THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

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Major Ford has been co-opted to the Committee

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2 October ANNUAL DINNER

Guest of Honour: Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Foxley-Norris GCB DSO OBE RAF(Ret)

THE FIRST REUNION IN OUR SECOND DECADE

ANNUAL LUNCHEON ON WEDNESDAY 25TH APRIL 1979

We foregather as usual at the Duke of York's HQ, Kings Road, Chelsea, near Sloane Square SW3. Underground to Sloane Square Station and buses routes 11, 19 and 222 pass the gates. Free parking for cars. Members are asked to wear their Gallipoli ties and medals, also a small card label above the medals showing name and old Unit etc, as usual. Male guests are welcome.

The cost will be £1.50, as last year, payable at the table. Drinks at the bar and at the table payable in cash. Luncheon to start at about 1 pm and the bar opens at noon. The Annual General Meeting will follow.

APPLICATION Please write to the Hon Sec if you will be coming but send no money. This notification is necessary for catering purposes. Please give your name in BLOCK LETTERS and your number is helpful. Subscriptions should be up to date for 1979. Applications in by 20 April please.

ANZAC DAY PARADE AT THE CENOTAPH

As always we are invited to join the Anzacs on the 25th. This is not an Association parade and it is not necessary for members to notify the Hon Sec if they will be present. Please be at the Cenotaph by 10.45 and look for the marker who will start a line across Whitehall at the Cenotaph.

The Gallipoli Association wreath will be laid by
Captain E W Bush DSO DSC RN

On dispersal members may reach the Duke of York's HQ either by bus route 11 from Parliament Square, or by Tube.

There is an Anzac Day Service in the Abbey at noon but this conflicts with our Luncheon and Meeting.

The accounts for 1978 are sent out with this issue.

THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION is now listed in Whitaker's Almanack for 1979 (Not Old Moore's Almanac).

Ties may be obtained from the Hon Sec. £1.50.

NOTABLE ACCESSIONS TO MEMBERSHIP

A notable event in our long (!) history has resulted from two starting points. (1) At our initial meeting and lunch on the 25th April 1969 I was given a mandate to form the Association by preparing a Constitution for the newly-formed committee to approve or amend and for members to take up. I did: They did: You did. I did not envisage any women members, largely because Gallipoli was isolated from the base at Alexandria by sea and submarines.

However, I made no specific reference to the point and only now, at the end of our first decade has the matter come up. (2) A number of Members have introduced sons, sons-in-law and nephews as Associate Members, which is both logical and helpful to our continued membership in the future. Now the reverse has occurred. A recent Associate Member, Lt-Col Dr John Laffin (718) is a war historian and a note by him is given on page 17 of this issue. He has introduced his Mother, a former Nursing Sister with the Anzacs at Lemnos and she is now number 723. She was Sister N A Pike and lives in Australia.

S Harbans Singh Thandi who has become A M 721 is the son of a Sikh soldier whose father saved our President's life by carrying him in after he had been wounded.

Another military historian who has joined is Capt Antony Brett-James who is the Head of War Studies at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. He is A M 722.

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 1 February 1979)

In the original printed journal, this page section and that on the following page contain names and full addresses of new members, and also address amendments.

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

NEW HONORARY MEMBER

Members will have read with great interest of Major Dhanna Singh in number 27, page 21 onwards. He has now become an Honorary Member and the first Indian to wear our tie. The second Indian tie is worn by number AM 721 who is listed on page 4 of this issue.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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OBITUARY (At 1 February 1979)

With deepest regret the following names are recorded:

Dr A R C McKerrow RAMC (RFA 29 Div)	(536)
W T Henson CPO RN (Ldg Seaman HMS Swiftsure)	(605)
Commander V A de Mauny DSC RN (HMS London)	(23)
H D Brewer TEM (ASC)	(169)
T Vergauen (RAMC 19 Gen Hosp)	(531)
J Simpson (Pte 9 West Yorks R 11 Div)	(511)

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R N D: CAN ANYONE HELP?

I am writing a biography of my brother 2nd Corporal David Gilbert, Section 3, No 1 Field Coy R N D Engineers, who died at Cairo on 21 June 1915. Will anyone who knew him kindly write to: Richard Gilbert, 19 Mountnay Road EASTBOURNE East Sussex BN21 1RJ.

GLIMPSES OF GALLIPOLI

by Major T Verschoyle MC 5 R Inniskilling Fusiliers (21)

1 - 1915

Although I have had the good fortune to visit the Peninsula on six occasions, my longest - and first - visit lastedfor only eight days; and 'glimpses' therefore seems an appropriate word for the title.

A suitable starting point, perhaps, is formed by the departure of my battalion from Basingstoke, where we had been encamped for three months with the rest of the 10th Division: Basingstoke was then a very pleasant small country town - but now, what a change! We marched to the station on a beautiful early summer's morning, with, as noted in my diary, the Moon, Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn all visible in the dawning sky (I must have regarded this as some sort of omen). On arrival at Devonport, the battalion was embarked on the NOVIAN (a former cattle-boat) with only twelve of the officers, the remainder, including my fortunate self, being allocated to the ALAUNIA, of the Cunard line. We only just caught our ship, for it had already left dock, and was passing through the lock when we arrived alongside.

Life on the ALAUNIA was luxurious in the extreme, with marvellous food and the only duty involved being a turn at officer of the watch. We called at Malta to coal, and then spent three days at Alexandria: there I was much surprised to be visited on board by a great friend who, in camp outside, had heard of our imminent arrival (so much for security of movement!) From Alexandria we proceeded via Lemnos to Mytilene, where we spent twelve days anchored in Port Iera. Mytilene is one of the most beautiful of all the Aegean islands; and we were able to enjoy bathing, sailing, and strolls on shore, with drives to Mytilene town for dinner: on one such occasion Compton Mackenzie appeared, engaged in one of his complicated intelligence ventures.

This idyllic existence was roughly broken, after a week, by the arrival of the NOVIAN with the battalion which - reluctently - we rejoined. Following an inspection by Sir Ian Hamilton on Aug. 2nd, we transhipped to the HEROIC on Aug. 6th, and arrived early next morning off Suvla Bay, to be involved at once in the chaos that beset that most ill-managed landing. The 'beetle' that was due to take us ashore was delayed for many hours by the misguided attempt to land at old Beach A; and we spent much of the day watching the hesitating advances to only a short

distance inland. At last we were taken off at 1600 hrs and put ashore at Gazi Baba - to be attached to a brigade other than our own, and short of one company (typical Suvla). A short, but sharp, thunderstorm soaked us soon after landing - very refreshing after the heat of the day. Within a few yards of stepping ashore, I saw my first dead Turk - an elderly bearded man in the brown uniform of the gendarmerie.

For the next week we wandered aimlessly to and fro along the ridge of Kireck Tepe, first on the sea slope and then on the land side, wondering what on earth we were supposed to be doing. The heat and chronic shortage of water (alleviated by HMS GRAMPUS) were offset by occasional bathes, when one had to watch out not only for bullets, but for sea-urchins, and, most memorably, by the arrival on Aug.14th of a mess-box from Fortnum and Mason (I can still taste the delicious juice from the tinned asparagus). The following day, we were at long last launched into an attack on the Turkish position astride the ridge; but what, until a few days before, would have been a comparatively easy task, now proved impossibly difficult. Within an hour, the battalion suffered 350 casualties, including 21 out of the 24 officers. I was lucky enough to escape with a light wound, and the next day I found myself on board a hospital ship bound for Mudros, alongside a fellow subaltern, Ivone Kirkpatrick, shot through the stomach with small apparent chance of survival, but destined for a most distinguished career, which culminated in the Permanent Under-Secretaryship at the Foreign Office. So ended my first visit to Gallipoli.

