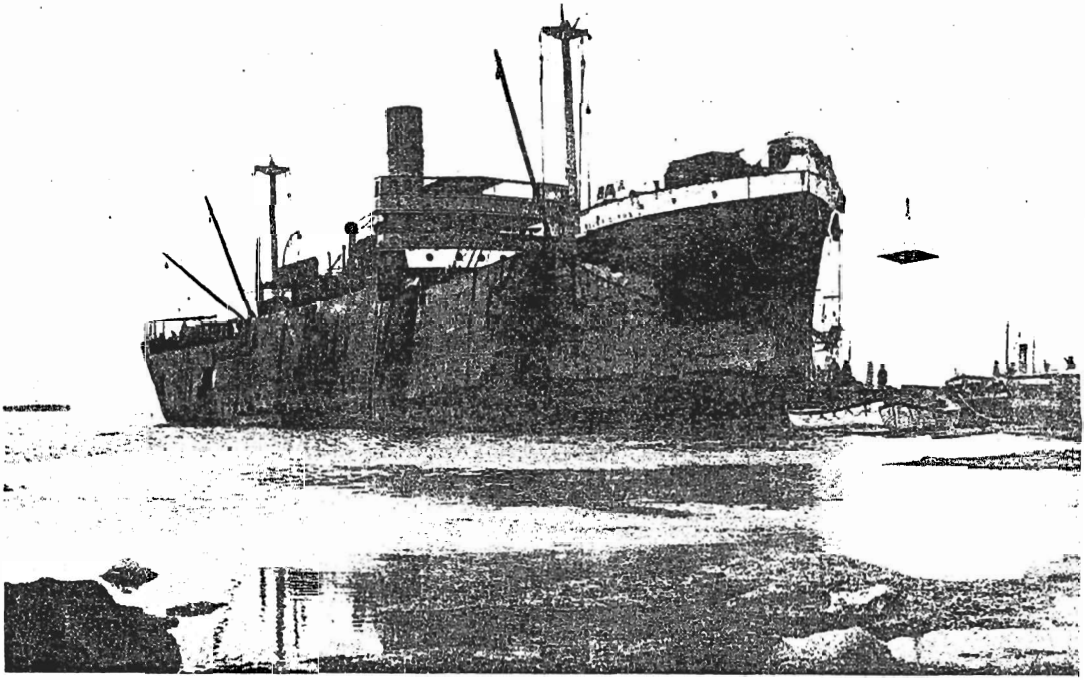
# THE GALLIPOLIAN

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THE JOURNAL OF THE

# GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 25p No. 23 SPRING 1977

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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| COMMITTEE | F T K Woodworth<br>Major A G Coulson (AM)<br>Keith Tranmer (AM)<br>D A Pollard (AM) |

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## NEW VICE-PRESIDENTS

Two long-standing members, who have consistently supported the Association, have become Vice-Presidents: Lt-Col P J Gething MC and Major G B Horridge TD. (Captain E W Bush DSO DSC RN had accepted with thanks but unfortunately had to withdraw on a recommendation not to undertake further commitments)

64 DEDWYCH 6/Grnd FF/63 1. 3B 76
2. 3B/C
3. 3C 76

WELCOME TO OUR NEXT REUNION
ANNUAL LUNCHEON MONDAY 25th APRIL 1977

As usual this will be at the Duke of York's HQ, King's Road, Chelsea, near Sloane Square SW3. Underground routes to Sloane Square Station. Bus routes 11, 19 and 222 pass the gates. Parking for cars free. Members are asked to wear their Association ties and medals or miniatures. A snall name label worn above the medals is recommended, for ready identification. As usual male guests are welcome. The cost will be £1.00 payable at the table. Drinks will be available at the bar from 12 noon, payable in cash. Luncheon to start at about 1 pm.

Immediately following the luncheon the short A G M will be held. The 1976 Accounts are sent out herewith.

APPLICATIONS. Please write to the Honorary Secretary if you will be coming, but SEND NO MONEY. This is necessary for catering purposes. Applications should be in by the 19th April to ensure seats.
Please write your name in BLOCK LETTERS and your number is helpful too.

SUBSCRIPTIONS must be up to date for 1977.

* * * * * * * * *

ANZAC DAY PARADE AT THE CENOTAPH

As always we are kindly invited to join the Anzacs at the Cenotaph on the 25th April. This is not an Association parade but all who can are asked to attend. Please be at the Cenotaph by 10.45 and look for the marker. A line will be formed across the roadway, facing the Cenotaph and with backs to Trafalgar Square.

The Gallipoli Association wreath will be laid by
Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook
CB CBE DSO RN Vice-President

On dispersal, members may reach the Duke of York's HQ for luncheon either by bus 11 from Parliament Square to Sloane Square, or by underground.
There is an Anzac Day service in the Abbey at 12 noon, but this conflicts with our Luncheon.

