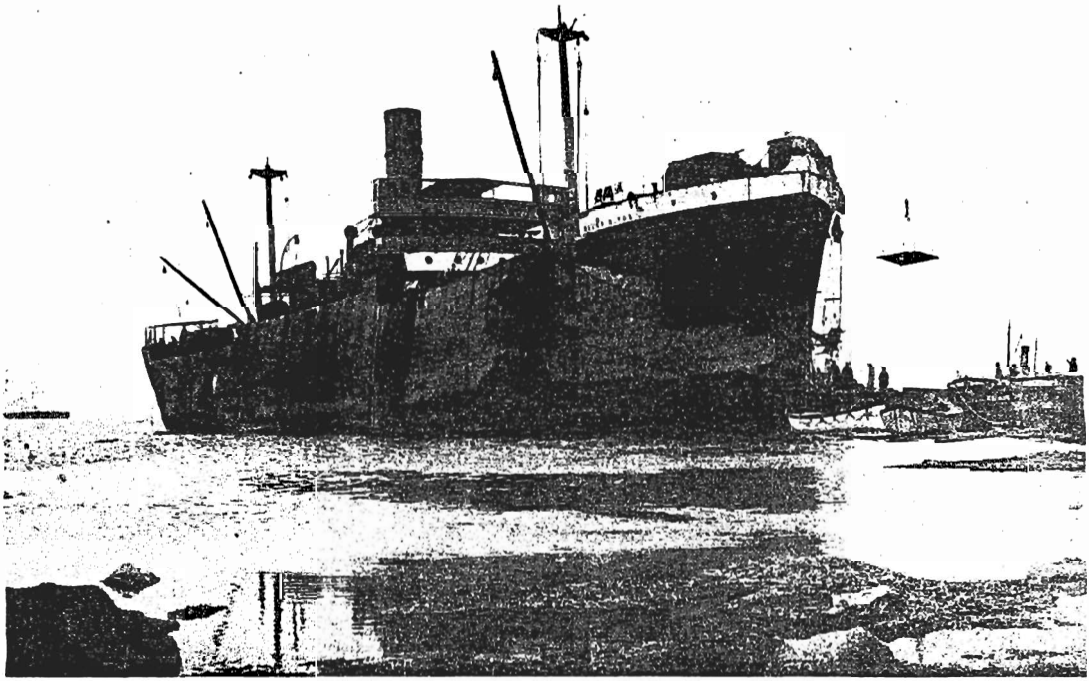
# THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

## GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 25p No. 21 AUTUMN 1976

THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION

(Founded in 1969 on the campaign of 1915)

| | |
|---|---|
| PRESIDENT | Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC |
| PAST PRESIDENT | Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC DL |
| VICE-PRESIDENTS | Vice-Admiral Sir Peverill B R W William-Powlett KCB KCMG CBE DSO |
| | Lt-Colonel the Lord Rowallan KT KBE KStJ TD Hon LLD |
| | Major-General T H Jameson CBE DSO RM |
| | Colonel the Lord Barnby CMG CBE MVO |
| | Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook CB CBE DSO RN |
| CHAIRMAN & HON SECRETARY & EDITOR OF THE GALLIPOLIAN | Major E H W Banner TD MSc FInstP CEng FIEE FIMechE<br>Delphi Maresfield Park UCKFIELD<br>East Sussex TN22 2HB<br>(Uckfield 4949 STD 0825 4949) |
| HON TREASURER | D F Bland<br>Torview 4 Ridgeway Close<br>DORKING Surrey RH4 3AS<br>(Dorking 5360 STD 0306 5360) |
| COMMITTEE | F T K Woodworth<br>Lt-Col P J Gething MC<br>Major A G Coulson (AM)<br>Keith Tranmer (AM)<br>D A Pollard (AM) |

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PLEASE NOTE THE NAME OF THE NEW HONORARY TREASURER AND MAKE CHEQUES PAYABLE TO THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION.

# OUR FIRST PRESIDENT
## A Tribute

Brigadier B B Rackham, on leaving the London area in 1976, and having been our President since inception, thought it opportune to hand over the presidency and the senior Vice-President, Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory became our new President.

Probably few, other than Founder Members, know how Brigadier Rackham became President. Before the Association was initiated a luncheon and dinner were held on the 25th April 1969 and the Association was born as the result. When circularizing prospective members I wrote that 'I propose to invite the senior officer present to preside at the dinner'. Brigadier Rackham was the senior officer, hence his taking the chair at the dinner.

When we then decided to form an Association he was obviously the first president and he held the office and presided at all the dinners, including of course the royal occasion when in 1975 our Guest of Honour was H R H the Duke of Edinburgh. His handling of all the occasions was a great factor in making members feel at home and glad to belong to such an Association. While for my part I produced the bodies, as a 'back-room boy', he made the party tick over. His speech at each of the dinners was always enjoyable and ensured that those present had a sense of well-being, and the enjoyment of the company of their fellow-veterans.

