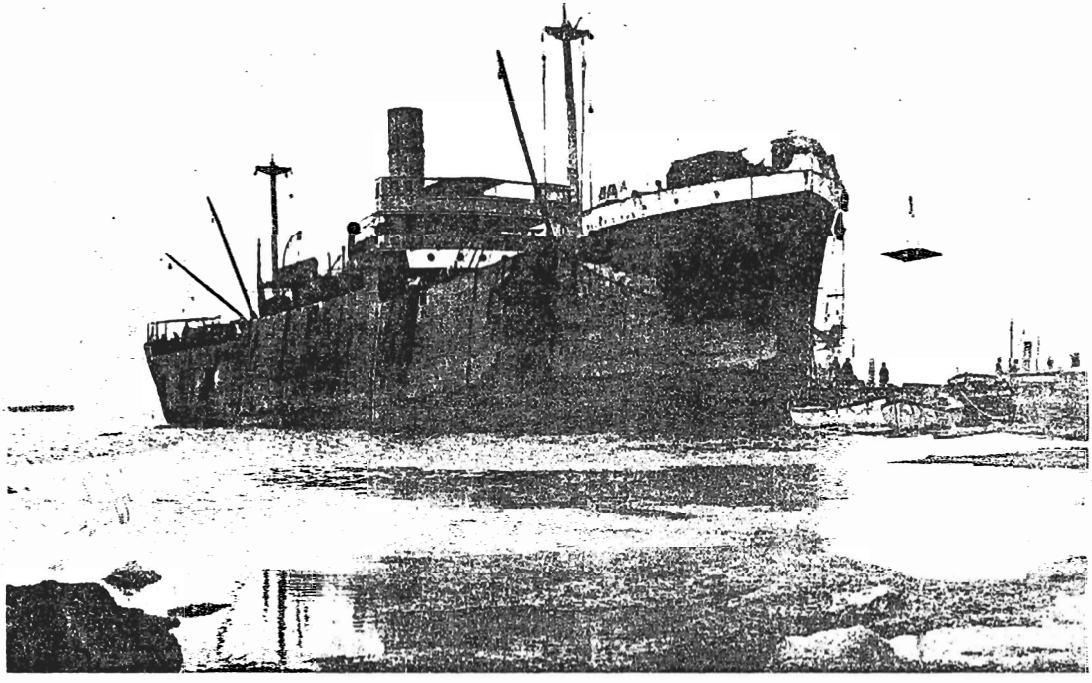
# THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

## GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION
(Founded in 1969 on the campaign of 1915)

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PAST PRESIDENT — Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC DL

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CHAIRMAN & HON SECRETARY & EDITOR of the GALLIPOLIAN — Major E H W Banner TD MSc FInstP CEng FIEE FIMechE
Delphi Maresfield Park UCKFIELD
East Sussex TN22 2HB
(Uckfield 4949 STD 0825 4949)

HON TREASURER — D F Bland
Torview 4 Ridgeway Close DORKING
Surrey RH4 3AS
(Dorking 5360 STD 0306 5360)

COMMITTEE — F T Woodworth
Lt-Col P J Gething MC
Major A G Coulson (AM)
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D A Pollard (AM)

* * * *

## THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

The President, Vice-Presidents, Chairman & Honorary Secretary and Honorary Treasurer and Committee Members send their Christmas and New Year Greetings to all members

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## GREETINGS FROM OUR GUEST OF HONOUR

'On the evening of the 7th October 1976, I had the privilege of dining at the Royal Air Force Club as a guest at the annual dinner of the Gallipoli Association. Those of you who were present on the occasion will I think realize how much I enjoyed being present and of having the pleasure of talking to so many of those who were there.

I should like to send you all my best wishes for Christmas and the New Year, and may it see at least the beginning of the recovery of this old country of ours into its proper position in the world and in the councils of mankind.'

Best wishes Yours sincerely *Gerald Templer*

* * * * * * * *

*Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, KG GCB GCMG DSO, was our Guest of Honour at the annual dinner held on the 7th October at the Royal Air Force Club. He proposed the toast of the Gallipoli Association, to which Major E H W Banner responded.*

*An account of the dinner is given on page 4.*

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## REUNIONS FOR 1977

Annual Luncheon and A G M on 25th April, following joining the Anzacs at the Cenotaph.
Annual Dinner on the 13th October at the R A F Club.

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## OUR REUNIONS - AND THE FUTURE

As is given in the 'green folder' sent to all applicants for membership, a lunch and dinner are held annually. Bookings for the accommodation have to be made well in advance, usually a year, so that changes cannot be made at short notice. The date for the dinner in 1977 was made in July this year and had to be altered to suit the Royal Air Force Club's booking. Whilst the long-term future of the Association is quite unknown, members may like to know that our official guests for 1977 and 1978 dinners are planned

# THE 1976 ANNUAL DINNER
## (Idle thoughts by an idle fellow)

by Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus 42 Div (167)

*'Grow old with me*
*The best is yet to be'*

With the ever-increasing pains and penalties of the ever-encroaching years, I would recall thes poetic lines with increasing sour disapproval. I even got some satisfaction from contemplating the pleasure it would give me - just once to meet this poet and kick him in the place where it hurts most. But that was before I became a member of the Gallipoli Association and attended our Annual Dinners.

