THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 30p No 17 SPRING 1975

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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

Vice-Admiral Sir Peverill B R W William-Powlett KCB KCMG CBE DSO

Lt-Col Lord Rowallan KT KBE KStJ TD Hon LlD

CHAIRMAN & HON SECRETARY & EDITOR OF THE GALLIPOLIAN Major E H W Banner TD MSc Claydene Cowden Edenbridge Kent TN8 7HF

HON TREASURER

S T O P P R E S S

Owing to the illness of Mr Kirk, the office of honorary treasurer has been taken over, until the A G M only, by Lt-Colonel P J Gething M C, Cressage, 122 Streetly Lane, Four Oaks, SUTTON COLDFIELD Warwks B74 4TE.

Members should now send all communications to him until the date of the A G M, 25 April 1975.

COMMITTEE Commander V A de Mauny DSC RN (Ret)
H J Sayers
F T K Woodworth
Major A G Coulson (Associate Member)

GALLIPOLI DAY 1975 - 60 YEARS ON

LUNCHEON on 25th April 1975: At the Duke of York's Headquarters, Kings Road, Chelsea, near Sloane Square. Bus routes 11, 19 and 222 pass the gates, or Sloane Square Underground. Ample room for cars. Members are asked to wear their Association ties if in possession. A label with name and former Unit is helpful for ready identification, worn above medals or miniatures, as usual practice.

The cost will be 75p payable at the table, as will be drinks at lunch. The bar will be open from 12 noon for cash. Members subscriptions MUST be up to date. Male guests are welcome, at the same price.

APPLICATION: Please write to the Honorary Secretary of your intention to attend, but SEND NO MONEY. Please note that the catering is for the number who have given their names in and members who have not booked in this way should not take up places which have been reserved by notification. Please write in by Monday, 21st April, with a legible name and number.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This will follow the luncheon. The Minutes of the previous A G M were circulated with the Gallipolian 15 last autumn and so will be taken as read. Reports will be made and members may raise any matter pertaining to the Association. IMPORTANT - A point which will be considered in detail is the future of the Association. Our Honorary Treasurer has to resign on account of ill-health and a successor is now a necessity. New committee members will be called for and nominations are requested.

Members attending for the first time are particularly asked to make contact with any committee members so that they can be helped to find possible friends. There will be opportunities for this both at the bar on arriving and after the meeting is over.

Following the meeting Mr Liddle will show a film or slides of some of his tours in connexion with Gallipoli activities.

ANZAC DAY PARADE AT THE CENOTAPH

We are again invited to attend the parade and members should be at the Cenotaph by 10.45, forming up on the marker, across the Trafalgar Square end of the Cenotaph clearspace. Medals and ties should be worn.

Please note that this is NOT AN ASSOCIATION PARADE: We are invited to attend by courtesy of the Anzacs. It is not necessary to notify the Hon Secretary of intention to parade.

Following the parade members can travel by bus or underground or car to the Duke of York's for luncheon.

29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL SERVICE 1975

All our members are invited to attend this annual service. SUNDAY 27th April at the Holy Trinity Church, Southend Crescent, Eltham, London S E 9. Service at 6.30.

ANNUAL DINNER, THURSDAY 2 OCTOBER

Full particulars will be given in Number 18 issue.

SUBSCRIPTIONS - W A R N I N G

At the first of February only about half our members had sent in their subscriptions.

Most regrettably, it may be necessary for our expenses to be reduced by cutting down the number of issues of the Gallipolian for the year, unless funds are made up.

POSTAGE INCREASE

On account of the impending increase in postage rates, this issue is being sent out earlier than usual, hoping that members will not have forgotten about the Luncheon in the meantime.

This rise means another increase in our expenditure and again it should be borne in mind that we can only exist and publish the Gallipolian while our funds permit.

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 1 February 1975)

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 1 February 1975)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

W Fletcher	(188)	Major A A Wicks DCM MM	(534)
J W Law	(441)	H E Cordon	(526)
Major T E Hastings	(228)	Capt J S Metcalf DSO RD	(26)
Capt B W Cockell	(223)	W J Jessup MM	(310)
Major W G Hole	(521)		

ERRATUM: For Major A J Skinner (532) in Number 16
Read H Skinner (543)

CHAIRMAN'S STATEMENT

Our members (and this excludes Associate Members) vary in states of mobility, location and interest so that while many are able to come along to our reunions others are not. Of those who do come, some turn up regularly while some try it once and are not seen again. Probably few of us meet other members we knew in the war, although there are some notable exceptions such as the naval officers who knew each other from pre-war days. Others meet old pals of sixty years ago whom they have not heard of in the meantime.

Most of us met for the first time and made friends on the spot; from then each meeting found new friends resulting from a previous reunion, and so it goes on. We turn up regularly, knowing that we shall meet others with whom we have become familiar over the short life of the Association to date. Unfortunately, it transpires that a few members come to a reunion and not finding anyone they knew in the war do not get to know anyone present and decide not to turn up again. This is a great pity; if all of us did not turn up on finding no-one we knew before we should never have a worthwhile reunion. I do ask all members on their first arrival to get in touch with a member of the committee and make themselves known. Remember that we all met like this not so long ago. After all, we have only been alive for six years !

TO ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Within the foreseeable future most members will have faded away, as old soldiers do, and at that stage it will be necessary for others to take over and either to wind-up directly, or to carry on in some limited form for a time; the name of Gallipoli being so engrossed on the minds of many who weren't born until long after 1915. This is where our keen Associate Members can play a part. Sons of Gallipoli veterans are particularly apposite. Will those interested kindly write in now, and if convenient attend the A G M to present themselves ? Our next honorary treasurer may be an Associate Member. A volunteer is solicited. (See page 3).

GALLIPOLI TOUR 1975 - 60 YEARS ON

This year, sixty years after the Gallipoli campaign, is an obvious one for a tour, probably the last one for veterans. For my part I had hoped that such a tour could be arranged but at the time of the A G M in 1974 I knew that for my part I should be unable to organize it largely on account of what I thought was an imminent change of house, although so far this has not yet materialized. However, I put it to the meeting and to my great relief Keith Tranmer, a younger-generation Associate Member, kindly volunteered to undertake the onerous job. At the time I still expected to be with the party.

But in the past six months I have become somewhat immobile with knee trouble and with great reluctance have had to drop out as I could hardly lead the party 'at the halt'. Searching for another member to undertake the leadership I was fortunate in finding a member well able to lead the 'expedition'. He is Major George Horridge. As a young infantry officer in the campaign he is well qualified to represent the Association. He gives his message below:

E H W B

'Dear Veterans and Friends,

When Major Banner asked me in a letter dated 17th October 1974 if I would be prepared to lead the party as he would be unable to go, two thoughts came immediately to mind. What bad luck for Edgar that his osteo-arthritis has increased and caused him to be unable to go on the last visit to the Peninsula which we all believe would have been his dearest wish.

