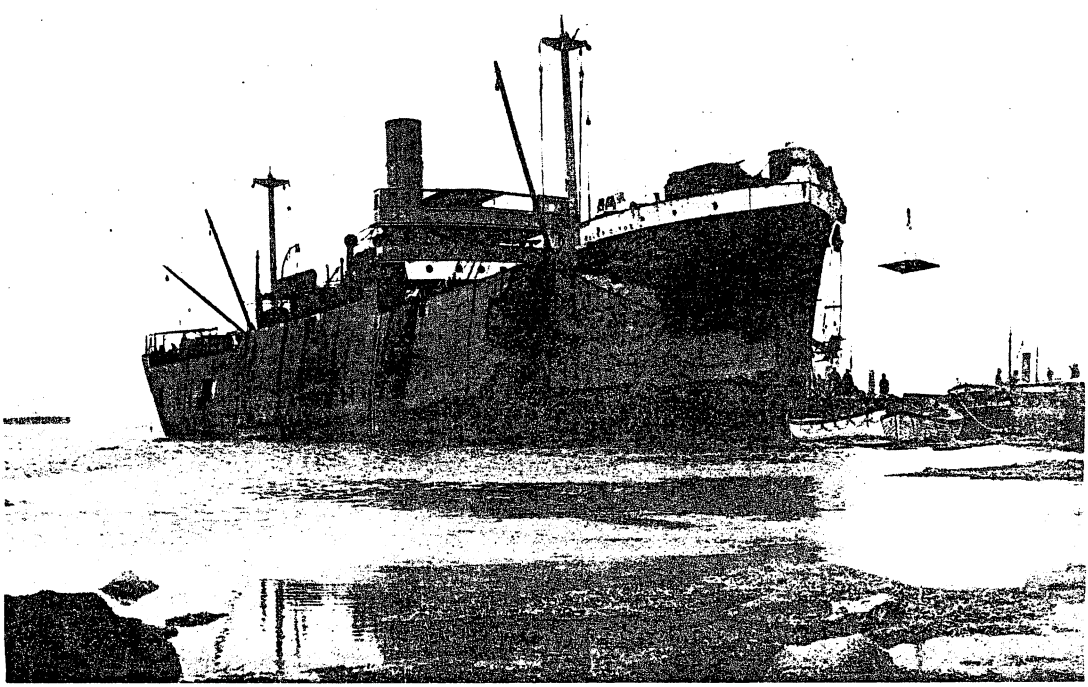
THE GALLIPOLIAN

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.)

PRESIDENT	Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC DL JP
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NEXT REUNION

Annual Dinner 13th October See page 6

AT NOON ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH

By G E Dale (53)

The bar is open - let us go
On genteel, jaunty, lightsome toe.
No better place to greet old friends,
(With glass in hand, you comprehend).
Just one, or two, and all's serene,
Fat barmaids look like fairy queens.
Then we . . . . .

Here - steady on! This is a lunch, not a blotto. Anyway, for once the bar is a late opener, and for some moments there are anxious, even despairing moments. Well, it does my old eyes good to see you all looking so fit and lively, and I trust that none of you are pretending. Some sixty veterans are present - Eastbourne well represented - and there would be many more but for the toils and the expense of travel. For this Association, originated mainly by one man (guess who?) is still thriving. Each year, sadly but inevitably, a few members are lost, but so far we have always managed to build up the remainder. And this year we have been especially fortunate.

Some have already been on parade at the Cenotaph, where the Association wreath was laid by Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook. For today those many comrades who had to be left behind on that wild coast will be especially remembered by we who have been granted another 62 years. Some may wonder what those old pals would think were they able to look down on what has been made of the 'Land fit for heroes.' In wonder they would see the endless strikes, demos, muggings, arson, football battles, union bosses like Roman emperors, yowling pop-singers, prancing telly stars, women dressed like men and men with more hair than women. And what would they say to the price of a pint, or a packet? But let us hope that they do not know about all that.

Well, we can still talk, by golly. All at once, I believe, with few listeners. And now, before you could say 'Heads backward bend' the conversational hubbub

subsides to a tinkle of knives and forks as we tackle a luncheon which all agree is far better than sharing a tin of bully. It seems plain that, whatever ills we may now be inflicted with, loss of appetite is not one of them.

As some always find it necessary to leave early it had been decided to limit the time usually occupied by the A G M, and this was done. There is an entertaining speech by the President, Lt-Gen Sir Reginald Savory, obviously a well-practised speaker. Associate Members are heartily welcomed and it is hoped that more will be recruited. Due to the advanced years of Members, the A.Ms are already sharing the running of the Association, and it is hoped that in the years to come they may keep interest and memories in the Gallipoli campaign alive. There is a short speech from Vice-President Longley-Cook, and another from our hard-working and ever-popular Chairman-Secretary-Editor, Major Edgar Banner, who concludes by asking for volunteers to take over the editorship later.

There are congratulations to the Hon. Treasurer, D F Bland, who took over his duties at a difficult time and has done a very good job. The Balance Sheet, circulated in advance, is agreed to, and all are pleased to learn that, due partly to cheaper printing of the Gallipolian, there is a balance of £450. This makes a happy ending to a most successful lunch and meeting.

As my ears make me a poor reporter of speeches these days, I was driven to make a few later inquiries. 'What did so-and-so say?' But I find nobody who seems to have heard more than me. 'What's it matter?' says someone. All as deaf as posts! So why not use some of that nice balance to purchase ear trumpets to be issued on these occasions? Think how imposing it would look. Well boys, I will see you all again in October.

