# THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

# GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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CHRISTMAS 1980

# THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

| | |
|---|---|
| PRESIDENT | Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC DL will act as President up to the A G M in April |
| VICE-PRESIDENTS | Vice-Admiral Sir Peverill B R W William-Powlett KCB CBE DSO<br>Major General T H Jameson CBE DSO RM<br>Colonel the Lord Barnby CMG CBE MVO<br>Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook CB CBE DSO<br>Major G B Horridge TD |
| CHAIRMAN & HON SEC & EDITOR of THE GALLIPOLIAN | Major E H W Banner TD MSc C Eng FIEE FIMechE F Inst P<br>Delphi Maresfield Park UCKFIELD<br>East Sussex TN22 2HB<br>Uckfield (0825) 4949 |
| HON TREASURER | D F Bland Ment Disp RAF<br>Torview Ridgeway Close DORKING<br>Surrey RH4 3AS<br>Dorking (0306) 5360 |
| COMMITTEE | Captain D M Penrose TD<br>S Parker Bird FRICS FRVA<br>Major J F Ford<br>Major A G Coulson (AM)<br>K Tranmer (AM)<br>D A Pollard (AM) |

1981 REUNIONS

The Annual Luncheon, Annual General Meeting and Abbey Service of Remembrance will follow participation in the Anzac Day Commemoration at the Cenotaph, 25 April.

Annual Dinner to be announced later

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THE PRESIDENT AND ALL OFFICE-HOLDERS
SEND SEASONAL GREETINGS TO ALL MEMBERS

CHRISTMAS

'Gallipoli' that fearsome prong of land
Which we had hoped to capture 'out of hand'
That strip of water called 'The Dardanelles'
Where still the ghost of many stories dwells.

The years pass on and we, who still survive,
Do not forget our comrades who, alive,
Shared with us, then, the perils of those days,
A picture which within our thinking stays.
We left them in their graves where they had fought
Amid the trenches all, alas, for naught.

Perhaps the final picture which we keep
And, even now, is with us when we sleep
Is 'Last Post' sounding from the Mudros shore,
An echo which will sound for evermore.

But now, with us, here's Christmas once again,
A time, we hope, brings goodwill in its train
When families foregather, as we know,
And friend meets friend and sets each heart aglow.
When messages and greetings are exchanged
From near and far across the wide World ranged.

Now when did you send word to your old friends?
It may not be too late to make amends!
They may need help which only you could give
As you still know the sort of life they live.
But time runs on and carries us away.
May you have joy and health this Christmas Day
And, as this year turns to its setting sun,
May God give you good luck in Eighty One.

D M P

## GALLIPOLIANS - THE IMMORTALS

A newscutting from some unknown source gives some rules for a long life. No doubt many of our Members over eighty, and are there any others? will be particularly interested and will wonder why they are still going strong.

The condensed rules seem to be: Eat regularly. Don't eat between meals. Sleep for eight hours each night. Avoid being over- or underweight. Eat a good breakfast. Don't eat between meals. Don't smoke (worst factor of all). Drink moderately. Take regular exercise.

A weight between 5 and 20 per cent overweight is best and more than 10 per cent underweight leads to a high death rate. Moderate drinkers do better than either non-drinkers or of course excessive drinkers. Two glasses per day is a simple guide. Sleeping for more or less than eight hours is detrimental.

An analysis showed that for a man of 45 who kept most of the rules 33 more years of life could be expected. So a man of 45 could live to 45 + 33 which is 78. Now how do we do it? Perhaps these newfangled - electronic-microprocessor-computators can account for it? Or are our calendars all wrong? And what about those oddfellows who joined up under age? Or does life span reverse after we reach 78? What will be the age of the final survivor Member? Will he kindly write in and put it on record?

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## SUBSCRIPTIONS

Annual subscriptions will be due on 1st January,1981 and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer (see page 2). Members who joined after 30th June 1980 are not due for further subscription until 1982.

The rates of annual subscription remain unchanged, 50p for an Ordinary member and £1 for an Associate member. Of course, if any member wishes to help our funds by a remittance in excess of the minimum rate it would be very welcome and most appreciated.

ONE FINAL APPEAL to those whose subscription is in arrear, despite reminders, (eight associate members fall into this catergory). PLEASE send a remittance and thus remain a member of our Association.

DFB

## SOME OF OUR CONTEMPORARIES

The Royal British Legion is of course widely known throughout the Commonwealth. In Australia there are regional associations which, on account of the vast size of the continent are self-contained. There is however a national headquarters which is not well known in the UK at any rate. It is as follows:

R S L Australian National Headquarters
Constitution Avenue
CAMPBELL 2601
Australian Capital Territory
AUSTRALIA.

The regional Association known to us is the

GALLIPOLI LEGION OF ANZACS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA
(Secretary) G D Shaw
No 4 66 Broadway
Nedlands 6009
WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

For some years we received the Gallipoli Gazette, the official organ of the Gallipoli Memorial Club Ltd., 12-14 Loftus Street, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. The last issue of the journal received was that for November 1973 and since then contact has been lost, unfortunately.

## THE GALLIPOLI FOUNTAINS OF HONOUR

Mr A J Campbell C M G is the Chairman of the Committee which controls a Memorial including five fountains in Brisbane which commemorate ANZAC participation in the Gallipoli campaign. The Committee is in close touch with the Turkish Historical Society which has produced a booklet entitled 'ATATURK AND THE ANZACS' which forms a lasting expression of friendship between Australia and Turkey, following the Gallipoli campaign of 1915 and later in Sinai and Palestine. The booklet is published in Turkish and English in one volume.

ADDRESS: Mr A J Campbell C M G, 24 Dusk Street, Kenmore Q 4069, AUSTRALIA.

## NEW MEMBERS (Up to 15 November 1980)

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

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ERROR in The Gallipolian number 33:
778AM Brigadier D R Bishop is incorrectly quoted on page 13 as Australian.

