- Up to Here

THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS

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THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

PRESIDENT	Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC* DL will act as President up to the A G M in April
VICE-PRESIDENTS	Vice-Admiral Sir Peverill B R W William-Powlett KCB CBE DSO Major General T H Jameson CBE DSO RM Colonel the Lord Barnby CMG CBE MVO Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook CB CBE DSO Major G B Horridge TD
CHAIRMAN & HON SEC & EDITOR of THE GALLIPOLIAN	Major E H W Banner TD** MSc C Eng FIEE FIMechE F Inst P Delphi Maresfield Park UCKFIELD East Sussex TN22 2HB Uckfield (0825) 4949
HON TREASURER	D F Bland Ment Disp RAF Torview 4 Ridgeway Close DORKING Surrey RH4 3AS Dorking (0306) 5360
COMMITTEE	Captain D M Penrose TD S Parker Bird FRICS FRVA Major J F Ford Major A G Coulson (AM) K Tranmer (AM) D A Pollard (AM)
1981 REUNIONS	Annual Luncheon and A G M, which will follow the Anzac Day ceremony at the Cenotaph and the service in Westminster Abbey. ANNUAL DINNER on Wednesday the 7th October. Our Guest of Honour will be Lord Hankey KCMG KCVO

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The Accounts for 1980 are forwarded herewith

THE PRESIDENCY

As all members will be aware, it is now necessary for a new President to take office at the Annual General Meeting on the 25th April this year.

Brigadier B B Rackham, our first President who relinquished office on moving away from London a few years ago has been acting as President temporarily, following the death of Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory.

Of our Vice-Presidents only one is able to take up the office of President, the others being limited either in health and mobility, or by location.

The Acting President will therefore propose that Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook CB CBE DSO be appointed President as from Saturday the 25th April 1981.

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ANZAC DAY PARADE

As is customary we are invited to join the Anzacs at the Cenotaph, where the Gallipoli Association wreath will be laid by Captain E W Bush DSO** DSC RN.

Members should be at the Cenotaph by 10.45, seeking our marker bearing a card showing GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION, then standing in line where shown.

Following the ceremony members may proceed to Westminster Abbey and take part in the Remembrance Service at 12 noon. Reserved tickets will be available at the parade, if members have notified the Hon Sec of their requirements. (See p 4)

TRAVEL AND TRANSPORT

An army coach will be provided at the Cenotaph:

(1) Cenotaph to the Abbey for the service.
(2) Continuing to the barracks direct.
(3) After the Abbey service to the barracks.

Alternative travel by bus 11 to EBURY BRIDGE Road. To reach the barracks from other parts of London travel to SLOANE SQUARE station by underground or bus and then bus 11 or 137 to Ebury Bridge Road.

PARKING: Free at the barracks. (NOT near Cenotaph)

ANNUAL LUNCHEON AND GENERAL MEETING

SATURDAY the 25th APRIL

This year we are being accommodated at the
GUARDS BARRACKS, CHELSEA

Members should wear their medals and a name tab, as usual practice.
Male guests are invited.
The cost will be £2 per head.
The bar will open at 12 noon and luncheon will start at 2 pm. This is to allow for members either to go direct to the Barracks from the Cenotaph, or via the Abbey.

The Annual General Meeting will follow the luncheon.
APPLICATIONS: Names in BLOCK LETTERS, please.
Please write to the Hon Secretary, to be received not later than FRIDAY THE 10th APRIL. This is essential for catering and all bookings must be paid for.
Do NOT send money with the application. Pay at table.
Drinks payable in cash at the bar or the table.

A G M

The minutes of the last annual general meeting were circulated with number 33 and so will be taken as read.
Members may raise any relevant point at the meeting.

HONORARY TREASURER'S REPORT

A print of the Audited Accounts and Balance Sheet for the year ended 31st December 1980 accompanies this issue of the Journal. Included in the figure of £30.39 sundry expenditure was a donation of £25 to the Indian Military Widows and Orphans Fund in memory of our late President. With this one explanation I trust members will find the figures self explanatory.

The thanks of the Association are again due to Mr Walter Chapman, senior partner of Messrs. Westcott Wilson, whose firm once more acted as Honorary Auditors and moreover produced some 400 prints of the Balance Sheet entirely free of cost to the Association.

D F B

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 20 February 1981)

In the original printed journal two sections on this page contains names and full addresses of new member, and address amendments.

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

OBITUARY (at 20 February 1981)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

W G Spooner (2/4 London R attd RND)	(107)
J de W Stapleford ISO (Sgt Herts Y 2 Mtd Div)	(290)
Capt A I Henderson (6 HLI 53 Div)	(601)
H Wren (Sgt ASC Supply ship SS Comedian)	(322)
His Honour R Clark (ASC 42 Div Train)	(705)
Cdr J D Walters (Mdmn HMS Doris)	(517)
C E Lintott (2/10 Middlesex R 53 Div)	(740)

CHANGES OF ADDRESS (ETC)

SOME PROMINENT ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Initially we had only veterans as Members. Then Maj A G Coulson came along and was accepted as our first AM (63). He is a committee member. (Shown below as CTTEE)

Some A Ms who have been most helpful in various ways are listed below, mainly in order of joining:

Geoffrey Duckworth (365) brought back and planted some pine cones from a tour. The story is in No 34.

Keith Tranmer (381) is most active in arranging tours to Gallipoli, particularly that in 1975. CTTEE.

Many members have helped P H Liddle (426) to form his collection of archives, and his books.

A near-Galllipoli veteran is Lt H F J Higgs RNR (599) who was concerned with the 'beetles'. See No 25.

Our most active member is of course Donald Bland (618) who nobly undertook the treasurership in 1976.

Denis Pollard (636) is most helpful in a practical way by providing duplication of Minutes, etc. CTTEE.

Lt D R F Wettern (RNR) (689) is able to help with publicity as he is the Naval Correspondent of the D Tel.

Lt-Col John Laffin MC (718) is the author of the book 'Damn the Dardanelles' reviewed on pages 14-16.

S Harbans Singh Thandi (721) is welcome as our only Sikh member. He wrote the story of our late President Sir Reginald Savory which was published in No 34.