Old age at its best - these functions. Old age at its noblest, its most serene, its most sensible, its most mellow... and above all, its most inspiring. Gatherings of much bemedalled grey-haired old warriors, supremely happy in a reunion of old pals. Remembrance of old times, old times so often crammed with memories of much suffering ... and much glory. Remembrance of a now almost forgotten campaign, but a campaign unique in British history - Gallipoli. From the pit of this campaign shines like a beacon the heroism and comradeship of the multi-regiment force, striving amid the welter of so many mistakes and mismanagement, striving to the utmost for ultimate victory, only to be cheated at last of what was so very nearly in their grasp. Heroism of the highest order, comradeship never again to be equalled. The heroism is now past and becomes part of our nation's history. The comradeship lives on undiminished, and will remain undiminished until the last Gallipoli survivor has departed for ever, leaving only the fragrant memory of the soldier and sailor at his best.

All these thoughts crowded me at this year's Annual Gallipoli Association Dinner - this gathering of grey-haired survivors - this most exclusive club in all the world. The average age of the members must be well into the 80's. Our President, Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory, KCIE CB DSO MC, humorously rejects the label 'old age' - insists, as his gaze wanders over the spritely and active survivors attending

this Dinner - insists it is not 'old age' but 'late middle age'. Sir Reggie, as always, addressed the meeting in his own inimitable and pleasing style - warm, cosy and honest. Despite his title and high military rank, he prefers to be simply 'Reggie' to all of us. No snobbery, no 'talking-down' to any of us - not with this bloke. I rate him as one of the country's truest democrats.

*'The rank is but the guinea stamp*
*The man's the man for a' that'*

Methinks this must have been the first poem that Reggie lisped at his mother's knee. His obvious 'matey-ness' reflects his attitude to his fellow men and comes over strongly as he addresses us. Best of all, I like the way he presides at these Dinners, his unique 'warmth'. Like a bland and benign Buddha he dominates the scene, his mild and kindly manner giving the lie to his aggressive square-jawed Churchillian image. His measured slow words row us along a pleasant stream of memories of a campaign of more than 60 years ago, the like of which has never illumined the pages of history more vividly.

My only grouse about these Dinners is that they always make me, with my mere trio of 'Pip, Squeak and Wilfred' medals, they make me feel naked. They seem lost, these three little medals of mine, among the vast array of the numerous medals and decorations displayed across the manly breasts of most of the other survivors gathered here. Some of them have so many medals, Orders and other decorations that, if in full military regalia - and if you dropped any of them in a swimming bath, they'd sink to the bottom thro' sheer weight of metal.

And these sort of medals they're wearing - well, you don't get them with Green Shield Stamps !!

His speech finished, Sir Reggie introduced our Guest of Honour, Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, KG GCB GCMG DSO.

We have indeed been honoured by his presence. And he had, like our own President, a nice easy way of talking, modest and quiet - just a soldier talking to other soldiers. He

especially 'rang a bell' with me when he mentioned that at times he had been 'terrified' during his service in the trenches in France. (Up to now I had thought I was the only one who would admit to having been 'terrified'). But best of all I liked his modesty - (and, God knows, these high-ranking blokes are nothing if not modest) but even his modesty cannot hide the colourful background of his highly successful Service career. He recounted a particularly heartwarming story of an occasion when he and his wife paid a visit to our 'blessed' Peninsula. But it is the Field Marshal's own story and I wouldn't spoil it by re-telling it myself.

We had some nice appreciative words, too, from the Navy - Captain Eric Bush, DSO**, DSC, Royal Navy. No gathering is complete without the presence of this sparsely-built, much decorated Naval Captain, this precocious youngster, who as a 'snottie' at the tender age of 15, won his first decoration at Gallipoli. And judging by the crowded line of medals across his chest, it seems as if he made a hobby too of collecting umpteen other decorations and honours - in between his Naval duties, ranging from Midshipman to commanding ships of the Royal Navy. His own book *'Gallipoli'* is a monumental and very readable book on the Gallipoli campaing and will rank as a landmark in military literature.

As the evening progressed, other members were invited to recount some of their own experiences. We would have gone on for hours and hours. One of the many blessings of the fermented juice of the grape is that it loosens the tongue, and, which is a good thing too, at these Dinners. For old soldiers and sailors - they all have one great defect - they all tend to be too damned reticent. Or is it that they all subscribe to that passage in Shakespeare's *Henry V*

> *'In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man*
> *As a modest stillness and humility'.*

Tongue-tied, modest and reticent - that's the British soldier and sailor. May they never change. Last but not least, our Chairman and Hon Secretary, Edgar Banner, the 'indefatigable Edgar', without whose boundless devotion, energy, expertise and finesse these functions would not so successfully exist. May Allah preserve him for many more years to come.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS

Members are reminded that subscriptions for 1977 will be due on the 1st January 1977 and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, D F BLAND, at Torview, 4 Ridgeway Close, DORKING, Surrey RH4 3AS. Cheques should be made payable to the GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION.

