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)

PRESIDENT	Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC DL
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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 change-over there may be some disorganisation and delay in correspondence over a period of a few weeks.

Members' tolerance is solicited.

LUNCHEON Thursday 25 April

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

The cost will be 70 pence. Drinks will be available at the bar from 12 noon, paying cash. Also drinks at the table payable in cash.

Members subscriptions MUST be up to date for 1974.

Male guests are welcomed, at the same price.

APPLICATIONS. Please write to the Honorary Secretary of your intention to attend, but no reply will be sent out. NO MONEY should be sent with the application. Please write in by the 17th, with a legible name and preferably your number also.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This will follow the luncheon. The minutes of the previous A G M were circulated last autumn and so will be taken as read. Reports will be given and members will be able to raise any matter pertaining to the Association.

Following the business meeting there will be an opportunity for members to get around and meet old pals and make new ones.

ANZAC REPRESENTATION

Our Honorary Treasurer, Andy Kirk, himself an Anzac, has kindly undertaken to be our liaison with the Australian and New Zealand Associations, in place of F A Kennedy, whose membership has lapsed.

ANZAC DAY PARADE 25 April

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

Please note that this is NOT AN ASSOCIATION PARADE: we are invited to join the Anzacs at their service.

After the parade, members may proceed directly to the Duke of York's HQ, Chelsea, by a number 11 bus which passes the gates. However, the route is diverted from Whitehall during the parade and if not restored in time, members can walk along Whitehall to Parliament Square and catch the bus there. Or by Underground from Victoria to Sloane Square.

29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL SERVICE 1974

Members of the old 29th Division Association will be aware of this annual service and all our members are kindly invited by the Vicar, the Reverend Nigel Eva, to attend. Sunday 28 April at 6.30 pm. The site is the Holy Trinity Church, 59 Southend Crescent, Eltham, London SE9 2SD.

THE COVER PICTURE

The cover picture of the famous transport ship *River Clyde* was selected as being suitable for the GALLIPOLIAN, having its similarity with the 'Wooden Horse of Troy' in the Landings on 25 April. There is a mistake, however, in which so far no-one has complained. The error is to remain. The ship was deliberately run aground off Cape Helles, V Beach, in the early hours of the morning and for days had no fixed connexion with the beach. In time an overhead cable was slung and a trolley carried stores, guns, etc to enable them to be landed directly, as the picture shows. The picture was therefore taken after the Landing so that the date given is not strictly correct.

SEPTUAS - AND OTHERS

The Christmas issue for 1974, number 13, referred to our age range. It might be of interest to know the youngest and the oldest member. A few members are over ninety and if those who are in this stage of life will write in, with their birth dates, the name of the oldest can be established.

Similarly, with the youngest. For the army the youngest 'official' age was 19 on enlistment, but of course there were some regulars with boy service, and quite a number managed to enlist prematurely through someone making a mistake in their ages. Who made the mistake is another matter. It is likely that naval members will score here as midshipmen were serving at the Dardanelles at 15 and 16.

One soldier gives his age in the campaign as 16, his birth date being 2 June 1898.

Again, will all claimants kindly write in with dates?

AUTOMATIC LIFE MEMBERS

As we have members who are over ninety years old, it has been decided that all such members shall become life members automatically, together with other members on reaching that age. This relies on such members writing with particulars as no evidence is on record here.

It may be unique that such membership applies to the age of ninety, for any association. Up the Gallipolians ! Of course, those in a position to send donations are very welcome to do so.

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THE GALLIPOLIAN

Thanks to the fine response by members, there is now ample material in hand for several more issues.

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Enclosed with this issue is the latest report by Mr Peter Liddle (AM 426) who is our archivist.

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 15 February 1974)

In the original printed journal, this section contains names and full addresses of new members.

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

OBITUARY (At 15 February 1974)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

L E MANLEY	Late RAMC	(401)
J W PLATTS	Late RGA	(39)
W LIVINGSTONE	Tem JP Late Fife & Forfar Y	(419)
C M DAWSON MSM	Late Scottish Horse & Black Watch	(363)
A E JONES	Late AIF	(93)
S H BENTLEY	Late 1/3 E Anglian FA RAMC	(269)
H A J LAMB	Late RE Signals	(98)
W T CRITCHER	Late 2/4 Queens Own Royal W Surrey	(395)
S SANDFORD	Late RFA	(213)
G OLIVER	Late 5 Royal Scots	(539)
E J HOLYMAN	Late RND	(166)
D H HEKE	Late RFA	(214)
O H V Siese	Late RAMC	(231)

THE LOST ARMY OF GALLIPOLI

Following the story given in No 13, Christmas 1973, several members have been very helpful in sending in both personal accounts and also later published information. The summary is as follows: No-one mentions having seen any strange clouds which might have been UFOs. It can be taken to be a ridiculous idea and if all UFO stories have no more basis than this one, then the author of the book is irresponsible, to put it mildly.

Although the loss of the troops was due to enemy action there is necessarily some doubt as to the exact details as there were no survivors. The troops concerned were not an army, nor a division, nor a battalion but the Sandringham Company of the 5th Royal Norfolk Regiment, TF, of the 163 Infantry Brigade, 54 Division, together with some others of the same brigade. The 4th Bn was also engaged in a parallel action.

The account quoted from the Australian 'Sun-Herald' in our last issue is apparently a garbled version of a story given in the magazine 'Soldier' of unknown date. The Royal Norfolk Regiment Association's official account states that the battalion advanced and pressed on vigorously: by nightfall some had lost track and found their way back to base, although most of them, mainly the Sandringham Company of 16 officers and 220 men, still keptpushing on and driving the enemy before them into the scrub bordering the Salt Lake and were never seen again. Then, four years later an officer of the Graves Unit reported that he had found a grave of 180, including 122 R Norfolks. They were found scattered over a wide area half a mile behind the Turkish line and many were at a farmhouse and were buried by a local farmer.

The above is in line with our Members' recollections, in general. Some mention the scrub fire and thought it could well account for the lack of trace. There remains one account which does not tally. Gordon Parker (376) then RE Signals 54 Division writes that some years later he met the Padre of the Division and who had been back to the Peninsula and located the grave.
'Every man had been shot in the head.'

Parker continues that still later he heard of a man who saw a watch in a Constantinople shop window which was engraved with name of 'Captain Beck', the OC Sandringham Company. He bought the watch and handed it over to Beck's family.

Members who have written about the matter, in addition to Gordon Parker, are: Captain E D Wolton (418) then 5 Suffolk R; Canon H J Powell (38) then L/Cpl 4 R Norfolk R; Lt-Cdr R Tugman (9) then RN *HMS Endymion* and G Oliver (539) then 5 R Scots 29 Div. Associate Members who were of course not present but are students of the campaign are Major L Ridgway (AM 359) and Keith Tranmer (AM 381).

Thus the fate of the 'Lost Army' is not in doubt and the UFO story shown to be absurd.

