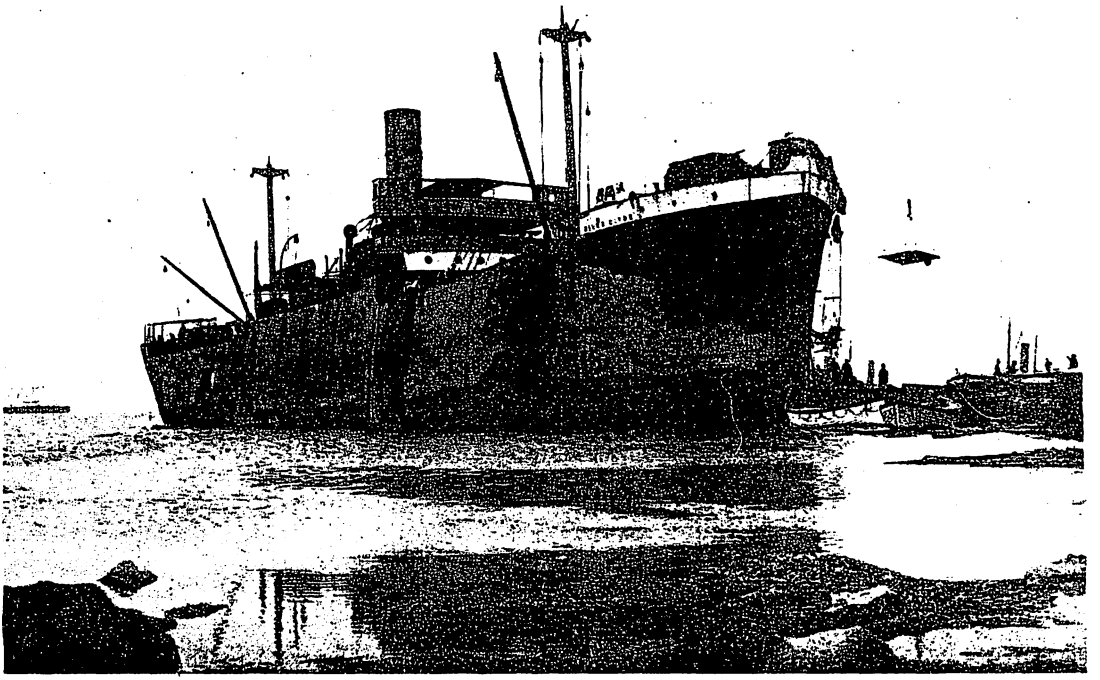
THE GALLIPOLIAN

ROYAL HONOUR

H R H PRINCE PHILIP, DUKE OF EDINBURGH,
WILL HONOUR THE ASSOCIATION WITH HIS
PRESENCE AT OUR DINNER THIS YEAR

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS25p No 18 AUTUMN 1975

T H E G A L L I P O L I A N

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-Colonel Lord Rowallan KT KBE KStJ TD HonLLD
Major-General T H Jameson CBE DSO
Colonel Lord Barnby CMG CBE MVO
Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook CB CBE DSO RN
CHAIRMAN & HON SEC & EDITOR OF THE GALLIPOLIAN — Major E H W Banner TD** MSc FInstP CEng FIEE FIMechE
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HON TREASURER — J B Bennett
Fairways East Mersea WEST MERSEA 3247
Colchester Essex CO5 8UW STD 020 638 3247
COMMITTEE — H J Sayers
F T K Woodworth
Lt-Col N H Hartshorne MC PhD MSc FRIC
Major A G Coulson (Associate Member)

PLEASE NOTE CHANGES OF ADDRESS ABOVE

ADAM KENNEDY (ANDY) KIRK

Order of St John; TBP (Nepal); Commander of the Lion (Finland); Grande Officier of the Republic of Tunisia: former Sheriff of the City of London; Member of the Institute of Metals.

. . . . . .

Most members will know that our friend Andy Kirk died on the 10th March 1975 and we have lost a cheery member who right at the start of the Association volunteered to act as honorary treasurer and continued to do so until shortly before his death.
In the campaign he landed with the 6th Battalion A I F with the rank of Lieutenant, at Anzac on the 25th April.
We express our appreciation of his service to the committee and to the Gallipoli Association. We extend our sincere sympathy to his widow and family, to whom the President had sent a letter of sympathy and appreciation.

. . . . . .

THE HONORARY TREASURERSHIP

Consequent upon the sudden death of Andy Kirk, our first honorary treasurer, considerable difficulty was experienced in finding a successor. After many inquiries Lt-Col Philip Gething, who is the hon treasurer for two other bodies in the Birmingham area, very kindly volunteered to act temporarily. Transfer of all the books and papers had to be effected and here we were most fortunate in finding Mr D F Bland, a personal friend of Andy's, and with no knowledge of the Association, who stepped in and sorted out and forwarded at his own expense all the relevant papers to Philip Gething.

We owe a debt of gratitude to both of them: one a Founder Member and the other then a non-member, but at the annual Luncheon this year Mr Bland, who was present as a guest of Philip Gething, was easily persuaded to become an Associate Member.

Now for thanks to John Bennett (314) a long-standing member, who has become the permanent (we hope) holder of the onerous office of Honorary Treasurer to the Association. His address is given above.

LUNCHEON AND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 1975

About ninety members and associate members and a few guests were present, many having been earlier at the Cenotaph when the President laid our wreath for the Association at the Anzac Day parade.

Again some would-be lunchers were squeezed out through some members having forgotten to book and while the Association continues to grow it looks as if this might be inevitable. Shall we see an all-night queue for places ?

We were pleased to greet two Vice-Presidents: Vice Admiral Sir Peveril B R W William-Powlett and Colonel Lord Rowallan.

Those present had a chance to see some of their fellow-members who write for their edification in the GALLIPOLIAN. No shots were fired !

Was it due to our increasing infirmity that our president laid it down that we should remain seated for the toasts at lunch ? True, some of us are all at sea anyway. One Founder Member even sent a telegram regarding his absence !

Our tie-makers should be gratified. At the outset in 1969 a preliminary order for two dozen was placed. Now over half the members have a tie.

Those present at the meeting for the first time were asked to stand and announce themselves; this was to be sure that they were known to be present and to give others present a chance to recognize new (or old?) faces, or to learn the Services and Units of the newcomers. Considering that our present known number is between 400 and 450 this is a surprisingly high turnout: nearly a quarter of the active membership - and our overall membership covers many countries as well as distant parts of the U K. Carry on.

And of course we expect a record number for the Dinner this year as H R H Prince Philip is able to be with us. This should give quite a fillip to the occasion. A great honour for the Gallipoli Association.

ANZAC DAY IN EDINBURGH 1975

We are greatly indebted to Colonel W Briggs Constable M C (346) who served at Gallipoli with the 69th Battery R F A, not only for giving us the information but especially regarding his dedicated action, by providing and laying a wreath on behalf of the Association. The wreath carried a blue ribbon with the inscription GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION in gold, as on the wreaths laid successively at the Cenotaph in London.

The Edinburgh annual service is held at the Scottish National Shrine within Edinburgh Castle and organized by the Royal British Legion, Scotland. Seven wreaths in all were laid within the Sanctuary and then placed on the walls outside where a large crowd had gathered.

By a coincidence a party of about two hundred Australians were present as part of a tour company's programme of visits.

Wreaths were laid by the High Commissioners of Australia and New Zealand, the Royal British Legion, the armed services of Scotland and the English-Speaking Union. Colonel Constable reports that it was very moving.

B B C TELEVISION

No doubt many members followed the note on page 36 of the last issue (17) and saw Captain Eric Bush being interviewed on television on Sunday 20th April and Thursday 24th April. It is good to find that at last some recognition is given to the Gallipoli campaign and its veterans, little though it is. Most of us wondered why, with such a fascinating subject it was restricted to a few minutes to be followed by the hoary subject of home ceiling insulation, one that surely is in the scope of 20 - 30s rather than 60 - 70 - 80s ?

SEVENTH ANNUAL DINNER (60TH ANNIVERSARY OF GALLIPOLI)

The date and place given earlier have been changed to:

WEDNESDAY THE 10th OF NOVEMBER AT THE

CAFE ROYAL 68 Regent Street (near Piccadilly Circus) LONDON

The dinner this year, at which

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

will be present marks a significant stage in the short life of the GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION to date, and one that is a great honour to all Gallipoli Veterans

TIME: 6.30 for 7
DRESS: Dinner jacket (or dark suit). Orders, decorations, miniatures or medals with a small name tab (such as half a postcard) worn above the medal bar and showing the member's name, rank, former unit or service and Association number. This is NOT the place card (below).
PRICE: £6.50. Wines etc payable in cash at the table and the bar.
GUESTS: Private guests (male) are welcome up to the room capacity at the same price.

APPLICATIONS: Please write to the honorary secretary giving all below:
1 Name (block letters please), rank, former Unit and Assocation No.
2 Cheque for £6.50 per head, payable to the Gallipoli Association.
3 A return envelope of postcard size.

Please note that the secretary will have moved by the time this issue is received and some disorganization will result. Applications should preferably be sent after the 1st October and before the 11th November. Applicants will then receive a ticket and a place-card. The latter should be placed at the dining table where the member wishes to sit, after settling with friends if necessary. This should be done soon after arrival and before entering the ante-room for drinks.

NEW DINERS: Will all those present for the first time make sure to make contact with a member of the committee (wearing a badge) and make themselves known to other members present in order to feel at home.

A good turn-out is hoped for on this very special occasion.

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6, 60, 600

All Members of the Association will understand the significance of the 60, being the 60th anniversary of the campaign of 1915.
Founder Members and some others will also know that the Association was formed in 1969, only six years ago. The explanation of this is given in 'Genesis' in the green folder sent to all applicants for membership.
The 600 is not quite so easy. Our latest member's number is 636 (at the 1st August) but as Associate Members are numbered serially with Members the actual number of veterans is not seen.
On the 22nd May this year Charles James Brand, former Sapper R E and of the Essex Regiment joined the Association with the number 629. At that date we had 29 Associate Members, thus he became the 600th Member. I am sure that none of us expected that our numbers would grow like this: some in fact were very doubtful as to any growth at all, but thanks to their persistence in joining, the new Light Brigade charges on!

E H W B

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 1 August 1975)

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.

