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THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 25p

No. 31 CHRISTMAS 1979

THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

PRESIDENT	Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC
PAST PRESIDENT	Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC DL
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REUNIONS IN 1980

LUNCHEON and ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 25 APRIL at the Duke of York's H Q (see page 38)

DINNER at the Royal Air Force Club 1 OCTOBER (see page 9)

THE PRESIDENT AND ALL OFFICERS

send their

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

to all members

with best wishes for their continued
health, happiness and welfare

C H R I S T M A S

THE ROAD

Have you sometimes wondered
While you walk along Life's road
How it was you came there
And if some 'toll' you owed?
This highway may be stony,
Smooth places here and there
Where perhaps you may find comrades
For some of whom you'll care.
Some no doubt will travel
Though none go all the way,
A few perhaps will help you
Or 'pass the time of day'.
But One walks always with you
Who knew the road of old,
And if you choose to ask Him
He'll seek your hand to hold,
He once was born upon this Earth
And knows the human way;
This Son of God a child once was,
His Birthday is today.

D M P

THE DINNER 1979

A Personal Viewpoint

The Royal Air Force Club in Piccadilly was again the venue for our Annual Dinner thanks to the sponsorship of our Vice-President Lt-Col Philip Gething, but who was unfortunately unable to attend through illness. This was the eleventh annual dinner, itself something of a record for a campaign fought sixty-four years ago. Again all three services were represented and although the number attending was down on previous years there was still the glittering array of decorations reflected in the lights and silverware of the long dining room as the assembled veterans were greeted individually by Captain Eric Bush, deputising for the President who was unable to be with us through illness. This 'presentation' was instituted in order that all present would be aware that their names were known to each other, thus precluding anyone being under the impression that nobody knew he was there. The presentation party included our guest of honour, Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Foxley-Norris and the Association chairman Major Edgar Banner.

Many familiar faces were present like Jack Gearing (HMS Theseus); CPO William Cave (HMS Dublin); who as usual came armed with his camera to place events on record; from Newark came Sergeant George Dale, RFA, who as far as I can recall has not yet missed a gathering since the Association was founded, all of ten years ago. Wing Commander Jack Bentham represented the Hood Battalion RND. No Gallipoli dinner would be complete without a Lancashire Fusilier and present was Charles Watkins whose membership number of 167 shows his long standing.

Captain Bush explained the absence of the President through illness and said that he had been asked to preside for the evening, which he felt honoured to do.

He read the message received from Buckingham Palace:

Lieutenant-General Sir Reginald Savory
KCIE CB DSO MC

The Queen sincerely thanks all members of the Gallipoli Association for their kind and loyal message of greeting, which Her Majesty much appreciates. The Queen sends her best wishes to all concerned for a most enjoyable evening on the cccasion of their Annual Dinner.

Private Secretary

2nd October 1979

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This year the lamb chop considered in the past to be so easy to chew gave way to roast turkey, chipolata sausages, roast potatoes, garden peas and cranberry sauce, followed by chocolate mousse, coffee and the traditional Turkish Delight and coffee, a repast which set the mood for the speeches that followed.

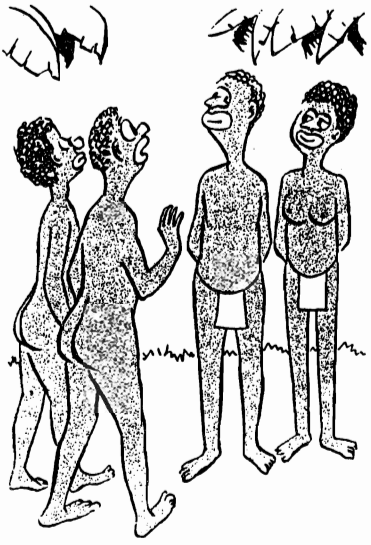
The guest of honour, Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Foxley-Norris opened his speech with a topical reference to the assembled veterans, reminding them that they still had a role to play in the everyday affairs of the country by showing youth an example and by relating their personal experiences to illustrate what has been and can still be achieved and asked the veterans to bear in mind that young people today are still cast in the same mould of previous generations. They have no Empire to administer, no outposts in which to serve and probably no opportunity to be called on to serve their country as others have done in two world wars. But he reminded his audience that young people are willing to listen and are interested in what their elders have done. In 1980 the Battle of Britain pilots will hold their 40th anniversary dinner and are already talking of winding up their gatherings. Sir Christopher, who is their chairman, has reminded them that in 1979 he would be addressing an audience comprising men whose campaign ended 64 years ago and who in their time provided the first example of combined operations between the three services.

Regrets were expressed that our President was ill and unable to be with us and we all missed his unfailing good humour and enthusiasm at many dinners.

The chairman Major Edgar Banner was called upon and spoke particularly about the small number present, 35. He outlined some ideas for improving the situation next year, leading to the further plans given on page 9.

Sir Alexander Ross, Chairman of the Commonwealth Games, a guest of Captain Michael Penrose added his thanks and congratulations. A number of veterans and some A Ms spoke on being given the opportunity. One was N Pratt, who with his brother had come along on joining the Association very recently, in fact on reading the letter in the Daily Telegraph (See Number 30, page 5). CPO E C Coleman, an A M in naval uniform added his quota of tribute. A few others spoke and by 10.30 all had departed. For a few brief hours the legend of Gallipoli had been reborn; now they wended their various ways homeward, unnoticed in the crowds of sixty-four years on.

Keith Tranmer



DRESS OPTIONAL

Dinner jacket
(or dark lounge suit)

'We had no idea you were dressing for dinner.'

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 9 November)

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

OBITUARY (At 9 November)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

L E Bulcraig (RAMC 6 Lon F A 42 & 54 Divs)	(564)
Cdr(S) E A Burrows (RNR HMS Partridge)	(302)
G W Heath (CPO HMS Beryl & GHQ)	(411)
Major K L Adams OBE (RE Signals 13 Div)	(468)
T H Edmunds (RE Signals 9 Army Corps)	(346)
Capt J S Allan (4 KOSB & 1 KOSB 29 Div)	(245)
R Hough MC (6 Border R 11 Div)	(156)
E H Turner (RND Portsmouth Bn)	(342)
Major T H Coan MM TD (RAMC 42 Div)	(630)
W Baird MM (Ayrshire Y)	(496)
J Keatley (5 Queen's Royal Surrey R)	(675)
N Lowry (DCLI & RND attd 29 Div)	(123)
Cdre H Grattidge OBE RNR (HMS Folkestone)	(236)
S J Fenton MBE (Sherwood Rangers)	(13)

COMMODORE HARRY GRATTIDGE O B E

Captain Harry Grattidge was a founder member, born in 1890. He served his apprenticeship in the four-masted barque OSBORNE, his first voyage lasting four years. He joined the Cunard Line in 1914 and served throughout the war in the R N R. At Gallipoli he was in H M S FOLKESTONE and in 1917 while in a Q-ship he was torpedoed in the Bay of Biscay.

In the inter-war years he served in many well-known Cunarders including the ACQUITANIA, BERENGARIA and BRITANNIC. In June 1940 he was Chief Officer of the LANCASTRIA when it was sunk off St Nazaire with a loss of some three thousand lives.