It was bad luck on Moses not to be allowed to lead his party to the Promised Land but it is even harder luck on Edgar because he hasn't done anything wrong. In fact he has done everything right. He conceived the idea of a Gallipoli Association, founded it and since acted as Secretary and along with a few worthy helpers has carried the Association to a great success.

My first thought was sorrow for Edgar and I think every member will feel the same. My second thought took me

back almost sixty years to May 5th 1915 when I first landed on the shores of Gallipoli, on 'W' Beach at Cape Helles. I was a Second Lieutenant in command of a platoon of 61 NCO's and O R. The 29th Division and the Royal Naval Division were already there. Some 1200 officers and 35000 O R had landed at Helles in the British Army. Even a Mohammed Ali could not have predicted that I should be asked after 60 years to lead the last official party to that exciting shore. If Edgar Banner thought I could do it, the honour was too great to be refused even though it meant the impossible task of doing it as well as Edgar would.

I thought, as we all thought when we landed on Gallipoli, 'I don't know what is coming but I will do the best I can'.

Many of the party will be veterans who know Gallipoli and there will be others visiting the Peninsula for the first time. My message to the party and especially to those who have not been before is that we are going to a beautiful land of hills, valleys, wild flowers and pleasant beaches; a country that has hardly changed for hundreds of years. We are also going to a battlefield of sixty years ago. The remains of that battlefield are almost obliterated but not quite. Remains of trenches and gun emplacements can still be seen around the coast at Fusilier Bluff, Ghurka Bluff and on Achi Baba, also at 'W' Beach if we are allowed to go there. Some of us may have been watching 'The Great War' on television on a Sunday afternoon. The object of the producer of that film seems to me to have been to show the horrors of war much more than the uplifting heroism of man. Let us not go to Gallipoli in that spirit. Let us see the graves of our friends with sorrow that they have suffered and have left us, but let us think with pride of what they gave for their country and for us who remained. Let us remember that every soldier who landed on Gallipoli was a volunteer. A vast percentage had been civilians only a year before and the one Regular Division consisted of men who joined the Army of their own free will.

Those of us who have survived until now might well contemplate the words of Lord Macaulay in 'Lays of Ancient Rome':

For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold
Nor son nor wife nor limb nor life
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party
Then all were for the State
Then the great man helped the poor
And the poor man loved the great.

Let us remember that those who lie in the beautiful cemeteries, wonderfully kept by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and Turkish gardeners were men who knew discipline and accepted it and did what they were ordered to do in the interests of their country. Let us also remember our opponents who also lie on Gallipoli and who were men like ours carrying out the duties they were ordered to perform. They were a worthy opponent who gained the respect of our troops because they fought bravely and fairly.

On the occasion of previous pilgrimages the Turks have been found to be friendly people who have gone out of their way to make our visits as comfortable as possible. They have helped us in many ways and have shown no ill will that we have been military opponents in the past. I think we shall look forward to meeting them.

Yours sincerely,

George B Horridge

FROM THE TOUR ORGANIZER

Thanks to a good response to my circular in the last issue of the Gallipolian we have a party of 40 on the Gallipoli 60th Anniversary Tour. More than 50% are veterans of whom many are returning to the battlefields for the first time since 1915. In addition we have a small reserve party standing by to fill any last-minute cancellations and more reserve members are welcome. It may be possible to take the majority of reserve veterans with us by increasing our party to 50 but it is too early to say yet. However, this is likely to be the last official visit from this country and no veteran will be turned away if a place can be found in the party.

Represented are the Royal Navy, Royal Naval Division, Yeomanry, Artillery, Engineers, 12th Australian Bn, and Infantry Regiments drawn from England, Ireland and Scotland. In addition to our visits to the fronts at Helles, Anzac and Suvla, we shall also visit the Asian shore with Fort Dardanos and Kum Kale where the French forces landed. During our stay in Chanakale we have a coach at our disposal and before returning to Istanbul it is probable that a visit to Troy and Pergamum will be made. We are hoping that the television news people will be at Heathrow to see us off on the 16th May and we are also hoping to bring back a colour film of our visit which can be shown after the Annual Dinner later this year. Participants are informed of the full programme by circulars posted at intervals to them direct, and there are always sufficient spare copies of these for non participants who care to send me a stamped and addressed foolscap envelope. Every member can do his bit by spreading the news of our visit in his locality. After all, in these somewhat gloomy and anxious days it is a remarkable thing that 25 veterans, average age 80, set out to show the flag just once more on those silent beaches and hillsides of Gallipoli.

I repeat my thanks to all the people who have sent their good wishes for the success of this tour and to me personally snips of information, snapshots, cuttings, postcards and letters relating to the campaign.

Keith Tranmer

MEMBERSHIP

It is a matter for gratification and surprise that our numbers are still growing. In this issue, as in previous issues, the number of new members exceeds the number in the obituary, although by a reducing amount. In practice the number of members is less than the known number as in some cases deaths are not reported, or not for a year or more afterwards, leading to false figures.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

All members will join in congratulating one of our nonogenarians on his birthday this year, 23 March. He is Major G R MOTT who served with 6/3 South Lancashire Regiment,13 Div. At 97 he is our oldest member, and we send him our hearty greetings and hope to emulate him.

THE LANDINGS AT CAPE HELLES: 25 APRIL 1915

On the 25th April this year it will be sixty years since the first landings at Gallipoli. On this day the main landings were made at Cape Helles, and other landings made by the ANZACS and by the French forces.

The key landings were made by the 29th Division, with RN and RND support, and had these not been successful the other landings would not have been pressed. As given in the book quoted below, 'Everything hung on what the 29th could do, and total failure on their part would have led to an indefinite abandonment of the entire enterprise.'

The following is an account of the 29th Division landings at the five beaches, taken from 'The Story of the 29th Division' by Captain Stair Gillon, late KOSB, published by Thomas Nelson, London, 1925.

'At dawn on April 25 1915, a Sunday, the air was still. A hazy mist hung about, but it was soon dispelled, and a perfect Aegean spring day broke. So far as the eye could see, the whole of the Helles region was lifeless. Not a sound was heard. The naval bombardment opened with a roar at five am. The combatants were soon to get to grips. The first party ashore was the Aegean flanking force at Y under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Matthews, officer commanding Plymouth battalion, who was the senior officer at this point. The troops were transferred from the warships and transports to lighters, and from these again to boats rowed by bluejackets. At first in the dim light nothing could be seen but the great wall of the bluffs close on 200 feet high. But as the boats drew nearer, a narrow strip of beach some few yards wide came into view, and the apparently vertical cliffs modified into steep slopes or red clay, thickly covered with scrub. It was at this moment that the sudden burst of fire announced the battle hour. It was a tense moment for the men in the boats. Were the bluffs guarded ? Were there entrenchments ? The K.O.S.B. were the first on shore. Some jumped into the sea, and waded up to the breast in water to the shore. Others leapt on to rocks, and escaped with a slight splashing of the lower limbs. The company of S.W.B. followed closely,

and after them the Plymouth battalion of the Royal Naval Division. Not a sound of opposition ! It was a surprise. Up the slope through the scrub streamed the invaders right on to the ridge at the top. The work of dragging water, ammunition, and food was arduous in the extreme. Patrols soon came in contact with perturbed Turks, who vanished hurriedly. The Turks were well warned. They had plenty of good troops in Krithia, and between Krithia and Achi Baba, and they had sent a party to Gully beach. But they could not be ubiquitous nor reckon on the luck of the calm, which alone enabled two battalions and more to land on an inhospitable shore. The British force proceeded to throw out one flank to the left, another to the right, and dig a position of defence. We shall leave them there meantime; the regulars on the right, with the S.W.B. on the extreme right, and the R.N.D. battalion on the left or north. The first landing had come off up to time, and, but for two casualties by a shot from the *Goliath*, bloodlessly. The sequel will follow in the next chapter.

