THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 25p No. 19 CHRISTMAS 1975

THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the Gallipoli Association
(Founded in 1969 on the campaign of 1915)

PRESIDENT — Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC DL

VICE-PRESIDENTS — Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC
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Major A G Coulson (Associate Member)

ROYAL RECOGNITION

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth honoured the Association with a personal radio telegram sent from H M S Britannia on the occasion of her visit to Gallipoli in 1971, following our pilgrimage.

At our Dinner in 1975 H R H the Duke of Edinburgh was present and proposed the toast of the Gallipoli Association

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

The President, Vice-Presidents and all the Committee send their Christmas Greetings to all our members, hoping they will continue to be members for many more years yet and with thanks for their support to date.

GEORGE DALE'S WHIMSICAL ACCOUNT OF OUR DINNER

Happy days again ! We're just consolidating a brand new landing - in Regent Street. Lordy ! How we stormed, bayonets fixed, over that bea- pavement. All's going well. Enemy scuttling for the Circus. All agree, it's a grand show by troops of a certain maturity - few somewhat overripe. Many examples of outstanding bravery. ('Six VC's before dinner', they say). Medals to come up with rations. Casualties very light. A few complain of 'screws'. Gallipolians ride again ! It's sure to be on the telly! Ah - an urgent call to the bar. It's mopping up operations. All most willing and able ...

Well, codswallop aside, we're weaving around here, glasses in hand, trading hearty greetings. 'How are you?' they say, maybe thinking, 'Didn't expect to see you here again'. It's tee-up for the seventh annual dinner of this young Association of old boys. And tonight we shall stand up proud and nearly straight to welcome our distinguished visitor, H R H Prince Philip. Something to celebrate. We feel that our Gallipoli Association, only founded in 1969, has not only come of age but has achievedrecognition.

Now soft lights shine down on rows of silvery heads; the Prince is here and all is well. Not easy to recall that sixty years ago these nicely groomed, well-Healeyed gents lived in holes in the ground on an exclusive diet of bully,

biscuits and jam; sniped and shelled; plagued by blowflies and as lous- well, not now. Pay at 1915 Social Contract rates was less than generous, but prospects good - there was a field marshal's what-you-may-call-it in every private's haversack. There's no flies on us tonight, but maybe we're still having 'jam on it'. Gongs clink and tongues wag freely - don't notice any listeners. Generals, admirals and 'other ranks', SM's (not Dukes, of course) are just Gallipolians tonight.

A very fine meal, as one would expect at the Café Royal. Chicken which looks and tastes like chicken. Wine, as expected, a bit much; beer 52p per pint. But what beer ? Ah, well ! Service excellent. Sometimes a bevy of white gloved waitresses emerge, reflected in the great window-like mirrors, to trip over the intervening carpet. With coffee, the traditional ration of Turkish delight. Our President, the amiable Brigadier B B Rackham, gives us the Royal Toast. 'The Queen, God bless her! ' The wonderful lady whose smiling presence is welcomed everywhere; on visits overseas an asset to Britain's name and trade. We fought for her grandfather. Given a few new parts, we'd do the same for her.

'Absent comrades'. A solemn moment. 'There's a silver lining, thro' the dark clouds shining', we used to sing - wondering sometimes where it was. 36,000 comrades never did find it. In their Spring they fell like Autumn leaves on beaches, hills and tangled gullies. No wonder the mantis prayed. We who were granted another sixty years will not forget. The far-off Peninsula, with its thirty-one garden cemeteries, now lies in peace and silence. Asiatic Annie and Beachey Bill roar no more. And British and Turkish veterans wandered together over their old battlefields in 1971 (and in 1975).

'The Gallipoli Association'. As Prince Philips rises to propose this toast, I am trying to recall some appropriate quotation, but only come up with: 'Put not your trust in princes'. (Not suitable maybe). A very fine speech, clear and concise. None of that 'Unaccustomed as I am - blah - blah - blather' stuff. To the young, he points out, Gallipoli is apt to rank with the Crimea and the Boer Wars - ancient history. But there's nothing quite like Gallipoli; a story to live for ever; and he is pleased to be sitting tonight with some of the men who made that story. He recalls that in 1971 the Queen and he visited the wild spot with a senior Turkish officer. The problems surmounted in that amphibious campaign were enormous, considering the equipment then available. At the end, after a fine display of dogged British courage, withdrawal proved to be the most successful part of the show ! The Prince concludes with an apt quotation from Pericles, whose famous Funeral Oration of 431 still makes fine reading.

Replying to the toast in a speech punctuated by many humorous asides, Lt-Gen Sir Reginald Savory said how pleased and honoured we were to have the Prince with us tonight. We quoted Lloyd George and others, and paid a warm tribute to our founder, Major E H W Banner. 'We are well led', he rightly said, 'by one who had the vision to form the Association at a time when advancing years had already taken their toll; and the courage to persist in holding it together.' Rising to prolonged clapping, Major (Edgar to you) Banner, in a short speech presented our Royal Visitor with a Gallipoli Association tie. And the Prince now becomes 'one of the boys! ' And here the President (1st prize for 'mike' power) proposes a toast. 'To Edgar Banner', he booms. 'But for him we should not be here tonight. He has done all the donkey work, and we hope that he'll not give up now that he's retired.

While a kind of fairy 'you, you and you' party get busy, we adjourn to the ante-room for a closer contact with our visitor. There are quick questions, such as '29th Div, eh. Were you at the landing ?' 'Ah, the navy, what ship?' (The Admiral speaking!) 'So you were one of the Suvla boys?' 'And here's a marine.' (Captain-General now). Outstanding memory. Never at a loss. Remarkably easy

to talk to. (I recall the comment of President Eisenhower - meant to be private, but overheard- during the American Royal visit: 'She's a good gal, and he's sharp as a needle.' All very pleasant.

After which, Keith Tranmer entertains with a show of pictures taken during our last Gallipoli gallop. Now it's all over. No more Turkish Delight until next autumn. But there will always remain something of this special occasion. For the lasting gain comes not from fine speeches and excellent food, but from that inner store of warm, pleasant memories, at once a comfort and a pleasure to recall. As now go out into the black, cold night, we may say, with the late Rev Sydney Smith: 'Fate cannot harm me, I have dined today'. (All the same, we will keep an eye open for those muggers).

SPEECHES AT THE ANNUAL DINNER 1975

Prior to the commencement of dinner, the President read a copy of our telegram of loyalty to H M The Queen, and read her gracious reply.

After dinner the loyal toast was proposed by the President and responded to with acclamation by all present. This was followed by a reference to the fallen and to Laurence Binyon's adjuration: 'They shall not grow old ...'

The President continued :

Your Royal Highness, my Lord, fellow members and guests. It is now my high honour to invite His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Thistle, to propose the toast of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH :

'Mr. President, Gentlemen,

The future generation, I am afraid, will only know of Gallipoli from the history books, and there, I am afraid, it will suffer the same fate as so many other great battles of the past. It will be entered simply as 'Gallipoli, 1915', just like Agincourt 1415, or perhaps Balaclava, 1854.

So, Sir, that is why I am so particularly grateful to this Association for your invitation to join you for this 60th Anniversary Dinner - this 60th Anniversary of the landing on Gallipoli.

For the rest of my life I shall be able to say that I sat down to dinner with the men who fought at Gallipoli and to me this has transformed the campaign from an event in history, however dramatic, into something far more vivid and personal and nothing can give me more pleasure than to pay my tribute on this Anniversary to everyone who took part in it.

I think that as I am proposing a toast at the moment to this Association, I think that I would like to congratulate all those who have been responsible for starting this Association and for the opportunity it gives to so many of you to keep old friendships alive.

I suppose that I knew as much about Gallipoli as most people of my generation - well, perhaps a little bit more, if only because when I was in the Navy I served at different times with both a Nasmith and an Unwin - as well, as it turned out, with the two distinguished Vice Admirals who are sitting at this table, but of course I did not realise that they had been at Gallipoli at the time I was serving with them.