2 - 1928

My second visit took place under the aegis of St. Barnabas Pilgrimages, an organization most efficiently run by Padre Mullineux and Mrs. Barker. One among our fellow-passengers on an Italian ship was that paladin of war correspondents Henry Nevinson, whose work 'The Dardanelles Campaign', written in 1918, provides a remarkable first-hand account, in view of the comparatively scanty information then available. Another passenger was the military historian, John North, whose 'The Fading Vision' stands in a class by itself as a story of the campaign.

On our first day (Sept. 2nd) we landed at Ocean Beach. The marshy flats behind the Salt Lake were quite dry; and there was no difficulty in driving via Chocolate Hill to the Azmak Cemetery. Nevinson had been wounded at Chocolate

Hill; and he and I, with two companions, walked right along the Kirech Tepe ridge (the relevant photograph in the Official History was taken by myself on that occasion).

The next day, landing again at Ocean Beach, the same four of us ascended the Chaylak Dere to Chunuk, subsequently driving down to Seddulbahr, where we rejoined the ship. Thirteen years had made little difference to the landscape as we remembered it, and the trees planted around the New Zealand memorial had not begun to screen it.

On our last day we drove to Krithia, whence we walked up to the top of Achi Baba.

3 - 1936

This was by far the most impressive pilgrimage of all, some 600 passengers embarking on May 1st at Liverpool on the Cunarder LANCASTRIA (Destined to be sunk during the withdrawal from Dunkirk). Once again we had John North with us and this time the company included Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, and Captain Unwin VC, RN. It was a pleasant surprise to find that our table steward had been a cabin boy on the ALAUNIA in July, 1918. On this occasion the ship anchored in Kilia Bay; and, after driving to Eski Hisarlik, a few of us walked via S beach, V beach, W beach (not then out of bounds), and, after a lift to X beach, on to Y beach, whence we cut across country (and Gully Ravine) to pick up the car. As on a subsequent visit in May (1971), the beauty of the flowers was outstanding; but on this earlier visit there were far more birds to be seen than 35 years later.

On the second, and last, day we walked (or rather scrambled, for by this time the scrub had regenerated considerably) up Shrapnel and Monash Valleys to the Nek, where the new Turkish memorial had just been erected, replacing the cruder but very effective composition of snipers' plates and live shells. Returning to the beach, we started off for Suvla, but a belt of swamp held us up, and we returned to the mouth of the Aghyl Dere. North and I retraced the route of the Left Asaulting Column as far as the main fork. Then we followed Allanson up to the saddle between Chunuk and Hill Q, his halting place on Aug. 7th being easily discernible, as were the pathetic scratchings just below the crest. By this time the New Zealand memorial was becoming obscured by the trees around it.

4 - 1957

The first expedition to be led by our Chairman left at the end of May, and was attended by various hazards. We embarked at Venice on a Greek boat, which promptly ran on a sandbank, involving a delay of 15 hours. On our eventual arrival in Istanbul, we were met by Sir Leonard Stone, who had obtained permission from the Corps Commander at Gallipoli for one car to drive down to the Peninsula. Unfortunately, Sir Leonard had not realized that a military permit carried no weight with the civilian authorities, from whom a second permit should have been obtained. So, when our party of three reached Tekir Dagh, we were arrested and detained for two hours, before being returned to Istanbul: fortunately, the Director of Police had himself fought at Gallipoli - and he proudly displayed a bayonet wound.

After this false start, our trio flew to Chanakkale, where we were met by the redoubtable Millington, the Imperial War Graves representative for so many years. After driving up to Chunuk and back, we were able to get across to the Azmak Cemetery; and on the following day, the rest of our party having arrived, a wreath was laid on the Turkish memorial (under construction) overlooking Morto Bay. I did not accompany the party back to Istanbul, but made a slightly dramatic exit by boarding, in mid-stream off Chunuk, a slow-moving Italian liner bound for Athens.

This was the only visit when movements were restricted. Not only were we escorted throughout, but we were not allowed to leave the road, or approved paths, and photography was strictly controlled.

5 - 1965

My fifth visit, during a Hellenic cruise in April, scrapes into this accound by the skin of its teeth. I had arranged for a car to pick up my wife and myself, when passengers were landed for a brief visit to S and V beaches, to rejoin the ship some hours later at Chanak. Unfortunately, it was a day of gales and frequent heavy showers; and all we could manage was to drive first to X beach, and then to Fisherman's Hut, before going up to Chunuk. Suvla was barely visible under the lowering clouds, but I managed to struggle down Rhododendrum Spur to the Apex and back, before we drove down to Kilidulbahr. The crossing to Chanak was extremely rough, and we were really very lucky to arrive right way up.

Once again, our indefatigable Chairman led an admirably organized pilgrimage, which is - or should be - still fresh in the memories of those who participated, or read the reports of it. I had intended to walk up the Sazli Begt Dere, but the entrance is very difficult to locate, and once again I found myself in the Chaylak Dere. I did achieve, however, a long-cherished aim: to visit the site, behind Kuchuk Anafarta, of the HQ of the gallant Major Willmer, whose skilful handling of his scanty forces held up the vastly numerically superior invaders for two invaluable days. It was surprising, however, to find that the foreground shut out all the middle distance, leaving only the actual shore line in view.

As these glimses indicate, memories of Gallipoli remain firmly entrenched in the mind of the writer - and indeed in the minds of the dwindling band of survivors. I have referred to John North's book: little can he have guessed when he wrote it in 1936 how mistaken its title would prove. For the vision is now seen to be imperishable.

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THE FIFTH ROYAL NORFOLKS 'UP IN THE CLOUDS'

A story about the 'Lost Army of Gallipoli' was published in 'The Gallipolian' number 13 of 1973. It was a startling story and elicited correspondence from several members who had some knowledge of the matter. A brief summary of the account, and of further accounts in the next issue is given here as it may be of interest to those members who joined the Association since 1973.

The subject was brought up initially by the late R W Lacey (328) who had served in the Royal Bucks Hussars. He sent in an account in the 'Sun Herald' of the 29th July 1973 asking how did a complete British regiment disappear on the 28th August during the Gallipoli campaign? It stated that six or eight 'loaf of bread' clouds were seen to be hovering over Hill 60 near Suvla Bay. The regiment was seen marching along a sunken road towards Hill 60 and it marched into a cloud but did not come out. This was startling enough but a further reference to the subject was published in a book called 'The Eternal Subject' about unidentified flying objects (UFO) where the author Brinsley le Poer Trench continues that

after the war the Turks were asked to return the regiment but the Turks refuted any knowledge of the troops or of UFOs. Number 14 Gallipolian contains more information from various members who were in the area at the time but none saw any such 'hovering' clouds. The army turned out to be not an 'army', nor a division, nor a battalion but the Sandringham Company of the 5th Royal Norfolk Regiment of the 163 Brigade of the 54th Division, T F. The Regimental Association's official account states that the battalion advanced and pressed on vigorously until many had lost track, some finding their way back to the starting place although most of the Sandringham Company of 16 officers and 220 men were never seen again. Then four years later an officer of the Graves Unit reported finding a mass grave of 180, including 122 Royal Norfolks. They were found scattered over an area about half a mile behind the Turkish line; many were at a farm-house and had been buried by the local farmer. Apparently they had been ambushed.