For his conspicuous services he was made O B E.

His first command was as Master of the ASCANIA in 1943 and of the FRANCONIA in 1945 when it was the HQ ship for Sir Winston Churchill on the Yalta Mission.

In succeeding years he commanded GEORGIC, MAURETANIA, ACQUITANIA, CARONIA, QUEEN MARY and QUEEN ELIZABETH. He was made Commodore of the Cunard Line in 1952.

In 1958 his book of memoirs 'Captain of the Queens' was published, this recalled highlights of his fifty years at sea.

THE ANNUAL DINNER AND ITS FUTURE

Of course our dinners will fall off in numbers as the years go on. Other sources have pointed out that we are on the way to being unique in that we are still active sixty-four years after the campaign, and through coming into existence only ten years ago. Originally I had no thought of Associate Membership, but it came about and is showing its worth. Within a few years we shall be dependent on them and a time can be foreseen when only presently-styled Associate Members will exist. The future will then be entirely up to them. Our dinners have been distinctive in being held in a good setting - the Royal Air Force Club, and for one dinner at the Café Royal when the date had to be changed at short notice to accommodate HRH the Duke of Edinburgh.

A time will come when our numbers cannot justify such a setting and other arrangements are being looked into. But for one year at least the venue is to continue; it will then be up to members, and their guests, to decide for how much longer. A few points can be seen in which we may be able to draw more to the dinner. These are:

(1) A slightly earlier starting (and finishing) time.
(2) Overnight accommodation. For members living too far away to return home the same night, it may be possible for some London members to offer accommodation.
(3) Transport. In some cases members travelling by car may be able to pick up others living in their vicinity, thus eliminating the 'last train' bogey, which I know personally.

This last point may be feasible also for the luncheon; although the 'last train' side of it is absent, the difficulty of travel by public transport could be overcome in such cases.

On the last two points reference will be made to them in the issues of The Gallipolian prior to the reunions, giving members who might be able to help time to look through their Membership List to see if they can do so.

E H W B

THE ANZAC REST HOUSE ON GALLIPOLI

The Commonwealth War Graves Commission is responsible for maintaining some 32 Cemeteries and Memorials on the Gallipoli peninsula. The Anzac or Ari Burnu Area covers 1,500 acres and in the unmaintained part of the Area outside of the Commonwealth War Cemeteries there are an unknown but substantial number of unlocated graves of both the Commonwealth and Turkish forces.

In the 1950's the Commission erected in the Anzac Area a number of prefabricated bungalows to accommodate the gardeners and their families. This has become known as the Anzac village. As time passed and the village nearby developed most of the gardeners and their families asked to move into the village. In view of this the Commission decided to turn one of the cottages into a Rest House. This was so that people could visit the Cemeteries and battle areas on the Gallipoli peninsula and be suitably accommodated, alternative hotel accommodation being very basic.

This Rest House is equipped with beds, tables, chairs etc. has a fridge, a gas ring, lamps and all necessary cooking utensils, china and cutlery. A small charge is made towards the provision of gas, drinking water, the provision of clean sheets and towels and cleaning. There is a heating stove and wood for burning is available. There is also hot water and a hot shower.

Some provisions such as milk, eggs, meat and bread can be obtained in Eceabat, but it is advisable to take stores with you or purchase them en route, in Greece. If informed the night before the Head Gardener (whose English is limited), will bring fresh bread and provisions from Eceabat in the morning.

At present two gardeners and their families occupy cottages in the Anzac Village and the key to the Rest House can be obtained from them when, of course, prior reservations have been made.

DIRECTIONS FOR VISITORS:

The Anzac Rest House is situated on the Aegean Sea Coast about 13 km from the port of Eceabat on the Dardanelles. From the port, turn north on the road for Gelibolu, Kesan and Istanbul. At approximately one mile there is a CWGC sign-board 'Anzac Suvla Cemeteries'. Turn left and across the Peninsula due west for Gaba Tepe and then continue on

the coast road to the Anzac Village. Note:- At Gaba Tepe the macadam road forks right for Chunuk Bair and the New Zealand Memorial. DO NOT take this road but continue along the coast on the gravelled road.

During the summer the entrance to the Anzac Village is barred against unwelcome visitors. The rear entrance should be used.

Ferry Boat Sailings. Across the Dardenelles from Eceabat to Chanakkale:

In the summer months there are two large ferry-boats which cross one from Eceabat and the other from Chanakkale at each hour, apart from a half-hour sailing in the morning. During the winter months one ferry-boat crosses each hour from Eceabat and then from Chanakkale, apart from the morning sailings which are designed for taking schoolchildren across the strait.

Winter Sailings-

CHANAKKALE

07.30-09.00-11.00-13.00-15.00-17.00-19.00-21.00-23.00

ECEABAT

07.00-08.00-10.00-12.00-14.00-16.00-18.00-20.00-22.00

In the summer months the same pattern is adopted in the morning and then the hourly crossings take over.

During the summer months there is a considerable volume of traffic crossing the Dardanelles and vehicles have to queue in the Parking areas. A fee of TL 5.00 is charged for parking and the present rate for the ferry-boat crossing is TL 55.00 single for car and driver and TL 3 or TL 5 return for each passenger.

Visitors wishing to go to the Helles Area of cemeteries have to return to Eceabat from Anzac and proceed south. It is about 35 km from Eceabat to the Helles Memorial on the Southern most part of the cape.

Telephone communications are very difficult: a call to Eceabat from Chanakkale can take up to an hour.

Visitors who are in difficulty may contact the Commission's Local Supervisor at the following address:

A J MALPASS
P O BOX 13
CHANAKKALE
TURKEY

(Mr Malpass is AM 763)

EXTRACT FROM 'LOST ENDEAVOUR'
By Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus 42 Div (167)
(continued from No 29)

A UNIVERSITY DEGREE

This bit of trench we had won, was won with surprisingly light casualties. A close boyhood friend of mine, Frank Whitfield, was next to me as we went over the top and a few yards out was shot in the temple. Son of a Rochdale Police Inspector he was, like me, very keen on boxing as a lad, and twice a week in the Police gym. there, we'd belt hell out of one another. We were about evenly matched, and only the outbreak of war stopped us ever finding out who was the better man. When I saw him bowled over I thought the question had been decided for good. Close as we were in friendship I could'nt stop to help him - at such times you can't even help your own brother. And we'd never known who was the better with the gloves. Or so I thought.

On leave myself in my home town just after the war I was astonished to bump into him, alive and well, and with three pips on his shoulder and the R F C pilot's wings. Miraculously he's survived his early wound and with no ill effects. The very last I saw of him was later that same night after we'd spent the evening in the 'Golden Fleece' - discussing old times and comparing subsequent events. I am a bit hazy as to what happened later in the evening, but I remember the scandalized landlord of the pub., assisted by the barman and two friends, hustling us into a waiting cab about half-an-hour after closing time. Well, it was'nt our fault really - it was the landlord's own fault for selling such strong beer. The cab dropped us off at Frank's place where I spent the night, but when I awoke the next day he had gone - catching an early train back to his Unit where he was already overdue from leave. When I called at the 'Golden Fleece' the next night I was definitely 'person-non-grata' with the landlord for a few minutes, which puzzled me. But apparently after closing time the night before Frank and I had wanted to settle the question as to who was better with the gloves - and in the Saloon Bar of all places. But after the landlord recognized me as the son of a man who must have been one of his best customers, we got on famously.

