteration that this time wives and other relations are invited. The number of applications is now 40 and this is the maximum number that can be included. Later applications can be forwarded to Mr Tranmer for a reserve list.

At the present time it is not certain about Turkish military transport on the peninsula and this may not be known for some time. Also, it is not yet settled whether the first week will be spent at some place on the peninsula, or across the Dardanelles on the Asian coast. Applicants will be notified as the itinerary stabilizes.

[illegible] accompany the party:
[illegible] (and [illegible] wife) and
[illegible]

Mr Tranmer was pleased to receive more than a hundred replies and has replied to them. He thanks all concerned for their good wishes on the Tour's success and will write to all as the itinerary finalises.

Of course the arrangements are conditional on any restrictions which may arise through any further Cyp riot trouble.

NEW ZEALAND ANZACS

A letter has been received from the New Zealand Gallipoli Association inviting any of our members who may be in New Zealand at the time to make contact and join their members for a Diamond Jubilee celebration to be held from the 23rd to the 26th April 1975. 250 New Zealand members are expected and this is likely to be the last on a national basis. If any interested member of our Association will write to the Hon Secretary an introduction will be given.

GALLIPOLI RESEARCH IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

By P H Liddle, Associate Member

The Editor has received a copy of the report of the Gallipoli research work completed in Australia and New Zealand in May and June this year. The centres for Mr Liddle's work were Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, Tasmania, Sydney, Canberra, Auckland, Whangarei, Wellington, Blenheim, Christchurch and Dunedin. Apart from individual hospitality and organisation, the Gallipoli Legion of Anzacs of West Australia with their fine Secretary Lt-Col George Shaw and the New Zealand Gallipoli Association with the superb efficiency of Colonel Murphy, helped materially to make the work so successful. Press, radio and TV provided extensive coverage throughout and this brought in many original diaries and letters additional to those entrusted to Mr Liddle by veterans. As well as the 200 veterans with whom personal contact was made, valuable archival work was done in all the major Record Offices and Mr Liddle, now busily engaged in finishing his book, feels a deep debt of gratitude to all those who, in different ways, assisted this research which has ensured both for the book and his archives a properly balanced coverage.

If any member would like to have a copy of the report of this work, would he please write directly to Mr Liddle at 10 The Precinct, Tunstall Hill, Sunderland SR2 9 DN

GALLIPOLI HISTORY

'THEY WENT LIKE KINGS: The Story of Gallipoli'

This is the title of an authoritative book shortly to be published by Messrs Allen and Unwin Ltd. The author is our youngest member: Captain E W Bush DSO DSC RN (See p.8)

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Members of the Royal British Legion may be interested in a short note on the campaign by a Gallipolian, in the August 1974 issue of the R B L Journal.

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GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION SHIELD

At the time of preparation of this account, 77 shields have been acquired by members, mainly for their own use, but in some cases for presentation to Service and other Associations.

One notable case is that of the French Dardanelles Association who were pleased to receive the shield taken to them in Paris in April this year by Mr Liddle on our behalf. (See page 5). This practice is all to be commended and if members making such presentations will kindly notify the chairman, they will be listed in future Gallipolians.

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION SHIELD - NEW DRILL

There are now six more made and in hand for quick despatch. Due to continuing cost increases no more orders will be placed, but members wanting a shield may obtain one DIRECT from the maker. Members should write to Messrs C H MUNDAY LTD, of 7 IRVING STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON WC2H 7AT, asking for the price then ruling, plus postage. Delivery may be 8 to 10 weeks. Orders should NOT be sent to the Hon Sec, but if so sent, will be returned to the Member for action. This is regretted, but the demand for the shield is such that a further stock at increasing cost is not practicable.

* * * * * * *

A soldier was captured by the Turks on Gallipoli. Later he was able to escape and rejoin his unit. But he couldn't get all his back pay. It was admitted that he was alive when captured, and also on his return. But he couldn't prove that he had been alive all the time he was captured.

* * * * * * *

A Gallant Gallipoli Gentleman took his latest girl friend to a night club - her first. On coming away, she exclaimed, 'Oh, what a funny smell!' obtaining the riposte, 'Don't be silly. It's fresh air.'

EXTRACTS FROM SOME RECENT MEMBERS' LETTERS

Col Symons OBE (550)

'... Since my name appeared as a new member, two of my small detachment who landed with me in Suvla Bay have written; one from Lancs and the other from Sussex. The latter has even called.'

A E Overton (490)

'Many thanks for the latest issue of the Gallipolian which I am reading with so much interest about something that happened so long ago. It really is extraordinary how the interest in this unique and tragic campaign is still so fresh in the minds of all who took part, and may I express my thanks to you and all those who contribute.'

The day after his 95th birthday and two days before he died, Lt-Col A E Jelf-Reveley wrote: 'It was nice of you to write with greetings from the Gallipoli Association and I've just had greetings from about 20 survivors of my old Battalion. I suppose I'm one of the few old T A Commanding Officers who went out in command of a battalion and still survive, and one of the very few C Os who was allowed to remain in command all through a campaign ..... All good luck to the Association. (See also page 8).

A retired army nurse, Miss M Sheard, of Broadstairs, Kent, remembers being at the Citadel Hospital in 1915 when some of those wounded on the 25th April were taken in from Gallipoli. She would very much like to know if any member was among them. Will any such member of the 29th Division please let me know and I will pass on the information.

* * * * * * * * * *

A Gallipoli veteran came home to settle down. He went to a house agent and insisted that he wanted a house in a very good district, one where the prominent locals lived. He was shown a nice house and asked if the agent was quite sure that it was in the right place for him. He was reassured by 'Oh yes, all the big bugs lived here', on which he scratched himself and said, 'Yes, and some of them still live here.'

THE ONE I WOULD LIKE TO MEET

Major W I Aitken (580) writes:

So far as I know, there is only one of my fellow officers still alive and I haven't seen him for over a year. In case you wish to write to him, his name is William Scott and he was Convenor of the Dumbarton County Council.