Our thanks are due to members who kindly wrote as above. Later accounts: B W Carter (387) writes that he, while serving with the 4 R Norfolk R had taken part in the attack but his party attacked at night, in support of an Australian unit. He reports the heavy casualties caused by Turkish snipers. R W Lacey (328) who had written originally, sent a further newscutting from the Sun-Herald.

E H W B

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ASSOCIATION TIES - PRICE INCREASE

In common with most commodities in these piping days of peace the price has risen and is now £1 in place of the 75p it has been since the Association started in 1969. Ties already on order will be sent at the old price of 75 pence.

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ASSOCIATION SHIELDS - PRICE INCREASE

The usual story. Owing to rising costs the price of the shields in the U K is now £2.70, postage included

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'Granddad, I know you were in the 1914-18 war and in the Gallipoli campaign in 1915.' 'Yes, my dear, I was.'
'Well, Granddad, why is it that you have only three medals and dad has six for his war?'
'Well, you've got a big point there, my dear. There was certainly no medal for Gallipoli, nor for any other battle-front in that war. There was just the common service medal for anyone who served overseas in 1914 and then the 1914-15 Star for those years, so we got that.' There was also the International Victory Medal, so that made three for Gallipoli, calling a star a medal for simplicity.'
'Yes, Granddad, but why wasn't there a medal or star for Gallipoli?'
'The official answer is that the Gallipoli show was not a victory.'
'But from what you have told me about the Landing: Lancashire Landing, the *River Clyde*, V Beach, Anzac and the rest of it, I don't see why it isn't called a victory. Surely the landings themselves were as big a victory as anything?'
'There's a bit more to it than that. Although we made the various landings, in the end we didn't manage to get to Constantinople, as it was then, so we had to withdraw.'
'Yes, and wasn't the evacuation a victory? Taking off all the troops without loss?'
'Yes, it was really, but the man in the street doesn't see it like that.'
'All right, Granddad, what about the next move? After the evacuation the war was continued from Salonika in Greece, and although the main enemy was then the Bulgar army, after they were defeated then the Turks were again the enemy and they were conquered.'
'Go on, my dear, this is most interesting.'
'Well, some of the Gallipoli troops actually went to Salonika, or really Macedonia, so to them it was a continuous operation. The 10th (Irish) Division was one. Now again, the Turks were attacked in Mesopotamia and although at first we didn't win, in the end we did conquer the Turks so it was a victory after all. It's given in war histories that although the attack on Turkey via the

Dardanelles did not succeed in 1915, the final result was a victory for us against the Turks and the Bulgars. And another thing, isn't it the last battle that counts? Some great man said that the British lose all battles except the last, and it is not far off the mark, is it, Granddad? Now, you can't say that the end was not a victory, so why no medal for the Mediterranean war area?'
'Ah, my dear, but there was no medal or star issued for France either, the main war theatre.'
'Right, then let's have a medal or star, or perhaps at least a clasp on the main medal, for service in France; another one for the Mediterranean area which would cover Gallipoli, Salonika and Mesopotamia. Then remember that there were war areas in East Africa and in South-West Africa, so one for Africa too. Then what about the Anzacs in Gallipoli? Didn't they have a medal, or something?'
'They did think of it, and I know that a ribbon was designed for it; as you know I have a bit of it, but I understand that when they found that the troops from the Old Country were not getting one they dropped the idea. But there's no reason why they shouldn't come in now, my dear.'
'Right, Granddad, you take it up with some of your old War Office pals in your club.'
'I don't think it will be as easy as you seem to think. Who cares about 1915 anyway, except you, of course!'
'Remember the heroism of the Landings. What about the Lancashire Fusiliers and their 'six before breakfast' V Cs? And many other V Cs too; British, Anzac, and native troops like the Sikhs and Gurkhas. Come on, Granddad, your generation suffered and needs to be recognised, even at this late stage.'
'To satisfy you, my dear, I'll have a talk to some of my old friends, and at the club, as you say, not just an official approach which wouldn't get anywhere.'

E H W B

SOUTH AFRICAN (BOER) WAR

Will any members who served in this campaign, please write giving their rank and unit all the time.

SOME GALLIPOLI MEMORIES

By Lieutentant-General Sir Reginald Savory
KCIE CB DSO MC DL JP (69)
late 14th King George's Own Sikhs of the
29th Infantry Brigade

(Copyright by Sir Reginald Savory)

Continued from the GALLIPOLIAN Christmas 1973 (13)

We were destined to spend three weeks on the island of Imbros. It was to be a busy time; our reinforcements had to be absorbed and made to feel at home. As, however, they exceeded us in numbers; (there were about three hundred of them) it was not easy to assess the extent to which we absorbed them or they absorbed us, and the resulting problems were not simple. We had also received a whole company of men from the State Forces of His Highness the Maharaja of Patiala. They were magnificent material, but had not the same standards of training as those from the regular depots. There was much to be done; and after the first few days of rest and reorganisation, we began to set about training in earnest. We were issued with new bombs, instead of the old jam-tin 'mock-ups', with which we had hitherto to make do. It took us many hours, and not a few casualties, before we became proficient with these. Then, there were gas masks. These introduced an altogether new element into our ideas of warfare. They were flimsy things and we had no great faith in them, but they were better than nothing, and we did our best to learn how to put them on with all possible speed. The news that the Germans had used gas at Mons had reached us even before we had reached Imbros, and for a month or so we had been instructed that if the Turks used gas against us, we were to urinate in a sock or (if one was lucky and near a field-hospital) into a pad of cotton-wool and lint and tie it over our mouths and nostrils. Some of us had begun to wonder if it would be worth it. I had gone to the lengths of ordering two commercially-manufactured gas-masks from England, and on the 17th July, I wrote home, 'Tell Father, the two respirators arrived all right a few days ; they will be jolly useful, should the occasion arise, which God forbid'. Fortunately, we were not to be called upon to put either urine-pad or gas-mask to the test.

We built a rifle-range and improved our shooting; we marched to harden our feet; and we indulged in a number of night exercises among the low-lying hills near our camp. It began to look as if our next task would be more mobile than trench warfare.

Some of the more lightly wounded came back to duty and a few badly-needed British officers, who had been in France or on staff duty joined. Slowly we took shape again as a battalion of size and substance. One particularly memorable occasion was the return to us of Colonel Palin. His arrival was greeted with joy. The men were transported. Here, at last, was someone whom they really knew and whom they would follow to the death. Either as a battalion commander, or as a brigadier, he had been in the thick of the fighting at Cape Helles, and had achieved great distinction. I pay my tribute here to Subedar-Major Sham Singh, recently promoted in place of Subedar-Major Lal Singh, killed on the 4th June. He was a tower of strength. Tall, soldierly, dignified, strict, he was the beau-ideal of the Sikh (or any other) soldier. He retired in 1918, to rest on his well-earned laurels, as Honorary Captain Sham Singh; Sardar Bahadur; Order of British India; Indian Distinguished Service Medal; and recipient of the French Medaille Militaire.
'The hero who is worthy of her praise, the Muse will not let die.' (Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori).