## NEW MEMBERS (Up to 21 February 1977)

In the original printed journal, tis 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 February 1977)

Lt-Cdr F E Garner DSC RN (2)
G S Griffin Cpl RE(Sigs)(435)
Capt R B Aitken MC
Ayrshire Y (312)
Capt C E W Brayley MBE
RAMC (462)
W F King MM RE 29 Div (54)
Maj H Fisher S Notts H (569)
J Lock 2 Hants R 29 Div (41)
J L Bowker 1 Lan Fus
29 Div (186)

* * * * * * * * *

FRED GARNER Lt-Cdr DSC RN HMS TRIUMPH

Fred Garner was very much a Founder Member, his number being 2. He was a member of our first committee and remained a member until ill health limited him.

At our first Dinner, in 1969, Fred collected a 'Wardroom' table of old 'snotties' of the campaign.

Some brought sons who were surprised to find how youthful their respective fathers could be.

In recent years he had been not well enough to attend the dinners except that in 1975 he came along with his son and grandson who regarded the occasion as the proudest moment of their lives, meeting H R H Prince Philip. Both son Tony and grandson are keen Associate Members. All have been generous supporters.

* * * * * * * * *

## ASSOCIATION SHIELDS

Members are reminded of the very fine wood shield or plaque for home wall mounting, as described in the green folder sent to all members. NEW ADDRESS

Messrs C H Munday Ltd Oxford House St Johns
WOKING Surrey GU21 1SE

All inquiries should be sent direct to the firm.

## AMENDMENTS TO MEMBERSHIP LIST

Including changes of address. See also page 4

| page | number | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 | 652 | J J ABDEE Add: Abbot Road |
| 2 | 596 | The Rev E C ALSTON Orchard House 2 Norwich Road Hethersett NORWICH NR9 3AJ |
| 3 | 70 | A C BRITT etc. |
| 3 | 94 | E J BENNETT Flat 5 Duke of Kent Court Shepherds Green CHISLEHURST Kent BR7 6PA |
| 9 | 466 | H J FEW Add: LU4 8DY |
| 12 | 156 | R HOUGH MC 2 Stour Street CAVENDISH Suffolk |
| 12 | 168 | T I HARRIS 23 Ormsby Terrace St Thomas SWANSEA Glamorgan |
| 15 | 555 | S G KEEVILL 30 Stagbury Avenue etc |
| 15 | 123 | N LOWRY The Loddon Vale Nursing Home 102 Old Bath Road Twyford READING Berks |
| 15 | 142 | G C LACEY Queen's Farm, Fulbourn etc |
| 16 | 22 | REVIVED MEMBERSHIP The Rev F C MORTON (17AIF) 42 Vicarage Meadow FOWEY Cornwall |
| 18 | 512 | C MACINTOSH 13 Div etc |
| 21 | 47 | Brigadier B B RACKHAM CBE MC DL 9 Brundesburg Road WOODBRIDGE Suffolk IP12 4HJ |
| 23 | 67 | W STAGLES 57A Loch Street CLAREMONT 6010 WESTERN AUSTRALIA |
| 23 | 211 | S K SILVEY 39 Bde etc |
| 23 | 290 | J de W STAPLEFORD St George House 11 London Road HARLESTON Norfolk IP20 9BH |
| 24 | 461 | Professor A STUART Bridge House Neopardy CREDITON Devon |
| 30 | 444 | Air Chief Marshal Sir Neville STACK KCB CVO CBE AFC (RAF) M o Defence Adastral House Theobalds Road LONDON WC1X 8RU |

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WANTED: Stand-by Editor to take over in emergency.
Highly unpaid: Taxfree.
To handle the compilation and editing, and making complete arrangements for production and despatch, as the need may arise.

## AN ORIGINAL ANZAC

J STAGLES (67) is one of our first ANZAC members and was in the tour party in Gallipoli and Salonika in 1967. He served in the 11th Bn of the 1st Australian Division AIF and until recently lived in England. He is now back 'down under' (see Membership List Amendments) and is a committee member of the Gallipoli Legion of Anzacs of Western Australia. We send him hearty greetings.

* * * * * * * *

## EASTBOURNE BRIGADE - Leader Wanted

At the inaugural meeting held in Eastbourne (see page 9 of No.22) on the 11th November last it was resolved to arrange for periodic local reunions for tea etc. What is wanted now is for one of them to take on the job, as soon as someone can be found. Preferably someone living in the central area and self-propelled, and with a telephone. Will volunteers please write to me?

ANNUAL LUNCHEON at the Duke of York's HQ (see page 3)
A party will be made up to travel to London for this reunion, leaving EASTBOURNE railway station at 10.53; WESTHAM and PEVENSEY at 10.38. Please join if you can go.

