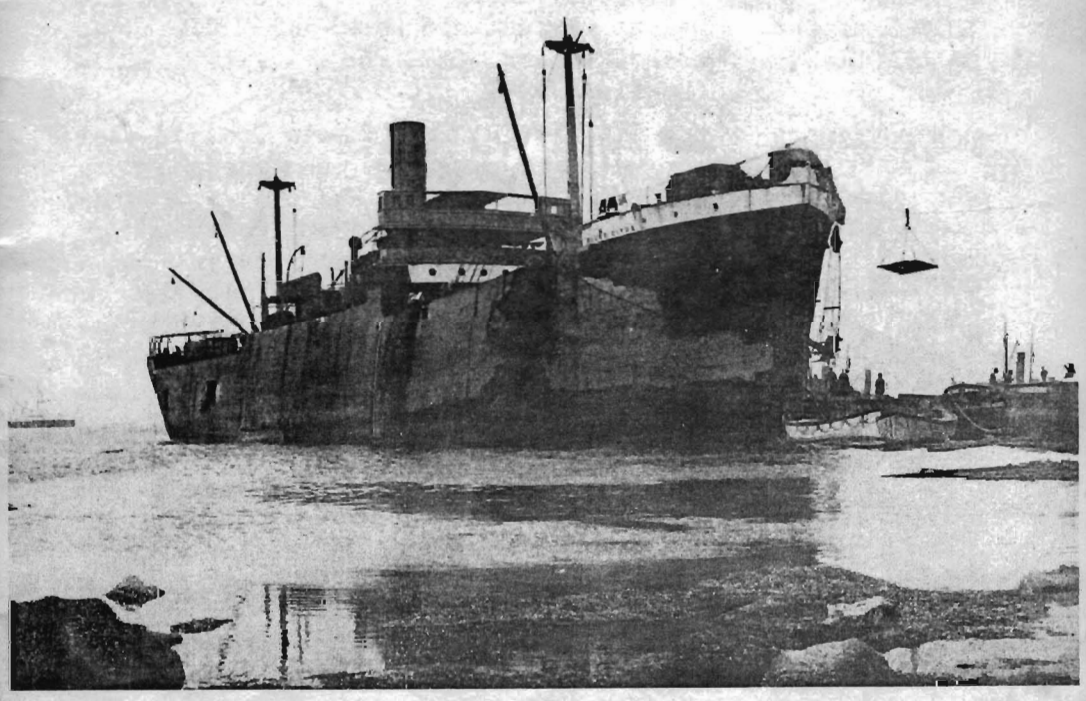
Helles Sector 1977
Page 14

THE GALLIPOLIAN

OUR TWENTYFIFTH ISSUE,
IN THE SILVER JUBILEE YEAR
OF
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 25p No. 25 CHRISTMAS 1977

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
PAST PRESIDENT	Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC DL
VICE-PRESIDENTS	Vice-Admiral Sir Peverill B R W William-Powlett KCB KCMG CBE DSO Lt-Colonel the Lord Rowallan KT KBE KStJ TD Hon LLD Major General T H Jameson CBE DSO RM Colonel the Lord Barnby CMG CBE MVO Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook CB CBE DSO RN Lt-Colonel P J Gething MC Major G B Horridge TD
CHAIRMAN & HON SEC & EDITOR of the GALLIPOLIAN	Major E H W Banner TD MSc CEng FIEE FIMechE FInstP Delphi Maresfield Park UCKFIELD East Sussex TN22 2HB (Uckfield 4949 STD 0285 4949)
HON TREASURER	D F Bland (AM) Torview 4 Ridgeway Close DORKING Surrey RH4 3AS (Dorking 5360 STD 0306 5360)
COMMITTEE	Captain D M Penrose TD S Parker Bird FRICS J H Heeley CEng MIMechE Major A G Coulson (AM) K Tranmer (AM) D A Pollard Lt TAVR (AM)

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The President and Officers send their seasonal greetings to all our Members

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A G M and Luncheon	25 April 1978
Annual Dinner	3 October

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

From Brigadier D Powell-Jones DSO OBE
Colonel of the 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles
(Our Guest of Honour at Dinner this year)

It is a little ironic that I should find myself contributing this year's Christmas Message to the Gallipolian. My whole Regimental life has been with non-Christian troops, and for thirty years I rarely found myself anywhere near Christendom on the twentyfifth of December. But I've been back in England for some time now, and no one responds to the traditional English Christmas more than the returned exile.

Despite the shattering changes of recent years much still remains of the long-remembered things. In the countryside, at least (and I never cease to marvel how much of this intensely industrialised island remains deeply rural), one can still savour the quiet mystery of a Christmas night as well as the comforting rituals of the Day itself. And it is still the time for happy remembering. For me, however, and for many other of like experience, the memories have alien overtones now: tinned plum pudding eaten under punkahs; tropical night skies confusingly stuffed with competing Stars of Bethlehem; people - and in my case, a Regiment - left behind, probably for ever.

But one must never say 'forever', and this year I share with perhaps two hundred others in this country who have served in the Sixth Gurkhas, at Gallipoli and elsewhere, a most gratifying bonus. Our Regiment is here in England.