His Gallipoli service was in the Hawke Battalion R N D.

Prior to his move from London he was active in the political field and from the outset said that he could not take part in the routine work of the Association which would have to be left to me and the Committee. In the campaign he was awarded the MC and bar; later he became a CBE and he has been a Deputy Lieutenant of Greater London for many years.

E H W B

## ANZAC DAY 1976

A number of members of the Association joined the Anzacs at the annual wreath-laying at the Cenotaph on Sunday the 25th April.

The Gallipoli Association wreath was laid by the Chairman, Major E H W Banner.

* * * * * *

COMMEMORATION SERVICE AT BURY, Lancs, for the 1st Battalion the Lancashire Fusiliers who landed at W Beach, and the other battalions of the regiment who served in the campaign.

Bury is the garrison town for the regiment which is now part of the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers. The regimental colours hang in the parish church. On this occasion the guests included a contingent from the Royal Navy, HMS *Euralyus*, which landed the battalion at W Beach. Other guests were the Lord Lieutenant of the County, the High Sheriff of Greater Manchester and several Mayors of neighbouring towns. The band of the regiment played during the service and a contingent of the regiment was also present. The service was taken by Canon J R Smith, Rector of Bury and the Lesson was read by the Deputy Colonel of the Regiment, Lt-General Sir James Wilson KBE MC.

After the service the parade marched past General Wilson who took the salute. The parade was led by survivors of the 1st Battalion who were at the landing. The second party were survivors of the other five battalions of the regiment who fought on the Peninsula. Then there were other contingents from HMS *Euralyus*, the RRF, Old Comrades and Sea and Army Cadets. After the march-past, General Wilson and the Deputy Commander of HMS *Euryalus* spoke to the survivors.

The landing party consisted of one, whose name was Walker, and the survivors' party comprised two only - Sgt Wilde DCM and the writer, Major G B Horridge.

*George B Horridge*

EDITOR'S NOTE Opinions expressed by authors are their own

## LUNCHEON AND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 1976

About fifty members attended the lunch but some went off in reunion parties and not all were present at the AGM which followed.

The Minutes of the Meeting have been circulated.

The Chairman reported that the net number of members was about four hundred.

## THE TREASURERSHIP

It is regrettable that following the change of Honorary Treasurer at the AGM, it has not been convenient for Mr Bennett, the former Hon Treasurer, to hand over the books and records to the new Treasurer, Mr D F Bland.

Consequently it is not possible for the Treasurer to be able to advise members as to the current state of their subscriptions. It will therefore be assumed that all members in receipt of this issue of the Gallipolian, 21, are up to date for 1976 and so will be due for the next subscription on 1st January 1977.

## THE WAR VETERANS ASSOCIATION

Colonel N H Huttenbach DSO OBE MC (634) is the Chairman of the London & S E England Branch, recently formed to enable disabled veterans to revisit the Peninsula at little or no cost to themselves. A party of 28 went to Gallipoli earlier this year, comprising 20 veterans and 7 relatives, plus one nursing officer. The tour was most enjoyable. The organization is independent of the Gallipoli Association.

One of our members in the party was Harry Hughes (617) and he writes that there should be a broadcast by BBC 1 at some unknown time, dealing with the tour. Particulars should be sought in *Radio Times*.

## FOUNDER MEMBERS

Of the 47 Founder Members listed in Number 9 of the Gallipolian, about one third have now been reported as deceased and there is a small number of others 'missing', including some no longer active.

# ANNUAL DINNER 1976

Our eighth annual dinner will be held at the ROYAL AIR FORCE CLUB, 128 Piccadilly, W1 on Thursday, 7 October, kindly sponsored by Colonel Philip Gething, a committee member and founder member.

The Club is between Hyde Park and Green Park Underground stations and there are several bus routes. Free parking space in nearby roads after 6.30.

FIELD MARSHAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER, KG GCB GCMG KBE DSO will be our Guest of Honour and will propose the toast to the GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION.

| | |
|---|---|
| Time : | 6.30 for 7. |
| Dress : | Dinner jacket (or dark suit)<br>Miniatures/medals |
| Name tab : | As usual, please wear a name tab on the lapel<br>Note that this is NOT the place-card (below) |
| Guests : | Members may bring male guests |
| New Members | dining for the first time are asked to get in touch with a committee member or the chairman |
| Price : | £4.50 per head<br>Drinks at the bar and at the table payable on the spot |
| Applications : | Please apply to the Honorary Secretary after 7 September and not later than 30 September |
| Please include : | (1) Name in block letters : Number<br>(2) Cheque for self and guests, payable to the G A<br>(3) Stamped self-addressed envelope |
| Place Cards : | will be sent in the envelopes submitted and should be taken to the dining room on arrival and a place at table selected where the member wishes to sit, bending the card to stand on the table opposite the chair selected. Please do NOT remove place-cards already in position, without the consent of the owner of the card. This place-card is NOT the name tab (Above). |

Copies of some earlier numbers of the GALLIPOLIAN will be on sale during the evening.