E H W B

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## AFOOT WITH HIS FLAG (OR BANNER?) NAILED TO THE MAST

A Gallipolian was towed in (or toed in) to dry dock for repairs just before Christmas: a toe-nail had taken a wrong turning and had to be removed. In olden times this could have been done at the Tower of London - free and involuntarily - but not this time. In fact the job was done 'cash on the nail'. And in earlier days didn't a king lose his throne through losing a battle through the loss of his horse for want of a shoe for want of a nail?

* * * * * * * *

## A FISHY STORY

After the despatch of a Gallipolian it is common for a few to be returned from 'Lost' members. From number 22 three such came back: Salmon, Whiting and Place (but the last one is now caught - and Placed.

TRIVIATA - wisps such as memories are built of

By RSM R B Bates RAMC (62)

What,? Orderly Serjt. does he want? He won't tell me, Sir, but wants to see you personally. Very well, what is it? Well, you see, when every third day we go to the Advanced Dressing Station we go up that nullah. There is a dead Turk there and has been there some weeks now - on the parapet as it were. Well, what of it? Well, Sir, I wanted to ask for 2 hours off from Base, as Johnny Turk has a pair of sandals that I covet, and in this heat, my boots are killing me.

Perhaps, he pleaded if the Orderly Serjt. didn't want me for any particular duties, and you, perhaps, - again wouldn't send for me for 2 hours!!

No, it's impossible as things are, again, I'm not giving you permission - but, if you can arrange with the Orderly Serjt, - - - - -

Three weeks pass before I saw this fellow again. So I said 'How did you get on'? Smashing - or words to that effect. 'Tell me about it'. I crept out when it was approaching dusk. I had to hurry as there is very little twilight, and got the sandals off him. They stank to high heaven, but I scraped a couple of toes out of each sandal and soaked them in seawater into which I had put a good dollop of 'cresol' disinfectant. After repeating the treatment I dried them out and here they are - never better!

* * * * * * * *

A submariner was captured by the enemy. He was not very happy (would you be?) and wanted to write home about it but was naturally limited by censorship. So he wrote: 'I am having a fine time. You can tell it to all my pals in the army, and in the navy, and especially you can tell it to the marines'.

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 21

EVACUATION

It was on the 12th December that we first knew for certain. That day, we were ordered to have all personal kit ready at Anzac beach by the evening of the 14th; together with the sick, medical personnel and any other men not needed for the garrison of our front-line trenches. On the evening of the 13th, we were told that we were to be relieved next morning by the 4th Gurkhas. The relief took place in the early morning, and by 10 am. we were back in the support trenches near Gorse Hill. There we stayed for the rest of the day, sorting out such equipment as was needed for our journey and sending it unobtrusively to join the baggage we had already sent to the beach. Such items as could not be taken, or were not needed, were made unserviceable and scrapped.

Two British officers (Captains Finnis and Coates) and eleven men were detailed to report to brigade headquarters, and to stay behind with the final parties. We did not envy them. Then, at 6 pm. we fell-in and filed out of the trenches. Each man carried one blanket and one waterproof sheet; no more. Three-quarters of an hour later, the head of our small column was passing the starting-point at brigade headquarters, punctual to the minute. In the darkness, Finnis and Coates bade us a whispered farewell. We filed along quietly and without hurry. The column was well closed-up and there were none of those long halts usually associated with night-marches. As we progressed, we noticed that the 10th Gurkhas were just in front and a staff-officer told us that the Eastern Mounted Brigade were behind us. The timing had been admirable. We had fitted into our place in the long column with no halt, no delay. There was complete silence, except for the sound of shuffling feet; the occasional bump of a rifle-

butt; or a muffled cough. At 8 pm. we arrived at Walkers Pier on Anzac beach. There, two lighters awaited us. I made a note of their numbers; Lighter No.4, and Lighter No.5. We filed on board almost without a check. There was one halt, very short, but long enough for its purpose. A quantity of mess-stores, from Fortnum and Masons, had been awaiting us on the beach. It included some cases of whisky. We were determined to leave none behind. We were equally determined that the Australians should not lay their hands on them. Some of them had been seen eyeing them and had been heard to remark that it would be a pity not to 'salvage' them. Among our 'sick' were some healthy, burly men with orders to extract the bottles from their cases, to hand them to us as we stepped aboard, and meanwhile if necessary, to guard the precious liquid with their lives. This minor operation was carried out with the smooth efficiency which marked the whole of the evacuation. As I was waiting to step over the gunwhale, a mysterious figure sidled up in the gloaming, and with a, 'Sahib; Hujoor di Veesky', (Sir; Your Honour's whisky), handed me four bottles. Two of these I passed to my orderly. The other two I crammed into my greatcoat pockets. Others were similarly distributed. We then went aboard, and left the soil of Anzac behind us.