I have never yet met a Gallipolian who has not expressed feelings of warm comradeship for our men, and so perhaps you will be interested in how these non-Christians will spend this Christmas.

Gurkhas, like their British comrades, are not obtrusively religious, but each Regiment has its Brahmin priest and, like us, they observe three major festivals in the year. The most important one, Dashera, which provides their great annual celebratory occasion, has just passed, in mid-October. Then, for ten days, the Regiment was relieved of all its widespread duties and concentrated, and all Gurkha ranks not essential to the Regiment's own immediate security and administration enjoyed their own special wassail.

Continued on page 18.

THE 1977 ANNUAL DINNER

By Stanley Parker Bird RAMC 29 Div (249)

What a tremendous thrill it was for us to be 'piped in' by those stalwart Gurkha musicians on this special occasion to meet our Guest of Honour Brigadier David Powell-Jones DSO OBE,Colonel of the 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles, accompanied by the second-in-command Major M L Whitehead and Major (QGO) Toyedhadur Chand, together with representatives of the Australian and New Zealand High Commissions in London, Messrs D J Harper and N A Morris respectively.

A telegram of congratulations to H M The Queen on her Silver Jubilee and her enthusiastic reply were read with great acclaim. A silent toast was accorded to those we left behind 'way in a corner of a foreign field.'

Our President Sir Reginald Savory (now an Honorary Colonel of the 6th Gurkha Rifles) was in his ever bubbling enthusiasm to greet the veterans of that grim struggle of 62 years ago and to give us all the spirit to live on with those bitter memories or swap yarns of yester year. In support our Past President Brigadier B B Rackham and many others came up from the country.

Among the distinguished visitors were Sir Leonard Stone, Q C who was captured at Seddel Bahr, and Lt-Col C J Falk MC TD (and four clasps) of the Manchester Regiment, 42nd Division.

In a jovial and humorous speech Sir Reginald welcomed Brigadier Powell-Jones and presented him with a Gallipoli Association shield, superscribed with a scroll reading '6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles' and gave high praise for the brilliant exploits of the Gurkhas with the South Lancashire Regiment and our Member Major G R Mott, with Anzacs at the epic struggle for Sari Bair and other engagements on the Peninsula which will live for ever.

In response to the toast to 'The Gurkhas' Brigadier Powell-Jones gave an outline of the brilliant services the Regiment has rendered (before his time) and how they were ready at all times to plunge in with their great 'elan' - and the kukri - when required anywhere and anytime.

Thanks were accorded with great enthusiasm to Major Edgar Banner our never tiring Chairman for all his organizing ability. Toasts to the Gurkhas and Anzacs were duly quaffed with great warmth of heart and suitably responded to.

With all this 'Top Brass' present in convivial mood one was reminded of 'Tubby Clayton's' motto over the entrance to Talbot House behind the Ypres Salient 'Abandon all rank ye who enter here'. Peter Liddle (AM) thanked all those members who had helped him with memoirs in the preparation of his book 'Men of Gallipoli'. Others present recounted sailors' yarns - and others, of events of long ago but never to be forgotten.

This ended a delightful gathering of old comrades in friendly spirit and a decision to continue these meetings so long as we can crawl on two sticks, and the feeling expressed by Kipling:

'God be thanked
Whatever may come
I've lived and toiled with men'

(Editor: 61 were present, comprising 35 Members; 10 AM; 5 official guests and 11 private guests.)

Prior to the Dinner the following message was sent to H M the Queen:

'The Members of the Gallipoli Association with their humble duty beg to tender their congratulations to your Majesty in the year of your Silver Jubilee and beg to convey their sincere expression of loyalty and devotion before meeting for their Annual Dinner at the Royal Air Force Club, Piccadilly on the 13th October 1977.'

R A S

The following reply was received: 13 October 1977.

'Please convey to all members of the Gallipoli Association the warm thanks of The Queen for their kind and loyal message on the occasion of her Silver Jubilee. Her Majesty much appreciated their greetings and sends her very best wishes for the success of their Annual Dinner this evening.'

Private Secretary

OUR GHOSTLY GUESTS

By Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus (167)

They're with us at every Annual Dinner. Even if we cannot see them, we know they are there. No places have been laid for them, no Menu Cards, no numbered places to indicate their position 'above or below the salt'. No name cards for them. In fact, no nothing.

But, as one of them was heard to remark to his pal - 'Thank goodness, we, at any rate don't need all this paraphanalia. We just crowd in and are happy being with them once again'.

They are a privileged crowd, these disembodied member-guests of ours. Even prohibitive rail fares don't deter them from travelling - like it does so often with we earth-bound mortals. Even the Ticket Collectors on the trains turn a blind eye to their presence - pretend not to see them, and don't even bother to punch their tickets.

There's a particular one of these ghostly guests I always cotton-on to. I have a special affection for him. One of the earliest casualties of the Dardanelles campaign, unfortunately, this particular young fellah - and one of our best poets too. I think I like him most because of his white-hot love of his native land, and the way he reflects it in almost every line of his poems. And in the special way of his own words as he talks of his beloved England.

His name? Well, these disembodied guests have a 'thing' about name dropping. They don't allow it. But maybe we'll be able to identify him. If we can't, then more shame to us. This is the chap who reflects in his verses some of the many qualities of his own beloved country.

'Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through
Beside the river make for you
A tunnel of green gloom .....
The stream mysterious glides beneath.
Oh! damn! I know it! and I know
How the May fields all golden glow ... the dews
are soft beneath a morn of gold .....

For England's the one land I know
Where men with splendid Hearts may go.....
There's peace and holy quiet there.
Great clouds along pacific skies
And men and women with straight eyes,
Lithe children, lovlier than a dream,
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream .....
And often, ere the night is born,
Do hares come out about the corn?
Oh! is the water sweet and cool,
Gentle and brown, above the pool?
Say, is there Beauty yet to find?
And Certainty? and Quiet kind?
Deep meadows yet, for to forget
The lies, and truths and pain? ... Oh! yet
Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea?'

No need, I think, to rack our brains to identify this particular Ghostly Guest.

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As company cook he had had a lot of practice in improvising rush meals, when the rations had not got through and all he had was iron rations - bully, biscuits and plum and apple - with any vegetables he could scrounge, on occasions. After the war he decided to carry on with providing meals and so opened a pie shop in his old village. His speciality was rabbit pie but after a time rabbits were in short supply. A pal of his sold horse-meat - for animals - and to eke out his rabbits a mere taste of horseflesh was added. Nobody objected - as yet - so he gradually increased the amount of horse. Then of course he had complaints: what had happened to his famous pies? He had to acknowledge that some horse was included, and when pressed admitted that a 'dash' of horse was in every pie. 'But how much horse?' he was pressed. 'Well, fifty-fifty', hoping that that would satisfy his customers. No, it didn't. 'What do you mean by 50-50?' 'Well, one horse to one rabbit'.

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 2 November 1977)

in the original printed journal, this page contains sections carrying the names and addresses of new members, and address amendments.

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

OBITUARY (At 2 November 1977)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

C N Tulloch RNVR (537)
M J B Whitby Co Lon Y (425)
Maj A O Bell 8 Scot R (548)
Rev E J Mitchell RN (80)
Lt-Cdr H A Vetch RNR (148)
W G Mead RE Signals (282)
Capt L B Lawrence 5 R Innis Fus (436)

CHANGES OF ADDRESS ETC.

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When we, in youth, made this our great endeavour
May it still serve to knit our hearts together

DMP

FROM HMS BACCHANTE AT GALLIPOLI TO HMS BELFAST IN LONDON

The Kent and Sussex Courier of the 21st October 1977 devotes nearly a full page to record a commemoration party given to one of our distinguished Founder Members.

About 150 attended the party, in particular they were mainly old shipmates, some from 1915. The guest was of course Captain E W Bush DSO DSC RN, number 14 in our Membership List. He is the author of 'Gallipoli', reviewed in the Gallipolian number 17, 1975. This is likely to be the last book on the subject by a combatant.

EHWB

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Members are reminded that subscriptions for 1978 will be due on the 1st of January 1978 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 for Members is 50 pence but those willing to pay £1 are kindly invited to do so in order to meet rising costs. Subscriptions from those members who joined after the 1st July 1977 will not be due until January 1979. Will members who kindly send more than £1 please state if it is intended for 1978 only, or for more than one year. Rate for Associates is £1.

Acknowledgements will be sent only if requested at the time and with a stamped return envelope. Prompt payment is most helpful.

ASSOCIATION TIES

Due to rises in living costs the price of our ties has had to be increased and is now £1.50. At this price it is still very good value both for daily wear and not only for special occasions. Ties are in stock.

THE 1/6th GURKHAS AND THE 6 BN SOUTH LANCS REGIMENT IN THE BATTLE OF SARI BAIR

By Major G R Mott (Ment Disp) 6 South Lancs R (523)

On the 6th August 1915, we (6th South Lancs Regt.), after a spell in the trenches in front of Achi Baba, went to Mudros to refit and re-crossed to Gallipoli in a destroyer, landing at Anzac. We then went into trenches in Victoria Gully where we suffered a few casualties from long-distance gun-fire. On the eighth of August we left the gully and marched along the beach of Anzac to Chailak Dere. Being severely sniped, we withdrew to the beach and turned up Aghyll Dere and entrenched during darkness some 200 yards below the foot of Sari Bair.

Next morning I received orders from my Commanding Officer to attack Chunak Bair in conjunction with the 1/6th Gurkhas who were on my right. The advance commenced at 4.30 am and I only received ½ hour notice of it. As we left our trenches I noticed that the Gurkha Commander, Major Allanson, fell wounded and I thence-forward took command as he was the last white officer of the Gurkhas. The charge was entirely successful; the British with their bayonets and the Gurkhas with their kukris quickly clearing the Turks from their trenches. There was no question of our seeing the Narrows, as reported by the CO-in-Chief in his despatch, owing to the bursting of shells (supposed to have been fired by our battleships, but as I heard afterwards fired by our Field Artillery). Unfortunately, I was compelled to order a return owing to an enormous number of Turkish reinforcements appearing in sight. The retirement was carried out successfully although casualties were severe. Of the three companies (one in support) in my command only two officers and myself came out unwounded. Personally, I had a miraculous escape as my jacket was shot to pieces though I never received a wound. The Gurkha's only white officer was, I believe, their Medical Officer. (Editor: The late Captain E S Phipson (285)).