## NEW MEMBERS (up to 21 July 1976)

In the original printed journal this section contains names and full addresses of new members. For reasons of data protection and personal privacy, this content has been omitted.

## OBITUARY (at 21 July 1976)

With deep regret the following names are recorded :

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| N Clarke RAMC | (108) | J Stewart RAMC | (128) |
| Lt-Col R I Scorer MC 5 Wilts R | (480) | Lt-Cdr E G Boissier DSC RN | (450) |
| W E Collins MM 1 Lan Fus | (612) | B W Carter Norfolk R | (387) |
| E J Shepard Dorset Y | (417) | Major H McK Whittall DSO RND attd Anzac | (240) |
| R A Pritchard RND | (336) | Cdr N D Holbrook V C Submarine B 11 | (294) |
| Cdr M Wilson OBE DSC RN | (138) | CSM E F Tippett TEM 1/7 R Welsh Fus | (524) |
| B W Boddy Q O R West Surrey R | (111) | J Earney RAMC | (114) |
| | | S R Langhorn RFA | (394) |

It is pleasing to record that from time to time past members are commemorated by a token donation to the Association. One such is B W Carter whose widow sends a gift of £5.

### THE JOY OF GIVING

By Captain Leslie Briggs Lawrance (436)

*If you can find some joy in sadness,*
*Distant though it seems to be;*
*If you smile when most are scowling,*
*It will bring much help to thee.*
*For in giving more than seeking*
*you will gain of strength a part;*
*Know this, you will be reaping*
*A warm and understanding heart.*

Occasionally particulars of members recently deceased become available and can be published with the obituary notice. One such is Lt-Cdr E G Boissier DSC RND. He was an engineer and associated with Sir Arthur Aiton and Sir Henry Royce but later was more concerned in power station construction. On the outbreak of war he joined the RNVR and was commissioned in the Howe Battalion; he was the MG officer of the Battalion on the Peninsula from the landing on the 25th April, being awarded the DSC. After the war he returned to engineering and finally retired as director and general manager of Messrs Aiton & Co Ltd of Derby. He was a chartered engineer. He died shortly after reaching his 90th birthday.

Another is Major Hugh McKinley Whitall DSO, who wrote 'Early Days Off Cape Helles' which was published in the spring number, 20, this year. He was awarded the DSO in the campaign and is believed to be either the youngest or nearly youngest officer to receive it. He was born in Smyrna (now Izmir) and after education in England joined the RM for the war. He lived in Turkey for most of his life.

Commander Norman Holbrook VC, is, with the greatest regret, now numbered among our past members. He died in early July at the age of 87. In 1914 the war was the 'Dardanelles'; Gallipoli was not yet in the battle area. Holbrook commanded the submarine B 11 when on the 13th December 1914 he dived under five rows of mines forming a protective minefield for the Turkish battleship *Messudiyeh* which was sunk by the submarine's torpedo. B 11 then successfully got away and 'lived to fight another day'. Such an operation required devotion to duty by all aboard and Lt Winn received the DSO and every member of the crew the DSM. The citation for the Victoria Cross was given in the Gallipolian number 8, Spring 1972, p 14.

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What about some of our bright young members starting a television series on 'Great Grandad's Army' ?

* * * * *

## SOME GALLIPOLI MEMORIES

By Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory
KCIE CB DSO DL JP (69)
late 14th King George's Own Sikhs of the 29th Infantry Brigade
(Copyright by Sir Reginald Savory) Continued from number 19

I was then given a month's sick leave. One of my first acts was to visit the Indian Army depot in Ismailia, where I met many of our men who had been wounded or sick, and arranged for them to accompany me when I returned to the Peninsula. I also took the opportunity of paying a visit to the pay-office to see how my personal finances stood. Here I had an unexpected reception. The Paymaster expressed himself his desire to see me. I was ushered into the presence. He was polite but firm. 'Look here,' he said, ' you cannot do this sort of thing. We have had to send a special letter to India about your case, and an Indian Army Order has had to be issued, laying down that no one can draw the emoluments of more than one appointment at a time.' Little did I realize the enormity of what I had done during the few days when I had found myself commanding my battalion at Cape Helles. I had issued an order which must have run somewhat as follows:

Battalion Orders by 2/Lieut R A Savory

commanding 14th (K.G.O.) Sikhs

The following appointments are made to fill existing vacancies:

| | |
|---|---|
| Commanding Officer | 2/Lieut R A Savory |
| Second in Command | 2/Lieut R A Savory |
| OC 'A', 'B', 'C' and 'D' Companies | 2/Lieut R A Savory |
| Quartermaster | 2/Lieut R A Savory |

(Signed) R A Savory, 2/Lieut. Adjutant

Each of these appointments entitled the holder to draw the allowance pertaining to it. Each could only be held by an officer holding the King's commission. I was the only one present and therefore entitled to hold them all; but it created a stir in the financial dove-cotes, and a precedent the outcome of which might have had wider

implications. The regulations had made no provision for this kind of thing, and had therefore to be changed. Having spent four months fighting in Gallipoli, I had now clearly returned to the realities of life, so I drew the cash and went to Cairo to spend it. My diary entry for that day is, 'Went to D D O and got £20.' It was not very much but it sufficed.