The two lighters took us to two small steamships lying out to sea, the 'REDBREAST' and the 'SNAEFELL', and then returned to the beach for more. About midnight, these two steamers were full. They then sailed for Mudros, where we transferred to two transports, the 'TUNISIAN' and the 'LAKE MICHIGAN', with half the battalion in each. There they stayed four days, while each night more and more troops from the peninsula came aboard, until there was room for scarcely another man. By then it was the 19th December, and on the afternoon of that day, we sailed in convoy with many others, heading for Egypt. That night, I wrote home ... 'We sailed from Mudros today having taken part, though a small one, in the evacuation of Anzac, and very interesting it was too. The whole show is nearly over now, and if successfully accomplished should be almost as marvellous a thing as the landing; though it is annoying having to give up what we have won ... ' Our thoughts were with our comrades still

at Cape Helles. As we sailed away our relief at being safe and sound was tinged with a feeling that we had left them to stay on throughout the winter and face the united strength of the Turkish army. We had no idea that they, too were to be evacuated. Had we known, our fears for them might have been greater, for the Turks were unlikely to allow them to go unscathed.

On the 23rd December, we disembarked at Alexandria, and took the train for Suez. Our Gallipoli chapter was finished. We had acquitted ourselves to the best of our ability, and lost in the process no less than twenty-eight British officers, seventeen Indian officers and one thousand five hundred and sixty-three men, killed,wounded or missing. It was a heavy price.

* * * * * * * * TO BE CONTINUED

An eminent Gallipolian who served with Indian troops finally retired after his wanderings and settled down in his old village. In time he astonished his friends and neighbours by saying that he was about to move. The astonishment increased when it was learned that he was only moving to the house next door. When asked about the move he replied: 'Well, it must be the wanderlust in me!'

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## A MEMORY OF Y BEACH

By W G CAVE BEM CPO HMS DUBLIN (457)

A few days after the Landing, I was continually at my instruments as the range-taker, spotting movements of our troops ashore and from my height above the bridge I kept reporting, as near as possible the range of our front line, and in particular, the position and range of the enemy, on whom we were dropping an occasional 6-inch, 100 lb. direct action impact shell, with shrapnel to the rear of their front line, thus ensuring that its contents fell clear of our men. We had Royal Marines, Ghurkas, and a unit of the 'Kosbies' (King's Own Scottish Borderers) on top of the Bluff (Gaba Tepe) and there was a Battleship of the Ocean class lying close to the beach, serving as a receiving station for wounded etc. I can't remember how long after the following episode took place, but one

morning I spotted someone near our front line flashing a Morse message, on a tin or something, so I called down to the Yeoman of Signals and he replied with an Aldis lamp, to the effect that one of their Officers had been badly wounded the day previously and needed attention as soon as possible, and a stretcher. The signal was shown to the Captain and he ordered a Sickberth Attendant, with bearers, a couple of boxes of 303 ammo, with stretcher and, turning to me,said 'You know the lay of the land so you go with them'. Little did I know what I was in for. The whaler, 5-oared gig, took us over, ship was lying about ½ mile off shore, and we started a treacherous climb to the top, over steep, rocky scrub. When we reached the top, I found that it was not a bit like it had appeared to me from the ship, and as we passed lesser casualties, we asked our way to the front line, and eventually a chap told us 'I think that mob over there has a bloke in a bad way' so we stumbled our way in that direction and luckily found our quarry. When I saw him, I though 'My God ---- This is war'. Our S.B. got busy on his wounded stomach, which looked black, and by the accents I guessed they were Scots. We lifted him gently on to the stretcher, and found that he must have been in the region of 15 stones, or so it seemed, and started the long-long trail back. There was not a yard of flat ground at any point and every few yards we relieved one another on the stretcher. 'Poor devil', I never heard such sounds of agony as we laboured our way rock to rock, or I should say jolt to jolt. He kept apologising if he gave a painful shout now and again, and eventually got in sight of watchers on the beach below, and waved them up, and with their aid we got him to a pinnace where it's crew took over. We each touched his hand, wished him 'all the best' and he deleriously murmured odd words, 'all V Cs, etc;' We sat on the beach for a short rest, then looked for our boat which had been moved; having found it, we soon got back to the ship, having been away over four hours. Naturally the Captain sent for the Leading Seaman in charge of the party; he wanted full particulars of who he was, Regt; Rank etc. Other than knowing he was Scots, but in the mess he was in and the job we had, he was human enough to appreciate

our lack of knowledge of him, but we did hear his man 'sir' him. Captain sent me away to get my dinner-cum-tea and change, by-the-way, we were in khaki, (our white rigs had all been dyed in strong coffee at the out-break of war). Later that evening when I reported back to him he asked me any description I could give him of our wounded man, as he was going to make a signal to HMS OCEAN re 'Scots Officer, stomach wound, received that afternoon'. They replied that owing to the utter chaos, were sorry they could not help. Next morning he made another signal and the reply was to the effect, 'Regret to report patient had died during the night and identified as Lt-Col. Koe, Comdg 1 KOSB of the 29th Divn, 'Y' Beach .