The minimum annual rate of subscription for Members is 50 pence but those who are willing to pay £1 are invited to do so in order to meet the rising cost of the GALLIPOLIAN. Subscriptions from those members who joined after the 1st July 1976 will not be due until January 1978.

The rate for Associate Members is £1.

Will members who kindly send in more than £1 please state if it is intended for 1977, or for more years.

Acknowledgments will be sent only if requested at the time and with a stamped, addressed envelope.

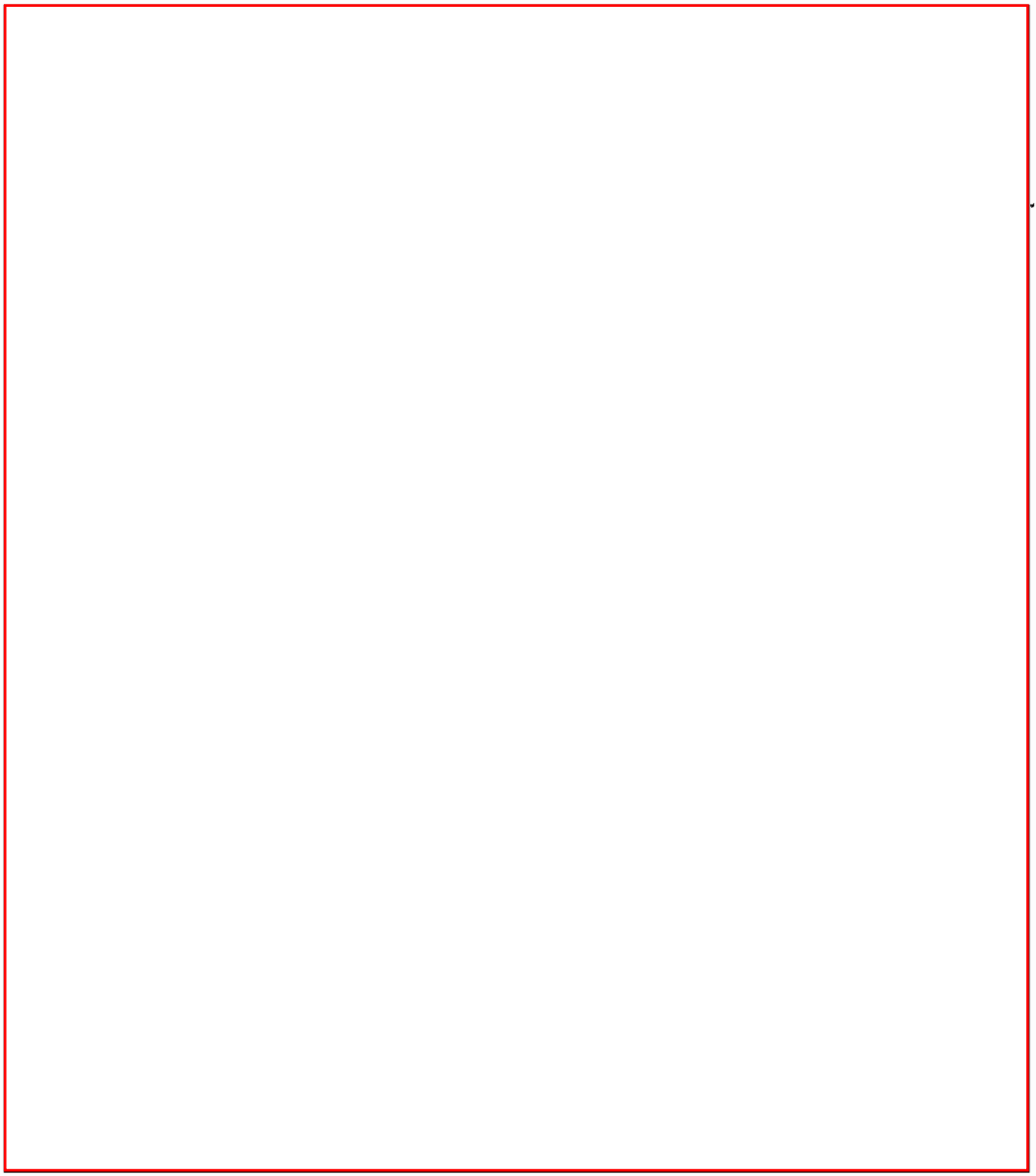
## MEMBERSHIP LIST

Our Membership List has long been out of date and out of print - largely due to cost. Now, a new issue is being sent to all members and we are indebted to a committee member, Mr Fred Woodworth, for financial help to get this going. It is intended to be correct at 1 November 1976.

## NEW MEMBERS (up to 1 November 1976)

In the original printed journal, this section on this page and the page following contain names and full addresses of new members.

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



## OUR EASTBOURNE BRIGADE

Members will be both surprised and pleased to see on pages 7 & 8 sixteen new members from Eastbourne and district. This is not accidental. It is due to the energy and initiative of a keen member, J C Attwood (187) who persuaded his local newspaper to print an article which has brought in the new members. This action is highly to be commended and members are urged to consider if they can 'go and do likewise..'