Although we'd won that bit of trench fairly easily, we had to struggle hard the next two weeks to hold it, for Johnny Turk is a doughty fighter. Many times the rifle barrel and stock got so hot to the touch to avoid burning our hands, and the ground in front of us became littered with Turkish dead. By the end of these two weeks we were about all-in. It had been an endless task in the daytime and at night a continuous shift of sentry duty on the fire-step - one hour on, one hour off, in turn, right through the night. Ask any soldier who's done a couple of weeks like that - ask him what it's like - but before he answers and if you're a bit squeamish on obscenity, first stuff your ears with cotton wool. So when we stumbled along the gully one night a fortnight later on our way to the beach on being relieved by fresh troops, we were exhausted. In the picturesque littoral of the cotton towns we were 'bloody well on our knees'. On our way down we passed the troops relieving us - New Zealanders, just landed that day - full of starch, self-confidence, brash, bronzed and healthy - not like us, wan and forlorn. One of our chaps called out as we passed 'Give 'em hell, lads, show 'em what you can do'. They called back, cocksure and confident 'Just wait till we get at 'em - nobody knows what we'll give 'em'.

We relieved these New Zealanders in turn some ten days later. Chastened and quiet, they passed us glumly without a word on their way back to the beach for a rest.

On the beach we had a marvellous rest there, in the lee of the cliffs - most of the time spent in catching up on lost sleep. Even the rations were a little better but we craved for tobacco. On the lighter side of life there were amusing incidents on the beach even though at times it is prudent and kinder, before talking about them to creep under the blessed shawl of anonymity. You never know what relatives might still be left alive of these chaps. So we'll postulate a mythical Company of a Lancashire regiment enjoying their well-earned rest. One of this gang had managed to 'nick' a carton of 5,000 cigarettes destined for the 'higher-ups' whilst he was on a stores fatigue party. The 'Nicker-in-Chief' was a colourful character. In civil life he was a scrap dealer - or - as what we used to call them in those days, a Rag-and-Bone Picker. But what the hell - a rose by any other name smells the same, I guess. And what an old time Rag-and-Bone Picker didn't know about the gentle art of misappropriation could be written on the back of a penny stamp. A rough diamond alright, this one - they did'nt come any rougher,

but a staunch pal to his mates. Resourceful, cunning and unscrupulous, but to his pals faithful unto death. Graduate of the University of Life, he held an Honours Degree in the Science of Illegal Misappropriation, and a Research Fellowship in Industrial Psychological Techniques and their application to Life's tight corners. Expert pick-pocket too, his touch was light and deft, While you yawned he could abstract the gold filling from your teeth, and you'd feel it no more than a butterfly's kiss. These fags he evenly distributed among the surviving members of the Company, with about 50 fags kept in reserve - for - as he said - 'you never know wot 'appens'. In this tobacco-less Eden (!) these fags were as precious as life itself. No wonder the high-rankers for whom they were destined got a little peeved. There was a hell of a bloody row - could'nt have been more fuss if someone had pinched the Crown jewels. An order went out that all kits were to be searched, but thanks to a timely grape-vine warning the fags were 'cached' in a little hole in the side of the cliff, with just a few kept hidden handy for a crafty smoke until the row blew over. It was during the savouring of these odd fags the same night that Nemesis nearly overtook the delinquents. From behind the groundsheets stretched tent-wise over the little one-man dug-outs cut in the side of the cliff, the scent of cigarette smoke rose maddeningly on the air, attracting the attention of an officer doing his rounds. Too late to destroy the evidence but not too late for our resourceful 'Nicker-in-Chief'. He approached the officer smartly, chucked him up a post salute and produced a packet of 20 with the tell-tale identification marks on the packet. 'Beggin' yer pardon, Sir, I was just comin' to see you'. 'I found these 'ere cigarettes near the incinerator today when I was burning a bit of old rubbish, so I thought as 'ow I'd better 'and 'em in, like'. 'The lads wanted me to share 'em out, but I says - No! that would'nt be right'. 'There was one or two loose ones lying around wot I gives to the lads, but this 'ere packet, like - I says - best give 'em to an officer, I says'. 'He'll know best wot to do with 'em'.

His look of righteous oilyness as he handed over the packet was worthy of Pecksniff himself.

'You did quite right, Private - - -' 'You did the correct thing - I'll hand these in to the Quartermaster'.

'That's just wot I says to the lads, Sir - says I - An Officer will know best where to 'and 'em in, or wot to do with 'em.

No doubt this cigarette starved young officer would have known what to do with them. From the rich store of his Applied Psychology the Nicker-in-Chief dropped another gem - 'Once you've got 'em with you, you're safe' - whatever that cryptic remark might have meant.

Three months later the Nicker-in-Chief got 'his' from a shrapnel ball - over assidious in his hunt for Australian blow-belts and Australian gold. Not the first one - this chap - in the history of our race to come to grief - 'driven clean mad for the muck called gold'.

His loss was a great blow to us. We'd never see his like again. Some of the lads thought he should be canonized!

I would'nt altogether go along with that myself, but when you come to think of it, and in these more modern times, his unique gift of appropriating what does'nt belong to him would have made him a wonderfully successful train robber . . . . . or an outstanding Chancellor of the Exchequer!

To be continued

'DOWN UNDER' S W BLYTHMAN (657)

One of our members has been 'exported' to Australia, as seen in the change of address. He arried in Belmont New South Wales on the 23rd April 1979 and so was in time for the Anzac Day parade out there. He was welcomed as a hero when he jointed two local Anzacs and was mentioned in the local press under the banner heading of 'HERO'S WELCOME FOR GALLIPOLI VETERAN'. Blythman belongs also to the Gallipoli Legion Club in Hamilton, New South Wales. He served in the 5th Wiltshire Regiment in Gallipoli and later in Mesopotamia and India, North West Frontier.

A MEDITERRANEAN LULLABY near GALLIPOLI 1915

By R C CHADWICK I S O A B H M S EDGAR (416)

On a beautiful sunny afternoon in 1915 and during a lull in our usual activities of patrolling and bombarding the Turkish positions on Gallipoli, the old cruiser H M S EDGAR was lying at anchor in a little bay behind Kaffelo and the Captain had given the ships company a 'make and mend', in other words a chance for the boys to get their 'heads down'. However our whaler was the duty boat and was lying tied up astern on the after boom, and so as I was the Coxwain I appointed A B Davies to be the afternoon watch boat keeper, and later after about two hours I decided to give him a break and so I proceeded astern with this intention, only to find, on looking over the stern, that there was no boat or A B Davies, but looking out towards the skyline and almost a mile away I could just spot Davies standing in the whaler frantically waving; apparently he could not have secured the boat properly and whilst he was having a nod, the gentle lapping of the boat had worked the painter loose and the boat had drifted away. I immediately contacted the duty officer and explained and he reported this to the Commander - result 'hell let loose' as the order was given to clear lower decks and work main derrick to lower the Picket Boat. Eventually Davies and the whaler were recovered, he to be placed on the Commanders' report, and the ships crew cursing him to all eternity for having disturbed their 'shuteye'. What a catastrophe, and should a German U-boat have popped up and taken him prisoner would he have been posted absent without leave, or believed missing?