SEQUEL TO THE COL. KOE'S 'Y' BEACH STORY

Early in the 1920s, I, with a couple of my mates were sat in the Railway Hotel in Devonport, where a lot of Service personel were wont to gather, just having a quiet one, when I noticed an Army type gazing at me. I noticed that he had the K.O.S.B. numerals 'up'. Being a Naval and Garrison Town, and the nearest tavern to the Raglan Barracks, it was nothing new, but this fellow, a Sergeant, persisted in his steadfast gaze. I could stand this no longer, so I, good humouredly went over to him and asked was there anything in my appearance attracting his attention, 'he replied, Aye, and warr'nt ye one a' the laddies that carried oor Col; doon the Bluff on 'Y' Beach at the Dards, poor mon'? 'I was that' I answered. Well the balloon just went up. He shouted 'All the KOSBIES ,proove' As most of them were, they crowded around us two, still hugging each other, he started to tell them the story, then, with cheers he didn't get far, so he ordered, 'Drinks on me all round'. So he and I got back in a corner,we each gave the other our own subsequent versions of what happened; well it finished up with me being made an hon. member of the Sergeant's mess but also the Officers Mess. I was drafted soon after and was thus denied the opportunity of availing myself of the honour.

We both had received promotion during the war, he to Sergeant and I, to Petty Officer.

'YOUR OLD MEN SHALL DREAM DREAMS AND
YOUR YOUNG MEN SHALL SEE VISIONS ...' (JOEL 2 v.98)

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

When, in the evening of our days,
We sit beside our fires and gaze
Back to the Past, which once we knew,
There with our friends, alas now few,
We count our years and in between
We dream of what these might have been:
We light our pipes and in the smoke,
Remember how those old friends spoke
And what they thought would happen next,
And whether 'so and so' was vexed
About some action which was taken,
And if the Government was shaken;
Then, thinking thus, I nod and doze
And even 'trumpet' through my nose;
And then my grandson rushes in
Creating an infernal din.
He hops with one foot off the ground
And shouts:- 'Look, grand-dad, what I've found
A coin: it looks quite old to me
What do you think that it can be?'
I look at it, and him, and say:-
'Where did you find it? Tell me pray.'
'I found it in the garden, look,
Where I was digging, near the brook.'
I tell him:- 'Its not very old,
But look, you'll see its made of gold.'
'Real gold?' he said:- 'Why goodness me,
Worth quite a fortune this must be!'
I tell him that in days gone by
We used such coins. I heave a sigh:
My last was used in World War One
To fill a tooth, and this was done
To help a friend whose dentist said
He's nothing left to use instead!
I wonder where that friend is now?
The place was Anzac, that I'll vow.

And 'Where is Anzac?' asks the lad,
I tell him; but it makes me sad;
Indeed my heart with sorrow swells
When we, who knew the Dardanelles,
Can find few people now who know
That spot so famous years ago.
'Remember this,' I tell the boy,
'That many things you now enjoy
Were gained through knowledge proved in war
Once guessed-at many years before.
That does not mean that war is good
Nor that to gain it nations should
Engage in war. May God forbid
That they should prosper, if they did!
In Peace is greater knowledge gained,
By working hard. Don't look so pained,
Enjoy your work! Enjoy your games!
And learn from men who've made their names.
My years are long and I look back
And dream of things which now we lack;
The days when men would keep their word,
When loss of faith was rarely heard,
When honesty was not abused,
And those in need of help, refused!
These dreams are true, that I can say;
I wonder would they hold, today?
And now I see you standing there
I wonder how and why and where
And what you see? What visions rise?
What pictures shine within your eyes?
Computers now and racing cars
Or journeys to the moon and stars
And rockets shooting far away
From Earth to planets shall we say?
To send back knowledge from afar,
Of Venus or some distant star?
And when that rocket's work is done
Will leave its orbit, once begun,
And darting into endless space;
Has that an end? We have no trace.
Or will you gain some knowledge rare

The sort which makes professors stare?
Who, in this scientific age,
Will write on Life's next vacant page?
Will you, I wonder, be the one
Who'll show the World how things are done?
May you, now standing there, be told
A thing you may yet learn, is gold!
I see you as 'Eternal Youth'
In search of some quite simple truth.
I hope, indeed, that you may find,
With earnestness and quiet mind,
A secret which some few have found
And one which helps 'the World go round'
That things to practise in your youth
Are:- Kindly love, Relief and Truth!
Now I, an old man, dreaming, say:-
'May God be with you, on your way!'

* * * * * * * *

I wonder where you are, today?
I wonder.