'We are here (an island in the Aegean Sea) for a rest', I wrote on the 17th July, 'and have been here nearly a week with about another three or four days to go. It is absolutely top-hole, after that damned and literally bloody peninsula, and we don't want to go back to it a bit. This is a most picturesque place, unspoilt by roads and too much civilisation, and with figs and mulberries growing wild all over the island. The inhabitants wear baggy trousers with a kammerband and enormous straw hats and on the whole are friendly, though like most Greeks they know the value of money and we find we fall very easy prey; beer is 1/6 a bottle and whisky 8/-, but still who cares? I personally have not spent a sou for two months and may perhaps never have another chance of spending one, so just pay what they ask; it saves no end

of trouble...' Financially speaking, it was a carefree life for those of us who had been in the fighting. We had all saved up our pay; many of us had been promoted; and some of us had been holding more than one paid appointment. The future could look after itself.

Some of the British officers found solace in a small Greek Orthodox monastery at Panaghyr, a few miles into the hills. We used to ride there on donkeys and be received by the monks, in their tall hats and black robes; and with the far-away look in their eyes that betokens the man of God; and with a simple hospitality. We partook of their home-made wine and coarse bread, in a bower outside the monastery walls. No payment was requested, but a donation in the box in their chapel was always gratefully acknowledged. Some of us would kneel down in the chapel and say a prayer. It was quiet; so peaceful. Then we would mount our donkeys and ride back to camp, as the chapel bell started tolling for the evening service. Memories such as these live on.

Meanwhile there had been many signs that our time of rest was drawing to a close. Conferences of Commanding Officers; staff tours to the peninsula; more practice night-operations; embarkation and disembarkation rehearsals; all pointed to an early return to the fighting. On the 3rd August, we were given maps of Beshika Bay, near Kum Kale, on the Asiatic shore of the Dardanelles. On the 4th, we were told to be ready to move at short notice, and that night, the brigadier and all the battalion commanders embarked in great secrecy for a destination of which we were unaware. The next night we embarked in trawlers; about half a company to a trawler. We sailed from Kephalo harbour at 7 p.m. and by 9 p.m. had arrived off Anzac. There was no mistaking the place, even in the dark; a black mass rising out of the sea, silhouetted against the deep blue of the sky, and twinkling with countless lights; the sound of an occasional shot, followed at times by a burst of fire; and the plunking of bullets as they dropped, spent, into the sea around us; lamps moving on shore; and the sounds of distant shouting, interrupted now and then by a fiery spray of shrapnel as it burst over the beach, or the muffled boom

of a bomb.

Around us were the forms of numerous other trawlers, as they too waited their turn to discharge their cargoes of troops; without lights, save for an occasional spark from a funnel or the glow of a forbidden cigarette. All the time, the lapping of the waves against the sides of our boats formed a refrain to the eerie sounds from the shore.

We lay out to sea all that night. It was smooth and not too cold. The men lay like sardines on the deck, with their arms beside them, snatching such sleep as they could. In the forecastle, one of the sailors had a concertina and strummed away to pass the time, while I handed round a bottle of Fortnum and Mason's whisky, which my parents had just sent out from home. We took our tots in tea-cups. It was stuffy inside and we dropped asleep, leaving one officer on watch.

Morning of the 6th August came; the regiment started disembarking in the half light of early dawn. As it lightened and the Turks could see what was happening, they shelled the beach very heavily. Only half the battalion succeeded in getting ashore. The remaining half, with which I was, was ordered to stay out at sea until the evening, and then to disembark in the dark. There we spent an exceedingly uncomfortable day, as the wind had got up, and the trawlers tossed about like corks. My diary for that day remarks laconically, 'We tossed about in lighters all day; hot; men all sick; sea rough; devil of a straffe at Anzac; landed about 9 p m.

The 'devil of a straffe' was in fact the beginning of four days of the severest fighting that even Gallipoli had seen. As we tossed about on the waves, we knew that we were in for it, and we wondered what was happening to those of the regiment who had managed to land. We had received no instructions. We had no idea of the general plan. Our Commanding Officer, Colonel Palin, had gone ahead with the brigadier and the others; and had left no orders as to where we were to go and what we were to do. All we knew was that, on disembarking, we

would receive orders from the staff.

At 9 p m, then, on the 7th August, we had our first briefing, and it was not until then that we learnt anything of the great break-out from Anzac. It was exhilarating in its boldness and comparative simplicity. The Anzac position formed a very rough semi-circle with the sea-coast as its base. The Turkish line faced ours at an average distance of less than one hundred yards; but unlike ours, did not have its flank protected by the sea. On either flank was stationed a destroyer, whose business it was to prevent any attempt by the Turks at prolonging their line to the sea. Hence, after several unsuccessful attempts, the Turks 'refused' their flanks by digging trenches parallel to the sea, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile from it. This 'no-man's-land' between the Turkish flanks and the sea was kept under constant observation by the two flanking destroyers, and by night their searchlights made it as bright as day. Consequently, any attempts by the Turks at night to prolong their trenches, conduct raids, or even patrol, were immediately answered by direct fire, at short range, from the guns of the destroyers. For some days, the searchlights had been switched off at regular times and lasting for regular intervals and during this period the destroyers had shelled the beaches with the object of preventing the Turks from leaving their trenches under cover of the resulting darkness. This became routine; the Turks became accustomed to it, and, scenting a trap, stayed safely in their dug-outs. Thus, these two flanks, instead of being part of 'no-man's-land' became virtually 'Anzac Land'.

But on the night of the 6th August, at midnight, when the searchlights were off and the Turks were waiting to be shelled, two columns of infantry slipped quietly out, through the gap between the Turks and the sea, along the coast for nearly a mile and then turned to the right, up the valleys and behind the Turks, both directed on to thehigh ground known as Sari Bair. If Sari Bair were captured and consolidated, the Turkish position at Anzac would be outflanked and theTurks at Cape Helles cut off. Here was a plan which appealed to the imagination. Here

was the chance of breaking away from trench warfare and operating in the open. It was to be 'Gurkha Bluff' on the grand scale. Such was the scheme outlined to us by our Brigade Major, as he met us on the beach that night. The rest of our battalion had gone ahead and were now somewhere behind the Turks. The sooner we could catch them up the better. We were given a guide and before long were wending our way along the beach. Soon, we joined the tail of another column which had preceded us and the pace slowed down to that of a snail, with many long halts. It was very dark. Led by our guide, we shuffled forward a few paces at a time, and by the time it was getting light, we had only reached the exit from the Anzac position. Here I asked Captain MacLean, our senior officer, for permission to enter a field-dressing station, which was nearby, and to find out what I could of the situation. It was full of wounded, mostly New Zealanders of the Otago Mounted Rifles. Their accounts were not encouraging, but they gave me at least some idea of what had been happening; and the sight of so many reinforcing troops on their way forward put new heart into them. I was there for about fifteen minutes. As I was leaving through the heavily sandbagged entrance of the dressing station, I heard a voice saying, 'Hallo! Reg!' and smelt cigar smoke. I looked down. On a stretcher, at my feet, lay my brother-in-law, Major Cecil Paddon, of the Otago Mounted Rifles, badly wounded in the leg, but fairly cheerful and smoking a black Burma cheroot. I knew he was on the peninsula, but had scarcely expected to come across him in such circumstances. He was as surprised to see me as I was him. We had a few words together. He told me what he knew; we said goodbye and I hurried back with such information as I had been able to gather. It was some years before I saw him again.