A tea party has been planned for the 11th November in Eastbourne, with the kind assistance of the ladies of the Women's Section of the Royal British Legion at which it is expected most of these new members will be present. The Chairman also plans to be there. The editor of the paper is kindly sponsoring the tea. Further new members may be found through this added publicity.

## OBITUARY (at 1 November 1976)

With deep regret the following names are recorded :

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A E Evans | Middx R (578) | E W Pashley | Surrey Y (369) |
| Major L Ridgeway | (AM359) | H G Penwarden | R Devon Y (557) |
| F G W Williams | Middx R (589) | F T Kirby | Essex R (403) |
| Capt A Forbes | ASC (513) | Lt-Col the Rev Edward | |
| C G W Wright | Suffolk Y (143) | Powell-Price | RWF (330) |

* * * * * * *

The late Lt-Col the Rev Edward Powell-Price (330)

As recorded above, Col Powell-Price died in October. He was a very keen member and did all he could to help men of his old battalion, the 7th R Welch Fusiliers. Many members joined through his energy and in 1975 he brought in ten from Gwynedd in Wales, as was given in number 18 Gallipolian, p 5. After Gallipoli, he was ordained and in retirement lived in Devon. He will be sadly missed by his many friends.

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## IN, OUT, IN

A new member, H E Crowder (674) sent with his application form a newscutting of his obituary, in 1915. This may be considered to be premature, so he is IN.

## 'GETTING HIS TICKET'

It was not unknown for a disillusioned recruit - or even an old soldier - in the 1914-18 war to find himself on the wrong side of authority, or just fed-up with life, to say he wanted only to get out of the army. To 'get his ticket', as it was popularly termed, meaning getting his discharge papers.

One story tells of the poor chap who was always seen to be picking up every bit of paper he saw floating around. It becaome such a mania with him that in time he was before a medical board. He won: meaning that he got his ticket and on leaving the board he showed his pals. 'Look, here it is, this is what I've been looking for.'

Now the war is over and we don't have to serve. Of course, if we were in the Dardanelles-Gallipolli show we can join the Gallipoli Association if we want to. But if we get fed up with it, for any reason, it's quite easy: all we have to do is to drop out. Just don't pay another subscription or write to say so. As Old Bill used to say: 'If you knows a better 'ole, go to it.' Meaning that old soldiers never die and there's still time to start a rival gang before fading away.

E H W B

P H Liddle's Gallipoli archives

New members will like to know, and old members to be reminded, of a vast collection of letters, papers, maps, photographs, etc., on the campaign which have been collected by him (an Associate Member) from many sources, mostly from our own members. The collection is in Sunderland and so somewhat inaccessible for most members but well worth a visit. His filing system is such that he can locate any item on any war front in about two minutes. Although Gallipoli is the prime subject to us in the Gallipoli Association he has records on various other war fronts over many years. Members might consider sending their spare papers, etc., rather than let them be destroyed.

MEN OF GALLIPOLI by P H Liddle is reviewed on page 12.

## WHEN I WAS A BOY - FIRST CLASS

By R C Chadwick I S O AB HMS *Edgar* (416)

In March 1915 I joined the old cruiser *Edgar* at Belfast, as a Boy, 1st Class. I had no idea as to our destination when we made our way for the English Channel; just off Portland the Submarine E11 joined us as our escort. We headed south-west for the Bay of Biscay in a gale of force 7 and tremendous seas, and for a time we almost hove-to as we were making no headway. During the morning E11 surfaced to charge her batteries and unfortunately three of the crew were washed overboard and one was drowned, although our ship lowered a cutter and slowly manoeuvred towards the submarine. From there we plodded on and through the Strait of Gibraltar to the Mediterranean, eventually arriving at Mudros safely, with our submarine E11. Commander M E Naismith was the skipper and later earned the V C for diving under the mine-field at the Narrows in the Dardanelles.

While we were at Mudros, Captain Dent joined our ship. He had been the skipper of HMS *Irresistible* which had been sunk at the entrance to the Dardanelles. After coaling and taking on board ammunition, we went on to Imbros and anchored in the bay at Kephalo. From here we used to patrol the Peninsula from Cape Helles to Suvla Bay and Anzac Creek, covering landings and bombarding Turkish positions. Our ship was mentioned in dispatches eight times and we were said to be the crack gunnery ship, which speaks well for our skipper, Captain Dent, an advanced gunnery officer, and for the duration of the campaign I was his Messenger. When in action he gave me an order, I had to move like lightning. Yes, Sir!

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## BIRMINGHAM-MADE TURKISH MILITARY EQUIPMENT

In number 21 issue W J Crawford (438) asked if any member knew about the firm Messrs Hinks & Co, who made metal badges etc., as he had found Turkish soldiers wearing such gear. Now another member, Victor Godrich (122) writes that the firm was well-known at the time of the first war but had to close down in the slump of 1930. So members do read the Gallipolian!