Next morning at daybreak the battalion was in course

of being issued with rations when machine-gun fire caused many casualties and groups of men followed officers towards the front. Personally, some 40 or 50 men followed me up the steep and prickly slope to what I understood was known as Gurkha Post. On the top I found a small, and all too low, trench which was quickly occupied by some of my men. Unfortunately, during the years training the 6th Bn had undergone in England we were unable to give the men a complete training in musketry owing to ammunition being short and badly needed for the Front. I soon discovered that the men lining the trench had all been hit in the head and, accordingly, made no further use of the trench. I had, fortunately, concentrated on musketry in peace-time, and had on three occasions attended a course of musketry at Hythe so that I was, I think may fairly say, a super marksman. Keeping clear of the trench, I crawled to a spot where the fallen bough of a tree would conceal me from view, and here I fired continuously for over four hours. The Turks first came in sight as they rolled down the slopes of Sari Bair some 800 yards away. There were many small green bushes scattered about on the slopes before me and many men formed groups behind them. I then fired five rounds of rapid fire at many of these. During this Turkish counter attack I had many a good target in the open as well, one of these was a machine gun team some 350 yards away which appeared to be commanded by a white man, evidently a German NCO. This was an easy target and I completely wiped out the whole team. During the four hours above-mentioned I notified the certain hits to an officer on the steep slope behind me. When the barrel of my rifle became white hot another was passed up to me and fresh ammunition. I have often been asked how many men I hit but could only notify the officer behind me the hits I was certain of - those men in the open - whereas a large and unknown number undoubtedly wer hit when concealed behind bushes.

Whilst it is impossible to record the actual number of men hit, I will only state here that the nearest point any Turk reached was 150 yards from us. On hearing that all units on my right and left had retired I decided to withdraw. During the retreat there was one short stretch

which was under continuous rifle fire and with comparatively few losses we managed to cross it. When, at length, we regained Bn HQ I handed the men over to the quartermaster for rations. I then made for Brigade Headquarters and reported the events of August 9th and 10th fully to the Brigadier, General Caley, to whose Brigade we have been attached for the two days. Sadly, I heard shortly afterwards that our own Brigadier - Gen. Baldwin - had been killed, his Bde Major mortally wounded and the rest of his staff wounded. I may add here that as soon as I made my report, Brigadier Gen Caley told me he was going to recommend me for the DSO, which, owing to the campaign being a failure, never came my way but only a Mention in Despatches. I have often thought since what a wonderful victory we should have achieved if only the two Battalions on our right and another two on our left had joined in the attack with us. It was through no fault of theirs but owing to their not receiving orders in time, which made it impossible for them to co-ordinate with us.

I have tried to describe the action on these two days as briefly as possible. Subsequently, I took over command of the battalion and although greatly inconvenienced by dysentry I was persuaded by the MO to go sick. I refused to do so until a Regular Officer was available. At last a Regular Officer who was Adjudent of his battalion joined us and I then agreed to go sick and was carried to the Hospital ship and returned to England.

(Editor: Major Mott will be 100 years old on 23rd March 1978. What about Members sending birthday cards?)

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Dear old lady, visiting war wounded. 'And where were you wounded, you poor man? with a daringly naughty look in her eye. 'In the Dardanelles, mam' replied the man, a sailor. Then with a nice blend of pleasurable horror and hopeful repugnance she went on with a wink 'Is it serious, and does it hurt much, and what does your wife think of it?'

Arthur Garrison (549)

THE ALLANSON DIARY

On the 8th August 1915, the author of this short review happened to be passing through the headquarters of the 29th Indian Infantry Brigade situated on the lower slopes of the Sari Bair Ridge.

Almost at that very moment, an officer came in to report to the brigadier. He was in a bad way, he had been wounded in the thigh by a Turkish bayonet. He had scarcely slept for three days and was obviously at the end of his tether. Yet he made his report in such a way as to arouse the admiration of all those present.

It was Cecil Allanson of the 6th Gurkhas. The following dialogue ensued:-

'Allanson! Your regiment has fought magnificently! I am going to recommend you for the Victoria Cross'.

'Thank you, Sir. I only did my duty. It is the men under me who deserve recognition'.

That was all..... Then, Allanson was put on a stretcher and taken to the Field Dressing Station.

This short episode has been vividly imprinted on my mind ever since. Now, I am glad to be able to record it.

Allanson was not only brave. He was a man of deep sensitivity and high intelligence. And his diary, which was written at the time, or very soon afterwards, gives a first-hand account of all the stresses and strains which beset the ordinary infantry soldier; the man who has to advance where and when ordered, even in the face of almost certain death. 'The Poor Bloody Infantryman'. The man who in effect is The Army. The man without whom there could be no army.

What a setting this diary would make for a tactical exercise! All the lessons are there; and the greatest of these is bravery. 'Courage' someone once wrote in World War Two, 'is a weapon, Use it!'

This little book might become a text-book at Sandhurst, The School of Infantry, The Staff College and indeed other centres of instruction. It would add reality to theory. Its existence has been known for some years, though only within a limited circle. Now, at last, it is in print. Publishers:- 6th Q.E.O.Gurkha Rifles, Church Crookham, Aldershot, Hants. Price £2.50. R A S

(Editor) An autographed copy of this book is being presented to Major Mott for his hundredth birthday.

