THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS

25p

No. 33
AUTUMN 1980

THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

PRESIDENT — Owing to the death of Sir Reginald Savory on the 14th June 1980 the Acting President is Brigadier B B Rackham, CBE MC DL

VICE-PRESIDENTS — Vice-Admiral Sir Peverill B R W William-Powlett KCB CBE DSO
Major General T H Jameson CBE DSO RM
Colonel the Lord Barnby CMG CBE MVO
Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook CB CBE DSO
Major G B Horridge TD

CHAIRMAN & HON SEC & EDITOR of THE GALLIPOLIAN — Major E H W Banner TD MSc CEng FIEE FIMechE FInstP
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Major J F Ford
Major A G Coulson (AM)
K Tranmer (AM)
D A Pollard (AM)

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ASSOCIATION NATIONALE des Groupements d'Anciens Combattants des Dardanelles
(National Association of Ex-Servicemen's Groups of the Dardanelles)
Group of the Paris Region and of isolated comrades,
M Raymond Weil, President
has become an Honorary Member in succession to the late M Ernest Roux.

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The Minutes of the A G M are forwarded herewith.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR REGINALD ARTHUR SAVORY

In the 1914-1918 war he served in Egypt, Gallipoli, Persia, Mesopotamia and Siberia.

He joined the 14th Sikhs as a Second Lieutenant and at one time temporarily commanded the Regiment on account of casualties. He was awarded the M C.

In 1923 he went to Kurdistan, then after two years at the Staff College, Camberley he went to the North-West frontier of India in 1930 and then became senior instructor at the Indian Military Academy.

After a spell of duty in Waziristan he assumed command of the 1st Battalion of the 11th Sikh Regiment, a post he held for two years before becoming A Q M G of the 5th Indian Division. He commanded the 11th Indian Infantry Brigade in the Western Desert in 1940-1941.

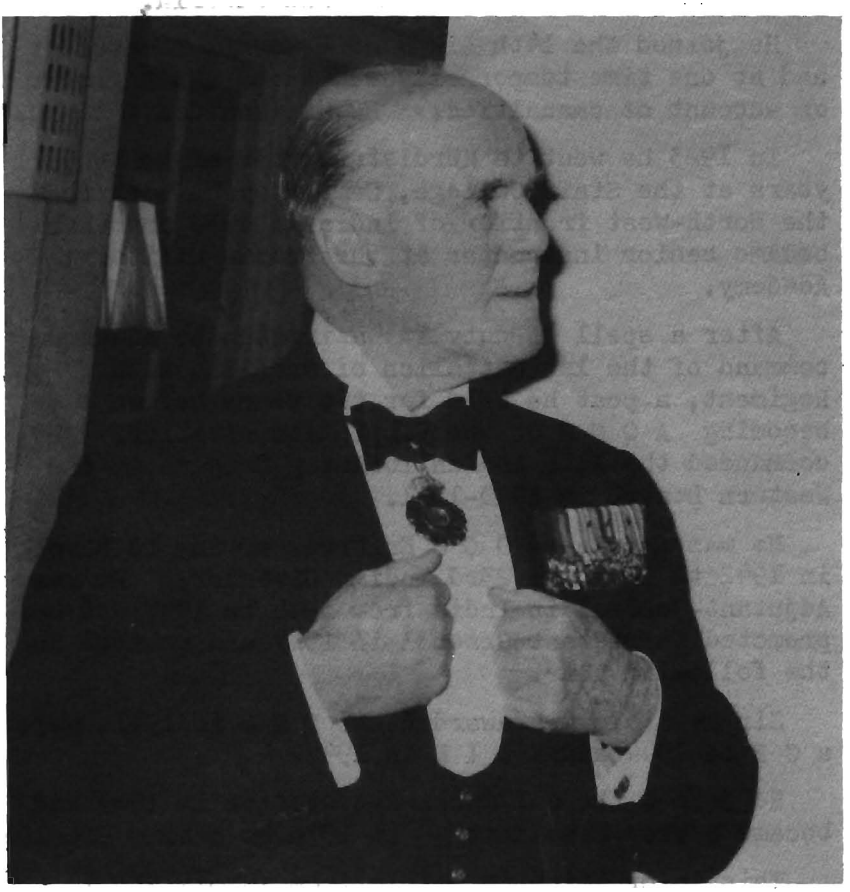
He was appointed G O C Eritrea, moving to Burma in 1942 to lead the 23rd Indian Division. He was Adjutant-General in India from 1946 to 1947 and was promoted Lieutenant-General in 1947 and retired in the following year.

Sir Reginald was awarded the D S O in 1941, made a C B in 1944 and K C I E in 1947.

He joined the Gallipoli Association in 1969 and became a Vice-President. In 1976 he became President.

This information is mainly from 'Who's Who.'

E H W B



Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC DL
1894 - 1980

'REGGIE' As he was affectionately known

On the 14th June the Gallipoli Association suffered its most serious loss in the death of our President Lieutenant-General Sir Reginald Savory.

All who had attended reunions at which hewas in the chair knew him as a friendly, wise, genial and on occasions whimsical figure, setting the tone throughout the Association as a whole.

It is difficult to write briefly of his many characteristics but a few selected points are typical of him.

On one occasion at Gallipoli his 14th Sikhs had been sadly reduced in numbers and he and all the other English officers had been reported killed. However, 2 Lt R A Savory was not only alive but temporarily in command of his Regiment. A letter arrived one day from his father asking for details and for any recovered personal effects. The reply of course dispelled the sorrow and was signed by: 'R A Savory 2 Lt, Officer Commanding 14th Sikhs'. (See The Gallipolian No 10).

Another occasion which put his name on the map was in writing his Daily Orders; as the only surviving English officer he put his name to all the officer posts asO C. As this ostensibly called for pay for each office held he was called to order by the Paymaster who said that a special Indian Army Order had had to be passed restricting pay for only one post. (See No 21).

On a personal note showing how well English officers were appreciated by their native troops, many of them old enough to be their fathers, he himself was regarded as something of a mascot. He wrote that one night when he was suffering from a fever and trying to sleep, one of his men covered him with a blanket, most likely the soldier's own. He wrote that he regarded it as a most kindly action which he would never forget. (See No 13). This is the sort of spirit which shows British influence in India and elsewhere at its best, refuting those detractors who can see nothing good in our developing countries to improve their way of life.

The story on page 34 was submitted to him and his reply was: 'This is excellent. I hope you will publish it in The Gallipolian'. Which of course I have done.

E H W B

ANNUAL DINNER 1 OCTOBER 1980

The dinner will be held as usual at the Royal Air Force Club, 128 Piccadilly, London. The club is between Hyde Park and Green Park tube stations and car parking is free in nearby roads after 6.30.

TIME: 6.00 for 7

DRESS: Dinner jacket (or dark suit) Decorations etc.