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NEW BOOK: Mr Liddle (AM 426) would like members to know about a new book entitled 'Testimony of War 1914-18'. He is buying, at a much reduced price, copies of his 'Men of Gallipoli' from his publisher. The price of this book was £6.50 but Mr Liddle will be pleased to sign, parcel and send copies of 'Men of Gallipoli' to any members who contact him directly. Will any such members please send him a cheque for at least £3, but please write also if you would like a copy but cannot afford it. A copy will then be sent free of charge.

PROUD TROOPER CONVERTED TO ' P B I'

By Alex Barclay Ayrshire Yeomanry (509)

(continued from number 30)

One night, just after darkness had come down, I received a request from the Sergeant who was in charge of the troop manning the front line on my left for help; he thought a Turkish sniper was occupying a shell hole just outside his wire and was taking advantage of being in a lower position to fire at the sentries, who had the moon behind them and thus showed up against the skyline when they moved. I kept watch from the bombsap to my left and, finally, was able to 'plot' the position from which the sniper was firing by spotting the flash of his rifle when he fired. He was too far away from the bombsap to enable me to reach him by the use of a bomb, so I took 2-3 bombs and, accompanied by a member of my squad to light the bombs, I moved along the firing line to the third firing bay and, after some consultation with the sentry on duty, who thought that he knew the shell hole that the sniper was using, and some further observation, I threw a bomb. From the sound of the explosion this bomb detonated in the open. I then threw another bomb, which definitely exploded in the shell hole which it was intended for.

I stayed on in the front line for about 20 minutes and, as nothing more was heard of the sniper, I set off back to the bombsap until I met the troop officer-in-charge of that part of the line. Evidently he had been informed of what had been happening and demanded to know who had authorised me to bring bombs into the front line. I told him that I had come to help with the knowledge, and at the request of, the Sergeant in command of the troop, but I was severely 'ticked off' and told that he did not want to see anyone carrying bombs in his sector of the front line again. 'Bombers' were very unpopular and were always avoided by other troops, especially if they were in possession of bombs. I was informed afterwards that the sniper was silenced.

In this sector too, I am sorry to say, we had the only 'bomber' im my squad killed. Due to the sickness of 2 of my squad, troopers Gilirist and H Drummond were assigned as replacements to fill the gap. Hugh Drummond was the oldest of the well-known family of Ayrshire cattle breeders from Bargower and had been in the same class as myself at school

and I was very pleased to have him. These 2 troopers joined the squad late one afternoon and took their usual turn of duty in company with one of the experienced bombers, as sentries, during the night without notable incident. As was my usual habit, I did not sleep much during the night time (which was the most likely time we would be attacked) and after having breakfast the next morning I had just got down to a good 'snooze' when I was shaken by one of my squad and told that Gilirist had been killed. He had been killed by a bullet which had hit him from behind the ear and had come out through his forehead. On investigation, I learned that in spite of orders for the use of the periscope only during the daytime and of no sniping from the bombsap, he had been engaged in sniping in the direction of his left front when a Turkish sniper had hit him behind the right ear. I was very shocked that a newly joined bomber had been killed due to his failure to keep to the safe sap drill. I gave my squad a severe telling off (especially the trooper who was on duty with Gilirist when he was killed and who, being an experienced bomber, should have known better than to have allowed him to snipe); and they were all reminded to keep to the usual practice and obey orders in future.

At about the middle of the second week of December the Regiment moved back to the 'rest' camp, where we performed the usual routine of fatigues and the training of new 'grenadiers', as we were now named. My squad had been in the two bombsaps for just over a fortnight, with only one day off for the purpose of being brought back to be issued with winter clothing, and we were very pleased to find that the rest camp had been improved by the construction of shelters partly dug into the ground and covered with corrugated iron and sandbags. These provided good shelter from the weather and also shelter from the increasing intensity of the Turkish artillery fire. Owing to the defeat of the Serbian army, the way was open for the reinforcement of the Turks by their allies from Germany, Austria and Bulgaria and the effect was being felt by us. It seemed that the shelling was being carried on by heavier guns and it was rumoured that Johnny Turk was being reinforced by Bulgarian infantry and Austrian guns and howitzers.

On coming down to the 'rest' camp I attended a Doctor's

parade. After the blizzard, my toes in both feet had been gradually getting more and more painful each day and the Doctor's orders were to put my feet in the sea for an hour, twice daily. The treatment was effective and the slight frostbite that I had suffered disappeared.

Just a few days before Christmas the Regiment again moved into the front line. On this occasion it occupied the same position which it had taken up during the last time that it had been in the line - in the 'horseshoe', astride the Krithia road and with its right flank resting on the small nullah. The 'Proud Trooper' (the Regimental history book) is somewhat lacking in maps of the trenches, but this part of the line can be best seen in a plan of trenches to be found on page 208 in that very interesting 'History of the 52 Division', written by Lt Col Thompson. I found myself with my bombers in close support of the bomb squads of the other two Squadrons who were occupying the bombsaps G 12 and F 11, immediately in front of Argyle Street. We occupied 'shell trenches' astride the communication trench, which served that part of the line and the section immediately behind the front firing trench, with only the parados separating us. The weather was very wet at this time for a day or two and then it improved. The Turkish artillery was getting more active daily, and we were kept busy in deepening and improving our trenches. As we were getting rather short of senior N C Os, I was regularly taking a turn at night as orderly N C O in attendance on the duty officer when he made the round of the sentries in the firing bays during frequent intervals throughout the night.

At about this time we learned that 'Suvla' had been evacuated; this news made us think that we were going to have a very rough time and we were proved right. At this time too I was informed by Captain Dunlop that I had been awarded the 'Distinguished Conduct Medal' for my part in the attack on the 15th November - it was the first ever award to come to an Ayrshire Yeomanry ranker.

To be continued

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THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION WALL SHIELD is an ornament to be proud of now and a future heirloom.

The PNTO and the PMLO

(Sent by Brigadier B B Rackham)

Round Tekke Burnu slowly steamed
  A British Man-of-War.
The guns were slowly booming from
  The forts of Sedd-el-Bahr.
With no lights but the fitful gleam
  Of searchlights from afar.

The PNTO and the PMLO
  Were gazing at the strand,
'Do you suppose,' the PNTO said
  'That we shall ever land?'
The PMLO said nothing, but
  He coughed behind his hand.

'If seven tugs with seven tows
  Started at dead of night,'
The PMLO said 'I wonder if
  They'd land enough to fight.'
The PNTO thought abstractly
  And simply said, 'They might.'

'And will they,' said the PMLO,
  'Land on the proper beach,
This one on X, that one on Z,
  And so on each to each?'
The PNTO held his finger up
  Like one about to preach.