THE HELLES SECTOR 1977

By Major G B Horridge TD 1/5 Lan Fus (129)

For twenty years after the war the most Southerly four miles of the Gallipoli Peninsula, known as the Helles Sector, remained practically uninhabited. Krithia was a ruin and only a few people lived in Seddul Bahr village. When I went in 1935 on the Pilgrimage organised by The Royal Naval Division to visit Gallipoli on the liner 'Duchess of Richmond' the country at Helles was no different to what we had left in 1915. The trenches were all there, shallower, but still very visible. Certain young woods had started to grow. Around 1936, due to certain troubles in Roumania there was an exodus from Roumania and some of these people settled in Krithia and Seddul Bahr. To-day the population of Krithia is Roumanian in origin and half the population of Seddul Bahr is also Roumanian. Krithia was rebuilt and the population of Seddul Bahr increased. Krithia became renamed as Kirte, apparently an old name of the village in the past. That name has been superceded by the name Alci Tepe which is the Turkish name of the hill we know as Achi Baba. Except where woods had started to grow the land was tilled and corn sown.

Since the Pilgrimage of 1935, I have returned to Helles six times, the last time being in September 1977. Through the kind offices of Mr John L Norris, resident representative of C W G C and his staff I have been able to explore the battlefield more extensively than I could do on any organised Pilgrimage. I feel, therefore, that it might interest some of our members if I relate how the battlefield looks to-day. All the country from Anzac to Seddul Bahr has been declared by Turkey to be a National Park and in this area there are certain rules and regulations as regards building etc. A port is being made at Gaba Tepe. There is a suggestion of a Memorial to Mustapha Kemal Ataturk being erected near the New Zealand Memorial on Chunuk Bair. No work is being done on this at this time. The chief features in Krithia to civilians are the museum owned by Bey Selim Mutlu and the sculptured head of Kemal Ataturk on a memorial stone in the centre of the village. There are no windmills.

Seddul Bahr is probably twice the size now and the camber or small port is still there. There is an hotel called Abide (meaning monument) close to the west end of Morto Bay. This I believe is owned by a retired Turkish Colonel and has a nice garden and a path leading to a bathing beach. The tariff is about seven pounds a day. From this hotel there is a fine view across Morto Bay of both the Turkish and French Memorials.

As regards communications the one main road is still that which runs from Krithia to Seddul Bahr. There are other dirt roads, some navigable by car and others by landrover or jeep. A road leads from Seddul Bahr to the British Memorial and then on past Lancashire Landing Cemetery on to Pink Farm Cemetery and then past Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery to Krithia. There is a fork in this road to the left leading to Lancashire Landing but at this fork there is a notice forbidding anyone to go down it and so Lancashire Landing is forbidden. There is a road around Morto Bay leading to the Turkish Memorial and the French Memorial. One can continue from the Memorial by track suitable for a landrover, through the French Sector to Kereves Deve and thence to Krithia passing over the ground on which stood the famous Haricot Redoubt. To reach the foot of Achi Baba one takes a dirt road from the main road just outside Krithia. This road is to the left and after half a mile one can find a parking place from which to climb Achi Baba. Now, as to the question of what remains of the old battlefields. The impression I got from relatively short official visits was that very little remains, as all the land is tilled and the trenches obliterated. I have now found that this is not the case and if one knows where to look there are the remains of many trenches especially where the afore mentioned woods have grown up. I will mention a few. As one goes down the main road from Krithia there is a notice on the right side of the road in Turkish, French and English which says. 'You are in the resting place of the soldiers of the First World War. It is forbidden to camp, make fire or pick the flowers'.

This place is the final British front line at The Vineyard. 400 yards further on a turning to the right takes one to Redoubt Cemetery and further through trees

to Krithia Nullah. This road is lined with tall pine and was, I feel sure, the Turkish front line on June 4th 1915. 120 yards nearer Seddul Bahr and 100 yards from the main road on the right going south is a wood. In this wood there is the distinct remains of a trench and this I believe to be part of the British front line at the opening of the battle on June 4th. I was in this front line on that date and I am confident that my assessment is right. We found two Turkish shells and many shrapnel bullets in the parapet. I have walked down Krithia Nullah from the fork to beyond the Eski line and saw remains of probably the 1st and 2nd Australian lines. Further down one sees some whitish chalky stone and there in the wood on the left is a very well preserved section of the Eski line. The Eski line was a line right across the Peninsula laid out by the Royal Engineers and dug by fatigue parties and intended to be the main line of defence should the front cave in under attack. It was a perfect symmetry alternating between fire bays and traverses. What I saw was still perfect and at least four feet deep.