OBITUARY (At 1 August 1975) With deep regret the following names are recorded:

A K Kirk (See page 2)	(58)	C Bishop	(216)	P Cragg	(513)
S Myers	(305)	F H Ward	(372)	Col J F H Nicholson	(546)
F Childerley	(456)	H I J Knowles	(565)	Col J Gordon-Wilson	(31)
S Barnes French	(130)	Capt L A K Boswell DSO RN	(74)	Lt-Col J M L Bogle MC TD	(19)

TRIBUTE Following the death of Jack Knowles, listed above, Len Bulcraig, an old friend and fellow-member of the Association has kindly donated a small sum to the Association in lieu of a floral tribute at his funeral. Jack Knowles' son fully approves this action and we of the Association receive it with gratitude in the spirit intended.

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THE MEDITERRANEAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE ~~1915~~ 1975

The Turkish government had decided that this year, the 60th anniversary of the original expedition, was to be the last officially recognized; after that the general idea was that the ground and battle-sites etc should be a national park.

Consequently the last official visit was on the 25th April and the Australian and New Zealand governments arranged for an official pilgrimage for the Anzacs.

For various reasons our pilgrimage took place later, when the weather was more likely to be fine, and to be able to plan our own itinerary as required. It included a site-seeing tour as well.

As to weather, those of us who were present on the 25th of April 1915 know what a fine bright day it was, but the date had been postponed for two days owing to bad weather. In 1971 too, the pilgrimage party arrived on the first day of the fine spring weather making it much more pleasant to be able to roam around - a spell of stormy weather would have spoiled the pleasure.

On the pilgrimage itself, the stories to follow show that it was a great success, largely due to the good organization by Keith Tranmer, not only in advance but also on the spot to sort out the various difficulties that cropped up.

Further accounts will follow in the next issue.

E H W B

THE 1975 GALLIPOLI TOUR

By Major G B Horridge T D, Party Leader

The day to which forty-three people had been looking forward arrived on May 16th and soon after one o'clock Members and Associate Members of the Gallipoli Association, wearing the correct tie began to arrive in the departure lounge of Heathrow Airport. Together with these were wives of Members and other friends of the Association. The youngest was Paul Haley aged 10 and the oldest should perhaps be kept secret, but the top age, I believe, was 86. Our indefatigable Organiser, Keith Tranmer, was there and we soon began to congregate together in one part of the hall and make ourselves known to each other. With the arrival of Corporal Local from Catterick, a bugler of the 2nd Battalion The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers the party was complete and at 14.55 hours the Pilgrimage to Gallipoli on the occasion of the 60th Anniversary of the Campaign began.

The journey to the Washington Hotel at Istanbul was uneventful, but that placid state of affairs ended abruptly as soon as we arrived because the authorities of the hotel, contrary to instructions, had reserved only four single rooms instead of twelve !!! Thus, at the outset the metal of our Organiser was severely tested but, with a combination of patience, tact and a few harsh words, and the passage of an hour and a half of time, he came through with flying colours. Everyone was eventually accommodated, but by what means or in what place only he knows.

A word must now be said about the weather to show that the judgment of Major Banner regarding the date of the Pilgrimage was certainly correct.

The weather just prior to our arrival had been very poor. It had rained fairly heavily on the day before our arrival and pools of water were standing on spare ground just outside the hotel. We learned that the same thing had happened on the Peninsula and doubts were immediately in evidence as to whether parts of the battlefields, especially Suvla Bay would be visitable. Fortunately the despondency caused by this possibility gradually vanished as we found that the Clerk of the Weather had come to his senses just in time and the time we spent in Turkey was blessed with glorious fine weather, cloudless skies and a temperature around 80 degrees Fahrenheit.

At 8 o'clock on Saturday, May 17th we left the hotel by coach for the harbour and went on board the good ship *Gemlik* for the twelve hour sail through the Sea of Marmora and down the Dardanelles to Chanakkale. The ship was crowded but we

all found comfortable seats on the open deck. There was a bar close by and as we had packed lunches consisting of a piece of meat, an orange, a piece of cheese, a sausage and a curious green vegetable resembling a small horn all thrown haphazardly into a cardboard box, we were not without sustenance.

The *Gemlik* made calls at Marmora where a large number of passengers disembarked, at Avsa, Sarkoy and Gelibolu. About seven o'clock we passed Nagara Point the site of ancient Abydos. It was from here that Leander made his nightly swims to visit his girl-friend Hero, a priestess of Venus living in Cestos on the opposite shore near to Kylia Bay. Lord Byron also swam this passage, but, unlike Leander he survived. Shortly after passing this point we arrived at Chanakkale and went to the Hotel Truva where we stayed for six nights. This is a large hotel and when we arrived it was accommodating two other parties. The rooms were pleasant and altogether the hotel was nicer than the Washington in Istanbul.

It was here that we met Brigadier J P Sellars, DFC, Military Attaché at Ankara and Mrs Sellars. Mr Shepherd, representing the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, Head Office at Maidenhead, had come with us from London and the representative at Chanakkale, Mr John L Norris came to the hotel to meet us. They were all very kind and extremely helpful to us. Brigadier Sellars brought his car and Mr Norris had a land rover. These two vehicles could seat about 16 and it was due to this that everyone was able to visit the places they wished to see and especially in getting people to Suvla Bay which was inaccessable to the coach. I should mention that the coach which seated 45 had come from Istanbul to Chanakkale by road and had brought the luggage.

Now, at last, we were at Chanakkale and opposite us across the water was Kilid Bahir. These were the two famous forts which defended the narrows of one of the most strongly defended waterways in the world. Through this passage ran the Dardanelles, famous from the times of antiquity, named after Dardanos, the father of Homer's Troy, the scene of the Trojan war with the Greeks and the site of the bridge of boats which Xerxes built when he brought his army to fight the Greeks before the time of Alexander the Great. Turkey has proclaimed the strength of these defences by inscribing in stone the date 18.3.1915 on a hillside near the Asiatic Fort and a picture in stone on a hillside near the European Fort.

Our programme was outlined as follows: On Sunday, 18th May, a general tour of Cape Helles, thence to Chunuk Bair where lunch would be taken near the New Zealand Memorial after visiting the Australian Lone Pine Cemetery. The return journey would take us along Anzac Cove.

On Monday Cape Helles in more detail. On Tuesday, Anzac in more detail. On Wednesday, a visit to Troy was arranged and on Thursday a visit to Pergamum.

Any not going to Troy or Pergamum were left to their own devices and could, if they wished, visit the battlefields as Brigadier Sellars and Mr Norris had put their vehicles at the disposal of the party.

On Sunday we were joined on the Grand Tour by Mr & Mrs Piddington; Mr Piddington being the British Consul in Istanbul.

I was disappointed that we had not seen Major General H G Aran, the Turkish Representative on the World Veterans' Federation or any members of the Turkish Veterans' Association. I regret that at no time did we meet any of these gentlemen and the reason for this I can only think is that as the Turks had stated that the visit made by Australians, etc. on April 25th would be the last official visit recognised by Turkey, our visit was not recognised as official.

As I have previously said Monday was given over to a more detailed visit to Helles including the Wreath Laying Parades.

The coach took us first to the Turkish Memorial situated near S Beach and De Tott's Battery. The Veterans fell in on either side of Major Fellows Prynne as centre marker in single rank with Corporal Local in full dress uniform on the right flank.

I took up a position two paces in front of the centre and then called the parade to Attention. Corporal Local sounded the Last Post and I then stood the parade at ease. I laid the wreath against the inscription stone and returned to my position. The Reveille was sounded and then the parade dispersed. During this ceremony all who were not Veterans stood where they wished and several people took photographs. We were joined on this parade by Captain Lyster, the representative of the British Legion in Istanbul, and a member of the Gallipoli Association.

A similar ceremony was enacted at the French Memorial situated near Kereves Dere. The approach to this memorial at the head of a large cemetery was rather severe for Veterans. Many steps had to be climbed and a long slope upwards through the cemetery took us to the memorial. It was a stiff climb and when Mr Bennett, a member of BLESMA arrived there on only half a walking system I felt that the Veterans were showing all their old tenacity.

We then proceeded to the British Memorial at Cape Helles and laid a wreath with a similar ceremony as before. After this we had our packed lunches on and around V Beach and many of us walked to the spot where the River Clyde had beached and tried to find the bank underneath which the gallant survivors of the Dublins, the Munsters and Hampshires had lain after their sorties from the ship. The coach had halted close by a system of trenches situated on the high ground on the left and no doubt it was from these trenches, quite visible, that a devastating fire had been directed at our troops.

It was difficult to imagine the scenes that were taking place there sixty years ago. Helles was so peaceful and looking beautiful in the bright sunlight with millions of lovely wild flowers all over the area. After lunch a visit was made to the grave of Colonel Doughty Wylie VC and then an attempt was made to reach Lancashire Landing, but the vicinity was surrounded by barbed wire with a sentry guarding the gateway. The nearest we were allowed to go to the beach was a hundred yards along the wire where a glimpse of the cliffs on the West side of the beach could be seen. We then returned to Krithia, since called Kirte and now Alcitepe, and stopped at Salim Mutlu's private museum. He has a fine collection of photographs, maps and old iron unearthed from all parts of Helles. At the entrance stands a shell fired by HMS *Queen Elizabeth*, which, of course, did not explode. Mr Mutlu told me it was found buried near Kereves Dere. I should guess from that information that it was fired with a view to putting the Haricot Redoubt out of action. This redoubt was always a thorn in the side of the French.

On Tuesday, a detailed visit to Anzac was made. The battlefield was well described to us by Keith Tranmer and we visited such well known places as the Nek, Walker's Ridge, Battleship Hill and Baby Seven Hundred. A similar ceremony as before took place at Lone Pine Cemetery and in this case the wreath was laid by Reverend E C Alston. Mr Alston landed with the first Australian troops to land at Anzac on April 25th and got as far as Baby 700 before finding himself almost surrounded by Turkish soldiers and being forced to withdraw as his party consisted of only five or six men.

Another wreath was then laid close to the New Zealand Memorial on Chunuk Bair. Close to this spot we saw Hill Q where the Gurkhas and others temporarily took the high ground overlooking the Narrows and also Koja Chemen Tepe. A visit was made to Major General Mustapha Kemal's battle Headquarters and then we went back and along the lower road passing the Sphinx and Anzac Cove to some bungalows owned by the Commonwealth Graves Commission where we had lunch near Fisherman's Hut.