* * * * * * * *

## ANZAC IN 1976

By Keith Tranmer (A M 381)

Concluded from number 22

Hill 60 of bitter memory is crowned with small trees and is surrounded by cultivated fields promising a good harvest in 1976. Small Turkish oaks which were there in 1915 still flourish. Is the cemetery on the summit of the hill? I can never be sure and seen from the top of Hill 971 it is such an insignificant feature on the landscape only identified by the headstones.

Back in old Anzac the washaway in Monash Valley is choked with roots and spoil brought down from the constant terracing of the valley sides. It is now almost impossible to walk up to Popes Hill. The Turkish loophole at Bloody Angle (found by Bean in 1920) has disintegrated thanks to the terraces and only broken

concrete remains with a collapsed tunnel behind. No one goes down this way now or onto the top of Plugge's Plateau which still has some trenches and thousands of large stones carried up from the beach in 1915. A path still goes up Walkers Ridge to Russells Top and a few of the trenches remain at the Nek. The trenches are left because they are still too deep for the workers to terrace but trees are being planted in the bottom of them. In the cemetery on Baby 700 is the headstone to Captain Lalor together with those of men who pushed inland on the first day. The show place for the visitor today is Lone Pine. One of the things I object to with modern writers about the campaign is the way they repeat the information in earlier books without visiting the place in detail. One seldom finds bones these days but they are there if one looks but certainly the ground is not white with them as some would have us believe. Behind Steels the terraces have uncovered some of the dugouts that fell in years ago and in doing so they have unearthed bones and old tins and I wonder how many tunnels still remain in the ground between Steele's and the Pine. It is quite a scramble down to 4th Battalion Parade Ground Cemetery; there are no paths any more and down Braunds Hill to the washaway leading to Shrapnel Valley it is best to use the terraces as steps. The old well in Shrapnel Valley which supplied numerous water bottles in 1915 is now concreted and supplies water to the cemetery.

There is now a crude earth track made by a tractor from the beach to Shell Green which then continues up to Lone Pine. There is no longer room for a cricket pitch on the Green because the cemetery takes up most of the old site but the trenches are still there on Boltons Ridge and the wheatfield sprouts only coarse grass. Silt Sput is covered with scrub and difficult to recognise.

The Olive Grove is a flourishing site cleared of gun pits with trees again laden with rich black olives and on the beach at the Chatham Post end of Anzac stands a poor looking Motel and camping site. The sunken

ammunition barges off the Cove are still visible in the clear water and one still picks up green encrusted cartridges from the sand. At the moment there is opposition by the fishermen to a proposal to dynamite the wrecks of the battleships lying off Cape Helles and Anzac because it will ruin the fishing grounds but the Turkish Government is keen to raise money in the scrap market (they have managed at last to sell the Geoben) and may well have their way.

I don't think Anzac is ready to fade away just yet. I hardly saw a visitor at Suvla or Helles, although a large party of British veterans was expected two weeks after my departure and what impressed me was a constant stream of youngsters from Australia and New Zealand driving through, to or from Europe in a variety of vehicles ranging from a double decker London bus to a well equipped caravanette. I don't think many of them knew much about Gallipoli and many of them were puzzled about what their countrymen were doing in Turkey in 1915 but the interest could be aroused and it was not long before the cameras were clicking. As one girl put it, 'I always thought Anzac Day was an excuse for the old boys to get drunk back home before I came here'. And the boy who lived near the Canberra Memorial Museum and had not put his foot inside the door, but was now going to look it up when he got back, may have been typical of the generation gap but at least they came and saw and went away reflecting for a time at least and it was nice to meet them and show them a bit of a place I seem to have known for a long time.

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## HELLES UNDERTONES

By W J Crawford 6 HLI (438)

(Continued from No.22 p.20)

The second incident occurred a day or so later during our first turn of duty in the front line. Just about dusk I went into a sap running at an angle from and behind the front line to make use of the latrine therein for a major call of nature. As I finished and stood upright I became

aware of the wonderful view looking towards the Aegean. Two beautiful Hospital ships, their lights already beaming brightly lay at anchor fairly close to the beaches and behind two islands - which I learned later were Imbros and Samothrace - formed a magnificent backbround. And I thought of Byron and 'The Isles of Greece where burning Sappho loved and sang' when the sandbag opposite my face was burst open, there was a vicious crack and I realised that I had been the target for a Turkish sniper and I realised even more strongly that anywhere near the front line is no place to be daydreaming about Byron and poetry.