Unlike so many other campaigns, there is no way of telling by looking at people's medals, whether they were at Gallipoli or not, unless you can read the fine print very carefully, and even then it is not very easy. But my direct

introduction to the Gallipoli campaign was as a consequence of one of those duties which the Queen performs as Head of State, because in 1971 the Queen and I paid a State Visit to Turkey, and after two days in the capital of Ankara we flew to Izmir and embarked in the Royal Yacht *Britannia*, and the next morning, on the 22nd October, we landed at Kilit Bahir and there followed visits to the Turkish, French, British, Australian and New Zealand Memorials, and at each place the Queen laid a wreath. Well, now, that is how the official record runs, but it hardly describes the sense of amazement and fascination as the incredible events of those desperate days were recalled for us, and I think one of the most moving moments was when a senior Turkish Officer gave us a short explanation from the vantage point of Mustapha Kemal's command post and in the peace and serenity of a Mediterranean afternoon he concluded with these words, and I am quoting from the English translation which was obviously written by a Turk, and which was then printed in the official programme, and he ended up like this ... 'Your Majesty, here on this very ground, your subjects and ancestors, and our grandfathers and fathers, gave their lives for the honour of their countries and nations, and so they became the historical men for laying the ground and creating the friendship of today. I am sure they are happy of this result, too, and no doubt they will always be remembered with honour.'

Well, now, that visit and then your invitation to this dinner, and, of course, the copies of the Association's journal, started me off on a bit of research into the whole story - aided by Captain Bush's excellent book, and I can only say that it left me with a strong impression that of all the wars and battles in Europe, there has never been anything quite like the Gallipoli campaign, and with any luck there will never be anything quite like it again, and the story of those tragic eleven months reads more like one of the old Norse sagas than anything one could imagine might have taken place within living memory.

Conceived, as I understand it, to take the pressure off our Russian allies in the Caucasus, and to close the Balkans to the Central Powers; planned on the assumption that the British fleet in Constantinople would break the Turkish alliance with Germany and force Turkey out of the war; executed against the well established principle that ships cannot defeat forts; and when that failed, a military landing against all the disadvantages of difficult country, lack of surprise, faulty planning, and uncertain control, and I can tell you one thing - I know enough about boat work to appreciate the appalling difficulty of putting an army on to open and defended beaches and keeping it supplied in all weathers with boats and equipment and never intended for such a purpose.

So, in reading on with a growing sense of apprehension, it becomes apparent that when finally the landings were made, there was more individual and mass heroism, greater endurance, and wilder confusion, more bitter fighting with less animosity, more incompetence and greater initiative, more glory with less achievement, than in any other campaign in European history, and to cap it all, the only unqualified success was the withdrawal of some 120,000 men from close contact with an alert enemy without a single casualty. Now, of course, it is not unusual in our history where our withdrawals are more successful than some of our campaigns. But if there is one thing that stands out in this whole amazing story, it is the almost superhuman courage and endurance of every man of a strangely assorted force. As John Masefield put it - 'these men had come from all parts of the British world; from Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and remote islands of the sea. They had said goodbye to home that they might offer their lives in the cause we stand for', and he might have added one other group which went under the remarkable description, I discovered as the 'Assyrian Jewish Refugee Mule Corps.' It turns out that it was not the mules which were the refugees but the Assyrian Jews. They were better known as the Zionists, I understand, and consisted chiefly of Russian Jewish refugees from Syria and Palestine, who of all things, had sought safety in Egypt. One suspects they might possibly have

been safer to remain in Syria and Palestine, judging by what happened in Gallipoli. If Masefield had included all the races fighting on the Turkish side as well the list would have been twice as long.

By the time the whole story is concluded you cannot help feeling that the actions on the Peninsula were so much greater than the purpose or the consequences of the whole campaign.

In the preface to his book 'The Dardanelles Campaign', published in 1918, H W Nevinson wrote, 'Already in 1918 the Dardanelles expedition has passed into history and may be counted among the ghosts which history tries in vain to summon up. It is an episode in a vanished past; a tragic episode, but marked by every attribute of a noble tragedy whether we consider the grandeur of the theme and personality or the sympathy aroused by the spectacle of heroic figures struggling against the unconscious adversity of fate. And then Churchill's comment on the enterprise for which he was so largely responsible is typically very much to the point - 'Divided councils, half-hearted measures, grudged resources, makeshift plans, no real control or guidance.'

Well, the ifs and buts and 'might have beens' of the whole fantastic Gallipoli story will be discussed and argued about as long as men are inspired by the stories of gallantry and study the history of warfare. Whether it was doomed to failure from the start or whether the supposed fruits of success would have been as great as promised will never be known, but there is no doubt at all that it was a supreme display of human courage.

Well, hundreds of books and literally thousands of words have already been written but in the end I think it was one of the ancient Greeks who had the right words for it and in his funeral oration for the men who died in the Peloponesian war, Pericles began with these words, 'It is hard to speak properly upon a subject where it is even difficult to convince your heroes that you are speaking the truth. On the one hand the friend who is familiar with every fact of the story may think that some point has not been set forth with that fulness which he wishes and knows it to deserve. On the other hand, he who is a stranger to the matter may be led by envy to suspect exaggeration if he hears anything about his own nature.' And then he goes on like this - 'For this offering of their lives made in common by them, all they, each of them, individually receive that renown which never grows old, and for a sepulchre not so much that in which their bones have been deposited, but that noblest of shrouds wherein their glory is laid up to be eternally remembered upon every occasion on which deed or story call for its commemoration, for heroes have the whole earth for their tomb. It is not only inscriptions on tablets in their own country which chronicle their fame but rather even in distant lands, unwritten memorials living forever, not upon visible monuments but in the hearts of mankind'.

So. Gentlemen, I ask you to join me in a toast to 'The Gallipoli Association'.

RESPONSE BY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR REGINALD SAVORY KCIE CB DSO MC

MR. PRESIDENT, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, MY LORD, GENTLEMEN,

Sir, I had intended to thank you for your speech towards the end of my own. I must say how deeply impressed I was with yours. How deeply I appreciate the research that you have done; Pericles: great heavens, my old Greek of 1908 !

We live today in a more sibilant world. Gallipoli, 60 years on. Our seventh dinner. We have over 600 members. We have your Royal Highness as our Guest of Honour. This Association is drawn together by the memories, the dangers, the hardships suffered together. It gets its recruits, now and again. We had a new draft the other day, believe it or not. Ten men from the 7th Battalion of the Royal Welch Fusiliers. Are there any of them here today ? Because I think

they came from the Rhonda Valley or somewhere; their bones are getting rheumaticky but we are very pleased - (Interruption: a man gets up and announces himself as of that battalion). Ah. Will you please pass our welcome to all your other members of your great regiment, the 23rd Fusiliers.

We are a flourishing and hardy growth, short in existence and possibly rather long in the tooth. But we are well led.

The other day I was listening to that grand old man Harold Macmillan on television, telling us all how Lloyd George taught him the finer points of speech-making. I wonder how many of you listened to it. The great thing he pointed out was: the pause. Don't go rambling on. Pause. So, Gentlemen, I pause. Alas my vacant mind is filled as all vacua are always filled with random thoughts. And then the pause. And then Lloyd George to Macmillan, pointing like this, said: 'Always point straight from the shoulder.' I raise my right arm and point to the chap next door to me. I assure you I have no choice. (A) I pause. (B) I point. (C) I pause. (D) I say: 'There is the man who had the vision, the courage, the pertinacity and everything else to start this great Association of ours and to bring it to the position it is in today. Gentlemen, I pause. I pause again. Edgar. Edgar Banner. I hope I've made my point.

The other day I was down in Devon helping my grandson to lift his potatoes, and I said to him: 'What kind of spuds are these, Jeremy ? 'Oh', he said, 'they're grand; they're as hardy as they are proliferous. They're called Aaron Banner.' He should have called them Edgar Banner!

Now I've got to be serious. I've been doing a little bit of mathematics. I am no mathematician and I have no computer, and even if I had I couldn't use it. (Murmurs of agreement). I've been working out, or trying to work out, the average age of our Association. What's your guess ? 81 ? On looking around at all you gentlement I think its damn good, if I may say so. But then you see, being a statistician, which I'm not, but I've tried to become a statistician, I've broken down some figures and find that among the Vice-Presidents the army are averaged no less than 84 and for that we have to thank our latest-joined Vice-President Lord Barnby, who unfortunately is not here tonight. He is 91. But our naval Vice-Presidents, poor chaps, they're only 77. So you see, although we may be aged, we are modern. We have a generation gap.