BUSINESS

Other business points at the meeting were about the committee. Fred Woodworth had had to resign for ill-health, and was duly thanked. Then three Members were proposed and elected to the committee: Captain D M Penrose,

J H Heeley and S Parker Bird. The others were re-elected.

The President referred to our forthcoming dinner on the 13th October, and Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Elworthy as our Guest of Honour, who had just been admitted to the Most Noble Order of the Garter. A special message was being sent to him in congratulation.

E H W B

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CHAIRMAN'S REPORT Basically as given at the Luncheon

I am speaking not as secretary, nor as chairman, but rather as the guy who started all this.

Some of you will remember that, eight years ago today, we met in this very room, with a band of the Coldstream Guards, and had our first lunch, the Coldstreams blowing a cold stream of air down our necks.

At the outset it was made clear that I should have to do nearly all the work; committee members would help but were unable to apply much time, other than Andy Kirk who undertook to be honorary treasurer.

What I like most about this Association is the number who have told me of old pals they have met, many not seen since 1915. Also what I like is the number of friends I have made; many I have met but many more only through correspondence and will probably never meet.

From time to time I receive letters from widows and sons of former members stating the pleasure the member had received through his membership. This makes very pleasant reading and makes the work worth while. I hope to be able to continue to run this for some years yet, with your support.

We are just a bunch of old veterans with a common interest - service in the Gallipoli campaign. We are not a business concern and can drop a lot of formality.

Please keep sending me stories for the Gallipolian. At present I have some in hand but I need more and from new writers in order to provide a varied menu. Never mind if you haven't written before; new writers make it matey.

I have been well supported by the committee, and especially by our treasurer Donald Bland. He is most co-operative, and he's only an Associate Member, not able to devote his full time to it as I can. Thank you Donald, and to the other committee members.

THE DINNER 13th October 1977

The ninth annual Dinner will take place at the Royal Air Force Club, 128 Piccadilly W1 on Thursday the 13th October, kindly sponsored by Lt-Col Philip Gething, a Vice-President.

The Club is between Hyde Park Corner and Green Park Underground stations and on several bus routes. Free parking locally after 6.30.

Our Guest of Honour will be the Colonel of the Regiment of the 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles, Brigadier David Powell-Jones DSO OBE. Other invited guests are:
Mr D J Harper of the Australian High Commission in London
Mr N.A. Morris of the New Zealand High Commission in London.

Time: 6.30 for 7
Dress: Dinner jacket (or dark suit) Orders and Decorations
Name tab: As usual. Please provide a tab with your name
Note that this is NOT the Place-card to be sent out.
Guests: Members may bring male guests.
New Members Are asked to contact a committee member
Price: £5.50. Drinks payable in cash.
APPLICATIONS: Please write to the Hon Sec not later than the 7th October. Place-cards will be sent out in bulk about the end of September.
Please send: (1) Name in block letters: Number
(2) Cheque for self and guests, payable to the Gallipoli Association.
(3) Stamped return envelope.
Place-cards: On arrival, select a place at the table and put your card, bent to stand up, at the table where you want to sit. Please do not move cards already there.
This Place-card is NOT the name tab - above.
Last Post: Around 9 to 10.

SECURITY: All should take heed of the warning notices displayed in the Cloak Room.

Lord Elworthy will not now be with us as he will be in New Zealand representing the Queen on that day.

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 15 July 1977)

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.

This also applied to the address amendments on the following page.

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OBITUARY (At 15 July 1977)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

S V Stevens RE (396)
J Gray RNAS (406)
M Osborne RND (225)
W C Blackmore RMLI (472)
Maj J H Bromhead Glos H (256)
J G Caffarey West Yorks (388)
H H Hudson AIF 7 Bn (244)
Maj G B Matthews MC GM TD RE 486 Fld Coy (324)
Maj E R Rickman R East Kent Y (253)
C Auger RAMC (261)
G C Lacey Suffolk Y (142)
Lt-Col R F E Laidlaw l R Munster Fus (518)
Capt A R I Mellor CBE MC Surrey Y (678)
A T Fraser Border R (73)
O J Finch RFA (479)

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R F E LAIDLAW (See Obituary)

He was the author of the article on page 9, and to be continued; served with the 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers of the 29th Division at Gallipoli, and then in Salonika, Palestine and France. His orders and decorations included the Order of the Nile for service in Sudan and the King Haakon VII Decoration for services in Norway. At one time he held ranks simultaneously in the British army, the Sudan Defence Force, the Sudan Police and the Sudan Political Service. After the second War he was first transferred to the Sudan Defence Force and in 1941 organized the Ethiopian Police Force. Later he returned to Sudan, then to SHAEF as police planner for North-West Europe. Colonel Laidlaw retired to South Africa in 1952 where he was college bursar until 1962.

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AMENDMENTS AND CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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REMEMBER YOUR NUMBER (From the Daily Telegraph)

A one-year old budgerigar flew out of a window at his home in Nottingham and got lost. After eleven days he was found, exhausted, and looked after where he slept for five days. Then he perked up, swore a bit and kept repeating a six-figure number. His finders wondered if it could be a telephone number and on trying they found it was. So Peter talked his way back home, to the relief of his widow owner.

GALLIPOLI -- 1915

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

Continued from number 18.