We spent the whole of the 7th August trying to find the 14th Sikhs. Our guide had no idea where they were. We wandered up a valley leading to the right, and getting steeper each moment; we found ourselves among the back areas of the troops in the front line but there was no sign of the regiment. We were carrying filled water tanks, known as 'pakhals', two of which normally make up a muleload. They were very heavy. Water was short. We

found ourselves popular, and during our short stay not far from the summit of Sari Bair, our loads lightened considerably. But we were in the wrong valley. One of the scouts we had sent ahead had spotted the regiment in the Aghyl Dere, a valley a mile or two further north. A Sikh is a Sikh, and easily seen, with his beard and his turban. So off we went again, down to the beach and along the coast, and at seven in the evening, tired and hungry, rejoined at last.

We found the regiment tired too; they had been marching all night. They had got right behind the Turks, some of whom they had captured in their bivouacs; a German officer had been surprised in his tent, clad only in his pyjamas; a Turkish field-battery had been seen in the early light, limbering-up and moving off, just in time to escape capture. The Turks had shinned up the sides of the valley in the darkness and shouted to each other, trying to find out what was happening below. All had been going fairly well, except that when it had lightened, they found themselves far away from their objective, and the Turks had then opened fire on them from thehillside and been cleared off with the bayonet. The approach-march in the dark had been too slow; the guide had taken a short-cut (most fateful risk); and in the morning had been shot. The maps were bad; it was difficult to find one's position; regiments had become mingled; there was no one to give orders; the men were tired out.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Some troops were being billeted in a village and a staff officer called at the largest house and requested accommodation for the colonel and his staff.

The lady of the house was very helpful and offered the largest room for the colonel, which was accepted.

She was then asked, 'But what about his staff?' on which she replied, 'Well, he can leave it on the hall stand, can't he?'

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'READ ALL ABOUT IT'

By George H Burtoft (P O R N HMS *Queen*) (556)

Those were the words shouted by the newsboys in she streets of most towns and cities in Great Britain when the news of the 'Relief of Ladysmith' broke on February 28th, 1900, and on the following 17th May, when Mafeking was relieved. I remember it well, because we were given a half day holiday from school on each occasion - (a rare happening in those days!)

Outstanding news headlines were always preceded by that shouted request 'Read all about it'!! - and I shall never forget twelve years after the above joyful news. It happened on the night of 14/15th April 1912, when not only in Britain, but the whole world was stunned by the report of the sinking of the RMS *Titanic* off Cape Race, when 1,517 lives were lost.

It was also in 1912 that I joined the Royal Navy, but little did I know than that during the next two years or so I would actually see the battleship HMS *Bulwark* blown up in Sheerness Harbour at 7.53 am on 26th November 1914, and 'feel' the explosion when HMS *Formidable* was torpedoed near to HMS *Queen* (the ship in which I was serving) at about 3 a m on January 1st 1915, in the English Channel.

Here I will leave my personal experiences and give the readers of The Gallipolian a real chance to 'read all about it' by introducing them to an interesting list of titles of books concerning practically all the phases of the Gallipoli Campaign:

MILITARY OPERATIONS : GALLIPOLI - Vol I and Vol II - with 'Maps and Appendices'. These volumes are based on official documents by direction of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence.

FIGHT FOR GALLIPOLI : by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes. Only such a modern 'Lord Nelson' as Roger Keyes could write a book of this outstanding forcefulness.

A splendid book to read after that one is:
ROGER KEYES - BIOGRAPHY by C. Aspinall-Oglander.

ANZAC ADVENTURE by Dale Collins. Any story about the Anzacs is good to me because I was with them before and during the 'Landings' on 25th April 1915.

THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE IN 1914-1918 WAR. A wonderful part was played by all the Medical Services!

THE STRAITS IMPREGNABLE by Sydney de Loghe. They were for our big ships, but not for our splendid submarines with their fearless crews.

COO-OO-EE by J. B. Cooper. The only meaning I know for this aborigine title is 'Hello' - but don't worry, it is all typical Australian.

KHAKI AND GOWN by Field Marshal Lord Birdwood. Lord Birdwood was one of the few 'leaders' to stay on the Peninsula - from the first landings to the two evacuations. A grand officer !

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA IN THE WAR - 1914-1918 by Dr C E W Bean.

HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR by Dr G R Cruttwell. Both these history books have splendid reports of the Gallipoli Campaign.

ON TWO FRONTS by Major H M Alexander. A well-written military report, easily understood by serving and ex-service men.

GLORIOUS DEEDS OF AUSTRALIA IN THE GREAT WAR by E C Buley. The title fully explains the contents of the book.

THE QUIET SHORE by Ernest Raymond. (Ernest Raymond is a member). Also,

TELL ENGLAND by the same prolific writer. Both these books give those of us who are constantly researching a well needed mental rest, without entirely leaving the scene of our studies.

DARDANELLES PATROL by Peter Shankland and Anthony Hunter. What a tribute to our submariners! Only a small book, but the writers pack it with facts concerning the Dardanelles, the Narrows, all parts of the Sea of Mamara and the Bosphorus. Having traversed all these particular waters

many times, I can wholeheartedly recommend this true story of the wonderfully effective Dardanelles Patrol.

A SAILOR'S ODYSSEY by Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham. The title refers not so much to Homer as to the series of adventures and vicissitudes experienced by the Admiral of the Fleet.

GALLIPOLI by John Masefield. What a writer! Who could have written better than he? Under the simple but terrific title of 'Gallipoli'!! His description of when we left Mudros on Saturday 24th April 1915, heading for Tenedos and then to our respective positions off the shores of the Peninsula, to be ready for landing early on the Sunday morning, leaves one gasping at the pure mastery of the use of words at such an exciting and extremely tense period of time. I was so impressed that I have taken photostat copies of two particular pages which I have mounted and are now included in my philatelic and pictorial display entitled 'The Anzacs' and 'Gallipoli' which I present in all parts of England.

THE DARDANELLES CAMPAIGN by Frank Knight. A compact and straight from the shoulder story of the Campaign and realistically illustrated by F D Phillips.