How does one describe a month's sick leave in Egypt ? Perhaps it would be better not to make the attempt. My diary contains a list of picnics at the Pyramids; luncheon parties; dinners and dances; with occasional visits to the cabarets; and a day or two shooting quail; but it all began to pall. On the 15th November, I wrote to my father 'One feels such an infernal slacker, living a life of comparative ease and luxury when one's regiment is in Gallipoli; anyhow, I went and had a personal interview with the General this morning and he has promised to send me back as soon as possible, which probably means two or three days time ... I am quite ready to go back; kit packed and everything ready to start at a moment's notice ... '

A week later I had embarked on the *Malda*. 'Quite a decent ship', I wrote, 'and fairly comfortable. I am ship's adjutant, which is better than doing nothing and is quite interesting ... nearly every one on board here is going out for the second or third time, and so there is none of the cheerful anticipation one usually gets with people who have never seen scrapping before ...'

We reached Mudros on the 26th November, and that day it turned icy cold - 'Blowing a gale, and raining like old Harry ... I thanked God I had a nice comfortable bunk to sleep in ... it must be pretty damnable sleeping in the open, nowadays, in the cold and wet. Tomorrow, with any luck, I should be back again with the regiment ...' But it was not to be tomorrow, or the next day. It was too rough. We set out, once, by trawler but had to turn back. I went ashore and, to my surprise, found there the heavy baggage of the Indian brigade. This was on the 2nd December, and it gave me an inkling that the Indian brigade might be on its way back to warmer climes. My diary for that day reads: 'Rumour re going back to

Alexandria.' I have no recollection whatever of any suggestion of a general evacuation, although the first steps in that remarkable achievement had already been taken.

On the 5th December, I arrived at Anzac and rejoined. The regiments were still in the area where I had left them some three months ago. They were nearly up to strength, having received another company of The Maharaja of Patiala's infantry. They had been fitted out with winter clothing and an extra blanket per man. This was as well, for they had just been through the 'blizzard'. During the time that I had been held up at Mudros, it had rained, then snowed and finally frozen. Our trenches were in low-lying ground and had acted as storm-drains. All the water from the hills had come swirling into our trenches. A 'tidal wave' waist-high had rushed through washing all before it. Ammunition, food, bedding and all the paraphernalia of a regiment had been swamped. By the time it had drained away and subsided, the men were living in a sea of stinking, glutinous mud. They had, at once, set about cleaning out the trenches and searching for missing articles of equipment and clothing, and then the wind veered to the north and with that came the snow. It was as much as flesh and blood could stand. No human, Indian, British or Turk, could stay in trenches in such conditions. They clambered out on to the top and existed miserably in the open, within a hundred yards or so of each other; both sides were too concerned with keeping warm and salvaging such things as they wanted, to bother about firing at each other. On that part of the front, the elements had enforced a suspension of hostilities. Then came the frost ... We, in the 14th Sikhs, were fortunate in having some officers who had recently come from France and knew about 'trench-feet' and their treatment, and surprisingly, suffered only eighteen cases of frost-bite. Our telephone orderly, however, whose duty compelled him to stay at his post, was found one morning frozen to death; and many other men succumbed to exposure.

Fortunately, there was no shortage of rum; and the Sikhs,

and our friends the Gurkhas, took full advantage of the generous issues which were made from the large stock which had accumulated.

When I arrived on the 5th December, all this was over; the sun was shining; the clothes and bedding had been disinfected; the trenches cleaned out; and the routine of trench-warfare re-started.

All this time, there had been considerable speculation as to what the future held for the Dardanelles army. Could we stay ? The blizzard had given us much food for thought. Could we withdraw ? The storms had destroyed many of the piers on which we relied. By degrees, speculation turned into rumour. Reports came from Anzac beach of the evacuation, by night, of stores and material. A hospital camp, near Fisherman's Huts, was found to be empty, save for a skeleton personnel, whose duties lay in keeping fires and lights burning at night and of walking about, by day, giving the impression of normal activity. A huge pile of ammunition boxes was found to be hollow; all the inside boxes having been removed, only the outside walls remaining. Field artillery was being replaced by mountain guns. Batteries were being reduced to one gun each, firing four rounds in rapid succession so as to simulate complete batteries. Such were the stories, and they lost nothing in the telling. An order prohibiting discussion of such matters only increased it.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Stuart Hibberd (549) whose very pleasant voice is known to all of us from 'Here is the News', sends this story : An old lady in an old people's home could not sleep one night and asked for sleeping pills.