S BEACH: The other flanking party were held up by that strange phenomenon, the out-running Dardanelles current. Signals were actually sent to divert it to V Beach. They failed to get through, and the three companies of the S.W.B. under Lieutenant-Colonel Casson, thanks to the skilful covering fire of Captain Davidson, RN, of HMS *Cornwallis*, reached S Beach about 7.30 am, according to plan and without casualties. In their first rush for the hostile trenches they were assisted by the gallant captain and his bluejackets and marines. Them, too, we can leave making their position sure in de Tott's Battery, to hang on doggedly until they got contact with French troops on their left through the combined operations of the 27th April. It was a precarious isolation. Neither as regards land nor water was it a healthy spot. Mines, submarines, and guns from behind Achi Baba, from the Narrows, and from Asia ! Their fate depended largely on what happened at X, at W, and V. To them we now turn. We know that the assault at V failed as a daylight operation, but the wonderful work done under fire by both arms of the service enabled full advantage to be taken of the stupendous feat of arms performed at X and W, regarded, as they must be, if the situation is to

properly understood, as one operation.

X BEACH: As already pointed out, X lies one mile north of the right angle at Cape Tekke. If troops could land on the narrow sandy beach position to assist their comrades on the right in the still more formidable task of landing at W, which is just east, and no more, of the cape itself.

At 6 am the 2nd Royal Fusiliers landed half their strength under cover of a withering bombardment by the guns of the *Implacable* (Captain H C Lockyear, RN). The remainder followed with all speed, the whole battalion being landed in two successive tows of six boats each. Small wonder that the scene of this successful and brilliantly executed landing was ever afterwards known as Implacable Landing. The Royal Fusiliers speedily became involved with the enemy, and the full details of its long ordeal on the 25th can be read in *The Royal Fusiliers in the Great War*. Their immediate objective was Hill 114, the capture of which was essential to the support of the Lancashire Fusiliers at W. This important tactical movement was executed with great determination, and by 11 am Hill 114 was ours. But a company was detached with the view, if possible, of joining hands with the Y party. This company, under Captain Leslie, became involved in a sanguinary combat, and its leader was killed. Meanwhile the 87th Brigade were landing between 8 and 9 am under cover of the Royal Fusiliers at X. With these troops were Brigadier- General Marshall and his staff. Of this landing Colonel Lucas (then brigade-major) has written: 'The landing of the 87th Brigade Headquarters differs from some others. I recollect a bright sunny morning, dead calm sea, not a shot fired. I had a bag in one hand, a coat over my arm, and was assisted down a plank from the boat by an obliging sailor, so that I should not wet my boots. The only thing missing was the hotel.' Of the 87th the R.I.F. were on the right and the 1st Border Regiment (Borders) on the left. Hard times were in store for all of these, but especially for the Royal Fusiliers, but the land fighting has to be postponed to the tale of the landings.

In the whole story of the 29th's fighting, there is nothing

quite so stirring as the landing of the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers at W. It is one of the most astounding exploits in history.

W BEACH - LANCASHIRE LANDING: On board HMS *Euryalus* were three companies of the Lancashire Fusiliers. On a mine-sweeper was the fourth company and the headquarters staff of the 86th Brigade. At 6.30 am, somewhat after scheduled time, the tows left the *Euryalus*, and a few minutes later the smaller party pulled away from the sweeper. All headed for W beach. It was, of course, broad daylight. There on the sand stretched a formidable entanglement of undamaged heavily barbed wire. A sinister play of little ripples indicated more wire in the water. Land mines were to be discovered on the beach. The packed boats presented an ideal target. The only question was: When would the shooting begin ? Not a man of these veterans did not know the murderous efficiency of machine guns, magazine rifles, and pom-poms. It is a matter of controversy whether the Turks were right in so long withholding their fire. That must be left to the pundits. It is equally disputed, whether they didn't keep their heads down by reason of the naval fire, the moral effect of which must have been tremendous, until the sense of a more imminent danger brought them up. Suffice it to say that the ominous silence ended with a sudden blaze of fire directed on the boats from three different points just as the leading boats touched the beach. As Colonel Wolley-Dod tells us: 'It appeared as if the whole battalion must be wiped out. The wire on the beach was intact, and to those watching anxiously from the *Euryalus* the situation appeared hopeless. It looked as if each man was shot down as he left his boat.' It was not so bad as this, though bad enough, as here and there men were seen to press on to the wire and cut as if possessed. Some of these would crumple up in the wire, but others would be there to take their places. Here, as always in times of strain, work was the panacea. It was work on which the fate of the whole expedition hung, and but for a diversion on the left even this superhuman valour might have been in vain. By good luck the boats on the left of what was an échelon rather than a line of boats struck the beach with relatively fewer casualties. Indeed some landed on the rocks beyond. Here there was no wire,

and under Major G S Adams a band of warriors dashed like lightning to the shore and up the cliffs. The British soldier is a terror *in rixa*, and not a Turk in the machine gun teams on the hillside escaped the butt or the bayonet. Many of the rifles were too foul with water, sand, and soil to be fit for firing. The effect of this daring dash was to bring immediate relief to the heroes on the beach. Better still, General Hare and his staff at the head of the fourth company in the second party from the sweeper landed on the cliffs still farther west and dashed up to the top, dislodging the enemy. It was a bitter counter-stroke of fate that the brigadier was badly wounded in the leg at the moment of triumph, so that he became a casualty and had to be removed to the *Euryalus*. It was indeed a triumph. Deep lanes were now cut through the wire on the beach. The enemy had been cleared out of the whole amphitheatre, and W was British until after 4.30 am on January 9, 1916.