Now the Gully. The Gully is not overgrown and is easily negotiated. It is practically dry after May. I have read that the only way down into the Gully was via The Zigzag. This is not the case. There is a road down from a little further North than Pink Farm known on the trench map as Artillery Road into the Gully and on the opposite side of the Gully there is a path leading to the top of the West side of the Gully, 300 yards from the sea. The opening to this path is hidden by foliage but I have marked it with nine stones. This route across the Gully was used in the early days by the 29th Division and by my own unit 5th Lancashire Fusiliers on May 7th when we went into action against the Turks at Gurkha Bluff. In those days the land between the Gully and the sea was fairly open and there was a good field of fire from the trenches dug across this strip. Now it is completely overgrown and nearly impassable. Nevertheless, those trenches used by the 29th Division and 125th Brigade 42nd Division are still visible but overgrown. As one goes further up the Gully one comes to Geoghegan's Bluff where the one football

field was. This has not altered. The ground is flat and the only growth is occasioned by small plants a few inches high. One could still play football on it if one wasn't too particular. Further up, the Gully narrows and becomes stonier and then one comes to the old frontline. This is at the point of an S bend and the walls built by the British and the Turks about 20 yards apart are still as they were. There is no difficulty in recognising the old frontline when one gets there. This is near to where the 'birdcages' were. I could find no opening from the Gully to those trenches leading to Fusilier Bluff though there is evidence of trenches at the Bluff.

Near to the British Memorial there is a Turkish Memorial to a Sergeant and machine gun crew who were firing at The River Clyde from a good elevated position overlooking V Beach. The Sergeant and all the crew were killed at their post, presumably by Fusiliers coming across from Lancashire Landing.

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JUST FOR TODAY

By Captain Leslie Briggs Lawrance Hon Lay Chaplain (436)

Think not of troubles past
Nor dream of pain you bear,
Live on and build for what's to come,
Live on another year.

Look for beauty round you,
Love the tiny flower.
Find the best that's in a man.
Live out every hour.

Put away all dull thoughts,
Keep them out of sight.
Do your best - can't do more.
Be cheerful young and bright.

FURTHER VISITS TO GALLIPOLI?

It seems to be unlikely that further visits will be organized by the Association. This is due both to the increasing age of members and the fact that the Turkish government is not keen on official welcomes as the 60th anniversary is past. Of course it is always possible for private parties to visit the war graves.

From time to time members and non-members ask if any such visit is in prospect, so would any members who are arranging a visit and would like others to join please notify me so that such prospective tour members could be put in touch? Parties of non-members visiting the Peninsula for the first time are unlikely to learn much without expert guidance; the local representative of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission is always willing to help, subject to his availability.

E H W B

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Lt-Col E G Harvey(32) draws attention to a Gallipoli book which may be new to many readers. It is called 'The Anzac Book' and is mainly concerned with the Anzac effort as seen by the 'man in the trench' rather than purporting to be a war history as such. It is illustrated and very humorous. It was published by Cassell & Co., London and Melbourne, 1916. A library search may be called for after all these years.

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Continued from page 3.

Now, when Christmas comes, they are going to repay their debt and take over other guards and duties - some, shall I say, Very Distinguished - so that British troops can enjoy <u>their</u> festival.

What could be more in the spirit of Christmas than that?

THE 'BANNER' AND THE VIEW

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

When in the very ancient classic days
The gods claimed Mount Olympus as their home
They oft were found to mix in mortals' ways
And did among Aegean islands roam.

And here men found Gallipoli, a land
Of beauty with high places and wild flowers,
And pleasant beaches, perhaps a little sand,
And gullies, cliffs and seas with ghostly powers.

And here Leander did, we understand,
Oft swim from Troy, where tricky currents are,
To greet his Hero on the other land
Across the Hellespont near Sedd-el-Bahr.

And oft that famous ancient city, Troy,
Withstood attacks from all her Grecian foes
Until deceived by that false sinon boy
Or so, I think you know, the legend goes.

The Greeks had made a famous wooden horse
Supposed to be a great memorial gift
In honour of Minerva though, of course,
It held as many troops as it could lift.

From which, when in the city, and at night,
Young Sinon freed the Troops who were inside
Who slew the Watch and set the town alight:-
This scheme was used for S.S. River Clyde!

When England thought to force the Dardanelles
The Royal Navy tried and sadly failed;
The Army then from home, mid fond 'farewells'
With Anzacs, and some French from Egypt sailed,
And Indians, R.N.D. and Royal Marines,
Who're never far from any Naval scenes!

Here then were landings made Midst shot and shell
By Troops from little boats, though some scarce
trained,
Who turned that pleasant land to flaming Hell
Where naught but dire distress and Death then reigned.

Here Troops from that great ship, the River Clyde,
Too fought their way against most fearful odds
And gained some ground, though many thousands died:
No help was here from any ancient gods!

So after many months, and losses great,
The weather changed, with progress all too slow,
That Powers-that-be accepted, rather late,
The sorry fact that it was time to go.

So when there came an order to depart,
To leave those grim and ghastly blood-drenched
shore
Where men had toiled, with tired and wondering
heart,
This place became a shrine forever more.

For here we know those cliffs and grim ravines
Contain the graves of those our closest friends
Who sailed out from their homes and pleasant scenes
To die out here where cliff with sea contends.

From there large remnants of the Force then went
To Egypt and then on to Palestine
And having fought, regained to great extent,
Jerusalem and its most Holy Shrine.

Now after fifty years had swiftly passed
There doubtless came to minds of many men
The wish to meet old comrades so at last
That man named Edgar Banner made it 'when'!