When we got ashore, the M.L.O. there told us that the Munsters were at present 'resting' in and about the forts of Sedd-El-Bahr ahead of us. As we made our way up the beach, we sustained our first casualty. We had noticed curious spurts of sand every now and again and, thinking that they were some kind of insect, Aitkin, one of our number, bent over to look at them. The next moment he had pitched forward on his face and did not get up again. There was a cry of 'stretcher bearers' from a nearby dump and, almost before we could stoop over him and notice the blood, he was picked up, put on to a stretcher and carried off. We found afterwards that the spurts of sand were spent bullets from the Turkish lines and that one of them had entered our friend's neck as he stooped and chased its way round his spine. We did not see him again and were unable to ascertain more about him.

All this time we heard the low rumbling of rifle fire from about a couple of miles in front, with the occasional whistle and crash of shells bursting somewhere near. So much for our newspaper report of 'thirty miles up the Peninsula!' and so much for much more which was to be published - in this war and others.

We pushed on and, as we lugged our kits up the slope, came to an encampment of 'dug-outs', holes in the ground about six feet square and three deep, in which some men were lying and near which were one or two latrine screens. Suddenly there was a long whistle and a bang and a 'pip-squeak' (small shell) landed among the screens. A man shot up some feet into the air and came down, apparently unhurt. Since he had gone up complete with the bucket, he came down in rather a mess and did not cease giving vent to his feelings with a very choice flow of language for some minutes. The fact that he had been blown up and come down unhurt, when the odds were that he should have been killed or badly hurt, meant nothing to him. The contents of that latrine bucket did it! He happened to be the Quartermaster of our battalion,

but we did not know that at the time.

We went on to the battalion office in one of the forts and reported to the Adjutant, Captain Nightingale, who received us very cheerfully and introduced us to the Commanding Officer, Colonel Geddes, a very fine-looking man with a bristling red moustache. They seemed rather astonished that 17 officers should have arrived at once and a little at a loss as to what to do with us, but sent us along to the Mess to get some lunch before doing anything else.

The 'Dubsters'

There we met one or two of the other officers and were told that the casualties had been so heavy that the two battalions, the 1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers and the 1st Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, both of the 86th (Fusilier) Brigade, had now been amalgamated and called themselves the 'Dubsters'. The two battalions had consisted approximately of 60 officers and 2,000 men. The combined battalions now numbered less than 400 men, with some 8 officers! And that after only a month and two days' fighting!

Incidentally, 96 officers and 3,096 men went through the ranks of the Munsters alone during the campaign yet, after the landing, they were never stronger than 15 officers and 450 men. They were thus replaced over six times between 25th April and late November. This gives some idea of the terrific casualties in the Campaign. At lunch Captain Baxter, the Quartermaster, came in for a good deal of chaff regarding his aerial adventure and, in spite of a dip in the sea and a new uniform, noses were ostentatiously held. However, when he remarked that if he smelt as badly as that, he would be unable to draw the jam rations, if any, his smell became much sweeter. The lunch, consisting of bully beef hotted up, biscuits and strong tea, was rather different to our MAURETANIA fare. Afterwards, we again went to the orderly room. Here we were told that, since the present strength of the battalion did not warrant the posting of 17 officers to it, whereas units were short, it had been arranged that only 9 would remain, the rest being re-posted elsewhere. I had already felt something of the spirit of the

battalion and what fine men its remaining officers were, so I was overjoyed to find that I was one of those selected to remain and that Smith and Jones were two of the others. We were allotted to companies and I went to 'D' Company, Captain Russell. He, too, was one of the original officers of the Munsters and knew all his men and his job backwards.

We now began to hear something of the Landing and of its horrors and of the terrific casualties sustained there by all the battalions taking part. We were also shown X and W beaches as well as V beach, where the Munsters and Dublins had landed right in front of the Sedd el Bahr forts. Again, it struck me as being a ridiculous place to land them. Why make a frontal attack against the strongest part of the enemy's position? And that from open boats and from a steamer, run ashore in such a position that she was an ideal target for every gun and other weapon the enemy had there. That was only one of many errors made, strategically and tactically, in this campaign. Of course, it is easy to be wise after the event but, in the case of the landing on V beach, the error was so glaring that it was apparent even to a tyro in the art of war, such as myself, and that at a mere glance.

The battalion Mess was in one of the bastions of the main fort, a place of immensly thick walls and one felt very safe there. No wonder that even the great 15-inch guns of the Queen Elizabeth had had little effect on them. The QUEEN ELIZABETH, or Q.E. as she was called, had already left for home when we arrived because of some defect in her guns - but, more probably, because she was too valuable a ship to risk once the German submarines got busy. Incidentally, she had been equipped with armour piercing shells and these, instead of exploding on her targets, went underground and exploded well inland, where they did little harm. However, we picked up a lot of her shrapnel bullets and, as these were the size of golf balls, they must have been fearsome things to have flying around and must have inflicted terrible wounds of they hit any men.

Rest

We had two more days' rest at Sedd el Bahr before

going back to the line, the furthest part of which was only three miles from V beach. The 'rest' consisted of some of the hardest work I have ever seen troops perform. We were unloading lighters and boats from daylight to dusk and getting every kind of supplies, from shells and other ammunition, to cases of bully beef, ashore, and that under constant shell fire from the Asiatic shore and the Turkish front line. Some of these shells from Asiatic Annie and Slippery Sam (so called because he was mounted on a railway on the Asiatic shore and never fired twice from the same place) were of heavy calibre, but the rest were from field guns, probably 15 pounders or more 'pip-squeaks' from light mountain guns well forward in the Turkish lines. However, whatever was firing on to the beaches did not make life any more comfortable and, although the men treated them with contempt, the shells took a constant toll of casualties from both men and supplies. Except for an occasional joke, the men took absolutely no notice of the shell fire, nor did the Indian muleteers, who carried away the stores when landed and, although it took me some time to get used to it, I found the men's nonchalance a great help and hope I did not show the fear I felt.