NAME TAB: As usual. A small card bearing name and unit worn above the medals.

GUESTS: Male Guests are welcome. Please state names.

PRICE: £7. AS LAST YEAR.

APPLICATIONS: Please give all names in BLOCK CAPITALS and in this instance write to the HON TREASURER, not the Hon Secretary. Please send a stamped return envelope and write not later than 18 Sept. A place-card will be sent as a receipt.

PLACE CARDS: These should be taken to the dinner and sited at the table where it is desired to sit, in conjunction with friends. Place cards already in position should not be moved.
This card is NOT the name tab, above.

DRINKS: Payable in cash at the bar and at the table.

WELCOME: Do make yourself known to others. You may be new but so were they a few years ago.

WARNING: Members should heed the warning notices in the cloakroom.

FUTURE DINNERS:

To encourage more members and guests to attend what might be our last dinner at the R A F Club the reception will be earlier, 6 instead of 6.30, and the formal part of the dinner should be over by about 9.30, giving members from a distance more chance of getting home that night.

GUEST OF HONOUR: Brigadier Sir Noel Short MBE MC
Secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons and a former Gurkha officer.

OFFICIAL GUESTS: The Heads of the Defence Staffs in London for Australia, New Zealand and India.

NOTE: PRICE AS LAST YEAR.

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 15 July 1980)

In the original printed journal, this page and a section on the next 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.

OBITUARY (at 15 July 1980)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

A D G Parnell (1/6 Essex R 54 Div) (663)
Major N Duggan FRCS (RAMC 11 CCS) (453)
Captain H N Lyster MBE MC (3 City of Lon R Fus) (192)
D E G Morris (S/Sgt RE 436 Coy 53 Div) (158)
Major G R Mott Ment Disp (3/6 S Lancs R 13 Div) (523)
Flt-Lt C F Eminson RAFMS MRCS (RNAS 9 Arm Car Div) (710)
Capt R L Piercey MC (AIF 7Bn 1 Div) (59)
L Goddard (Sgt 5 Dorset R 11 Div) (344)
Major A C Burrows MC (6 Lincs R 11 Div) (552)
T H Berry (RFA 55 Bde 13 Div) (695)
F R Smith (RHA 15 Bde 29 Div) (478)
Lt-Gen Sir Reginald Savory PRESIDENT (69)
Sister N A Pike (Mrs Laffin) (3 Australian Gen Hosp) (723)
W A Poulton Ordnance Artificer HMS Earl of Peterborough (607)

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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Why not announce weddings as well as losses? One of our members, age 85, a widower for fifteen years, recently met a widow at a Convalescent Home and at the same table. The widow was a second-war nurse and our member was a 29th Division Gallipolian of 25th April vintage. Who are they? E A McConnell (274) and Mrs Alice Seager. Hearty congratulation to them. (See Change of Address above)

MAJOR GEOFFREY MOTT Ment Disp CENTENARIAN

We have lost our oldest Member, at the age of 102 and seven weeks. His birthday has been noted regularly and all members will know of him. In civil life he was widely associated with hunting but at Gallipoli his main exploit was described in The Gallipolian No 25, pages 10-12. The occasion was the assault on Sari Bair when the 1/6 Gurkhas and some of the 6 South Lancashire Regiment almost captured the ridge with the prospect of cutting across the Peninsula to the Dardanelles. Had the attack fully succeeded he would doubtless have been rewarded with more than a Mention in Dispatches. He was also a Boer War veteran.

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CAPTAIN H N LYSTER MBE MC Greek Order of St George

'Pop' Lyster was very much 'Our Man in Turkey'. The photograph in Number 32 shows him very opportunely when he, and Major H McK Whittall were greeted by the Queen in 1971 on her visit to Gallipoli with HRH the Duke of Edinburgh. This was the occasion on which she sent the radio telegram to the Association which is reported in the 'Green form' of the Association. Until the Turks discontinued the annual Gallipoli Memorial parades Pop Lyster always attended and sent us the reports which were published in The Gallipolian.

But he was involved in the campaign before there was a campaign, in fact before Turkey was forced into war against us by Germany late in 1914.

In Number 12 issue he writes on 'Before Gallipoli' where in August 1914 he was involved, through the Imperial Ottoman Bank in London, in an attempt to take out a considerable sum of money in the form of gold bricks. These were taken by him and four companions to Paris en route for Constantinople but the war stopped that. Later it was seen that the British offer of a loan was countered by Germany's offer of the 'Goeben'.

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SISTER N A PIKE - Mrs LAFFIN

Our only Nursing Sister Member has died in Australia at the age of 92. She is likely to be our one and only Nursing Sister Member, having served at Lemnos with the 3rd Australian General Hospital. (See No.31)

GALLIPOLI 1915

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

(Continued from number 32)

We had long ago eaten our food and iron rations and were pretty hungry and, what was far worse, terribly thirsty, so thirsty that most of us could not talk. We had not slept for well over 24 hours and were very tired. I found difficulty in walking, but managed to get round the trench somehow and to fix up things as well as I could. There was a good deal of desultory firing still going on and some bigger shells were coming over from the Turks, but they had not got our range and seemed uncertain where we were so this did not worry us much. The warship and the destroyers had disappeared so we could not expect anything more from them. However, the release of tension was great and everyone seemed almost cheerful, though not joyful, as our General would have us be.

Another cheering piece of news came just before daylight when a runner got through to tell us that we were no longer cut off and that the clifftop communication trench leading back to our lines had been cleared of Turks and re-opened. I heard later that this was the work of Geddes and Nightingale, who had collected all the Headquarters' cooks, linesmen and bottle washers and anyone else they could get hold of, and attacked the Turks with them, pushing their way through and then holding on. They were the only people who knew where we were. Apparently no reports had got through from the Navy and our own gunners were preparing to shell us at daylight under the impression that we were Turks, since we were so far behind the Turkish lines, when Geddes was able to get through to them and stop them. I made a rough count of the men left, unwounded or slightly wounded, but able to fire, and found that of the 200-odd with which we had started the night, we only had 60 left. As far as I knew then, I was the only officer among them and had been for most of the night. The fate of the three others who had got to Fusilier Bluff I have described above.

At this time I had no idea how much longer we were expected to hold the trench, but it was obvious that to do

so we should need more men, water and food. We seemed to be quite well stocked with boxes of ammunition, though I do not know how or when it arrived. It must have been brought up when the trench was first taken. I sent a runner with this information down to Geddes but in reply received a message that we were being relieved by the South Wales Borderers within an hour or so and that food and water were being collected for us in the main trench at the end of the coastwise communication trench. This was heartening news for me but the men seemed to take it as all in the day's march and went on quietly with their jobs, improving the trench and rebuilding it where necessary and getting the few remaining wounded out and down the communication trench. The Turks did not trouble us again before we left.