You see our naval Vice-Presidents. In the days when I was a young acting-lieutenant, unpaid, at the age of 21, they were snotties. Snotties ! I suppose today you'd call them teenagers. I'm not quite sure. Look at Eric Bush sitting over there. No-one would think that he's a mere 77 and an author of repute, but there it is.

It's sad; someone once wrote that it was very difficult for age to wither or custom stale; some kind of an ode to a young lady of whose name we can guess. But I'm afraid that in our case age can wither. We consist of an infinite variety; of the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines, the Royal Naval Air Service, the good old Army. ('What about the Royal Naval Division ?' interruped the President). I'm coming to that. The Royal Naval Division camein between the army and the Australian and the New Zealanders. If you like I'll start again. The Royal Navy: any complaints ? The Royal Marines, the Royal Naval Air Service, the Army and our old friends, the Australian and New Zealand Divisions.

In the final count the time will come: beware, beware. I feel like acting the part of the witch in Frankie Howerd's rather vulgar scene called 'Pompei'. Beware, beware, the time will come when we old soldiers will have faded away and the old salts will still be here - those who haven't jumped overboard. And the time will come when the Gallipoli Association might, pause, Edgar Banner might have to modify its title. Because, you see, very soon, well soonish, the Gallipoli Association will consist chiefly of the Navy. Terrible thought, isn't

it ? We have TUC, CBI, NKVD, QAIMNS, if you know what they mean. So I think we shall have to modify our title slightly to be, perhaps, in brackets, SSS. Senior Service Survivors. Or Senile Senior Citizens. No. Or it may be put in by some rather careless typist as SOS, most inappropriately. I've finally come to the conclusion that it might possibly become SSSSS, but I'm damned if I know what it means. I've an idea that it might be Senior Service Survivors of Superannuated Snotties. Forgive me for daring to poke fun at the Royal Navy, - it's the last thing in the world I want to do.

I must now be really serious, Sir. Your visit here today has set the seal on our young Association of old warriors. It also honours those of us whose bones still lie either on the Gallipoli Peninsula or in other places where they died of wounds. Your speech, Sir, in which you told of your visit with the Queen to Gallipoli in 1971 I found intensely moving. We appreciate the fact that you, in a very busy life, have found the time to be with us here tonight. Yesterday you met the President of Tanzania; last night you were giving him a banquet; today you attended the opening of Parliament and yet, tonight, you are here with us and I cannot tell you how much we all appreciate it.

Gentlemen and old warriors, I am going to ask you to struggle to your feet, knees cracking and all the rest of it, and drink with me to the health of our Guest of Honour, His Royal Highness Prince Philip.

FOLLOWING THE TOAST, THE PRESIDENT ANNOUNCED :

Your Royal Highness, my Lord, fellow members and guests, I now call on our Chairman and Honorary Secretary, Major Banner, TD, to present to His Royal Highness a tie of the Gallipoli Association.

Major Banner spoke :

'Mr President, Your Royal Highness, my Lord, fellow members and guests

Before I carry out the official business I must apologise for those who think they have been brought here under false pretences. You came here for a Gallipoli dinner. And yet ... no bully beef; no plum and apple. But there is real Turkish Delight, brought here by the two members who ran the tour to Gallipoli this year.

Now I want to tell you an after-dinner story. It's a mother-in-law story, it's quite true, but it really only applies to one of us now present. Some years ago, my wife and I were very privileged to be on a tour in Central Africa, and at one stage we stopped for some nights at a hotel right in the wilds of Rhodesia. The manager personally showed us to our room which we found was the best in the hotel. He very proudly showed us a brass plate on the wall at the bed-head, reading: 'Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother slept here ...' and a date which was a few years earlier. (And then, with a smile), Since then I've often wondered if a second plate has been added !

Your Royal Highness, I now have the honour of asking you to accept this as a tie between yourself and our Association. And we hope that whenever you wear it you will be reminded of a pleasant evening with the veterans of Gallipoli.

His Royal Highness accepted the Gallipoli tie.

WINDING-UP SPEECH BY THE PRESIDENT:

Your Royal Highness, My Lord, fellow members and guests.

There is one more task for me as your President, on your behalf at this gathering, to perform. And I do so, gratefully and gladly.

Let me say first, that we thank Edgar Banner, our Chairman and Honorary Secretary and the members of the Committee: Mr Bennett, our Honorary Treasurer; Howard

Sayers, Mr Woodworth, Major Coulson and Major Horridge for all the work they do on behalf of this Association.

But I am quite sure that they will agree with me that but for one man, and one man only, we would not be here tonight, in the presence, the honoured presence, of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. That one man is Edgar Banner. I well remember when he conceived the idea of an amalgamation of the various associations into this Association, I said: 'Well, I'll do what I can.' But I was quite sure it wouldn't work. How wrong I was ! We are now over six hundred strong. We are here tonight 130 strong. Edgar Banner has done a prodigious amount of work and thinking in building this Association to what it now is. We must also thank his wife Vicky who has had to bear a lot on our behalf. It was a comparatively easy matter, in the days of our active life, when we had secretaries around and they joined in our voluntary work and we could dictate a letter and that was that. But in retirement it is a different matter indeed and not only has Edgar Banner done all the organisational work but he has also done the donkey work. And that can bore one stiff.

Finally, on your behalf, I say simply, to Edgar Banner. Thank you, Edgar.'

Then for an hour the Duke walked around the assembled members, talking informally, asking questions and making himself very much at home - as all our members felt on this memorable occasion.

To many members this personal contact was probably the most exciting feature of the dinner and which would be remembered long after the speeches were forgotten. 'I told the Duke...', 'The Duke said to me...', 'Prince Philip asked about my DCM'.

After the departure of H R H at 10 pm, the reunion continued animatedly as members, many of whom had not seen each other for years, chatted together.

During this period a reminder of the 1975 Tour to Gallipoli was put on in the form of a film and slides, kindly brought along by two keen Associate Members - Keith Tranmer and Reginald Haley. The former made the commentary, and as the organiser he was well qualified to do so, while the latter, who had taken the film, operated his projector. It is believed that some trouble was experienced in introducing the equipment up the back stairs to the sixth floor, partly on account of the strict security called for by the many bombing incidents in London around that time. But they made it ! Those who were on the tour were of course particularly pleased to relive the occasion.

Our grateful thanks to both of them. It shows how helpful it is possible for Associate Members to be. We are also indebted to Mr. Haley for kindly recording the speeches. Without Haley's recording this account could not have been given.

EDITORIAL

Although H R H the Duke of Edinburgh is not a Member, nor an Honorary Member, nor an Associate Member, he has accepted one of our ties and we are very honoured.

Further, His Royal Highness has been given a set of GALLIPOLIANS from the first issue, and is on the mailing list for future issues.

The Association can feel proud of this further royal recognition.

JUNIORITY

Our issue number 15 of Autumn 1974 gave the names of our known youngest members. Now another contestant has entered the lists: Honorary Alderman C V G Simpson, number 382 who served in the ranks of R M L I of the R N D in H M S *Euryalus* and H M S *Prince George* in December 1915. He gives his birthday as 14 Feb, 1900.

Pte. Sloan SAVORY

REUNIONS FOR 1976

It is suggested that members note these dates in their 1976 appointments books NOW.

Sloan Sq.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON AND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

On Thursday 22 April at the Duke of York's H Q, as usual. (Please note that the 25th is a Sunday when luncheon could not be provided at the Duke of York's H Q.)

ANZAC DAY PARADE AT THE CENOTAPH

As usual, we are invited to attend the parade and the service in the Abbey which follows.

ANNUAL DINNER

On Thursday, the 7th October, at the Royal Air Force Club.

Further particulars of the luncheon and dinner will be given in later issues of the Gallipolian.