These two days gave me an opportunity to get to know the men of my platoon, and a very fine lot they were, though all too few. They were all Irish, thirteen Burkes and a Murphy, with a tall quiet man named Jesse to add variety, and a platoon serjeant named Bluemell.

The Burkes

The Burkes were all known by the last two figures of their regimental numbers, for example, '15 Burke' or '27 Burke', Jesse, by his own name and Bluemell was, of course, 'the Sarjint'. He was a grand chap, always exactly where he was needed and the men worked for him like Trojans. Until I knew the ropes Bluemell was always near to give me quiet advice or information and, without him I should have been lost. As it was, he and the other men of the platoon, helped me so much that I learned in a tenth of the time that it would otherwise have taken me. They treated me in a fatherly way which could not give rise to any ill feeling, or any indiscipline and I soon felt an affection for them which it was difficult to

disguise. Later, in the trenches I often heard them round the traverse discussing 'th'orficer bhoy', often in jokes to which I had given rise, but with almost the same affection that I had conceived for them. No man could have had a better lot of comrades than I had in my first platoon. Their influence is still strong in me and has lived on for over fifty years - but I am afraid that none of them have. War takes the best and leaves the worst. One can only thank God that such men have lived and that one has been permitted to know them.

Officers

During these days I also got to know the other officers in the Mess, chief among them Geddes, Nightingale, whom I have already mentioned, and Major Williams, the second in command. He, like Nightingale, was small and spritely, rather birdlike. He was absolutely imperturbable, nothing ever worried him but he, like the others, was always in the midst of things, helping in a quiet way and always ready with a laugh or a joke. They were part and parcel of the men, yet you always knew who was in command. In the trenches they would come round and sit with the men, yarning about old days and old jokes, and asking about their wives and children, all of whom the three knew by their Christian names. At first, I even wondered where the much vaunted discipline of a Regular battalion was - I had come from a Cockney, new army battalion where similar conduct on the part of the officers would have had the men calling them by their Christian names in a few minutes - but it was there all right. When the officer left after his chat the man would jump to his feet, salutes would be exchanged and one knew that if the next word from the officer was an order to get up on the parapet and be shot, the man would jump to that also and obey without the least hesitation. The feeling of the men for those officers and of the officers for those men was past all praise or belief. I had never met such feeling before and I never have since. It was largely the Irish character I suppose, but the officers were all English, Scots or Welsh and knew their men well. The Irish officers' families did not put their sons in Irish regiments, nor did the War Office. As I shall explain later, there was good reason for this.

Geddes had been a Captain at the Landing, Williams and Nightingale Lieutenants, albeit of long service but, such were the casualties, they were Lieutenant-Colonel, Major and Captain less than a month afterwards and the senior officers of the combined battalion. Geddes had been wounded in the shoulder during the landing, but he had carried on all day, and was one of those who organised and led the final assault on Sedd el Bahr fort and village that night. He was evacuated and put into hospital but was back within a fortnight, his wound still unhealed. Nothing could keep him from the Battalion.

I had the great honour of serving under these three officers in Gallipoli for nearly three months - a long life for the Peninsula. Time and time again, after some stunt or other, we were the only four officers left in the Battalion. Reinforcements seemed to come in very quickly after June, but we four still kept together, how I know not. Frankly, I dodged any shell or bullet I saw coming, but they didn't, they were far too much taken up with their duties. In the event, I was the first one to break up the foursome, but the others carried on right through and were only evacuated when the Peninsula itself was evacuated. They are all dead now and only one, Geddes, has left two sons, the others died without offspring - the world is far the poorer for that. Nightingale, soldiering still, died between the wars. Geddes and Williams, in spite of having long retired, took up duty again in 1939, Geddes in command of a large part of the Home Guard in Surrey, and Williams running part of the Civil Defences of London. As might be expected, they both literally worked themselves to death.

Such men are few and far between now. May their memories live on and the influence endure for ever.

To be continued....

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Three stages of life: (Stuart Hibberd (549))
Youth
Middle age
'Oh you are looking well'.

ONE HELLES OF A NIGHT

By R C Chadwick ISO AB HMS Edgar (416)

Vividly I remember the night of the 8th January 1916 at Cape Helles and the evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula. As dusk appeared the whole fleet converged at their allotted stations and commenced to bombard all the Turkish positions, and, from which they fell back, being under the impression that our land forces were about to make an all-out attack, whereas, whilst the great bombardment continued, the miracle of the complete evacuation was taking place. The whole Peninsula was ablaze, what a spectacle the scene was. As the dawn approached and all the troops were safely evacuated, the ships guns were firing into the large dumps of ammunition and stores etc.

Perhaps the evacuation of Gallipoli was a wonderful achievement, as, not a man was lost, but a sad ending to so much brave and brilliant effort.