## OBITUARY (at 15 November 1980)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

| | |
|---|---|
| W T Ward (Derbyshire Y) | (43) |
| H Gordon Parker CBE MM TEM (RE Signals) | (376) |
| F C Philpot (1/1 Norfolk Y) | (708) |
| H Hughes (Monitor M 21) | (617) |
| Cdr V Sadd (Suffolk Y) Later U S Navy | (367) |
| F H King (RAMC 11 CCS) | (640) |
| B A McConnell (1 Royal Inniskilling Fus 29 Div) | (274) |
| Capt R Y Aveline (1 Lancashire Fus 29 Div) | (734) |
| H S Chapman (7 Essex R 54 Div) | (170) |
| Major D N Lissenburg (RFA 147 Bde 29 Div) | (437) |
| J W Cronshaw (RE attd Anzac) | (591) |
| R A Pither (2 Hants R 29 Div) | (611) |
| A E Robinson (1 N Z Inf Bn) | (81) |

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### HENRY GORDON PARKER

He was one of a number of our members who served in the R E Signals, 54th (East Anglian) Division T F, gaining the Territorial Efficiency Medal. He was a sergeant and received the Military Medal, which he was said to value more highly than the C B E which he received for his outstanding work in creating the Felixstowe Harbour, a monument to private enterprise, with emphasis on the word 'enterprise'.

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### A E ROBINSON

This is our last link with New Zealand. He left New Zealand in October 1914. Later he livedsometime in England and some in New Zealand,where he died.

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ALTERATION to Membership List:

288 F Bradford: For Lt read L/c

## ATTACK ON TURKEY

### (The Annual Dinner)

With 42 diners we were slightly up on 1979.

Brigadier B B Rackham, our first President, took the chair following the death of Sir Reginald Savory. After the preprandial drinks at the bar all members present were 'paraded' in line and individually presented to the President and the official guests. In this way all members know that their presence is noted, even if it is their first appearance and they feel very new.

The Guest of Honour was, as listed in number 33, Brigadier Sir Noel Short MBE MC, Secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and also the Colonel of Queen Elizabeth's Gurkha Rifles. Official guests were : Air Vice Marshal R E Frost, Head of the Australian Defence Staff, London; Air Commodore I V Mackay AFC RNZAF, Head of New Zealand Defence Lisison Staff, London and Brigadier V Madan VSM, Military Adviser, High Commission for India, London. Later in the proceedings all spoke in reply, including a new Associate Member Brigadier R E Bird, Head of the Australian Army Staff, London. It was good to see several in uniform, including Major J C G Mackinlay of the 6th Q E O Gurkha Rifles whose presence was unexpected and his name consequently omitted from the personal welcome by the President to all those dining for the first time.

We stood for 'The Fallen', including a tribute to our late President. The reply to our loyal message to The Queen was read,

> 'Buckingham Palace 1 October 1980
> Please convey the sincere thanks
> of The Queen to all members of the
> Gallipoli Association for their kind
> message of loyal greeting, sent on
> the occasion of their Annual Dinner.
> Her Majesty much appreciates this
> message and sends her best wishes
> for an enjoyable evening.'

Then commenced the attack on Turkey; not as in 1915 when we were trespassers, but as the main course of the menu which traditionally ended with Turkish Delight and coffee. What! no Turkish coffee?

The President in his speech thanked all those who attended and paid tribute to the work of the committee particularly the chairman-cum-honorary secretary and the honorary treasurer who between them largely ran the show.

Sir Noel proposed the toast to the Association, with his admiration for those who were able to turn up for dinner over sixty-five years on from Gallipoli. His reminisences were listened to with interest, including of course some unexpected aspects of his work at the House of Commons. He paid tribute to the Association and its growth, wishing it continued success.

The chairman of the Association, Major Edgar Banner, thanked Sir Noel for his presence and his support, then made reference to the number of members both current and now present. The present overall number as seen on page 7 of number 33 is not far short of 800 and this number (800) is expected to be reached shortly.* This far exceeds our expectations and hopes in 1969. He particularly welcomed so many Associate Members and private guests; all very encouraging for the future.

The opportunity was given to members to say their piece, but perhaps they were too full for words as few responded.

After the dinner a pleasing letter was received by the Chairman from Brigadier R E Bird (782 AM Australia House) reading:

'Dear Major Banner
Just a note to thank you and through you the Association, for the magnificent dinner on the 1st October. I did enjoy myself and was most impressed with the meeting and all present. It does make one feel very humble to see your members. I only hope that when I become as 'young' I am as active.'

(EDITORIAL NOTE: This account was written at very short notice due to an unforeseen delay)

E H W B

* (LATER 800 has now been reached)

# A PROFILE IN COURAGE

## Lieutenant General Sir Reginal Arthur Savory

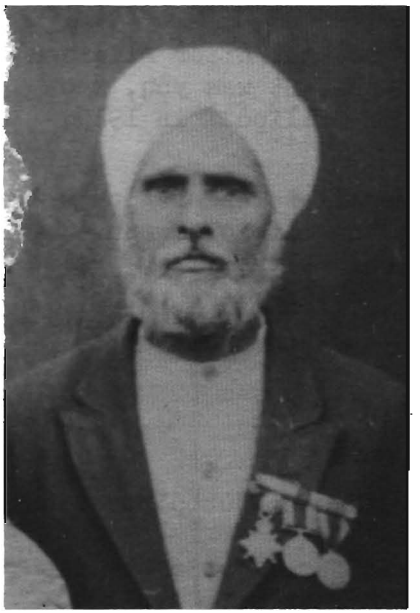
By Harbans Singh Thandi B A (721 AM)

General Sir Reginald Savory, KCIE CB DSO MC DL, the last British Adjutant General in India, was comissioned in 1914 at the age of 20 years in the First Duke of Wellington's Regiment and was transferred to the Indian Army at the outbreak of the first World War. His regiment was the 14th King's Own Ferozepur Regiment, now called the 1st Battalion the Sikh Regiment. He served with the battalion in Egypt, Gallipoli, Iraq and Siberia, being wounded in action twice, first on the 4th June 1915 in the third Battle of Krithia at Gallipoli. In this battle the 14th Sikhs lost three hundred and seventy-one officers and men killed or wounded. This gallantry of the 14th Sikhs was referred to by the Secretary of State for India in a moving speech in the House of Commons on the 14th March 1917, on the subject of the Indian Army and its doings.