One incident of the night which would, I hope, be impossible in our present army, sticks in my mind. Shortly after we took over Fusilier Bluff it was reported to me that a machine gun had been found there. This would have been of inestimable value to us, but I could not find a single man who could use it! Those were the days of but two machine guns per infantry battalion so there were few trained machine gunners, even in a Regular battalion.

The South Wales Borderers turned up to relieve us some time later and I handed the trench and ammunition - there were no bombs left - over to them, gave the order and followed my 60 men down the long communication trench. We were all pretty well 'done' and moved very slowly. I had to get help to get a few men, who had fallen by the way, up and moving. There was nothing for us when we got to the front line trench, but in the third line we were met by our Quartermaster who wasted few words, but pointed to a dump of bully beef and biscuits and some four-gallon tins of water. Not much notice was taken of the bully beef but in so far as disciplined men could rush at water, they rushed at it and then at the biscuits. As soon as I saw that the men were all right I found my way, by chance, to a water tank with a tap in it, lay under it and let the water run into my mouth. I have never felt such bliss! I took no notice of the training which taught us to drink slowly and sparingly after thirst or starvation, but went on drinking solidly until I and my skin felt soaked through and through and I felt like a well-filled water-skin. Then I lay, utterly content, until someone came for orders. Guides had been sent for us and we were taken to our 'rest' area where we found the battalion - what was left of it. The men of the

other battalions who had been with us, were taken off to their units. Unfortunately, I did not have the chance of saying goodbye to most of them. Our casualties had been very heavy, so heavy that within a few days I was made a temporary Lieutenant and, soon after that, found myself an acting Captain in command of a Company. The temporary Lieutenancy was mine for as long as I was in the army, the acting captaincy was only to last as long as I commanded a company and so, of course, I lost it when I was wounded.

If I had not been stepping into dead mens' shoes, dead men I had known and liked, I should have been very happy. As it was, I felt greatly honoured, but very anxious, for never in my wildest dreams had I thought of myself as commanding a company in a Regular battalion, and the battalion, its officers and men, were such that I felt it would be very hard to measure up to their standard or to be worthy of it.

Soon after leaving Fusilier Bluff we again found ourselves in the thick walled fort of Sedd-el-Bahr and busily re-organising the battalion with the help of some new drafts and a few officers who were sent to us.

The first night we were there the few officers left to us gathered for dinner (bully beef hotted up, biscuits, a queer concoction which the cook had managed to make with, I think, custard powder from the canteen and some ration jam) and with the many empty places round us we were pretty subdued. I suppose that I also was subdued, perhaps more than most, for it had been my first big action and I still remembered the dressing down I had received from Geddes and felt that I had let the side down. Besides, I had hated to see so many good men knocked out. Geddes must have noticed it for afterwards, before we dispersed he came over to me and said 'Smiler, are you still bothering about what I said to you during the advance?' and I said 'Yes, I suppose I am Sir, I realise what a mistake I made'. 'Listen Smiler, we all make mistakes and I hope that we shall all be told about them but, once we have been told, that finishes the matter, at any rate in this battalion - so forget about it - you did very well afterwards'. That showed something of the man he was and why the battalion, whatever its casualties and whatever drafts were poured into it, was what it was.

That he meant what he said was brought home to me when my promotion was published a few days afterwards, for by that time others were available. Up to the time of his death, after the second world war, I was always 'Smiler' to him owing, I suppose to the fact that I generally wore a somewhat diffident grin, perhaps to cover my nervousness. To the other officers on Gallipoli I was always 'Gertie' because I was given to showing what, in those days, was a white set of teeth which, they said, were like those of the then famous actress Gertie Millar.

To be continued

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ANZAC MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

The Gallipoli Association was of course envisaged for those veterans of Gallipoli who served in the U K forces, the Anzacs themselves being well catered for in their own countries, these having some sort of Government support which of course is not the case here.

However, some Anzacs have been pleased to join the Gallipoli Association and they are very welcome. At this time, May 1980, 28 have become Members or A M altogether and twelve Members and four A M are happily with us, living either in Australasia or in the U K, but one now lives in Jugoslavia. The remainder are either reported missing or known to have died over the years.

Quote recently we have 'enlisted' five A M, commencing with number 718 AM, Lt-Col John Laffin who put forward his mother's name as our first Woman Member. She is Sister Pike (728), now of course Mrs Laffin, living in Australia. Next came Brigadier B G Dexter. (775 AM) Lt R A N, Australian Ambassador to Belgrade. In The Gallipolian number 32 he was wrongly quoted as the first Anzac A M. Two other notable Anzac A M are (1) Brigadier D R Bishop M B E (778 AM) who is the Australian Defence Attache in Turkey. He joined on the recommendation of A J Malpass (763 AM) who is the Commonwealth War Graves Commission representative for Gallipoli. (2) The other is Brigadier R E Bird (782 AM), the Head of the Australian Army Staff at Australia House, London. A still later new AM is A D B Cassidy of Australia (787).



GALLIPOLI DAY SERVICE AND MARCH-PAST AT BURY

The photograph on the facing page, kindly sent by Major G B Horridge, one of our Vice-Presidents, and by courtesy of the Northern Daily Telegraph, shows the beginning of the march-past, the salute being taken by Lieutenant-General Sir James Wilson KBE MC.

George in the centre is flanked by Ernest Taylor of the 1/6 Lancashire Fusiliers and Fred Forshaw (and George) of the 1/5 L F. They were the only representatives of the L F present, with no one, alas, from the 1st Battalion of W Beach fame.

Prior to the march-past a service had been held in Bury Parish Church. Present were the High Sheriff of Greater Manchester, The Lord Lieutenant of the County, the Mayor of Bury and other Mayors from surrounding districts. Also present were the Commander, officers and ratings of the (present) H M S Euryalus, successor to that which took the 1st Battalion to W Beach.

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THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION SCOTLAND

A very successful Anzac and Gallipoli Day service was held in Edinburgh on Friday the 25th April.

The Legion provided a wreath, as usual, which was laid by a Gallipoli veteran, a non-member. Surprisingly we haveno Association members in Edinburgh although there are several in Glasgow and other parts of Scotland.

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EASTBOURNE DISTRICT

An account, with photograph, of this now annual tea-party, held on the 21st May, will be given in No. 34.

FROM 'DOWN UNDER'

S W Blythman (657) temporarily resident in Australia has sent a most interesting letter to the editor which is worth publication.

The most interesting and unexpected point is that when he attended a reunion restricted to 1914-1918 veterans he was the only one to make it. Two other veterans, Anzacs, had joined him on an earlier show but, here in the land of the Anzacs, he, a non-Anzac, was the only Gallipolian present.