The one thing I would like is to meet once again the Commander of the HMS *Prince George*, as he was the man who met me at the top of the rope ladder when I stepped on the deck of the ship at about 3 am on the 9th January 1916. The *Prince George* left her anchorage ultimately and I and my men and our Maxim guns were aboard. I would add that I was the O C Machine Gun sections of the 7th and 8th Bns Cameronians, and I was ordered to remain about half a mile above V Beach (Morto Bay) until all the troops had gone down to the launch. Conveniently I was the last British officer to leave the Gallipoli Peninsula.

I was 17 years of age when I was commissioned on the 27th September 1914; 18 when I landed on Gallipoli in August 1915 and had just reached my 19th birthday when evacuation took place.

If the Commander of HMS *Prince George* is still alive, I would very much like to meet him again and to thank him for joining me in the Wardroom for the first decent meal I had had for five and a half months.

ANOTHER GOLD WATCH

By S Parker Bird RAMC 29 Div (249)

On a recent visit to Istanbul, the Courier showing me the treasures of the Topalki Palace told me of a British soldier in the Gallipoli campaign who knocked out a Turkish Officer and took his gold watch as a souvenir. After the war his conscience troubled him. With the Turk's name engraved on the watch cover, he advertised in a Turkish newspaper that he would be glad to return the watch if its owner was alive. It was claimed by the former enemy and at a dinner party at the Hyde Park Hotel in London, the watch was restored to its owner and they became firm friends.

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 Spring 1974 (14)

I left the two companies, with whom I had landed, and reported to battalion headquarters as adjutant. Our orders were now to dig-in, ready for possible counter-attack; half the battalion on the far side of the Aghyl Dere, the other on the near side. The 5th Gurkhas were on our right, and a brigade of Australians on our left. We had begun to sort ourselves out.

There was not much shooting, except on the heights to our right where desperate fighting was raging. A Turkish machine-gun was at the head of the Aghyl Dere and firing down it, making it dangerous to cross. Otherwise, there seemed to be little to prevent us moving on, except our own extreme exhaustion. We set up our headquarters; posted our sentries; liaised; as best we could, with the battalions on each side of us; and laid down to rest.

Just after midnight, I was woken by a very tired officer from brigade headquarters. He carried written orders for an attack to be made at 4.15 am. There was therefore no time to lose. Our battalion was widely scattered. MacLean's two companies were on the far side of the Aghyl Dere. The other two were up in the hills on the left of the 5th Gurkhas. There was no possibility of getting them all together, before zero hour; and even if we had done so, the left of the 5th Gurkhas would have been exposed. We did not know where to find them, in any case. Nor did they know where we were. The confusion of the previous day had by no means been unravelled. It was decided to make the attack with MacLean's two companies, and I was sent off, with the written orders, to find him. I took an armed orderly with me, and set out across the Aghyl Dere, in almost pitch darkness. It was then about 2 am. It took me an hour and a half to find MacLean, only about half a mile away, through

thick scrub and dried-up river beds. I was challenged now and again, but no-one could tell me where he was. I was in a fever. Here I was, with very urgent orders and I could not find the man for whom they were intended. At half-past three I stumbled on him, fast asleep. I went through the orders with him. They were in indelible pencil on thin paper and difficult to read by the dowsed light of an electric torch. We were to assault Hill 'Q' in company with the 5th Gurkhas, and with the 4th Australian Brigade on our left. Neither he nor I knew where Hill 'Q' was. It was not marked as such on the map; nor had it been pointed out to us. All we did know was that within three-quarters of an hour or so we were to capture it. It was still dark and the men were fast asleep. The 5th Gurkhas were separated from us by the Aghyl Dere; the 4th Australian Brigade was on our left and we were in touch with them. We synchronised our watches with the Australians; peered with them into the murk; selected what we thought would be Hill 'Q' and arranged to go forward together at 4.15 am.... How terrible it must be to be woken up out of a deep sleep and sent straight into attack... That, in effect, was what happened to our men. It took some time to rouse them. Many had to be kicked up. By the time they had rubbed the sleep from their eyes, picked up their arms, had an objective pointed out to them in the half-light of daw, and been told to assault it, they were off.

MacLean, meanwhile, had been discussing his orders with me. He was clearly apprehensive, as indeed we all were. He asked me to stay with him and act as liaison officer, so as to report progress. He also told me about some opium pills which he carried on him. He was not afraid of death, but feared the possibility of lying out wounded, without help or water, and of dying slowly and painfully. He asked me, if he was badly wounded, to give him enough of these to kill him. Somewhat lightheartedly, I agreed.

Punctually at 4.15 am we advanced up the spur leading not to Hill 'Q', but to a long ridge known as the Abdul Rahman Bair. This was right off our course, though we did not know it. We were advancing lefthanded. The Australians on our left, tired as they were too, seemed to be in great

form. We were all in the open at last. With fixed bayonets and weaving in and out of the scrub, we pushed on, our fatigue forgotten.

MacLean and I walked side by side. Then, gradually we came under fire. It was nothing serious and we went ahead. Then we ran into machine guns, but the scrub gave us cover and on we went. We had not artillery support. That had been reserved for the heavy fighting on Sari Bair. Then, suddenly, the advance halted. We had come up against a deep ravine across our line of advance, and the Turks were on the far side in strength. The Australians on our left had also stopped. We hauled out our entrenching-tools and began digging. At least, we would hold what we had gained, and try to push on later when we had been able to see what we were up against. MacLean and I walked forward to have a look. There was still plenty of scrub for cover. Suddenly he was hit. I saw sparks flying from his chest. The bullets must have struck the brass in his bandolier. As he fell, he murmured something about these opium pills; when he hit the ground, he was dead. I am sure that he too, like Spankie, knew that he was going to be killed.