There was a magnificent view of the Suvla Bay Area from Chunuk Bair showing the salt lake glistening after the recent rains and a clear picture of Chocolate Hill and Green Hill. After lunch a party of about 12 set off in the landrover to visit this area. As there was no room in the landrover for more the writer was unable to go and, therefore, is unable to describe this visit which will be done no doubt by other writers to the Gallipolian.

During the day a message was sent through the Consul General to Her Majesty the Queen. It was as follows:

TO PRIVATE SECRETARY TO HM THE QUEEN

A PARTY OF VETERANS OF THE BRITISH GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION LED BY MAJOR G B HORRIDGE TD VISITING GALLIPOLI TO MARK THE 60TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1915 RESPECTFULLY REQUEST YOU TO CONVEY TO HM THE QUEEN THEIR HUMBLE DUTY AND ASSURANCE OF THEIR CONTINUED DEVOTION AND LOYALTY

BLAKEWAY

Two days later the following message was received:

PLEASE PASS THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE TO MAJOR HORRIDGE:

I AM COMMANDED BY THE QUEEN TO THANK YOU AND THE VETERANS OF THE BRITISH GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION VISITING GALLIPOLI TO MARK THE 60TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE 1915 CAMPAIGN FOR THE KIND MESSAGE OF LOYAL GREETINGS WHICH HER MAJESTY GREATLY APPRECIATED

PRIVATE SECRETARY

On Wednesday some thirty of the party visited Troy and on Thursday a party went on a long journey to Pergamum. I must leave any description of this to others as I did not accompany either of these parties.

My own activities during these two days consisted in visiting Gully Beach and Gully Ravine at Helles. On Wednesday Mr Norris took five of us in the landrover to Pink Farm. On the way we stopped at the Vineyard, 400 yards nearer Krithia than Redoubt Cemetery which we also visited. The side road leading to Redoubt Cemetery is now lined on both sides by Fir trees and some two hundred yards past the cemetery the land slopes down to Krithia Nullah. This road, I believe, marks the Turkish front line at the beginning of the battle of June 4th, 5th and 6th. Before reaching Pink Farm we stopped at Lancashire Landing Cemetery and some quarter of a mile beyond Pink Farm we left the car and went over the scrub to the path leading down into The Gully. This was the path my Battalion, the 5th Lancashire Fusiliers took on May 7th when going into action for the first time between The Gully and the sea.

Fortunately The Gully had not been affected much by rain and we were able to walk the two and a half miles to the firing line which I well recognised. We passed Geoghan's Bluff where the only British football pitch was situated, went across this to the cliffs just below Y beach and then back into The Gully.

We were just congratulating ourselves that we had almost completed the journey when turning a corner we were horrified to see a narrow section with sheer sides, full of water. We couldn't get out of the Gully and we didn't want to go all the way back and so there was nothing left to do but adopt Field Marshal Foch's favourite method and attack. I tried to walk along the sheer side, failed and fell in up to my knees in thick and very sticky mud. Geoff Duckworth did the same but when we had got over this obstacle we found our companions had retreated from the enemy to the support line and we had to climb out onto the side and go back and help them out with the aid of a walking stick. However, as one of them claimed to be 86 they were not Court Martialled, but congratulated on having got so far. On our eventual arrival at the Museum in Krithia, weary, worn and sticky, Mrs Mutlu kindly washed our boots and my stockings while we got outside a certain quantity of beer.

Next day while the Pergamum trip was on Geoff Duckworth my wife, who had the day before had been to Troy, and I descended again into The Gully, turned left and went to Gully Beach. Here we met a man with hundreds of goats who, pointing to a lot of rusty iron sticking out of the sea, said: "That is one of your boats".

Having described my personal experiences I must now turn back to the main body so to speak.

The Commonwealth War Graves Commission are wonderful. The Cemeteries are beautiful and immaculately kept with the grass cut and flowers on nearly all the

graves. No praise is too high and it must be very pleasant for relatives to know that the graves of their kin are marked with stones as clean as when they were laid and the markings on them are as clear as when they were cut.

The social side of the Pilgrimage was also very pleasant. Brigadier and Mrs Sellars gave a cocktail party for us all in an hotel in Chanakkale. Mr and Mrs Piddington invited some of us to dinner and Mr Shepherd and Mr and Mrs Norris also invited some of us to dinner.

After we had arrived back in Istanbul, which journey we made by coach on Friday May 23rd, we were invited to a cocktail party by Her Majesty's Consul General, Mr J D Blakeway and Mrs Blakeway which was held at the former British Embassy in Istanbul.

It was at this party that, realising that we were not going to meet Major General Aran, I asked Brigadier J P Sellars to present to the General on our behalf the Gallipoli Association Shield which I had brought with me to hand over to the Turkish Veterans Society. The General would have received it as being their representative on the World Veterans' Federation. This shield was exhibited at the party for all to see.

On Sunday we were invited to another cocktail party at the British Consulate Club. Our hosts there were members of the Club, Captain Lyster being the chief host. At ten o'clock on Monday morning, May 26th all was over and we climbed into the coach to go to the airport.

On the way a vote of thanks was very heartily given to Keith Tranmer for all the trouble he had taken to make this pilgrimage not only possible, but a great success. I believe we all enjoyed it very much and it will remain in our minds as a very pleasant and enjoyable few days in our lives.

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EDITORIAL NOTE

Since the above account was received Major Horridge has had a letter from Major General Aran much regretting his inability to join the party owing to official business which kept him in Ankara. He sent his greetings and best wishes to all and was appreciative of the Gallipoli Association Shield which had been forwarded to him. He also thanked George personally for the copy of Captain Bush's book 'Gallipoli' which had been autographed for him by the author.

* * * * * * EHWB

GALLIPOLI 60TH ANNIVERSARY VISIT 16th to 26th May 1975
By Keith Tranmer (Organiser)

The party comprising 24 veterans, 17 relatives and associate members together with Mr A E V Shepherd (CWGC Records London) and Corporal J Local, Royal Regiment of Fusiliers (Bugler) assembled at Heathrow Airport on Friday 16th May. We were disappointed to learn that both the press and television failed to turn up at the last minute and that the Sunday Times who had arranged to travel with the party had to cancel the day previously.

We travelled by air to Istanbul and most people enjoyed the full nights rest before setting off by steamer for Chanakkale (Çanakkale in Turkish) early the next morning. After a leisurely cruise down the Marmara in excellent weather we arrived at Chanakkale towards evening and were greeted at the quayside by Brigadier J P Sellers DFC the Defence and Military Attaché British Embassy Ankara and Mr John Norris representing the Commonwealth War Graves Commission at Gallipoli.

The first day (Sunday 18th May) was entirely devoted to a coach tour of Helles and Anzac with a picnic lunch by the New Zealand memorial on Chunuk Bair looking down onto Suvla Bay. This tour was arranged to familiarise everyone with the sites and places which we proposed to visit in detail. Everyone was in good heart and enjoying the excellent weather and colourful profusion of wild flowers growing everywhere. Unfortunately in the weeks preceding our visit heavy rain

storms had flooded parts of the Peninsula and even landrovers could not get through to parts of Helles around Twelve Tree Copse and Pink Farm or into Suvla except by the coast track from Anzac to Lala Baba. This was of course a disappointment to the less mobile in our party but considering the difficulties much was attempted and with help much was achieved and no one came home too disappointed.

Monday and Tuesday were the two days set aside for our official visits to the battlefields and on these days we were allowed to parade and carry out simple wreath-laying ceremonies at which Corporal J Local was permitted to sound bugle calls and wear the full ceremonial uniform of the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers. Our party was joined by Brigadier and Mrs Sellars Mr & Mrs Piddington (British Consulate Istanbul) and Captain and Mrs Lyster from Istanbul (British Legion), and a member of the GAllipoli Association.

I am sure that those members of the Gallipoli Association who were unable to join the tour will be pleased to learn how well they were represented by the veterans present under Major Horridge. The uniforms of Brigadier Sellars and Corporal Local adding a splash of colour to the scene at each memorial as the veterans paraded wearing their decorations. All the onlookers remarked on the steadiness of those on parade.

On the first day wreaths were laid by Major Horridge leading the party at the following principal memorials.

Turkish memorial on Morto Bay adjacent to De Totts Battery.
French memorial in the cemetery on Morto Bay. (Present was one French veteran).
British memorial at Cape Helles.

Lunch was taken at V Beach and the remainder of the day was spent visiting parts of the Helles front. The second day covered Anzac and Suvla and commenced with a ceremony at the Lone Pine memorial (Australia) at which a wreath was laid by the Rev E C Alston who served with the 12th Battalion AIF. The second wreath of the day was laid at the New Zealand memorial (actually in the Chunuk Bair Cemetery) by Major Horridge and in the afternoon a group of Suvla veterans led by Major Fellows Prynne made the difficult journey to Lala Baba Cemetery and left a wreath which carried additional cards for the fallen of the 6th Royal Welch Fusiliers and 3 County of London Yeomanry.

Members were free to visit the battlefields in private groups during the remainder of our stay and in order to provide a break for those who wished our coach made a full day excursion to Bergama (Pergamon) which was very enjoyable and one afternoon was devoted to Troy and Fort Dardanos.

Much of the area fought over 60 years ago has been cultivated and only Anzac bears the scars of war. A vast scrub fire late last year destroyed all the bushes and many of the trees and Anzac now looks much as it did in 1915. This scene and the magnificent floral contrast at its best in May will be a lasting personal memory.

At our final gathering for dinner at the Hotel Truva we bade farewell to the Peninsula and thanked our guests Brigadier and Mrs Sellars, Mr Shepherd and Mr and Mrs Norris for their help and kindness during our memorable stay. Back in Istanbul for a final two days we were warmly received and entertained by H M Consul General Mr J D Blakeway and his charming wife in the grounds of the former Embassy building now the British Consulate. Mrs Blakeway impressed us all by her interest and knowledge of the campaign. The final Sunday brought an invitation from Captain Lyster and the British Legion in Istanbul for drinks at the Consulate Club which provided a fitting opportunity to take our farewell.

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FURTHER NOTES

Among the places visited during the 1975 tour was the position between Hill Q and Chunuk Bair from where on the 9th August 1915 Major Allanson with the 1/6th Gurkhas and his detachment of 6th South Lancashire's advanced without support and seized the ridge from the Turks before being shelled by the Australian howitzer battery firing on them from the Anzac line driving the remnants of this little force back to their original line below the crest.