'We've thrashed it out with wrinkled brows
  and tears,' the PNTO said,
'And none will land on W
  That ought to land on Z'.
The PMLO politely smiled,
  The smile of the well-bred.

'At break of dawn,' the PNTO said,
  'Our ships will open fire,
The gallant troops will then advance
  As far as they desire.'
The PMLO was indistinct,
  I think he muttered 'Wire!'

'And what is wire!' the PNTO cried,
  'Against a naval shell?
One of us goes there every day
  And shoots away like hell.'
'And do you,' said the PMLO
  'Not leave your card as well?'

But when the fateful morning came,
  Whose, how, or why, or when,
Are matters little suited for
  A merely ribald pen.
The PNTO and PMLO
  Both quitted them like men.

In after years, the text book said
  To budding G S Os,
'This is the Golden Rule for both
  PNTOs and PMLOs,
'Its no good counting up your hands,
  Before you count your tows.' '

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PNTO Principal Naval Transport Officer

PMLO Principal Military Landing Officer

EXCURSION TO SUVLA

By C E Lintott 2/10 Middlesex R (740)

It was on July 19, 1915 we entrained at Bedford about 6 am and commenced a leisurely journey via Cambridge, Stratford, to Addison Road, where we just had time to write a card to our folks at home, telling them we were leaving England for foreign parts. The porters were good enough to post them. Hours later we found ourselves alongside a ship, with no indication of whereabouts, until a friendly seaman informed us we were at Devonport.

We were soon hustled aboard with rifles and full equipment and kit bag and discovered we were now sailors as regards sleeping accommodation. I have no recollection of any food being served up since breakfast this day, when we had the next meal its now impossible to say. We eventually got away just as a glorious sunset appeared to give us a real English send off, with an escort of two destroyers, but not for long; by morning we discovered we were quite alone on the unfriendly sea approaching the area of the Bay of Biscay. We discovered after a few days this boat was a captured German pleasure cruiser, built to accommodate about 200 passengers. We were a full battalion plus some Welsh Regt. boys, so one can imagine the atmosphere in these rather crowded conditions. There always seemed to be one hammock too few because the last man to get in was unlucky and generally had to sleep on the table. There was also a scramble to get up on deck after meals and if you were not snappy there would be no space left to sit and standing room was not plentiful. Mention of meals recalls the seven pound tins we had to open ourselves of what was supposed to be meat, invariably this was really bad and had to be pushed through the port hole. Lord Nelson should have been aboard this ship - I think he was noted for his concern that his men were as well fed as possible. Aptly named the Dereflinger, I see this prison ship gets a mention in the Autumn Journal. Alexandria to Cape Helles was about as much as this boat should have been allowed to do.

We never saw Gib. as we went through during the night and on to Malta to coal; during this operation we were entertained by the locals and their boats selling cigarettes and passing the goods up by some contrivance of a rope and basket, and boys diving for coins, as mentioned on page 20 of The Gallipolian No. 30. Alexandria was our next port of call where we landed and spent a good deal of time walking round the town under strong supervision. Authority had planned a route march but this had to be abandoned as we were all tooweak to march at military pace after nearly three weeks of inactivity and poor food. How we ever made the landing at Suvla Bay, I am sure no one will ever know. After five months I got back sick to Malta, six weeks in hospital, back to England another six weeks at Chichester. Eventually I was transferred to the 2/7th Middx and went to France late summer 1916 where I stayed until March 1919. One of the very fortunate survivors of four years of terror.

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THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Articles in the journal under the names of individual members are written by them as true stories, or as true as they seemed at the time although in many cases what was recognised at the time may later have been modified on further knowledge becoming available. Some accounts may be edited to some extent, both in length to fit a particular space and to maintain uniformity of style.

THE TRUTH, THE HALF TRUTH AND NOTHING LIKE THE TRUTH

Short stories beginning with 'A Gallipolian' are on the other hand just stories, plain fiction, with the idea of introducing a humorous note into what some might think harrowing war stories, although few are.

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A young Gallipolian (Are there any?) said his new girl friend was so strong-minded that she wrote up her diary the day before.

MORE ON THE FIFTH ROYAL NORFOLKS

By Sqn-Ldr S W Jarvis 1/5 R Norfolks (742)

We landed on the beach at the northern end of Suvla Bay at dusk on the evening of August 7th 1915. After forming up in close column the battalion was led off in single file along the side of Salt Lake, which was dry. The signallers were attached to Battalion H Q with the battalion commander, Col Sir Horace Beauchamp. The Adjt instructed the signallers to keep as close to him as possible, and that anyone who became separated should keep moving South, looking out for Sari-Bair, a high ridge which was our objective. In due course the order passed back from the head of the battalion to halt, turn right, facing the direction of the enemy, and to lie down until we were roused at dawn, told to eat part of our iron rations and get ready to move off with the Adjt's party. The ground was covered with scrub and small bushes and trees; almost immediately our movements were observed by the Turkish gunners who sent over a few salvoes of shrapnel. This sent us all dashing forwards or to right or left as appeared best (safest). I found myself near another H Q signaller who was overburdened with signalling gear in addition to an infantryman's fighting order the same as I was. His name was Benjamin Balls of Yarmouth. We teamed up and pressed on together. We were not overtaken by other men, but did meet a few who had fallen out exhausted or wounded, as darkness fell we were approaching a small farm. There appeared to be a lot of rifle fire the other side of the farm. Just then a young officer appeared and asked us which battalion we were. He then said that the ground in front was strongly held by the Turks who were lining a hedge about 300 yards away and were keeping up a steady fire upon a hedge which ran down to the farmhouse. This hedge was occupied by about 50 men; Ben and I soon found a convenient firing position. The position was that ammunition must not be wasted, but every time the enemy fired they must have return fire which was strong enough to deter any attack. The ground around the farm had been well fought over earlier in the day, leaving plenty of equipment behind by casualties, which gave us ample

reserve ammunition.

We spent two days and nights defending this hedge and then at dusk on August 10th we were relieved by a body of Essex who had arrived during the day and taken cover in the farm. By midnight we arrived at a camping site and joined the other 5th Norfolk survivors, about 80 altogether. We spent August 11th resting, shaving etc., and in the evening of August 12th we marched into action in an attack on Kirech Tepe Sirt, a range of hills to the north side of Suvla overlooking the sea.

At the end of August we moved into a sector of the front line which the Australians had relinquished. The sector signal office was about 40 ft from the dividing line between us and the Australians; it soon became a recognized news centre. A few yards from our signal office and observation post had been built, it was fitted with a permanent periscope which was manned by men from the adjacent firebays - nothing to do with the signallers, but I was able to pop in to survey the scene of the entrance to a sort of well-wooded no-man's land which I have mentioned before.

The site of the trenches which we had taken over was first occupied by the Aussies as part of an extension of their front from a point about 1,000 yards away. However, they found it more convenient to have the dividing line in the centre of the Aghyl Dere which had been completely blocked up on the Turks side, by us.