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

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

With deep regret the following names are recorded :

J A Goddard RAMC (190)
W P Alexander HLI (604)
P Blair Highland Bde (44)
Major S V Spear RND (262)
Lt-Col J F Haigh MBE DL R Innis Fus (219)
Capt E F Wettern RND (61)
Major H McK Whittall RND (240)
Lt-Col F C Stigant R Innis Fus (20)

NEW MEMBERSHIP LIST

Our second list was issued in 1972 and is both out of date and out of print. Its loss has been felt but partly owing to rapidly increasing costs of printing and such jobs, and the work involved in its compilation, a new edition has had to remain a hope for the indefinite future.

However, a very keen and helpful Founder-Member, Fred Woodworth, has come to the

rescue with an offer which makes all the difference and when the issue of the 19th Gallipolian is out, the bloke who has to get on with it will try to do so, with the idea of circulating it with issue number 20, Spring 1976.

There are many changes to be recorded, not only those who have moved house, but those whose counties have been altered and the many new post codes.

Will members please help by writing in with any amendments on the above, compared with what is typed on the label of the Christmas issue, number 19, this issue. Please write soon after receiving the Gallipolian and before the postage goes up again. Labels are typed in bulk in December from the past year's list so that the 1976 labels may still not be correct in all details, but should members find their copies going astray, then an S O S to me might help matters.

THE NEW FORMAT OF THE GALLIPOLIAN

On account of ever-rising costs of paper, printing, office work and postage, the publication of our Journal had to be examined to find the best compromise between the amount of material published and the overall cost.

The new format allows nearly twice as much material to a page as formerly and as those members who do comment on the Gallipolian seem to want all that can be published, the new style was adopted, as it has been for many commercial publications, with advantage. Of course, it has the disadvantage of the smaller print being less easy on the eyes but as most of us have to wear reading glasses nowadays this limitation was accepted in view of the great advantage of more material able to be published.

If in the course of time the majority of members write that they would prefer a shorter journal with the original larger type, this may have to be acted upon; meanwhile it is felt that the majority are pleased.

* * * * * * * *

The 'incomparable twenty-ninth' Division had in its infantry battalions troops from England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. (No modern 'Northern Ireland' and 'Eire' in those days). For good measure there were also three Border regiments. All battalions were regulars, with reservists of course, except the famous Territorial battalion : the 5th Royal Scots.

However, that has nothing to do with the story which follows.

There was reported to have been a near breakthrough into our lines and troops had to be collected from many sources to stop the gap. There were cooks, orderlies, clerks, batmen and other O and S who had had no recent battle training and had no knowledge of each other either.

It so happened that one batch was of English troops, one Scots, one Welsh and one Irish. Each section had to send two runners immediately to the signals dug-out where shortly afterwards a shell nearly buried the lot. But they were soon dug out and the rescuers found the two Irishmen fighting, the two Scotsmen arguing over the Loch Ness monster (but some say that this was before the day of the monster and that they were arguing as to whether a Scot should wear anything under the kilt ! Others say they were arguing on the best way to bring up haggis !) The two Welshmen were singing and the two English were waiting to be introduced. (This makes a good story to tell foreigners).

THE 1975 TRIP TO GALLIPOLI

By Major A G Coulson (AM 63)

On the 16th May 1975 a party of some 23 veterans, led by George Horridge and accompanied by some ladies and associate members set off from Heathrow for what is likely to be the last visit to the peninsula to be organised for those who took part in the original campaign. The party included four representatives from the group who made the previous visit in 1971, namely Horridge, Stapleford, Prynne and myself.

The organisation of the trip had been undertaken by Keith Tranmer, and all who took part in it would wish to thank him for the arrangements which he made, and for the help and guidance which he provided throughout.

We travelled in a Turkish plane to Istanbul, where we spent one night at the Hotel Washington in the old part of the City, leaving early next morning by boat for Chanak. The voyage across the Sea of Marmara and into the Narrows was pleasant if unexciting, and took all day. The sun gave us a taste of the hot weather to come. It was not until early evening that we were safely settled in at the Hotel Truva near the water-front.

The next morning we caught the 9 am ferry to Eceabat, where our coach, which accompanied us wherever we went, was awaiting us. Our first visit was to the New Zealand Memorial on Chunuk Bair, where we had a picnic lunch and made a general survey. It soon became apparent to us that changes are taking place on the peninsula. Close to the N Z Memorial on the Helles side, the Turks have built five enormous concrete blocks in a small circle. The blocks have no inscription and appear to be an architectural feature of some sort. Other changes which struck us were that there are more and wider roads and many new huts and cottages. In many cases the trees surrounding the cemeteries have been cut down and the positions opened up. All this seems to indicate that the Turks are sitting up and taking notice of the potentialities of the peninsula. The flowers were superb, particularly the poppies, which were at their best. I do not remember such a fine show before.

I will not attempt to give a day-to-day narrative of how we spent our time on the peninsula. We all saw as much as we could, sometimes splitting into smaller groups. We were helped a good deal by Brigadier Sellars, the Military Attaché normally based in Ankara, who joined us on many occasions and gave us a welcoming drinks party on the first evening at the Hotel Konak in Chanak. We admired his command of the difficult Turkish language. The newly arrived War Graves Commission representative, Mr. John Norris, was also very helpful to us, as was Mr. John Shepherd, their representative from London, who was also in our party.

We laid wreaths on many of the Memorials, starting with the Turkish and French Memorials. Major Horridge laid the wreaths in a simple ceremony, except at Lone Pine, where the wreath was laid by the Rev Edward Alston, the only Anzac with us. On all these occasions the Last Post and the Reveille were sounded by L Cpl Local, the Royal Fusilier bugler who had been detailed to accompany us. He wore his full regimentals and looked like a Grenadier Guardsman, greatly impressing the onlookers.

The third day was spent at Helles, where we had a picnic at V Beach. Doughty-Wylie's grave has been brought forward a few feet and replaced with a raised stone facing without any surrounding fence. We explored Sedd el Bahr, where we met a Turk who had fought at Lancashire Landing and we commemorated the occasion with a photograph. We also inspected the old archway through which the troops passed in the early days. On the way back we called at Krithia to visit the museum, but I seized the opportunity, with two others, to go up Achi

Baba. Unfortunately time did not allow us to reach the summit and we had to turn back from about three-quarters of the way up. However, we had that wonderful view back to Helles.

There has been a most extensive fire on the peninsula, that is in the battle areas and everywhere the scrub has been burnt down. This enabled one to trace the ravines, etc., quite clearly. I could not find out how the fire originated, but the extent of it leads one to wonder whether it is part of the apparent long term design of the Turks to open up the peninsula.

After the picnic lunch at Lone Pine I walked round to Koja Chemen Tepe on my own, as the party did not intend to go there. The path has now become a road, but it is unfinished (like to many other things in Turkey) and was very soggy. The hut at Koja has been demolished. The relics are still waiting to be cleared up, but there is a pile of new bricks nearby, no doubt to be used for a more permanent structure.

I hadn't time to go down to the Farm again, much to my disappointment. On this day we stopped at some huts on the lower road somewhere short of Embarkation Point; these are new huts for visitors and Brigadier Sellars has the use of one, where he made us very welcome. I could not think of leaving the peninsula without paying another call at Chocolate Hill. Aided for a short way by a ride on a farm tractor offered by a friendly Turk, Cowley (junior) and I walked there and he kindly took my photograph underneath the tree on the summit where a memorable picnic party took place on the 1965 visit. We continued down to the lake and followed it round to Little Lala Baba, where we found the rest of the party.

After that strenuous day I decided to join the trip to Troy which took place the next afternoon. Troy is sadly commercialised, but the splendid views across the plain was some compensation. On the way back we stopped at Fort Dardanos, and inspected the broken guns there.

I did not go on the optional excursion to Pergamum which involved a full day mostly spent inside the coach, and in any case I had been there before. Instead Prynne, Alston and I went to Anzac on the lower road. Prynne went off to sketch and take some photographs. Alston sat for a long time at Beach cemetery, no doubt reflecting on times past. He had seen Simpson (the man with the donkey) in action and showed me exactly where he operated. I went up Shrapnel Valley and then right along Monash Valley until I got behind Quinns Post. I was thrilled about this, as on earlier occasions the trees and scrub had prevented a clear picture. Coming back I went on to Plugge's Plateau. The top is honeycombed with trenches, and there are scores of rusting old tins lying about. I lost the track back and had to slide down some of it, which did not do my clothes any good. Unfortunately we had to return to Chanak in the early afternoon as our transport was not available later. But I finished up with a swim in Anzac Cove.