Thus the so-called mystery is explained and the UFO story shown to be absurd, whether or not UFOs do exist.

E H W B

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EXTRACT FROM 'LOST ENDEAVOUR'

By Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus 42 Div (167)

(Continued from No.28)

THE POT BOILS

In the first week of June - June 6th, if my memory's correct, the pot boiled over. The battle started in a way that was pure joy to a war schizophrenic like me. I label myself thus - more in ignorance of the proper term than in self-deprecation. But what else could you call me? One part of me glorying in the splendour of it all, and the other part . . . . that little black goblin of fear and apprehension that every soldier keeps hidden at the bottom of his garden.

At 10 am by the synchronised watches, the crescent-shaped line of the light-grey painted ships of the Fleet ceased their quiet languid basking in the sun. They'd been lying there dead still on this calm Mediterranean lake ever since the sun had dispersed the light morning mists and exposed

them to view. Idle, lazy, painted ships, upon a painted ocean. They were so dead still, you'd think you were looking at a framed canvas in oils. But for the occasional wink and flash in the sunlight as the ships' brass caught the sun's rays, it was like looking at a masterpiece by some Naval artist. But almost to the second, at 10 am, all hell was let loose and the ships became a searing line of flash and flame. This Naval Bombardment was the preliminary to the battle - our battle - in which we were to survive - or not. As Allah wills! Twenty minutes of this, we were told, then 'over the top'.

Waiting for the minute hands to crawl round to 10 am and for the bombardment to begin, we appraised this line of ships behind us. From our vantage point on the higher ground they lay there on the calm sea, like ships at anchor at a Naval Review. You sort of felt that something was missing. They should have been 'dressed over-all' - or whatever it is these Naval blokes call it - y'know what I mean - strings of flags and bunting all over them from mast to mast, and the Royal Yacht steaming slowly along the line. And all the matelots hand-in-hand lining the rails, faces scrubbed clean, uniforms spotless, hat bands gleaming white, and the music of the ships' bands adding to the gaiety and spendour of the scene. And on the shore should be a joyous crowd of sight-seers - glorying in the British Navy. The Power and the Glory! Like the 1910 Review at Spithead

On our own shore we had an equally appreciative crowd of sightseers, equally appreciative, albeit a mite apprehensive. Damn and blast those little black goblins at the bottom of the garden - spoiling what should have been a perfect day out. Sun shining brilliantly, sea sparkling and clear like a day at Blackpool. The brasswork on the ships continued to wink and blink in the sunlight. The pairs of little minesweepers continued their long leisurely crawl along the waters. As peaceful and as gorgeous a Summer's day as you could wish to see. We should be reaching now for our bottles of pop and ginger beer, and bringing the sandwiches out, and waiting for the ice-cream man to come along - instead of taking sly sips of our rum ration to bloody well calm the nerves.

With a roar and a bang like the end of the world the big guns of the ships opened up precisely at 10 am and the shells screamed over our heads, sousing the enemy ground till the whole place shook like an earthquake. The light quick-firing

guns of the smaller ships kept up a continuous firework display of flash and smoke as their lighter quick-firing guns roamed and searched the smaller enemy targets. Less frequently, the 15 inch guns of the flagship let off a broadside that rattled your very teeth. A Naval bombbardment is a grand sight, though I'd hate to be at the receiving end of those guns.

Somewhere, someone must exist, denied my pitiful inadequacy of words, who could properly describe the intense elation of this 'music and the thunder of the guns'. And even discounting the fact that I really am a bit of a 'nut' - there's something weird and fascinating about this bloody Peninsula. The feel of legendary history was tangible and real and you sensed all around you the crowds of all the warriors of all the long past wars, pushing and jostling for a ringside seat at this bombardment. I'm bloody sure this place is haunted.

We watched and watched. Not for the first time in our history did the soldiers feel a profound gratitude for the British Navy. I labelled myself a war-schizophrenic, but I'll bet the most ardent pacifist of our race would have wanted to reach for his sword and lead a death-or-glory charge, once he'd had a sight of a Naval bombardment.

What the hell is it about battle that is at once so scarifying, and so enobling. Is it that men are proud to feel that at long last they have been picked to undergo the final test, their gratitude 'Now God be thanked, He's matched us with this hour'. And even should he fail the test, he's proud he went through it. The Moment of Truth is a solemn moment. Where from Above gleams the searchlight on the soul. If we survive the test to our satisfaction, what matters all else? What matters, if back in civilian life we are failures, or plumb the depths of the degradations of vice and drunkenness? All these are mere straws compared with the fact that we've undergone the final test - and won, or lost - according as we're made.

The hour creeps to 10.20 and we brace ourselves. 'There can't be a bloody Turk left alive after that lot' one of our chaps said, in awe at the havoc and devastation in front of us. A perfectly natural mistake for any soldier to make, as we were to find out in a few minutes.

Myself, I wasn't to go over the top this time. Our M/Gun section had been detailed to remain in the front line and cover the advance on a strictly restricted arc of fire. I

can't say I was sorry. Any soldier who tells you he is sorry is either a psychiatric case - or just a plain bloody liar.

The guns of the ships ceased simultaneously and the momentary contrasting silence cut the air like a whiplash. This was the signal, and from our trench a sea of bayonets disappeared into the clouds of choking dust and smoke of No-Mans-Land. Instantaneous impressions register on the mind like a photograph, indelibly and accurately. This was the first time I was not to accompany my mates, and it gave me the opportunity to see my own self reflected in them. Desparation struggling with apprehension, apprehension giving way in some cases to stark terror, exultation lifting some of them above craven fear - a bit of all these things I saw in the faces of these chaps as a bit of myself in similar circumstances. But to a single man, every man-jack of them went over - many for the last time.

'Into the jaws of Death, into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred'

The British Army doesn't change much. This time, it was only the horses that were missing.

By the sheerest bad luck our machine-gun section was unable to give our lads even the slightest support in covering fire. Just when a stream of machine gun bullets should have been making some of the enemy keep their heads down, our machine-gun team had been temporarily paralysed by a shell from one of the ships falling a bit short, just at the close of the bombardment. None of us received even so much of a scratch, but the proximity of the explosion was such that our bodies were numbed and paralysed. A sort of temporary shell-shock, I guess. Strain as we would, we couldn't make our quivering bodies obey our wills - it was like as if an anaesthetic had been pumped into our spines. It was a good three or four minutes before we were able to master our frail flesh and move our arms and legs again. 'I couldn't 'a moved a bloody inch, mates, no - not if you'd given me a five-pun note' one of our chaps described it. We felt real bad about it - not being able to give the lads our support, but by mutual agreement we decided to keep quiet about our unavoidable defaulting. In battle, your mates never like to know they have been let down - no matter what the reason, and with the Lancashire lads the code of mutual aid is more rigid than the Laws of the Medes and Persians.

'Appen Ah'll tell 'em wot 'appened, after this bloody war's over, and when we 'avin' a nice pint together back home at the 'Swan'. 'Maybe they wouldn't be so bloody peeved as if Ah told 'em now' said our Machine Gun Sergeant. He never did get round to telling them - never got a chance to, in fact. Months later, two or three days before the evacuation in fact, the Turks were making a last desperate attempt to break through our front line. They were unlucky, but it was fierce while it lasted. The Machine Gun Sergeant was all het up and agitated. I was struggling to free a jammed belt in the machine gun.

'Can tha manage on thi own, Cobber?'

'Ay, I can manage, Sarge. Why, what's up?'