GOEBEN AND BRESLAU

At the time of the breakout of the Dardanelles of the German battleships 'GOEBEN' and 'BRESLAU', the old 'EDGAR' was lying at anchor in the bay at Stavros, and we were immediately ordered to sea, almost like, 'a lamb to the slaughter', as our 6-inch guns were about as good as 'Peashooters' in comparison to 8-inch guns of the Breslau and the 11-inch guns of the Goeben.

We made straight for 'Imbros', but by the time that we arrived there, our 2 monitors, the 'RAGLAN' and M.28 were both terribly battered, sunk, without their being able to fire a shot, but as the light cruiser flotilla appeared on the skyline, both German ships beat a hasty retreat towards the Dardanelles, and, in this move the Breslau struck a mine and sank, but the Goeben made it safely to Constantinople and docked, and, later was seen by one of our 'spotter planes' and reported then our large Handley Page Bombers were despatched to bomb the Goeben which had thrown a smoke screen around the dock area, and whilst the bombing continued, the ship crept away to safety undamaged.

Marine C J Smith, RMLI, who painted those wonderful battle scenes of ships in action at Gallipoli and myself manned the signal station on the clifftops at Imbros after the Goeben and Breslau episode.

In the summer of 1918 the old H M S EDGAR was steaming to Malta and the Mediterranean as smooth as a millpond, and we had as escort the destroyer H M S HOPE, and I being the helmsman and spot on course, when at 1000 hr there was a terrific bang and the compass card spun around like a top. Yes, we had caught a 'Fish' starboard side aft and we were soon listing at 30°, and no one was singing 'Hope and Glory'. However we flooded 2 compartments port side forrard and this brought us back onto an even keel, but almost gunwhales awash, and whilst H M S HOPE continued to depth charge the submarine, we slowly resumed on our course to Malta and covered the 80 miles under our own steam and as we passed down the Grand Harbour ships bands played and everyone cheered, just as though we were conquering heroes. What an exciting start to our return home after 3½ years and which we eventually completed overland from Spezia to Le Havre.

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UP THE GURKHAS !

The question of who was the last man off, or the first man to land on the Peninsula is a perpetual one. But there is no doubt as to which troops got nearest to the target - cutting across the Peninsula. This was the 6th Gurkha Rifles under Major C J L Allanson when on the 8th of August his battalion and a small detachment of the 6th South Lancashire Regiment of the 13th Division reached the top of Hill Q on the Chunuk Bahr ridge and saw the Dardanelles ahead and the Aegean at Suvla Bay in the rear.

But due to lack of support and the fact that they were very badly shelled, either by the Turks or, as some claim, inadvertently by the navy, the position was lost. The South Lancs. Regiment troops were led by Major G R Mott (No.523) whose account will be published in No.25.

MY MEMORIES

By Major A T Fuller London R - Finsbury Rifles (656)

I enlisted in the Finsbury Rifles, 11th London Regiment, at Penton Street, Islington in March 1912.

The Annual camp for 1914 had been arranged to be held in Dorset, and we were taken to the camp area by train, marched about a mile, then halted, about turned and marched back to the railway station, entrained for London and told to go back to our homes and await general mobilization which took place the following Thursday. On that day we assembled at the Agriculatural Hall in Islington. I think the reason we were not sent to France was due to the fact that the Unit was not up to full strength. A number of recruits were enlisted, three of which were posted to my platoon. One was a fellow named Carter who was quite a character. I was drilling the platoon when I heard a voice say 'That's not the way!' I took no notice and carried on with the drilling when I again heard a voice from the ranks again say 'That's not the way!' It was then I spotted who it was so I called out 'Rifleman Carter you will come out in front and drill the platoon! He came out in front - walked about 200 yards - then started to give orders with a voice like a foghorn. The Company Commander, the Adjutant and the Unit Commander came over and wanted to know who was making all the noise. I told them Rifleman Carter!

The C O asked Carter where he had been previously serving and Carter replied 'With the Grenadier Guards as a Gold Sergeant in the Kings Company'. The C O then said 'Whatâbout a stripe?' Carter replied 'No thank you Sir.' The C O then said 'What about two stripes?' Carter replied 'Thank you Sir'. He was made a full corporal and later a sergeant and eventually he was sent as Instructor to the Officers Training School at Tidworth. He came back to the battalion and came along with us to take part in the Suvla Bay landing at Gallipoli. The last news I had about him was that he was the Publican running 'The Lamb Inn at Sewers Bridge near the A259 between Pevensey and Bexhill'.

Most people are aware that the Territorials were originally intended for Home defence only, and one had to volunteer for overseas service. I recall that approximately 98% volunteered the other 2% being married men with families.

Another reason we were not sent abroad was we were without transport and had to use milk vans to begin with. We were taken to the armoury at the Tower of London and had our long Lee-Enfield rifles exchanged for the short Lee-Enfield.

One of our early duties was to guard the railway from Southampton to London, and one incident that happened whilst doing this duty was the sentry on guard at Northiam goods yard accidently fired his rifle and the bullet struck a man walking on the foot-bridge. It was found that his shirt was covered with blood, yet there wasn't a scratch on his body. Further investigation discovered he was employed at the local abattoir, but he was given money for a new suit to settle the matter.

We were moved around to several other stations before leaving from Liverpool on the liner AQUITANIA for the Aegean Sea and service in Gallipoli. There were many thousands on this ship - I was on G deck - we were packed like sardines - if an order had been given to muster on the main deck it would have been quite impossible to carry out the order.