BY GUESS AND BY GOD by William Guy Carr. A very interesting outlook on things in general.

HIS MAJESTY"S SHIPS AND THEIR FOREBEARS by Cecil King. This book does great credit to a writer of his standing.

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR 1914-1918 by Liddell Hart. The Gallipoli Campaign is well mentioned in the reports.

THE FADING VISION by North. A small, nostalgically written story, well fitting the circumstances mentioned.

GALLIPOLI DIARY - VOL I and GALLIPOLI DIARY - VOL II. Combined, they give great detail and most useful in research, by Sir Ian Hamilton.

GALLIPOLI - THE DARDANELLES CAMPAIGN by John Williams. A very easy book to read and understand. It gives concise reports on many encounters and is well illustrated with line drawings by F D Phillips.

The next three books deal with the splendid service on the Peninsula by the Royal Naval Division and the Royal Marines:-

ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION by Douglas Jerrald.

ON FOUR FRONTS WITH THE ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION by G Sparrow and J N Macbean Ross.

BRITAIN'S SEA SOLDIERS - 1914-1919 by General Sir E Blumberg K C B.

IAN HAMILTON'S DESPATCHES FROM THE DARDANELLES. This book also includes 'A Despatch from Vice-Admiral de Robeck' who was in charge of the Naval Operations until he went sick in November 1915. General Sir Ian Hamilton G C B, D S O, was in charge of the land forces until he was replaced by orders of the Dardanelles Committee and left for England on 17th October 1915, leaving General Birdwood in temporary command. Research without this book would indeed by rather tedious.

The title of my last book does not sound much like a war book, but the team of two were in the thick of the fray from the first day of the Anzac Landing until the 'Leader' was killed after 24 days (and most of the nights).

THE MAN WITH THE DONKEY by Sir Irving Benson. The 'man' was Private John Simpson Kirkpatrick, a very ordinary unassuming chap, but an accepted hero by all who knew him in action. He was recommended for the highest honours but received none! However, he did have postage stamps printed in his memory (by 7 countries). In addition, a bronze statue can be seen in Melbourne of him and the other half of the team - the little donkey, whose name was Abdul! To all animal lovers and those who like to read about genuine brave men, this book is a'must!

A number of these books are now out of print and some are on the 'Rare' list, but can usually be seen in the main public libraries of most towns and cities. Should they fail, there is always that storehouse of knowledge, the Imperial War Museum. For viewing at the I W M, I would advise making an appointment. For many years, I have experienced great pleasure in studying Gallipoli and am still endeavouring to 'READ ALL ABOUT IT' !!

EXTRACT FROM 'LOST ENDEAVOUR'

ONE MOMENT IN ANNIHILATION'S WASTE

By Charles Watkins (6 Lan Fus) (167)

These reinforcements - they just couldn't wait to shed the last of their Reserve Battalion prissiness - the tell-tale marks of the newcomer, the neatness, the polished buttons andthe English pallor. In turn, they themselves would come to eye scornfully the next lot of newcomers - eye them with the disapproving scrutiny of front-line soldiers 'gone native'. Within days almost, we of the original gang would absorb them - even forget completely they'd ever been reinforcements - everybody quickly merging into one homegeneous mass of old campaigners.

Except the odd one or two. Like Johnny Stirk for instance and he never got a chance to bash his cap in or even to blacken his buttons. No! It's not his real name - in fact I'd never seen him before, but it was 'Johnny' Something-or-other - I forget his last name. Just arrived in our sector of the trench, bursting with eagerness and curiosity; wouldn't even wait to divest himself of his full pack but must needs stick his head over the parapet - 'I must take a look at these Turks'. Too late to hear the warning cry of one of our chaps, 'Get down, tha silly young bugger, get down.' Before you could count three his forehead was neatly drilled. These Turkish snipers are terrific. Within 60 seconds of arriving in our trench - and Johnny now NON EST. Butit took longer than 60 seconds to hide him out of sight. It must have been a good 20 minutes before we'd stamped him firmly down in the trench floor beneath our feet. Even our Platoon Officer wouldn't have the job of consoling the boy's mother - he never even saw the lad. Best to leave it to the War Office telegram - they're marvellously non-committal. And leave it, too, to some more permanent record in time - such as his name on the Town's War Memorial - 'Died for King and Country'. The old saying 'Curiosity killed the cat' wouldn't look so good on a War Memorial.

A few minutes after we'd disposed of Johnny and shared out what precious fags he had left in his fag case, sorrowfully rifled his pockets for mementoes of his short life on this earth - things like an odd photo or two, one or two letters, an illuminated pen-knife inscribed 'Present from Blackpool' and handed these things in to our Platoon Sergeant - a few minutes after we'd done all this and made our usual comment anent the shortness of life these days, one of Johnny's old pals from back home, one of our original gang, came seeking him. 'They tell me Johnny Stirk's here'. He was excited and bursting with eagerness at the prospect of meeting his old buddy again. There was an uncomfortable silence.
'Did tha know 'im well, lad?' asked our Sergeant.
'Did ah know 'im? Did ah know 'im? Why! We was'piecers up' together at t'Sparth Mill, Johnny and me.'
The Sergeant didn't reply, but half turned his back, whistling shrilly, and fussing and fidgetting aimlessly with the bits of his kit laid out on the firing step - like a man searching for something he might have mislaid. It was one of those, 'Oh, blimey, what happens now?' sort of situations, all of us feeling hellish uncomfortable, and the Sergeant most of all.
But the seeker-after-Johnny persisted in his enquiries, in an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with the Sergeant.
'Ah'm asking' thee again, Sarge, where's Johnny?'
The Sergeant temporised. 'Was 'e a pal o' thine?' he asked.
'Was 'e a pal o' mine? Was 'e a pal o' mine?' said the seeker after Johnny, impatiently. 'Didn't ah tell the, Sarge, we was 'piecers up' together at t'Sparth Mill afore this lot'. ' 'Appen we'll be going back to t'Sparth again too, after this lot's over.
'Ay! tha might, lad - tha might. But Johnny won't piece-up no more, ah'm thinkin'. ' 'Wot's tha mean, Sarge, won't piece-up no more?' In some of life's more poingnant moments the Lancastrian will often fold himself defensively in the grim witch's cloak of cruel humour. 'Well, lad, yer <u>could</u> say, like, as 'ow Johnny's got the sack.' And the Sergeant sat himself down on the firing step, his hands roaming his empty pockets for a non-existent cigarette to ease his high embarrassment. 'Ah don't follow thee, Sarge, where's Johnny?'
There was a bit of a silence, then the sergeant inverted his cotton-spinning spatula shaped thumb floorwards.
'Theer' - he said laconically.