'Well, the lads is a bit pushed, like'. 'Hundreds of the bastards trying to break through our line'. 'Me and the Corporal thought as 'ow we'd go and lend 'em a 'and, like'. 'Sure tha can manage?'

'Ay - I'll be alright. Good luck, Sarge'.

'Ay! - Well' . . . . He paused, regarding me doubtfully. Eventually I hit on the right cuss words and got the belt free. Then the fusilade of shots grew louder and he and the Corporal picked up their rifles and dodged up the little sap leading from our gun emplacement to the front line, to 'lend a bit of a 'and, like'. The Sergeant was a short chap, about 5'2", and the Corporal a long lanky 6'3". But the difference in height didn't seem all that noticeable when they were laid head to foot on the trench floor a few minutes later.

Then we lifted them up and arranged them tidily on the firing-step. One of the lads tucked a blanket reverently around each body, retching slightly when he came to the shrapnel-mutilated red pulpy mass that had once been the head of our well-loved Machine Gun Sergeant.

And to think that only another day or two, and they'd 'a bin off this bloody place for good' he said. 'Well, they're off for good alright, now' his mate replied, and ending with the soldier's usual obituary - 'Poor Bastards'.

But in these obituaries, it's not the words that cound so much.

To be continued

TWO COMPLIMENTS?

Following on this subject in number 27 another two have come to light.

A member was on holiday with his wife in Egypt a few years ago and lost his baggage. At least the Cairo airport authorities said it was lost but it was put on board at Jerusalem. He had to manage with only what he wore at the time for the four days in Egypt, then on the last day in Egypt he and his wife were called to the secret police HQ at the airport and interrogated. His passport had a number of visas including Russia, which called for much explaining from the stay-at-home Egyptians. After much palaver the missing case was produced, having been forced open and examined. Nothing seemed to be missing, however. Finally, after much official telephoning the police chief said 'You can go'. So they 'got'. On returning to England a question to the Foreign Office elicited the information that the Egyptians thought that some army officers had been spying and on seeing the rank on the baggage label they thought he might have been spying!

Now for the positive side. After another holiday abroad the member landed at Gatwick airport and was to be met by the driver of a car company. Usually the driver displays a card prominently but this one did not. He asked 'Are you Major X?' 'Yes, but how did you know me?' 'Oh I just looked for someone who looked like a major'.

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DON'T WE ALL?

A new member writes '. . . my reading of the journal makes me realise that I can more readily recall the comradeship, the events, the thrills, the fears, the heat, the thirst, the flies and the all-prevading charnel-house stench of sixty years ago than I can remember what I was doing during last week.'

(T W Allen MC JP 696)

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DR JOHN LAFFIN WRITES:

I have been commissioned to write a new study of the Gallipoli/Dardanelles campaign and would like to borrow from Association members any letters, diaries and documents which might help me in my researches. I would also like to ask members if they would write me a few lines about what they remember most vividly during their service on Gallipoli - that is, what most impressed them, depressed them, oppressed, interested, inspired or worried them. Of course, I will quote the source of anything I use in my book and I will return borrowed material as soon as possible. In addition to all this, I want to buy the four volumes, including two of maps, of the OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN by ASPINALL-OGLANDER. I would be grateful for any help which members may be able to give me.

This is my 40th book on war (and my 80th book in all) and the one I feel most deeply about. It will be dedicated to my mother, a Nursing Sister with the A I F on Lemnos (3rd A G H) throughout the campaign. At the age of 90 her recollections are clear. In a recent letter she says, 'I remember many Lancashire Lads who went through some horrifying times, especially with trench feet, gangrene and dysentery . . . some of the younger ones cried with the effort of being brave. I held several while they died and I recall one in particular who said quite clearly seconds before he died, 'Thank you, Sister. I'm sorry I'm so much trouble'. My mother's maiden name was Pike, a fact I mention in the remote hope that somebody will remember having met her as Sister N A Pike on Lemnos.

She has now joined the Association and is number 723.

PROUD TROOPER CONVERTED TO 'P B I'

By Alex Barclay Ayrshire Yeomanry (509)

(continued from number 28)

Within a day or so of taking over our second bombsap I was told that, as another attack on this sector by our troops was pending, I was to endeavour to try to make a break in the enemy wire by using bombs; we were so close to the enemy wire and lines that it was too dangerous for us to use our artillery to break it up. This meant the expenditure of a large amount of bombs and for 4 or 5 days

we threw, on average, about 300 bombs every 24 hours; some of these had to be thrown during the night to prevent the enemy carrying out repairs. During this time we had a special fatigue party alloted to carry up bombs from the Divisional ammunition depot, about a mile behind the lines. The breaking of the enemy wire was not a very pleasant task as quite a number of our own dead lay near the wire at the point we were to break and they suffered severe damage. A special squad of bombers from the Ayr. Yeo. were to be used for the attack through the gap in the wire which we were making and we succeeded in making a break of about 7 yards on the afternoon before the 15th November, the date on which the attack was to take place.

Towards the evening, Lieut. (Drew) Montgomery (a well-known Clydesdale breeder and farmer from Brig-of-Dee, Nr. Castle Douglas), who was my bombing officer, came into the sap and instructed me that as he, and the squad he was to lead the next day in the attack, was required to have a good night's rest he looked to me to see that the enemy would not be allowed to put up any new wire during the night. Needless to say, I was on duty beside the sentries all night and the break in the wire was still all right in the morning and there was quite a lot of excitement then throughout the unit, as it was the first time that they were to take part in an attack. The attack by 5 squads of bombers (now called grenadiers, as we had just been issued with the 'Mills' grenade) was timed for 3.00 pm and at about 10.30 am, when I was just thinking that I could do with a few hours' sleep, I was informed that I was to take over as N C O in charge of the attacking Grenadier party as Cpl Meikle had gone on the sick list. It was quite a shock to me as, in view of the result of previous attacks on this position, it was thought that there would be a lot of casualties. I still do not know how I was chosen for this job, as there were several NCO's in charge of bomber squads who were available and who had not been on constant duty during the previous night. I did not get my sleep. I first attended a communion service, arranged by the parson and attended by all those taking part in the attack, then I had to get to know my new squad of Grenadiers.

In no time the 'stand to' time of 2.30 pm came along, when we took up our positions in the firing bays from which we were to make our attack. These were the 2 bays immediately to the right of the bombsap which we had previously garrisoned. The plan, for our squad, was to attack the enemy trench on our

front and then turn left and clear the Turks out of the trench downhill towards the bed of the stream, to within 25 yards of it. Lieut. Montgomery was to lead with half of our 20 attackers with fixed bayonets and I was to follow with the remainder as soon as his men were clear of the trench. My men and myself were loaded with 12 sandbags fixed under our equipment, every 2nd man having a shovel; the others had picks and all of us had a 'waistcoat' on, carrying 6 Mills grenades. We also carried a box of cricket ball bombs in one hand and a canvas carrier containing 12 Mills grenades in the other. Our rifles, with bayonets fixed, were slung over our shoulders. I had already made up my mind that if the enemy trench had not been properly cleared of the enemy when I got to the edge of their trench I would simply jump in on top of them and engage them in any way that I could, as it would have been foolish to have stayed too long in the open. I had instructed my men to do the same and they all agreed that it was the best thing to do. The attack was to be made at 3.00 pm, 10 seconds after the explosion of a mine which was to be set off about 100 yards to our right and in front of one of the other 2 squads of Grenadiers from the Scottish Rifles, who were attacking at intervals of about 70 yards on our right.