6 VICTORIA CROSSES: 'There is no fighting man in the world like the British Tommy', was a favourite saying of a Mutiny veteran. So reliable are British troops that estimates have been made as to the average amount of punishment they can be expected to stand, calculated as percentages of casualties. The losses incurred by the Lancashire Fusiliers far exceed the highest estimate of what the best-disciplined British infantry are expected to face. The G O C wrote home: 'In the face of severe opposition, from defences that were apparently impregnable, we have managed it - we have achieved the impossible. We are established at the end of the GALLIPOLI PENINSULA. Wonderful gallantry on the part of regimental officers and men has done it. On the 25th the Lancashire Fusiliers did under my eyes the most marvellous feat in landing in open boats on an open beach, which was covered with a broad belt of barbed wire and fired on by machine guns from both flanks and by riflemen from deep trenches dominating it all round.' Six Victoria Crosses were won for the 29th on this great day by officers and other ranks of the 1st L F. The Commander-in-Chief - as good a judge of gallantry as any man living - has testified in no cold words to what he saw. His dispatches and his Gallipoli Diary leave nothing more to be said in this story.

As the news reached home a gasp of wonder went up. The national morale was strengthened. Hopes revived.

The result of the Lancashire landing was the acquisition of a terrain for what turned out to be a war of attrition. What it might have been has nothing to do with the 29th. The 29th's Christmas card of 1915 with the British bulldog hanging on like grim death to the toe of a Turkish boot representing the peninsula contains the kernel of the matter. It was the storming and retention of W that made possible the subsequent campaign. Without W, V would have been a complete disaster. Without W the forces at S and X would have evaporated under the pressure of Turkish reinforcements like those at Y. Everything, in short, hinged on W, and, terrible and heartrending as the casualties were, W was a triumphant success, and for once the luck of the weather had been a substantial contributor to this success. On the brine 'Sleek Panope with all her sisters played', and in consequence of the dead calm whole boat-loads had leapt direct on to the rocks. Away out on the wings, at S and Y, surprise had had its easily won reward. Far otherwise was it at V.

V BEACH AND THE *RIVER CLYDE*: The visit to Tenedos was fully explained by the sight that met the eye shortly before 7 am. Three companies of the 1st Dublin Fusiliers were distributed into boat tows, and tugged slowly against the five-mile current by picket boats. Hovering about in the offing under her own steam was the *River Clyde* under Commander Unwin (afterwards V C), literally swarming with troops ready to burst from the wide ports in her side. Besides the fourth company of the Dublins, there were cooped up inside her the whole of the 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers under Lieutenant-Colonel H E Tizard, and two companies of the Hampshire Regiment, with their commanding officer, Colonel Carrington-Smith, a field company of the West Riding Royal Engineers - the divisional engineers, like the heavy artillery and the mountain batteries, were territorials - with signallers, stretcher-bearers; and a platoon of handy men from the Anson battalion of the R N D made up the complement. At seven o'clock a signal was sent to Commander Unwin, R N, to run the *River Clyde* ashore. Headed in a north-easterly direction for the right end of

the belt of wire where it impinges on the old castle of Sedd-el-Bahr, the collier took the ground with her bows about a hundred yards from dry land. There she stuck, and there she stayed throughout the entire Dardanelles campaign. To connect her with the shore there were a hopper under her own steam and lighters to be towed into position and moored. At the critical moment the engines of the hopper elected to stop, and for a time she was useless and at the mercy of the westward-flowing current. Sunk rocks complicated matters further. The sailors from the water strove to pull the lighters into position with their hands. Once again the Turks reserved their fire for the khaki-clad. At the first sight of a gallant sally of the Munsters there opened, in the words of Colonel Wolley-Dod, 'a terrific fire of pom-poms, machine guns, and rifles,' concentrated on the Munsters from the half circumference of a circle. Scarcely a man escaped. Meanwhile the Dublins in the boats, pulled by the most intrepid boatmen in history, had followed in the wake of the *River Clyde*.

SEDD EL BAHR AND THE CAMBER: As they cleared the cover of the collier's hulk a similar murderous fire from front and flanks produced a shambles. Whole boat-loads swung silent with the stream, not a living soul on board. Strange to tell, some two to three hundred did escape death, and took cover under a steep ridge of sand formed by the combined action of the current and the winter storms in a tideless sea. Colonel Rooth, the commanding officer, was among the killed. With the exception of the remnant on the shore and two platoons heading for a tiny cove or landing-place, known as the 'Camber', on the eastern or Morto Bay side of the promontory, on which the old castle and fort of Sedd-el-Bahr stood, and the one remaining company on board the *River Clyde*, this gallant regiment was *hors de combat*. Their very chaplain, Father W Finn, was killed while in the discharge of his priestly duty. Some were shot dead, some cruelly wounded, some drowned. The waters of the bay were tinged red. The bursts of fire made silver lines on the surface of the sea. But misfortune still pursued every attempt, although these were courageously persisted in. Towards 11 am, two companies of the Hants, and with them Brigadier-General

Napier, commanding the 88th Brigade, were being towed in accordance with the original plan to V Beach. An attempt by the G O C to divert them to W failed, and when the picket boats cast off by the side of the *River Clyde* and it was time for the oars, the enemy fire was turned on to them. Two boatloads under Captains Spencer-Smith and Wymer landed with surprisingly and comparatively small loss, and joined the Dublins under the shelter of the sandbank, which afforded nearly six feet of cover. Some of the other boats got out of control, and that which contained brigade headquarters drifted against a lighter. The general leaped into the lighter on to the hopper earlier mentioned. But, alas ! there was a gulf of deep water between him and the shore. There was nothing for it but to lie down on the hopper's deck and wait. There he was killed, along with his brigade-major, Captain John H D Costeker, both sorely missed. Captain Sinclair Thomson, the staff-captain, alone escaped on to the *River Clyde*.

THE CAMBER AND THE *RIVER CLYDE:* Presently the survivors of the two platoons of the Dublins who had landed at the Camber were rowed back to the *River Clyde*. They had failed to hold their own. Nothing more was attempted at V, and before we turn our eyes elsewhere we can see that the situation was grave in the extreme. The small force on the shore, now numbering about 400, could scarcely move a limb. Only the machine guns in the bow of the *River Clyde*, ably controlled by Lieutenant G A Rosser of the 2nd Hants and Commander Josiah Wedgwood, MP, of the R N D, the moral effect of the naval guns, and possibly the barrier of wire, prevented the Turks from counter-attacking and annihilating the party at the water's edge. The *River Clyde* was in a position of dire peril. She was a target for every high-angle gun within range. Asia constituted a special danger. Four times was the old steamer struck direct, and four times the fuzes failed to explode the shells. That the troops inside, in spite of casualties, in spite of the din of the naval salvoes, of the rattle of the machine-guns and the irregular sputter of musketry, kept their heads, speaks words for their morale. Another commanding officer had fallen in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel Carrington-Smith, killed while reconnoitring on the bridge of the *River Clyde*. Hour after hour, penned on their precarious shelters, they

waited for the dark. And when darkness came, thanks to its cloak and to events farther west, nearly the whole force landed without further casualties, and prepared for the strenuous work that daylight would inevitably bring. The wounded on the gangways and on the beach were evacuated. So much for the landing. Now for the fighting on the shore.'