Below and to the right of this position is the Farm the scene of bitter fighting during the Turkish counter attack of 10th August and anyone who has read about the Turkish charge and then visited this spot and looked down on the Farm must wonder how it was possible that 6 battalions of Turkish infantry could storm over the crest of Chunuk Bair and down such a steep slope forgetting for a moment the murderous machine gun fire poured into them from the New Zealanders on Rhododendron Spur and arrive at the bottom with sufficient co-ordination to close ranks for the fighting to follow.

This was a question finally answered by Major Geoffrey Mott our oldest member who was the senior British Officer of the 6th South Lancashire's with Allanson. According to Major Mott the Turkish infantry fell down the steep slope and made easy targets for the men in his company as they rolled to a halt in front of his line. Using a rifle he personally killed 37 positively and probably accounted for as many again who had taken cover behind bushes but whom he could not see fall. The collapse of resistance at the Farm and the withdrawal of survivors back to Cheshire Ridge meant that Mott was outflanked and he too withdrew. The last to retire were the 1/6th Gurkhas who remained in position under Hill Q without being attacked. So far as I know Major Mott is the only living survivor of that day's fighting and his account of the events does much to fill in the detail not found in the official accounts; indeed page 307 of the Official History states "Accurate details of this grim struggle have never come to light but British casualties bear silent witness to the gallant bearing of all the New Army troops".

Always throughout his long life a keen huntsman it is interesting to record that Major Mott carried and sounded his favourite hunting horn when they stormed Hill Q on the 9th August and this probably started the trend carried on by others in France.

TOUR 1975 - PRIVATE CONTRIBUTIONS

Following Mr Tranmer's appeal to members to help the funds a number of very kind members sent donations which enabled the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers bugler to be with the party (Cpl J Local) and to include various wreaths and other miscellaneous items which were over and above the sum catered for initially, which itself was increased by the usual story of 'increases in the cost of living'.

Capt A I Henderson	601	£5.50	Col F W Dewhurst	603	£1
H C Attwood	187	2	Rev Canon Alexander Morris	561	1
H F M Clarke	506	2	Capt J H Mankin	563	
T J Holvey	551	1	(for 3 Co London Y		
C C Meager	515	2	Sharpshooters)		5
A A Spofforth	514	1	Charles Evans	414	5
John Curdie	529	1	G A Shephard	202	1
E Selfe	606	2	E J Chard	430	2
Capt C E W Brayley	462	5	W Toft	374	2
Lt Col John Haigh	219	5	R E Morgan	75	0.50
Col J H Souter	535	1	W A Edden	559	0.50
J L Boakes	186	1	W T Henson	605	2
Charles Watkins	167	1	G D Breffit	527	5
Major J H Bromhead	256	5	W B Oven	520	0.50
William Millar	370	3.15	R A Woolhouse	553	1
Vice-Adm Sir Peveril B R W			Capt W P Lines	584	2
William-Powlett	390	2	(& 6 R Welch Fus)		
H Newman	538	1	R D C Highton		2.50
John C Graham	593	1.25	Lt-Col R F E Laidlaw	518	2.50
Major G Mott	523	5	Colonel the Lord Barnby	530	5
Major G W Moore	579	2	A S Evans	578	2
L Bulcraig	504	1	Lt-Col C C Todd	18	2
Capt Guy Lydekker	592	1	Wing-Cdr J H Bentham	594	1
Cdr J D Walters	517	1	W R Pooley	595	5
Capt R B Gillett	121	5	F J Spence	124	1
R S Andrews	327	1	Anon		10

H I J Knowles	565	£2	Col R I Scorer	480	£3
W H Boon	467	1	Maj General T H Jameson	297	5
S A Hall	423	1	RW & GC Lacey	328 & 142	7.50
J de W Stapleford	290	2.25	F T K Woodworth	72	10
Major Eric Rickman	253	2	Anon		5
S Barnes French	130	1	F H Hall	544	5
H Clarke	108	1	Col S Paine	568	1
T H Woodward	85	0.50	D Cunningham	405	1
Major G B Horridge	129	5	R Fusiliers contribution		50

Major Horridge had from the start guaranteed the bugler's expenses

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 16

The Turks had just made their final counter-attack; had flung the last remaining troops off the top of Sari Bair; and were in command of the ground we had made such brave but confused efforts to take.

To say that there was considerable confusion, is to use a phrase which is meaningless to those who have never seen fighting. The sheer terror of some men, the bewilderment of others; none of whom had slept for four days; all of whom were at the end of their physical tether; all mixed up together; with strange officers trying to control men whom they had never seen before; with men looking for officers they could not find; with shouted orders merely adding to the uproar; with some unashamedly running away; with others trying to slip past, as if on some duty or errand, but intent only on putting as much distance as possible between themselves and the enemy; it was like the bursting of a dam. Yet, as the waters of a flooded river eventually spread out, slow down, and come to a trickle, so, in due course, the rush was stopped and the men led back.

All this was only on a very narrow front, and for a very short time, but it was nasty while it lasted. Those like us who were in trenches on the sides of the ravine, watching their front and facing the enemy, were the lucky ones; not only did the torrent miss them, but they were dealing with the tangible and could see that the Turks were not following up. It is the fear of the Unknown that matters. Most of those who had run, when the panic started, were not at the time engaged directly with the enemy, but were in reserve in the clefts and gullies behind.

By about midday some kind of order had been restored. It was true that Sari Bair had gone, but the rest of the line was intact, and we all breathed again. My regiment was moved back into reserve near the mouth of the Aghyl Dere, not far from brigade headquarters, and conveniently near our dump. This gave the men the first opportunity for a rest they had had for a week. They were joined later by the rest of the brigade, all of whom had been through as much as they could stand. The strain had been almost unbearable, and the sudden relaxation of tension took odd forms. For instance, I shall never forget seeing a lieutenant-colonel of a Gurkha regiment, and a newly-joined subaltern of my own, sitting side by side and bursting into tears, with all the pent-up emotion of the past days surging out of them. There they sat, the old and the young weeping unashamedly. Few saw them; but those who did never reminded them of it. During the rest of the day, scattered parties of men rejoined; were sorted out; sent back to their companies; given a meal; and sent to sleep; with their arms by them, ready for action if called upon; and each man knowing where to go in case of alarm. The rolls were called and casualties assessed.

Colonel Palin, that tough and experienced old soldier, before turning-in at night, decided to pay a liaison call on a British battalion which had come into reserve near us. He knew the value of personal contact and was anxious to know who they were, and to meet their commanding-officer. In the gloaming, he and I crossed over to them. We were shown, by an orderly, into their officers mess. It consisted of a water-proof sheet, pegged out over a cleft in the side of the ravine. A candle was burning in the neck of a bottle on the top of an upturned box, round which a few officers were sitting. We were offered a tot of rum in enamel mugs. The officer who brought me mine, was the same person at whom I had shot that morning; and missed ! We recognized each other ... It was not a cordial moment.

The assaults on Sari Bair had failed and apparently finished. Life became less nerve-racking and exhausting. Reinforcements arrived, in the shape of a company of Sikhs from the Burma Military Police; good men, but lacking in training. However, they settled down and were fortunate in not being sent straight into battle.

It soon became apparent that we were to stand on the defensive. Our brigade was given the task of consolidating Gorse Hill, and of gradually prolonging the line northwards to link up with the right flank of the troops at Suvla. It was not healthy to dig there by day, as the whole area was overlooked from the heights of Sari Bair, and the Turkish artillery had the range to a nicety. We therefore dug by night and came back into the Aghyl Dere at dawn, leaving only fighting patrols by day on Gorse Hill. This went on for a week. It was good training and we became proficient at night advances and withdrawals, though not without trial and error. Night marches are tricky; it is so easy for the head of a column to go too fast and for the tail to lose its way. This happened one night, when the rear of one company lost contact and marched straight towards the Turks. On the night of the 13th August, a Friday, we heard plaintive cries coming from no-mans-land. "14th Sikhs! 14th Sikhs!" It was from our second-in-command, just out from India. He and a large party of men had wandered on and got lost, but we managed to recover them, after they had been fired at by both sides.

On the 21st August, our trenches were deep enough for us to occupy them in strength and continue digging and improving them by day, despite the enemy's guns. On our right were the Canterbury Mounted Rifles and later we extended our front so as to relieve them. There was a curious episode that night.

As the New Zealanders filed out of their trench in the darkness, some Turks filed in at the far end. How they got there I have never been able to discover. The result was that the leading men of my regiment, as they took over from the Canterbury Mounted Rifles, and were about to occupy their trench, found themselves looking down on a large party of Turks, estimated later at three hundred men. These Turks, instead of firing, made signs of wishing to surrender. They broke into a chorus of "Salaam Aleikum; Salaam Aleikum ! ", salaaming with their right hands, though maintaining with their left a grip on their rifles. Most of them had bombs tied to their belts. It was noticed that an officer was behind, urging them to do something. When they were told to give up their arms, they refused, though with redoubled salaams. One or two cases were observed of a Sikh and a Turk wrestling for the possession of a rifle, like any two schoolboys. About ten Turks gave themselves up. The rest were fired on and ran off, leaving some dead and wounded behind. None of us could speak Turkish, so that we were unable to interrogate the less-badly wounded. One could only assume that this was an attempt by the Turks to induce the Sikhs to desert, under the impression that they were Mahommedans. We heard no more of the incident; nor did the Turks try again. It was a puzzling little affair; and I still wonder how it was, that the Turks had come so close without being observed.

To be continued...

A TURKISH TRUCE (?)

By Major H McK Whittall D S O RND (240)
(Extract of a letter written on the 23rd June 1915)

Dear...

I was down on the beach the other day and met Aubrey Herbert and in fact brought him up to this camp. You must have heard of him as he was at the Embassy at Constantinope and has always been a great backer of the Turks. He says that it is all wrong that we are fighting the Turks. He is a regular 'Deli Fishenk'*, was wounded at Mons, captured by the Germans and left in a hut between the German and French lines and then recaptured by the French. Is now an interpreter here.

A man was going over to Mitylene t'other day and he told me there were some Whittalls there so I gave him my card to help him get some rose jam for me (which he did) and I got a card from Fred Whittall.