The nurse gave her some aspirins, but she rejected them and wanted 'some of those things the doctor was talking about this morning - I think he called them female baritones' !

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## GALLIPOLI INCIDENTS REMEMBERED

By A L G Whyte RAMC (291)

The man-handling of stretchers from the Farm to Anzac via the deep sap from Fisherman's Hut was an exhausting job, especially for men who were themselves below par. I remember one occasion when on our depositing a dozen stretchers at Anzac the Navy man on duty started belly-aching because I refused to order my bearers to lift the stretchers on to the lighter alongside for transfer to the Hospital ship. I was in process of explaining that our job finished when we deposited our loads on the quayside when a naval PO came up and wanted to know what the trouble was. When his man confirmed that he had refused to handle the stretchers, the PO immediately gave him a straight punch on the jaw which laid him out, remarking to me, 'These bloody HO's.' (The regular navy man could seldom hide his dislike for the 'Hostilities Only' men.) Perhaps it was just the way they have in the Navy, but it certainly worked.

A convoy of a dozen stretchers covered a fair length of space making the conveyance of orders rather difficult, so my dismay at smelling chlorine as we traversed a deep sap can be imagined especially as there was at the time a fear of the Turks using gas and we had been issued within that abomination, the flannel gas-mask. Ought I to pass the word for masks to be put on; if so what about the patients ? My dilemma was quickly resolved, however, when I realised that the smell was more noticeable at certain dips in the sap, and then the penny dropped: at these points there were latrine buckets with chloride of lime plentifully sprinkled around them, hence the 'gas' !

* * * *

Waiting for an inspiration
Drives one into desperation;
Affected is the respiration;
Even causing perspiration;
Ending with the expiration
of the brightest aspiration.

E H W B

# THE STRATEGY OF THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN

by Lt-Col H S Thuillier DSO Royal Artillery (427)

By early 1915 the British Strategic Planners began to understand that the importance of keeping a supply route open to Russia was essential but what to do in view of the commitment of the regular British army to the bogs of Flanders ? This led to the too-little and too-late plan to force the Dardanelles and to open the only ice-free route to Russia through the Black Sea.

In 1911 the Turkish Government approached the British Government with a view to co-operation in the event of a European war. Britain's Liberal Party, which included Winston Churchill, allowed their political prejudices about the 'sick man of Europe' to obscure the strategic necessity of being able to aid Russia via the Dardanelles and Black Sea, resulting in a rebuff to Turkey. This despite the fact that they knew that the Germans were sending a military mission to Turkey obviously aimed at a political understanding.

The British Government and their Strategic Planners, including Winston Churchill, now in 1915 in charge of the Navy, were still blind to the need to send armaments to the Russians via the Black Sea. The naval fleets in the Mediterranean included three powerful British battle cruisers as well as French, Austrian and Italian Squadrons. The German battle cruiser *Goeben* and light cruiser *Breslau* were also there. Two powerful battle cruisers had been built and paid for by Turkey in British yards; these were retained by the British in 1914, thereby enraging the Turks. Winston Churchill was convinced that *Goeben* and *Breslau* would either join the Austrian squadron in the Adriatic or escape to the Atlantic; instead they were ordered to Constantinople via the Dardanelles. The German Admiral Souchon aboard *Goeben* was an able and determined commander who, despite the Italians who refused to supply coal, eluded the French warships, bombarded the North African ports from which French Colonial divisions were being shipped to France.

The British Admiral Milne, at first handicapped by British

delay in declaring war, was however told first to shadow and then destroy *Goeben* and *Breslau*. Admiral Souchon, on receiving orders to go to Constantinople, eluded Admiral Milne who was convinced that he would enter the Adriatic to join the Austrian fleet or escape through Gibraltar to the Atlantic. He therefore made the mistake of positioning his fast battle cruisers in the western Mediterranean.

Turkey meanwhile had not yet entered the war, hesitating as to backing Germany or Britain or remaining neutral. On arrival at the Dardanelles, Admiral Souchon requested permission to enter. The German Ambassador soon persuaded the Turkish War Minister Enver Pasha to grant permission. The Turkish people were overjoyed when the Germans proposed to give them *Goeben* and *Breslau* to replace the ships retained by Britain. Later the Turks joined the German-Austria Alliance closing the Dardanelles to the British who by this time had woken to their importance for aiding Russia. In order to put pressure on the hesitating Turkish Government, the *Goeben* and *Breslau* bombarded Russian Black Sea ports in October 1914. This resulted in first Russia and then Britain declaring war on Turkey in November 1914. However, this did not solve the problems of how to aid Russia with armaments. The only routes now left open were ice-bound Archangel or the very distant Vladivostok.