One of our most prolific finders of new members is Tony Malpass (763). He is the C War Graves Commission representative on Gallipoli and so meets many pilgrims.

Fred Cowles (769) is only just an A M as he was en route for Gallipoli when the evacuation took place, otherwise he would be a Member. He has started a branch in Birmingham. See page 31.

Douglas Cassidy (787) joined through a personal connexion and as he is an Australian he has introduced a number of Anzacs and their descendants to membership. He is in the Australian Diplomatic service.

Last, but certainly not least, Captain C T F Fagan (703) late Grenadier Guards, was instrumental in our being accommodated at Chelsea Barracks for our Luncheon and AGM this year. (See page 4).



THE SALT LAKE

Before our landing in 1915 it was unknown to us if the surface was wet or dry. Because of this it was taken as being under water and the advance made around it. It was of course quite dry and in fact fires of the scrub started by shellfire.

The photograph above shows the Commonwealth War Graves Commission representative's Land Rover on the dry lake in August 1979. The wet weather we experienced in the summer of 1980 was also experienced out there and Tony Malpass (763 AM) our indefatiguable member on the spot reports that the lake was not dry until the first week of September.

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EASTBOURNE TEA-PARTY

This now annual tea-party, most kindly laid on for local members in and around Eastbourne, and originated by our very keen Member Jack Attwood (187), will be held as usual at the R B L Headquarters in Pevensea Road on Wednesday the 20th May. All are invited and it will be helpful for catering if members intending to be present will notify Jack Attwood about a week before. (Telephone Eastbourne 27168). Time 2.15. It is expected that a cine film will be shown, taken on the Gallipoli Tour of 1971 and showing scenes on the Peninsula and the wreath-laying in Istanbul with the Turkish army band and Guard of Honour for us.

GALLIPOLI 1915

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

(Continued from number 34)

Later, in the Sudan, my nickname was, and still is, among the ex British officials of that country, 'Lizzie', how that came about is another story. I only hope that the feminine trend of my nicknames is not owing to any feminine traits of character which, loveable in women, are not suitable in men.

Within a couple of days we were again in the line following the same routine, but it had got hotter and the flies and lice were worse. As a change to the bully beef and biscuits issued hitherto, we were given an occasional Maconochie Ration, tinned mutton and vegetables, which could be made into a very good dish. However, after the spartan diet we had had, it proved too rich, at any rate for my stomach, and I could eat very little of it.

On the 5th July the Turks made a big attack on the left of the 29th Division, Fusilier Bluff and the adjoining trenches, and put over a bombardment of over 5,000 shells, a big number for those days. Their Asiatic batteries alone fired 1,900 rounds. Our guns got on to the main attack, and but few Turks reached our trenches, whilst everywhere on our part of the Peninsula, the men took to ground and we had but few casualties.

On this occasion we were not on the Bluff but holding the front line trenches running from and to the right of Gully Ravine. My company was in support and about 1 a.m. I was awakened and given orders to take two platoons up the gully to the support of the Hampshires who were holding the Gully itself. It was a dark and winding march, only illuminated by the bursts of shells which were falling into the Gully. We evaded these by carrying on in open formation and the two platoons arrived intact just behind the barricade blocking the Gully. Here I found the company commander in charge, who showed me a series of

holes where my men could rest until they were wanted. I found exactly where they were and tied up things with the two N C O platoon commanders and then fell into an uneasy sleep. The Turkish attack was beaten off, mainly by gun fire however, so we were not wanted and were able to return to our lines just before the dawn stand to.

This was but one of many attacks made by both the Turks and ourselves during July, in which we were generally involved, either as lookers on or, to a larger extent, but no further big attacks took place until the new landings at Suvla on 6th August.

As I am not writing a history of the campaign, but only about my personal experiences in it, I shall not attempt to describe things I did not see, but shall confine myself to the petty incidents which came my way.

The battle of the 28th June which carried us further forward than any other on the Peninsula, and marked the high tide of our advance at Helles, was the biggest and most important I was in and the description I have already given of it will suffice for many of the other smaller engagements. A few other incidents may help to complete the picture however.

Although there were no general attacks in July, it was a very uncomfortable month. The drain of casualties caused by the constant gun fire, bombs and bullets, to which we were exposed all the time, both within and without the line, by day and by night, went on. Still more were caused by dysentry, which appeared to become worse as time went on and the masses of flies remained with us. Men were found dead in the latrines every day and all were greatly weakened by it. Curiously enough, I never fell a victim to this fell disease though I did not hear of a single other person who did not. I put down my freedom from it to the fact that I always conserved by rum ration until somewhere between 2 and 3 a.m. when one got that griping pain in the pit of one's stomach, and then drank it slowly.

We continued to spend about ten days in the line and then four or five in 'rest' which merely meant all day at fatigues. We suffered more casualties from gunfire and bullets than we sustained in the line. Then about mid-July we heard that we were to have three weeks at Lemnos 'to rest and re-organise'. The three weeks turned out to be three days, as we were called back at very short notice

when we had just completed 72 hours there. This was because there was 'wind up' about an expected big Turkish attack, which did not materialise. However, we did not mind going back as Lemnos proved to be very uncomfortable with almost as many flies as on the Peninsula and not better food, though there was no great shortage of water. Also, the interminable fatigues went on to an even greater extent than on the Peninsula, and these wereliberally interspersed with drill parades. We had got quite unused to drill and, though it did serve to remind us that we were still soldiers and not some kind of rodent to be treated as vermin and exterminated, we did not like coming back to it and were glad to leave it again. What did seem peculiar and almost pleasureable, except that our sub-conscious did not understand it, was the absence of shell fire and bullets which most of us had endured without cessation day and night for two or three months.

We met other units and individuals here too, most of whom had not as yet sampled the delights of the Peninsula, and were eager to hear about it, and we soon found that large numbers of new troops had arrived or were expected, so that we had more than an inkling that a new push was to be made though no one knew where or when. Later, one or two of our officers, sent back to Lemnos for visits on duty, brought us the news that the Xth Division was arriving and that the 6th and 7th Munsters and the 6th and 7th Dublins, new army battalions of our two regiments, had arrived in the 'Mauretania' on 16th July. I was to know more of these units later, on another front. Incidentally, our men were very well impressed with the new army units they saw.