A day or two back the Colonel told me I was wanted by the Chief of Staff: I duly reported. He told me some Turks had been seen waving a white flag on our right and would I go up to the trenches and see what they wanted. I was to report to Brigade H Q. I got a guide and moved at once, i e at about 11 am and after some twenty minutes walking reached the H Q where I reported to the Brigadier. He explained me all details and it was agreed that by means of a megaphone I could try and find out what these Turks wanted and warned me laughingly not to put my head out above the trench (quite unnecessary I can assure you !). Gave me a note to O C Battalion and an orderly to take me up the communication trenches. We walked up the bed of a stream, banked up on either side to stop stray bullets and after a few minutes got into the C T known as Regent Street. Once in this I felt as safe as possibly could be, much safer than in our open camp down below. The maze of trenches is marvellous, all named after streets. They are two feet broad and five feet deep. The further up one goes the more the maze, simplified by notice boards so that even a stranger can get along. I reported to the O C Battalion and got another orderly, who took me to the firing line. I there reported to a Lieutenant-Commander, who said he knew nothing about this white flag affair. He passed the word for the men to keep a lookout; I should like to describe the fire trenches but must not do so. The men had been up here some time and looked pretty fagged. There is very little room to sleep in.

Well, I had hardly been there for half an hour when Captain Deedes from G H Q arrived and as there was nothing doing we retired to the officers' dug-out. After waiting for two hours Deedes left but I had to remain. From what I had heard and from what the officers up there told me there is absolutely no doubt that the Turks are fighting straight and clean.

After lunch a French officer came along and we asked him about this white flag business. He said yes they had seen it but as they thought it was a ruse they had fired on it.

It was decided that the Turks might try again later in the evening so I remained and spent the night in Commander Campbell's office. He is the man who was with Scott's expedition to the South Pole.

I was up at 5 next morning and all I had for breakfast was a cup of cocoa and it was not till after lunch that I received orders to return back here. From up there I got a fine view of the point down here, of the sea and the islands. So much for my adventures !

Everybody is still very optimistic but I do not share in this optimism.

* Literally translated = 'Mad Cartridge' or 'Madcap'

 Copyright W George Mead 1975

By W G MEAD RE Signals 9th Army Corps HQ

As we awaited the cutters to take us out into the bay at Imbros at sundown on the 6th August 1915 to board the lighters, the prospect that we were to land at Suvla Bay or Timbucktoo was kept so secret that if anyone below the rank of General knew what it was all about they were either Greek spies or lucky. We did land somewhere on Gallipoli's Peninsula about 11 pm on the night of 6th August 1915 - I being a Despatch Rider on shankies did as I was told and promptly dug in under a slight ridge on the A Beach. There with rifle fire sounding in the distance I observed troops moving around, mostly lost and completely unaware of any objective except to fix bayonets and 'get on with it' forward.

By dawn they had evidently 'got on with it' in the right direction and despite what appeared to be chaos our infantrymen knew the Turks were their objective and went after them as they retreated towards hilly defences which we stormed and captured namely Lala Baba and later Chocolate Hill. The Officers who by now would have been using their initiative, in lieu of any plan, were unfortunately not available as they had suffered out of all proportion amongst the casualties. Reason - they had gone into action complete with Sam Brownes and badge rank clearly visible. In the terrific heat of the late morning and the lack of water, thirst and exhaustion made the decision for them which was to stop, dig in and wait for what, to die of thirst or the bullet from the sniper ? However many ventured back across the Salt Lake, now like them parched and dry, to the A Beach where water tanks were in the process of being filled, there to fill their water bottles.

In the meantime we as a small Royal Engineers Signal Unit, belonging to the 9th Army Corps Advanced HQ were organised under the shelter of the rocky slopes of Nibrunesi Point at the extreme west of B Beach.

Early on the morning of 7th August I went out to deliver my first despatch to the 11th Division HQ reported to be in the vicinity of Lala Baba. Still 'windy' and not keen on exposing my eighteen year old self I walked along the sandy beach under the shelter of the Lala Baba cliffs and ran slap bang into an assembly of red tabs of the 11th Div HQ. By now it was bloody hot. Hardly had I returned and drunk a cuppa than off I went again this time to find a Casualty Clearing Station reported to be along A Beach too. Ploughing through the churned up sand, across the 'cut'(the inlet from the sea to the Salt Lake) I made my weary way. Along this beach and exposed to long range enemy fire were lost legions of 10th and 11th Divisional troops recently landed. Added to these were the exhausted troops from Chocolate Hill seeking water. It was found half way along the western shores of the Bay being pumped ashore from tankers anchored in the Bay through canvas fire hoses into large water troughs away from the vunerable beach. Water bottles could not be filled from the troughs which were being guarded by sentries with fixed bayonets, but in between troughs and sea from fountains of water spouting from holes made by the bayonets of thirsty troops. Parched and thirsty men have no morals so the shocking waste of valuable water went on. An occasional bout of shrapnel fire scattered the troops and hastened my journey towards the fluttering red flag flying in the distance towards Hill 10.

Somehow that return journey did not seem to be two miles in those days. The whole coast line perimeter of Suvla Bay from Nibrunesi Point to Suvla Point was only 4 miles. From beach to Chocolate Hill 2 miles across the dry Salt Lake and what was the eventual front line to beach about 2 miles.

At this juncture the Indian Mule Train supply unit was not operating. Nowhere could one observe water supplies, or for that matter any other commodity, being transported to the front line troops; little wonder they helped themselves.

Around the shores off A and B Beaches were rowing boats and other small craft collecting the wounded from the beaches en route for the hospital ships lying at anchor in the Bay.

Whilst resting at Nibrunesi Point, on the leeward side of a large boulder from the intermittent shrapnel bursting along the beaches, my companion yelled 'Oh' and collapsed. He had, with leg exposed stopped a shrapnel pellet in the knee and ankle. To the book I applied his first aid dressing to the wounds, signalled the Red Cross rowing boats and off he went hoping he had a 'Blighty' one. He was mistaken because after a brief rest in hospital at Alexandria he returned to duty. We were short of efficient telegraphists in the Signal office at Corps HQ. I had har

I had hardly returned to my boulder from the beach when a German 'Taub' flew over. It was the first enemy aircraft I had seen and very few did Commander Samson allow to trespass. He and a few of his breed, from his landing ground on the Isle of Tenedos, were masters of the sky above the Peninsula. Suvla Bay, however, was near the limit of his aircraft's flying range in those days and evidently 'Von Taub' was aware of this.

A group of soldiers were gathered together on the beach when from overhead a hand bomb was dropped. When the smoke and dust had settled that group had vanished. That ended the day of my baptism of fire.

That evening our cook, and let none belittle them, provided an excellent bully beef stew mixed with the proverbial dog biscuits. The stew was ladled into my billy-can, a pint of tea into a brown enamelled mug and I sat down to enjoy my part of the sea shore banquet during a picturesque setting sun behind the Isle of Imbros, in the comparative calm of that our first eventide on Gallipoli's Peninsula. It then became Moonlight Bay.

During the next few days little progress had been made towards climbing the hilly slopes leading to the two Anafarta Villages and then to join forces with the Anzacs. So there I leave our exhausted troops by Chocolate and Green Hills where even unto the evacuation they were only a few yards forward.

Here I would like to make a few quotations concerning this period. Prigge wrote "On the evening of 10th August all the heights, with the exception of Chocolate Hill were firmly in the hands of the Turks". Said Aubrey Herbert in his diary "On the hills we were the eyebrows and the Turks are the forehead".

By this time two new divisions had landed at Suvla. The 53rd and 54th. When ordered by Hamilton to attack Tekke Tepe ridge the Boer War complex Lt.Gen. Stopford replied describing these two Divisions as 'sucked oranges' in value of training and experience.

History books years later enlightened us survivors as to what Suvla and Gallipoli was all about.

It transpired that the main attack on 6th August was to be launched at Anzac, with the Sari Bahr and Chunuk Bair range of hills as the objective, once taken there was an unimpeded way across the Maidos Plain to the Narrows. Suvla Bay and Cape Helles were to provide flank attacks as diversions and to relieve pressure on Anzac. Suvla was known to be lightly defended and Kitchener's plan was to utilise his new army for the Suvla invasion.

Once again to our cost, a large number of our troops came up against a considerably smaller enemy force well positioned in a hilly defence system, under a commander of military genius, one Mustapha Kemal, ever watchful from the crest of Chunuk Bair from which the whole of the Peninsula and much of the blue Aegean could be seen. Many of our abortive attacks, especially at Anzac were the result of his presence. How bullets missed him only Allah knows as he often exposed himself amongst the troops he urged on. That is the Kemal who later became known as the 'Saviour of Gallipoli' and ended his life as President of Turkey. Ataturk to the world.

Contrast that example of leadership with that of our Commanders who were usually - during landing operations, in the wrong place and out of touch with events and each other, comfortably sheltered on battleships.

By now what little was known of our whereabouts was told to us Despatch Rider 'Walkers'. We were at Suvla Bay - over there 6 miles to the south was Anzac and further south to the tip was Cape Helles. We soon became familiar with the locality.

A few days after the 6th August the 9th Army Corps HQ, Lt General Sir Fredrick Stopford in command, settled down in a kind of shanty town dug-out villas, in a well protected gully about 1 mile east of Suvla Point. We despatch riders were then equipped with motor-cycles and normally when driving around the sandy beaches and dirt track roads we were often too speedy to become a target for the Turkish artillery except when approaching Lala Baba. Several times a day we had to make the run to the several divisional HQ on the leeward side of Lala Baba, to the left of which were a battery of guns of the 53 Div Artillery (I believe that to be correct).

After passing by the shelter of Hill 10 we approached a sleepered road laid across the 'Cut'. It was along this road they regularly had a go at us. The first D R to experience this hazard was bumping his way along the sleepers when a shell whizzed overhead and landed off target. We organised a counter to this danger by waiting in the shelter of Hill 10 for the shell to whiz over and then go like hell across the road, a cat and mouse act. Being the next on the roster to go, that is what happened. I continued my journey to the Divisional H Q on a road passing under the muzzle of the above mentioned guns, however irrespective of any travellers presence they continued to roar away - actually there was nothing to fear except to wear ear-defenders of cotton wool as per advice.

To break the monotony in and around Suvla a daily despatch rider service was laid on between our H Q and G H Q on the Isle of Imbros. Transit to and fro over that 20 miles of Aegean Sea was usually by a trawler ferry service. They were anchored in the Bay leeward to a battleship for protection from shell fire. During this outing one had a close up view of Anzac and I count myself to be lucky to have landed at Suvla.

On these journeys we returned loaded with only a briefcase of despatches, and at least two sandbags of sweets and mainly tins of condensed milk, purchased at 5 'ackers' (one shilling) a time, from the Greek merchants, very expensive then but in great demand in the camp, not as a tea additive, but to be holed and sucked empty - delicious then. Irrespective of this fattener we still looked like skeletons at the end.