When the attack started - on the explosion of the mine - Mr. Montgomery's party went off as soon as the debris had settled and I was to take my party over after a 10 second interval, giving him time to clear the trench immediately opposite us. Serg. Dick Frew, a well-known Ayr man who had been in the Boer War with the Yeomanry, had become a self-appointed time keeper and, as soon as the bayonet party was over, he started counting the seconds and got from 1 to 10 in about 3 seconds when he shouted, 'Over you go'. As we had no ladders it was a question of getting up and out as best we could and each of us had arranged to have either one or two of our friends to give us a push 'up and over'. I remember shoving the box of bombs over the top of the parapet, grasping one of the sandbags by the end that had been tied, and heaving myself up when it came away in my hand. I immediately threw the carrier of bombs over the top, scrambled over with the aid of my 'pushers', picked up my 2 lots of bombs and made straight for the enemy trench at my best pace. As my squad was loaded in the same way as I was they too had not been able

to get out too quickly, so we were all running towards the enemy trench in a rough line with the bayonet men in front just within a few yards of the enemy parapet, or jumping down into his trench. About half way across I suddenly noticed spurts of earth rising from the ground ahead of us and for a minute wondered what they were, when it dawned on me that we had come under heavy rifle fire. The bayonet men had got over before the enemy riflemen had opened up; this rifle fire was coming from the reserve trench of the enemy and from the high ground on our left front, on the other side of the nullah. We got over without anyone being hit, thanks to Serg. Frew's quick counting of the seconds; had he allowed the proper 10 seconds to elapse before sending us over we would probably have come under fire as soon as we had left our trench and possibly had to face a much heavier fire before we got across.

When we got to the enemy trench we found it empty, with the exception of one Turk who was just getting out of sight to our right as fast as his legs could carry him. The bayonet party were moving down the trench to their objective on the left by this time. When my party had got in, I, as instructed, turned to the right with 5 men and moved along the enemy trench to the second firing bay, where we erected a barricade and took up position and waited for the men of the Scottish Rifles who made the attack on our right to contact us. They contacted, and took over from me, about 2 hours later, just as it was getting dark. I then took my party back along the trench and reported to my Bombing Officer. I found things had gone all right with himself and his party. He had erected his barricade and was waiting until darkness came, so that some 'overhead' traverses could be erected to prevent the enemy from firing down into the trench behind our position from the high ground across the nullah.

About 2 hours later, when the 'overheads' had been erected, Mr. Montgomery left us to make contact with the Scottish Rifle bombers on our right. He came back to inform me that things were not too good there and instructed me to take over until he came back. He had learnt that the 2 bomb parties on the right had suffered a lot of casualties and were without officers or N C Os; I did not see him again until about 4 am the next morning.

During the first 2 hours following the start of our

attack there had been intense artillery and machine gun fire from both sides and the noise was terrific. Some of our naval guns were employed in pounding the Turkish back zones and communications. Our guns were working hard and when the attack started the whole of our Brigade machine guns, 32 in number, started up in support; the enemy was throwing everything he could at us, as quickly as he could, so the noise was indescribable and we had to shout into each other's ears to be heard. As the darkness came down so too did the rain, with some thunder and lightning and we were soon soaked to the skin, however I think that we were too 'worked up' to notice the discomfort; at least I was.

After Mr. Montgomery left I had an 'appreciation' to see what could be done to improve the defence of our position. The nearest enemy trench was about 35 yards away on our right front, so we dug firing steps for 2 men just to the right of our barricade and for another 2 about 15 yards further back. This allowed for 4 lookout men on sentry duty, with frequent reliefs. The remainder were, more or less, on constant 'stand to' with Mills grenades handy. The shell fire was not so heavy by this time and, realising that we had no protection in the way of barbed wire, and with such a short distance between us and Johnny Turk (there was a chance that he could be on us quickly when he made his expected counter attack), I was determined to do something about it. We were having showers and at times it was quite dark. I arranged to have a very good 'lookout' kept by the sentries and got over the back of the captured Turkish trench and, with my wire-cutters, cut 5-6 ft lengths off the Turkish wire and handed them back to my bombers where they, as I had instructed them, twisted them in corkscrew fashion so that, no matter how they lay, they would be an obstruction and threw them out between us and the Turkish trench. I hoped that, if and when, the counter attack came, this wire would trip the attackers up. I spent about an hour on this job and got a considerable lot of wire out, I had to come in once during a period when it was not so dark as a sniper got on to me and put a bullet through the haversack on my back. I discovered this the next time I had a meal as my spoon was bent and a part of the side of the handle chipped off.

At about 4 am the Turks endeavoured to counter attack, but we were ready for them and stopped them as they were

getting out of their trench. I had a good 'lookout' kept and had been standing with my forward sentries, since my wire cutting operation, with a 'Very light' pistol handy (also some hand grenades) and, as soon as we saw them move to get out to attack us, I threw a grenade and put up a 'Very light' following up with a few more bombs while the lookouts opened fire with their rifles. This stopped them immediately.

Immediately after the attempted attack Mr. Montgomery paid us a visit and left again after an assurance from me that I thought we would be able to hold off any attack. He was not too happy about the position on the right held by the Scottish Rifles, who had suffered a lot of casualties, and went off again to help; we did not see him again until mid afternoon. After he left we had to repel 3 counter attacks, the last one being just as the day was dawning and there was a little more light. On this occasion the Turks were more determined and some of them did get right out of their trench, but we managed to drive them back before they had got more than a few yards towards us. We had some help from one of our own machine-guns, firing from our left rear, the better light enabling our gunners to see what was happening.

Following that, we had a quiet day, apart from some spells of shell fire from the enemy and some retaliation from our gunners. Mr. Montgomery rejoined us at about 3 to 4 pm and informed us that the party who had been digging and clearing out an old communication trench had made contact. Since about daybreak I was almost stone deaf; no douht this was caused by the use of the 'Very light' pistol which I had used quite a lot and which, when fired, went off with a rather whizzing bang close to my face, as, before firing, the butt of the pistol had to be placed solidly on the parapet to take the recoil otherwise there was the possibility of causing damage to the wrist.

At about 7 pm we were relieved by a Lanark Yeo. Bomber Squad and came back to the main line, through the Old Turkish communication trench which our working party had been working on for about 12 hours to open up. The Turks had used it as a burial ground and these dead bodies had been thrown out onto both sides by our working party when opening up the trench. They lay sprawled, sometimes two deep, smelling

and rotting. I cannot describe how awful I felt and I just do not know how our fellows managed to carry on with the work of throwing these slimy corpses out onto the side of the trench. It is the most disgusting experience I have ever had.

We were given a hot meal, the first since we had started the attack, and told that we would not be called on during the night except in an emergency. We bedded down in the support trench, dead beaten from lack of sleep. My squad had been without sleep for 36 hours and I myself had had none for 50 hours. In the morning we woke up to find the trench we were in had been badly knocked about during the night by shell fire, but all of us had slept through the bombardment. We were informed that, early in the night, the enemy had attacked and captured the trench that we had captured the day before and that the Lanark bombers had suffered a lot of casualties, as a Turkish bomb had come into the sap and caused some of their own bombs to explode. There had been quite a bombardment, and the Lanark Res, bombers assisted by some of the Ayrshire Res. bombers had immediately counter-attacked and we were again in possession.