Defects in the British strategic planning now became evident, with the Navy confined to the North Sea and the Army decimated in the French debacle before Paris there were no regular forces available to force the Dardanelles. Lord Kitchener was non-cooperative, his advice having been ignored, but Winston Churchill's active mind having failed to save Antwerp with improvised forces now advocated an improvised plan to capture Constantinople. The British Cabinet decided to collect an Expeditionary Force, the naval attacks having failed thereby thoroughly alerting the Turks, but only one Regular British Division, the 29th, was available, together with French Colonial Troops. To these were added partly trained Australian and New Zealand Divisions and a new Naval Division.

General Sir Ian Hamilton's plan to land at the toe of the Peninsula faced by rugged mountains and determined Turkish

defenders was influenced by the idea that the Army must work in close cooperation with the Navy. However, what in fact was preventing the ships from entering the Dardanelles ? The failure on March 1st was brought about by mines covered by guns whose fire prevented the minesweepers from sweeping. The original slow trawlers, barely able to breast the current through the Narrows, were about to be replaced by destroyers acting as minesweepers. However, unless the Army silenced the guns, many of which were hidden field guns which the Navy could not silence, it would be unlikely that even destroyers would be successful. The Army's task therefore was to silence the guns.

There appeared to be two possible ways of doing this. One was a direct frontal attack on the guns which if it failed could not be altered to an attack around the rear because of embarkation and disembarkation delays which would make it obvious to the Turks that another up-coast landing was being prepared, so again alerting them. The other was a landing well up the west coast of the peninsula which would avoid all the mountains of the south and which offered a low land approach of about five miles to the rear of the guns beyond the domination of the mountains. However such a bold plan required the dynamics of a Wellington, a Wolfe or a MacArthur which was certainly not evident among the British Generals.

Continued failure of attacks with heavy losses on the Helles and Anzac fronts caused the British Government to consider another initiative. For this three New Army Divisions, the 10th, 11th and 13th were assembled to form the 9th Corps. General Hamilton asked for either Generals Byng or Rawlins, of proved ability, but was fobbed off by Lord Kitchener with General Stopford. He had no command experience even in peace and incredible as it sounds had retired in 1909.

The plan for the new offensive, bolder than the original frontal attack, required a landing at Suvla Bay. If a rapid advance inland, north of the southern mountains could be made, the guns at the narrows would be attacked in the rear.

Again, however, caution was in the minds of all concerned.

General Hamilton's operation order amazingly stressed the establishment of a northern base at Suvla Bay, with as an afterthought, mention of the need to seize the low hills a few miles inland when the base was secured. The fatal effect of such an order on an inexperienced and cautious Corps Commander soon became apparent.

We now know that the German General Liman von Sanders, realizing that this was a major new attack, urged the Turkish 7th and 12th Divisions to march to Suvla Bay and drive the attack into the sea. These divisions were, one at Bulair sixty miles to the north and the other on the Asiatic shore. The low hills six miles inland were held by only one battalion, beyond were the lowlands to the Narrows.

The inadequacy of General Hamilton's original operation order was now resulting in complete failure by General Stopford to grasp what should have been the prize object of the new attack. General Hamilton, becoming alarmed at the report of no attacks inland, went ashore to urge attacks but failed to achieve anything. The vital few days after the surprise landing on 6th August were slipping away with half-hearted piecemeal attacks by the British while the Turkish 7th and 12th Divisions were force-marching to occupy the Anafarta Hills, urged on by the dynamic General Mustafa Kemal.

When questioned at the inquiry after the failure of the campaign, General Hamilton stated that he did not think the New Army Divisions were capable of attacking rapidly. If he thought this he should have given them the task of holding the Anzac front while side-stepping the now experienced and tough Australian and New Zealand Divisions to the north to carry out a rapid attack across the Suvla plains to capture the Anafarta Hills and drive through to the Narrows.

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A Gallipolian went off on holiday to one of the Canary Islands, Lanzarote, the volcanic island. He said he found the volcanic part very attractive - hence the song 'Lavah come back to me'.

## EXTRACT FROM 'LOST ENDEAVOUR'

By Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus (167)

At dawn next day I awoke. I felt a real reluctance to face another day - like I feel a reluctance to get on with this yarn. I haven't the skill, the know-how, the command of words, much less the mental equipment to paint the picture properly.

The early morning was bitterly cold. So was my bedfellow of the previous night - strangely cold. But if you're minus half a skull you do get a bit chilly. Poor devil ! He must have been killed the day before and all unknowingly I had been sharing the couch of a corpse. It says much for the resilience of youth that it affected me very little. I peeled off his overcoat. It was a beautiful coat - of the light coloured barathea khaki cloth of the Australian Officer and after I'd removed the insignia of rank, I tried it on. A perfect fit, too. Except for a few bloodstains on the collar it was just the greatcoat I needed and I wore it right through the rest of the campaign - incidentally thereby earning the nickname of 'Cobber' with my mates, a nickname that stuck to me ever after with my Company. My own greatcoat had been discarded, along with the rolled blanket and full pack soon after we had landed. In common with most others we had divested ourselves of this crippling burden on our backs, for very survival's sake.