The situation now began to become distinctly sticky. Two other British officers were wounded, and Whitfield, who had been with the leading troops had disappeared and was never seen again. I was left alone, doing what I could, which was not very much. The men, whom our advance had stimulated, now became overcome with lassitude, but they dug away with the little entrenching-tools, half spade, half pick, which they had carried on their backs. We were now on higher ground, although overlooked by the Turks on the far side of the ravine, and could see, for the first time, the fleet of transports off Suvla Bay and realize the possibilities of this great new thrust. We had had no inkling of it, but our spirits rose. There were few sounds of battle from that direction and we deduced that, on that part of the front at least, all was going well. It was from the right, on Sari Bair, that the noise came, and it was clear that the fighting there was intense and grim.

While we were taking stock of our own local position, we were fired on by Turkish artillery from the crest of the Abdul Rahman Bair. Their guns stood right out against the

sky-line and seemed to be shooting at us over open sights. In its way, it was a remarkable sight. There they were, pounding away in full view, and an easy target for our own guns; but we had not even an artillery observation officer with us. They did no great damage; they were of small calibre; but they made us keep our heads down... And the, from the left, came all the noise of battle... One or two Australians came trickling back. They knew no more about what was happening than we did, but they were taking no risks, and were taking off. Then more of them appeared, in fighting trim and under control. 'What is happening?' we asked. 'The Turks have counter-attacked and driven in one of our battalions,' was the reply. 'We have been told to withdraw.' And so it was. Those guns on the crest had been covering an attack against the Australians left. They had been taken by surprise and driven-in; now they were all on their way back. There was not much we could do but conform, otherwise the Turks would soon be behind us. It was then only about 9 am. We withdrew; took up a position at the place we had just left, and dug in. When I counted heads after we had got back, I found that we had only one British officer (myself) and sixty-nine men left... No less than a hundred and fifty had been killed or wounded out of MacLean's two companies. It was not very much with which to meet a renewal of the Turkish attack. Thank Heaven, it did not come.

We now, almost for the first time, had time to look around. The most important thing was to determine exactly where we were, and we decided, correctly, that we were holding a knoll on the ridge north of the Aghyl Dere known as Damakjelick Bair (latterly to be called Gorse Hill). We were mixed up with the Australians and the process of unravelling ourselves and giving each other a particular part of the front was not easy. There was no-one to give orders, so it had to be done by mutual adjustment. That night we were brought back and then moved further up the Aghyl Dere to join the other half of the battalion, which itself had not been having too comfortable a time. Colonel Palin was in command and seemed glad to have me with him. He had thought that I too had gone.

The night of the 8th/9th August, we were all together for the first time since the start of the operations. We were at the head of the Aghyl Dere, right under the slope of Sari Bair, and close behind the 5th and 10th Gurkhas, ready to support them. The 6th Gurkhas were ahead on our right, with a small detachment away in front, under Major Cecil Allanson, just under the crest of Hill 'Q', our objective of the morning before. We could see them, crawling about on the cliff side, though we did not know who they were. We did know, however, that a final assault was to be made that morning. Soon after dawn, every gun we possessed seemed to open fire. The crest of Sari Bair was ablaze. We could see the guns from our naval monitors as they fired and watched their shells bursting with great accuracy. We had a ringside seat. Our field-glasses were out and we could distinguish their white armbands (we had worn these as marks of recognition, since the start of the operations) as they clambered slowly up the cliffs. Then, as we peered anxiously through our glasses, came a salvo, which fell again on the crest, after which there was comparative silence, except for the sounds of small-arms fire. The confusion of battle on that narrow, concentrated front reigned supreme. Had that salvo fallen on the Turks or on our own men ? Who had fired it ? The slopewas so steep that not even Turkish howitzers, firing at extreme range could have dropped their shells just this side of it. For those of us watching, there was only one answer. Those shells came from our own guns, whether from the ships or shore. Who is to say ? No one will ever be able to tell now. But, to us watchers they were from the guns of the naval monitors. We saw them fire and soon afterwards we saw their shells burst, or at least we thought we did. Who can ever be certain? My diary for that day contains the laconic entry, 'Attack on Sari Bair failed.' But we were not dispirited. Perched high up, we looked down on the plain towards Suvla Bay and could see all the signs of what we thought was the offensive which was to cross the peninsula and cut off the Turkish army, while we were busy engaging their attention elsewhere. By now, we had been made aware of their task and our hopes were still high, but we could see few signs, or hear few sounds, of fighting. Were we beginning to doubt ?

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SUVLA BAY LANDINGS AS SEEN FROM ANZAC: AUG 1915

By Lt-Col H S Thuillier DSO RA and RCA (427)

Early in 1915 it became apparent to the British government that a supply route to the Russian Army, now desperately short of arms, must be opened up.

The regular British Army of six divisions being now bogged down in France with most of the Navy tied up in the North Sea, only weak naval forces and newly raise divisions would be available.

The Turks had unwisely decided to aid Germany and denied passage to the British through the Dardanelles and Black Sea; nevertheless it was decided to force the passage at first with warships and marines only, and when this failed with an army landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

The April 1915 landings at the entrance at Cape Helles and at Anzac a few miles up the West coast had been held. It was therefore decided to land further up the West coast at Suvla Bay with the 10th, 11th and 13th New Army Divisions. A quick advance across the peninsula to the narrows could open up the way to Constantinople and the Black Sea if it was carried out vigorously with young energetic generals.

On commissioning from the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich our orders were to report to the garrison adjutant for posting. Major Niven, commanding 10th Heavy Battery (60 pounders) came to select a subaltern and chose me. The battery was camped at Woolwich Common in a sea of mud. I can still see the heavy horses struggling to get to the water troughs up to their bellies in mud.