The next incident took place during the same turn of duty and in the same section of front line. At a rifle inspection I had been threatened with military displeasure for having grit in the barrel and bolt mechanism of my rifle. So I took counsel of some older members of my platoon and their advice was to get an old sock - of cotton, for preference - cut the foot off and fit the remainder over the butt so that it could be pulled forward when required to cover the bolt area. I had such a sock and soon fitted it as directed after cleaning and oiling the bolt mechanism and giving the barrel a generous application of the 'pull-through'. So far so good, but I still had to do something to prevent grit from the sides of the trench dropping into the muzzle and flawing the barrel. So, without any further reference to senior soldiers I cut off a few inches of the whitish cloth with red horizontal bands that was normally housed with a brass oil bottle and the 'pull-through' in the butt trap, rolled it into a cylindrical plug shape about 2" long and inserted it in the muzzle where it fitted quite snugly. And I remember thinking that if I had to use my rifle in emergency all I had to do was pull back the sock to clear the bolt mechanism, safety catch and trigger guard, remove the plug from the muzzle and I was ready. And there would be no more threats of punishment for having a dirty rifle. Ah me! The best laid plans o' mice and men! The following night I was on duty midnight to 2 am. There were two of us to the bay and we were doing 2 hours on

and 2 off. The platoon sergeant saw us changed over at 2 am and carried on round the traverse to the left. My mate took up his stance at the left-hand end of the firestep. I pulled the sock into position covering the bolt, re-inserted the muzzle plug and placed rifle still with bayonet attached, of course, carefully against the right-hand corner of the firestep and was sound asleep within a few minutes. The next thing I remember was getting a kick in the ribs from my mate, wakening to realise that an unholy row was going on, and my mate shouting that the Turks were attacking. I jumped up, grabbed my rifle, rested it on a sandbag, pulled back my sock cover, released the safety catch and pressed the trigger. Next moment I was lying in the bottom of the trench, still holding my rifle. The bayonet had gone off in a beautiful parabola towards the Turkish front line and the top 6 or 7 inches from the muzzle had flowered to form a miniature umbrella frame in the manner that one strips the skin from a banana. Also, my right shoulder was very, very painful. And all because in the excitement of the moment I had forgotten to remove the plug from the muzzle! But I had learned another lesson in the trade of war.

TO BE CONTINUED

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## EXTRACT FROM 'LOST ENDEAVOUR'

By Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus (167)

### OVER THE TOP

Next day I awakened in the unfamiliar surroundings of a trench - the first trench I had ever occupied. This one so newly won from the Turks was well constructed except for its firing step facing the wrong way. An improvised firing step had been constructed from sand-bags, facing the enemy. In the gathering light of the day I stuck my head over the parapet and took a long look at the ground ahead - and at the blokes lying there.

From the comparative and comforting closure of a trench, it's a sobering experience - this first long look at death in the open. It's true, I'd seen many such corpses lying

around this last two days, but events then had moved swiftly - everything was on the move and in open country. It was then a bit like a nightmare moving picture, but moving so fast it had the comforting air of unreality. But this view from the trench was no unreal moving-picture. This picture was 'for keeps'. It was a ghastly 'still' that bit deep down into your consciousness. You felt that men were never meant to die like that - frightened and alone - their limbs twisted into such grotesque patterns as they had striven so desperately to loosen the Silken Cord that bound them to their mortal agonies. Some of this Highland Regiment lay sprawled on all fours, killed as they were facing the enemy, their bare arses cocked defiantly at the sky - cocking a last derisive snoot at the Reaper before he finally gathered them in. Some lay peacefully as if overcome by sudden fatigue. The horrid smell of death was everywhere.

Many artists have tried to portray No-Mans-Land - that baleful Sports Ground of the Fiends. None succeed. At best you only get a faint idea of it. It's a place of ever-changing moods.

At night, and with the barbed wire glistening in the moonlight it can appear almost benign - tempting you to take a walk and explore. When the searching glare of the green Verey lights would illumine the inky black of the sky, it bore a slightly Science Fiction air.

But at dawn it's at its most sinister. No artist, no paint, no canvas can catch the utter desolation of the idle flapping in the dawn wind of the tunic of the corpse leaning grotesquely on the barbed wire. Like a monstrous Guy Fawkes doll he gibbers obscenely to the rising sun, his teeth bared in the fixed and idiotic grin of death. Only a battlefield corpse knows how to grin so idiotically at the Great Sport of War.

His mates, lying alongside him in the dew-wet grass wait in vain for the rising sun to warm their ever cold bones.

And no artist can ever re-capture the smell of decay - the frightening stench of corruption borne towards us on

the morning breeze.

But in spite of all this, this bloody place of Gallipoli fascinated you. There was a 'feel' about this place that was sort of special. The glory, the pathos and the shit of war - and the feeling that what we were now doing in this Homeric contest had been done many times before in this particular part of the world - the feeling that we were just another generation of actors re-enacting an old familiar scene that had often been played before by earlier generations of actors on this same familiar stage. I'm bloody sure this place is haunted. Dammit - you could almost hear the clank of sword upon shield.

I once commented on this point of view to a mate of mine, but he seemed only concerned for my sanity. Oh! it's orlright, tha knows, mate' he said soothingly. 'Tha's just a little bit screwy, that's all' ' 'Ere, 'ave a little sup o' this tea, an' tha'll feel better'.