The return drive to Istanbul was uneventful, except that I saw a stork. Istanbul is a tiring place, and rather a dangerous one. No Turkish driver travels at less than fifty miles an hour if he can help it, and there seems to be a competition to see who can sound his horn the most frequently.

The Consul General gave us a drinks party in the (old) Embassy, where we enjoyed walking round the lovely garden. On the Sunday - our last day - some of us went to the service in the Embassy Chapel (St Helena), and the regular congregation kindly gave us coffee afterwards in the vestry. From there we went to the Royal British Legion's rooms just inside the Embassy gate, where the members received us very hospitably. We were told that there were about 1400 British residents in the city.

Our departure from the hotel the next morning was marred by a dispute with the

management as to liability for a broken wash basin, but eventually we left without any cheers. At the airport we loaded ourselves with duty free presents mostly of the liquid variety, and boarded another Turkish plane which brought us safely back to Heathrow.

I cannot close this account of the trip without expressing our thanks to Major Horridge for his leadership, and again to Keith Tranmer for the hard work which he put in in connection with the arrangements.

SOME GALLIPOLI MEMORIES

By Lt-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 number 18

We now settled down to trench war-fare, and dug and dug. The line of picquets, linking the Anzac with the Suvla troops, was gradually transformed into a continuous line of trenches. For another week, heavy fighting took place in the Suvla area, but little progress was made. The Turks had by then arrived in strength, and it was too late. My regiment, securely ensconced on Gorse Hill, had a bird's-eye view of it all, but there was little we could do to help. Our role was static. We were safe enough; but to sit, as we did, and watch others in the plain below going forward against heavy fire, was not satisfying. We felt that, somehow,we were not playing our part, although we gave them as much covering fire as we could and suffered some losses. Two impressions stand out in my mind of the fighting during that week (21st - 28th August). One was of the 5th Connaught Rangers attacking Hill 60 with superb dash, led by an officer with an Irish flag fastened to the bayonet on his rifle. They were mowed down, but were magnificent.

Another was of the conspicuousness of the British officers of the Gurkhas. Many of them were much taller than their men; one of them must have been a six-footer; but, even so, their movements were so different to that of their men; they were more lithe; and were so easy to pick out. No wonder their casualties were heavy. It scarcely occurred to us that we British officers of the Sikhs were equally conspicuous, though in inverse ratio, as most of us were shorter than our men and our white beardless [1] faces showed us up clearly, for what we were. Perhaps it was as well, now and again, not to have the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us.

What is there to describe about life in the trenches ? There were of course the usual 'stand-to's' at dawn and dusk, and the patrolling by night. Otherwise, the life was almost of a domestic nature. The maintenance of the trenches; the improvement of dug-outs, with shelves and sleeping-ledges; the regular reliefs; the daily medical inspections; orderly room; the drawing of rations; the cooking and fetching of food; the clearing out of latrines; the occasional inter-company competition for a cup, made from a biscuit-tin, for the cleanest trenches; and, most important of all, the inspection of arms. We were not unhappy, though our

1 *In the early days, at Cape Helles, some of us had started to grow beards, but we looked rather scruffy, and Colonel Palin, a stickler, made us shave them off. Lt. Fowle, my company commander of the 4th June, who had black hair, grew quite a reasonable beard. One day a British soldier greeted him with a 'Hello! Shakespeare! ' This was too much for him. He shaved.*

main enemy was not the Turk so much as boredom. Even that, however, was not as bad as it has often been made out to be. We were some distance from the sea, but officers and men not on duty could go down to bathe. There was also a fresh water well where the men would gather to wash their long black hair, and their beards, and anoint them with sarson-oil, which was now beginning to be sent out to them regularly from India. The long unshorn hair of the Sikh was a source of wonder to the British troops, most of whom had never been to India. It was part of the outward and visible sign of their religion, and is said to have been based on the long locks of Sampson, before Delilah made him shear them off. Thus, they maintained their physical strength. There was nothing effeminate about it, though some of the 'Tommies', lovelorn and far from home, were attracted from afar. 1 Distance, however, lent enchantment, and a closer view of them disclosed beards, hairy chests and the very masculine limbs of some of the finest fighting men in the world. There was 'nothing doing' here. A Gurdwara, or Sikh temple, was set up in a dug-out in the reserve trenches, and there the men could come to worship before the Guru Granth Sahib, their Holy Book, with the regimental granthi, or priest, in attendance. On special occasions, such as the birthday of Guru Nanak Dev Ji, we British officers were invited to attend and, leaving our boots at the door and entering in stockinged feet, were allotted places in the front row, taking our part in the service and our share of the holy Karah Parshad. It was a family existence.

As time went by, leave was opened to Imbros for short periods. A ferry service was established, with regular sailings from Williams Pier at Anzac. Ferries also ran to Helles (1.45 pm), Suvla (2.45 pm) and as far as Mudros (6.20 am). They were not 'luxury tours'; accommodation was limited, with standing room only; passes were strictly scanned. Nor were they without danger, as the Turks shelled the pier regularly and accurately. Leave to Imbros was most popular. A rest-camp had been set up there; also a canteen; and the change from the trenches was welcome. Wally Kidd was sent over, now and again, to buy humble luxuries for the mess. Once, I accompanied him. On disembarking at Kephalo pier I noticed that he was wearing a sergeant's stripes. I thought he might have been kidding us as to his real rank, and taxed him with it, in my simplicity. "Oh, no!' he said, 'I always carry these things about with me in my pocket. They help, on occasions.' I suppose I should have placed him under arrest; but he was a good cook, and I may have felt subconsciously that, not yet having been released from arrest myself, I was in a weak position.

Thus, we lived on from week to week, monotonously but not very dangerously, despite occasional shelling by the Turks, who seemed to be particularly attracted by our officers mess. It was situated under a gnarled stunted old tree, one of the very few in the neighbourhood. We should have known better. The Turks were using it as an aiming-mark. We cut it down one morning and the shelling ceased. It came in handy for firewood.

Our officers mess was as comfortable as we could make it, in the circumstances. We had sent a standing order to Fortnum and Masons for a regular delivery of one of their hampers, and early in September they had begun to arrive. With the help of Wally Kidd, whose skill as a cook was improving, and with better rations, we lived as well as conditions allowed. There was still a considerable amount of dysentery and it took its daily toll. I too began to feel not too well, and one day when visiting the sick in the field ambulance, the commanding officer, Major Brassey, took me aside and said, 'You look as if you could do with a pick-me-up, Savory. Come along, I have just the thing for you.' He opened a cupboard of

1 *Wally Kidd shared a mess dug-out with our mess orderly, Dasaunda Singh. One morning, on emerging he was heard to remark: 'That's the first time I've slept with anyone with long hair for weeks.'*

'medical comforts' and brought out a half-bottle of champagne. He poured some into an enamel mug. 'Here. Drink this. It will do you good.' It did. I have never tasted anything so delicious. The connoisseurs may say what they like about good wine needing a good glass; but I know better; all that is needed is abstinence, a real thirst, and an enamel mug. To this day I can taste that nip of nectar.

All the same, its effects were only effervescent, for three days afterwards I was down with the dreaded dysentery ... My main recollection of being evacuated to a hospital ship, was of lying on a stretcher, on the pier at Anzac, while the Turks shelled it with shrapnel. The stretcher-bearers, wise men, had taken cover. I have never felt more naked. There I lay, on my back, with the shrapnel whizzing about, too ill to move, and with every gun on the peninsula directed at all my most vital organs. That, at least, was how it felt ... My next memory was of being told by a nurse that I was lucky to have a hospital bed at all, and that this was due to the generosity of a very senior officer, who though ill himself had given up his bed to me ... Next, a dose of morphia, injected, so far as I could make out, in my leg, and of a wonderful feeling of peace as it crept up into my stomach, eradicating all pain, and then to my head, sending me to sleep and making me dream of all the pleasures of Paradise ... Next, of waking, and of hearing a familiar voice saying, 'So it's you, old boy, is it ? Fancy me giving up my comfortable bed for you ! ' It was no less than Colonel Palin, who had been sent away with badly poisoned hands.