After a few weeks, orders were received to entrain at Woolwich Arsenal Station for departure at midnight to an unknown destination. We had for training four 4.7 inch guns, Boer War long toms. We were to parade at 6 pm. I remember riding at the head of my section of two guns, hearing dull thuds behind me which I did not inquire into, then loading guns, wagons and horses while the last third arrived dragged by his heels along the platform to be loaded ! Next day we arrived at Liverpool, detraining and embarking, then voyaging overnight to arrive next

morning at Dublin. We marched to the Curragh, the army camp, there to join the 10th Irish Division. In addition to field days with the Field Artillery, we practised firing in the nearby Wicklow mountains, which ceased when the erratic shooting was thought to be due to the discovery that the guns were for drill only. We soon embarked again, along with the whole Division, to camp near Basingstoke in Southern England. Returning to camp one day, we found outside the QM stores a pile of sun helmets and realized we were destined for an eastern theatre of war. We had recently received our 60-pounder 5-inch guns but had not yet been able to fire them. In a few days orders were received to embark for active service. I embarked with Captain Chapman at Avonmouth, near Bristol, on the horse ship. Major Niven and the gunners and equipment on other ships. The horse ship was a small freighter with horse stalls in the holds. There was just room in each hold to exercise a few horses at a time to prevent swollen legs and fever.

For three weeks our ship zigzagged slowly, not in convoy, via Gibraltar to Alexandria. All horses arrived in good shape and were slung harnessed one by one by the ship's derricks onto the cobblestones of the docks. They were beautiful Clydesdales making a brave show as they were hooked in eight to a gun and four to a wagon. We were met by Major Niven and the other officers and gunners, then marched to a camp in the desert outside Alexandria. We were there only a few days when Major Niven told me we were to march back to Alexandria, load our guns, wagons and ammunition into a big freighter which would also load all 72 field guns of the Division. I was to take charge of our guns with only two gunners per gun.

Next day we sailed northwards arriving a few days later at a bay filled with troop transports. It was the island of Imbros. That evening a small ship, *The Black Prince*, came alongside, our guns and wagons being transferred to her deck, her derricks could lift our five ton guns. We departed early during the night, arriving about midnight off a long dark mountainous coast with sounds of rifle fire and flashes of gun fire. Anchored off shore was a brightly lit hospital ship. It was Anzac Cove. Soon a naval pinnace towing a small barge came alongside; one gun with

its long barrel slid back into the travelling position on the trail could just be got in together with the limber. The two gunners and I went down the rope ladder over the side into the pinnace. I was met by Major Thom of the Indian Mountain Artillery Brigade, consisting of 21st Kohat and 26th Jacobs Mountain Batteries which for the first four days of the 25th April Anzac landing were the only guns ashore. He was supervising the landing of the guns of the Division which were to be concealed in ravines ready to support the Division quickly when it landed. A company of Australian infantry hauled the gun along the sandy beach with drag ropes. At dawn all such activity had to cease because the beach was enfiladed from both ends by gun and rifle fire. It took me four nights to get the battery ashore and concealed, the last gun getting stuck in the sand; we built a stack of bully beef over it. Many field guns were also coming ashore.

As soon as our guns were ashore, I was ordered to report to the Commander of the New Zealand artillery and was told to go to the front lines to observe and correct the fire of the guns reporting to Major Wallingford commanding the machine guns. Climbing the steep slopes of Sari Bahr mountain, I found him with his guns firing at 600 yards range over the heads of the infantry and Gurkhas creeping up near the top. A glittering line of Turkish bayonets could be seen all along the top with the shell bursts of many field guns strongly re-inforced by the 15-inch shells of HMS *Queen Elizabeth*.

It was now dawn on 6th August; turning to look north I could see Suvla Bay full of troopships, with the beaches and flat plain inland swarming with columns of infantry. The columns were marching in various directions but with no signs of attacking lines moving inland. I certainly got the impression that the chance to seize the low hills inland might be missed if no attack was launched at dawn on 7th August, supported by the already landed guns.

On hearing the news of the Suvla Bay landing, General Liman von Sanders immediately ordered the Turkish 7th

and 12th Divisions at Bulair and on the Asiatic side of the straits to march at once to reinforce the single weak battalion holding the Anafarta hills overlooking the Suvla plain. The race was on; the Turks had 60 miles to march besides crossing the straits with few ships; the British 8 miles over the flat Suvla plain.

By nightfall on the 6th August I received a message that Major Niven and the gunners with two teams of horses were ashore and that I was to return to the beach to guide them to the guns. Owing to the high velocity and flat trajectory of our guns, we could not find a concealed position in a ravine if we were to support the front line infantry as well as bombard the Anafarta hills, which we could reach, with our 11,000 yard range, from the beach. We therefore came into action in the sand dunes but in full view of the Turkish positions on Sari Bahr. We were in action on 7th August ready to bombard the Anafarta hills with our deadly high explosive and shrapnel shells.

Major Niven, later awarded a DSO for his services, established an observation post on Rhododendron spur where I took my turn observing the fire of our guns raking the lines of Turkish attacks from the flank with shrapnel. Our fire soon attracted counter bombardment not only from field guns but also from big guns from the forts at the narrows. Luckily the Turkish shells only contained gunpowder and not high explosive, which although frightening, caused few casualties. I remember finding one of my guns with a large shell hole just behind the trail and another close in front of the muzzle but the gun not damaged. I also remember picking spent rifle bullets out of the hides of our horses which were in the sand dunes not far from the guns.

During the critical days of the 8th,9th and 10th August, only weak probing attacks were made against the vital Anafarta hills. These were held with difficulty by the dogged Turkish battalion under its resolute German Major until the leading troops of the 7th and 12th Divisions began to arrive on the 10th August, having marched 60 miles in three days. During the remainder of August the British Corps under its elderly and cautious commander, General Stopford, made full scale attacks but the last

real chance to break through to the narrows and turn the flank of the Turkish position on Sari Bahr had been lost by the failure to mount a strong attack during the first three days after the landing. We know now that General Sir Ian Hamilton came ashore during those critical days to urge General Stopford to attack at once, but was put off by pleas that more time was needed to mount a strong attack.