He writes: 'I went on the Anzac march with the Adamstown Returned Services League Club behind our own Pipe Band. Four 1914-1918 men were at the service: it brought back some memories marching behind the bagpipes; I think most of us were of Scottish descent. Afterwards in the Club a lovely meal plus free drinks and a concert. About five hundred of us: and an old ANZAC laid the wreath at the Memorial alongside the Club. I was invited to a Lions' Club annual dinner at the Mattara Hotel in Charlstown. They invited only 1914-1918 veterans from our Club and only myself turned up - the other two could not make it. I had a grand evening, transport from home to home. I had an invite to dinner at another R S L Club but could not fit it in.

A few days before the Anzac Day parade a teacher from one of the local schools asked me if I would go and talk to the 10-12 year olds about Gallipoli. Well, I had never done this before but I made a few notes and took my diary with me. They thoroughly enjoyed it and when the teacher asked if they had any questions nearly every hand shot up. They wanted to know all about the personal side of it; how often did we bath; what were the toilets like. I never thought I could do it but I really enjoyed the experience, never thought I could do it - especially at 87. I am going on a tour on the 14th May by coach from our Club, 38 of us. And all free to WWI veterans! I shall be the only one of these on the trip.

By the way, I talked to the school about Dad's Army - I served in it for four years. '

A photograph, received later, is shown on page 28.

PROUD TROOPER CONVERTED TO 'P B I'

By Alex Barclay D C M Ayrshire Yeomanry (509)

(Continued from No 32)

A few minutes later I was informed that 'B' troop had been 'wiped out' by the salvo that had buried me. In a short time, just as darkness was falling, the bombardment suddenly slackened to about normal and a Corporal and 2 privates of the Argyl and Sutherland Highlanders arrived in the bombsap with a supply of empty sandbags. They were part of a party who had volunteered, during the bombardment, to carry these much needed sandbags to us. I signed for delivery of them and the party went off down the line again; within a few minutes the Corporal came running back and said, 'There are some of your men buried back behind the firing line.' I said, 'Yes. I heard that 8 of them got it about an hour ago.' He then said, 'But, some are alive. I heard voices.' I immediately went with him, over the top (it was now grey dark), and after much searching through the wrecked trenches he stopped and said, 'I think that this is the place'. Before I could answer, I heard a shout from just under where I stood. I said, 'Who is there?' A voice said, 'Is that you Sanny?', and I recognised the voice as that of Corporal Watson, my closest chum. The Argyl Corporal went off and I immediately started to remove the earth from Watson with my hands, but had quickly to get down on my knees and take as much cover as possible as there was just enough light to allow enemy snipers to operate and I was within 80 to 100 yards of their firing line.

After digging with my hands for some time, I was able to free Corporal Watson's head and shoulders, which had been buried by about 3-4 feet of earth when the trench again came in on him, covering him once more. I again uncovered his head and shoulders, which had only been covered lightly, and after making sure that no more earth would fall on him I contacted Corporal Chapman in the firing line; Corporal Chapman called a stretcher party and brought along a couple of shovels to where I had returned to keep Watson company. It was now quite dark and we soon were able to get him out and onto the stretcher, on which he was carried down the line for evacuation. He was severely shocked and bruised and eventually was sent home to Britain and discharged.

During the remainder of the night we were busy repairing and improving the trenches, most of which had been severely

damaged by the bombardment. During the following day the enemy continued with a fairly heavy shelling of our position, without doing a great amount of damage and we got a chance to get a little rest. After nightfall, on 28th December, I was put in charge of a digging party to dig out the bodies of troopers Linton, Downie, Watson and Sawers, who were still missing after the disaster of the previous day. I was given the task as I knew the precise position where they had been killed. A large amount of earth had to be moved from the trench in which they were buried and it was several hours before the task was completed, with our failure to get the body of Sawers - we found only his foot and boot. The bodies of the others were not badly mutilated. On reporting to the Squadron headquarters when the task was finished I was told to report to Regimental headquarters where the Adjutant instructed me to contact A, B and C Squadron O Cs and arrange to get the names of troopers required to bring the Squadron bombers up to strength. As we were being withdrawn from the firing line in the morning, this would enable them to attend the bombing school without delay; hence, once again I had no rest that night.

In the early morning, we were relieved by the Highland Light Infantry who took over from us. I remember very clearly that I was in one of the bombsaps (the one which had suffered most from the bombardment on the 27th) when their bomb squad arrived to take over. The Corporal in charge of them, a cocky little Glasgow 'keelie', made himself rather superior. As usual, at the handover I was putting him wise to the snags and hazards of that particular sap by telling him what we had been doing to make it safer and what was still to be done to it; however, he snapped back at me and said that he did not need to be told by me what he needed to do, as he had been through the 12th July battle and he would be all right. (I was to get my own back on him the next day, but more of that later).

In the forenoon of the 29th we moved back to the 'Eski' lines and, just as I finished our midday meal, I was instructed to take my bombers down to the rest camp and report to the R Q M S (Lambie) for fatigue duty as we were to be evacuated from the Peninsula on the

following day - this was a surprise to me. I led my squad down via the main 'Krithia' wadi, which was a slow job, as being the deeper of the approaches it was much more used by troops, ration parties, ammunition parties, stretcher parties, etc., coming and going; it was therefore very time-consuming to get down.

On reporting to the Q M S, he asked me if I knew where the advanced Regimental store was. I knew it well, as I had paid a visit to it a day or so previously to collect some equipment, so I told him this. He said, 'Good. Two other parties have arrived before you and none of their Corporals admit any knowledge of its position'. (I was later to learn that these parties had come down via the small nullah, which was being fairly heavily shelled, and as the store was at the top of that nullah they were rather wary of betraying knowledge of it in case they would be required to travel up there again.) The Q M S told me that, as soon as it was dark enough, I was to take charge of a gang of 5 garries (a garry was a team of 2 mules harnessed to a little wheeled waggon and driven by a Hindu driver) and convey the stores from the advanced store down to the rest camp store. After a scratch meal I set off at dusk and did about 5 journeys up and back, finishing just in time for the morning meal. It was rather a nasty task, as Johnny Turk was now constantly shelling the nullahs during the night time, when most of the communication routes were busy. On the second journey up, a shell got one of my garries and put it out of action, killing the driver and one of the mules.