* * * *

TOMMY COME BACK - ALL IS FORGIVEN

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

Blow the bugle, bang the drum,
The boys are off again,
With kurus, haversacks and maps
They're stumping down the lanes
Gallipoli beaches here we come,
Wearing our civvy hats;
No fracas this time - just old friends,
Trot out your WELCOME mats.

Clamber in that aeroplane,
Soon be living high.
Pinch the hostess:'What's for lunch ?'
Wave the wife goodbye.
When we reach old Istanbul,
We'll sample that Bazaar.
Then prance into a lavabo,
Singing 'Tra-la-la'.

Then off to tramp o'er Dere and Bahr,
Aheaving thro' the scrub.
Climbing, delving, getting hot,
(Hope they've built a pub !)
Remembering dear Old Kilid Bahr ?
Yes I think we oughter,
The good man's wakey-wake at dawn,
Those shaves in nice cold water.

'Now why return to that wild spot ?'
You say, 'Now speak the truth.'
I scratch my head and say: 'I think -
We're searching for our Youth.'

REVIEW OF 'GALLIPOLI' (see page 36)
By Captain Eric Wheler Bush DSO DSC RN

Midshipman Bush was a fifteen-year old veteran when, on 12th April 1915, his ship HMS *Bacchante* sailed into Mudros harbour and joined the flag of Vice-Admiral de Robeck, Commander-in-Chief, Eastern Mediterranean Fleet.

On 25th April, he was midshipman in charge of the *Bacchante's* picket-boat during the Anzac landing; and on 6th August, in the same capacity, at the Suvla landing. His ship stayed in Gallipoli waters until the middle of January 1916. (He himself was awarded the D S C - at 15).

He writes therefore from personal experience. Yet he does not indulge in mere reminiscence, though when he does so he paints a picture of illuminating intensity. His book ranges far and wide; from the great international and strategic issues to the personal accounts of the men whose duty it was to obey. It is these latter which add colour to the scene and which the author has been at such pains to trace, not only from British sources but from Turkish and German as well.

His descriptions of the naval operations are perhaps the most interesting and are written with the clarity and authenticity of his naval upbringing. They have hitherto been rather overshadowed by the fighting on land and have deserved closer attention. The early attempts to rush the Narrows in February and March are given in some detail and are brought to life by the impressions of those involved on both sides, including an added morsel from the American Ambassador, Henry Morgenthau. Then the situation changed. The army arrived; and the whole affair became a combined operation, supported by a fleet of warships and transports anchored off the coast, forming a dream target for a submarine commander. The U-21, straight from Wilhelmshaven, en route to Constantinople, took full advantage of it, sank the *Triumph* and others and sent the rest skedaddling for safety (a scene which the writer of this review will never forget).

But British submarines had been busy too. Boyle, Holbrook and Nasmith roamed the Sea of Marmara apparently at will, until one day in October the Commander of the French sub-

marine '*Turquoise*, surrendered his ship to the Turks without even destroying his most secret documents. Among these were the details of his tour of duty, including the date, time and exact location of the British submarine, the E-20, which was to relieve him. Thus it was that, on the 6th November, when the E-20 arrived, she was met, not by the *Turquoise*, but by the German UB-14, torpedoed and sent to the bottom. Her disappearance has been a mystery until recently; and it is Eric Bush who deserves the credit for bringing it, so to speak, to the surface.

I have run on and given the Senior Service her due. Now, back to the beaches: Helles, Anzac and Suvla. The first has been described often enough and makes a sorry story. So much went wrong at the right place. So much went right at the wrong places, particularly at S and Y Beaches, where the troops got ashore without great trouble and no attempt was made to exploit their success. Communications were deplorable. Sir Ian Hamilton in the *Queen Elizabeth* waited for news from the beaches. Those ashore waited for help, which did not come or came too late: or for orders as to what they should do. Neither came; so they fought on, ran out of ammunition and then, thinking themselves neglected, re-embarked at their own volition, or were captured or killed. No news; no fresh orders; no control; and no tactical reserve. Oh ! for a Monty with his band of liaison-officers ! Wellington had his A D C's, so had Napoleon, and Frederick the Great; officers who knew their commander's mind and were even empowered, when necessary, to give orders in their names. Doughty-Wylie of the General Staff at GHQ went ashore at V Beach, but there is no evidence that he kept Ian Hamilton in the picture. Instead, he got involved in the fighting and died gallantly winning the Victoria Cross. But, had he instead gone by sea from beach to beach, sized-up the situation on each and then reported back to Ian Hamilton, he would probably have been more useful. Helles was lost largely through failure to exploit success.

But Suvla was lost through the pusillanimity of General Stopford, who was infirm of purpose and decrepit, too timid to advance when unopposed, too limited to seize his chance. Oh! for a Patton, to push ahead and damn the consequences.

Here again, Ian Hamilton must take his share of the blame; too remote; too kind to supersede Stopford on the spot; too 'gentlemanly' to order his court martial. If ever a general should have been court martialled for dereliction of duty, it is Stopford. Byng was shot for less. Eric Bush gives a clear picture of the sufferings of troops under a useless commander: and of the result of the race for Tekke Tepe when at long last one brave man led his troops to take it; was forestalled and driven back by the Turks who, after great exertions, had got there only half-an-hour before them.

Finally, there's Anzac, the scene of gallanry such as the world has seldom, if ever, witnessed; and of determined leadership. Few generals can have won the confidence and even affection of his men to a greater degree than Birdwood who seemed to be everywhere, though mainly at the front. Whose human touch never failed, even to the extent of inviting the diminutive midshipman of the *Bacchante's* picket-boat to lunch with him in his dug-out one day and treating him as a son. Then, in August, came the break-out, that imaginative and well-planned operation designed to outflank the enemy by night and reach the heights of Sari Bair by dawn, in conjunction with the equally boldly planned landing at Suvla. But the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley; and so it happened here. The two outflanking columns had too far to go, in too short a time, (always a risk in night operations), and the guide of the left assaulting column made the deadly mistake of taking a short cut, and losing his way, so that, by dawn, the Turks were on the top and we were down below. But no plan in war ever goes 'according to plan'. It is the enemy's job to see to that. And the time always comes when the issue lies with the determination of the junior leaders and the guts of the troops. They pushed on and up, till the agony of attempt seemed about to be crowned by the joy of achievement ... and those shells came down. It is profitless trying to allot blame...

Those of us who took a humble part in these proceedings and who saw, on the morning of 8th August, the fleet of transports in Suvla Bay and the soldiers on the beaches, were taken by surprise and filled with buoyancy. Here

was the master-stroke. Here was what we had all been hoping for. Here, at long last, was victory. We had only to wait ... The war would soon be over ... But it was not to be. There followed stalemate and evacuation.

And now to return to the author of this fascinating book, who at the age of fifteen played his small but valuable part in this great Greek tragedy. One senses that, whatever else he may have written, this is the one book he has been longing to write; that it has been cooking within him for all these years and has at last boiled over.