When the ship reached Lemnos Island we were transferred to the S S CARRON from which we were put into lifeboats and landed at Suvla Bay. We climbed the foothills and our only form of defence was a wall built with lumps of rock. A few feet in front of our line was a dead Turkish sniper, he had been hit by artillery fire. In his right hand was a pair of binoculars badly smashed. He was lying on his back with a rifle on his left side and what appeared like a box of ammunition on the other side. He must have been killed some time before we got anywhere near to him because his body was swollen due to the intense heat from the sun. Another Turkish trench contained some female clothing!

In the advance to the summit of the hill to more open

country I was hit by shrapnel in both my thighs, and laid there until dusk when, with great difficulty, made my way back towards the beach along with another wounded man. Eventually we were taken by life-boat out to the hospital ship which laid off shore. We were placed ashore at Imbros - accommodated in a bell tent and had to sleep on the ground. Later they asked for volunteers to go to Alexandria but the ship we travelled on went on to Devenport in Devon. I was taken by train to Netley hospital where I remained for about three months - then I was sent to a convalescent camp at Dartford, Kent, for three weeks. Returning to my regiment I was sent to Hayling Island on a musketry course, and on completing the course four or five of us were sent to Ludgershall and were attached to the K S L I for several weeks to help in training recruits. The K S L I in France had suffered many casualties. When we were back at our various Units we were thanked profusely for our help.

I was with the 3rd Battalion of the Finsbury Rifles and volunteered to go with a draft to Alexandria. On arriving there we were sent to a transit camp at Mustapha - the draft was sent to El Kantara on the Suez Canal. The regiment marched across the Sinai peninsula towards Gaza; later we entrenched ourselves between Gaza and Beersheba. After the second battle of Gaza we had to retreat to Khanunis and I was left with an escort to escort the Camel baggage convoy. Unfortunately, there were two camels which constantly had to stop to adjust their loads. Time was passing and I began to wonder if I should ever catch up with the regiment, so I decided to push on, leaving the two troublesome Egyptian camel drivers with their loaded camels and follow on as soon as possible. When I reached the Battalion and explained what had happened, they wanted to know if I had shot the drivers of the two troublesome loads! I said I had left them and trusted that they would keep their promise to follow as soon as possible. I am glad to say they turned up the next day complete with camels and their loads.

I am sorry to say that my younger brother Joe was killed when we were about to leave for Khanunis and he was buried at Gaza. He was in 'B' Company.

Soon afterwards Lieut-Colonel Windsor, our Commanding

Officer, asked me if I would like to go to the 'Arab Legion'. I said I was willing and was sent to Ismailia on the Suez Canal where I reported to the Political Mission which consisted of British and French personnel. One of my first duties was to go with a French Sergeant 'Louis Fransowie' and three Officers who had volunteered to serve with Lawrence of Arabia. These three Officers were told that they were going to see some high official.

I was told that we would meet an escort at Cairo station, but when we arrived at Cairo all I could see was a Lance Corporal. I told him I was looking for an escort and he said he was the escort. I got two horse-drawn gharries and the French sergeant and the three Officers were put in one - the escort and I put their baggage in the other gharry and the drivers were told to proceed to Kasenile Barracks. On arrival there, the three Officers were handed over and their baggage dumped on the verandah. The French Sergeant said he had to go to the French Embassy; as I knew very little French and he knew very little English, I thought it advisable to go with him. Later we went back to the Barracks and were given railway warrants to take us back to Ismailia.

There were about 400 men who had volunteered to serve under Lawrence of Arabia at Ismailia; they were in a camp on the east side of the Canal and opposite the French hospital. After their preliminary training they were sent to Aquaba and handed over to Lt-Col Lawrence. Another batch of volunteers arrived from the Aden Protectorate; they appeared to be keen soldiers and the French wanted to take them over and form a Unit. As they had been recruited in a British Protectorate it was decided to push British methods and send them back to Aden.

I was sent in advance with three Arab sergeants to Aden to recruit more Arabs; I recruited 99 on my first day. The Labour Corps was on parade and I went along their ranks and picked out the most stalwart men. The G O C Aden Field Force and his staff were there. I told the G O C that I couldn't take any more as I had only three N C Os and I considered 33 men per instructor were too many - he agreed with me. We were attached to the

5-inch How. Battery at Sheikh Othman for accommodation and discipline, the Staff and recruits came back from Egypt. We finished up with a battalion of 884 men which was known as the 1st Yemen Infantry and stationed at Sheikh Othman, Aden.

In 1920 having completed six years military service I decided to enlist in the Regular forces and was enlisted into the 3rd battalion K R R but seconded to the Yemen Infantry and later transferred to the Indian Army Ordnance Corps.

In 1933 I served as Ordnance W O with the Nowshera Brigade on the N W Frontier during the Mohmand Bajur operation.

In 1941 I was promoted to commissioned rank and served in various Arsenals and Depots.

Then posted to No.1 A O D Atbara, Soudan as Establishment & Finance Officer. No.1 Advance Ordnance Depot was handed over to the R A O C and the Indian personnel returned to India.

I was sent to Quetta Arsenal as Establishment, Finance and Security Officer. Later I moved to Karachi and served as a Liaison Officer with the U S Army - then on to Ledo in Upper Assam, with the advance section three services of supply United States Army Forces. In this area there were some of Chang Kei Chek's forces.

I had to relinquish this appointment as my wife, who was living in Karachi was taken seriously ill and I was advised to take her back to England.

I left the service with the rank of Major in 1945.