I had gained no rest for two days and nights and was hoping to have an easier time when, after breakfast, the Q M S contacted me again and said, 'I hate to ask you, as I know that you have had a long time of continuous duty, but I have just discovered that, by some mistake, Downie's body has not been brought down for burial and, as you dug the body out two nights ago and are the only person who knows where to find it, I want you to volunteer to fetch it down'. I said, 'I will, provided you give me six good men to carry the stretcher as I do not think that I can do much carrying'. I set off with my party, via 'Krithia' nullah, and on the way up I saw that the sector which we had occupied during the heavy shelling of the past week, and which we were approaching, was under very heavy shell fire again. When we arrived at the support line, the first man that I saw was the little Corporal who

had relieved me in the bombsap the day before. He was in a 'slit' trench peeping round the corner towards the firing line with a bomb in his hand and was not looking at all so cocksure as he had been the day before. I said, 'What has happened?' He said, 'We have been so heavily shelled that we have had to evacuate the bomb-saps and are expecting to be attacked'. (We had been expecting to be attacked when we had been shelled there previously, but, instead of getting out, we had reinforced the firing line and saps). I said, 'And what about your 12th July now?' He did not reply. I carried on up to the firing line, just short of which I collected Downey's body, and returned to the rest camp with my party; I was glad to get there as there was a large amount of heavy fire coming over.

To be continued.

OUR FOREIGN MEMBERS

Commander V Sadd, now a citizen of the United States and retired from the U S Navy served with the Duke of York's Own Loyal Suffolk Hussars - Suffolk Yeomanry at Gallipoli, became our first foreign Member, 367, in May 1971. A photograph of him was published in The Gallipolian number 13 of Christmas 1973.

Now we have another American citizen also from the Old Country. He is S A Chivers who served with the 2/4 Queens Royal West Surrey Regiment. (Number 785). He came along to the Eastbourne Tea-party (see page 15) having read about it in the Eastbourne local paper, as sent in by J C Attwood who started this annual reunion.

No. Regrettably we cannot claim as a member any of the crew of the Russian cruiser 'ASKOLD', known to all of us who saw her on the 25th as the 'Packet of Woodbines', from her five long thin funnels.

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Membership List extract:
AM 721 S Harbans Singh Thandi, Savory Cottage
222 Sector 37-A, CHANDIGARH 160023 INDIA



ANZAC DAY ON GALLIPOLI 1980

Mr Malpass (763 AM) has kindly sent the above photograph showing the ceremonial wreath-laying at Lone Pine. The names are:
Cdr B D B Gresham OBE RN (783 AM); Col Ian Cameron, Aust; Mrs Lorelle Moore of Canberra; Air Comm R N Dalkin DFC AE RAAF (Ret); Mrs Da 'Rin, wife of Italian Ambassador to Turkey; H E Mr R A Peachey, Australian Ambassador to Turkey; Mr A J Malpass (763 AM).
In rear: Brigadier D R Bishop MBE and W/C M G Bradley.

Others present officially at ceremonies at other War Grave Memorials included: H E Mr E Da 'Rin, Italian Ambassador to Turkey; Dr K Gordon (Aust); Mr A P Skerich (Aust Attache); Mr F McLeod; Lt-Col Fraser (Aust Reserves).

The father of Mrs Da 'Rin, listed above, served at Gallipoli.

GALLIPOLI 1915

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION CASUALTY

By A R Peters R N D Drake Battalion (759)

I should like to portray what may be an unusual aspect for commentary, concerning naval service during World War I, namely, care of casualties.

After recruitment in early 1915, we were assigned as sailor-soldiers to equivalent battalions of infantry. Actual service of actions and conditions on the Gallipoli Peninsula have been so well chronicled that to restate them here would be mere repetition.

Therefore, perhaps, by recounting my own short, personal experience I may bring out what I am endeavouring to convey.

By recalling the losses subsequently suffered by the R N D later in France, after the Gallipoli and Salonika campaigns, it is obvious that by becoming a casualty on December 22nd, 1915, my life was almost certainly saved.

So, on that date, just before the time for relief from the front line to a back area for so-called 'rest', the crucial event occurred, caused by a small but wicked fragment of shell (which was later extracted from the left foot) which is my only 'souvenir', besides a very personal diary of notes and sketches.

Superbly quick to act, stretcher bearers splashed through the then flooded trenches to carry out first aid. Followed a trip by truck to the Casualty Clearing Station, near the beach at Sedd-el-Bahr, where an injection against tetanus was administered and another of morphine. Next day casualties were evacuated by trawler to Hospital Ship Dongola (of the P & O Line) lying off shore.

What a heaven after existence on the Peninsula! Very surprisingly, one of the first treatments was a lightning shave by an expert Indian barber. Such speed and accuracy! The ward sister later had difficulty in recognising the new patient transformed from the abject, dirty object of yesterday.

I may here record a curious feeling of relief engendered by the presence of the ship's nurses, after a period of a 'men only community'; life thereby regained some of its normality.

The Navy, as usual, came up trumps by sending over an

ad hoc concert party on Christmas Day from a nearby destroyer. Needless to say there was enjoyment for all, or almost all, for some sad cases were inevitable.

The ship quickly reached Malta and some of us found ourselves in Bighi Naval Hospital on Valetta's eastern side, overlooking that part of the Grand Harbour. If the ship was 'heaven' then this was the 'Seventh Heaven', reflected in the real and constant care given by the whole staff, be it nursing, medical or surgical, a memory never to be forgotten. Loss of blood necessitated an order for 'Cod Liver Oil & Malt', an ancient concoction I could never physically tolerate. So, as an alternative prescription, Dr B------- suggested six oranges and port wine daily! Who would not suffer a 'packet' for such a magnificent remedy?

Incidentally, we were regaled for a day or two by a certain Chinese patient who insisted on treating us to some of his unintelligible language in song, which provided a break in normal hospital routine.

Came the time when another hospital ship appeared clearly on the blue horizon seen from the elevation of the ward. This vessel transpired to be H M Hospital Ship Soudan (again of the P & O Line) and transport was forthwith arranged for passage home.

The patients nominated were transferred from beds to special naval cots and lowered to the wharf for allocation to the ship's ward. I was ensconced in E deck ward and passage home to Devenport (whence our journey outward had commenced in months gone by) was uneventful. Travelling in cots was comfortable and easy for in spite of a certain pitching in the Bay of Biscay (when the whole of the metal 'crockery' from the deck's galley cascaded across the ward) the cots swung with the list and rolling was thus not felt (similar to the comfort of hammocks once the gymnastic exercise of getting into them had succeeded). Another benefit was the service of excellent 'green' tea. A short call had been made at Gibraltar but no view could be obtained from E deck. Transference at Devonport, still in the cot, was made to the waiting hospital train, which lost no time in speeding through the now much appreciated green countryside of England to Chatham Naval Hospital, situated on a neighbouring down at Gillingham, the nearest hospital to the homes of this particular train's personnel.

From the original cot to bed completed the long journey from Malta (and it <u>was</u> a long journey in those far off days)

and I found myself in B1 Ward, a large one containing forty-four beds. Conditions here were much more Spartan and except for an efficient sister (That really blessed but strict disciplinarian Sister 'Lil', whose surname I never did learn) all chores were carried out by naval sick berth attendants, including floors being highly polished and all other activities and duties normally done by nurses in civilian hospitals. Eventual near-healing after nine months culminated in an interview with the Surgeon-General who intimated that I could only be invalided from the R N V R, so ultimate discharge resulted and a return to civilian life.