Now I leave my last few paragraphs to the'most unkindest cut of all' about we civilian made soldiers, extracted from records of the Gallipoli Campaign. It is an example of journalistic impudence, to put it at its mildest, by a war correspondent writing about the quality of the troops at Suvla.

He said - to quote - "Merely a lot of childish youths without strength to endure or brains to improve the condition --- with physique that was much below that of the Turks".

That from a man whose judgement was based on three hour total endurance on three battlefields at Gallipoli, and one who chose the pen and not the sword which enabled him to escape from resting under one of those wooden cross landmarks of bravery.

These same 'childish youths' two years later torethe pants off the same breed of Turkish 'strongmen' in Palestine.

May I suggest the difference in warlike potential of these lads was, that in Palestine, they had a Commander who had shed the Boer War like shroud, who was the Supreme C in C and not one salvaged from retirement.

Did that War Correspondent read the Casualty List at Suvla and Anzac which between 6th and 13th August amounted to 22,000. Well Chums that's what that

bod thought of us at Suvla at least he was supported by that inept Lt Gen. Sir F Stopford - remember did they ever see Kitchener's finger pointing at them saying "Your Country Needs You". Those lads did and died for it.

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- SIXTY YEARS ON -

They grow not old, nor years condemn,
Those words are read and mean't for them,
At rest at Helles, Anzac and Suvla Bay,
At Alberts Hall, Remembrance Day.

There is another 'Green Hill far away',
Two miles east of Suvla's Bay.
Where lies our Lads each with his Cross
Above, to remind us of his loss.

But war demands that lives must pay,
The price - youthful lives to take away,
What right had war to be their doom,
They offended not, to die so soon.

And so in Nineteen Seventy-five
Though oldish, not weary, but still alive,
We re-visit their resting place in May,
On that hallowed soil at Helles, Anzac and Suvla Bay.

+ + +

THE GALATA BRIDGE WHICH SPANS THE GOLDEN HORN
By E J Bennett Portsmouth Battalion R M (94)

Abler pens than mine will write about our 60th Anniversary visit to the Peninsula and no-one was more impressed by it than my wife and I. The beaches now so unbelievably peaceful, the wreath-laying ceremonies, the cemeteries, all stirred our emotions and memories and combined to form a most moving and unforgettable experience. But whilst the Peninsula was the main object of our pilgrimage, a personal bonus to me was a visit to the Galata Bridge which spans the Golden Horn.

As a youngster I was a voracious reader of novels which dealt with state intrigues, spies and secret messengers whose missions always took them to exotic parts of the world. The most frequently mentioned meeting-place of those secret agents was on the Galata Bridge which spans the Golden HOrn, romantic-sounding words which seemed to me to epitomize the mystic East, words that have remained in my memory for 70 years. In those far-off days the idea of ever seeing that magic spot was just a day-dream but when I learned that our pilgrimage was to include two days in Istanbul my mind was quickly made up.

On one of those days - it was Sunday - my wife and I took a taxi from our hotel, drove to one end of the Bridge and we walked leisurely over it. It was all I expected it to be and I was thrilled. Pedestrians of every race and wearing every type of colourful attire thronged the side-walks and among them were street porters bent almost double under the loads on their backs. Turkish families in their Sunday best were crowding on to pleasure boats. Angling was in progress and fish dishes were being consumed on the quays below. On either side of the Bridge were strange-looking craft whilst in whichever direction we looked, there were the mosques with their domes and graceful minarets.

We did not recognize a single secret agent but one of my boyhood dreams had come true. I had walked on the Galata Bridge which spans the Golden Horn !

GALLIPOLI - 1915

By Lt-Col R F E Laidlaw (late Royal Munster Fusiliers) (518)

DEDICATION

This article is dedicated to Sergeant Bluemell, Thirteen Burkes, one Murphy and a Jesse - my first platoon in Gallipoli - a grand lot of men, who taught me a great deal before casualties caused me to take charge of the whole Company, a week or two after joining the Munsters.

GALLIPOLI - THE VOYAGE

A light flashed in the murk ahead and the great steamer, shrouded in darkness, turned on her heel and rushed out again into the Atlantic.

She showed no lights and was but a shadow among the shadows, but above, on her crowded decks and in her cabins and public rooms, over three thousand officers and men lounged or played, whilst her crew went silently about their work and the soldiers on look-out strained their eyes looking seawards.

On the bridge the Captain gave his orders quietly and the officers went about their several tasks, whilst the helmsman, a statuesque figure in the dim light of his binnacle, moved the wheel slightly from time to time.

Up in the crowsnest, and at various points on deck and on the upper works, soldiers and sailors on submarine look-out duty, peered into the gathering night.

The great ship quivered with her own speed and as she turned and thrust her way through the calm sea, her stern vibrated so much that it appeared to be yawing from side to side and the men there literally danced.

It was 23rd May 1915 and the ship was the Cunarder '*Mauritania*', but three days out from Liverpool yet about to enter the Straits of Gibraltar. She had sailed on 20th May. On 7th May, only 13 days before she sailed, her sister ship, the '*Lusitania*', had been torpedoed and sunk with the loss of 1,198 lives. Though it was not known to the men on board the '*Mauritania*', she, herself, had had a near miss from a torpedo off the Scillies.

So, another German submarine, suspected to be lying in wait for her in the Straits, had sent her scuttling back into the Atlantic, whilst the local naval units and her escort of four big 'L' class destroyers busied themselves in making things hot for any submarine which might be about.

In those days there was no radar and only a weak system of wireless which would have served to give the vessel's position away. This made signals a difficult matter in the face of the enemy and hunting a submarine in the open sea largely a matter of guesswork. The sailors had to see something to be sure.

Some hours later we turned again and again made for the Straits. This time it was apparently judged safe, but we rushed through at our greatest speed, the ship trembling from stem to stern. The highest speed she had obtained on her trans-Atlantic voyages had been approximately 25½ knots but, on this run, she exceeded 26 knots, the fastest she had ever been driven.

The four big destroyers of our escort ranged hither and thither like terriers after a rat, but our ship kept straight ahead, relying on her speed alone to save her from any possible torpedo.

Next morning we found ourselves in the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, more blue than any sea we had seen before.

The sun was getting fierce and we had reduced speed a little, but we still rushed along with our destroyers, now two on either bow, keeping station ahead of us. Nothing else was to be seen.

'Man overboard'

That day there was a cry of 'Man overboard' and once more our great ship came round in a huge circle, which her wake showed to be over a mile in diameter, in an attempt to find the man, whilst the destroyers ranged here and there - but nothing was seen of him and we resumed our voyage. Later, we heard that he was a sergeant of one of the units aboard and that he had been despondent for some days, regretting the past and in fear of the future, poor fellow, but, if way out it was, it was a bad one and one cannot bear to imagine his thoughts as he went under.

By that time we were all wondering what our future was and where we were going. We had been brought aboard in Liverpool on May 20th by tug, or from the quay, without the remotest notion of where in the whole world we were being sent and, once in the docks, we were out of touch with the world we knew for we were not allowed any communication with anyone.

Loading near us we saw the '*Aquitania*', a sister ship to the '*Mauritania*' but bigger. The two ships were to have sailed together in convoy but, as we were starting, and the '*Aquitania*' was turning, she ran aground hard and could not be pulled off. As many as possible of her complement of troops were transferred to us and we sailed out late that evening, considerably overcrowded, with many more than our complement of officers and men aboard. Later we found that the grounding of the '*Aquitania*' was a great blow as all her troops were also destined for Gallipoli and were more than badly needed there. We carried 248 officers and 2,981 other ranks, 3,229 all told plus the crew.

After the debacle of the Gallipoli landing, both ships had been hastily requisitioned and taken off their usual trans-Atlantic run, so hastily that no adequate preparation for transforming them into troopers could be made. The officers benefited as we occupied the cabins and ate the food provided for the rich business men and American millionaires who usually travelled by these ships. Never before, could men have gone to war so luxuriously. My own cabin, quite a large room with a bed, had beautiful watered silk panels on the walls, and carpets and furniture to match. We had several sittings at meals and were given food such as many of us had never tasted. For six days we lived in the very lap of luxury - the bump came with all the greater force when we got ashore.

The men, poor chaps, were not so well accommodated. A three by six foot space on the floor and a straw pallet was their accommodation, though they had adequate food.

In spite of the numbers, there were but few complete units on board. Most of the men were in groups and the officers were unattached as nearly all were sent out as reinforcements to replace casualties. Nevertheless, the Officer commanding Troops and his Adjutants soon had some order in the mass, and officers and men were detailed for duties and for parades soon before we had sailed. That was one of my first lessons in organisation and in what the army, particularly the old regular army, could do. I was to be more amazed at this in the second world war.

As I said, our quarters were luxurious but, in spite of this, most of us, when off duty, spent our time exercising and trying to keep fit for anything which might lie ahead of us.

Conjecture was great for although the travelled ones had soon spotted that we were bound for the Straits of Gibraltar, none knew how far on we were to go and whether we should pass through the Straits or go somewhere south of them. Once through the Straits, conjecture was narrowed, but even then we were uncertain.

Our destination

When we left England, the war in France, and the naval war occupied everyone's mind to the exclusion of all else. There was no broadcasting then, news in the newspapers was very restricted, and we had only faintly heard that there had been

a landing in the Dardanelles. This had been represented as a highly successful action. I remember seeing it stated in one paper, a day or so before we left, that "The British troops are now more than thirty miles up the Peninsula and that sound of the firing can no longer be heard from Cape Helles". How very different the situation was we had yet to learn.

It was during this voyage that I had my first sight of Africa, a continent I was to see a great deal of and in which I was to spend the greater part of my life, though this was unknown to me then.

I saw it first one evening, a distant range of mountains with heavy clouds hanging over them and lightning playing through the clouds. Having read much of Ryder Haggard and other such books, this glimpse confirmed the picture I had formed of Africa and for a long time gave me an altogether erroneous idea of the continent.

As we went on through the Mediterranean, with the men busy on deck and our escort still two on each bow keeping ahead of us, I think our feelings were mainly of excitement and wonder as to the future, mixed perhaps with a good deal of the fear of the unknown and, perhaps, fear as to whether we should prove equal to our responsibilities. It was a big leap in the dark and a leap altogether away from anything in life we had ever known. There were Regular and experienced soldiers aboard, but they were in the minority. Most of us were young and inexperienced, but resilient. The last few months of training and the thinking and hearing of the experiences of the troops at the Front had given us some idea of the frightfulness which we might expect, but the details were unknown to us, or what a different type of campaign we were in for.