Oh! the insane worship by the Old Army of the obscene god of the Full Pack. I often wonder how many hundreds - maybe thousands - of needless casualties had been caused in the early stages of the '14 War by this crippling, penalizing immobility of the full pack. The night before we had landed we had been issued with a blanket to be carried on top of the full pack, 80 rounds of ammunition per man to be slung round us - all this on top of what we were already carrying - and that was plenty, believe me. If you think all this is nothing much to hump, try walking just across the street - on your back the valise containing heavy greatcoat, rolled blanket and rubber groundsheet slung on top. Then 80 rounds of ammunition pouched around you, haversack with all the bits and pieces

of a soldier's domestic life, cutlery, soap and towel, spare shirt and socks, mess tin, full water bottle, entrenching tool and handle - in fact, everything except the kitchen sink. Try this as an experiment and wearing heavy Army boots. And if it still doesn't bother you none, try running in it on a hot summer's day, climbing steep ground and with all hell after you. So although we were to regret it later, what else could we do but ditch the lot, retaining only our rifle, ammunition and waterbottle.

As we settled down to trench warfare later, it didn't take us long to collect similar bits and pieces again from off the many chaps around who wouldn't need them any more and who had retained various odd items. Most of us sought to replenish our deficiencies in kit from the Australians. Not only was their stuff of better quality, but occasionally you'd find around their unprotesting waists the ever-popular 'blow-belt' of the soldier - that so useful hollow leather belt, and which, if taken from the body of an Australian soldier, was usually stuffed with gold sovereigns. It didn't do to be too finicky about the smell for some of these chaps had been rotting in the sun for weeks. From some of our more regimentally minded Officers and NCO's there were dark hints of the penalties of looting, but this left us cold. How could it be looting if even the crows plucking their bones so cleanly had discarded the other stuff as worthless. And always we'd salve our consciences with the tag 'they can't take it with them.'

So I cherished this greatcoat I had acquired. In the pockets I discovered two Army biscuits and - joy of joys - some crumpled cigarettes and a small bottle of rum.

There's nothing like Active Service for devloping the High Sensualities - whether it be the longing for a woman or the more mundane things of life like eating and drinking. These biscuits - the like of which I had hitherto gulped down with such distaste, now possess a thousand and one subtle flavours. Such is the magic of hunger - that indescribable anatomical magic that imparts to the taste buds all the joys of Creation itself. And the rum - oh, boy !

'Rum, that can with Logic Absolute
The two and seventy jarring Sects confute,
The subtle alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into gold transmute.'

Not half a dozen miles away from where I now live in Bedford, dreams away its day the little village of Bletsoe. In the famous little pub there is a small plaque commemorating the particular bar of this self-same pub, where Edmund Fitzgerald - no doubt inspired by the self-same sort of rum - conjured out of the air his jewelled words as he translated the Persian Post for our all-time joy. And if I've slightly misquoted thee, Mr Fitz-gerald for my own purposes, I crave thy pardon. Many others must have unwittingly done the same, leaning up against the bar counter, and struggling to recall thy lines in glassy-eyed and sentimental poetic binge.

As I drained the bottle of its last little drop my own leaden day became streaked with gold. By now the whole Turkish army wasn't big enough for me to tackle single-handed. And the fags - good Virginian tobacco at its best, and it's at its best when you're craving for it. Sure I am that if God made the world in six days, on the seventh day did He make rum and 'baccy.

Later in the morning I located some of my own battalion and was collared by the Machine Gun Sergeant to try and get our own machine gun into action. This machine gun ! If there's been no excuse for my profanity hitherto, I could justifiably now speak of it with every other word a cuss-word.

Among the manuals of military training, hidden somewhere in the archives of the War Office, was a secret document that says every fresh war must begin with the training and with the equipment of the previous war. Not that I've ever actually seen this document but it simply must have existed. How else could we have been saddled with this monstrous piece of old time armoury ?

A relic of the Matabele campaign, this particular machine gun. With its tripod when mounted, standing a good three feet high - so high in fact that a bicycle-type saddle was incorporated on the tripod for the gunner to

sit - it was a wonderful museum piece. During our machine gun training in Cairo, our Machine Gun Officer had told us solemnly that 'in Matabeleland the grass grows very high and it is necessary to have the high tripod to fire over the long grass'. He also passed on to us lots of other priceless scraps of information culled from his own experiences of other colonial wars - such as the danger of drinking too much whisky before sundown. With whisky at 6d. a tot, and with our pay of 1/- a day, we found the information stood us in good stead !

As our machine gun training progressed beyond the crank handle on buffer spring, pull belt to left front' elementary catechism of the procedure for firing to the more sophisticated points of machine-gun handling and usage, I raised the point of this high tripod seat and questioned its use in modern warfare. But I was told sternly that a soldier's duty is to obey orders and not to question the wisdom of higher authority. My pertness did not pay off - 'What's more,' said the Machine Gun Officer, 'since you're so smart, you can stay and clean the classroom after parade.'