I am happy to have given some voluntary service, albeit only of a small and undistinguished kind. (There was a certain widow, in biblical times, was there not, who gave her mite to that ancient cause?)

My memory, I say again, with gratitude for the efficient care afforded by the Royal Naval Hospitals' staffs, afloat and ashore, is still strong and vivid. All so long ago will these notes be somewhat nostalgic and sentimental? Yes, and why not, in this year of grace 1979? I reiterate even again my regard for the Royal Navy who brought me through so well one of the most critical periods of my life.

As an additional to the foregoing I may perhaps also recall the earlier departure from Devonport to the Aegean area of action. First recollections are of a flutter of white handkerchiefs of goodwill and fortune from the patriotic folk gathered on Plymouth Hoe (which fortune, alas, did not ultimately transpire). In the gathering dusk in the cross-channel first hour, our transport T S S Ascanius (of the Blue Funnel Line) was accompanied by a destroyer on either beam as far as Cape Finisterre, after which we were on our own. We made a fairly wide detour out into the eastern edge of the Atlantic but not avoiding part of the Bay of Biscay, where practically the whole of the ship's company, except the crew, enjoyed the 'pleasures' of sea-sickness, a better forgotten episode of the voyage. But once through the Strait of Gibraltar, the Mediterranean gave of its best. Distant Tarifa appeared on the southern tip of Spain as a white cluster of buildings in a brown landscape. The ship,

thereafter, appeared to hug the North African coast, giving what must have been a hazy view of the northern end of the Atlas Mountains of Spanish Morocco. Malta was duly reached for a day's stay during which the ship was besieged by vendors of fruit, etc. handed up the ship's side in small baskets. Alexandria was the next port of call, but we had to wait outside the harbour,as the boom was up until daybreak. A lively scene ashore was presented during our very short stay but we did witness the departure of T S S Franconia (of the Cunard Line). The subsequent final stage of the journey across the Aegean Sea was a singularly beautiful one, passing several rocky islands basking in the azure water. It was necessary, however, to take a zig-zag course, upon a destroyer's instruction, owing to the presence of a submarine which had but lately tragically sunk the transport 'Royal Edward'. We entered Mudros Harbour, a small port which acted as a base for the Gallipoli campaign. It is situated on Lemnos Island and was but sparsely populated. A swim overboard was much appreciated. One interesting feature was the 'Packet of Woodbines', a so nick-named Russian five-funnelled cruiser in the harbour. Eventually we were transferred to a small vessel, Osmanieh II to Cape Helles, reboarding a trawler and then a barge to be landed on 'V' beach, alongside S S River Clyde, the then modern version of the 'Horse of Troy' of ancient legend.

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'EAR, 'EAR

The flagship at Mudros signalled to one of H M Ships to send a picket boat to pick up dispatches. This was done and as the boat was returning a signal was received from the flagship saying that 'Your Bowman's right ear needs attention'. On the boats return the Bowman was called on board and had his right ear examined by the O O D. He could find nothing wrong and so was sent to see the surgeon in the Sick Bay. After numerous tests the Surgeon could find nothing wrong either so a signal was made to the flagship asking what was wrong with the Bowman's ear. The reply was 'There was a fag behind it'.

From F Dixon (737)

A SAPPER RECALLS

By L J Matthews R Monmouth Engineers (694)

(Continued from No 31)

WATER SUPPLIES, DISCOVERY, BUILDING THE 'ESKI LINE' AND THE RESERVOIR

The supply of drinking water soon became a major problem, and when an urgent call came through from ANZAC COVE that the troops there were suffering severely from the water shortages we were sent around to see if we could help. It was in this episode that, thanks to the skill and knowledge of our own Officers, we were able to succeed in this venture.

We went around to Anzac Cove by sea keeping well out to be clear of enemy gunfire, as we had to pass the Turkish lines on our way. Upon arrival we set about testing for water supplies. The method used was to sink 6' lengths of ½" piping, forcing the lengths down by using a MONKEY. - this was a heavy piece of metal hoisted up over the pipe and then dropped with a resounding clang - primitive, but very effective. Before long our efforts were rewarded for we found ample supplies of very good drinking water. We than set about piping it to the front line from reservoirs made with huge tarpaulins. The Anzacs were, as you may well imagine, very grateful to us and could not do enough to make our stay with them a memorable one.

These Anzac troops were great lads, originally they were Light Horse Regiment troops, natural horsemen from the Outback of Australia and New Zealand; but as there was no use for cavalry in Gallipoli, they became front line soldiers; and excellent ones they were too. Often we used to spend a few hours in the front line with them, swopping yarns and watching Johnny Turk. Many a time have I seen an Aussie catch a hand grenade sent over by Johnny, and return it pronto, to see it burst over his own lines, which in some cases were a mere 20yd from our trenches.

The Aussies received huge stores of all kinds from the different Societies in their homeland - Lime Juice; butter, condensed milk, items of clothing and other things. I can assure that whilst there we did not go short. The time soon came when, our task completed we returned to our home base at Lancashire Landing, and there we set about searching for water in our own zone. We were very successful too. We then used the Egyptian Labour Corps to dig out and construct a reservoir. This was a huge undertaking, for we had to quarry stone from the nearby cliffs, dig down, line our huge hole with rock, then make it waterproof. As the matter was urgent we used not only the Labour Corps but Line troops who were down from the line for a rest. 'Some rest'. Fatigue parties galore, but then, when they knew what the ultimate purpose was, they set to with a will -- grumbling of course on the lot of the P B I. The job was eventually finished and as on Anzac, we piped supplies to as near the front line as we conveniently could. This line was put in the specially prepared reserve trench system, which was known as 'The Eski Line' and I believe that sections of it, even to this day are still there and in good condition.

Now it was at this time that a very personal episode had to be dealt with. My pal Fred had, for some time been suffering from severe bouts of dysentry. We were all affected, more or less. I found great relief by the use of chlorodyne, sent to me from home in parcels which I received from time to time, but regretfully, this did not help poor old Fred. The matter came to a head when a party of sappers, of whom Fred was one, was sent to Imbros to erect a large wooden hut. Whilst there, they found a vineyard, with grapes galore, ready to pick and eat. This proved to be the ruination of Fred. Had I been there I think I might have prevented him from eating them for I knew that they would act as a severe aperient. Anyway, when they returned I could see that Fred was in a very bad way. I eventually persuaded him to allow me to take him to the M O and when there I emphasised the length of time that Fred had been suffering but would not give in. He was taken into the Field Hospital and was then put on the next Hospital ship back to the U K. Unfortunately he steadily grew worse and died (and was buried at sea) just about 24 hours out from Southampton. We were great pals and had

- - - - - - - AND THEN THERE WAS ONE

By F Crowles (769AM) (Just Missed Gallipoli)

During March 1915 four men met at the British Consulate in Buenos Aires, Argentine, and after a medical inspection were accepted for military service. We set sail for Great Britain but when we arrived at Rio, Brazil, one decided he was not going on after all. We all went ashore but only three returned to the ship. The ship duly arrived at Liverpool where we three had further medical examinations. One man was found to be unfit for service and so there were two of us left to go on to Carlisle where we joined the Border Regiment. The comical part of this is that our rejected friend was a deserter from the Border Regiment who had made his way from South Africa to Argentine. That was our reason for joining that regiment. After three days at the Depot we were sent to Shoeburyness for training. Then our old friend the deserter turned up a week later. But he was put on an early draft for Gallipoli so that was the last we saw of him.