As a field for the study of human nature the Gallipoli Campaign is unsurpassed. All the ingredients are there; courage and cowardice; stamina and collapse; moral courage and irresolution; the whole field of human endeavour.

All this is far away and sixty years ago, but the lessons or examples are still there and Eric Bush is to be thanked for putting them so lucidly before our eyes.

R A S

The GALLIPOLIAN

Thanks to members' response there is now sufficient in hand for the near future. However, new matter is always welcome so that a balance can be obtained between different styles and different lengths to fit in a particular issue. Where topical, articles will be fitted in as necessary.

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION SHIELDS

All the shields made to order for the Association are now disposed of. Most have been bought by members for themselves; others have been presented.

Shields are now made to order, direct from
Messrs G H MUNDAY LTD, of
7 IRVING STREET
LEICESTER SQUARE
LONDON WC2H 7AT

The current price and postage will then be quoted. Delivery may be about two months.

THE GALLIPOLI GAMBLE

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

(Continued from Number 16)

ACROSS SALT LAKE TO CHOCOLATE HILL

Let's look at part of Thirty-First brigade,
Which landed south of Suvla on 'C' beach.
Their orders were to cross Salt Lake, and then
To drive the Turks from strongly entrenched points
Set in the rising slopes of Choc'late Hill.
This sheet of salt lay glistening in the sun,
A sparkling hot and dusty tooth of sand,
Some fifteen hundred feet at crossing point.
All was quiet - much too quiet. Intelligence
Who planned this great surprise for Johnny Turk
Now saw it through their field binoculars.
They viewed Salt Lake exactly as it was,
A flat and coverless expanse of salt.
What military brain-child thought this up ?
'Twas nothing but sheer madness now to cross
That sand-spit, but on they went relentless.
This was the job they volunteered to do.
They started 'cross the lake and all seemed well --
And then it came. The shrapnel fell like rain,
Machine gun bullets whistled through the air,
And Britain's freshest blood flowed o'er the sand.
The flies zoomed down upon the dampened ground,
And settled on each patch of British life
That ran that day and mingled with the salt.
To stay was certain death, so men plunged on
To reach the gorse which grew beyond the lake
From here they had their first view of the Turk
Entrenched upon the slopes of Choc'late Hill.
But on they pressed for Anafarta Ridge.
Objective Choc'late Hill had been attained
By 5 pm, and the Royal Navy guns
Began concerted fire on Turkish lines.
'Twas now an opportunity occurred
To call the roll. A handful answered, 'Here'.
'Where's Duffy, McAvity and O'Toole ?'
A voice was heard to call from out the scrub.
'Where's Cockey Goodwin and Ba Gum from Yorks ?'

Then came a silence far more deafening than
Our guns which kept on shelling from the ships.
A silence deep, profound, but not of fear
Gripped each as 'stripes' paused for the
answer, 'Here'.
'Twas later that the count was made and names
Were mentioned in a kind of hallowed hush.
We numbered but a handful, too small to call the roll,
We knew just who was missing, we'd paid a heavy toll.
That fight I still remember, I often live it yet,
And though I try to blot it out - I ne'er shall forget.
Of those who landed up at Suvla Bay,
Less than one half were left to carry on
To make a final effort up the Ridge.
Another failure ? - Yes, but be assured
'Twas not through lack of guts - for that they had.
This task too great for even seasoned troops,
Should never have been asked of them that day.
Officers and men were too exhausted.
Unkempt, forspent, their bodies plagued with lice,
Their water almost gone, with little hope
Of fresh supply. Colic, malaria,
Also 'the runs' soon showed their wretched signs
Throughout our ranks already thinned by death.
Though verging on collapse they staggered on.
The 'heavies' blasting from behind the ridge,
And decimating gun fire from the slopes
Just mowed them down as sickle 'gainst the wheat.
Men crawled and ran and even dragged themselves
Toward the Turkish lines - for even there
It seemed a haven from the Turkish fire.
But this was not enough, the scrub caught fire
And raced among the wounded on the field.
Thank God a few were snatched from out the bush.
But some we could not reach.

TO BE CONTINUED

APRIL TO JULY 1915 - GALLIPOLI

By Major P G H Cripps MC (attd 1 R Dublin Fus) (464)

Our transport left Plymouth some two days after having been held up by the presence outside of German submarines ... eventually passed GIBRALTAR, when we passed a warship with 'blisters' on her sides against torpedoes; she looked ever so queer wallowing in a boisterous sea. On arrival at Alexandria for coaling, we saw the noted Russian cruiser *Askold* with 5 funnels, nicknamed at once *Packet of Woodbines*, and we were greatly amused and severely strafed for dropping coins on to the barges coaling our ship causing abandoning of else but scrambling to get the coins. I recall the amazing sight of so much shipping crammed in this fine harbour, only to be more than amazed when entering Mudros harbour past two dummy battleships to find this fine natural harbour literally crammed with shipping of all sorts, including a great many warships with the *Queen Elizabeth* and other battleships. On the voyage Gibraltar-Alexandria, I was fortunate in winning the ship's run lottery twice and being a runner-up another time, and raked in some £70 in real gold sovereigns which I and numerous friends, including some nice nurses, blew away on a very merry night.

Another memory of the voyage was a boxing contest, and I lost the final on the weaving deck as the sea caused the liner to heave and wallow considerably.

Sir Ian Hamilton's headquarter ship was, of course, very much a G H Q, with severe discipline and all that which goes with a G H Q. Even so, they say almost aground on the mass of empty bottles. The 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers had had a very trying time at the landing, losing very heavily descending from the *River Clyde*, and when I joined them the Battalion was under the command of a major with a famous STIRLING as Adjutant (LAWRENCE of Arabia). At first in reserve in semi dug-outs on the slopes of a nullah, I woke one early morning to find a huge spider was my companion as well as a friendly tortoise with a name on his shell written with indelible ink, and during the night sundry spent bullets were arriving as the Turks keptup spasmodic fire all night, and so long as they did this we knew we could take things easy.

Then the first battle of the 4th June in the nullah with the Dublins following up behind the Sikhs. I was sent forward to contact the Sikhs and got within, say, 30-40 yards of the Turkish fire trench on my tummy, wriggling through the scrub and dead and wounded Sikhs in great numbers. Thank Goodness I was not discovered and a very friendly still-alive handsome Sikh did his best to make me keep my head down. I was indeed lucky as that very day I had had to leave my platoon and take over the 4 Vickers, as my platoon rushed round the S bend of the nullah not to be seen again, except one poor chap who dragged himself back, very seriously wounded. I forget the actual date, but in a short advance, we captured a Turkish machine gun under a German Officer from the famous *Goeben*, who although badly wounded had the courage to exclaim on my telling him in his own language that that very day the Italians had joined the allies - 'Damn the lot; we are going to win'. I found he had on him the German ship's orders, including the order to paint 'Bogswellen' on all the naval vessels, (ie sham waves of speeding) and sent these down to Brigade Headquarters.