TO BE CONTINUED

1975 TOUR AFTERMATH

One of the veterans on the tour this year, well, not quite a veteran, but his grandfather could have been one, was young Paul Haley, the son of Associate Member, R A Haley. He is aged 10 and so the youngest member of the party. He was very impressed with it all and on returning home wrote to two of his favourite picture comics of his journey and was very pleased to have letters not only accepted for publication but also to be awarded the star prize for the best letters. He is of course thrilled to be so associated with Gallipoli veterans and, who knows, he may well be one of our last Associate Members - when he grows up.

MEMBERS' BOOKS

Captain Bush's book 'Gallipoli', as mentioned in number 17, is very much the book of the day in its subject, and members are recommended to see it if they have not already done so.

'Gallipoli As I Saw It' by J Murray (242) is not a new book but can well be brought to members' attention. It is published by Wm Kimber, London, and a paperback form is due for publication in 1976 by the New English Library.

'General of Fortune' by Commander Charles Drage RN (25) published by White Lion Publishers, London. £2.50.

Mr P H Liddle's book, as stated in number 17, is due for publication in Autumn 1976 by Messrs Allen Lane, London. The subject of Gallipoli will also be included in another book to be published by Longmans. Mr Liddle points out that these books are only part of the research he has carried out on Gallipoli and he warmly thanks those many members who have helped him with material in some form. He has been awarded the degree of Master of Letters.

ANNIE OF TROY

by W George Mead (9th Corps Signals R E) (282)

On Asia's shore there's a bint called Annie,
You can be sure she's not a Nannie,
She's not the kind of girl to say
De-da-de-da-de-da-de-day !

She's one who talks and runs away
To live to talk another day,
But when she does you can bet your life
She isn't out to become a wife.

She doesn't care a damn or two,
If you are on the beach or in the Loo,
She'll just let fly without a hint,
That elusive spitfire Asian bint.

She doesn't dress in black or yasmak white,
Her bark isn't louder than her bite,
She's down to earth with a great big bang,
That sun-scorched Asian with a wolf-like fang.

She's a topless, waistless, shapeless riddle,
Who can't even peddle or do a piddle,
Around that ancient shore of Troy to-day -
What would that lovely Helen say ,

She's just a long steel lump of diddle
With a rifled hole right up her middle,
But when she makes her eye to flash,
Be sure to earth you'll make a dash.

She has admirers from afar,
On Achi Baba and Sari Bair,
Often an hawk-eyed one as well,
Lieut. Colonel Mustapha Kemel.

I bet you've guessed who this bint is,
Who pops up and down and just says whiz,
She's not a Clara, Diana, Elsie or Fanny,
But just plain Asiatic Annie !

Behold her flash Sedd-el-Bahr has seen
By a Frenchy, hawk-eyed and very keen,
So when that siren whines away,
'Imshe Yallah! ' and hide away.

How I longed to leave her far behind
To rest her from my weary mind,
But still she's there for all to see,
In the pages of history.

Now Asia's Annie is a mythical she,
With an eye not blue like Aegean's sea,
She may have been a dateless flame,
But has made a lasting date with fame.

A LETTER HOME

By B H A Eames (Queen's Own Dorset Yeomanry) (341)

British Med. Exp. Force,
Mudros

Saturday 6 Nov. 1915

My dear Mother,

You will see by the above address that the Division including our Regiment have left the Peninsula and we are now having a well-earned rest on the island of Mudros, which is the intermediate base for the Dardanelles. I sent you a letter about ten days ago telling you that at that time I had been attached to a Company of Royal Engineers for about a fortnight. I rejoined the Regiment last Sunday night and we sailed from Gallipoli on Monday morning November 1st. We arrived at the island during the evening and marching about four miles inland were duly installed under canvas at the rest camp. The voyage to Mudros you might think was a joy ride but not so. We left the shore in a lighter about midnight and on board this lighter we were crowded like cattle. We were then transferred to a larger transport which made the journey to the island. Every available inch of room was occupied and I found myself spending the night down in a hold which had recently held coal, the dust of which lay everywhere. On arriving at the island we were again transferred to a smaller transport which took us further towards land and finally we landed on a small stone pier in small boats. Such journeys as these you must really participate in to fully appreciate the discomfort, etc. It is impossible to describe it properly in this letter. The rest camp where we are now stationed is very pleasantly situated and the great thing is that we are about ½ mile from a Greek village and now that there are troops all over the island every house in the village is a shop. Thus we are able to buy such things as sardines, apples, pears, tinned fruit, eggs, cheese, chocolate, etc. In fact one feels they have come back to civilisation again and I can assure you it is good to be able to make a shopping expedition to the village in the afternoon. Of course we have certain parades every day but nothing very great. Reveille is at 6 am and lights out 9 pm. It is good to be away from the continual noise of rifle and shell fire and where I was stationed with the R E we were shelled every day and I had many narrow escapes.

We were a vastly different crowd that left the Peninsula to those that went there last August. In August we arrived with the Regiment roughly 330 strong. On November 1st after three months campaign we left Gallipoli with the Regiment about 60 strong and the majority of these show signs of active service.

It is November now and I imagine that with you the weather is typical of November. Recently we had bitter cold weather but now it is just like Summer, in fact very hot indeed. Yesterday we went for a route march in shirt sleeves and even then I perspired.

I have no letters to acknowledge from home lately; in fact it is some time since I heard from you. Immediately I receive a letter I will acknowledge by p.c. Now that I have had time to look round a bit I find that I have not written many letters home. I hope you will forgive me. I wish now I had written more but circumstances seem to have been against it. As far as I can remember this is the seventh letter I have written home and so far you have acknowledged two of these, a very short one, one telling you we had been in action and a longer one describing the Battle of Hill 70. I hope by now you have received some of the others.

I am glad to say I am feeling fit although troubled with a touch of dysentery. I hope you are all well and in good spirits. I cannot say how long we shall be at

the island but suppose we shall return to the firing line again some day.

I will close now hoping you yourself are getting stronger and better every day.

With fondest and best love,

Your loving son, Basil

AUGUST 9TH 1915 - THE LONG DAY

By G E Dale 59 Bde R F A (53)

As both my readers may recall, I once recounted our battery's night trek from Lala Baba to Chocolate Hill; and how we slept like babes in our half-dug trench there, to be rudely invited an hour later to greet the dawn of August 9th 1915. Let us proceed from there, my faithful ones. (God knows my share of it all was tiny - I doubt whether my gun-laying disposed of more than 500 foemen. Bit of a failure you see, but that won't stop me writing about it. Oh no. With paper and ball pen I fight to a finish). On, then, with another dollop, from the precise moment when the S M's cattle-calling bellow drowns the echoes of our last combined snore.

'A Battery - HACTION !! ' (Here, where am I ? What goes on ?) We stumble to our 18-pounder, enthusiasm at a low ebb, mutterings, predictable, as Sergeant Stace takes up the theme. 'Move there ! Get on that (something) gun ! ' Isn't this our third night with little or even no sleep. But grousing's cut short. Angles, range, fuze, etc. come down and my friend Hubert and I get busy on the gun seats. (I still recall my consternation on finding that a branch down the nullah obscures my dial-sight view of the 'aiming point', till somebody nips down with a billhook.) As Hubert slams breech on first round, the order comes: 'Gunfire.' (Fast as possible, with due regard for accuracy).

Never before can the rural ambience of that leafy nullah have known such a din as breaks out now. BANG ! BANG ! Often a double or treble blast. Sleep forgotten, the sweating gunners are happy. Doing our stuff - the end result of all that gun drill ! Sun blazes; cordite reeks; shell-cases pile up behind. How long does this last ? Maybe two hours - time stood still. The end comes when each No. 1 reports: 'No more ammo, Sir.'

What now ? Somebody says that 'The drivers will soon be up with more', but Sergeant snaps, 'What - in daylight, with Turks watching from those hills ? ' No, of course not, we agree, having learned what befalls careless batteries. Now Major Cowell, our C O strides down, talking gravely to Captain Glyn. The Major, tall and stern with bristling iron-grey moustache; the Captain boyish-faced, with long, loping strides; both regular officers and very fine soldiers.