During the morning, the Regt. came back to the 'Rest' camp through communication trenches that were a mass of mud and, in places, half full of water and had just arrived there and settled into holes in the ground (about 6 ft long and 4 ft wide by about 5 ft deep) when the heavens opened and down came the rain again. This prevented the cooks from cooking dinner and within an hour the holes that we were in were half full of water. Cpl. Watson and I had been sharing a hole and had covered it with our waterproof ground sheets but, suddenly, the pegs holding the sheets to the side of the hole came away and water started to run in from the higher ground. We found ourselves in shirt and trousers looking down into our late 'home'which contained all of our belongings and equipment submerged in water and mud. During the afternoon and the next morning the Regt. was engaged in drying up clothes and bedding and cleaning equipment and rifles.

We were to be in the 'Rest' camp for about 10 days and during that time the weather got much colder, although it was much drier, and during that period we had a new 'exercise'. Just before we had been under orders for abroad we had been issued with the new 'high velocity'

rifle and during the last period in the trenches some of these rifles had been found to 'jam' when fired, owing to the mud and dirt caused by the rain. This could have led to serious consequences during an engagement, so it was thought that the remedy was to put all of our ammunition through the rifles every day in an endeavour to get them somewhat 'eased' in the bolt and breech. This was done every morning and I remember that we had rather cold hands during the operation. Another thing that reminds me of the cold was an order by the Medical Officer for every man to shave all the hair off their bodies. I suppose it was an effort to rid ourselves of the lice with which we were infested. Two days after we landed on the Peninsula a rumour went round the Squadron one morning that someone in C Troop had found a louse on his shirt - within minutes, most of us had our shirts off. This man was lucky to have found 'a' louse as most of us had quite a family of them and thereafter we never were quite clear of them, despite picking, washing and the use of 'Keatings' and other powders. 'Keatings' had some effect and killed some of the 'bugs' and disturbed the others, with the result that they ran all over our bodies for a few hours and were not at all comfortable to tolerate. The only way one was sure to kill a louse was to catch him, tickle him, and when he opened his mouth to laugh just to shove the tin of keatings down his throat. I remember this 'shaving of the bodies' operation very well, as we had to carry out the operation, nearly naked, on a very cold day and it was carried out to rather ribald remarks as to each other's appearance and performance of the operation.

To be continued

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THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Members may care to be reminded of the facilities of this London venue for Gallipoli and all other war front relics and records. THE GALLIPOLIAN is sent regularly and is filed for reference. Being in London it is easily accessible and likely to remain in perpetuity. Members' souvenirs of all sorts are welcomed and bequests from Members' Wills are appreciated. The Director of the Museum was the President's guest at our dinner in 1978.

WHY I CLING TO LIFE

The following is a copy of a letter sent by a subscriber to a well-known hospital in answer to an appeal.

'For the following reasons I am unable to send you a larger cheque. I have been held up, held down, sandbagged, walked upon, sat on, flattened out and squeezed by the Income Tax, the Super Tax, the Tobacco Tax, the Beer Tax, the Spirits Tax, the Motor Tax, and by every Society, Organization and Club that the inventive mind can think of to extract what I may or may not have in my possession for the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the Ivory Cross and the Double Cross, and for every Hospital in Town and Country.

The Government has governed my business till I don't know who runs it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and re-examined, informed, misinformed, required and commanded so that I don't know who I am, where I am or why I am here at all.

All that I know is that I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every need, desire or hope of the human race and because I will not go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away I am cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, liedto, lied about, held up, hung up, rung up, robbed and damn near ruined.

The only reason why I am clinging to Life at all is to see what the Hell is going to happen to me next.'

Sent by J J Abdee (652)

THE GALLIPOLIAN

From time to time, but not often enough, I receive letters from members with short accounts of memorable occurrences to them, when they saw the funny side of Gallipoli, but fear that such stories would not really interest others. But such personal stories are just what are needed; you may think that the time 'Old Bill' lost his rifle - or his rum ration, or the section sergeant's rum walked out on him, have counterparts in many of us and the stories cheer us up and make us think that perhaps the old journal is worthwhile after all. So what about doing your bit and sending in short stories of those odd moments on Gallipoli, or aboard if you were Naval?

Photographs of reunions are welcome too.

E H W B

PERISCOPE PROBLEMS

By G E Dale RFA 59 Bde (53)

There was I, an armchair old has-been, wrapt in thought and pipe-smoke. I had been harking back to that 'war to end wars', chuckling over those times when a good laugh had sone so much towards ironing out those small troubles - or worse. Then the old think-box seemed to backfire. In a flash I seemed to see a handsome young bombardier bobbing up and down in the heaving bows of a ship. Ah - yes, of course! Sometimes the funny side was a bit slow to show up and the big Ha-ha-ha would come later. And it was certainly like that with Bloggs and myself on that morning when the brigade sailed from Egypt to Mudros.

Our ship the MINNEAPOLIS was a fine liner with a certain air of refinement. 'Of course you'll realize that I'm not really used to this sort of thing' she seemed to say. And the stewards were having no truck with the 'odds and ends'. More accustomed, we thought, to sahibs than soldiers, judging from a few unusual items in our diet. Well, C-subsection were promptly appointed 'U-boat Plonkers' - we always clicked for the extra jobs - and our 18-pounder was mounted on the stern, with gunners at the ever-ready. There was a blazing sun, lots of tiny islands. Very rough seas fanned by prevailing high winds - and its no joke when a crowd of gunners have the wind for four days.

By the gun we rigged up a tarpaulin shelter, but it was like sitting in an oven. When, after breakfast on the second day, I was told to take Gunner Bloggs and open up an extra look-out in the bows I welcomed the change. Bloggs I knew was a good gunner: also a glum-faced chap of uncertain temper. As we proceeded bow-wards I could see that he was on the boil about something. I might have to take him in hand. (Having held a stripe for two months I was beginning to feel a trifle regimental, hoping I should soon learn to snarl and boom like the R S M). Then Bloggs exploded: 'Bloody curry for a soldier's (something) breakfast!' So that was it. Hadn't liked it myself but as I now pointed out, breakfast was done with. Our job now was to concentrate on spotting periscopes. To which Bloggs replied: 'There ain't no periscapes around here. It's only a gag to keep us at it!'

That wouldn't do, of course, Only a few days ago NCOs had

been lectured on the importance of keeping up discipline, morale and all that. So I gave him all the works, word for word as near as I could remember and finished by reminding him that the safety of all aboard might depend upon our resolute keenness. Bloggs, looking droopier than ever, eyed me open-mouthed. (No doubt he had noticed, as I had, that life's ups and downs were even more so in the bows. It was not going to be pleasant). However . . . 'I'll take the first turn while you pull yourself together.' I said briskly. Somewhat out of puff I stepped up to the bow angle and stood with eagle eyes scanning the prancing waves. Not a single periscope. Huh - lucky for them! But what soon claimed my attention was the way the briny kept surging up to within a foot or so of my head, then plunging as if into an abyss. A sight unlikely to comfort one with a bellyfull of curried rice.

However, I would ignore it; concentrating on my task. Nor would I heed that queasy feeling or the gurgling of protesting innards. Will-power, that was it! No - no. I would not give way. Never, Never, never! Certainly not in front of Gunner Bloggs. Never let it be said . . . No - NO! More will-power . . More! I would . . . With a sound like 'whoosh! my entire load of curried rice left me. I recoiled like a big gun into Bloggs, who stumbled backwards over some coiled ropes and sat down with a hearty thump. And how unfortunate, for both of us, that the wind was head-on. As I faced by bruised and spattered partner his rubbery face looked decidedly glum. It was hardly my fault, was it? Couldn't control the elements. There was no light of comradeship in those narrowed eyes; lips working as if about to give forth. I was in no mood to stand any 'old buck'. Drawing myself up I quelled him with one of my severe looks. He refrained from speech, but the lips kept moving - and I could tell what he was saying to himself. Ah, a clear case of dumb insolence. I cleared my throat. I'd have to DO the blighter. . .