I recall the popular Brig Wolly Dodd, very tall and often coming to the front line so we had to keep on telling him to keep his head down.

These Turkish trenches were extraordinarily wide and deep and often very straight, but I always considered them as extraordinarily brave and often foolish, so that I for at least, a capable marksman, could take a daily toll, and I recall one chap digging and each time he lifted the pick he also lifted his head above the parapet, giving me a snapshot. My first lifted the sand as his head disappeared and he, scared stiff, stopped his digging awhile, but on resuming he got my bullet in his temple and the body was thrown out at once. We must not think they had no snipers and one day I got a bullet right through my hat, which must have made a passage through my hair.

Water was always far too scarce and I had to look after 4 Vickers guns whilst we exchanged our bully with the French on our right to get some of their wine.

We witnessed the Senegalese make a bayonet charge on our right and I shall not forget seeing one huge Senegalese thrust his long rapier-like bayonet through a Turk, and then have to use his boot to enable him extract the bayonet - probably stuck between the ribs. In the battle of the 29th June when the Turks in great force attacked in the dark, I had one machine gun overrun and found myself right amongst numerous Turks but managed to get away and what's more got that machine gun back !

Another memory was the sinking of the *Majestic* just off Cape Helles with its bow just awash.

We had some glorious sunsets showing up Imbros and Samothrace, and at night time we looked back to see the hospital ship lit up at Cape Helles. There was a Greek store at Cape Helles which supplied Turkish Delight, cigarettes, etc., dried figs on string and run by a Greek who was also a capable spy !! These dried figs on string remind me of the Ghurkas with their joyful use of the kukri (supposed to be used only to draw blood, but I think I recall potatoes being peeled !) creeping out at night and cutting the throats of sundry unwary Turks, lopping off their ears and stringing them up like the Turks string their figs ! I recall two sniping shots. One was at a dug-out on the junction of the two nullahs in front of Krithia, causing a long shot for me but a Turk hobbled out, obviously hit, and then another shot across the nullah with a Turk leaving his trench to lower his trousers. My Goodness how he leapt - obviously another hit.

My sniping had one good result as it kept the Turks down as they were for the start far too courageous and causing us casualties. I once found a huge fragment of a *Queen Elizabeth* shell which on my turning it over, showed the eggs of a tortoise, like round ping-pong balls.

I was asked one day to find out the names of two officers lying out dead in front of our trenches and crept out like a snake and had a terrible job, as their identity discs strung round their necks were now deep in their horribly swollen decaying flesh, and I disliked my necessary efforts more than I can describe.

To finish, I think I was the 47th or 49th Officer of the

1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers to be either killed or wounded up to the 5th July 1915.

Another memory was the Krithia Dog which barked all night.

One last memory was a glorious bathe and our swimming like porpoises as the Turks further along the coast had a good straight view and used shrapnel.

SIXTY YEARS AFTER

By E C Thompson (R E 54 Div) (575)

I was on holiday in Istanbul and after making the usual visits to Mosques and Sultans' Palaces, I decided to see for myself the fabulous Grand Bazaar. This is a veritable labyrinth of streets and alleys comprising hundreds of shops under one roof. Here it is traditional to haggle over prices; it is a kind of universal sport.

Walking along the street of jewellers' shops, I caught a glimpse in one of them of a lady in our party. I entered and found that she was haggling the price of a gold bracelet without much luck.

It was then that I saw a gold charm in the form of a mosque which I coveted and decided to start working on the price. But how ?

The salesman was a Turk about my own age and I thought it quite possible that he had fought against me some 60-odd years before at Gallipoli.

He spoke little English and I still retained a few Arabic words from those days, amongst which was 'Ascari' (soldier). So, thumping my chest, I said, 'Ascari, Gallipoli', and after I had repeated it several times he realised what I was saying and pointing excitedly to himself, said, 'Me'. The link was established.

I discovered that he had been taken prisoner and sent to a prison camp at Sidi Bishr in Egypt, a place I knew well. The sequel was that he produced glasses and a Coca-Cola and we drank to old times.

The girl and I both got our purchases at greatly reduced prices. Real bargains ... I think ! Or were they ?

ANZAC, AND THE MAN WITH THE DONKEY
(1915 and after)

By Capt D M Penrose T D 1/7 Essex R (185)

Know you the 'mystic wine-dark seas of Greece'
Just where the Aegean laps the Anzac cove ?
For at this cove was brought an end to peace.
A legend ? No ! Our story here shall prove.

Some soldiers from Australia far away,
And others from New Zealand that same day,
Had come ashore and joined, in battle fierce,
Against the Turks to seek their lines to pierce
But partly failed though, in the blood and strife,
Received great wounds and knew much loss of life.

On rugged heights and in the deep ravines
Was Hell let loose mid ghastly bloody scenes.
Each forward rush against machine-gun fire
Caused death to many, others to retire.
Here men were blown to pieces, limb from limb,
Their crimson blood lay spattered, all was grim.
They tried to dig some trenches, make a line
Where friend with friend could forcefully combine.
And here were many gullies, often named,
Of these was 'Shrapnel Gully' justly famed.

Oft from the trenches in the battle line,
Where shells explode and many bullets whine,
Was heard the call for 'stretcher-bearers' drear
When help was needed but so few were near.

The need was great, the suffering intense,
To mow men down, the obstacles immense.
Some few perhaps could reach the cove alone
If they could limp around the rocks and stone.

Then came the Man who with his Donkey walked
Who by the Turkish snipers oft was stalked.
For his own safety there he cared no rap
But brought the wounded gently through that trap.
He saved the lives of very many men

Who rode upon his donkey as and when
He'd gone up near the line to bring them down,
By day as well as night he brought them down.
And on the way he strove to ease their fear
By talk and acts of comfort and of cheer.
A wondrous job was this, as many thought,
Who knew his life was oft by snipers sought.

Alas one day their bullets found the mark,
The Man was dead before the night was dark.
Some comrades put wild flowers on his grave
And so did Indians whom he'd been to save.

The struggle failed. At last there came a day
An Order sent to move the Troops away.
War here had ceased, the slaughter at an end,
The ships had sailed uniting friend with friend.

And what of Anzac now ? Seek you the dead ?
Alone, indeed ! Each in his earthy bed
To lie in silence there, unknown and still
In places such as Hunter-Weston Hill.
Or do you seek the silent ghosts of friends
On whom you think your thread of life depends ?
Or yet the kindly spirit of the Man
Who, with his donkey, may that dark gulf span
And lead enfranchised souls to Heaven's Gate
As safely as at Anzac from their fate ?
Perhaps you'd see some shadows flit about,
Or think you still hear wounded faintly shout !
But seek them not for only in the mind,
Or memory of the living, will you find
An outline of the features which you knew
Or perhaps some faded pictures of a few.

But this is where those heroes rest at last
To form a link with history of the part.
Break not the shattering silence of their peace
Where ebb and flow those 'wine-dark seas of Greece'.