The two of us remaining left for Gallipoli later but were by then too late for the campaign and went on to Egypt instead. Then my other friend fell sick and went into hospital in Alexandria. For my part I joined the 6th Battalion of the Borders at Sidi Bish and I never saw any more of the others again. I often wonder what happened to them and I still wonder how many overseas volunteers belong to our worthy Association; it would be nice to know.

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A TALL STORY - Amended Version

In case anyone doubts the authenticity of the story given on page 33 of the Spring issue (No 32) I'll come clean with a more digestible version. He is really six feet and thirteen inches tall.

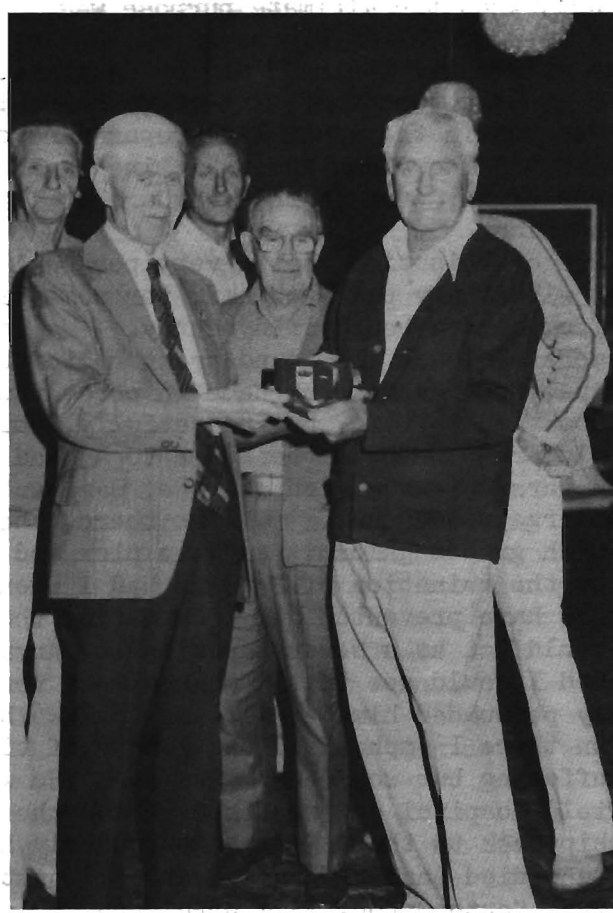
E H W B

been through a great deal together and I missed his company, his humour and his quiet courage at all times. But - this was war and we had a job to continue.

Now back to our water supplies, we kept a careful watch on the supply reservoir, which was then large enough to hold several thousand gallons of water. We were from then on self reliant, water carts came to fill up each day and we no longer needed to have water barges come in from Alex.

For this work our Commanding Officer received a well merited M C for it was he who pioneered the whole idea and vigorously saw it through to a successful conclusion.

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 See page 16



29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL CHAPEL
PARISH CHURCH OF HOLY TRINITY, ELTHAM, LONDON S E 9
ANNUAL SERVICE 1980

The service on the 27th April represented the 65th anniversary of the campaign.

Until recent years it was well attended by many members but since the closing down of the 29th Division Association few members are left.

The photograph above shows: A W Thomas; Capt W P Lines (584); J Murray (242); Major D N Lissenburg (437); Colonel Hatch CBE Woolwich Garrison. Standing in rear: The Rev Malins; The Rev N Eva, Vicar.

Also present were: Major H Gardiner, New Zealand; Major Riza Kucukoglu, Turkish Military Attache.

The next service will be on the 26th April 1981.

The account was kindly sent in by Captain W P Lines.

MEMORIES OF MOTHER'S SHIP

By Harry Moody 5 Connaught Rangers (233)

I'd like some toys - like other boys,
Some wooden bricks and farmyard chicks,
A horse that kicks, and cows and ricks,
All in a field of my wooden bricks.

You'll have all these - and something more!
You'd be surprised with what's in store,
When my ship comes home, son,
When my ship comes home.

I want this, and I want that -
A ribbon - and a pretty hat,
For sad am I - so poorly born,
My shoes are worn - my dress is torn.

You shall have dresses of the very best,
To make you prettier than all the rest!
When my ship comes home, dear,
When my ship comes home.

We all have a ship - across the foam,
A ship called HOPE, - that's coming home,
Some will arrive - and some go down,
And when HOPE is lost - some people drown.

* * * * * * * * *

SOLDIERING ON

A tortoise named Ali Pasha who was picked up on Gallipoli in 1915 is about to celebrate his 65th year in the custody of a family living at Carlton Colville, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

(Local paper)
(Sent in by D F B)

ANZAC DAY - APRIL 25th 1980

Although not sunny the temperature was reasonably mild. We assembled at the Cenotaph in Whitehall at about 10.45. The Guards band took up station south of the Cenotaph playing traditional and moving music appropriate to the occasion. Very soon markers took up position on the north side and ranks were formed facing the Memorial. These consisted of Australian and New Zealanders with WW2 service as well as members of the Gallipoli Association, present by invitation as normal. As Big Ben struck 11 o'clock the band ceased playing and as the final stroke faded the buglers sounded the Last Post and there was dead silence for two minutes. The bugles then rang out again with the Reveille which was followed by the laying of the wreaths, firstly by the High Commissioners of Australia and New Zealand and then by representatives of Government and other bodies. The Gallipoli Association wreath was laid by Captain Eric Bush, DSO** DSC RN. There were many civilians present, of all ages. London traffic then took over again as we made our way to Westminster Abbey where we were allotted seats adjacent to the High Altar and Choir Stalls. The choice of the Abbey for this moving memorial service, even in this day symbolic of Commonwealth unity, heritage and language, is most appropriate; this building with its architectural glory and historical museums as well as a place of worship in the same sense as any humble church or chapel. The preceding organ music lent atmosphereand following the entry of the Choir and Clergy, there rang out a magnificent fanfare of trumpets. With the large congregation standing a representative of Australia and of New Zealand walked to the steps of the High Altar where the national standards of each country were received and placed in position. The order of service was ceremonial but essentially simple; the Lessons were read by the High Commissioners for Australia and New Zealand and the Address given by the Rector of St James Church, Piccadilly, formerly Dean of Brisbane.