But NO, Couldn't do that to a C-subsection comrade. Any way, his lip-reading had now been replaced by a queer puzzled expression. Suddenly Bloggs scrambled up, thrust me aside and sped to the bulwarks. Yes, a repeat performance, including that wayward wind.

Well, now we were in a right mess as, curry-spattered we eyed each other sadly. Then Bloggs contrived what for

him was a rare expression. He was actually smiling. 'Quits now, George, ain't we?' I laughed hollowly. But we both felt better after losing our breakfasts, and we helped each other to clean up. All would be well, now, we felt. Further regurgitation must await a fresh (midday) supply of ammo. Our reliefs could cope with that curry-on, as it were. Then with a start we both exclaimed: 'PERISCOPES' and ran to the bow point. Nowt but waves and seagulls.

Nor did our gun need to speak once during that voyage. Which was just as well, we thought. For 'secured' as it was with a worn rope and two sandbags we didn't care to dwell upon possible events when that gun recoiled.

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FORETHOUGHTFULLY GENEROUS

John Duncan Pears served at Gallipoli as a Petty Officer in the Royal Naval Division, Howe Battalion. He found the Gallipoli Association in May 1972 and became Member number 439. His name appeared in the obituary list for autumn 1978 (27) and after some time his son wrote that his late father had left the sum of one hundred pounds to the Association in his will. This amount was gratefully received for the general funds.

This helpful gesture is in keeping with the fine spirit which many members have for the Association and it is all very reassuring.

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THE SHORTEST SPEECH ON RECORD

This follows 'Brevity - the shortest letter on record' given in number 24 of Autumn 1977.

A Gallipolian had invited a number of friends who he knew were coming along from a distance by several cars, after a tedious journey. He thought he knew their first need and made his short speech to greet them. 'Ladies', with a slight wave of one hand to the right, and 'Gentlemen' with a slight wave of his other hand to the left.

Possibly in these days of equal opportunities the correct procedure should be just 'Persons', with a vague wave of both arms together.

E H W B

THE INCOMPARABLE TWENTY-NINTH

The division most involved in the Gallipoli campaign was the twenty-ninth. At the outset it was expected that one division would be sufficient, and had it been late in 1914 when there was little opposition that could have been the case.

At the end of 1914 we had ten regular army divisions all engaged on the Western front. Apart from the divisions there were eleven other regular battalions serving independently at overseas stations in the far east, including India, Burma, China, Mauritius and other places. These were formed into the 86th, 87th and 88th brigades, with the addition of one Territorial Force battalion - the 5th Royal Scots. These three brigades then formed the 29th Division, the last of the regulars, the previous ones being the 27th and 28th. The date of formation was thus 1914, late in the year when they were concentrated in the Midlands around Leamington.

Regular artillery brigades were provided but other units including Engineer and Signals, R A M C Field Ambulances and others were taken from peace-time Territorial units up to brigade level. Some units which would have been corps troops in a larger formation were regular, such as seige batteries, stationary hospitals etc.

Of course many units were made up to establishment with reservists and with New Army troops which were not used as Units but to complete establishments.

The 86th brigade included the 2nd Royal Fusiliers, the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, the 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers and the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers. (NB, at that time there were four battalions in a brigade, not three as later). The 87th brigade included the 2nd South Wales Borderers, the 1st Kings Own Scottish Borderers, the 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and the 1st Border Regiment. The 88th brigade included the 4th Worcestershire Regiment, 2nd Hampshire Regiment, the 1st Essex Regiment and the Territorial 5th Royal Scots. Unfortunately the last battalion was not reinforced sufficiently to keep it in being and in September 1915 it was replaced by the Newfoundland Regiment.

The division was initially commanded by Major-General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston CB DSO (Hunter-Bunter).

Two particular claims to fame for the division are the number of Victoria Crosses awarded - 27, and in the overall number of troops in the division. Although the nominal establishment was as for other divisions, through casualties the battalions were replaced three times over so that although the casualty list of 34 thousand seems impossible, it is accounted for by this fact. This figure is for Gallipoli only, it was of course greatly increased later in France.

The division was bedevilled from the start in not being supported by the usual 10 per cent first-line reinforcements. Had these been available on the 25th April it is possible that an advance could have been won. In effect the 42nd Division became the first reinforcing troops. (See Gallipolian 28, page 23).

Further, although air observation was in its infancy in 1915 the R F C could have supported the troops as well as the gallant efforts of the R N A S with their very limited resources. But no R F C machines were there.

The division left Avonmouth at dates between the 15th and the 19th March, before the date when the Admiral gave up the naval attack and called on the army on the 22nd. Landing at Alexandria late that month it refitted for a hostile landing and went to Mudros harbour for the landings on the 25th.

Among the individual exploits of the regiments the Lancashire Fusiliers were prominent with their six Victoria Crosses, all gained one morning, leading to the proud 'Six before breakfast', and to their landing place which from then on bore the name of Lancashire Landing. This was W Beach and at V Beach, not far away, the River Clyde was beached to land the Irish troops, with great loss. So much so that for a time the two battalions were amalgamated with the title of the 'Dubsters'.

Much of this brief account is based on the book 'The Story of the Twenty-Ninth Division', by Captain Stair Gillon, published by Thomas Nelson & Sons, London, in 1925. After Gallipoli the Division made another great name for itself in France.

E H W B

THE SOLDIERS' PRAYER

By Harry Moody 5 Connaught Rangers (233)

Most of you will remember the Soldiers' Prayer:-

'Not in the head or guts O Lord, not in the head or guts'.

I was with a ration party in Salonika going up the line with dixies of water and rations, some of us carrying those shining biscuit tine.

Just before we reached the brow of the hill, we were suddenly shelled by Bulgar artillery. There were no steel helmets then, and as we huddled the side of the hill, I remembered the soldiers' prayer' and interlocked my fingers on top of my head, while lumps of hard earth hit my fingers. We wondered how we were spotted and discovered that the sun shining on the biscuit tins acted like flashing mirrors giving away our position!

We remembered the solders' prayer in France when going into the line; we grasped any frail thread of relief from the realities of war,:- singing, swearing, praying, joking etc. After all, you cannot fight a bursting shell! you could only whisper a prayer of some sort, and that didn't always work!! I was wounded in the head May 1918 shrapnel piercing the steel helmet!

The soldiers' prayer - the last thoughts of many a Tommy in those terrible years of 1914-1918.

'Not in the head or guts O Lord, not in the head or guts'.

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MAJOR G R MOTT (Mention in Dispatches)

All but a very few members will know of Major Mott, our Centenarian, from the account and photograph of his birthday party given in number 27, Autumn issue 1978.

A Birthday Card is being sent to him from the Association for his one hundred and first birthday on the 23rd March.

A 'MEDICAL'S MEMORIES

By F H (Tom) King RAMC 11 CCS 29 Div (640)

(Continued from number 20)

I feel I must first make good an omission from my first article and pay my tribute to the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers. No-one who did not go ashore at W Beach in the early days of the campaign, before a more or less reasonable road had been made and much of the cliff blasted away for storage room, can have any conception of the difficulty of effecting a landing on that short, narrow stretch of beach, with only one opening to the plateau above, with barbed wire for some distance under the water, and commanded by fire from trenches all round the cliff above.