Now all the books which I have read on the subject say, very briefly, that the Colonel raced off with 'C' Company and vanished. None of the books mention that what he really did was to engage about 300 Turks for the afternoon and night of the 8th August. This meant about 60 of our men who were being attacked on the other side of the farm were able to beat the enemy off for two days. I was one of them. Even after all the Colonel's men had all been killed, they had a restraining effect upon the enemy which lasted until strong reinforcements had arrived to relieve us and to carry on the attack which eventually saw us established in our newly-built trenches. A lot of credit is due to Colonel Sir Horace Beauchamp's restraining influence; his life, and the lives of those who followed in his footsteps, were not needlessly thrown away because the 60 1/5th on the other side of the farm, were enabled to hold on until relief arrived two days later.

When the Colonel commenced his attack into no-man's land he could probably not see more than 30 men following owing to the density of the trees and undergrowth; but they were there and continued to arrive for several hours afterwards. Our young officer continued to haunt the farm entrance and brought his catch to our fire-trench from time to time. We had no officers or N C Os of our own but managed very well without; all of our officers who went into action became casualties.

The Colonel was very popular; in the battalion - I should like to see his real achievements better known.

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GALLIPOLI 'RE-VISITED'

As a new Member I was privileged to attend the annual Dinner on the 2nd October and as quoted above, it was as near as possible to an actual visit. I soon found some kindred souls, both Army and Navy whose conversation and good fellowship took me back to all those years ago, when we were young and learnt what comradeship was. One seldom finds it in civilian life. In 1965, the 50th Anniversary of the Landings, I thought that some effort would have been made as regards a Pilgrimage to Gallipoli. The British Legion was unable to give me any information regarding this and of course I now know that the Association had not been formed. The nearest I got to the word Gallipoli was an advert in the paper for the Gallipoli Restaurant in the City, where a Turkish atmosphere, including Belly dancers, was provided. What the naval lower deck would call: 'Nourishment and Punishment'. Anyway 'All's well that ends well' and the letter from Major Banner in the 'Telegraph' put me and others on the track and I was proud to become a Member and look forward to further meetings.

F G Dixon 737
H M S Angora

STRAY SHOTS From The Dardanelles

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

1. THE NAVAL BOMBARDMENT PRECEDING THE LANDING ON THE 25th APRIL 1915

Awake from sleep - awake! the day is breaking - -
A grim reveille thunders forth the morn,
The air with death is pregnant, and is shaking
With salvoes that from ships of war are born;
The early mist is lifting in the distance,
Disclosing frowning Turkish cliffs of grey;
To grips at last with Ottoman resistance!
And ours shall be the triumph of the day.
The great guns speak, their slumbrous life to banish,
The bursting shells each lift a wraith of white,
Destruction brooding over - ere they vanish
To mingle with the pall of battle fight;
Now louder roar the cannon, thunder vieing,
And more their shaking bolts cleave through the air,
To carry death to those who, caution flying,
Have brought the angry lion from his lair.
For three hours long the fury's unremitting,
For three long hours the Turkish coast is hell
To those who on the shell-scarred cliffs are pitting
Their strength in vain the awful storm to quell;
The watchers in the transports are ready
Beyond the long attacking battle-line
Are tense and quiet, grimly cool and steady,
But tasting war's intoxicating wine,
At last a signal flashes forth, abating
The vigour of the guns that, gaunt and grey,
Gain brief respite while Neptune's sons are waiting
The landing force to carry on the day.

To be continued

MORE MEMORIES OF GALLIPOLI

By E G Marlow 2 Hants R 29 Div (702)

This recollection of Gallipoli really follows the story given in the previous issue, on page 31.

Six days after the landing, myself and another lad of my platoon were sent to work on a bombing sap for two hours, when two more men of the platoon were sent to relieve us. Just as we were passing, the enemy fired a shell which burst only a few feet from us, blowing the four of us to the bottom of the trench. The relief who was passing me was struck full in the face and must have been killed outright; the second relief, a six-foot burly Irishman by the name of Dorothy had his left hand smashed. I knew Dorothy, he did his training with me on the Isle of Wight; I escaped with minor scratches, pulling myself together I said to Jack to come along to the front line. He must have been in terrible pain but all he kept saying was 'I wonder how my poor old mate is?' I said he was all right and with that I took the field dressing from his pocket and started to bandage his hand when above the noise of the terrible bombardment Sergeant Major Sergold called to me 'Alright Marlow, leave him and come here, I'll see to him'. When I reach the C S M he said 'Vassey's got a smashed ankle, do you think you could get him back to the first-aid post?' I said 'Yes, Sir', but he then said 'You can't use the communication trench, several places are blown in, others are blocked with killed and badly wounded who can't escape; you will have to keep on top'. I'm not ashamed to admit that I prayed we'd get through and we did. To give full details of my story would take too long so I'll try to be brief.

Reaching the first-aid post, a huge crater full of our wounded the M O, a captain in the Australians said 'Lay him down and I'll see him as soon as I can'. With that I returned to the front line the same way and suddenly I saw Manston who told me that one or two more had been killed and others wounded but managed to get back on their own, and a few more were missing. I asked for my best frient Lance-corporal Adams, or 'Daisy'

which was his nickname in the company. I seemed to see Freddy with that sad look on his face as he answered 'Poor old Daisy was killed, I saw where a bullet had hit him in the chest so I turned him over; at the back was a hole bigger than the palm of my hand. Nota movement in him so I guessed a dum-dum, or explosive bullet which had struck his heart killing him outright. So I covered him with a ground sheet to keep off the blazing sun and the millions of flies which soon swarmed around. I carried on until August when I developed fever and was carried away on a stretcher and taken back to Egypt and the Kasir el Ainy hospital in Cairo where I stayed for several weeks, then sent back to England and a hospital in Nottingham where I stayed until recovered and after sick leave returned to my depot at Fort Gomer near Gosport. As I passed the guard at the gate I stopped dead in my tracks, for coming towards me was my closest friend Lance-corporal Adams. Shaking my hand he asked 'How the hell Ted did you get through?' I was too excited to talk but all I knew was that my prayers had been answered.

To be continued

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TURKEY IT IS

At our annual dinner we all talk Turkey, Gallipoli being part of the country which we all entered as trespassers in 1915. Ever since we started, all of ten years ago, we have ended the meal with coffee and Turkish Delight. This time an innovation, the time is on the way to Christmas, what about turkey as the main course? And so it came to pass. The Royal Air Force Club is most helpful and accommodating to us and let us hope it will remain our venue yet, but it depends on our numbers being sufficient to make it viable.

E H W B

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A Gallipolian told a pal that he had married a girl who was not 'Made in England'.
'Oh yes. Black or white'?
After some thought, 'Well, coffee coloured'.
'Yes, but black coffee or white coffee?'