Some time before this we had received sufficient reinforcements to break up into our two units again, so that we were no longer the 'Dubsters' but again the Munsters and Dublins, still of the 86th (Fusilier) Brigade.

While on this visit to Lemnos and out on a walk one day, I met a Major belonging to a Regiment, not represented on Gallipoli, who had been seconded for staff duty from the Egyptian army. I found him to be an awfully nice fellow and in the few days we were there I saw him several times and he told me a lot I did not know about the Egyptian army. This was, as far as its British officers

were concerned, a corps d'elite. They were seconded from the British army for a maximum of ten years and, at the time of their secondment, had to have at least five years service, be of the rank of Captain or above and to have served as Adjutant of their battalions. He also told me a good deal about the duties and stations in the Egyptian army, the pay - wonderful as compared with British standards - the leave and other privileges which went with it, as well as the interesting life which it gave one. All I heard from this officer fired me with the wish to join the Egyptian army as soon as the war was over but, since I was only a temporary lieutenant, not even a Regular officer and had none of the required qualifications, I realised I could not do it. However, the meeting with this officer put the idea into my head and there is no doubt, looking back, that it formed one of the turning points in my life. How wonderfully my way was cleared to enable me to carry out my wish only some three years later, will emerge as I write on.

This is only one instance of several I can find in my life in which I feel strongly that a Divine Power had my course mapped out for me and although I was only one of thousands of small pawns in the game of life, helped in ways which I could never have encompassed for myself. My big trouble is that I do not feel myself worthy of all the help I have been given, but it may be that my course may well have been plotted to help in the pattern of other people's lives.

To be continued.

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29th DIVISION COMMEMORATION SERVICE

This annual service is now of course extended to cover all Divisions etc with Gallipoli associations. It will be held on Sunday the 26th April 1981 at the Parish Church of Holy Trinity, Southend Crescent, Eltham, London SE9, at 6.30 pm as part of the regular service. The 29th Division Memorial Chapel is in the Church.

A SAPPER RECALLS

By L J Matthews R Monmouth Engineers (694)
(Continued from Number 33)

THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM
THE AUGUST OFFENSIVE

After the excitement of building the 'ESKI' line and the reservoirs, life assumed a somewhat dull pattern, if such a life, fraught with constant danger could ever be called 'DULL'. Some minor attacks were made by both sides; perhaps to straighten the line, or to capture a few prisoners, or to test out the enemy's reactions. It became our job to re-erect the wire defences, to prevent the Turks from finding positions whereby they could enfilade the line - when that happend it could be most uncomfortable. There were many scares and some rather tricky moments. I well remember the night when, with a party of Sappers we were out repairing damaged wire. There was, supposedly, a covering party out in front of us, but somehow they were in the wrong place, and the first we knew that something was wrong was when 'Johnny' sent over a flare and in its light we saw an enemy patrol approaching. We hesitated not a moment, we dropped our tools and ran like hell for our own lines - needless to say - being the company's fastest runner I was first back in the shelter of our own lines. I had no desire to become a P o W in Johnny's hands.

On another occasion, when we were in the line with the 'Diggers' we heard some funny noises out in front, coming nearer and nearer; though very much on the alert we were told to hold our fire until the very last minute. Anxious moments - seeming like days - drifted by. Gradually we could make out dim figures, with fingers on triggers we still waited, but had them all well covered. How relieved we were when these dim figures took shape as a party of Gurkas returning from a raid on the enemy lines. They were grand troops. Just imagine them - dusky faced warriors - creeping slowly towards the enemy trenches, carrying their famous knives in their mouths. They were afraid of nothing and many a time they put the fear of 'Allah' into Johnny as well as doing considerable damage to his lines and personel.

Before very long we began to notice the arrival of reinforcements and we knew that some major attack was being prepared. Among the reinforcements were a number of North Country regiments, more Australian, New Zealand and Indian troops. The atmosphere grew tense; we felt that the time had come for us to make a determined bid to drive the Turks off the peninsula and, if possible free the Narrows to enable us to give some assistance to the Russian forces and, if thought advantageous, to attack Germany through the soft underbelly of Roumania. What grand ideas these were, but, as history now relates nothing came of all the effort, loss of life, and lowering of moral. To return; our role continued to be repairing broken lines; maintaining communication trenches, keeping up water and other essential supplies. Johnny, naturally knew that something big was in the offing; so he stepped up his nightly shelling, and sent over plenty of big stuff. I remember one very hectic night, when the shelling was very fierce and we could hear the nine inchers whistling towards our lines; but, they seemed somehow just to land without exploding. We were undecided about moving to a safer spot, but said, 'Let's see where the next one falls'. Imagine our surprise the next morning when we gingerly peeped over the parapet to see a line of these unwelcome visitors, a short way out in no man's land. Anyone of them if it had exploded would have blown us all to kingdom come.

I recall now, a thought I had then, early in 1915 a party of Marines, landed at Seddell Bar Fort, right at the entrance of the Narrows. They were quite unopposed and, if they had been supported by a force of any size, who now could say what the outcome of the 'Gallipoli' affair would have been. But it was not to be - it was in fact typical of so many of our efforts; we knocked at the Turkish front door, ran away, and knocked somewhere else.

To be continued

TIES are available from the Hon Sec, £2

DAMN THE DARDANELLES By John Laffin

(Osprey Publishing Ltd London 1980 £9.95)

Many books have a misleading title: some are definitely erroneous. This title is explicit, almost everything and everybody is damned. The wrapper postulates the question - was it one of the greatest blunders of the war? or was it a strategic masterstroke ruined by incompetence on the spot? The author, an Australian Lt-Col, M C of W W 2 vintage examines both old and new evidence and gives his views without any respect for anyone's feelings.

It is of course axiomatic that nothing succeeds like success, and the converse, so that had the campaign been successful then the criticism would not be levelled. There were in fact a number of occasions on which complete victory was in the offing.

In his Introduction Laffin says: The purpose of this book is to explain the defeat, to apportion the blame and to let the soldiers speak.