MEN OF GALLIPOLI Peter Liddle BA MLitt
(Allen Lane London 1976 pp 320 £6.50 + 10% pp)

Members of the Gallipoli Association have long been aware of Peter Liddle's dedicated study of the campaign, which he has pursued now for several years. This book embodies the results of his researches. As the title suggests, an essential feature of the study has been the collecting and recording of the personal experiences of a large cross-section of those who took part, whether on the Peninsula itself, on sea, or in the air. To obtain this material, the author has made direct contacts with some 650 veterans representing not only the British and French forces, but also those of their opponents. This has involved him in much and widespread travelling, visits having been made to France, Australasia, Turkey, Germany and Austria. He has also made a careful exploration of the Peninsula and the Asiatic shore at Kum Kale, in order to gain at first hand a proper appreciation of the geographical setting of the campaign.

The book gives a detailed account of the whole Gallipoli enterprise and the story is brought vividly to light by the recorded experiences of the participants which, as indicated above, form a prominent feature of work. The various operations and the conditions of life on the Peninsula are treated objectively and in the reviewer's opinion, very fairly. Anyone whose overriding impression of the campaign is that it should just be dismissed as a tragic mistake might well ponder on the following extract from the book (the last paragraph of the Introduction) -

'No matter how thorough is the study undertaken by the researcher or general reader, he may still reach no final conclusion on the contentious issues of the campaign. His reading will, however, almost certainly have exposed the inadequacy of the verdict that the concept was within easy reach of fulfilment, but was brought to ruin entirely by disastrous naval and military leadership. I believe such a verdict to be a debasement of the real Gallipoli currency, the service of those who were there, who did their best in appalling circumstances and did it in a way which made history.'

The book is well produced and is illustrated by photographs and clear maps. It would have been helpful to the reader, however, if those maps of larger scale showing the different fronts had included the positions of the forward trench lines, at least where these became stabilised. Another minor criticism is that places are often referred to many pages later than the maps on which they appear and were first mentioned, without back references or any other clue to their location. Readers who are unfamiliar with the particular areas in question (and few will have in mind the detailed topography of the whole Dardanelles region) may experience some difficulty, or at least delay, in tracing the places again in such case.

N H Hartshorne MC PhD MSc
(Lt-Col) (7 S Staffs R)

## ANZAC IN 1976

By Keith Tranmer (Associate Member 381)

The Gallipoli story has interested me since I was a school boy between the two Wars. In those days with memories of the Great War still fresh in the memories of many, English children went to school on Empire Day wearing the uniforms of whatever youth organisation they belonged to and I can recall giving my version of the Gallipoli Campaign to a captive audience of classmates on Anzac Day 1938. I did not visit the Peninsula until 1971 when I spent two memorable weeks walking every mile of Helles, Anzac and Suvla, and it was the account of this visit which prompted the Gallipoli Association to ask me to organise and take the veterans back in 1975 for the 60th Anniversary tour. It was a great experience because the party included veterans who had fought on all three fronts including the landings on the 25th April 1915. I also received and accepted an invitation to return in 1976 and stay 10 days near Fisherman's Hut so that I could explore in detail Anzac and Suvla. You would have to be a veteran of Anzac to know the place and particularly a 7th Battalion man or perhaps a New Zealander but the son of the original occupier of the little house is still in residence and draws his water from the same well and still fishes near the Ari Burnu, except that

he now owns a battered outboard motor. For almost 60 years Anzac changed very little and one could easily find most of the features and quite a number of the old trenches and then in 1974 they had a very large bush fire which destroyed all the trees and vegetaion and transformed the landscape to something resembling that of 1915. As a result I found that this year the Forestry Commission have set to work to erase the once familiar landscape once and for all. Armies of Turcoman women have dug row after row of terraces across every feature and planted thousands of pine saplings which in the near future will completely mask the outlines of the hills and valleys. So that they do not lose them in the next fire, they have bulldozed fire-breaks at intervals such as 400 Plateau (down to Boltons Hill), over Third Ridge and another up Rhododendron Spur right through the Apex which revealed bones and lots of rusty metal in the form of water bottles, mess tins and bully beef tins. If that was not enough, the programme to open up the area for tourists, which at present has run out of money, now includes a large Information Centre situation at the junction of the road up to Chunuk Bair and the Beach. This half completed building houses gypsies and was terminated at about the same time as the partly completed Turkish War Memorial on the shoulder of Chunuk Bair. This memorial will dominate the simple but impressive New Zealand memorial on the crest and its position is right on the spot at the head of Rhododendron Spur and Chunuk Bair where the Turks stopped Colonel Malone and the Wellingtons on that memorable day when, for a few brief hours on an August day, victory was there to be grasped. The Turkish interest in the campaign is on the increase since 1965 and for the first time a rough road runs down to the Turkish cemetery opposite Steele's Post which was unknown to many previous visitors. At the Nek they have filled in yet another cave-in of Sappers tunnels and built up the ground with paving stones about the Mehmet memorial, where at week-ends and special days the Turkish flag is raised at sunrise and lowered at sunset by a resident caretaker. Not that the Anzac dead are forgotten, for in the summer heat their cemeteries are often the best tended spots to offer shade and flowers, thanks to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and the Turkish gardeners. Perhaps the names on the head-

stones have slipped into history, but Clark and Braund and Simpson are there at the Beach, and Quinn in Shrapnel Valley while those who brave the scrub can slither down Wire Gully and reach the 4th Battalion Parade Ground where MacLaurin lies not far from where he was killed on the third day.