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B I CRUISE TO WHERE OUR HISTORY WAS MADE - 1978

Members joining the cruise (see leaflet for details) will be entitled to a special discount of 10 per cent. Write or telephone to: JOHN CHERRY, RESERVATIONS SECTION, B I DISCOVERY CRUISES, at BEAUFORT HOUSE, ST BOTOLPHS STREET, LONDON EC3A 7DX. Telephone 01-283-8080.

HELLES UNDERTONES

By W J Crawford 6 HLI (438)

(Concluded from No.23)

A day or two later we were in support trenches and I was sent on some mission to rear Battn. Hdqrs. I don't remember now the reason for my errand. It was just breaking dawn when I left the line but it was broad daylight by the time I had reached Domano's Well. Shortly thereafter I passed a quite extensive clump of stunted trees on my right with a sentry on duty at what appeared to be an entrance to this wood. I hadn't noticed this wood on any previous occasion we had passed that way but assumed now that it must be the rear hdqrs. of some unit. After I had continued past the sentry for perhaps 150 yards I was surprised to hear quite a strong volley of rifle fire apparently originating in the wood I had just passed. I thought it a bit unusual but soon forgot it. On my way back to the line perhaps a couple of hours later I again passed this wood. There was still a sentry on duty - whether the same or his successor I couldn't determine. But on a tree close to the track I was on there was now a small board and on it a sheet of paper with typed contents. I stopped to read it. At this remove of time I cannot remember the exact wording, of course, but it was an official announcement that Pte. ---- of the ---- Regiment had been tried by FGCM for deserting his post in face of the enemy, that this was his second similar offence, that he had been found guilty and sentenced to be shot, and that the sentence had been duly carried out that morning. So now I knew the reason for the rifle volley on my earlier passage. I have honestly forgotten the name of the unfortunate, although I remembered it for many years. I do remember that he was aged 18 and was a Regular soldier. I also remember the name of the battalion and the regiment - but 'noblesse oblige'. From subsequent personal contacts I know that it was a first-class Battalion in a deservedly proud Regiment. So here was another facet of war as she is fought to add to my military education. And as I continued my return journey to the trenches the only

parallel I could think of was that Admiral Byng who was court-martialled by My Lords of the Admiralty - and duly shot - for alleged pusillanimity vis-a-vis the French somewhere around the Balearics in 1790 something. And whose demise provided our Gallic foes of that era with the bitter but brilliant jibe "Pour encourager les autres".

The last incident in this series of undertones took place on the 12th July. The battalion was due to go over the top - for the first time - around 5 pm. Except for odd sentries we vacated our front line for about half-an-hour while the guns, mostly naval, bombarded the Turkish trenches. On returning to the front line scaling ladders were put in position and the numbers to use each ladder designated. Just then I heard my name called and my Platoon Sergeant directed me to report to the M.Offr. in the commn. trench - Plymouth Avenue, if memory serves me aright. I had no idea why the M O wanted me although I did guess that it might be for stretcher-bearing. I had done a short course on that subject many months before in Scotland. That, it transpired later, was indeed the reason. But as I turned into the comm. trench I was halted by an armed sentry of another Divn. and informed, with bayonet point quite close to my throat, that nobody got down that trench without a written order signed by an Officer. I explained the situation to him and eventually and reluctantly - he allowed me to proceed. So here was yet another angle in this business of war that I had never dreamt of. Apparently the system was intended to ensure that in the moment of stress, nobody charged backwards. Ah well! I was still learning.

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Two musicians joined up in 1914, hoping to be able to join or start a concert party, but without any luck. In time they were on a draft for Gallipoli and at a morning parade the Orderly Sergeant called for two pianists. 'At last', they thought as they promptly took a pace forward. 'Now you two; report to the Officers' Mess sergeant - there's a piano to be moved.'

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FROM READERS' LETTERS

We all like to read the other chap's story, or point of view. In our case it's 'Oh, so you were there were you?' and 'Your story reminds me of that. I'd forgotten it long ago'. A few years ago we had a fine correspondence in the Gallipolian over the overprinted 'Bradburys', and then the lost Norfolk company, alleged to have been whisked away in a flying saucer or some such contrivance. Then 'The Anzac', the story of Bill Bourne and his finding his old gunpit after 56 years - and dropping dead on the spot. That raised poignant memories for us.

The 'Norfolk watch' gave versions of various aspects of the story. Then there was 'Anzac, and the man with the donkey. The legend of John Kirkpatrick, the hero who collected wounded with his donkey until he too was a casualty. And so on.

One member, E J Bennett of the Royal Marines went on the tour to Gallipoli and Turkey in 1975. He had always been fascinated by Constantinople and as a boy had read of spies and double-agents and others who seemed to inhabit the Golden Horn. Seeing that Constantinople was in the itinerary he made up his mind; that was what he was particularly keen to visit. Of course, in these days no spies and the rest, but never mind, the Golden Horn. He saw the fish boats, the native divers, the locals in their Sunday best, the fine views of the mosques and minarets which make up the skyline of Constantinople, now alas Istanbul, and the many porters carrying whole roomfulls of furniture on their backs, bent double under the weight. He wrote of it 'We did not see a single secret agent or double-agent but one of my boyhood dreams had come true; I had walked on the bridge which spans the Golden Horn.'

But did he not see them? The porters are really acting as agents for the manufacturers and dealers, and they were definitely bent double, so couldn't they be the 'double-agents' after all?

And finally the member who wrote, after the Royal Dinner in 1975, when do we become the Royal Gallipoli Association? We can only end on an unfinished note!