At the start of the war with Germany in 1914 Turkey was a friendly neutral but we upset the Turks by withholding two warships built to order for the Turkish navy. On this Germany 'presented' the Goeben and the Breslau to the Turks. The German military hold on Constantinople was thus increased and conversely our naval hold was weakened. German orders to the Turks to fire on allied ships entering the Dardanelles effectively started the war with Turkey. This prevented our supplying Russia with armaments and our receiving their surplus grain. Churchill, and possibly others, had a scheme for opening the Dardanelles which would also lead to an attack on Germany's rear as the armies in France were locked in trench warfare.

Laffin shows that the blame for making an enemy of Turkey is firstly on the British government, followed by our neglecting to use the knowledge and experience of those naval and military officers with intimate knowledge of Turkey. They could have helped both strategically and tactically.

Asquith, the Prime Minister, was completely dominated by Lord Kitchener, then the idol of the British public. He had no general staff; all the generals were

in France and to the War Office and the army only troops in France counted.

It is often claimed that the Dardanelles-Gallipoli expedition was a fine example of combined operations. However, Laffin shows that this is invalid, the Royal Navy and the army were not called on to combine plans before action was taken by the navy.

A fault in the higher control was in the appointment of generals solely by seniority, whatever their field experience and the capacity at the time. When Kitchener decided that it was justifiable to send an army, other than those troops booked for France, he appointed Sir Ian Hamilton to command, without any reference to the navy, then controlled by the First Sea Lord Winston Churchill, or the French navy. Churchill was first supported, then opposed by the First Sea Lord Admiral Fisher. This was one of the serious clashes of personalities in the cabinet which was conducive to defeat.

One of the few commended wholeheartedly by Laffin is the Royal Marine captain, later Lt-Col and finally Lord Hankey, the secretary to successive government committees dealing with the Dardanelles and Gallipoli. As a Marine officer he was by training sailor-soldier minded and always pressed for combined action. Unfortunately he was often disregarded. First the navy had a go at bombarding the Dardanelles forts, then on being repulsed and losing a few ships gave in and handed the job over to Hamilton. Commodore Keyes, naval chief of staff, was against the navy giving up and refusing his plans for better minesweeping to allow the ships to pass the Dardanelles minefields.

The first landings were made with great heroism on the 25th April. The 29th Division made its epic landings around Cape Helles, with the Royal Naval Division, while the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (ANZAC) made their landings on the west coast at Ari Burnu. In this way 'Anzac Day' was born, the Day they became a Nation. Although there were many battles our forces were so depleted and short of ammunition each time that the original targets were never reached. The nearest to success on the ground was when the 6th Gurkhas under their C O Major Allanson stormed the ridge of Sari Bair, reaching which would have cut off the main enemy in the south and no doubt winning the war. Disastrously they were shelled off in mistake for Turks.

Finally all troops were evacuated without loss.

Two chapters of the book are significant: 'The Guilty Men' and 'Credit Where Due'. The first clearly lists almost everyone in authority both in the government in London and those in command at sea and ashore. Of the Guilty Men Stopford stands out first, having no idea of 'getting a move on' and neglecting to order an immediate advance on landing where he had a clear field with only scattered gendarmerie and no guns to face. This early failure led to the end of Suvla Bay hopes and then to the collapse of the campaign. Hamilton is shown to be blameworthy in that he did not act firmly when he saw matters were out of hand. One general given credit is General Walker of the 1st Australian Division. On the Turkish side Liman Von Sanders is commended as is of course the Turkish Colonel Mustafa Kemal, later to be the founder of modern Turkey as Kemal Ataturk.

There are many references to The Gallipolian. Charles Watkins' name is prominent, with his 'Lost Endeavour' being published serially. Laffin himself is an Associate Member and his mother served as a nurse with the 3rd Australian General Hospital on Lemnos. She later joined the Gallipoli Association, the only nurse to do so.

Illustrations in the book comprise veterans' and other photographs and an excellent series of sketch maps showing own and enemy lines, with positions of named bodies of troops before and after attacks, and objectives. A brief summary of the book is:

We should never have been manoeuvred into war with Turkey. Having done so, Churchill's scheme, possibly the only original idea of the war, was wrecked at the outset by absence of strategic planning, clashes of personalities among the cabinet and committees which were too big for taking effective action, and with no settled cabinet policy. Then, inept leadership in the navy and army. Is this lack of preparedness part of our national characteristic - desire for peace at any price and by not looking ahead?

E H W B

PROUD TROOPER CONVERTED TO 'P B I'

By Alex Barclay D C M Ayrshire Yeomanry (509)

(Continued from No 33)

On my arrival I was instructed to get a meal quickly and report to Lieut. Turner, to help him to plan and mark a route, using white markers, to enable the Regiment to find its way to V beach from the rest camp after dark for embarkation and evacuation. This was my reward for efficiency. Apart from being a 'marksman' and a trained 'bomber' I had taken a two month training course under Mr Turner in the spring of the year and had passed my test as a scout and was wearing all the appropriate badges on my sleeve. I worked all afternoon with Lieut. Turner, and found it not too easy as we had to find the best way of guiding the Regiment diagonally across various lines of communication routes and trenches during the hours of darkness. At this time there would be much use being made of these routes by relief parties, fatigue parties, etc., and also mules carrying ammunition, and pulling garries containing equipment, shells, food, water, and all the various requirements necessary to maintain the troops in the firing line and supports. There would also be parties carrying the wounded for treatment to the field hospitals, and the dead for burial; all of these different parties were sure to be clamouring and demanding priority of progress.

We finished our job and had time to get a meal before starting off with the leading file of the Regiment just as soon as it was dark enough to get on the move without being observed from the enemy observation posts. As we were moving out in the open (not in trenches) the move had to be undertaken during night time to prevent Johnny Turk from seeing and shelling us; also, although we did not know it at the time, we had to prevent the Turks from suspecting that an evacuation was taking place. After a few delays owing to collision with other parties when we had to cross busy communication lines, we succeeded in getting the Regiment to the 'River Clyde' embarkation gangways, where I fell back to the rear of the column to join up with my bombers who had been bringing up the rear.