I wanted to test out some of the things written by Bean in the Australian Official History and later in his book *Gallipoli Mission*, now that the opportunity presented itself. Firstly, a walk in turn up the Sazli Beit Dere, Chailak Dere, and the Aghyl Dere.

I can see now the difficulties of moving large bodies of men, often in single file, up these valleys. In the Sazlie Beit Dere, where survivors of the Turkish counter attack on the 10th August were driven, it would be possible for men to die from exhaustion and starvation because movement by day could be observed from the Turkish positions on and below Battleship Hill and at night it would be extremely difficult to find a way without attracting fire from the New Zealanders holding the Apex on Rhododendron Spur. The Chailak Dere used by the troops making for Chunuk Bair on the 7th August is not a difficult route and explains why it was the route with the best possible chance of success, the delay in reaching the assembly point for the assault is difficult to understand. On the other hand the Aghyl Dere is both difficult to locate and very difficult to climb. There are many false trails and lots of dense scrub, but the real test comes about 300 yards below the FARM which those who know the place will recall stands on a long shelf a further 300 yards below Chunuk Bair and the saddle to Hill Q. The scrub is man high and dense and the climb to the shelf took me one hour in daylight with the memorial stone and Farm Cemetery as markers. One has to admire the Gurkhas under Allanson, who were into position under Hill Q at the appointed time. For those Australians under Monash who were to make the flank attack up the Abdul Rahmen Spur to Hill 971, I have only admiration. It is impossible to map read the route and small wonder they were short of the spur which would have led them to their objective because in the valley surrounded by hills and gullies which all look alike a dress rehearsal would have been required to move a whole Brigade. The wheatfield which they crossed is again a wheatfield.

TO BE CONTINUED

## SIXTY YEARS A WELSH TERRITORIAL

Brigadier Lord Silsoe GBE MC TD QC

*Gomer Press Llandysul Dyfed Wales £1.95 pp148*

As a war history it isn't. It is a most fascinating story of the author's exploits within the scope of the title. The author initially served in the line with the 6th Royal Welch Fusiliers, as a subaltern, and subsequently rose through all ranks, all within the Welsh Division.

He was at Suvla Bay for a time but left through dysentery, going back to Wales as adjutant. After a spell he returned to the Middle East: Sinai 1916; General staff from 1917 onwards. This provided him with a wider field of activity leading to his astonishing 'excursions' including the battles for Beersheba, Khuweilfeh and Gaza, then the capture of Hebron and Bethlehem, which led to his being in the first car into the city of Jerusalem, being received wildly with hugs and kisses - from the women of course. Later, General Allenby made his famous entry into Jerusalem on foot and as the earliest military governor of Bethlehem, the author marched just behind the C-in-C.

Then on to the capture of Palestine in 1918 and his appointment as Brigade Major.

Peacetime from 1919 saw Captain Eve MC first commanding a company, then a battalion, the 6th R W F. All this time he was a barrister practising in London.

The author mentions 'Teddy Price', known to us as Lt-Col the Rev Edward Powell-Price (330). It is sad to relate that in October this year Colonel Powell-Price died. See page 9.

In the second war, Colonel Eve started as A & Q to the Welsh Division and ended as Brigade Commander of the 158 Infantry Brigade (Welch). Following military service, Brigadier Lord Silsoe was appointed as chairman of the War Damage Commission, his law experience leading to this office.

So the story bears out the title - Sixty years a Territorial (the T D with 3 clasps) and in Welch units and formations all the time - but he himself was an Englishman. E H W B

## ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

By J J Abdee HMS *Dublin* (652)

I come to England poor and broke,
go on dole, see Labour bloke.
Write on forms but not much chatters,
kind man give me lots of akkers.

I thank him much and then him say,
come next week and get more pay.
You come here, we make you wealthy,
Doctor too, he keep you healthy.

Six months on dole got plenty money,
food Pal meat to fill my tummy.
Send for friends from Pakistan
Tell them come quick as fast as can.

Plenty Pakis are on the dole,
plenty good suit and good payroll.
National Assistance is a boon,
all us Darkies on it soon.

We come here in rags and tatters,
go straight on dole to get the akkers.
They come to me, we live together,
but we no like the England weather.

One day White Man come inside,
he say I ought to wash in Tide.
I tell him, Yes, I wash in tide -
too damn cold to was out-tide.

All get nicely settled down,
plenty big house in busy town.
Got sixteen Darkies living up,
eighteen Pakis living down.

All are paying good big rent,
some in garden live in tent.
Now I send for wife and kids,
but I see they not live in digs.

Many months later big pay roll,
still go Labour, still draw dole.
Wife want glasses, teeth and pills, -
all are free; we no pay bills.

Whit e Man say he pay all year,
to keep the National Assistance here.
Plenty good White Man big and small
for the tax to keep us all.

Got eight kids, another to-day,
straight to Welfare, get more pay.
Sign white form with Welfare pen.
Tell man next year sign for ten.

We think England very good place
much too good for White Man's race.
If he not like the colour man,
plenty room now in Pakistan.