Meanwhile, at our battery position, Major Niven decided that the Turkish fire was becoming too accurate. He decided to move the guns further along the beach towards Lala Baba. However, we did not move more than a few hundred yards so that it took the Turkish gunners some days to realise we had moved and then find the range. This manoeuvre we repeated several times.

During September and October, the whole front settled down to the stalemate of trench warfare. Our OP on Rhododendron spur was by now in the deep Australian trenches; observation of fire needed a box periscope. I remember mine having a hole punched in it by a rifle bullet while I was observing. The 10th September was my twentieth birthday; my baptism of fire had been a dramatic one. It was also my first meeting with the splendid men of the first contingent of the Australian Imperial Force.

During these days I met some of the officers of the Indian Mountain Artillery Brigade; on one occasion meeting their Mess butler, a tall Afghan with green turban and red dyed beard - one of the few survivors of the staff of the British Ambassador Cavagnari, assassinated at the start of the Afghan War of 1880.

Late in October I was appointed ADC to Brigadier General Parker, recently promoted from command of the Mountain Artillery Brigade to Commander of Royal Artillery of the Division. He was a well-known fiery Indian frontier fighter, and I can remember being with him on inspection trips when his red hat became the target for Turkish snipers whose bullets he said he could not hear, claiming deafness ! Finally came the freezing rain and snow-storm of November when our troops, many still

in summer clothing, suffered severely. The failure of the whole campaign to achieve its objective had already led to the recall of General Hamilton. I saw the arrival of Lord Kitchener, Secretary of State for War with the new C in C, General Sir Charles Munro. It did not take him long to decide on evacuation, which though it occurred in two stages, in mid-December and early January 1916, was not interfered with by the Turks who were only too thankful to see us go after very heavy losses from which their army, after ten years of continuous fighting in the Balkans, never recovered. The strategic conception of the attack on the Dardanelles was not sound in that weak forces should not attack where the enemy is strong; however, it is now known that at the crisis of the battle the Turkish Government was seriously considering capitulation. Many a strategically unsound campaign or battle has nevertheless been won by determined leadership. This however, was tragically lacking on the British side.

COMMITTEE GLOOM SPREADS OVER THE ROOM

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

The Gallipoli Day lunch and AGM was a happy and enjoyable affair until the Committee started to discuss the Association's financial state. Their gloom and forebodings or almost immediate financial collapse and dispersal spread quickly and wiped the smile of all faces. But cheer up all. Let me tell this anecdote. In 1965 I attended the local Armistice Day Parade. Attendance was very poor and mainly children. The Vicar said, 'In time, no one will attend and Armistice Day will be forgotten.' For instance, who among the congregation could name Trafalgar Day. He asked the children - no reply. He directed his question to the adults - no reply. So he turned to the choir - no reply. 'That proves it,' he said triumphantly. This was too much for one old solider who rose and said he knew a Captain in the British army who had written to his French counterpart inviting him to the regimental dinner to celebrate Waterloo Day, one hundred and fifty years earlier. The French Captain replied he could not attend as on that day he was going to the celebration dinner of the Battle of Hastings, 900 years earlier in 1065 when they had given us a hiding. Old soldiers don't die, they don't even fade away. So let us all put our hands deep in our pocket for the Gallipoli Association - and do it now.

THE NORFOLK WATCH - A REMINISCENCE OF GALLIPOLI

by Major Leonard Ridgway MBE RASC (359 AM)

It was while serving at GHQ Allied Forces of Occupation (Turkey) commanded by Lt Gen Sir Charles H Harington in Ichantash, Constantinople, as a sergeant clerk during the winter of 1921-22 that we had information of a gold watch said to have been found on Gallipoli, or recovered there, and that the watch bore an inscription to the effect that it had been presented by one of our own Royal Family to an employee on the Sandringham Royal Estate.

At that time - 1921-22 - it was assumed that the watch had been worn by a soldier lost on Gallipoli in 1915. It was known too that the watch was obtained by the British Military Representative with the Greek Army fighting the Turks around Smyrna, and forwarded to General Harington in Constantinople, who sent it on to General Sir Dighton Probyn VC (Comptroller to Queen Alexandra) who acknowledged the watch and restored it to the family to whom it rightly belonged.

I recalled the above after almost fifty years on the publication of David Walder's 'The Chanak Affair' early in 1969; and then decided to find out more of the story if that were possible. I visited the Royal Norfolk Regiment Association at Norwich in 1970 with no prior knowledge of the regimental history and discovered that many employees of the Sandringham Royal Estate were members of 1/5 Bn, The Royal Norfolk Regiment (T F). I assumed, reasonably, that some of them were among the 200 or so who went into action on 12th August 1915 at Gallipoli and never returned. The regiment had no record of the watch and could then offer no further help in my enquiry about it.

However, my enquiries in other directions continued and through Sandringham elicited some facts; touch was happily gained with Mrs R R Isherwood, living in Norfolk, a daughter of the original holder of the watch, Captain F R Beck, MVO, The Norfolk Regiment (T F). Mrs Isherwood told how the watch, a gold hunter, was originally given by HM Queen Alexandra to General Sir Dighton