'Something going on', mutters Hubert. (So there is. Two divisions of enemy reinforcements have arrived, and many are streaming down the Tekke Tepe ridge, driving back from their delayed advance, the 6th East Yorks and others. At the same time other units of ours, as planned the previous evening, are assaulting Scimitar Hill, and are to lose 1500 doing so. Assault and repulse together - an odd mix-up. (But, of course, the common soldier rarely knows what goes on outside his own stamping ground. He reads about it later).

As the officers pass we hear Captain Glyn say: 'I've just come down from the O P. We've got nobody but Turks in front of us.' As we anxiously ponder this the order comes: 'Break for breakfast, and fall-in twenty minutes from now - with rifles.' That shakes us. Our rifle practice - one day at a Sheffield shooting range!! Rifles are unstrapped from the limber and hastily cleaned while we sip our greasy tea. Now 'limber gunners' have orders to remove breech-blocks and carry them to the wagon lines. There is some murmuring. Gunners dismantling their guns and deserting them ? Sergeant Stace says curtly: 'Guns no good without ammo.' Stan, our funny man, suggest that we're going after rabbits. Nobody

laughs.

Single rank fall-in outside the nullah, and extend to three paces. Major Cowell in command, with Lieutenant Witter. Sternly the Major orders us to load. 'When I call "Take Cover", lie down. Fire five rounds into the bushes ahead, and reload.' N C O's are posted along the line. Hubert and I are parted. 'See you later, George,' he says. (But unless Hubert marvellously rolls up at one of our gatherings he was wrong there).

'Advance! ' (Those now viewing the Ova, cleared, levelled, ploughed, must imagine it rough, undulating, spread with hollyoak scrub and thickly set with small bushy olives). It soon becomes plain that keeping a line will be impossible with scrub growing up to five feet. No Turks seen, but they seem to have the advantage judging from the rifle fire which greet us. We've had our shell-fire baptism; now it's bullets - and shrapnel, too. (Oh, if mother could see her blue-eyed boy stalking forward like an Aunt Sally !)

So comforting to hear 'Take Cover'. The racket we now make must sound like substantial reinforcements coming up.

I lie under a bushy olive, under my nose a heap of used cartridge cases. When rising I notice a leather strap looped to a lower bough. A sniper's post ? Still no Turks seen, and we have lost touch with most of our left and right. I am positioned behind the Major, who now halts, points to leftwards and calls : 'Look at that ---- ! ' Closing up, we spy a gaunt, ragged Turk, 150 yards left, aiming back through a bush. We all let fly, and he melts into the cover and - we hope - has been hit. Now the enemy fire gets heavier. A few wounded infantrymen crawling back through the prickly scrub. The prevailing smell, a mixture of cordite and iodine. As bullets whipcrack past my head, thoughts confused and fearful flash through it, almost with the same speed as of those bullets -- fear images such as must be known to advancing infantry. I feel that I am just waiting to be 'winged' ! The terrific speed and power of those tiny pointed missiles ! If I am hit I feel sure that the darned thing will pass clean through me. Thoughts of the past ? My dear ones ? My sins ? NO. It's all in the present tense -- the NOW.

I notice that whenever we 'take cover' our Major just kneels, searching ahead with binoculars. Now he kneels again, quite casually, but without giving the expected order. Forgotten ? Surely not. Oh, dear - has he been hit ? I hasten to his side. Now he is on all fours, but waves me away, and in his normal voice says, 'No - no, bombardier. Go on, follow Mr Witter! ' Well, that's an order - his very last as it happens. God knows where Mr. Witter is. And here I get a quick glimpse of a swarthy face, capped with that sinister-looking envirije, peering through a high bush not far ahead. Gone in a flash - he can take cover better than me.

I find myself advancing with Greenwood, a sound gunner who once told me that he had been a gamekeeper. Of the others we see one or two occasionally. Another, and nastier smell. Ah -- dead Turk, spreadeagled over a mound, already going black and swollen; his wide-opened mouth black with flies. A grisly, disgusting way for any man to die. Those bullets are still twanging and whipcracking, and I hear calls for stretcher-bearers way over to our left. By now I am almost resigned to being hit, and wonder, fearfully, where. Chest ? Tummy ? The head ? Oh no, - not there ! Then comes a heavy blow on my right temple, making me stagger, half-stunned. My God - it is the head ! A hand explores, but finds no blood. Strange. Greenwood pauses, eyeing me. 'All right,' I mutter, and on we trudge, making our own 'take cover' spells -- maybe oftener.

A trench. About two feet deep, and deserted. Front line ? Easy to step over. Later we come to a small clearing with thick scrub beyond. Something tells me it's time to crawl, and Greenwood agrees. We're halfway across when wild

shouting breaks out ahead. Sounds of men forcing through that dense bush. Turks with bayonets ? And we have none ! Here they come — and thank heaven they're wearing topees. As they run past their officer shouts, 'Come on', to us. We follow, and all bundle into that shallow trench. Have to lie flat. Johnny Turk knows we're there, and spreads a hail of bullets, sending earth spurting from the tiny parapet.

I am lying atop of a young officer who, I am concerned to find, has a leg wound. 'No - don't move, old chap,' he says. 'Keep down. I'll be all right if you lie still.' We are with the Dublins, who have been engaged in the Scimitar Hill assault. (unnerved by the sight of Turks pouring down a track from the Spur towards Scimitar, they returned - and found Turks in rear and on their left flank). Well, for an hour or more we all lie there, expecting every minute that long bayonets will replace bullets. Impossible to return fire from that shallow trench without courting sudden death. We think that more of the battery are there with us on the left. At long last the fusillade slackens, and a message comes down the trench 'Artillery back to the guns'. Greenwood and I climb out gingerly, heads well down, and take what we judge to be the nearest way. We are passing a small wheat patch - the only cultivation I remember - when a nearby machine gun opens up with a strident 'rat-tat-tat'. (I come near to doing a very childish thing). But it's ours; a sergeant and two men lying in the wheat.

Reaching the battery at last, we are surprised to find two wagons of ammunition being unloaded. Nice to see the friendly, concerned faces of our drivers. Almost like greeting members of the family. Driver Scott exclaims: 'You've got a hole in your bonnet, Bom.' The bullet had entered on the right, just where brim joins bowl, scored a thick pencil mark on the brim's underside, and torn out an exit at the rear. Alas, there have been real casualties besides our C O. I am dismayed to learn that Hubert has been carried awy with a bullet through his ankle. And Tommy Givan, also of our sub. is badly wounded - and, with the Major, is to die that day. Captain Glyn, too, has been hit.

Major Cowell lies at the nearby dressing-station and, while we are humping ammo., I get orders to take two men and carry him down to the wagon lines, close to the field hospital at C-Beach. The scene at the dressing-station is grisly and harrowing. Many with rough blood-stained bandages await their turn; a few lying still under newspapers, to ward off the tormenting flies. Sadly, we bear our fallen leader away, and know that he will be hard to replace. On the stretcher he lies, pale and seemingly unconscious. Two very fine officers gone. A tall, well-built man, the Major taxes our staying powers on that two-mile trudge over rough ground. With frequent changes we bear him as gently as possible. So galling to know that we can do no more to help him, and I think sadly of the wife he had married while we were at a Surrey camp. He it was who had done most towards whacking his gunners into shape. Near the end of our journey we cut across a corner of the dry lake, and are surprised to see some chaps milling around a well at the S E of Lala Baba. The usual collection of empty tins, and we pause. As we lay him down, the Major beckons feebly with a finger, his only movement since we started. Bending, I catch a feeble whisper: 'Water,' and give him some. (I photographed that well in 1971). As we hand him over I press his hand and say: 'We shall want you back, Sir,' but well I realised that this is most unlikely.

After a short rest, well earned, we begin the long trudge back. The sun gets low and we want to avoid losing direction and making a longer walk. All very tired, and conversation limited. It is dusk when we reach the battery. Dead beat, I slump on the gun seat, wondering gloomily how Hubert fares. I've lost a very good pal. Then, brightening up, I remember that, in this very advanced position, night-firing is taboo. Ah ! a good night's rest at last. Alas !