A SAPPER RECALLS

By L J Matthews R Monmouth Engineers (694)

(Continued from No 30)

EARLY FRONT LINE WORK

Speculation was rife; - Where would we be sent? Italy had come into the war on the side of the Allies, whilst Turkey had come in on the side of Germany. Therein lay a difficult problem; the Turks had command of Asia Minor, The Dardenelles, routes through to the Middle East, considerable influence with some Arab tribes and they could threaten the sea lane through the Suez Canal thereby interrupting our communications to India, The Far East, Australia and New Zealand. We knew that the Navy had tried to force the sea passage through the Dardenelles to try to join up with Russia and possibly to make things difficult for the Central European powers by staging an attack through the Ukraine. The attempt by the navy had, unfortunately been a costly failure both in men and ships. The decision had then been made to try to force a way up through Gallipoli. With this in mind troops from Australia and New Zealand (ANZACS) together with forces from England, India and France had forced a costly landing on 25th April 1915.

We were sent home on embarkation leave and in early May we entrained at Monmouth for Plymouth, went aboard a troopship and set off for the Dardenelles. We were the 5th SIEGE COY. ROYAL MONMOUTH ROYAL ENGINEERS. Our Company consisted of about 600 Officers and men, with all necessary equipment, G S wagons, water carts, and about 30 horses. I suppose we were somewhat apprehensiveabout the possibility of submarine attack, but our destroyer escorts were very much alive and anyway we were soon too seasick to bother; for the passage through the Bay of Biscay was a rough one indeed. We pulled into Gibraltar for a few hours rest and to take on more supplies; then on to Malta where again we rested for a very short while. On leaving Malta we had a submarine scare andwereforced to return to Malta

and to wait until the danger had been dealt with. Eventually we resumed our journey and arrived at Alexandria safe and sound. Just a very brief rest here to get our 'Land legs' once again, then on to Port Tewfic where we disembarked. It became obvious that very little time would be wasted here, for we spent but a few days sorting out our equipment and then were ordered to get everything ready for shipment to the Dardenelles. As there were no facilities for using or even maintaining horses in Gallipoli we had to leave them and their drivers and wagons at the base camp in Egypt.

We set off for Mudros, where, once again, we disembarked. The next few days were spent in preparing for our forthcoming assaulton the peninsula itself. We were too busy to spend time thinking about what lay ahead of us and within hours, or so it seemed we were again at sea, this time in lighters and a very mixed assembly of small craft. This was perhaps the most uncomfortable trip of all, but, it was of short duration. As we drew near to our landing we could hear the sound of guns and as daylight faded we could see the red flashes and general glow of the forward action. This was our first experience of actual warfare and to say the least about it, we were naturally apprehensive.

Eventually we arrived at SEDDAL BAHRand under cover of darkness and with as little noise as possible, all lighters and small craft arrived safely; we scrambled ashore, sorted ourselves out and commenced the march across the peninsula to a point near GULLY RAVINE. By this time we were hungry and exhausted. The journey had been difficult and I suppose there was both relief and some reaction; thankful that we had landed without any hostile interference. We sought what shelter we could, covered ourselves with our groundsheets and snatched a few hours sleep till dawn.

When dawn broke through on our first day in action, we had to move very quickly, for the Turks could see us and before long they began to shell us - just to say 'Hi Tommy!! ' Fortunately no-one was hit, but

hastily, we disappeared over the cliffside, well out of sight of the enemy. Here, in the cliffside we dug caves and tried to make them as comfortable as possible, for although at the time we did not know, these caves or dugouts were to be our camp for the whole of our stay.

Once organised, our respective duties were allocated. We consisted of four companies, each of 150 men, including Officers and N C Os. Each company had its own range of duties. In our company we set off erecting wire defences, an erie experience at night, when we had to have a covering party out in front. We were immediately thankful that our home training had been so thorough. Whilst doing this work we were very alert for enemy action, ready to race back to our lines, for nobody wanted to become a prisoner of war in the hands of the Turks. During the daytime we were busy digging communication trenches, straightening the line, after an attack, or repairing damage caused by shell fire. Then, back at our base camp we had to put up landing stages and supervise the landing of supplies of all kinds. In this labour work much use was made of Gippos brought over from Egypt, as a Labour Corps.

One thing which stands out in my mind was the sight out at sea of two of our largest battleships - MAJESTIC and TRIUMPH - sunk by submarines during the naval attempt to force the Narrows, now lying bottoms up near the shore. The attempt to beach them was not successful, but after a great storm in early December they disappeared altogether. One of our greatest difficulties was the supply of drinking water, all of which had to be brought from Alexandria by special water barges. Rough seas caused delays, and subsequent hardships for troops in the line.

SOME GALLIPOLI MYTHS

The Dardanelles and Gallipoli have provided many epic stories, and are likely to for generations yet. Most such stories have been penned by veterans of the campaign and so start with a basis of truth. But as time passes others, with no experience or actual knowledge of the war write their stories with not an atom of certitude. One mention is of the 'mountain fortress of Achi Baba'. In fact it is a rounded hill of 590 feet above sea level and by no means prominent and can be walked up - not climbed - with ease. The sides are scrub covered.

A story which appeared in draft form, fortunately it does not appear to have been published, rises to the heights (or depths) of ridiculosity. It quotes 'Waltzing Matilda' as the battle song. What, in 1915? Then 'So they gave me a tin hat and gave me a gun . . ' But there were no tin hats in those days. 'And in 1915 . . we sailed off to Gallipoli'. But the Anzacs left home for training in Egypt in 1914, where they formed a pool for use as required - before the Gallipoli campaign had been 'on'. 'Well I remember that terrible day, when our blood stained the sand and the water. And how in that hell they called Suvla Bay we were butchered like lambs at the slaughter'. What! Anzacs at Suvla Bay? And the Suvla Bay landing being unopposed! 'And in five minutes flat we were all blown to hell and the wind blew us back to Australia'. . . 'And the band played Waltzing Matilda'.

After the war some Turkish sources claimed that we 'had been pushed into the sea'. But their legendary chief, Mustapha Kemal, wrote to the contrary - and he should know - 'The British were not defeated and pushed into the sea. The enemy had simply retired of his own free will'.

Of course there were many misconceptions by troops who could only see what was going on nearby. A common statement made in the early days after the 25th April was 'the Turks are on the run everywhere'. This was nothing like the case but it is an example of the sort of 'latrine rumour' that spreads, and not only in wartime. But there's a difference between opinions voiced on the spot and books published as authentic.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM A STEWARD ON A TROOPSHIP IN 1915

(Kindly sent by Mrs C Hunt of New Milton)

S S MINNEWASKA
H M Transport 1628
1915

Dear Arthur

(Personal)

'Well, Arthur, how are you getting on? What do you think of the war now? I think myself that if we can get through the Narrows of the Dardanelles it will mean the start of the finish. What a task; it will take some getting, if you only saw those hills our troops have to climb you would say it was impossible to take Achi Baba. There are two more after that is taken. We were watching about twenty battleships bombarding Achi Baba for six hours without a spell and there was the Lizzie (HMS Queen Elizabeth) keeping in the background sending in her 18½ hundredweight shells at the same time. All our cabins are shaky now; they were falling to pieces and we had to clear out when the Lizzie started, but it was a splendid sight. It was always on the move, 'Creeping Lizzie' they called her. I believe she is at home at present and after that they didn't do much damage, the guns on that hill are still intact. They are on rails in tunnels and they never fire at night - time. The recoil sends them under and out of sight. So you see the troops must raid that hill. They were a mile from the top a month ago, just when we left for home. We never see the flash of their guns; we might if they fired at night-time but if they did the ships would get them. It is marvellous the way those ships get the range, the accuracy is wonderful, they simply lift off the tops of the mountains. I tell you it looks very foggy when they have finished. But as I say, they can't locate the guns on Achi Baba. We don't go near the firing line now, we go to Lemnos, three hours

run from here, torpedo boats convey the troops.