As the embarkation process neared completion it was discovered that we would not all be able to embark, as the ship was already overcrowded and I was instructed to take my bombers, about 20 in number, along to 'W' beach and contact the beach officer there - with a chit from the Adjutant authorising our shipment from there. We were carrying our 'kit bags', which we had collected from the Regimental dump in the 'rest' camp before starting the march to the River Clyde beach and were in full 'marching order' equipment; this equipment in itself weighed 94 lb , and by this time I was about 'all out' with fatigue but managed to get my party across the one mile journey to 'W' beach without much trouble or delay - apart from having to cope with the confusion of having to find a way round, and across, the old trenches and shell craters, which had comprised the Turkish shore defence system, and which had been torn to pieces by our guns on the first assult by our troops at the landing.

After some searching I managed to contact the embarkation officer and eventually found myself and party on board a ship and out at sea, on the way to Mudros. We were packed in tightly, with standing room only, with little chance to move about when, by the greatest chance imaginable, I found myself in contact with Lieut. Montgomery - my regimental bombing officer - who had been rendered unfit through being buried by a shell a few days before and who was being sent off as a walking case. The first time that I knew that he was on board was when I heard him say, 'Hello, Barclay. How did you get here?' He had heard me speaking to one of my men and recognised my voice. I gave him all details and told him how many were in my party, of which I was able to give him a full list of names. I was also unfortunate enough to say that I had seen some of the regimental signallers on board but did not know how many; he immediately ordered me to get round the ship and obtain a complete list of all the Ayrshire Yeomen on board, their names, Regimental numbers, etc. I did not manage to complete the list until daylight came and we arrived at the harbour of Mudros some time later, by which time I felt like falling down with fatigue. This was not surprising, as I had been 3 days and nights without rest of any kind.

As the troops were disembarking, I stood beside Mr. Montgomery to assist him in collecting members of the

the regiment as they came down the gangway. As Corporal David Brown (of Plotcock Farm, Ochiltree) came down he slipped and severely injured his ankle and Mr. Montgomery ordered me to arrange for a stretcher party to convey him to the camping site. I do not remember anything after that incident, but afterwards I was told that, when I got into camp, I lay down and went to sleep immediately. When the midday meal was due comeone tried to wake me up but I did not respond and when the evening meal was due the same happened again; and the Doctor was sent for, and he, too, failed to awaken me. His orders were to let me sleep on as I would be all right the following morning. I did do just that, and after 22 hours of solid sleeping I woke up on the 1st day of January to find myself living in a strange silence, which for a moment or two I could not account for. Then, oh what a joyful realisation of what it all meant. After what I had been through during the last week, together with the fatigue that I had suffered from due to my last 3 days of activities, I was rendered incapable of settling down. Several times during the day, when there was a noise of a transport wagon coming near, I found myself almost taking cover.

Just after our morning meal, Mr. Montgomery sent for me and when I reported to him in his tent I received what I regarded as a kick on the bottom and a very high tribute paid to me. He said, 'Morning, Barclay. When I ordered you to get a stretcher for Brown yesterday morning and you turned to carry out my order you swore'. (The kick). 'I want an explanation of your conduct, as you are the last man in the regiment that I would expect that conduct from'. (The compliment). I apologised and told him that I had no recollection of swearing and that I had very little recollection of getting the stretcher for Brown and that I knew nothing after that incident until I woke up this morning. He then said, 'I have been told that you have been on constant duty for a considerable time. Give me full details'. I told him exactly what I had done since I had taken over control of the bombers, when he was rendered unfit for duty on the afternoon of the 27th. He was rather annoyed and said, 'Was there only one b-----y N C O in the regiment capable of doing what you have been doing? What were the others doing?' I heard afterwards that he rather forcibly brought the matter to the attention of the Adjutant, with emphasis on the 'overworking' of a man with a 'first class' record, to the extent that he swore when receiving an order from his superior officer.

Whether this was true or not I cannot say, but I do know that, in the afternoon of that day, my Squadron Commander (Major Norman Kennedy) sent for me and thanked and complimented me for the way that I had conducted myself during the past week and intimated to me that he was forwarding my name for another decoration. I heard nothihg more of the latter, but was greatly pleased as the Major was famous as one who was not given to handing out much appreciation to anyone for good work done. I, however, was to be rapidly promoted to Corporal and a few months later to Sergeant; before midsummer, after many of the old N C Os had gone home (as time expired), I found myself the Senior Sergeant in the regiment and, as such, Acting Squadron Sergeant Major quite frequently.

On leaving the peninsula on the 30th, the regiment left behind Captain C J F Dunlop and Lieut. P M Campbell as beach officers, to assist the evacuation, and a fatigue party under Sergeant Morton (a Darvel farmer). The fatigue party included Troopers Alex Young (from Roughdyke, a cousin of mine) and Jock Smith (a member of a well known Castle Douglas farming family) and they had quite a rough time. Their duties included helping to load the boats with army guns and equipment too valuable to destroy or leave behind.

To be continued

ONCE MORE

By Harry Moody 5 Connaught Rangers (233)

In cold dark days of frost and snows
Shivery shakes and stuffy nose,
Bedsocks on our frozen toes!
Darker days upon us close.
Wind against the window pane
Damp and fog, and chilly rain
Will we ever stroll the lane
And see the daffodils again?
Trees still keep their winter pose,
Ages since we saw the rose,
Will we be here - when winter's done
To feel the warmth of summer's sun?
We long to see the Spring once more,
To venture on the sandy shore.
But look! God's love for us remain,
Daffodils are in bloom again!

MEMORIES OF THE WORLD WAR 1914 - 1918

By Albert William Hall 6 South Lancs R (746)

I have been asked to write about my travels and service in the two World Wars, so I will begin with the 1914-18 War in which I served, and sailed to the Dardanelles, as a stretcher bearer and also dispatch rider, carrying messages of importance from the battalion headquarters to other brigades.

Now when you are a bandsman with your battalion you are trained to be a stretcher bearer and also in first aid. I happened to be leading drummer in the Drum and Pipe Band of the 6th South Lancashire Regiment and so performed the duties of a stretcher bearer during the Dardanelles campaign, as mentioned in a letter from the late Earl Attlee, who was 2nd in Command of the 6th South Lancashire Regiment.

Before joining the army I was in several prize bands, the first one was the Blue-Coat School Band at Chester. I afterwards went to the Tarporley Prize Band and competed in many contests and also won prizes. Then I had the luck to play with the Silverdale Prize Band and while I was with this band I was taken to Keele Hall, by a professional cornet player, to play before the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia - and did exceedingly well. So that explains how it was that I became leading drummer in the 6th South Lancashire Regiment and also served as a stretcher bearer throughout the 1914-18 War.