Probyn VC (Punjab Cavalry - a VC of the Indian Mutiny and then Comptroller to HM Queen Alexandra); and that he presented the watch to her father who was Agent to the Royal Family on the Sandringham Estate for 25 years, and who commanded the Sandringham company of the 5th Battalion The Norfolk Regiment (T F). It is believed that the gift to Captain Beck was made when he was about to leave for Gallipoli in July 1915 with his Sandringham company of the Norfolks; that Sir Dighton told Her Majesty of this and that she approved. The watch had been suitably engraved by Queen Alexandra when giving it to Sir Dighton, who in turn had it engraved when giving it to Captain Beck. The gallant Captain was reported 'wounded and missing' on 12th August 1915 near Anafarta on Gallipoli; this seems to have been the only official intimation as to his fate ever received by his family. That the watch was in Turkish hands in Asia Minor was heard of around Smyrna by the British Military authorities during the winter of 1921-22. One Musta Bey, who had the watch, had fought on Gallipoli, but nothing was known then, nor since, how he came to be in possession of it. Musta had commanded a sector under Kemal during the operations against the Greek army in Anatolia and later became a deputy in Kemal's government in Ankara. Touch with Musta Bey seems to have lapsed without any arrangements for the recovery of the watch. His first demand for surrendering it is believed to have been £150 which, when communicated to Sir Dighton, caused his indignation! Later on Musta was anxious to get to Constantinople from Smyrna and agreed that provided he could be guaranteed safe conduct there and return to Smyrna, he would surrender the watch for £10. This was done (the British affording travel facilities, too!) - and the watch was returned to British hands (at General Harington's HQ) and transmitted to the U K.

After the watch was restored to the Beck family it was (again) given by General Sir Dighton to a daughter of the late Captain Beck as a wedding present. How Musta came into possession of the watch, and the real object of his visit to Constantinople, may never be known.

(ACKNOWLEDGMENT: The humble compiler of this article is grateful to all (some pretty old in the tooth but nimble in mind) who assisted over the years in getting this into print, including a few ineluctable ladies who so ably helped with the typing - quite an item!

THE GALLIPOLI GAMBLE

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

Continued from the GALLIPOLIAN, Spring 1974 (14)

THE NEW ARMY

If you could take a look at Suvla Bay,
You'd see the hilly terrain to the east,
And Salt Lake which they forced the troops to cross.
These lads were green - entrusted with a task
Too big a job for even seasoned troops.
Yes - this campaign was bungled from the start.
These youths from Britain's shores, scarce sprouting beard,
Enlisted at the outbreak of the war.
They were by no means all of Irish stock,
But seemed quite proud to wear the shamrock green.
As I recall it - the Tenth Division
Comprised the 'Dubs, the Munsters and the 'Skins',
(Or Inniskillings should you so prefer).
Royal Irish Regiment and Fusiliers,
Plus Connaught Rangers and the Leinsters brave.
The Fifth Royal Irish and Sixth Skins were in
Andania, and in Troopship Transport
Alaudia were Sixth and Seventh 'Dubs'.
These four comprised the Thirty-first Brigade.
In transports *Novian* and *Canada*,
Were Sixth Royal Irish and the Fifth Royal 'Skins',
which comprised half of Thirtieth Brigade.
The Munsters Sixth and Seventh had been split
From their brigade and landed at Mudros;
An island chosen for the 10th Div. Staff.
Bad policy - and one may speculate
The cause of much confusion and distress
For Gen'ral McMahon to be out of touch,
At any rate with two of his brigades.
These were the lads Lord Kitchener had called.
Who from private to commander and right up
To brigadier, believed they'd land and fight
At least as whole brigades. But no - Oh no!
The red tabs had some different ideas.
Whole regiments were separated from
Brigades, and in one instance landed and
Then fought under some new and strange command.

This made those Irishmen so hopping mad.
They openly rebelled; but G H Q
Was quick to take the hint, and moved them back
To their Brigade and General they loved.
One should not pass without some ref-rence to
The final dinner, Tuesday, August third,
Aboard His Majesty's Transport ship, the
Well known Cunard Line, *Andania*.
In three brief days before the break of dawn,
These diners would be nearing Suvla Bay.
There may be some survivors living now,
Who will recall the menu here below:
Creme de Tomate - Red Mullet Mitylene
And Cotelettes de Mouton a l'Anglaise
Avec les Petits Pois et Pommes Croquettes.
Then came Victoria Plums - Dessert - Cafe.
Apologies if this is not complete.
Many who enjoyed this sumptuous dinner,
May yet be living and will read these words.
They will recall that everybody there
Was anxious to pin-point the landing place.
Some thought that Asia Minor was the spot,
And arguments went on all through the night.
As one looks back it seems quite certain now
That even General Hill had not been briefed
On real location for his landing force.
It's understandable the subalterns
Would wish to know just where they had to land.
'What kind of country is it ?' one would ask.
Another fidgeting upon his arse
Enquired regarding shore-line and the beach.
'I hope there's lots of cover and a chance
To get dug in before the main attack.'
This from a sub-lieutenant in his teens.
'I learned a lot,' he said, 'at Phoenix Park --
Now is the time to put it to the test.'
Poor lad, he never had the chance - he touched
The shore and fell a martyr to the cause
So ill-conceived and bungled from the start.
Someone suggested if they had a map
Or even roughed-out plans for the attack,
The urgency to lead would be increased.

But taking men into the 'land unknown'
Was not their way of fighting a campaign.
The answer to their questions was surprise.
Success depended on our springing this.
They knew what happened to the April job.
Our troops who landed down at Sedd-el-Bahr
Had no more chance than cattle moving up
The ramps pf some huge stockyard, on toward
The final place where slaughtering began.
Some lame-brain of the censorship brigade,
Who up till then had kept the details of
The April landing in his desk;
Released Sir Ian Hamilton's dispatch
To British press. This gruesome piece of news
Quite naturally became the topic of
The Voyage, and kept the troops in brooding mood.
And so Sir Ian Hamilton's dispatch
Which thoughtlessly some knuckle-head released,
Became top news and passed from hand to hand.
Eagerly, voraciously they scanned and
Scanned each phrase believing, hoping that this
Could not be - it could not be. But it was.
An air of mystery seemed to pervade
Andania, and all the troops aboard
This Cunard ship now pushing through the blue
And placid waters, heading t'ward the east,
Were vainly asking one another, 'Why ?'
From Brigadier down to the lowest rank
the landing down at Sedd-el-Bahr was on
Their lips. But by the time they reached the Boot
The news dispatch had died a natural death.
And once again the sparks of urgency
Were cracking forth from every rank aboard.
One sergeant who had read his Bible well,
And knew their ship was anchored at the isle
Of Mitylene - took up his pen and wrote
A letter to his folks at home. I quote:
'Dear Mom and Dad, I've just been reading Acts
To pass the time away. I now have closed
The book and marked the last verse I have read.
I see that it is Chapter twenty, verse
Fourteen. Perhaps you'd like to read it too.'
And so into the mail-bag went the script