For he it was and others met together
To form, and found, upon a friendly basis
In this old world of strife and adverse weather
A place where we could find a nice oasis.

But time moves on so, lest their actions fade,
We must bring in the sons, and, even more,
Perhaps the grandsons, too, who make the grade,
For friendships such as ours spring from that core,

In times of peace defences are torn down
And pacificism grows and no one heeds
While Mars, the god of war, conceals his frown,
No politician sees our Country's needs.

But we, and others too, who have clear view
Must do our best to shield from harm the State
And stop these politicians, minds askew,
Or all may have to cry:- 'Too late, too late!'

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THE DARDANELLES 'BEETLES'

By H F J Higgs RNR (AM 599)

The Beetles hatched out in a little different manner from what we have been led to believe by one or two Authorities.

They were not put in hand in November 1914 as commonly believed: but during the second half of February 1915, in a great hurry, at the same time as Rear Ad. Rosslyn-Wemyss proceeded to Mudros. Churchill says there were 240 and that Lord Fisher designed them. In fact the 1915 bunch numbered 200 - not quite all completed that year: and they were designed by the Shipbuilding Consultants James Pollock Sons & Co. Ltd. of London under Lord Fisher's wing.

Most were built at a speed beyond 1977 belief. Doxford of Sunderland who had 15, launched their first on 17th March 1915, less than a month from receipt of order. This was by no means exceptional, and 29 Yards were involved. The supply of Machinery was a problem, but James Pollock's obtained for them from Sweden no less than 161 Engines, of three Makes, all hot-bulb jobs. Other Engines were made by U.K. Firms. The single screw horsepower ranged from 40 to 92; the twin screw from 25 to 40 on each shaft. Most Engines ran on anything from paraffin to what we now call 'heavy Diesel'. Most also needed water in the combustion space, as much as equal parts with the fuel when on continuous full load.

They were built from Selby to Dundee on the East Coast and in three Clyde Yards at Dalmuir and Greenock. Generally those for export were delivered under tow in stages to Falmouth or Plymouth; then dragged oceanwise to the Agean behind anything that happened to intend taking the first turning on the left!

So far as records seem to show, there were at least 41 at Gallipoli, 6 of which perished: 4 driven ashore at Suvla, 1 driven ashore at Helles, and 1 lost in tow after the evacuation. Why they were locally designated K Lighters is strange because right from the start their Admiralty prefix was X. After all, the little Y Lighters retained their correct title. Then again, the K became L in the case of those converted to water tankers.

The usefulness of Beetles has not yet come to an end. A number are still in action, although when afloat some of these little resemble the original profile. It is of interest that the Naval Construction records make no mention of the role in the Suvla Landings - only their having taken part in the withdrawal, One in the M.N. that took part in the Dunkirk operation, SHERFIELD, is still working.

Almost nothing has gone on record about the men who

formed the Crews at Gallipoli, probably because they were a scratch crowd and perhaps all the better for it. Norman Wilkinson (The DARDANELLES) recounts an incident about a couple of sailors leaving their Lighter to join the fighting ashore. Probably they were from the supernumeraries drafted for the Suvla Landings. It seems a trifle unfair that they were put in the rattle for having done so, for they were only following example set by certain of their gallant superiors.

None of the Lighters from Gallipoli were returned to the U K by the Navy which retained 10 in the Mediterranean up to 1939, plus a couple of a later modified design built in bolted sections.

Apart from much distinguished unassuming service, the Beetles are something of a tribute to those who built them so quickly and so well; and it is worth repetition that they were not originated in early November 1914 but over three months later. Had it been otherwise, they should have been available for 25th April.

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GALLIPOLI - 1915

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

Continued from number 24

We left the comparative security of Sedd el Bahr and the fatigues but, instead of going directly into the line, we went into Reserve in or just behind the Eski lines for a couple of nights, about half a mile behind our front line. This involved lying low in dugouts, small square holes in the ground during the day, and getting some exercise during the night digging saps or trenches, whilst we waited in readiness for any call for help from the section of the line ahead of us.

We got up there, company by company, through a

broad mule trench winding across the landscape, giving way to trains of mules carrying supplies from time to time. These were mostly led by the Indian Mule Corps , who did good work. In places, a skull and cross bones denoted that that place was under sniper fire, and it behoved us to hurry past that point. We had about two and a half miles to go, but it took nearly three hours before we were all in our reserve position. Once there we lay low and made ourselves as comfortable as dust and wind and intermittent shell fire would allow us. Bullets continually whined just overhead.

That night the digging parties went out and my Burkes, with Murphy and Co, put me wise to a lot I had never guessed at and looked after me as if I had been a well loved baby. I certainly felt pretty babyish! We got back about 4 a.m. and I slept the sleep of the just.

Bullets and Billets

Waking at daylight, I noticed that there were a large number of bullets sticking into the side of my dugout and felt at first that I had hade some lucky escapes during the night. However, I soon noticed that they were sticking on the side nearest the front line and wondered who was the culprit. In a little while Russell sauntered by, bent over, and looked into my dugout and said 'I say you've had some luck', I said 'Haven't I' but, looking very innocent 'Do Turkish bullets generally turn in circles and get us from behind, or have our own people been firing into us?' The men rather enjoyed that one.