## MY STORIES ABOUT H M S *Dublin*

By C P O W G Cave BEM HMS *Dublin* (457)

My last story (see number 20) tied up practically *Dublin's* service at 'V' Beach, as in early June '15 we were withdrawn to lead the Italian Fleet - *Marsala* and *Nino Bixio*, with their attendant destroyers, on their first sortie on their entry into that war. Up through the Adriatic, from Brindisi, overnight June 13th, at a pre-arranged point, turning 180° for the run-down, bombarding everything visible in a clear moonlit night - wireless stations, lighthouses, forts, etc., which was then the Austrian coast. All went well.

To diverse for a moment, *Dublin* had won the Battle Practice Cup for the whole of the Mediterranean fleet heavy-gun shooting at high-range targets against battleships, B cruisers and other heavy cruisers, that being the choice for us to assume this new assignment, and no long-range stuff being potentially required at the Dardanelles. To resume above, on reaching Cattaro, the subs had been alerted and were already at sea. Then at 10.14 next morning, the mast-

head look-out reported three torpedo tracks approaching on port beam (Red 90°) and the 'Navvy' ordered 'Hard a'port' (helm). The ship swung to starboard but we had to get one of them and we did.

This is not a Gallipoli story, but there is a lot more to it than this but I think all our readers would enjoy it, for beside losing the whole of the 'A' Stokehold's crew (22), there's some lighter entertainment in the aftermath. By the way - as you may guess from my previous stories, we did not sink.

## THE RANKER

by R M Gale R N D (113)

The ordinary rank and file man has rarely received his due in this country. Rudyard Kipling must have felt this when he wrote, 'For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Chuck him out, the brute'. But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the guns begin to shoot.' John Masefield had much the same idea. He wrote, 'Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of the road.'

Those lines could have been written as a tribute to those nameless 'other ranks' who have fought and suffered in two wars.

Australia and New Zealand have no inhibitions, as one would expect from those democratic countries. Several stamps celebrate ordinary rankers. My own favourite stamp design appeared in Australia on the fiftieth anniversary of the Anzac landing. The three stamps of identical design are known as 'Simpson and his Donkey'. The official statement from G P O Melbourne runs as follows: 'The story of Private Simpson symbolises the spirit of Anzac. His selfless devotion to duty and deep compassion for the wounded set a standard of unostentatious bravery and sacrifice. Born John Simpson Kirkpatrick, he enlisted as John Simpson in the Third Australian Field Ambulance. Ashore at Gallipoli, he commandeered a small donkey and for 25 days and nights ran his own casualty clearing service from Shrapnel Gulley, later named Monash Valley to beach ambulance stations. He was killed in action on May 19th 1915.' This story may have provided the idea for the statue in the Shrine of Remembrance in Melbourne.

# HELLES UNDERTONES

By W J Crawford 6 HLI (438)

The following few minor incidents were the start of my learning. They all took place in the first fortnight of July 1915, in that section of the Helles front approached by Achi Baba nullah, and most displayed a facet of army life in battle conditions that I had never dreamed of and had never heard discussed. They are, to the best of my memory, in correct chronological order.

Incident No. 1 took place on the night we landed via the *River Clyde* back and front. Guides had led us to a long line of funk holes or slit trenches on the landward side of which was a modest bank, topped by a line of stunted bushes.

It was dark, of course, but I guess we were about a mile behind the front line. We were very tired and the chance of getting a few hours sleep was very welcome. However, after about an hour's sleep I was wakened by loud shouts and the groans of someone evidently in great pain from the other side of the bushes. I went to investigate and discovered that on the other side of the bushes was a track running generally east and west across the Peninsula. Three or four limbers were halted on the track, and a group of about 10 soldiers, all French, part white and part African, were gathered round a prone figure - white, the injured party - and my school French was sufficient to let me understand that the Sergeant in charge was accusing him of deliberately putting his foot beneath a limber wheel. I had never thought of such a possibility and it was quite some time later before I heard the phrase S.I.W. but, according to the French sergeant, I had just been witness to the phenomenon. They finally lifted the injured man on to a limber and went into the night westwards.

TO BE CONTINUED

# LAST BUT NOT LEAST

By George Dale R F A (53)

As Bill Shakespeare said, 'I do begin to have bloody thoughts', and in spasm No. 2, 'Behold it was a dream.'

Yes. A dream about wild men with sand in their boots, and it went something like this:

Me: 'Fall in and be inspected all those who were the Last Men There .. Two ranks .. 'Squa-a-ad Shun! Right Dress. Straighten up and do stop wheezing. Last Men - Standat Heeze! '

(Huh! All look about ready for the box.)

'Now listen, my good men. It's time we got this 'ere Lastmanship sorted out before there's a riot or worse. There's enough of you here to fill three lighters, and every other new member joins the tribe. What's more it's becoming contagious. New Lasties come up like mushrooms, and you never know when an old pal will be bitten by the bug. Must have been a lot of corns damaged on the beaches. Well, it's a bit much, men. The rest of us, just ordinary blokes, have got right fed-up with the old, old story.'

(How glum they look, poor wretches. Mustn't get too harsh with them).