Blessed are the insensitive, for they shall ne'er be troubled! But I still say that if you listened you could hear the clank of sword upon shield - and almost feel these blokes crowding round you - like you sometines feel, if you're a Catholic, the crowding of Angels at Mass.

Talking of miracles, our Company Cook produced out of the thin air a real breakfast - bits of fried bacon to help down the Army biscuits, and even hot sweet tea. It was just like being at home again. We sat on the fire step and munched our breakfast and agreed that this was the life. Later, at about 10 am. we were told there was going to be a special issue of rum. Oh, I say! this is really spoiling us!

'Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts'. I forget who it was who said that, but it had some point. We were too unsophisticated in the practice of war to know what this presaged. But by the end of the day we had learned our lesson good.

A generous dollop of rum was issued to each man and we were told we were to go 'over the top' at 10.30. This shook us a bit but once outside an issue of rum nothing

seems quite so bad to the British Tommy. He needs it at such times. Peace loving by nature, it takes a drop of stuff like that to wind him up - something to transform him - even if only temporarily, from a decent ordinary human being into a savage unthinking animal who sees in the vaingloriousness of war a certain Divine justification. The miracle of war - the only thing that can revert decent human beings back in Time by thousands of years, into the elemental savagery of pre-historic man. Well, that's war, I guess, but don't ask me of all people to explain the greatest puzzle of human progress. I only played my own small part in this International Amateur Dramatic Society, and my interest was not in the ethics of the drama - merely in the manner we ham-actors played our respective parts.

Cpl. I ---, an old sweat with the ribbons of the South African war and other campaigns, finished his rum in one gulp. I took a sip of mine but not wanting it much after such a good breakfast, and happening to catch sight of him looking at me toying with it, I passed it over to him, saying I did'nt want the bloody stuff, anyway. His gratitude was profound - out of all proportion. Twice he thanked me fervently 'just what I wanted' he said. The second time he thanked me was just before we scrambled over the top of the trench. By nightfall he did'nt have to bother any more about rum - not, of course, unless there's such a thing as Celestial Rum. Along with Sergt. R ---, he was killed that night, trying to bring in from No-Mans-Land one of our blokes who'd been hit and was lying there groaning.

Poor Cpl. I ---. If I was'nt such a born lazy devil I could give him two or three chapters - all to himself. And we could have been such good friends too, but for that horrid cloud of dark suspicion that always dogged our relationship. And all because of his damned teeth.

TO BE CONTINUED

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To avoid that 'run-down' feeling cross the road carefully.



EASTBOURNE 'BRIGADE' 11 November 1976

This photograph was taken at the HQ of the Royal British Legion at Eastbourne and continues the story from Number 22, page 9. Tea was very kindly provided by the Ladies of the Section who made our Members very welcome. Names are: Standing, from viewer's left; Commander Reginald Hayward, Robert Watson, David Kempton, Thomas Woodward, Arthur Garrison, Stanley Mann, Dick Swinnerton, Major Alfred Fuller, Harold Crowder, Archie Parnell. Front; Francis Nicholls, Jack Attwood (who organized the gathering), Major Edgar Banner, Reginald Vodrey, George Griffiths, Robert Bird, William Kidd. See the Membership List for particulars of individuals.

## TYPOGRAPHICAL ILLITEROSITIES AND PREPOSTROSITIES
### From Ernest Willis: late Editor of the 'Mosquito'

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'Newbury kicked off with 10 men with the wind.'

'He passed piecefully away.'

'At Bradfield on Saturday a children's party was hell.'

'Mrs Bartholomew had her first puppy three years ago.'

'Plump but always cheerful, Miss Hood is a good all-round musician.'

'Resting in peace from his wife and children.'

'To Dorothy and George: a sow, brother for Rachael.'

'Shorthorn typists wanted immediately.'

'CHAMBERMAID wanted, must be respectable until Sept 30.'

'It is proposed to use the money for the purchase of new wenches for the park as the present ones are dilapidated.'

'PRIZE OFFERED for the boniest baby.'

'Mr & Mrs Smith have been happily marred for 50 years.'

'The cup went to Michael Anderson who won the walking race three times running.'

'Miss Mabel Blank was married to Mr Alfred Dash, the well-known collector of antiques.'

'Mrs Brown is the Hot Treasurer.'

'A thatched cottage at - - - occupied by Miss Lucy Bates, reputed to be 350 years old, caught fire.'

'Several large houses were visited by a party of carol sinners over the week-end.'

'There were fewer pigs in the market last Thursday, farmers being busy harvesting.'

'Ramsbury and Albourne families are untied in marriage.'

'FURNISHED HOUSE to be let for three moths from mid-April.'

'The car mounted the pavement and crashed through a plate-glass widow.'