During the first few minutes of the battle he was knocked out, lying on the parapet with two Turks lying using his body as a rest over which to shoot at the second line coming forward. When he recovered consciousness the Turks had gone. He looked around and saw his little bugler lying dead, brutally mutilated. He could see no-one else but stumbled back as well as he could; his head was bleeding and he was dazed and at that stage my father (the late S Ude Singh) a great burly Sikh with a fair beard who was one of the battalion wrestlers, came out of the reserve trench and picked up Sec/Lt Savory over his shoulder and brought him into safety. They were being shot at all the time.

He was again wounded on the 28th June 1915 and was Mentioned in Despatches twice. He recovered and took over command of the Regiment as all the other officers were either killed or badly wounded.

One day he was sitting at Bn HQ when he received a letter in his father's handwriting with thick black bordering around the envelope, addressed to the O C. 14th Sikhs. He opened it to find that his father had



UDE SINGH 1887-1947
14th Sikhs 1907-1917
The author's father

heard that Sec Lt Savory had been killed in action and asked for details as to how he had met his untimely death, and requesting the O C to send him his sword and field glasses. This was too good a chance to miss so he had an official letter typed to his father stating that he had been reliably informed that his son, 2/Lt Savory, was still alive and was, in fact, in command of his regiment. He signed the letter with: 'I have the honour to be, Sir, Your obedient servant R A Savory 2/Lt OC 14th Sikhs.' He was awarded the Military Cross for carrying ammunition up to the front line under heavy fire on the 8th August when all the others had been killed in the attemp to gain the Sari Bair ridge.

During the intervening period between the first and second World Wars he was again mentioned in despatches; in 1930 in N W F P and in 1937 in Waziristan. He also served in Kurdistan in 1923. He had the distinction of being the founder officer of the Indian Military Academy, Dehra Dun. While at Dehra Dun he invited my father as his personal guest; this was their first meeting after nineteen years. My father had sought discharge from the army but he was not entitled to a pension, according to Government rules but not according the General Savory's view. He paid my father his due pension out of his own pocket. While this may not be a heavy expenditure in terms of money, it bears out a heart resplendent with love and affection for his saviour.

Mothers have the same heart - a heart full of love and kindness. When Savory Sahib's mother came to know about my father she wrote the following letter to my father:

'Nov. 1934.

My son Colcnel Savory has told me that after nineteen years, he met you recently and that it was you, who by carrying him out of action on Gallipoli in 1915, saved his life.

I am sending you a Watch as a small token of appreciation and gratitude in saving the life of a son - very dear to me and to thank you; with all my praise for this deed.

I hope you will always keep this Watch and that it will remind you of us both.

Yours gratefully,

Sd/- A R Savory

In 1937, when he was O C 1/11 Sikhs at Jubbulpore, he again invited my father to the Bn.

At the out-break of Second World War, Sir Savory was the Commanding Officer of 1/11 Sikh Regiment. In 1940 he went to Egypt as Brigadier, Commander of the 11th Indian Infantry Brigade. Under his command, the Indian Brigade attacked and captured 'Banewa' a strategic point in Saidi Barani, on which had depended the success or failure of the plan. The enemy was in a strong position at Banewa but Brig. Savory succeeded in infiltrating a strong surprise and in the next morning's attack the enemy was routed. The enemy was either killed or captured. For taking part in North African battle, Brig. Savory was awarded a D S O.

In the beginning of 1941, this brigade took part in horrible battles of East Africa and met success everywhere. Only seven hundred men were left. They had to capture a hill which seemed impregnable; it was a see-saw action. The Brigadier was determined to capture it and finally he did. This hill is now called 'Brig. Savory's Peak'.

General Savory was shifted to the Assam-Burma border, when the Japanese were advancing towards North through Burma, He commanded the 23rd Indian Division till June, 1943. He was then transferred to General Headquarters as Inspector and later Director of Infantry.

During March 1944, 1/11 Sikh Regiment had made its name in the Battles of Arakan (Burma) and Naik Nand Singh was awarded the Victoria Cross, including many others who won

various gallantry awards. The General, himself, went on 20-5-1944, to congratulate Naik Nand Singh and others at the Burma front and invited my late father to Delhi, from 26th to 31st May, 1944 and conveyed to my father and myself the gallant news of the Bn. He was so much over-joyed that every evening he himself brought a chair for my father.

He remained at Delhi for about two years. During this period there was a considerable increase in the strength of Indian Army. There was a great change, almost an overhaul, in the training of the infantry and general administration due to the schemes and policies brought forward by the General.

In September, 1945, General Savory was made General Officer Commanding the Iran and Iraq Command. In 1946, he again joined the India Command at New Delhi as Adjutant General with the rank of Lieut. General. He was Knighted in 1947. After the partition of India, he became Adjutant General of India and Pakistan Supreme Command. He left India on 9th Dec. 1947, after serving in the Indian Army for over 33 years. Was it a sheer chance or a case of broken heart at the separation that my father left for his heavenly abode on the day General Savory left India?

General Savory never retired from active life and remained busy as a County Councillor for Somerset and an Honorary Magistrate and many other duties concerned with the Territorial Army of the U K.

General Sir Savory was not only a distinguished soldier of the Indian Army but also a good scholar and is an author of 'His Britannic Majesty's Army in Germany during the Seven Years War (1756-1763) (Oxford University Press, 1966).