I joined up at Warrington Barracks in Kitchener's Army Group with the South Lancashires. When the Battalion was formed and after training on the barracks square, we were moved to Tidworth where there were large barracks and a training centre big enough to hold a Division. Ours was the 13th Division, this contained three brigades of infantry, a brigade of artillery with light and heavy guns, and also a medical corps and other units. So there were roughly fifteen thousand men, as well as officers. While at Tidworth we had some very hard training, both for fitness and trench warfare, also night attacks with bayonet fighting and firing on the range.

We had many visits from the Royal Family and King George V and Queen Mary. Then as the 13th Division we were moved to Deepcut on the Downs for final training before going overseas. Before our departure there was a great march past,

with King George and Queen Mary taking the salute. I was very proud to march past as leading drummer of the 6th South Lancashire Regiment. Then there was the collection of eastern kit and embarkation on the SS Assonia, which then joined the convoy from Avonmouth docks to be escorted by destroyers overseas.

We called at Gibraltar, Malta and Alexandria and then on to the Dardanelles. On the Cape Helles side we had our first taste of real warfare, which was terrific and deafening, with the battleship Queen Elizabeth firing her heavy guns on the shore at Achi Baba, which is the key to the Dardanelles itself leading to Turkey, and the warships and destroyers all firing heavily. Also the Turks were returning their fire with their heavy guns and machine guns on to our lads who were trying to get ashore. For our orders from the ship's Captain were to get ashore at all costs. We manned the cockboats and were dropped into the water and rowed to near shore, then we were ordered to jump out of the boats and wade through to the shore. Many of our lads were caught on the barbed wire entanglements and we had to help each other to hack off the wire, but many were left hanging, and we were cut up by the heavy firing of guns and machine guns so our casualties were very heavy. Those who were left were mustered together and had to bayonet charge to reinforce the 29th Division, who also had a terrible cutting up.

However, the Turks had the advantage of the hills and all their guns were in sealed cavity settings which meant they were closed in after firing making it harder for our guns to put them out of action. But although we were poor in strength we fought on. Many of our boys suffered the worse, and the wounded needed the help of our first aid men. We did all we could for them for there wasn't a field hospital or anything like that until we had gained more ground.

I was glad to be able to help with first aid and stretcher bearing and Earl Attlee had the following to say about my work there.

> A.W. Hall was in active service in Gallipoli and Mesopotania. He served as stretcher bearer - company runner and subsequently batman to the 2nd in Command of the Battalion.

He displayed high courage in the fighting at Anzac in August 1915. He bore a very high character and performed all his duties admirably.

I myself formed a high opinion of him and have always remembered him as one of the best of the many good men who served in the various units which I had the honour to command.

(Signed) C R Attlee

After a while we were relieved by a naval division unit whom we were very glad to meet, especially when they cut up some of their special tobacco steeped in rum. The only smoke we had had was dried tea leaves or other dried leaves, so to get some real tobacco, well I must say, it nearly knocked us out. But it was grand - many thanks boys.

Then we were moved across the Anzac side along with the Aussies, and went to Hill 971, otherwise called 'Chocolate Hill' - So named by the boys because it was burnt up from the liquid fire of the Turks' guns. We held the hill throughout the landing at Suvla Bay, also around the Salt Lake. We were very short of drinking water as there were no signs of wells or springs, so we were only allowed one pint of water a day. The Gurkhas used to go down to the ship and fill the packall with water and issue a pint to each man which had to last the day. Food rations were also on the short side and we depended on bully beef and biscuits. The biscuits were just like the old time dog biscuits, four inches square. But they served their purpose, for eating during the day time was impossible with the heat and the flies.

After a few days on the hill many of the men went down with dysentery and fever and we lost a good many of them for they were weak and couldn't fight the terrible sickness. Our trenches were soon filled with the dead, and with the heat and the flies they were terrible to be in. You would be set to fire your gun when one part of the firing step would sink, for a dead body would be underneath you. At times an arm or a leg would drop out of place and you were ordered to chop it off. Flies were all over the place. Really one can't explain how trying it was, but all the while your thoughts were of home in Blighty.

In time we had orders to prepare to move, the evacuation

had started. So each company in the battalion had to cover another company, and so in turn, until we got to the shore and landed in the boats. We sailed to the islands of Imbros and Lemnos and it was there that we had our first bath since leaving England. There were hot springs running through the rocks, so we stripped off our clothes and bathed in the hot water. (Wasn't it grand!) Then we were issued with a clean suit, for our old clothes were burnt because of the vermin, and we felt better men altogether.

Before going on to Egypt, I must mention that then the guns and ambulances were drawn along by horses and during the evacuation of the Dardanelles there wasn't enough room on the boats for the horses, so they were ordered to be shot. Can you imagine how the drivers felt when they had to shoot their own horses. Also in those days our airforce was rather small and the flying speed of the aircraft was only ninety miles an hour. This meant that you could see the bombs coming down, so there was always a rush to try and get to safety.

I have a letter from Earl Attlee in which he mentions my work during the evacuation at Suvla Bay, his letter starts -

> 'Do you remember the night of the Suvla Bay evacuation, when you did runner outside my dugout at Lalababa? I remember very well, when I returned to the Peninsula I saw Sgt Major Tripp, and others, who told me of the splendid work you did as stretcher bearer, going under heavy fire and collecting our wounded in the big Anzac show.'

Reading Earl Attlee's letter of my work at Suvla Bay brings back memories of comradeship throughout the dangers of war. Of the heavy fire when all hell is let loose, and the times when all goes quiet. Of going between the firing lines to bring back the wounded, without a thought of danger. Of bandaging and putting on tourniquets to check the bleeding. It makes one think, how lucky to be alive. But I was grateful to be able to do so to help the others and also to enjoy a joke and laugh. For no matter how poorly one feels there is always one person who will look on the bright side, with a joke and a laugh. It all helped, for one never

knew who would be left on the morrow. Throughout the Dardanelles campaign many lives were lost and our gain was nothing, but to evacuate. The campaign was really one sided, the Turks had the upper hand.