When we landed there were still bodies of the assailants at the top of the sheer cliff, with the trunks just over the cliff top and legs overhanging the beach.

We soon settled down to the routine of carrying stretcher cases all the way from our field hospital on the cliff top the two hundred yards or so to the road down and then over the sand to the little jetty which was soon constructed, for transfer to the hospital ships which anchored off-shore from time to time. There was no book-drill for lifting the stretchers from the boarded-over thwarts of ships boats, towed by naval picket boat, to the cradle, with a rope at each corner, winched down from the hospital ship - a far from simple job in any but the calmest weather, for one always had to keep an eye for the boat bumping against the ships side.

By the time my seventeenth - nineteenth by army records, of course, birthday came round on 29th May, I was well and truly hardened off.

And very near that day, one morning just before breakfast I looked seawards to the old battleship MAJESTIC to see a column of water shoot up from the seaward side and hear the explosion of the torpedo. She soon heeled over and lay for some minutes on her side and I well remember seeing one sailor among those who had clambered over on to her hull run the whole length of the vessel before diving in to the water - whether he was one of those we

picked on the shore, I never knew. The loss of the MAJESTIC and the TRIUMPH precipitated the departure of our blockading fleet, together with the old 'Packet of Woodbines' the Russian cruiser ASKOLD, with her five funnels, to the uninitiated, leaving us to feel more or less deserted till they were replaced by shallow-draught Monitors.

A submarine, whether or no the one that sunk the MAJESTIC was also responsible for the loss of our much-needed first reinforcements on the ROYAL EDWARD to the best of my memory, for we had lost a sergeant and two privates by shell fire and the prevailing intestinal diseases took heavy toll.

It was good, though, to see our own submarines E11 and E14 with their commanders, Boyle and Nasmith, surface off shore from time to time after successful forays up the Narrows.

'Dare-devil' Samson, of the Royal Naval Air Service, was also quite often seen around.

And that reminds me of my first, which might well have been my last, experience of aerial bombing. In between periods of stretcher bearing we had to make roads in our hospital and one morning we all dropped flat as we heard a plane overhead and a bomb falling - a dud, for it just split open and spilled its contents.

After the French force withdrew from Kum Kale they moved into Seddul Bahr Castle and established a medical laboratory there and, as we had no such laboratory, we relied upon them for analysis of blood, etc., specimens and as it was common knowledge, through my offices in swapping pozzy for french bread etc, that I spoke French, I was selected as the messenger after the first one went sick.

It may be remembered by any who had fairly regular contact with Cape Helles that 'Asiatic Annie' had a regular strafe in the afternoon, starting at V Beach and lengthening the range to cover the road to W Beach and then returning. Strangely enough, my time for setting out on the walk along the naturally deserted road about coincided with Annie's strafe and by the time I had the report on the previous days specimens Annie was returning.

One soon got used to the interval between the shells so could judge when to make a dash so that the next burst would be behind. I only misjudged it once but my luck was in for the shell went right into an old Turkish trench and merely covered me with clods of earth!

I wonder whether in the Association there is a survivor whom I may have helped out of the wreckage of the R E Signal Station on W Beach when it sustained a direct hit - about the same time, I believe, as the short-lived canteen suffered similarly.

It is perhaps convenient to finish this instalment of memories with the morning when on emerging from my dugout I went down in a collapse - hardly to be wondered at after nearly four months stretcher-bearing. There followed two months on Mudros before my return to the unit in good time for the final stages.

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A Gallipolian reports that on holiday in Greece he found that some visitors had complained of dirt in the salads and had complained to the manager. The mamager took action, and as he knew his English perfectly (?) he put up a notice in the dining room reading: 'ALL SALAD VEGETABLES WILL BE WASHED IN WATER SPECIALLY PASSED BY THE MANAGER.'

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A Gallipolian with an inventive turn of mind said that he had produced the best invention since sliced bread - cubic peas - so that they won't roll off the knife.

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VETERAN PENSIONERS BEWARE

The girls at St Monica's School have assisted in the preparation of three hampers for needy pensioners,making the cakes, curd, mincemeat, sweets etc. themselves. Six recipients died during the year.

Charity report

THE LINK

by Chief Petty Officer E C Coleman (AM 706)

It may strike some people as rather odd that a young man should seek the company of a group of men who took part in a military adventure 28 years before he was born. Apart from an academic interest in the actual event what else has such an association got to offer? I can only, of course, speak for myself but I have found other reasons just as important - or indeed - perhaps, even more so.

The history of England is a succession of different events linked by features common to all. I have come to believe that these common features may be more important than the actual parade of events and are the keys to our national character.

I talk of such concepts as 'loyalty' where it is natural and unordered; of 'duty' that is accepted for itself and not as the result of sterile administration. Of 'patriotism' that owes nothing to dogma; and of 'rights' that stem from humanity and not from social engineering.

Just as these ideas have provided guidelines for our people's past, so must they be kept alive for the nation's future and, in a time when it has become fashionable to sneer at such atributes, it is vitally important that they are not allowed to fade and be forgotten.

I believe that the men who went out to Gallipoli in 1915 did so in a clear-eyed manner, with minds unfogged by the dull jargon that clouds the conventional wisdom of sixty years later, and it is to their eternal credit that, despite such horror I hope I may never be called upon to witness, the survivors brought those concepts untarnished from the shores of the bloody peninsula.

For myself, I was born when England was under dire threat yet again from a mighty and savage enemy and I have lived to see an Empire bought with the lives of countless Britons thrown into the jaws of a new, and even more deadly enemy.

Change, it seems, must be the order of the day,but, if by meeting men who have carried 'loyalty', 'duty', 'patriotism' and 'right' through the white heat of conflict, I can gain some idea of their true meaning in order to pass them on to a future generation of Britons, then I count myself honoured to be allowed to do so.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS MISS PRINTED

WANTED Smart Young Man for Butcher's. Able to cut, skewer and serve a customer. (Advt)

The Mayor reported £3456 collected as fines and costs in his court during the month. The Building Commissioner reported £82 collected by him for permits. Both the Mayor and the Commissioner have left for a short vacation. (Texas News)

SAID A FARNBOROUGH SHOPKEEPER 'The Council is pulling the bread and butter from under our feet'. (Newspaper)

EARS PIERCED WHILE YOU WAIT (Notice in shop window)

FARMER S - - wishes to thank sincerely all those who assisted in the burning of his barn. (Newspaper)

The plumbers have finished their part of the contract on the new township and there now only remains the plumbing to be done. (Newspaper)

COLONEL M . . says that the fire was a terrible blow to him for he had spent a large sum of money on it and had extensions and improvements in view. (Newspaper)

After the Governor watched the lions perform he was taken to Main Street and fed twenty-five pounds of raw meat in front of the Fox Theatre. (Newspaper)

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Dumb Blonde, to her Gallipoli old boy pal:
'Is a Brigadier the same as a Bombardier?'

Still Dumber Blonde, with WW2 memories:
'Is a Field Marshal the same as a Shelter Marshal?'

Dumbest Blonde, to her girl friend: 'My boy pal is a norficer'. 'Oh yes?' with one eyebrow raised. 'Yes, he's a lieutenant-colonel'. Two eyebrows raised. 'Look, here it is: 'L/C'. 'Don't be silly, thats lance-corporal. Probably acting unpaid pro vice deputy assistant . . . '

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