General Sir Savory was very proud of good relationships, particularly between the officers and the Jawans in the Sikh Regiment. General Mohan Singh of Indian National Army in his book 'Soldiers Contribution to Indian Independance', writes '.... I must tell you about two officers in the Indian Military Academy whose remarkable personalities have left a deep impression on my mind. They were completely dedicated to the Army:-

Lt Col Savory of the 11th Sikh Regiment, was in every respect the model of a perfect British Officer. His paternal attitude towards his subordinates aroused in my

filial affections. When I was in solitary confinement in the Kabul Lines in New Delhi, in early 1946, he paid me a surprise visit. I did not know who had come to see me, but when the door of my cell was opened, I was completely surprised to see Lt General Savory standing in front of me. He abruptly said, in his particular style:-

'Well! Well! I am ashamed to see you here. I did not teach you these things in the Indian Military Academy, Did I?'

Without caring to hear my reply, he abruptly left. I can never forget this scene. My respect and regards for him remain ever green.

He was in India in 1968, in connection with the Colour presentation to the Sikh Regiment by President Zakir Hussain, Supreme Commander of the Indian Armed Forces. On Feb. 22, 1968, he took the trouble of seeing my family at Chandigarh, to shower the parental affections which we were devoid of after the death of my father. Lieut. Colonel Narain Singh of Paki, a common friend and colleague of General Savory and my father, arrived at Chandigarh to see that proper arrangements have been made for the General.

Such great was the respect and love that he had developed with his men - both officers and Jawan that Lance Naik Bhola Singh, aged about 80 years, thought of paying the General a visit after a long span of 52 years. One is deeply touched out only at having the great pleasure of seeing each other after such a long time but also at the thought of all the trouble that had been taken by these veterans.

General Sir Savory served with the Colours of the Sikh Regiment for about 25 years and as such had a very high opinion of the Sikhs. In a letter to the Editor, The Times, London, in Dec. 1968, the General wrote:-

> '.....I write this because I owe the Sikhs a great debt, and so does England. They fought, suffered and died for us in two World Wars and in many lesser campaigns. I shall never forget the bravery of my own battalion in the Dardenelles (Gallipoli) in 1915, where they lost over a thousand men in a few months and received the thanks of Parliament.
>
> Let us in England treat them now, as in the past, with the understanding they deserve.'

In the U K when the Sikhs were fighting the battle of the Crash-helmet, on 4th Sept. 1975, the following letter appeared in the London 'Daily Telegraph':

RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS OF THE SIKHS

'Sir, with regard to Sikhs and crash-helmets the real point at issue is safety as much as the violation of religious conviction.
In World War I, we tried to persuade the Sikhs to wear the steel helmet. They refused on religious grounds. We, therefore, refrained. In World War II, we tried again. They refused again; and we refrained again. Had we insisted, they would have mutinied, with the result I leave to the imagination of your readers. It is downright ignoble that we should act now as we would never have dared to act when we relied on the Indian Army to help us fight our battled.
A bill is being introduced in Parliament 'exempting turban-wearing followers of the Sikh religion from wearing crash-helmets when riding a motor-cycle. I hope most earnestly that when the time comes all members of both Houses of Parliament will vote in favour of the bill.

Sd/- R A Savory'

On the 18th Feb. 1976, in the Crown Court at Aylesbury, General Sir Savory appeared as witness.

Council for the Crown in wig and gown rose. Majestically he asked 'When the War broke out, all troops were ordered to wear steel-helmets when in action. The Sikhs refused to obey. What would have happened if you had insisted?'

'The Sikhs, I (Gen.Savory) replied, 'would have mutined and you would have lost the British Empire'.

'No more questions m'lud', said Crown Counsel, flopping into his seat.

'Have I your permission to withdraw, Sir?' I asked, 'Yes', said the judge, adding: 'How nice it is to hear expert evidence given so clearly'.

The battle of the turban in Great Britain was won and a Bill to this effect received the Royal Assent on 15th Nov. 1976.

The Sikhs never forgot to show affection to the General. He was the Chief Guest at the Guru Nanak 500th year birthday celebrations held in London, delegates from

all over U K participated, in 1967. When in India, in 1968, in connection with the Colour presentation to the Sikh Regiment, he was presented Saropas (Robe of honour) at the Harmandir Sahib, Amritsar, Takhat Sri Anandpur Sahib, The Sangat of Gurdwara Sahib, Sikh Regimental Centre, Meerut, and a reception in his honour by the International Sikh Brotherhood, New Delhi.

In addition to his personal letters written to us since 1934, we are the proud owners of a rare Trophy presented to us by the General, consisting of his rank badge of Lieut. General, Colour Badges, Medal Ribbons, Division Insignias and his Car Flag (as Adjutant General).

After 33 years of colourful career in the Indian Army, in 1947, he switched over to civil life and shared his love at Winsford, Somerset and finally settled in the estate of his nephew, the High Sheriff of Surrey. He was known to this place for over fifty years.

He was President of the Gallipoli Association, Patron of PAIFORCE and Preet Commercial College and an activist of the Sikh Brigade at Sikh L I Dinners.

Till last year, he was maintaining cheerful health but during August 1979, he had to undergo an operation, recovered but in the last month of his 86th year, when he had enjoyed the love, affection and admiration of his great Nation and many friends, he had an attack of pneumonia which brought the great end on the morning of 14th June, 1980, in the Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot. According to Lady Maria Savory, at the request of the General, the funeral was attended by 'family' only and it was held in Seale Church. The Service, with a full choir, was dignified and very beautiful. On the coffin, draped with the Union Jack, were his cap, sword and medals. The Banner of the Royal British Legion preceded the coffin. Cremation took place at Aldershot Crematorium.

We join many, many friends he made over the years, who came to know him as a man of courage, wisdom, affectionate and over smiling nature upon whom one could reply for help and guidance.

'The Lord is ever with thee
rejoice in His presence
By grasping thine own true nature,
thou graspest God's.
And the meaning of birth and death
When through the Guru's grace thou hast
grasped the supreme one,
Thou shalt lose the illusion of
otherness.
Thou shalt abide in Peace, honoured
and acceptable'.