Sergeant Stace comes and warns me to prepare for 'listening post' with Gunner Stubbs of D-sub. Good old Sergeant tried to get me excused, but we're short of junior N C O's. Orders of Lieutenant Witter, now acting C O, and it's in case Turks sneak over in the dark. Stubbs and I do the first spell.

The S M bustles up and, collecting Stubbs, leads us up over the ground we covered that morning. A good walk before the S M says: 'Here will do. Orders are to lie down, ears to ground, so you'll hear them coming better - understand ? Reliefs will come at midnight.

It's dark and lonely here, with odd shots and the occasional stutter of a machine gun. Stubbs and I talk in whispers. A very keen chap, energetic, said to be trying hard for promotion, he is not nearly so tired as myself. He is talking about a snake he tried to clobber with a shovel. 'It shot down a hole like billyho.' Well, I know that, come snakes or Turks, my problem will be to keep awake - especially in this prone position ! He drones on, and suddenly I find that he is nudging me. 'Wake up, Bom ! '

Feeling very indignant, I address him severely. 'Quiet man ! I was just listening.' Must do something about it, as the N C O in charge. I try popping my eyes open. Must set an example. But later there is a repeat performance. 'Bom - Bom,' Stubbs hisses. 'Stop snoring. Turks'll hear you. Listen; I reckon I can hear footsteps !

That did it. Alert instantly. Stubbs, ear to ground, breathes: 'On the left - coming our way I think.' Golly, how shall we know if they're ours - or gaunt Jannisaries with long bayonets ! Now there's the subdued thumps and rustling of a body of men approaching cautiously. 'Challenge when they're close,' I whisper, 'and run back like mad if they don't immediately reply in English.' Coming straight for us ! I nudge Stubbs. He springs upright like a jack-in-the-box. 'Halt - who goes there ! ' Startled exclamations; a rifle dropped; clicking of safety catches.

'Welch Regiment,' gasps a very young officer. 'My God, you scared me. Are we right for the front line ? Got no maps.' We direct him to bear more left, and he warns us that another regiment of theirs is following. Later we hear them, but not close enough for a challenge - which duty I am resolved to perform myself next time. Then all gets quiet. I am again worrying about closing eyes, when suddenly a terrific rumpus breaks out ahead. Shouts; rapid fire; bullets whistling. Whatever goes on ? I reason that, if Turks are advancing, those Welchmen will come back first - a clue for us to warn the battery. More shouts; then all quiet. Later stretcher-bearers pass nearby, and we learn that the two lots of Welchmen mistook each other for Turks. Well, it's happened before.

After this, apart from a water party with clanking tin, all is fairly quiet. Our reliefs, who probably had difficulty finding us, arrive very late. So I get Stubbs to do his famous challenge, to get them fully alert. And that small trench behind the guns serves me better than any feather bed.

Well, I still have that holed topee, warped and grubby with gun-buffer oil, to remind me of a long and very tiring day.

PRIVATE TOUR TO GALLIPOLI 1976

Mr Tranmer, who organised the very successful tour in 1975 proposes to make a return visit to the Peninsula as a holiday venture next year (1976). He and his wife will be pleased to take members and others who would like to go, the holiday tour being without ceremonial and entirely at members' requirements. A mini-bus could be hired for those wanting to take daily trips. Wives and others would be welcome. The proposed starting date is 15 May 1976. Will those interested please write DIRECT to Mr Tranmer, preferably with a return stamped envelope, and by the end of this year. Mr Keith Tranmer, 8 Billet Lane, HORNCHURCH, Essex RM11 1XP.

A VISIT TO GULLY RAVINE

By Edward Harris 1 Border Regiment 29 Division (590)

It was a lovely day the time we went down the Gully. Big Georgelhad warned me that it was likely to be tough going and as he looked down at me from his height of six feet or more at my five feet four, I guessed he was thinking I was a bit short in the leg and long in the tooth for a 2½ hour trudge through scrub, rough ground, wet and soggy mud of Gully Ravine. He was right - it was tough ! However, as we descended from the Landrover and I saw it pull away in the direction of X Beach, I was half inclined to join the chap who was intent in visiting that particular point of interest both to him and myself, but who, I thought, would surely get lost. However, I caught up with George and his party and we began our descent into the Gully. Big George leading,following him Wainwright, Duckworth, myself and Jock Porter bringing up the rear, strung out like a safari trail - George his long legs striding out determined to do the job in the time he had arranged with the driver of the Landrover, who was to meet us in Krithia. At 86 (years of age) I found it rather tiring jumping from one dry spot to another trying to dodge the stream gaily running at the bottom of the Ravine the depth varying from place to place. The heat was terrific, beating straight down denying any shade that might have been available from one side or the other, and we got little consolation from Wainwright and Duckworth reminding us that mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun. The limited time at our disposal precluded any search for souvenirs left sixty years ago. About halfway we came to a wide part of the Gully where (George told us) was the only place on the Peninsula the lads could have a game of football. Whilst the rest of the party did a reccy for some particular point of interest , I sat in the shade of a tree and drank a coca cola kindly given me by Duckworth, and imagine the game in progress. It reminded me of a poem by Proust, the last verse of which reads

And while you live and I shall last
Its tale of seasons with us yet
Who cherish, in the undying past
The men we never can forget

I came across the remains of the old familiar rum jar, human bones no doubt washed down the sides of the Gully in the course of three score years. It contested our presence then, and now, there was a final expression of its resentment in the shape of a thigh-deep stretch of thick mud and water; no foothold in the cliff sides, sheer slippery walls of clay. We laughed to see George struggling to get a foothold, then finally slipping into the thick mud. We had the first laugh, George the second but the Gully had the last laugh at us all struggling through its quaggy bottom.

It was a relief to get out of the Gully and on to high and dried ground, but the walk to Krithia in sodden shoes and socks was anything but pleasant but was amply compensated for by the wife of the museum caretaker insisting in cleaning up our wet and muddy footwear which I thought was a marvellous gesture of goodwill to ex enemies.

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION TIES

These are obtainable direct from the Secretary : Price £1.00.

1 *George Horridge*

SUBSCRIPTIONS 1976

Subscriptions for 1976 will be due on the 1st January 1976 and members are asked to co-operate by kindly sending theirs as soon as possible. Much time is wasted by the Treasurer and the Secretary, as well as money on postage, when members have to be reminded. A few members have already paid in advance and this note does not of course apply to them. Unless stated to the contrary at the time of sending, amounts will be taken as for the current year (1976).

The present subscription is 50 pence (see Minutes of AGM sent out with No 18 Gallipolian). However, this is a minimum amount which is all that some members are able to pay. The cost of the Gallipolian is increasing, as is every other charge, and if all members paid only this amount we should not be able to publish the Gallipolian, or have to restrict the circulation to those who paid more than 50 pence, which we are of course most reluctant to do.

At present more than half our members pay £1, including several generous members who send more than that. Thanks to the extra revenue from all this, we are able to send the Gallipolian broadcast.

But please send your 1976 subscription NOW, if possible. Please send your cheque (etc.) direct to the HONORARY TREASURER, made payable to the GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION.

RETIREMENT

By Harry Moody Connaught Rangers (233)

Far from the hustle of the street,
Alone, with Nature, I retreat.
No sound of man a-bawling,
No noise of children squalling,
No factory whistle calling.
Just the rustle of the trees
Gently swaying in the breeze.

Away from storm and stress of life,
The wrongs of men and all their strife.
Away from all the modern whirl
Where gold's more precious than the pearl
Of waters which thro' dim woods curl;
There, by the cool and sparkling stream,
Through trees where dancing sunrays gleam
And fairies play - to me it seems -
A place serene, a place of dreams.

Away from troubles and the trials,
Of poisoned tongues and wicked wiles,
Of craftiness, hid by the smile,
I seek Nature's peace for a while.
Why are men to their kind unjust ?
Is it for fame or gold they lust ?
Or is it the fight for daily bread
The cause of wars with all its dead ?

Too fast ! Too fast, you world for me !
Contentment, joy, there never can be,
Or happiness, - whate'er our lot -
Where brotherly love and truth are not.
So from the hustle of the street
Alone with nature I retreat,
Among the green of tree and fern,
The joy and peace of life I learn.

Printed by
Promotion House, Edenbridge, Kent