At the conclusion of the service we slowly went our different ways with varying memories. We of the Gallipoli Association duly arrived at the Duke of York's

H Q, Chelsea where it was a delight to meet old friends and comrades who had come from near and far to enjoy drinking one another's health. As always it was sad when enquiring about absentees to learn that they had passed on, but of course this is inevitable.

Luncheon was presided over by our President, Lt-Gen Sir Reginald Savory who was in his usual genial and impish mood. The luncheon fare was excellent and a word of commendation must be expressed to the kitchen and waitress staff. Reports were rendered by Major Banner our indefatiguable Secretary and Editor of The Gallipolian journal and the Treasurer Donald Bland whose accounts were given and approved, with many thanks. A lot could be written here but space forbids. The meeting concluded and we quietly dispersed at about 1600, hoping that we shall all be spared to attend next year. I wonder!

J H Bentham (594)

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ONE-IN-THREE AND THREE-IN-FOUR

During the A G M I called on those members who had been out there on the 25th April 1915 to stand. This meant members of the 29th Division and attached units, and the Royal Navy and Royal Naval Division. Not all had actually landed on the day but included those present in warships and troopships. Fifteen of us were able to respond and at one in three of those veterans present it was an achievement, after sixty-five years.

Associate Members are a necessary constituent of our Association which by its nature cannot exist with veterans only for many more years. Guests too are a welcome addition; we don't want to be seen as a mob out of touch with the contemporary world and the presence of a few guests with sufficient interest in the campaign is all to the good. Nevertheless we don't want to be swamped by non-veterans, yet, and so it was good to find that three out of four present were Gallipoli veterans.

Butfor how many more years?

E H W B

THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE FACING PAGE

shows our Sikh Associate Member S Harbans Singh Thandi (721 AM) with his wife and children on the occasion of a visit by our President to his home in India in 1968. Thandi's father brought in our President when he was wounded at Gallipoli, serving as Second Lieutenant R A Savory with the 14th Sikhs.

All but newer Members will have read Sir Reginald's 'Some Gallipoli Memories' which has been serialized in The Gallipolian between 1971 and 1977.

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SOME NATIONAL DISHES

National dishes can vary from the truly national Irish Stew and the Scottish Haggis to the more local dishes such as Yorkshire Pudding and Lancashire Hot-Pot. Other national dishes which are by no means local include Sausage and Mash (Bangers), Pies and Peas, Fish and Chips - the chips being in plentiful portions, not the modern microchip variety. But the REAL English dish is the Roast Beef of Old England. No. Bully Beef should not be introduced here, some of the old boys might be overcome with happy memories.

To finish there's Rice Pudding, Spotted Dog, Prunes and Custard and Roly Poly as examples.

Going afar we have French Snails, German Saurkraut, Italian Spaghetti, Hungarian Goulasch, Chinese Rice, Russian Caviare, Greek Keftedes and Scandinavian Smorregred as examples. India has its Curry and in that country there is a family which has very close connexions with the British Raj from the years of the British Empire, whose dish is:

Savoury Cottage Pie

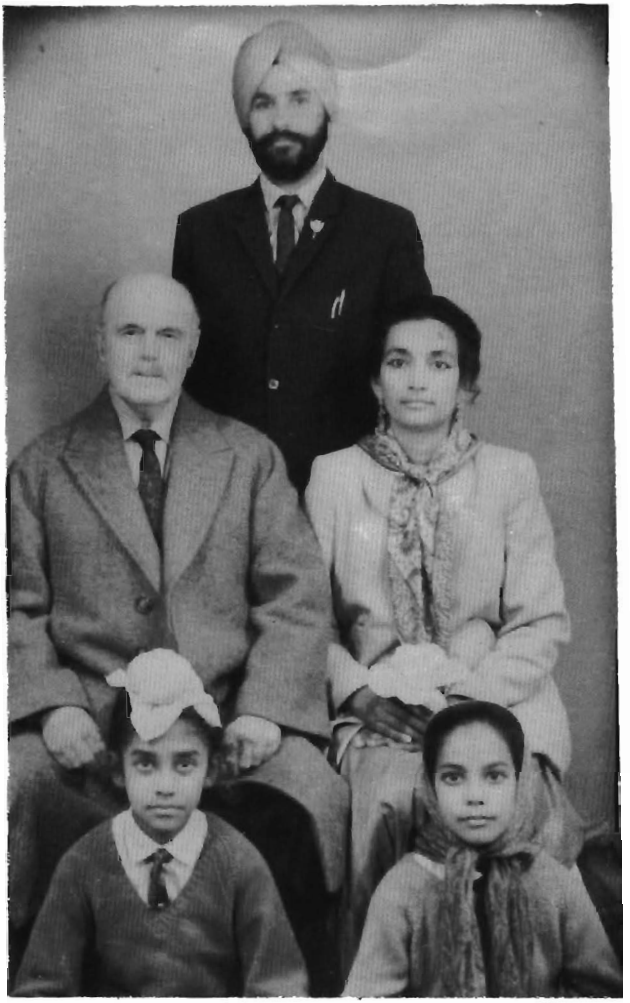
followed, not by Roly Poly but by:

Galli Poli

The clue to the last item may be found in the Membership List, number 721 A M.

(Or see page 20)

E H W B



STRAY SHOTS FROM THE DARDANELLES

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

3 THE STAR SHELL

An angry hiss is heard at dark: And, mounting up on high,
A glowing spark a moment trails: Across the sky.
A whip-like crack: And then a flare of fiendish light
And all around illumined is: By star shell bright.

Tho' briefly hangs the torch of war: The havoc-making blast.
From rifle and from Maxim poured: Seems long to last.
Advancing men have thrown themselves: To earth - they dare not rise.
And many sould take flight before: The Star Shell dies.

4 THE LISTENING PATROL

Breathless and silently out in the night,
Treading their steps to the foe,
Weary and worn with day's madding fight,
Cover to seek as they go;
Coolly and carefully scanning the ground,
Braving the enemy's fire,
Should he advance in the darkness around
Theirs but slight hope to retire.
Watchful and listening now three men lie,
Ears of their comrades behind.
Weary no more, for a strength that is high
Comes soul and body to bind;
Shadows of fantasy enemies grow,
Bushes lurk death as they sway.
Rustlings of sound seem the breath of the foe
Stealthily creeping their way.
Slowly and labouring Time in his gait,
Till with the dawning of Light
Three men win back to their comrades who wait,
Back from the long lonesome night.