A little later, just about the time it became too dangerous to wander about in slow time, the Regimental Sergeant Major Callaghan was passing by when he suddenly put a hand to his waist and fell heavily. The usual long drawn-out cry of 'stretcher bearers' had just been shouted, when the Sergeant Major got up and walked back to his dugout. A spent bullet had hit his belt plate and knocked him down without injuring him. That was the third time a similar thing had happened to him. He, too, was to survive the campaign and we met in London afterwards - but that is another tale.

From the Eski line we had a good view over the Peninsula back to the beaches and forward, if we were careful, across our own front line to the lines of Turkish entrenchments running across the slopes of Achi Baba - the hill which forever blocked us, although Naval contingents had been on top before the Landing, which was so well advertised to the Turks.

Forward and to the left we could see the shell-torn village of Krithia which our own people had just managed to reach a few days after the Landing, only to be pushed back for lack of reinforcements, ammunition and water. It was perhaps a mile and a half ahead, but we never reached it again.

Ships

All around was the sea, except in front where Achi Baba blocked all further view. At the back of us, some six or seven miles out, just out of reach of shell fire, as they hoped, lay the line of ten or a dozen of our supply ships, with tugs and lighters plying backwards and forwards, chased by occasional shells. Further up the coast, to the left, were three or four of our destroyers circling warily and firing at the Turkish positions as they brought their guns to bear. The Turks were firing back, but their shells always seemed to fall in the water some distance from our ships. What was a desolate sight was the view we had of two our our great battleships, the MAJESTIC, upside down with her keel showing, which had been torpedoed on 27th May, and the TRIUMPH, canted at a perilous angle just off-shore. She had been torpedoed on 24th May, both by German submarines, with the loss of a large number of their crews. It was a lesson to us of the risks the Navy ran and the risk our supply ships, which we, ourselves, had run as we steamed at speed through the Mediterranean, a marked ship (for the Germans had sworn to get the MAURETANIA as well as the LUSITANIA).

To be continued.

MISS PRINTS RIDES AGAIN

Burglar cracks victim's skull - finds nothing. (Paper)

As this garment is shrink-resisting, rubbing will cause rapid shrinkage and this fact cannot be overemphasized.

This article will be a great boon to poultry keepers: It gives the secret of hatching chickens in a nutshell.

Two-room basement apartment, h & c water, shower in basement, almost private bath. (Advt. in newspaper).

REVOLTING POLICE TAKE OVER BOLIVIA (Headline in paper)

Dorking police suspect that recent thefts from cars could be the work of one person or a gang. (Dorking paper).

CHILDREN FOUND STRAYING WILL BE TAKEN TO THE LION HOUSE (Notice in Zoo).

The carpet is your children's playground. Have them beaten or shampooed by our improved method.(Circular).

WE DO NOT TEAR YOUR CLOTHES BY MACHINERY. We do it carefully by hand. (Laundry sign).

The committee expressed the view that the school-crossing patrolman could best assist the children if he were dead outside the school entrance.

LEARN TO DRIVE AS YOU WATCH TV. (News headline).

GHANA is to change over to driving on the right: the change will be made gradually. (Newspaper).

COME IN YOUR THOUSANDS. The hall holds five hundred.

It is generally agreed that human beings acquire sleeping sickness from biting flies. (Pioneer).

This butter, manufactured from the best cream, will stand any high temperature if kept in a cool place.(Catalogue)

LOOK AT OUR BARGAINS and save your money. (Shop notice).

All the brides wore red noses. (Birmingham paper).

CUSTOMERS should note that any complaints of incivility on the part of any member of the staff will be severely dealt with. (Shop notice).

A tight hat can be stretched. First damp the head with steam from a boiling kettle. (Scots paper).

Quiet clean gentleman seeks comfortable room where he can cook himself on a spirit stove. (Avt in paper).

EVENING SUBJECT: 'What is hell like?' Come and hear our new organ. (Church paper).

Bedsitting room to let for Gent. terms 85/- meekly. (Advt).



SECOND REUNION AT EASTBOURNE, 4 OCTOBER 1977

The first gathering at Eastbourne was reported in the Gallipolian number 23. Now another was arranged and tea very kindly provided by the ladies of the Women's Section of the Royal British Legion. As a mark of appreciation a shield of the Association was handed over to Mrs. E Willis, the chairman. The picture above shows the gathering.

Standing: Stanley Mann, Dick Swinnerston, Harold Crowder, George Heath, Robert Watson, Arthur Garrison, Ernest Tysall, David Kempton. Front row: William Kidd, Francis Nicholls, George Jay, Major Edgar Banner, Mrs. E Willis (RBL), Major Alfred Fuller, Thomas Woodward.

Unfortunately Jack Attwood, who organised the party, was ill in hospital but a 'Get Well' card was sent to him from all present.

(Photograph: Eastbourne Herald)



LOCAL GATHERING AT MARESFIELD, 20 JULY 1977

Major A C Burrows (Mayfield); Major E H W Banner (with 1915 topee); Mr R A Pither (Mayfield); Major C V Biddlecombe (Crowborough); Major J F Ford (East Grinstead).

(Photograph: Uckfield Courier)