Ever since the TRIUMPH went under we had orders for all our transports to remain at Lemnos. I believe we are going straight there now with 3000 troops. They want a million, or so they said, a month and so the MAURETANIA and the ACQUITAHIA were out there. They take 15000 between them. What a tremendous thing this war is. It was a grand sight on the 25th April when they all landed but I wouldn't care to see it again; it was sickening, boats returning with soldiers killed who never got near the beach and each boat had a mid-shipman in charge; they were plucky, those fellows may have been lads about 17 or 18. (Actually they were about 15). It would make you prouder still if you only saw the commanders of these picket boats landing the troops and this shrapnel bursting all round them and they did it as cool as a cucumber. But as I said, they have a harder nut to crack than they expected. We took a German officer prisoner, wounded, to Alexandria. He said 'You may take Berlin and Constantinople, but never Achi Baba'. You see, Achi Baba dominates the whole of the Peninsula. Our Tommies will have something to go through.

(Personal)

Yours sincerely

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SUBSCRIPTIONS 1980

Annual subscriptions will be due on 1st January next and members are asked to help by sending remittance to the Honorary Treasurer (see page 2) as soon as convenient.

The minimum rates, 50p for an Ordinary member and £1 for an Associate member, remain unchanged despite ever increasing costs and the Treasurer thanks those members who have so generously made donations which have enabled subscriptions to be kept at this level.

DESPITE REMINDERS A FEW SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1979 ARE STILL OUTSTANDING

D F B

WHITHER BOUND

By Harry Moody 5 Connaught Rangers (233)

The river flows, till sea is found
The human race - whither bound?
The longed-for peace - the better life
In a world of greed and eternal strife.
People grab another's share
Causing sadness and dispair.
Violence takes us by surprise
Another blameless person dies.
Why should life be taken away
Because of someone's stubborn way.
Must we live with strife and trouble
Life is short - only a bubble!
Where is the joy - what is the gain
Bringing sadness, fear and pain,
Who are the folk with us today
Causing other sad dismay.
What do they need, that cannot be given
What has been done, that can't be forgiven?
For a better world - heed the cost
A generation of youth was lost!
Our only wish - you understand
To live in peace in this pleasant land
Safe and free - to go our way
And see God's sunset at the end of day.

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Owing to casualties the senior present at a spot in the line took the initiative; he was a young subaltern. Before giving the order to his men he sent a verbal message along the trench to his company headquarters, the message being passed from man to man. The message was: GOING TO ADVANCE. SEND REINFORCEMENTS. But the message lost a bit in transmission and ended up as: GOING TO A DANCE. SEND THREE AND FOURPENCE.

SOME APPRECIATIONS

A recent notification of the death of a member of 97 included the following words of appreciation:
'He was tremendously proud of his membership and always looked forward to The Gallipolian. His death is no cause for sorrow as he has been both mentally and physically very frail for some time. As is so often in these cases his memory was of the past and sometimes my visits to him consisted entirely of jogging his memory about Gallipoli - and Rupert Brook. He had nothing but his O A P but I am sure it would have been his wish to donate something to the Association which meant so much to him, so I enclose a cheque . . . '

From his niece

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'Since my husband joined your Association he has become completely rejuvenated'.

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'My late father was very proud of his membership of your very select group and it is a pity that such a body must inevitably suffer reduction in its membership rather than experience growth'.

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'It is amazing what interest there is among the younger generations to the 1st world war as witnessed in the number of associate members you are getting. I know the octogenarians when they get together talk of the 1914-1918 war, but am surprised that the younger men are still thinking of the time when the whole nation turned to and realized that it was their duty to save England (Britain). So many of the present generation lack something to strive for and have too much time and too much money to bother about patriotism. All our youngsters (six of them) are working hard to qualify for jobs but will there be jobs for them at the end of their training? Computers and silicon chips are reducing the need for humans to work, but then in the early 1900s the industrial revolution put lots of people out of jobs and mankind weathered the blast.'

29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL

Members who served in the 29th Division will know of the Memorial Church at Eltham, South London, where an annual commemoration service was held on a Sunday morning near to the 25th April.

Since the closing down of the 29th Division Association in 1965 the service has been on a smaller scale as part of the normal evening service at 6.30 pm.

In 1980 the service will be held on Sunday the 27th April and all are welcomed. The church is the

PARISH CHURCH OF HOLY TRINITY
SOUTHEND CRESCENT
ELTHAM S E 9

The church displays the regimental Banners and other historic relics of interest.

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25th APRIL 1980

A small change will be made so that members may attend the Service at Westminster Abbey after the Cenotaph parade and on the way to the Luncheon and A G M. Luncheon will commence at 2 pm but the bar will open at 12 noon as usual to cater for those not going to the Abbey. Full particulars will be given in The Gallipolian for Spring, number 32.

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EASTBOURNE BRIGADE

As for the past three years the ladies of the Royal British Legion, Women's Section, have very kindly invited local members to a tea-party on Wednesday the 21st May. Further particulars in number 32.



Sister N A Pike (Mrs Laffin 723) who served with
the 3rd Australian General Hospital at Lemnos.

CHRONICAL TALES FROM THE GALLIPOLI CHRONICLES

On demobilization a Gallipolian took a job in a fishing town. The whole town was fish. After a time he wanted a change from fish diet and on a visit to another town he brought back some sausages, handing them to his landlady to cook. She was very dubious, she only cooked fish so he explained 'It's quite easy, fry them just like fish'. Next morning she served them up but he saw very little on the plate so she said 'I don't think you'll get much breakfast, there was not much left after I had cleaned them out.'

A Gallipolian and his wife didn't always agree. She said she liked her coffee 50/50 but he preferred six of one and half a dozen of the other. Their up-and-coming young son wanted his 50/40 so that it wouldn't spill over when stirred. But a not-so-dumb neighbour said his wife always gave it to him half-and-half, adding through his teeth 'Half in the cup and half in the saucer.' Another Gallipolian visitor who got to Constantinople - but by then it was Istanbul and as a tourist - said he didn't like Turkish coffee - it gave him grounds for complaint.

A Gallipolian widow as a do-gooder. She invited the inmates from a nearby hostel for unmarried mothers-to-be to tea one day. She believed in keeping their minds off their trouble and gave them all jobs. One had to get the water from the well. Another had to milk the cow. One had to dry the tea-bags from the previous day and another laid the table, etc. Finally all was ready for pouring out so she asked, brightly 'Now who's going to be mother?' And they all cried!'

Old Gallipolian: 'I'm glad to see that my old Commanding Officer is in the Honours List.'
Ye olde Dumbe Blonde: 'Oh yeah?'
O G 'Yes, he's got a C B.'
Y O D B whose mind could not rise above rancour 'How many days?'