For censoring by Captain Vernon and
His Aids. 'Twas when the letter came before
The O C that a call went out to find
The Padre. 'Read this letter if you will
And tell me what is hidden in this note.'
The Padre read - then smiled and reached into
The pocket of his tunic where he kept
A Testament. He turned the pages o'er
Until he came to Chapter Twenty of
The Acts of the Apostles - verse fourteen.
He turned to Captain Vernon as he read,
With just the faintest smile upon his face.
'And when he met with us at Assos, we
took him in, and came to Mitylene.'
A Lance-jack stamped the envelope 'Censored',
and Sergeant Blank came up before the Chief.

A GALLIPOLI STAMP ?

By R M Gale 2 Naval Brigade Signals R N D (113)

Why should not Great Britain have a Gallipoli stamp ? It would be a suitable issue in April 1975. Why should not we commemorate one of the bravest events in our long history ?

Great Britain seems to have an inferiority complex about Naval and Military events where stamp issues are concerned and it is high time this was changed. The Battle of Britain was celebrated in 1965 and the Battle of Hastings in the following year. In 1969 we were allowed six ships but only an Elizabethan Galleon could be related to our Naval history.

In 1971 the Navy, Army and Royal Air Force were represented on a stamp commemorating fifty years of the British Legion (now the Royal British Legion of course). If one considers that stamps have been issued for the Trade Union Congress, Suffragettes, Artists, Bridges, scenery and even a portrait of Mahatma Ghandi, one would think that our own Naval and Military achievements deserve some recognition.

Autralia and New Zealand have no inhibitions about the Dardanelles Campaign. On the 20th anniversary of the landing Australia produced a picture of the Whitehall

Cenotaph boldly printed 'ANZAC COMMEMORATION'. In 1965 three stamps commemorated the 50th anniversary. These are of identical design and depict an actual happening.

At Anzac a man named John Simpson Fitzpatrick was serving in the Third Australian Field Ambulance. He had enlisted as John Simpson and he became known as 'Simpson and his donkey' and that is how the stamps are usually referred to. The design is a moving one. The donkey bears a wounded man supported by Simpson who wears a Red Cross brassard. Ashore at Anzac, Simpson commandeered a donkey and for 25 days and nights ran his own casualty clearing service from Shrapnel Gulley (later known as Monash Valley) to beach ambulance stations. He was killed in action on 19th May 1915.

From what I know of the fierce pride of Australians, I shall be surprised if no stamp is issued next year.

New Zealand has not been backward either. In 1936 two very fine stamps showed a N Z soldier in the kit of 1915 with Anzac Cove in the background.

Again in 1965, on the fiftieth anniversary, two large stamps appeared boldly printed 'ANZAC 1915-1965'. This time the whole stamp was taken up with a panoramic view of Anzac Cove.

The Government may be unwilling to glorify Naval and Military events but even in these propaganda riddled days public opinion still counts for something. I suggest that we who survived owe it to those who remained on that bloody stretch of land to try to get some little tribute to their memory. A special stamp or stamps would be a simple and cheap way of doing this.

Letters to MPs, national and local papers might help. Members of organisations might get resolutions passed. Royal British Legion branches might co-operate in such a movement.

RECOLLECTIONS

By Captain A W Clarke CBE DSO RN Ment Disp (412)

There will doubtless be members of our Association who remember Dardanus Battery: six Krupp guns mounted on the peak of a high ridge overlooking the approaches to the Narrows, and virtually immune from destruction. Attempts to put it out of action were always unsuccessful. Shells either landed just below the summit or whistled overhead to explode in the valley beyond. That battery played a major part on the 18th March 1915 in circumscribing the efforts of our sweepers to clear the approaches of mines. The consequent naval failure to break through into the Sea of Marmora and hold Constantinople 'to ransom' directly led to the decision to invade the Peninsula, and all that followed.

Two years after the war ended, naval units were still present in Turkish waters, with considerable minitary forces deployed at key points. Negotiations for a final Peace Treaty were, as far as I can recollect, still proceeding, and the situation was complicated by the presence of Mustafa Kemal's nationalist army in Asia Minor bent on overthrowing the existing Turkish regime. Matters came to a head in mid-June 1920 when Kemal clashed with our forces in the Ismid area and it was felt likely that he might go further and attempt to occupy the whole of the Dardanelles defences on the Asiatic side. This would have been unacceptable and alone have proved a severe threat to freedom of shipping movements. So it was that the order was given to destroy all these defences. Dardanus Battery and its associated equipment (control centres, searchlights and communications) were allocated to the battleship in which I was then serving.

My diary records that at 7.30 am on Monday the 21st June 1920 'the guns began to go off all down the coast from Chanak to Kum Kali - some 100 guns in all from 12-inch down'. To deal, however, with Dardanus, it was necessary to land a demolition party equipped with explosives to dismount the guns and render them unusable; and to provide another party to break open the magazines dug into the hillside behind and destroy the charges: it was also felt desirable to deploy an additional armed force of Royal

Marines and seamen around the immediate area to deter any attempt by possible nationalist adherents to interfere with the operation.

It took in all the best part of three days to complete the job, punctuated by intervals of so-called rest periods when further charges were made up and progress examined and discussed. At one stage over-enthusiasm on the part of the working party dealing with the 2,000 rounds of cordite let the fires get rather out of hand, and the defence ring was called in to help beat them out as some of them had spread a little too close to the magazines (the shells were to be left untouched to rust away). Otherwise there were no incidents to record.