Forget not those who from the War returned,
Those in whose hearts the love of country burned
And still burns on. Take heed of what they say
And from them learn to make a brighter day.

'We are afraid, no longer, of the past;
We look into quenched eyes no more aghast;
We do not flinch at thought of crashing shell,
Nor, in our dreams, see naught but Death and Hell'.

We bid you march straight forward. Fear not strife
But work with all your hearts to lighten life,
And we will with you go so far as age
And health will let us travel and engage.

And as we march, some voice to us will say:
'Fear not the rocks which lie within your way;
Put trust in God and have no thought of falling
But press towards the mark of your high calling.'

THE LONG MEMORY OF THE WAR OFFICE

When I enlisted in 1914 I was under 17, so somebody evidently made a mistake. However, no birth certificate was called for so it was all right. Following war service in the ranks I joined a University O T C and was commissioned in the Royal Signals T A; afterwards my service continued in the Supplementary Reserve, the Regular Army Reserve of Officers and by 1951 I was on the Army Emergency Reserve. I had been awarded the Territorial Decoration, then earned twelve years 'effective' service and it was later found that I was over the age limit for recall and I was retired. My total service was assessed for clasps to the T D, these corresponding to six years for each one. When the list was finally prepared it totalled over 24 years, but at the last minute it had been amended in ink to exclude my service before my seventeenth birthday as no service under the age of 17 is allowed to count. The total was still in excess of 24 years which counted for two clasps. And so only in 1951 the War Office found that I had enlisted under age in 1914.

E H W B

'OLD GALLIPOLI'

By Bugler Stokes (6 H L I)
Sung to the tune of the 'Mountains of Mourne'

Sent by John Curdie (6 H L I) (529)

Oh, old Gallipoli's a wonderful place,
Where the boys in the trenches the foe
have to face;
But they never grumble, they smile through it all,
Very soon they expect Achi Baba to fall.
At least when I asked them, that's what
they told me.
In Constantinople quite soon they would be
But if war lasts till Doomsday, I think
they'll still be
Where the old Gallipoli sweeps down to the sea.

That night when we landed I'll never forget
We came up from the beach with our
clothes wringing wet,
And although we were soaking right into the skin
We took picks and shovels and dug ourselves in.
We stayed in our dug-outs till our clothes
were all dry.
Then into the charge on the 12th of July !
And the old 6th you bet, made the Turks
turn and flee
Where the old Gallipoli sweeps down to the sea.

We took several trenches before we could stop
For we fairly had old Johnny Turk
on the hop;
When he saw our bare knees and the tartan
we wore
He just turned round and ran without asking
for more.
He cried, 'Allah ! Allah !' but that was no use,
The 6th were determined to take no excuse
So we gave them the bayonet which means R I P
Where the old Gallipoli sweeps down to the sea.

We don't grow potatoes, or barley or wheat,
So we're aye on the look-out for something to eat
We're fed up with biscuits and bully and ham
And we're sick of the sight of yon 'parapet'
jam.
Send out the steak and onions and nice ham
and eggs,
Or a fine big fat chicken, with five or six
legs,
And a drink of the stuff that begins with a B -
Where the old Gallipoli sweeps down to the sea.

While up in the trenches wild rumours we hear,
It's enough to make any man take to the beer.
They tell us we all are going home very soon,
But I'd sooner believe there's a
man in the moon
They say that in Glasgow they're waiting for us
And when we get back there will be
such a fuss;
But don't you believe it ! We'll spend
Hogmanay
Where the old Gallipoli sweeps down to the sea.

('Parapet' jam - Apricot or Plum and Apple)

STRANGE COINCIDENCE

By E V Shepard (Queen's Own Dorset Yeomanry) (417)

On the hot afternoon of August 21st 1915 my Unit the Dorset Yeomanry attached to the 2nd Mounted Division crossed the parched Salt Lake between Ali Baba and Chocolate Hill. The casualties were not heavy from the Turkish shrapnel but there were of course some and on the next day I was one of a party detailed to bury those who had fallen at the Salt Lake.

Among those buried was a Colonel Sheppard, of the Middlesex Yeomanry. Some 36 years later the new vicar of our parish mentioned that he had served in France in the Great War and on saying that I had served in Gallipoli he asked which area, as his wife had lost her only brother at Suvla on August 21st 1915. He was Colonel Sheppard.

A Gallipoli veteran celebrating his demobilization too merrily, staggering along an alley on his way home; two very young nuns approached from the opposite direction and were alarmed by the man, so they kept close together - literally shoulder to shoulder. Just as they reached the man, they suddenly parted and after passing they linked up again and went on. Our young merry Gallipolian was staggered (what, again ?) and pulled himself together, turned and said, 'Now, how the divil did she do that ?'

* * * * * * * * *

After demobilization, a Gallipoli veteran settled down again to civil life, travelling daily by bus to his place of work. Both his wife and his two daughters had had accidents to their umbrellas and pestered him to take them in for repair.

He kept forgetting until his own umbrella broke down, whereupon he at last took along the four umbrellas.

On the bus going home, he forgot that he had no umbrella and absent-mindedly picked up an umbrella belonging to his seat-mate, a lady.

He explained profusely his mistake, but the lady wasn't altogether convinced that it was a mistake. When the four umbrellas were repaired he took them along with him on the bus and by a coincidence sat by the lady he had met before. She looked at the four brollies and said, with a sting: 'You HAVE had a good day, haven't you ?'

* * * * * * * * *

The Rev J K Best M C (104) writes:
The wife of an American millionaire recently visited Turkey. A friend inquired if she had seen the Dardanelles. 'I didn't have time', she answered, 'but of course I had letters of introduction to them.'

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B B C TELEVISION

It is understood that an item to be shown on BBC 1 will include one or more of our members. The title is unknown at this date (February). It is stated to be shown on Sunday 20th April at 11.30, and on
Thursday 24th April at 12.25.
Members should see the Radio Times or newspaper programmes at the time.
Members are kindly asked not to write to the Editor as no more is known than can be found from above.

'GALLIPOLI' BY CAPTAIN E W BUSH DSO DSC RN

This book, which is reviewed by Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory on page 20 will be published by Messrs George Allen and Unwin, London, in April. pp 330, 39 plates and 5 maps. Price £7.25.

P H LIDDLE's FORTHCOMING BOOK

This is an advance notice of a book expected to be published in March 1976. A synopsis of the book will be given nearer the time. The main theme of the book is to describe and analyse the experiences of individual young officers and men from both services, based on original diaries and letters, including over 700 British, Australian, New Zealand, French, Turkish and German sources, as well as an examination of the naval and military leadership.

The publishers are Penguin Books, London.

AUTHOR MEMBERS

In this issue reference is made to two of our members who have books shortly to be published. These deal with Gallipoli.

Other members may have published books, not only on Gallipoli but on any other subject. Where such books are still available mention can be made in the Gallipolian with the idea of helping authors to increase their sales, either directly or through libraries. Will any such members please send particulars? Title: Publisher: Date: Price.

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