Ah, well !

A Mark II Vickers water-cooled machine gun which, with its outer casing full of water weighed about 80 lbs - just the gun alone without the tripod. I know so well the weight of this bloody gun - as No. 2 of the team it was my duty to have to carry the damned thing on my shoulder, on top of all the other personal equipment of a soldier, as we moved from place to place on the Peninsula. We nicknamed it the Tea Kettle. The name was not inappropriate. It had a little screw tap at the end of the gunbarrel water casing, and near the muzzle, and where the steam could escape when the water started boiling when the gun was in action. On a cold morning and long after the gun had stopped firing, the spout of steam on a cold morning was a marvellous give-away of our position. I sure learned to love that little gun - even more than the Devil loves Holy Water.

We managed to get the damned thing up the cliff and once on the top, triumphantly erected it on its tripod. A real sitting duck of a target. All that was missing was the Aunt Sally sign 'three shies a penny'. Almost the first shell put it out of action and wounding one of our chaps. The tripod itself was badly bent and put out of immediate use but the gun itself - bad cess to it - was unharmed and lived to give me many more delightful days in which to enlarge my vocabulary of cuss words. We dispersed in wild disorder and carried on the rest of the day with the scattered pockets of fighting near the ridge of the gully.

The grass grows long in Matabeleland. It should have grown quite long, too, on Gallipoli just after the war - nurtured and manured by the bones of those lads so often needlessly sacrificed by similar stupidities - on the altars of Ignorance, Apathy and Indifference to the realities of this later war.

Just before nightfall the remainder of our Company was collected and assembled into some sort of order and we relieved a Company of a Highland Regiment in a section of a newly won trench where they had been badly mauled.

K LIGHTERS (sent by John Falconer (651) )

Yes, you may laugh and ply me with chaff
But we first went to war in a lighter,
And of that fine array of ships in the bay
Not one has a record that's brighter
Than the lighters called 'K' that are
Preparing the way
And doing the job known as 'humping'.
In spots that were hot we've been through a lot
And survived, 'cause they built us for bumping.

We've landed the boys midst the racket and noise
And supplied 'em with food and munitions
And we've chug-chugged along through the
whistling song
Of the shell from the Turkish positions.
And so give us a thought and don't count us naught
When you are writing the tale of the fighting
For you could not have fought if you had not brought
'K' lighters to take you a'fighting.

## ANOTHER HELLES QUERY

By W J Crawford 6 HLI (438)

In a previous short contribution on the subject of Helles nomenclature, I ended by saying that only one place name had me completely stumped, but was reasonably sure that some reader would solve my problem.

I offered two possible answers but without any confidence as to their accuracy. The place in question was Romano's Well, and I posed the question, 'Who or what was Romano ?' Alas - no joy. I'm still waiting for the answer. Well, here's another Helles query and maybe I'll have more luck on this occasion.

During our local advance on 12/13 July near the landward end of Achi Bab nullah I was stretcher-bearing. At one stage in the afternoon of the 13th my fellow-bearer and I were halted temporarily in a captured Turkish trench with quite a number of Turkish dead lying around. I had a close look at their equipment which in many ways was superior to ours, e.g. their water bottle made of aluminium and with a double skin on the principle of the standard British Thermos flask. But what did really astonish me was that the inside of the metal buckle on the main leather waist strap bore the words 'Hinks & Co., Birmingham.' I cannot remember at this remove whether it also said England, but it seems a reasonable assumption that the Birmingham in question was ours.

And that's my second query. Does any reader, especially any with Birmingham associations, know anything about this trading concern, e.g. whether still existing, - if defunct, when they ceased trading, - or maybe absorbed by another rival company.

I don't support the Birmingham workers ever imagined while making their first-class equipment that it would be used against their own kith and kin.

Any information about Hinks & Company will be welcomed.

* * * * * *

## PRINTS AND MISS PRINTS

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*(Submitted by J J Abdee (652).*

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**WANTED A domesticated lady to live with another lady and to hell with the cooking and housework.** *(Advt).*

**Hall and kitchen and toilet (can seat 100 persons or could be converted to dwellinghouse.** *(Edinburgh paper)*

**Then add the milk and butter and rub the mixture well into the floor.** *(Cookery Book)*

**Our picture shows Mr Tenter rolling the lawn with his fiancee, Miss Elizabeth Briarcliffe.** *(Bucks paper)*

**For his comfort the roadman has a brassiere which is very nice on a cold day.** *(Schoolgirl's essay)*

**Completing an impressive ceremony, the Admiral's lovely daughter smashed a bottle of champagne over her stern as she slid gracefully down the slipway.**
*(Provincial magazine)*

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*Printed by Promotion House,Edenbridge,Kent*