A postscript:

At 0700 on the 21st July 1947, the Mediterranean Fleet entered the Dardanelles, bound on a courtesy visit to Istanbul. Last in the line was my ship, HMS *Ocean*, a light Fleet Aircraft Carrier. There away on the starboard bow was Dardanus Ridge, reminding me of 1920 and of the part its battery had played on the 18th March 1915, and indeed also of a few weeks later when it had succeeded in landing a shell on the quarterdeck of HMS *Implacable*, in which I was then serving. Fortunately on that occasion, the shell bounced over the side without exploding, and kindly left its driving band behind as a memento of its visit !

To port I realised that we would be passing close by the remains of our predecessor, the pre-*Dreadnought* battleship, HMS *Ocean*, lying on the ocean bed, sunk by one of the unswept mines on that fatal day.

I 'piped the Side' in salue to our namesake. There will possibly still be some of her company with us. I fancy they will approve.

THE LOST NORFOLKS
By G E Dale R F A (53)

I believe I can add some interesting details to the story of the 1/5th Norfolks from information I recorded many years ago, parts of which I have now verified with the Information Officer of the C W G C, who has been most helpful. When the officer in charge of the War Graves Gallipoli Unit reported on September 23rd 1919 having found 122 of the Norfolks he added that only two could be identified - 'Ptes Barnaby and Cotter .' In the third row of Plot 1, Azmak Cemetery, Suvla Cpl J A Barnay 240431 and Pte W Carter 1028 lie side by side, the only named 1/5th Norfolks there. But amongst the Unnamed are another 114 who also died on August 12th 1915. So it would seem that the 122 was a miscount; the true total being 116. I have a sad list of the names and ranks of the unnamed burials as they appear on the Helles Memorial.

The task given to the 163rd Brigade of the 54th Division was to clear snipers from the scrub-covered foothills of Tekke Tepe in readiness for a proposed advance on that ridge the following day. With the 1/5th Norfolks on the right; the 1/8th Hants and 1/5th Suffolks on the left, the brigade advanced on the afternoon of August 12th. But it soon became apparent that advancing over the Ova (plain), with enemy-held hills on each side was a hopeless proposition. At once the left came under heavy enfilade fire from Kiretch Tepe, while the Norfolks got shrapnel from the right, and the three regiments suffered many casualties. Having been issued with maps of another area of Gallipoli (!) they were somewhat uncertain of their exact objective. Then an order came for them to 'change direction half-right'. It would seem that only the Norfolks received and complied with this order. Led by Col Sir Horace Proctor-Beauchamp, 'a bold and confident officer', most of the 16 officers and 250 men pressed onwards, amongst them the Sandringham Company under Captain Beck, the King's estate agent. Some got lost amongst the bushes, and made their way back at dusk. How each man of the dauntless 116 met his lonely end is known only to God. Apparently a final stand was made on some farmland for, after the evacuation, the farmer returned to find his land strewn with the bodies of British soldiers, and he indicated a shallow ravine into which he had thrown them.

And so the poor old Norfolks did not march up Hill 60 into cloud-cuckoo land, but died to a man about five miles further north. According to General Birdwood, the 54th Division did eventually get to Hill 60, but not until September. He writes:

'As for that ridiculous yarn in the Sun-Herald, I wouldn't care to waste my time reading any more by the same author!'

ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION MEMORIES

By R A Pritchard RND Benbow, Nelson and Hawk Bns (336)

For the benefit of our many friends in the Army, the Royal Naval Division was disbanded in June 1919, a long time ago now. Much has been written of its formation that makes it unnecessary for me to go into here. We had a Divisional Magazine published on Gallipoli and later in France called 'The Mudhook', the nickname of the naval anchor which was also our divisional sign.

In the early days the officers wore their blue RNVR uniforms but as soon as it was obvious that we were to be in khaki they changed into ordinary Army officers uniforms but kept their blue naval caps with a khaki cover on the top.

There was a cartoon in the 'Mudhook' that has stuck in my mind all these years of a few officers and their ladies dining in a West End restaurant, one lady exclaiming, 'I see you're Naval', whereby an officer promptly pulled his tunic down and adjusted his belt. This certainly tickled one little mind !

Some years later there was a regimental reunion of a certain regiment and two attractive young ladies attired in evening dress were present. One was heard to say, 'My dear, don't dance with that Brigadier over there, all those medals are so cold!' As our worthy president was an early Royal Naval Divisional Officer, I wonder if it could possibly have any connection with him !

BRIEF STORY OF A SUBMARINER
By G H Burtoft R N HMS *Queen* (556)

The death of Alfred Edward May at Emsworth, near Portsmouth, shortly before Christmas 1973, has brought back memories to many Royal Navy men, especially to those who were connected with the Submarine branch. Alfred May was one of the youngest submariners when he was serving on E.9, at the time when she torpedoed the German cruiser *Hela*, near Heligoland on 11th September 1914. The *Hela* was the 'first' ship to be sunk by a British submarine in World War I.

Of even more interest to Gallipolians was when he was serving as a telegraphist on the E.15 in the Dardanelles, April 1915. While attempting a difficult reconnaissance, and owing to the strong under-currents experienced near the Asiatic shores of this ancient named Hellespont, E.15 became stranded on the beach near Kephez Burnu, just before Siglar Bay. The Turks shelled her, and blew her conning tower off, killing the Captain, Lt Cdr Brodie, and five of the crew. The remainder were rescured and taken prisoners, including telegraphist May.

In 1918 he escaped from the cement factory where he was working - on the shores of the Sea of Marmora - in a small boat, with a party of captive soldiers, and lived on water alone for the next 23 days.

After receiving treatment in a hospital ship, he eventually made his way back to Portsmouth, on his own initiative.

But the arduous journey affected his health considerably and he was invalided out of the Service in September 1919.

After working in Canada, then back in England, he retired in 1959 - and being a lucky Gallipolian, he managed easily to survive his three score years and ten.

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