Guru Amar Dass, Rag.Asa 441

Source of information:- Fauji Akhbar, letters from the General, Sikh Brigade News Letter, Sikh Magazine, History of the 14th Sikhs and meetings with him.

'ST BARNABAS' PILGRIMAGE TO GALLIPOLI & SALONIKA 1926

It is possible that some of our members took part in this pilgrimage organized and carried out so long ago. The organization called 'St Barnabas Pilgrimages' chartered the Italian ship Stella d'Italia which sailed from Marseilles and first visited Salonika and its battle-fronts, then continued by sea to Mudros. Then Cape Helles, with a wreath laid at sea. Landing was not allowed at this stage and the ship continued to Constantinople, as it was then, with a return down the Dardanelles next day and a landing at V Beach by local caiques or sailing boats and a makeshift pier. Then the visits and wreath-laying at the various cemeteries.

A copy of the commemorative book was kindly sent in by Mr W H Reynolds (764 AM) who had received it from Mr R J Trefusis who in turn had it from the late Mr S B Thresher who was one of the pilgrims.

E H W B

# MY EXPERIENCE OF SUVLA BAY

By A G May 2/4 R West Kent R (758)

We landed from a motor barge near the north end of Suvla bay in July at dusk on a sandy beach.

No opposition was encountered but a mile or so to our right a fierce engagement was taking place and a fire was seen which we heard later was a wood set alight by enemy guns.

Where we landed appeared quite deserted and we did not see a single person till dawn either friend or enemy.

Our officers appeared to have no idea what to do or where to take us. Eventually we 'fell in' and wandered about going inland for a bit and back to the beach. At last we headed inland for about half a mile and were ordered to keep our equipment on and lay down and try and get some sleep. Just before dawn a Staff Officer appeared, very concerned, and said we were in full view of the enemy and would be shelled to pieces as soon as it was light enough.

We hurriedly went back to the beach. About a dozen of us were put on a barge and taken round the Bay where there was some cliff and began to unload it. We were shelled and the vessel was holed and began to settle so we went ashore.

During the day a message came saying the battalion was marching round the bay and we were to join them at dusk which we did.

We marched inland for a mile or so across the so called Saltlake - dry at that time but covered with shallow water before we left.

It was quite dark but eventually we arrived at some trees and shrubs and stumbled up what appeared to be a dry rocky watercourse. The ground then levelled off. We formed single file and after a short distance could see a line of men about six yards apart.

We followed the line and the men got up as we approached and one of us took their places. They had dug themselves in enough to form head cover.

There was continual single rifle fire all night.

About dawn the Adjutant and Colonel came walking along behind us, but in a few minutes the Col. was hit,

and retired quickly. Five minutes after a cook came with a dixie of tea and he only lasted a few minutes when he was hit, and we discovered it was unsafe to stand up and we appeared to be sniped from all directions.

When it got light we could see ahead of us the land was fairly flat with trees and shrubs here and there.

Half a mile or so to our left and the same to the right, was higher ground which were evidently occupied by the enemy.

The next day a sap was dug and I was told off as a sniper and told to fire at any movement I could see.

We had no picks or shovels but began to dig some sort of trench mostly at night, with our trenching tools. Also we had no barbed wire.

About a mile or so in front were high hills and we saw long lines of troops coming down a zigzag road to reinforce the enemy.

We were three weeks before being relieved, improving our position as best we could but were not attacked except by snipers who kept very busy.

After a week behind the front line where we were also sniped we withdrew to the beaches.

Till the evacuation we occupied various beaches unloading stores etc.

The enemy appeared to have only one or two guns about 3" or 4" - and almost every day opened fire, starting at one end and working along the beaches at intervals so that you could usually estimate when the next would be. From time to time a warship would appear a mile or so out to sea and fire broadsides over our heads.

In November we began digging trenches about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile inland. We did not know then that evacuation had been decided and these were for the troops to fall back on.

About the beginning of December, one night we went to the beach to be evacuated but a terrific storm blew up and we returned to our dugouts which filled with water as did the trenches we had dug which we spent some days trying to drain them.

Eventually we did get away one night but only about a third of the number who landed, more sick than wounded were taken out to Red Cross Ships from time to time.

We arrived at Alexandria a week or so before Christmas and taken into the desert to be cleaned up and rested.

## NOT A LONE PINE

One of our enterprising Associate Members who went on the 1975 pilgrimage to Gallipoli organized by Keith Tranmer and led by George Horridge took the opportunity of collecting some pine cones which he brought back and planted. They grew up well and now the young trees have been handed over to the Lord Mayor of Greater Manchester, and the Mayor of Rochdale, as a small remembrance of the Manchester Regiment and the 1/6 Bn the Lancashire Fusiliers (TA). The brother of the A M quoted above was killed at the Vinyard, near Krithia, on the 7th August 1915 while serving with the 6th Bn. The young trees are at present growing in one of the city's nurseries pending their growing up to take their place in one of the city's parks.

This commemorative action is much appreciated.

(This was G Duckworth AM 365)

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## SOUR GRAPES

By Harry Mocdy (233)

I try to write a song
But cannot get it right
While folks like Patience Strong
Write easy with delight
They always do!

But still I persevere
To sing in black and white
Rejection slips appear
To haunt me in the night
They always do!

What I write is wrcng
So what I do wrong is write
Let others write their song
They somehow see the light
They always do!

## TO BE TAKEN IN SMALL DOSES

### NOTATALLATALLSTORY

In case some naval members are unable to fathom the account of the tall chap given in Number 32 or in the follow-up in number 33 of The Gallipolian, his draught may be given as one fathom one foot one inch.

E H W B

A young Gallipolian and his wife (does that make her a Gallipolienne?) were soliloquising on their young days after Gallipoli.

'You were very boysterous, Joe.'

'And you were girlorious, Joanna.'

A Gallipolian had a girl friend who was very decorative - and she knew it. One day when they were out walking a man passed and the girl said 'That man annoyed me.' 'Did he stare at you?' asked her escort. 'No, it wasn't that at all. He just looked right past me.'