E H W B

ANZAC MEMBERS

It is pleasing to note that a number of our members served with the ANZAC forces. Some live in the U K and some in Australasia.

3	Lt-Col R T Tarrant (from August 1977)	AIF	2 Bn	Living Austr
22	The Rev F C Morton	AIF	17 Bn	UK
59	Capt R L Piercey MC	AIF	7 Div	UK
67	W Stagles	AIF	11 Bn	Austr
81	A E Robinson	NZ	Inf	NZ
97	Capt C R Rawlings MC TD	NZ		UK
124	F J Spence	NZ	FA	UK
171	F H Iles	AIF		UK
227	Major H V Howe	AIF	11 Bn	Austr
239	Lt-Col J L McKinlay OBE	AIF	Sigs	Austr
246	Brig R V Cutler MBE MC	AIF	1 Div	UK
410	W McLennan	AIF	2 LH	UK
414	C Evans	AIF	12 Bn	UK
421	Capt H W Spring Smith	NZ	FA	UK
596	The Rev E C Alston	AIF	12 Bn	UK

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BREVITY

The shortest letter on record seems to be one sent by a Gallipolian to his landlord who had sent him a long-winded letter which he eventually found was a notice to quit. But he wasn't having it, and knew his rights, so his reply was very short and to the point, in contrast.

Dear Sir

I remain

Yours faithfully
Archie Barber

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A MACABRE STORY
Two Gallipoli pals met.
'What do you know. Old Jock McCabe has committed suicide!
'Why, that's the last thing I thought he would do.'
'It was.'

COMMEMORATION SERVICE AND MARCH-PAST: BURY 24 April 1977

From Major G B Horridge TD Vice-President (129)

On Sunday the 24th April the usual commemoration service of the Landing of the 1st Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers at W Beach, afterwards known as 'Lancashire Landing', and to the memory of all members of the regiment who fell at Gallipoli was held in the Parish Church, Bury. The Rev Canon J R Smith, Rector of Bury, Honorary Chaplain of the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers officiated. Those attending included Lt General Sir James Wilson, Deputy Colonel of the Regiment, the Lord Lieutenant of Greater Manchester, the High Sheriffs of Greater Manchester, the Mayor of Salford, four Mayors of Metropolitan Boroughs and many members of H M's forces both serving and retired.

After the service General Wilson took the salute at the march-past of a parade led by those who were present at the actual landing followed by other survivors of the Gallipoli campaign, the Colour Party, Old Comrades and cadets of the Royal Navy, Army and Royal Air Force. The Band and Drums of the 5th Battalion the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers played during the service and march-past. The only person present who actually took part in the landing on W Beach was a Mr Walker (rank unknown). He was wounded nine times but he now seems hale and hearty. Among the survivors party was Captain Eric Bush DSO DSC who as a Midshipman commanded a pinnace at the Anzac landing and for his valour received the DSC. During WW2 he was awarded the DSO and two bars. Also among that party was Sergeant Wilde DCM and Private Forshaw, the latter a member of my own Platoon; he was only 16 during the campaign. The survivors party consisted of six.

A buffet luncheon was laid on in the Drill Hall after the parade. The whole of the proceedings which were very extensive was very well organized by Major T P Shaw MBE who commands the Lancashire Headquarters of the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, Wellington Barracks, Bury.

G B H



MAJOR G B HORRIDGE TD and CAPTAIN E W BUSH DSO DSC RN. In 1915 they were respectively: Second Lieutenant George B Horridge of the 1/5th Lancashire Fusiliers, 42nd Division and Midshipman Eric W Bush of HMS Bacchante which landed troops at Anzac Cove on the 25th April. Captain Bush is the author of the last book on Gallipoli by a combatant.

Captain Bush is listed in the International Authors' and Writers' Who's Who, 1976.

JUVENILE HOWLERS AND GROWLERS

An Admiral is a navel General.
The doctor felt his patient's purse.
A siren is a dangerous woman; sometimes in a factory.
With what do you connect Baden-Powell? 'A hyphen'.
A Minor is well under a Major.
A mongrel is a dog with no set plan.
When she went away she granted her husband power of eternity.
The opposite of 'Exit' is 'Ladies'.
The objective of 'He' is 'She'.
Bovine is a female adjective as doggy is applied to men.
Divorce suits are worn after the wedding.
Give direct and indirect sentences: Direct; He died. Indirect; He kicked the bucket.
As well as in a church you can be married in an off-licence.
Bigotry is an obstinate attachment to more than one wife.
A quack doctor is one who plays with his patients.
The weight of a body is its pull of gratitude to the earth.
Martial law is always declared by a general before his soldiers enter a mixed village.
Doctors say the increased death rate shortens life.
A night watchman is employed to sleep in the open.
A ruminating animal is one which chews its cubs.
The woman had her face lifted by a drastic surgeon.
Imperial Preference is another name for being presented at Court.
The doctor is intoxicating my mother every week: he says she needs it regularly.
The Jacobites had their secret toast: 'The king under the table'.
Once accepted by the Corporation you become a stationary employee.
Who came first out of the Ark? I don't know, but Noah came fourth.
Mount Everest has always defied men and always will; women know when they are unassailable.
A thermometer is an instrument for raising temperature.
Bearer bonds are investments given to women who ought to have children, generally by a man.
A metaphor is a smile that needs no explanation.
Science is material: Religion is immaterial.