We left the Dardanelles and sailed to Alexandria in Egypt, and it was there that we had our first pay since leaving England. So we washed the sand away and had a little freedom. But it was short lived for the 13th Division was made up to full strength and equipped for Mesopotania. General Maud was now in command and he had volunteered to relieve General Townsend who was surrounded at Kut in Iraq. We just managed to save them for they were in a very poor state, short of rations and ammunitions, and very weak, not able to stand or walk. The RAMC did all they could and saved a lot and it was great to see them safely on the hospital ship, knowing they would be well looked after.

ARE YOU THE MISSING MEMBER?

According to the books one member is missing. Subscriptions are due on the 1st of January annually and someone has slipped somewhere. Remember the most famous recruiting poster of all times: Lord Kitchener, facing and pointing prominently 'YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NEED Y O U.' Are you the YOU referred to?

Never let it be said that the Gallipoli Association and the journal THE GALLIPOLIAN, failed through one member forgetting to send along his mite in time. A Banker's Order is a very convenient way to be in time. Askthe honorary treasurer for one.

LIGHTER VEIN IN VAIN

Three Turkish officers had been captured and taken to Battalion HQ for interrogation. All were educated men and not averse to capture by the British whom they preferred to their German senior officers. In the fraternisation which followed one of them was asked if he had a family. He replied 'No, my wife, she is unbearable'. The other two laughed and one said 'No, you mean impregnable'. On this the third man put in 'No, you mean she's inconceivable'.

THE 'RIVER CLYDE'

By F G Dixon AB HMS Angora (737)

It is strange how facts get confused in the mists of time. In the 'Sunday Observer' Colour Magazine for the 11th January 1981 was an article by someone described as an 'ex-GI' on an Helenic cruise to Greece and Turkey and tells of a visit to the Plain of Troy and the ancient battlefields towards Kum Kale facing the Dardanelles where 3100 years later, brave Scots stormed ashore from the 'City of Glasgow' under withering fire to die on the Gallipoli beaches.

I sent a letter to the editor of the magazine pointing out that the ship was the 'River Clyde'. I did not receive any reply.

A search in my local library of books dealing with the operations does not reveal any Scots at this landing (V Beach). The Dublins, Munsters, Hampshires and R N D Anson Battalion are the only troops mentioned, although I will stand correction.

(Editor) This letter is correct and it casts doubt on the veracity of a reputed newspaper to publish such stories which are obviously spurious. Were there any 'ex-GIs' involved? This was in 1915, remember. The story gives the impression that 'towards Kum Kale' means that the attack was on the Asiatic shore at Kum Kale, not at V Beach where the 'River Clyde' was beached. The French forces landed at Kum Kale. Evidently the story-teller wanted to bring the 'Wooden Horse of Troy' into the picture, but this was the 'River Clyde' at V Beach. Certainly there were no Scots regiments involved in the V Beach landing.

I myself went out in the 'City of Edinburgh' and to my knowledge there was no 'City of Glasgow' involved. The statement by an 'ex-GI' who apparently has no idea of the Dardanelles-Gallipoli campaign is obviously incorrect and it is surprising that a national newspaper should publish such a story as gospel, and ignore a letter sent as a correction. Historical cruises such as this one usually carry an official historian with local knowledge. At least one of our members has acted in this way - and he knows what he is talking about.

EXTRACT FROM 'TRUMPETER SOUNDING'

By the late Trumpeter D N Meneaud-Lissenburg MFA (437)

It was, as I recall, in the early hours of 24th April 1915, that Lieutenant MIDDLETON, with Corporal LAWRENCE, Bombardiers ARMITAGE, HEPPEL and Shady LANE, embarked on H M T CALEDONIA, to act as Forward Observation Officer to the Battleships ALBION and LORD NELSON; and I, together with a signaller from each of 10th and 368th Battery, embarked on the Collier RIVER CLYDE, then still in Mudros harbour, to be held in Reserve.

Of course, one in so lowly a position as I, could hardly have known the purpose of this exercise at the time; particularly, as I recall, when we were never told anything; and, as a Regular soldier should, we instantly obeyed orders, with implicit trust in our superiors. I was told I was a reserve signaller and that was all I knew. ..... .

However, I do know that cramped below, in the bowels of the ship, I found I was amongst the Dublin Fusiliers among whom were several of my friends I met when stationed with the regiment at Madras and St Thomas' Mount; the MUNSTER Fusiliers amongst whom were two of my college pals of Coonoor days; the brothers Patrick and John Daly - both killed together in the second battle of KRITHIA. Here, I was also priviledged to mingle with men of the HAMPSHIRES, WORCESTERSHIRES, the Royal Naval Division (ANSON), Royal Engineers Signal section and others. It was at this moment I felt the greatest change come over my life. I was transformed from an exuberant Youth to a state of responsible Manhood. It was indeed, a proud and exhilarating experience.

We, the auxiliaries, so to speak, were taken to a lower deck and ordered to remain there until further orders. Here we waited with eager anticipation, the events that were to follow. At dusk the RIVER CLYDE left Mudros, arriving before daybreak off the coast of the Peninsula, where the Collier stood out some distance from the shore.

At dawn the Collier moved slowly forward inshore and foundered with a crunch. It was, by my watch, 0645 hr. Immediately the Sally Ports were opened and all hell broke loose. Standing on the ladder some distance from the sally port, I watched these gallant fellows go forward silently and unflinchingly in their turn towards the opening, every man outwardly calm and seemingly assured of ultimate victory, whilst the rattle of machine gun bullets and the scream of the shells could be heard against the side of the ship and overhead.

Mercifully my turn to emerge never came and I wondered why. In the day and night and the day again that followed, we waited in suspence, listening to the excited tales of the wounded who had miraculously landed and survived. On the evening of the 27th April, the small-arms fire seemed to have ceased in the immediate vicinity and now sounded far away.

To my relief, I saw the figure and heard the familiar voice of Corporal Lawrence as he descended the ladder, followed by the other three N C Os. This was indeed heartening. In the dim light he told us that, with Lieut. MIDDLETON, they had landed from a rowing-boat, on the corner of 'V' Beach farthest from the Castle of Seddul Bahr, at the same time as the Collier ran ashore. Lieutenant Middleton was immediately severely wounded in the arm and was taken away, and he and the other had taken cover under a small ridge until the night of 27th. On reporting the loss of the Officer, by signal lamp, he was ordered to embark on the RIVER CLYDE, forthwith. He did not say by whom.