We soon made friends and among those I came to know were two, whom I will call Smith and Jones, who particularly attracted me. They were both men in the neighbourhood of, or perhaps over, 50 years old, who had done no soldiering before the war, but who had felt compelled to join up when it started, to 'do their bit'. One was a solicitor and the other had a business of some sort of his own. They were both very nice conscientious men, inclined to be religious. They had worked very hard during their training and because of this and, perhaps on account of their ages, had been promoted to Captain and were thus a good deal senior to the bulk of us who were Second Lieutenants. I was to see more of them later as we were all three posted to the same Battalion.

Mudros

Apart from the incidents I have mentioned, we had an uneventful voyage and arrived off a coast which we learned the following morning was the Greek Island of Lemnos, during the night of the 26th/27th May. We had completed a voyage of approximately 3,000 miles in little over 5 days, the fastest trip ever to be made to that area at that time. The *'Mauritania'* (32,500 tons) was, up to then, the biggest ship ever to enter the Mediterranean. Later, the *'Aquitania'* (45,000 tons) and the *'Brittanic'* (White Star 48,000 tons), followed her to Lemnos as troopers. In 1915 these three were the biggest ships in the world.

The booms across the entrance to Mudros harbour in the island of Lemnos were not opened till dawn, so all that night we raced round the island. As we went in we were astonished to see a couple of, what appeared to be, 12-inch guns floating on the surface some way outside the harbour entrance, together with other wreckage. We found later that this was all that remained of a merchantman, camouflaged to appear as a battle cruiser, which had been torpedoed by a German submarine. The submarine, luckily for us, had gone off under the impression that she had torpedoed the real vessel. The battle cruiser herself had developed defects and had gone home to England. The camouflaged ship was a bluff to make the Germans imagine that she was still about the Dardanelles.

As we swept into the harbour we saw a very large stretch of water in the form of a horseshoe, landlocked on every side except for the narrow entrance.

The land appeared low and sandy, except on one side where it swept up into a range of hills about a thousand feet high. All round, from close to the water's edge to a distance of a mile inland, were close-packed encampments of canvas with some sheds among them. Several of these were marked with large red crosses, denoting that they were hospitals.

The whole of this great area of water appeared to be filled with ships of every kind. There were a battleship or two, several cruisers, a number of destroyers, some large passenger ships and numbers of smaller vessels of every conceivable kind from old Thames steamers to trawlers and tugs. Never had we seen so many vessels in one stretch of water. A large number of the smaller vessels were in movement, fussing from ship to ship and to shore and then back again. There must have been some hundreds of vessels in this magnificent natural harbour which was the advanced base for the operations in the Dardanelles.

After a very early and hasty breakfast, the last good meal many of us were to have for months, we had not dropped anchor before we were almost surrounded by a number of small vessels, all with some business or other with us. Some of these, trawlers or fleet sweepers, were already half full of troopers, many of them Indians. The men on board the *'Mauretania'* were fallen in, with all their kit, and soon received their orders. As soon as we had anchored, some of these vessels drew alongside, gangways were lowered and the men began to disembark as fast as they could be taken aboard the smaller vessels. As soon as each one was filled it cast off and, while some made for the shore, others made through the entrance for the open sea.

Meanwhile the unattached officers were paraded in the lounge where we were called up by the Military Landing Officers by name and told the unit and place to which we were to report. No time was lost and everything proceeded methodically. Once again I was greatly struck by the organisation and meticulous work involved. Not a man of the thousands aboard was overlooked or not known by name.

Posted to the Munsters

I was one of 18 of the unattached officers posted to the 1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, 29th Division and told to report to them forthwith on Gallipoli itself. We had already packed our kit, all 30 lb of it! and so we at once proceeded with it to the gangway to which we were directed. This led us down to a fleet sweeper of some size, already partly loaded with troops, of whom many were Indians. At the foot of the gangway, as we stepped aboard, there stood a Sikh Subahdar, a magnificent specimen of a man with a long black beard, who must have stood six feet four or five and was broad with it. As each of us officers came abreast of him, he gave him a quick glance and then peered into his face, and either stepped back or gave him an obviously approving pat on the shoulder. I was not one of those approved of; I was still too lanky.

We soon filled up until there was just space to sit down on the riveted steel deck and then we slid away from the ship without fuss or flurry and headed out of the harbour. The whole operation from our anchoring until we were on board the sweeper could not have taken more than a couple of hours. We were evidently needed urgently.

Most of the 18 of us posted to the Munsters, as I shall now call them, got together and exchanged what knowledge we had of the Regiment and what we had heard so far of the campaign in which we were about to take part. I found that I was very ignorant of both and, to my lasting shame, had scarcely heard of the Munsters.

I felt a great sense of pride when I realised that I was to join a Regular Battalion and yet, of fear, that I might not 'measure up'. Again, when I realised that the Battalion was part of the 29th Division, of which the papers had been full of praise just before we left home, I felt both pride and apprehension at having to take my place among real and well-tried soldiers.

I also heard for the first time of the epic of the *'River Clyde'* at the landing, and was told that both the Munster and the Dublin Fusiliers, as well as some of the Hampshire, had landed from her - the Trojan Horse as she was called. At that time we did not know of the fearful cost of the landing and, in particular, of that involved in the landing from the *'River Clyde'*.

As we forged ahead on a smooth sea, uncomfortably sitting or trying to lie, on the rough and hot steel deck, we heard more and more of what lay ahead of us from some of the others who were returning to the Peninsula, and from some of the crew. It added up to a very unpleasant whole. The sweeper bustled ahead at her best speed and we were glad that the sea was so smooth for, even as it was, there was a good deal of motion.

Apparently we had taken a very severe mauling indeed at the landing on April 25th and had sustained tremendous casualties, so much so that there was a very thin line of men indeed holding the very small piece of the Peninsula we had won.

We were the first reinforcements to arrive, hence the hurry to get us ashore. All that we heard on this trip was more than substantiated when we were able to see for ourselves.

We did the trip across from Mudres to the Peninsula in a little over four hours and the first thing we saw of our destination was a line of ten or a dozen vessels standing well out off the low shore. These were supply ships, busily unloading stores and ammunition of all sorts into lighters which carried them to rough piers sticking out from the shore. From here they were manhandled by fatigue parties of troops into dumps under the cliffs which here were little more than sandy humps.

We went on past these and headed for the very tip of the Peninsula, where we saw the renowned *'River Clyde'*, hard aground and now, herself, acting as a pier. We ran alongside her and disembarked on to her, scrambling ashore across a very rough landing stage. She was rusty and looked very forlorn and very unlike a Horse of Troy now. She had been a collier and so had probably never been very smart, but she had played a heroic part.

Just before landing we had noticed some flashes from what we were told was the Asiatic shore, which were followed by detonations and clouds of dust on the Peninsula - our first sight of shell fire, to which we soon became accustomed.

Sedd-el-Bahr

We had our first look at Sedd-El-Bahr from the sea before going alongside and were told that that was where the Munsters and Dublins had landed. It was a fearsome sight, a steep basin backed by the battered walls of great forts, the glacis of which were still covered with the remains of broad bands of barbed wire extending down to and under the sea. It was like a Roman arena, the forts taking the place of the tiers of seats and the place where our troops had landed, the part where the Christians of earlier days had been massacred.

I have never understood why we had put our heads right into the lion's mouth there, but it was quite easy to realise why they had been bitten off. Even the C in C, General Sir Ian Hamilton, repeatedly deplored the landing at V Beach. (How I wish we had left V Beach severely alone and, again "would that we had left it severely alone" - His Gallipoli diary, Chapter V).

The courage of the men who had rushed down the gangways from the *'River Clyde'* or had rowed ashore in small boats in the face of a murderous gun, machine gun and rifle fire, and forced their way ashore in the midst of hundreds of their number mangled and dying, whilst the sea literally ran red with blood, was stupendous - and was a damnable waste of fine men - the pick of the old Regular Army, which we could ill spare.

THE SINKING OF H M S *TRIUMPH*

By H H Hudson 7 Bn AIF (244)

I have read every Gallipolian from about number 5 onwards from cover to cover and no-one has written a word upon this sinking except P H Liddle (AM 426) who mentioned somewhere that he had made a great search for a survivor without success, so it is left to an untrained researcher relying entirely on memory of what he saw and heard on the 25th May 1915.

The (I believe) super-Dreadnought HMS *Triumph* in company with some 5 or 6 battleships made an attack on the Dardanelles forts at the Narrows on the 19th February 1915 at 10 am, but did very little damage with its 11 or 12-inch guns. After some days a second attack was made on the other Straits forts and some mobile howitzers which had been brought up to the gun sites. However, it was decided that the forts could not be taken without troops.

It was known that a German submarine had passed through the Straits of Gibraltar in mid-April and precautions were taken against torpedo attacks. The *Triumph* ceaselessly steamed to and fro by day and night; during daylight I often watched and saw a single enemy aircraft fly at great speed and height above *Triumph* which was circling to starboard and port. I kept a watch on Cape Helles and would see one biplane rise rapidly towards the Narrows forts to get between the enemy and his base, but no luck. The enemy biplane quickly let go its bomb, only to fall yards wide of its target. On the 25th May at about midday, eating my meal, I watched *Triumph* steaming a snaking course at about 4 knots. A higher speed was impossible in such crowded and narrow seas. Her torpedo nets were out but were dragged back by the forward movement of the ship, exposing some one third of its forward starboard side. While I looked a huge volcano-like explosion of muddy water and smoke arose from her starboard side at about midships. Within a minute the entire ship disappeared from view in a cloud of steam, smoke and water: she had been struck in the magazine. She immediately opened up with every gun that would fire at every blank space of sea to keep U21 down below surface and out of action.

Soon the water and smoke cleared but *Triumph* had a heavy list to starboard. Dozens of small craft raced from the beach to the *Triumph* (about three miles) to rescue anyone possible. I am afraid that a large number of men became entangled in the torpedo nets and went down with the ship. The list to starboard increased very rapidly; soon her port guns were silent as they were pointing straight up to the sky. Starboard guns soon shut down as the muzzles went under water. *Triumph* turned upside down and slid below the surface stern first.