A Gallipolian had a very fine Persian cat, and being a Scot he called him a Persssian cat. One day the cat could not be found and his owner was most upset and asked all around about him. One man got a bit tired of the questioning and replied shortly 'No, I haven't seen your perishin' cat.'

Another fine cat looked like a blue Persian but although blue was a Ming cat. Understandably the reply from someone on being asked if they had seen the missing cat was 'No, I haven't seen your bloo ming cat.'

A war-time spy in Britain had to report on the people's support for Winston Churchill. He reported that everyone was very keen. In fact, he wrote, most people had a small room in their house dedicated to him - it had his initials on the door.

EXTRACT FROM 'LOST ENDEAVOUR'

IF I TOUCH IT WITH MY STICK

By Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus 42 Div (167)

(Continued from number 31)

Scattered all over our beloved country, in every town, city, village and hamlet, you'll find they all keep their own individual 'Book of the Dead' - those stone-carved crosses symbolizing our future hope, and our present tribute to those who, according to their lights, tried to make this hope some sort of reality - lists of names that the stone-mason's craft has carefully inscribed with hammer and chisel, usually at the base of the Cross, and - in case you may have forgotten - three sparse, bald words reminding us that these blokes were 'killed in action'. Most of us haven't the vaguest idea what all this 'killed in action' stuff really signifies. If we think about it at all it merely suggests a quick and merciful execution by a stray bullet - a matter of a few seconds maybe. If it's more than that, we just don't want to know.

'Their name liveth for evermore' - 'evermore' being the uncomfortable few minutes when, perhaps, we may glance at these names once a year. It's sufficient if we place our annual tribute of red-paper poppies on the steps at the base of the stone cross, hurriedly glance at one or two names carved thereon, and then just as hurriedly try to forget. It's not our business to wonder how exactly each and every one of them might have died, or under what particular circumstances anyone of them had 'handed in his checks'. Maybe it's just as well. What dramas, what heroisms, what agonies and what pathos might be revealed if only we did know how each and every one of them had died. Some deaths spectacularly heroic, some just as heroic but unspectacular - the little ordinary coves who - and quite uncomprehending what it was all about, did their duty just the same. In one of these Memoriams ( including my own town ) appear the words -

'Those who fell did not choose to die. They were mostly in the flower of early manhood, with their lives before them. We do not know

how all of them died ..... but we are
content to know that all did their duty,
and would not have acted otherwise had
they known their fate beforehand ......'

This thing called Duty! Sometimes I think this word has bedevilled mankind more than anything else since the Garden of Eden. Maybe it's the real 'original sin' - this 'original sin' that has so puzzled the Ecclesiastical Pundits ever since they first invented the words to excuse man's native genius for skull-duggery. But before I once again falter into the mumbling and inchoate philosophies inseparable from old age, let me tell you about how one bloke died.

A great bloke, our Battalion Captain Quartermaster. And this time there's no indiscretion in naming him - Captain William Henry Griffiths - South African War veteran, cool, caustic and clever. We'd accompany him at times, three or four of us on a ration fatigue to the Stores on the beach and collect in sacks various rations for the Battalion. The stores etc. would be laid out in separate piles, with our Capt. Q M, list in hand, directing us what to pick up and stick in our sacks. It was almost routine - we knew exactly what was due to us, and the variety couldn't have been more limiting. But there were special tit-bits lying about in neat and orderly piles - not meant for us - luxuries like tins of fish, Crosse & Blackwell's special jams, tins of butter, etc. But definitely not for issue at Battalion level. Brigade H Q perks, these, or for some special types of High-Ups in the officer line.

Our Capt. Q M walked with a limp - legacy it was said of a South African war wound, and his walking stick as he limped his way through these piles of stores was as familiar to us as the cynical grin on his face. A familiar and potent magic stick, this walking stick of his. 'If I touch it with my stick, whip it up' he'd say, his eyes crinkling with grim humour. So as we wandered through these piles of stores collecting our legitimate entitlements under the watchful eye of the chief storeman, our Capt. Q M would be waiting for the moment when the storeman's eye was momentarily distracted. A quick flick of the stick on some coveted pile, a bit of smart soldier legerdemain on our part,

and a few bits of forbidden luxuries would join the legitimate entitlements in our sacks. Back at Battalion H Q - and to give the old Captain his due - he was never mean. We'd get rewarded for our official thieving by some tit-bit - say a tin of butter to share out, or something equally precious. 'And keep it out of sight, you thieving so-and-so's' and he'd grin like an Imp from Hades. So naturally there was no lack of volunteers for this particular fatigue duty.

On this fateful August day, I heard how he did his last duty. I wasn't there myself, I was with the Machine Gun team.

All the Company Officers had been killed or wounded in some Turkish counter-attack, the Company driven out of the newly won trench, beaten, thoroughly demoralised and ready to cut and run - like soldiers get sometimes in the heat of an engagement, when out of nowhere emerges from his non-combatant duties our Capt. Q M, limp, walking stick, cynical grin and all. He surveys the thoroughly demoralised remains of the Company angrily. 'Ready to cut and run, are you, you buggers' 'Run from a lot of bloody Turks'. 'Lancashire lads running away'. 'Nay, never let it be said'. 'Here, Corporal, help me over the top of the trench'. 'Easy now, mind my game leg'. 'Easy now'. 'Ouch!' 'Mind my leg, blast you'. 'And now pass me my stick and follow me, all of yer'. And waving his walking stick high above his head he limped smartly towards the Turkish trench followed by the now heartened and electrified remains of the Company, angry and ashamed of the last few minutes. There was a brief and savage encounter and the trench was recaptured. Later they carried in the body of the Capt. Q M, and some bloke got a slight flesh wound in the leg going back for the Captain's walking stick, for stick and Captain were inseparable. Both Captain and stick were later buried in an improvised grave, and the grave marked with a home-made cross of biscuit-box wood.