NIGHT OPERATIONS

By Lt R Hough MC (Late Sgt 6 Border R 11 Div) (156)

At 11 pm on Friday August 6th, 1915, the 11th Division landed at Suvla Bay. After a short engagement the Turks retired and our Battalion occupied a small hill called Lala Baba. The remainder of the night was spent digging in. At about 3 pm on Saturday, August 7th, an attack was made on Chocolate Hill, this being strongly held by the Turks. The Lincolnshire Regiment was leading and we were in support. At 5 pm two companies of ours joined the Lincolns in the final charge, and by 6 pm we were in command of Chocolate Hill. At 9 pm the Border Regiment was ordered to move to the right and to occupy a shallow Turkish trench for the night. I belonged to the Machine Gun Section, and when we finally settled I found myself with the right hand machine gun on the extreme right of the Division. The Brigade Machine Gun Officer, Major Bridges, came to me just after midnight and referred to the fact that we were not in touch with any other troops and therefore our right flank was 'in the air'.

This would not do, so he asked me to select 4 steady men, form a patrol and move off in that direction, pointing to a star. 'If you meet any British troops,' he said, 'give them our position and ask them to get in touch. If you meet the Turk, I suggest that you retire gracefully.'

There was no moon, but enough stars to make movement easy. I formed the men into diamond formation and we began to follow our star.

I suppose that we had gone about 400 yards, when I noticed a figure approaching me from the right, and behind my right flanker. I halted and called out, just loud enough to halt the patrol brought my rifle down to the charge, safety catch off, and waiting.

The figure still came on, slowly, and at 20 yards I called, 'Halt! Who are you?' No reply. He still came on and I could discern a very tall man, long greatcoat and close-fitted cap. Since we were in khaki drill shorts and pith helmets, he looked very much like our friend, Johnny Turk, so I again called, 'Halt! ' Still

no reply, so it looked as though one of us was for it. I took the first pull, aimed at his waist belt and called, 'If you don't speak now, I shoot! '
And then - he spoke.
'Can yez tell me where the Inniskillings are?'
After using all the words I knew beginning with B, I learned that his sergeant had sent him after a water party who were in the vicinity filling their bottles at a well. I wandered over to the right, and sure enough, found about 30 of them creating a terrible noise at the well. I found an N C O, told him of our position and asked him to pass the message on to his officer. In the course of darkness they joined up with us.

I had another run-in with the Irish Division a few nights later but on this occasion they were firing at me; but, as Rudyard Kipling said, 'That is another story'.

THE GALLIPOLI GAMBLE

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

Continued from the GALLIPOLIAN, Christmas 1972 (10)

RESISTANCE AND ADVANCE

At this stage of the game the G H Q
Agreed we had our backs against a wall,
Or Aegean Sea as it was in this case.
Outnumbered both in men and heavy guns,
Artillery and Taubes flown by the Hun,
Whose forays gave more fright than casualties,
We welcomed a relief by Indian troops,
Which came as I recall about mid-May.
Old Johnny Turk the Terrible fought far
Beyond his face and sacrificed himself
Upon our blades with loud and frenzied shrieks
Of Allah - quite oblivious of death.
Brave as he was, I'm certain that he feared
The Ghurka brown, whose razored knife spelled death.
So swift, so vicious and so very sure
Was he, that with one slash, man's life went out.
By April twenty-seventh some progress
Had been made. The country now was open

And covered with thick scrub, in which the Turk
Had set up sniper-posts, machine gun nests,
And funk-hole pits - but no established line.
These little strongholds dotted here and there
Were most effective, and prevented us
From moving forward in some ordered line.
This meant that most of these small battle posts
Had to be cleaned out by grenade and blade.
A messy and disturbing way to kill,
But once you've used the bayonet it's not
Too difficult again. In any case
Survival is your deep and earnest hope.
The urge to kill comes from one's wish to live.
So with the Borderers upon our left
We kept on mopping up these nuisance-posts.
That night it seemed the town of Krithia would
Be ours - but owing to retirement by
The French upon our right, the progress stopped,
With Krithia village almost in our grasp.
Our losses on that day were quite severe,
And as objective Krithia was not won,
Fatalities seemed harder to accept.
For three full days the Turkish tactics changed.
They seemed content to lob their hand grenades
Toward our lines - though most fell short.
Or else they tempted us by holding up
Some form of target, hoping we would shoot,
And thus expose ourselves. Those who did, found
Out the Turk to be both fast and deadly.
We wondered just how long the lull would last,
When suddenly on May the first, at night,
All hell broke loose and on he came with all
He had. They swarmed across the front in hordes,
No semblance that they had been trained to fight,
But rather like a mob out of control.
Intelligence had briefed us of this move,
And definite instructions had gone out
To hold our fire until we got command;
And then to let them have it - rapid fire.
One barbed wire strand was mounted out in front,
Which kind of made a fellow feel secure.
It seems that their Intelligence had been

At work, for they had in some cases been
Informed of who opposed them in our lines.
One instance was reported to the Turks
Came rushing to the trench with one arm raised,
And shouting 'Eeneskeeling - do not fire.'
We did not, and they reached the parapet
To feel the cold steel jabbed into their guts.
Then came the mass, no doubt believing that
Their bombardiers had carried out their task.
Up went a shower of Véry lights and then
We waited for the word to fire. This came
When Johnny Turk was less than thirty feet
Away. 'Twas then we pumped the lead from out
Our Enfields, never bothering to sight.
And still they came with resolution strong;
But nothing could survive that field of fire,
So orders came for Johnny to retire.
Fanatical or frenzy - what you will,
Let's give the Turk his due - he sure was brave.
All night the Turkish wounded moaned and cried,
But there was little we could do, because
We figured he might try another charge.
'Twas not a pleasant sight at early dawn;
The Ground in front was piled with Turkish dead,
And here and there a live man could be seen.
One of our boys while crawling out to help,
Was fired upon, and so salvation ceased.
By May the eighth the Allies had a line
Known as the Eski, which extended from
Hissarlik Point to Ghurka Bluff. ('Y' Beach)
Three miles, approximately from the toe.
Mount Achi Baba still five thousand yards
Ahead, tower'd over all as though a giant,
With Krithia as his bulwark of defence.
Not as excuse we mention that the Turks
Were better armed in Field artillery.
Trench mortars too outnumbered ours - in fact
At first none was supplied, we made our own,
Which fired a Tickler's plum and apple jam
Tin filled with bits of jagged wire and stone;
Tamped down with earth and sand and mud and clay.
Each took his turn at making up those shells,

Which at their best did little more than wound.
For the record be it known we also
Made a hand grenade from Tickler's plum and
Apple jam tins. There too were packed with all
The junk we could obtain. The piece of fuze
Was just five inches long, which meant that when
Alight one counted five then hurled the bomb.
It made more noise than damage, so we heard.
And so perforce we carried on despite
These handicaps, which did not help to raise
Morale or give us just an even chance.