'You're all good chaps really and we - ahem - think the world of you. It's possible that 'last' doesn't mean quite the same as it used to do. Now I once met a baggy-eyed old humbug who, after being Last at Suvla, got sent to Helles -- and blow me if he didn't become a TWICER!! However, I feel that it's only fair to authorize one for each 1915 scuttle - er - evacuation. So let's plump for three -- three lone stalwarts, each standing on his respective beach, glaring back defiance at the Turks before being forcibly yanked into the last lighter, and all that. Now I want you to go into a huddle. Have an election, a raffle, or even a free-for-all. Having chosen your three genuine 'Lasties', have them hallmarked with 'LAST MAN' tattooed on each manly chest.

Afraid this moment of truth's going to be a sad comedown for the others. Like being deprived of your birthrights, and obviously you'll have to watch out for relapses. And here we can use the old and well-tried remedy for all ills. When a comrade's eyes glaze over and he starts his beach mumble, act promptly. Do the blighter with iodine and lob him a number nine, and 'last', as you may remember, shall be 'first'.

'Well, men, I trust you'll take this friendly talk to heart. Carry on with those early morning press-ups. Better steady up on the knees bends, in case you can't straighten up again. And, above all, keep smiling ... Squa-a-ad Shun! Dis- wait for it - Diss-miss.'

## MY SPELL ON GALLIPOLI (1915)

By Stuart Hibberd 5 Dorset R (549)

It was early in September 1915 that I was sent from 7th (Reserve) Battalion of the Dorset Regiment with several other officers, as reinforcements for 5th Battalion of that Regiment in 34th Brigade, 11th Division, to Suvla on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

This was after the severe fighting in August of that year, when our offensive had been held up by the Turks, with German support, halfway across the Peninsula, blocking our objective of the Strait, and so, via the Sea of Marmora, to Istanbul, the Turkish capital.

I remember one of the first officers I met, on landing at Suvla, was Compton McKenzie. Years later I was to meet him many times at the BBC, often with Christopher Stone, his brother-in-law. He was, I think, a landing officer then. Soon we were taken inland to join the Regiment in the front line and conducted round the trenches which were in mostly rocky terrain, on a hillside, with Jefferson Post, a strong point on our left, overlooking the scrub-covered valley, with the Salt Lake down below.

Apart from the usual sniping, occasional artillery-fire, and one or two small night attacks, the line was fairly quiet, the weather hot and dry, all water having to be

brought up in tin pakhals overnight from the beaches down below, with the rations. As you may imagine, there was precious little water for washing.

Two or three memories are outstanding in my mind - the night patrolling of the sector in front of our line, the stand-to's at dawn and dusk, the Very lights and the FLIES! - millions of them, from the dead bodies in the thick scrub around us. I remember an N C O of mine calling the larger green-backed ones 'the Sergeant Major'. So hungry were these flies that many of our men later on suffered from stomach trouble, due to them and the dirt and the heat. As a corporal of mine stuck his fork into a piece of meat in his mess tin, it at once became black with them on the way to his mouth, and I can hear him saying now, 'Go, ye devils, where your bloody brothers have gone', as he put the meat into his mouth - flies and all! '

Small wonder then, that over 60% of our unit became sufferers of stomach troubles and some also had dysentery.

Two other memories were, putting my hand on a snake on the top of a bank at night, when going down a communication trench. Mercifully it did not bite me. The other was when we were warned by the Navy to keep our heads down as they were going to destroy a Turkish saphead in front of our line, using their 15" guns. There was little need to tell us this as, when the firing began, the shells sounded like express trains just 'wuzzing' over the tops of our trenches !!

It was while I was in command of Jefferson's Post that I had three Yeomanry officers attached to me, Lord Vivyan, a former Regular Cavalry Officer who had fought in the Boer War, M C Bird, the well-known Surrey cricketer, and Sir Gilbert Wills, afterwards head of the Imperial Tobacco Company: all had had their horses taken away from them !

I was only on the Peninsula for about two months because I, too, caught the prevailing sickness and went down with para-typhoid and dysentery. I was evacuated to Alexandria and, after a spell in hospital there, to England to the 3rd London General Hospital at Camberwell, and did not leave it, to go on sick leave, until well into the New Year.

## MORE LARKS WITH MISS PRINTS

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

WANTED IMMEDIATELY - A woman for boiling down. Apply: Blake Potted Meat Company *(New Zealand paper)*

The Countess of -- who was with a merry party wore nothing to indicate that she was the holder of four Scottish titles. *(Scottish paper)*

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CHILD GETS MORE MILK WHEN COOKED IN THE PORRIDGE *(Canadian paper)*

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POLICE MISTAKE AT WALSALL. Innocent man released. *(Birmingham Daily Mail)*

B-SCHOOL. Wanted in January. Experienced man to take almost complete responsibility for the lowest form of boys. *(Manchester paper)*

SHEFFIELD MAN'S MACHINE STRUCK TELEPHONE POLE. Both in hospital. *(Sheffield paper)*

COW SAVES A LIFE: Hauls farmer by tail from blazing building. *(Sussex paper)*

Can you advise me what to do with my face? I've had it for several years and it seems to get no better. *(Woman's Weekly)*

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