The Turks were delighted at our disaster and began a furious shelling of all our positions. Even though we had been told that the Turks were short of shells, they certainly had plenty for that day : we answered back with every gun that would fire. The cannonade was frightful but it died down and the usual 'Goodnight' cannonade was barely observed; both sides were tidying up and clearing away dead and wounded. The U21 went on to Cape Helles where the super-Dreadnought *Queen Elizabeth* with her 15-inch guns departed lest the same fate overtook her while trying to gain a prize of quickly diminishing value.

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 from : Messrs G H Munday Ltd., 7 Irving Street, Leicester Square London WC2H 7AT.

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION TIES

These are obtainable direct from the Secretary, price £1.00.

FIRST SHOT

By W G Cave B E M C P O HMS *Dublin* (457)

I wish to report a 'first', having read of the 'last' this and the 'first' that; it is the opening shot of the actual 'them and us'. In the absence of press notice until months later, I'm afraid my personal notes of odd incidents are uncertain. I have written to Peter Liddle about this but in his acknowledgement he was naturally doubtful as to its inclusion in his full History as there was no other source to confirm it. On the 3rd or 4th Sunday of August 1914, after the news of the *Goeben* and *Breslau*'s arrival at Constantinople, we settled down to an 8-knot patrol off the entrance to the Dardanelles. Captain Kelly, having received reports of the political intrigue going on, gave out at our Church Parade, the usual stand-up affair on the quarter-deck, that he was going to give us a change to wash our 'dirty hides'; smiles all around, in which he joined. He informed us that he was going a bit further up the coast and pipe 'Hands to bathe', we still retaining traces of the last couple of 'coal ships' we had endured during the now historical chase of the *Goeben* and *Breslau*. It must be borne in mind that in those days H M Ships did not carry much fresh water and all our drinking water, etc, had to be condensed and all tanks of drinking water had lockable taps and it was 'Tanky's' job to go around at routine times to unlock them, and after a short interval to relock them. The bathwater was contained in a small wooden tub and this sufficed for the once-a-day wash for the mess - an average of 15 hands, but for bathing after 'coal-ship' a little more was allowed and a wash-deck salt-water hose was kept running during the 'scrub decks' period after 'coal-ship'.

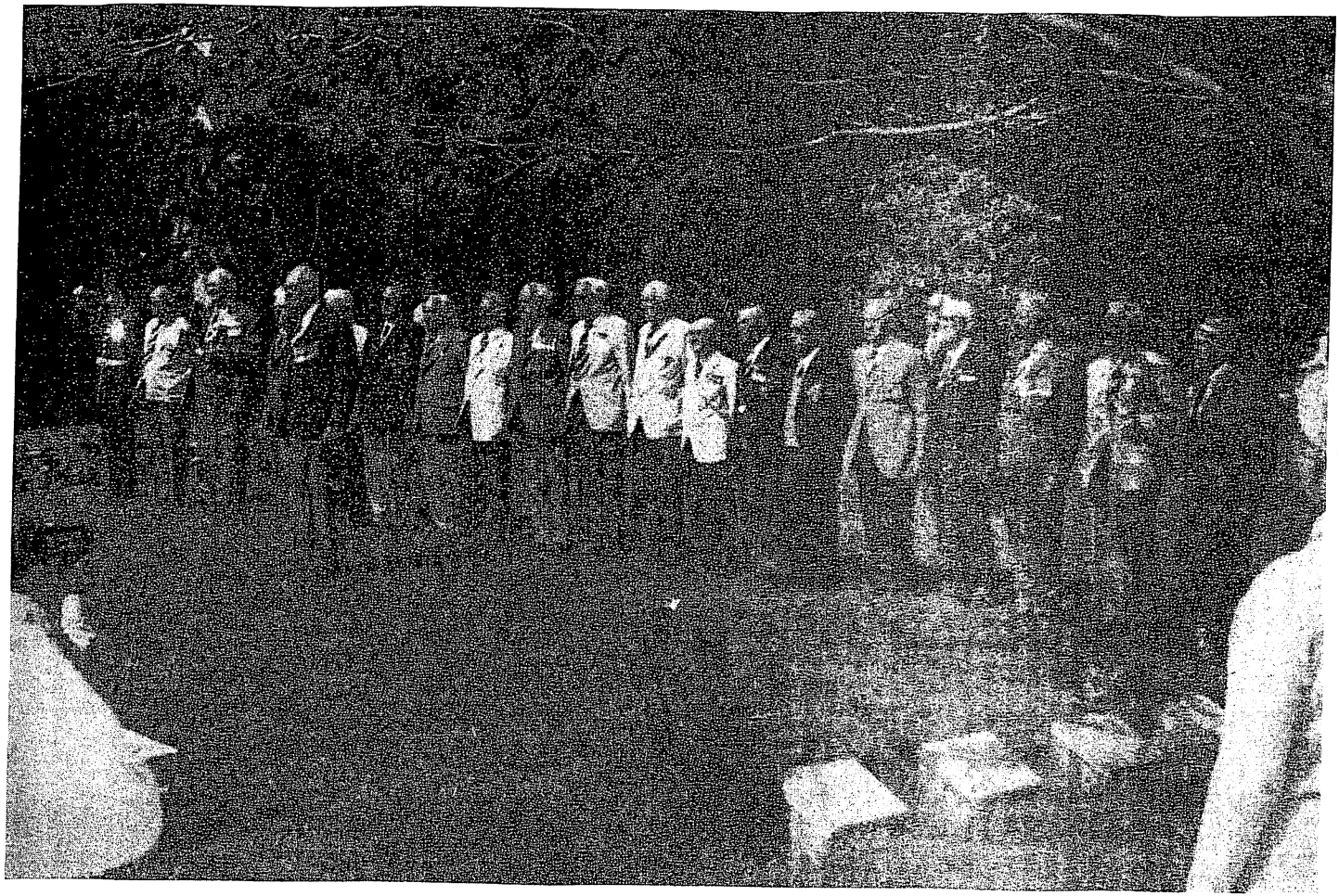
Now to return to the 'Hands to Bathe', I had been up at my'FQ2' (9-ft range finder) scanning the coast approximately 1500 yards distant on the run-up and I had not observed any sort of life other than an odd goat or two. Now we were about to anchor in the Gulf of Saros when the pipe 'Duty hands: Muster on the focsle' was sounded and within a couple of minutes Captain Kelly on the bridge dropped the Green Flag as signal to 'Blacky' to knock off the slip, the brake of the sprocketed cable holder having been eased off previously, and down went the starboard anchor, to the cheers of the would-be bathers, when BANG. I cannot truthfully remember whether there was only one or more as the shell from over a distant ridge, somewhere anyhow, but unseen source, but it burst as it hit the funnel, number two of four, and as there were fragments flying around there was a bit of a panic as no cover at all is provided on a light cruiser's deck.

Well, luckily there were no casualties apart from a slight tear in Commissioned Gunner's (Mr Sampson) coat and the hole in the funnel and odd scraps of metal in and around the funnel. But there was no bathing. We 'up-anchored' and steamed off-shore in case ... But the next time angry shots were fired on either side was at the 4th of November bombardment and I scanned the coast, especially at the estimated quarter from the bearing angle plotted by the 'Navvy' on the chart. But you army chaps - Aussies and N Zers who later operated in that quarter doubtless covered the zone in question. We did not go as far north again during our patrolling as other duties kept us nearer the entrance to the straits, but more of this in later editions, I hope. I wish there were more of the 'Dub's' crew about so I could exchange experiences.

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A Gallipoli Padre rose to the rank of bishop. He attended a big local function and was called on to tell a story, which he did. He was then asked for another, which again he did. A young reporter wrote up the stories but was told by his editor that there wasn't room for both and he must drop one. So he added, 'The bishop told another good story, but the editor says it cannot be printed.'

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PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE COMMONWEALTH WAR GRAVES COMMISSION VIA MAJOR G B HORRIDGE

THE HEAVIES AND THE LIGHTS

All early members of the M E F saw the *Queen Elizabeth* with its 15-inch guns, the latest big ship. Other heavy battleships were present and smaller ships like destroyers were two a penny - except for the submarines which although small were vital. Still smaller ships like minesweepers were regarded as of no account and finally the lighters were quite disregarded. To try to balance the many accounts of the heavies why not write a bit about the lighters, for lighter moments ?

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The steward of a Gallipoli minesweeper retired after the war and bought a cottage by the sea. He paid a local lad to knock him up every morning with a shout, 'Cap'n wants yer, right away'. On that he would sit up and shout in reply, 'Tell the cap'n to go to 'ell'.

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A former Yeoman of the Mounted Division at Gallipoli retired and as living costs rose he decided he had to sell his horse. Both of them were by now a bit long in the tooth and short of wind and a prospective buyer saw the horse panting somewhat. He was told, 'See what a fine coat she's got', to distract his attention, on which he replied, 'Yes, but I don't like her pants'.

* * * * * * * *

After the war one of our young heroes became a regular soldier, living in married quarters. One day his wife was unwell and he reported it to the M O for him to call. The M O was very tired as he had been up all night and he had forgotten his stethoscope. But he didn't go back for it but asked the patient to lie while he put his head on her chest to be able to listen to her heart, asking her to count until he told her to stop. But he was very tired and on the soldier's return he found the M O sound asleep with his head comfortably pillowed and his wife saying, 'Three thousand and forty one, three thousand and forty two ...'

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After two weeks on the Peninsula he got a 'Blighty', being taken on board one of the big liners which made a special trip to Gallipoli with troops and taking back wounded. The medical staff was very raw, many of the young nurses had hardly seen a patient before. Our young hero was bedded and the nurse told by the sister to give him a blanket bath. She asked how it was done and was told, 'Turn the sheet down and wash as far as possible. Then turn the sheet up and wash as far as possible. Soon after the young nurse ran off after the sister shouting, 'Sister, sister, what do I do when I get to possible ?'

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One ex-Gallipolian became a guardsman, doing his spell of duty at the royal palaces, etc. One day he was accosted in a pub by two Americans who asked him if he could show them around Buckingham Palace, making it worth his while. To their surprise he said he could and arranged a rendezvous at Charing Cross station; then they started off in a taxi, going via the Mall and Constitution Hill, down Grosvenor Place, round Buckingham Palace grounds (the name reassured them), by Wellington Barracks and back to Charing Cross. 'But you said you could take us all around Buckingham Palace', cried one in surprise. 'That's what I've done. I've taken you all round the Palace'. History does not record if he lived long enough to join the Gallipoli Association.

E H W B

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