'Ee, but Ah wish Ah could na' kept that walking-stick' 'Ah do an' all' said the bloke telling us the story of this incident. 'Sort o' souvenir, like'. 'But Corporal said to bury it, like, with the owd chap'. 'Said as 'appen he'd need it later on, like'. 'Not that it made much sense to me, wot the Corporal said, but 'e wouldn't let me keep it'.

Maybe there wasn't a lot of sense in what the Corporal said, But for that matter, there's not a lot of sense in any battle.

Me being what I am I prefer to think of some 'Up-Top' Quarter Master and His party of Marauding Angels hovering over the battlefield. Maybe He was a bit short of good replacements for His sky battalions and wanted a few good reinforcements - some 'extra-special' blokes. So maybe He too says 'Anyone I touch with My stick, gather him in'. 'But I only want the best, mind you'. So maybe His stick touched our Captain Q M.

Or maybe you yourselves can think of a better explanation.

A lonely, isolated figure, this Capt. Q M of ours, during our training days in Egypt. Seldom would you see him hob-nobbing with the other officers. Maybe it's because he was so much older - about 50 I should guess - as against the 20 to 25 years average age of our other officers. Or maybe those ribbons on his tunic, or that legacy limp for a previous war singled him out as one different - one who knew the grimmer side of war. Or maybe the very nature of his regimental duties as Capt. Q M kept him aloof and pre-occupied - kept him out of the joyous enthusiasm of the younger and war-ignorant exuberance of the nice young chaps who comprised the general run of our officers. These young boy-officers, they were all more or less of the same social background, sons of solicitors, sons of mill-owners, sons of men who lived in fine houses and had plenty of 'brass' - and maybe our Captain Q M was not out of the same top drawer, socially. Not that there was any lack of respect for him - quite the contrary. After all, a beribboned tunic and a legacy of a battle limp are not things that soldiers can treat with dis-respect - especially young and inexperienced boy-soldiers like us who had the usual awe for the old campaigner.

Every day in Egypt our pattern of training was the same. A long gruelling march in the desert, under the hot sun, to build up our stamina. Then open-order skirmishing, each section in turn dashing forward some 50 to 100 yards, and their advance covered by the supporting fire of the other sections - supporting fire

of lots of exhilarating blank cartridges being fired madly by us. Then finally a bugle call, a fixing of nice, well polished and shiny bayonets on the end of our rifles, and a dashing charge of glory-mad young boy-soldiers towards a mythical and non-existent enemy, who presumably fled terrified, at the very sight of the legendary British bayonet.

Such was the stuff of war on which we were trained.

Then the bugle would sound the recall and we'd gather together again - like children do after an exciting picnic - 'tired but so happy' - and take about half-an-hour's rest before setting out for the tiring march back to barracks. Half an hour's rest, smoking innumerable fags, flushed with victory over our non-existent enemy, swapping stories we'd heard of the might of the British Army - the terror of the enemy at the sight of the British bayonet. This Capt. Q M would move amongst us, mostly 'not saying nowt' - his eyes crinkling in amusement - a solitary figure - like a fond old father - and picking his way through the hundreds of reclining figures on the sand, and eyeing us amusedly. Occasionally he'd stop to exchange a few words with some of us. Sometimes gently sarcastic such as 'Be sure to wipe the blood off your bayonets, lads' - and then roar with laughter. Then sometimes genuinely kindly. To a bare-headed lad sitting in the mid-day sun 'keep your helmet on lad - sunstroke's a bad thing to get'. But we always felt a bit uncomfortable when he was around - like schoolboys who had been too exuberant in their play.

But essentially a kindly man. Once, crossing the Citadel barrack square, passing him and forgetting to salute, he calls me back. Gazing above my head into space he said 'Watkins, when I was a young soldier, we had a damned bad habit of saluting an officer when we passed him'. Confused and ashamed, for I was a keen young soldier, I apologised, saying my thoughts were miles away. Then he takes the sting out of his reproof, enquires after my Dad, whom he knew, and in seconds we were chatting like old buddies. That's the best of a Territorial regiment - it's just a big family unit.

The man who disbanded these Territorial regiments did this country a great dis-service.

## A LETTER FROM SUVLA (Extract)

From E G Jarrett 2/4 R West Kent R 53 Div (773)

(From a pencilled diary in a notebook of 65 years ago)

My dear - -

Aug 10. I am just going to start writing a few notes which I know will interest you a little. We landed on a Tuesday evening just about sunset and we had our first bit of excitement when a Taube came over and the ships started firing; then we saw one of our machines go up and drive her off. After resting till dark we started marching with something like 100 lb to carry. After a long drag we rested for half an hour, then we had a dreadful march through sand and we could see dead men and mules by the dozen and then we slept under rocks all night.

Aug 11. We had just got up when a Taube dropped two bombs close to us and there was a heavy bombardment going on. We move twice during the day and do some digging.

Aug 12. We make good dugouts and have to move in the evening and then do fatigues all night.

Aug 13. We dig ourselves in and do more fatigues till about 6 in the evening and when we are just going to rest we have to fall-in and march to the trenches and there we have our first experience of what the firing line is like. My word, I shall never forget that night; bullets and shells everywhere and they were not real trenches, only just enough room to lie flat in.

Aug 14. We dig trenches out a bit but deeper. Not much doing. Only sniping.

Aug 15. We continue trenching all day and do sentry work at night. Not much firing.

Aug 16. Still digging and living on bully and biscuits. Rather more firing, we have a bit of a scramble during the day. So far not many casualties.

Aug 17. Just about the same. A little firing in the evening.

Aug 18. We advance and dig into trenches, jolly hard work. We always work and sleep in our equipment.

Aug 19. I go out to the well to fetch water and get it pretty hot and have some narrow escapes.