At Ghurka Bluff one afternoon in May,
When all seemed quiet, and dinner had been served,
And some were busy writing letters home -
The Turk burst forth with fierce machine gun fire,
And on he came again, wave after wave.
So suddenly and boldly they attacked
That advance outposts soon were overwhelmed.
The pattern was the same. The bombardiers
Advancing under screen of rapid fire,
Their frenzied shouts of 'Allah' echoing through
The nullahs and the hills. For them to die
In battle was to live for Allah. The
Supreme, the Mighty One of Moslem faith.
At several points they broke clean through our lines
And fighting there was mainly hand to hand.
In this the Ghurkas and the Sikhs made good
Alongside Lancs. and Irish Fusiliers.
The fighting did not cease for several hours,
Until the Ghurka reinforcements came.
It seemed by now the Turks had had enough;
But even then it took some time to drive
Them from a sap which ran out from the trench,
And so establish forward outpost lines.
The casualties were heavy on both sides.
One regiment had thirty-seven killed,
With more than sixty wounded on that day.

TO BE CONTINUED

MY HECTIC SIX TO SEVEN WEEKS IN GALLIPOLI
May - July 1915

By Major Percy G H Cripps MC
(9 SLI attd 1 R Dublin Fus 29 Div)(464)

I was immensely pleased whilst with the 9th Somerset Light Infantry stationed at St Austell, Cornwall .. to be nominated to join the first reinforcements following the initial assault and eventually with seven other officers of my regiment reached Mudros Harbour, to be immediately transferred to a destroyer and landed at Cape Helles. Four of use were drafted to the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, then in reserve, to be received by the then Major in charge, who gave us a stiff lecture as to the standing of this regular Battalion.

One of my first jobs was to be Orderly Officer at the Cape Helles Base which included a breakfast on board the *River Clyde* and sundry inspections to culminate in an order to drive all the 1000-odd Greek labourers employed at the base who were causing trouble, along the sheer cliffs, blocking the further end - a job done by men with gusto and never have I seen such a dirty crowd of frightened humanity.

We were approaching the battle of the 4th June and I was sent up alone to find the best way to the front via the Pink Farm, when on my return I found I had been put in charge of the 4 Vickers guns, thus handing over my platoon. This was a blessing as my platoon was sent to attack around an S bend of the Nullah later on the 4th June, following up the Sikhs, only to be wiped out to a man. I was told to find positions for the 4 Vickers and became a target for very indifferent Turk marksmen.

We than had a more or less calm time facing the *Boomerang*... and I did great execution as a sniper, but was told by the Major to drop this activity, but I had been using a telescope and one day got thirteen hits at a longish range against a Turkish communication trench on the other side of the Nullah. However, by my sniping I had kept the Turks quiet and then I recall a sharp Turkish attack against our sap facing the *Boomerang* during one night when they succeeded in occupying part of our trench only to be driven

out by us when daylight came and we captured a few; one man in particular proved interesting and told us that 500 had been fed, marched up and told to take our trench and to be shot if they did not succeed.

We had frequent visits from the famous gun 'Asiatic Annie' but so far as I remember lost only one man, who was blown sky high out of the trench.

We were then placed a short while in reserve, the 1st Royal Munsters taking over and my 4 Vickers were lent to them to strengthen the very weak line, so I personally got no relief.

I made maps of all the enemy trenches I could see, which maps were taken to Brigade Headquarters, as our Brigadier Willy Dodd was most interested and I was asked to continue supplying such details, almost to scale. One day using my telescope, I discovered a Turkish Battery which was shrapnelling our trench and got eventually an Artillery Observation Officer to come and have a look. He was most interested and on my request that the Artillery should do something about it, he replied, 'What with?' as the supply then of Field Artillery ammunition was pretty thin and most kept in reserve. Then came the successful attack of the 29th June when the Dublins following up some 1000 or so yards of the captured Nullah, were told to extend the front line on the other side of the Nullah and join up on our left with the Ghurkas. The question was to cross the Nullah under direct Turkish fire, but I got my men to hastily fill many sandbags and by a most nerve-breaking physical effort I personally built a sandbag wall across the Nullah, so that our man could get across crawling on hands and knees, and in this way the Battalion of 14 officers and 600 men got across, having lost only a few, including Captain George who was picked up by Captain O'Reilly and by me warmly recommended for a coveted decoration for immense bravery. Captain George had been sent up alongside the edges of the Nullah with a platoon to overcome the then annoying Turkish fire, but he and his men were soon wiped out. Eventually we got control of that section of the Nullah and I placed one of my Vickers skilfully on the sandbag wall, so that at least we commanded that short stretch

of the Nullah.

Then that night in pitch darkness, an alleged 6000 Turks counter-attacked and drove us back from the left edge of the left fork in front of Krithia after furious hand-to-hand fighting and I lost a machine gun. The Dublins then attacked and again reached the edge of the left hand Nullah and I got back my Vickers, but we had to fall back again and when dawn arrived we found that the Turks had penetrated somewhat deeply on our left flank between us and the Ghurkas and were all in the open in an apparently almost level barley field and found themselves trapped as three parts surrounded. They could either continue advance, retreat or surrender and tried all three methods at once. Then ensured a really colossal slaughter as our few remaining men, plus three Vickers plus the Ghurkas took a heavy toll, but that night had cost the Dublins severely. Ten officers killed, 2 wounded and only self and one other unhurt and only some 100 men left. The major in charge almost collapsed and I found myself having to dig numerous graves but our relief came about mid-day on the 30th and we were sent back a very short distance, only to be at once ordered back to the right side of the Nullah, where I remained until the Turkish attack of the 5th July.

We held, say, 2-300 yards of a Turkish fire trench, very deep with a firestep and extraordinary very straight, and then our front line bent back along a Turkish communication trench to follow along another large Turkish fire trench. At the junction of the fire trench and the communication trench, a sandbag barricade had been built covering a further, say, 80-100 yards of the original very straight and deep Turkish firetrench. I did not like this sandbag barricade right at the junction of the communication trench so proceeded to make another stiff sandbag barricade some 20 yards or so towards the Turkish end and in this barricade I placed a very welcome steel plate in a sort of cover and thus could command the 80 or so yards of the deserted old front line Turkish trench. I had two Vickers in this area and had some 10-12 men at this tricky corner, some digging to make this junction more of a strong-point.

However, late on the 4th July, I advised the major that a Turkish attack seemed imminent and next morning at dawn over they came appealing to ALLAH in their hundreds and my 10-12 men got panicky, dropped their rifles, picks and shovels and fled down the communication trench.

My first lone reaction, left alone between the two barricades, was to hurl a jam tin bomb towards the advancing Turks, but then I had to dive down under the cover by the steel plate as a Turk was on top of the sandbags pointing his rifle at me and another Turk was frantically firing through the hole in the steel plate. I seized another jam tin bomb, lit it and hurled it back handed up and hopping over the barricade. Most unfortunately it hit the top sandbag and bounced back to me, so all I could do was to present my rear end and got a very hurting splash of minute tin and other fragments all about my sit-upon, but seizing another tin bomb, this proved most successful as the man on top got knocked out as also the Turk firing through the loophole. I had a job to push his damaged rifle out of the loophole and found myself facing a vast crowd of very silly Turks jammed very excitedly in the No-Man's trench, with myself in command behind a steel plate!!