Strange and incredulous as it may seem, I saw nothing of the actual fighting that ensued during the previous 48 hours on the land, nor did I see any of the carnage on the beach, although I was amidst the terrible turmoil and slaughter. I, of course, saw, and helped, to succour the wounded that were carried into the portion of the inner deck acting as a First Aid Station.

We were taken back to the MANITOU by a barge manned by the Royal Navy. I marvelled at the expert manner in which the sailors manoeuvred the barges in the darkness of the night.

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Note. I did not actually land on the Peninsula until the afternoon of the 30th of April, when the battery went ashore on W Beach in time to take part in the severe battle on the night of 1st May 1915 - MAY DAY.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

By R A Haley QFSM (587 AM)

Last November I was fortunate to be able to visit Australia and to spend some time visiting the Australian War Memorial in Canberra. The building is most impressive and set in magnificent surroundings. From the front entrance there is a 3-kilometre view along Anzac Parade across the lake and taking in the white Parliament building.

I was intrigued to learn that the idea of the Memorial was formulated in 1915 on the Gallipoli peninsula by C E W Bean, the official Australian historian of World War One, who thought of it first as being a museum to house relics of the Gallipoli fighting. Now, however, its purpose has been extended to include all conflicts in which Australians have been involved up to and including Vietnam.

Included in the exhibits is the ship's boat from the GALEKA which attempted to land 140 men from the 7th Battalion near Anzac Cove - only 38 stepped ashore.

There is also a magnificent panorama of Lone Pine.

While examining the many Gallipoli exhibits my thoughts went out to members who went to Gallipoli in the 'Keith Tranmer' trip in 1975 which presents an ideal opportunity to express best wishes from my wife and son Paul to all those we met on that memorable occasion.

I can assure members that if they have the opportunity to visit Canberra a few hours in the Australian War Memorial will be well spent and they will leave proud of the fact that they were 'there'.

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MINI-STORY

In the days of the mini skirt a girl, who was not particularly easy on the eye, thought she ought to be in the fashion so she went along, with her best friend, to a store and tried one on. She thought it a bit daring and asked her friend if it was not too short. But her best friend said: 'My dear, with your face it couldn't be too short'.

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION BRANCHES

The Association came into existence on the 25th April 1969, but an earlier exploration meeting had been held in Birmingham that week. Although those present agreed to form a Branch, if an Association were to be formed, this local branch did not in fact go ahead.

At an early annual general meeting of the Association it was decided that there was no real call for local Branches, leaving it to members themselves to meet locally if they so desired.

In 1970 we first had a party from Andover, coming along in a group. They were all pals and they continued to come to the lunches annually, later hiring a minibus and bringing their wives on a shopping trip to London. In that year they were seen off by the Mayor (Mrs Anne Thorne) and photographed in their local paper. Sadly only one is left. (See The Gallipolian No 3).

In 1976 Jack Attwood (187) in Eastbourne collected a number of members in his area, through the aid of the editor of the local paper. The Women's Section of the R B L Eastbourne rallied around and provided a tea-party and this has continued each year. The first photograph of the gatherings appeared in The Gallipolian No 25 and the last, so far, in No 34. For the 1981 party see the notice on page 7.

Now Birmingham has come along with a Branch. This time a very keen Associate Member, Fred Cowles (769AM) is the guiding light and he is the chairman.
Many of the Branch members are Associate Members as there is a keen bunch of sons of veterans of Gallipoli. For more particulars see page 31.

It should be noted that while Branches are not covered by our Constitution, members are encouraged to form their own local Branches or groups; the rules are not intended to restrict progress. Particulars of reunions on these lines will of course be published in The Gallipolian as received. This includes both advance notice as well as reports, and group photographs.

E H W B



BIRMINGHAM BRANCH

Thanks to an enthusiastic Associate Member Fred Cowles (769 AM) a branch has been started in the Birmingham area. The photograph shows those present at a meeting held at the R B L Branch at Sheldon, Birmingham, where meetings will be held. Those shown are L to R : A Bradford, W T Cowley (499), Major L Smith, C Greatorex (780 AM), Alan Standley (776 AM), Cyril Jefferies, John Aiken, Neville Cowley (650 AM). Sitting: Bert Hibberd (270), Fred Cowles (767 AM), Fred Bradford (288). Where no number is given membership is in hand.

The Chairman is Fred Cowles
Vice-Chairman Alan Standley
Honorary Secretary N Cowley

Intending members should contact the hon secretary at: Hayway Cottage Hayway Lane Broadwell RUGBY CV23 8HH (NOT Major Banner).

RHYMES OF FOUR FRONTS

Extracts from the book by Thomas W Hutton
(1st Scottish Horse Brigade (13 Bn Black Watch)

Sent by J H Crosby TEM Scottish Horse 1912-1919 (320)

DETAILS

It's a detail where you're going, it's a detail that you are,
And the troopship is a detail in the Shipping Register;
By to Mother, Wife, or Sweetheart you are all the world
in one,
Now you're off on Active Service with a bayonet and a gun.

For the second time of asking some of you are going out
To the burning sands of Egypt there to put the foe to rout;
There to bleed and die for Britain and the cause she's
fighting for,
And in all this hellish turmoil you're a detail of the war.

You are the details of the Middlesex, the Cheshires and
the East Lancs,
The Norfolks, Queen's, and Essex and many other
famous names.
The Manchesters, the Northamptons, the L F and Cyclist
Corps.
Just some odd details of an Empire far-flung from shore
to shore.
There are brave lads from Sunny Wales and from Scotis's
northern clime,
The R S F, Royal Welsh, K O S B (impossible to rhyme)
There are East Anglian, R E and the mounted Signal Corps,
All aboard the old Tunisian with the tooried Scottish Horse.

Now should the Censor blot out all details mentioned here,
This little rhyme is best concluded with a parting word
of cheer.
Be stout of heart, my comrades; for the Censor's canny
quill
Is mightier than the swords allied to crafty Kaiser Bill.