Aug 20. Just the same all day, take no notice of the bullets. I go on listening patrol and have to lay in front of the trenches about 60 yards for 4 hours.
Aug 21. We have to do digging and sentry for the next 10 days without a spell. We get a few scares but nothing to speak of. Snipers are busy and shells come over. We have a good number of casualties. The men get in a bad condition and everybody is fed up with the trenches.
Aug 31. We are a bit lively today for we are being relieved. We pack up in the afternoon and get to our rest camp about midnight. Packed like sardines in our dugouts.
Sept 1. We are more than glad to get a rest. We have fresh bread and meat but hardly like to eat it. Afraid of making myself bad but I haven't a glass case to put it in so I tuck it away.
Sept 2 & 3. Both days are the same. We go trench digging for four hours each night and have nothing else to do only clean rifles and have inspections.
Sept 4. Wishing you many happy returns of the day, almost before I am awake. We rest all day and go up to the trenches at night.
Sept. 5. We get in front trenches, the snipers are rather busy. All traverses have names of London places. Ours is Piccadilly, just below is Oxford Street, the Strand and dozens of other places.
Sept 6. We are a bit busy, have plenty of 'Stand-Tos' and the Turks seem to have woke up a bid. There are bombardments going on and off all day.
Sept 7. Just about the same as yesterday, a bit lively, get a little attacking but we hardly notice it now.
Sept 8 to 11. These four days are all about the same, bullets whizzing about and shells dropping occasionally. We do digging and fatigues, etc.
Sept 12. We are busy today in a working party with shovels etc. We get relieved in the evening and go to the same rest camp.
Sept 13 to 15. We rest nearly all the time and have rifle inspections, etc.
Sept 16. We get ready for the trenches again and have a long march in the evening.
Sept 17. Plenty of work, but rather quiet.

Sept 18. Still working and ready to pack up and we are relieved in the evening which comes as a great surprise. We have a long march and get to some new dug-outs about midnight.
Sept 19 to 21. We have three days fatigues but we are getting bread. We have a good many casualties.
Sept 22. We go digging for twelve hours and get back and rest for two hours and then start on a horrible march. We are nearly done up when we get to our new home about four hundred feet above the sea, on the edge of some cliff. It was more than cold with the wind blowing like fury.
Sept 23 to 26. Four days digging winter dugouts near the beach. We get moved to the bottom of the cliff on the last night.
Sept 27 to Oct 5. We have been here at the bottom of the cliff doing fatigue work in shifts and I think we are all feeling much better now.
(P S) I have not mentioned everything by a long way but I thought it would give you some idea of what we get up to. Our casualties are now nearly half the Battalion .
Nov 27. We woke up to find a nasty drizzling rain and all day we were trench digging; towards night it came over very black and at about half past six it started to come down in torrents and thundered and lightened something awful. It continued like this till 10 and during that time we had hailstones as big as marbles. Several thunderbolts came down on the beach. Our dugout had over two feet of water in it and we were kept busy baling it out with tins. Some dugouts were washed in and fellows were walking about getting soaked. Some went in officers' dugouts and we had two in ours. Fellows were falling down exhausted on guard and some were being carried from the trenches when we were struck by lightning. We managed to get them all in the Red Cross wagons or under cover somewhere. Several fellows were drowned in the floods and in the trenches. Then to make matters worse it came over very cold and we froze something cruel. Well, we could do nothing more that night so we tucked in and tried to get a wink of sleep but it was useless. Well do I remember that night and shall do as long as I live.

## EASTBOURNE TEA-PARTY 21 MAY 1980

Eastbourne and District members of the Association celebrated their now annual reunion at the Royal British Legion rooms, thanks to the Womens' Section who very kindly provide this welcome function for us. In spite of 'time marching on' we actually had one more, making 16 to tea this year, one or two asking to be excused on health grounds. Thanks to a prominent front-page paragraph in the local paper on the preceding Saturday two new members were obtained as the result. One was from Seattle, USA, who served at Suvla Bay. Lance-Corporal S A Chivers, now number 785 and the other H J McLachlan of Eastbourne, having served in the RNVR, RND attached to the 29th Division. He is number 786.

Our worthy chairman, Major E H W Banner was as usual present having come by public transport from Maresfield. He brought along a tape recording of our 60th anniversary Dinner in London when we were honoured by the presence of H R H the Duke of Edinburgh and the meeting was exceptionally fortunate to be so entertained.

The chairman of the Men's section of the R B L also spoke and had on view two miniature standards which had been presented by the wife of one of our former members, in his memory, as he had been a most enthusiastic supporter of the Association. She made a most apt speech and these standards will be on show at our succeeding meetings, for many years to come, we hope. A number of cakes had been made by the ladies and were raffled, bring in £7, handed to Major Banner for the funds.

J A Attwood

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## TIES

With regret the price of ties had had to be increased to £2.




EASTBOURNE (See facing page)
From viewer's left
Robert Bird, Jack Attwood, Commander Jack Hayward, Francis Nichols, Dick Swinnerton, Arthur Garrison, Harold Crowder, Hector McLachlan, Sydney Chivers, Thomas Woodward, Mrs Stuart Hemsley (RBL Women's Section), David Kempton, Major Arthur Fuller.
(PHOTOGRAPH by courtesy of EASTBOURNE GAZETTE)

## STRAY SHOTS FROM THE DARDANELLES

A collection by Lance Corporal W F Rollo dedicated to All Ranks of the 1st Battalion the Border Regiment

### 5 THE FIELD GUN'S SONG

My lean grey muzzle points the toe,
And well they know
When I am near;
My shells of shrapnel speed to mow
Them down, and sow
Their hearts with fear.

I see them falling, see them die,
But what care I?
For all their slain;
I shake with laughter grim, and cry
Swift death to fly
At them again.

The earth bears witness of my spoil,
The torn red soil
Shows what I've won,
And when the foemen mark their foil,
I rest from toil -
My day's work done.

## CALL FOR CONTRIBUTIONS

There is a need for a supply of articles from members, particularly new members who may never have seen anything of theirs in print. A length to cover a page (about four hundred words) or two pages is a good readable length for a story which can interest other members, often reminding them of incidents long forgotten but which can raise a smile - or sometimes even a shudder after all these years.

Do please write clearly and on one side of the paper - typescript is of course much better where it can be provided.