Seizing one of the rifles left behind, I quickly fired several magazine loads at these massed Turks and shouting like a madman, I continued firing at this short range until the rifle got so damned hot, I had to seize another. Continuing with this creating a true massacre at such close range, the second rifle got unbearably hot and I started with a third, but not long as there was little left in the 80-100 yards of straight fire trench capable of standing. I have no idea how many I shot, but the number was pretty high. Then with no apparent active Turks left in my vicinity, I left the trench to pick up some of the cricket-like black Turkish bombs, but got strafed for being a fool by Lt Young who had arrived. A little later I was after a sniper and got his return bullet against my rifle when it split. I got a fragment stuck in the bone of my forehead and another in the pit of my tummy, whilst the biggest piece badly hurt a chap close by in the neck.

By this time with the difficult corner again occupied and well defended, I decided to go down to the Nullah to see the M O as my shirt tail was dripping with blood from the numerous fragments of my own bomb, then I had a bloody forehead and a painful tummy fragment.

The M O did his best but I rushed back just as the Turks attacked again and succeeded by three of them lying down just outside our parapet. Seizing another rifle and shoving in 5 rounds, I leapt on to the parapet and was looking at these three prone Turks at a distance of, say, 2-3 yards. I killed No 1, badly hit Nos 2 and 3, but like a fool used the last two rounds to finish off these last two and all the while other Turks were firing at me. As soon as I got rid of the 5th shot, I got a nasty stunning blow on my right forearm which knocked me over backwards into the trench, where I landed with my back against the firestep and my rifle falling on top of me. Men rushed to help me, gave me a cigarette and did what they could so that I had to be escorted bleeding in many parts again to the M O in the Nullah. I was doctored as best possible in a tent on a shingle beach and left there all day, very, very, thirsty. I heard men nearby telling each other about my very lucky experiences and soon after dark, I was fetched on my stretcher and taken to a rowboat, then to a Grimsby trawler, where the Captain gave me a drink of black tea and was I thankful! Then with some wounded Ghurkas we steamed to the hospital ship the *Dongola* and I was hoisted on board just as a German submarine torpedoed a large French transport not very far distant. As soon as I was in the hold, I beheld a, to me, very charming nurse with a large Red Cross in front and she, looking at me, said, 'My dear boy, the first thing we give you is a bath' - and did I need it. Lack of water meant but little shaving, and little personal cleanliness, plus the head, tummy and rear end covered with bloody bandages.

I worried by perhaps being left at Malta, but thank goodness was deposited in the Welsh Hospital at Netley and was soon gradually able to get my nasty right arm wound put right. The bullet had actually perforated the bone, struck between the main nerve and artery damaging both, but my right arm although not 100% is still O K and I have had no trouble since.

DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

'War is sweet to the untried'

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

He who returns unscathed from any way
Seems only so to the unseeing eye.
His body mayn't exhibit any scar
But seek his soul and hear his silent cry.
For not one man from any war returns
Who has in battle ever fiercely striven
But has not suffered awful mental burns
When shells and death have oft his senses riven:
Who's seen his closest friends killed at his side
Or scream in direst agony so great
Or charged against an enemy who tried
To save himself from any equal fate.
Most lonely is the man who has no friends.
In each and every one there is a sense
That to some place or group they each belong.
To most it is his family and home
But when away in ware there is a tie
A close one with the unit where he serves.
At first he is alone with other men
But as the unit trains he gains his friends.
The daily round, the common tasks will bind
All these together till they work as one.
But once they've been in action, there is forged
A link more close than any understand.
No longer he is 'I', but each one 'We'.
The Regiment becomes his earthly home,
The full extent of this is, 'We belong'.

* * * * * * * *

We started from St Albans as we told you in our tale,
A fence had stood out comb-like as a gateway to the rail.
Civilians had no knowledge of what lay beyond the fence,
They only thought of glory and excitement quite intense.
Of wounds and death and sickness they had hardly seemed to care

Nor could they understand it then if they had not been there.
So when the war was over and they knew that there was peace
They greeted us with gladness and with cheers that did not cease.
But we who'd been in action and had lost our closest friends
Although we liked the greetings we were glad the cheers had ends.
We much preferred a silence, we who'd been beyond the fence.
We knew what we had found there and the bloodshed was immense.
We prayed that it was worth it for our country, you and I
For we had done the fighting, we had seen our comrades die
And no one could replace them now and no one understand;
No speeches could console us nor could statesmen of our land.

* * * * * * *

'O mihi praeteritis referat si Jupiter annos.....'
(Virgil, Aeneid 8, 560)

(Oh that Jupiter would give back to me the years that are past).

* * * * * * *

'Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.'
(Virgil, Aeneid 1, 203)

(Perhaps it will be a pleasure to us some day to remember even these things).

* * * * * * *

I'M ON MY WAY By G E DALE R F A (53)

Today at Whitehall's big white stone
I'll be an honoured guest,
With comrades lined, erect and grave
Proud 'gongs' across my chest.
Thoughts will turn to absent friends
Still on that far off coast;
Nor shall such memories fade until
We face our own Last Post.

But hasten, hasten - 'Where's my stick?'
I will set out forthwith;
Must not be late for parade when
It's on the twenty-fifth.

HONORARY SECRETARY'S REPORT

REMINDER - Both as a reminder and for new members, may I point out that members can be helpful when writing if they will kindly add their name in BLOCK LETTERS or type, and give their number. From time to time letters are received with an illegible signature and no number, making it difficult to discover the sender's name or to avoid error, especially when several members have the same name.

For new members may I explain that while I write addresses formally, in the letters I tend to drop the formality and write 'Dear Bloggs', etc. hoping to get in return, 'Dear Banner'. We are all of an age where we can forget ranks in 1915 among ourselves, hence my idea of keeping it on an 'old boy' basis.

MEMBERSHIP - at 15 February 1974, 563 members had joined the Association. This includes 20 Associate Members (non-veterans), of which two have died and four are 'lost', leaving 14 net Associate Members. Eighty-four Members are reported to have died and fifty are 'lost'; this means that they have not subscribed for over a year, or have moved and not reported a new address, or have died. A few have written and resigned. This gives a net number of Members of 409, or 423 inclusive of Associate Members.

A significant point here is that while in the last issue (No 13) at Christmas 1973, the number of new members exceeded the number in the obituary list (by one), in this present issue there are now more in the obituary list than the new members. Of course at our ages it is not surprising that numbers are declining. The surprising feature is that is has only now come about, nearly sixty years after the campaign of 1915. And nearly five years after the Association came into being. Long live Gallipolians !

The Chairman warmly thanks all those members who took the trouble to join and to remain members.

And special thanks to those from remote parts of the world.

E H W B

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