# THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

# GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



**SS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915**

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS

**35p**

**No. 39**
**AUTUMN 1982**

# THE GALLIPOLIAN

The journal of the Gallipoli Association
(Founded in 1969 on the campaign of 1915)

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|---|---|
| PATRON | H R H the Duke of Edinburgh KG KT |
| PRESIDENT | Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook CB CBE DSO |
| PAST PRESIDENTS | Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC<br>Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC |
| VICE-PRESIDENTS | Vice-Admiral Sir Peverill B R W William-Powlett KCB KCMG CBE MVO<br>Major-General T H Jameson CBE DSO<br>Major G B Horridge TD<br>Captain E W Bush DSO DSC RN<br>Lt-Col M E Hancock MC |
| CHAIRMAN & HON SEC & EDITOR of THE GALLIPOLIAN | Major E H W Banner TD MSc FInstP CEng FIEE FIMechE<br>Delphi Maresfield Park<br>Uckfield East Sussex TN22 2HB<br>(UCKFIELD (0825) 4949) |
| HON TREASURER | D F Bland Ment Disp (AM)<br>Torview 4 Ridgeway Close<br>DORKING Surrey RH4 3AS<br>(DORKING (0306) 885360) |
| COMMITTEE | Captain D M Penrose TD<br>S Parker Bird FRICS FRVA<br>Major J F Ford<br>Major A G Coulson MA LLB (AM)<br>K Tranmer (AM)<br>D A Pollard (AM) |
| NEW VICE-PRESIDENT | Lt-Col M E Hancock MC |
| NEW HONORARY MEMBER | M C A Stocanne (French DARDA) |
| ANNUAL DINNER | 30 September (Details within) |

## THE ANNUAL REUNION - 67 YEARS ON

The 25th April being a Sunday this year an alteration in the timing was necessary to suit Westminster Abbey services. As usual our 'troops' paraded at the Cenotaph at the Anzac's invitation for the formal wreath-laying which commenced at 9.30. This year some thought that our contingent seemed to be only really Gallipoli representation although other fringe bodies were prominent.

Our wreath was laid by the President: Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook.

After that a short walk to the Abbey where all who had booked received their tickets from Keith Tranmer who was a mixture of MC, clerk of works and brigade major. As usual he also arranged for the wreath.

This year the seating was not in a prominent part of the Abbey and we must endeavour to do better next year.

The next move was carried out in style; an army coach was there to provide transport to Chelsea Barracks where the Grenadiers had catered for us in the sergeants' mess - not forgetting the bar sessions before and after lunch.

This coach made all the difference for some who were limited in mobility and could not have coped otherwise. For this kind help we have to thank Captain Fagan (AM).

The minutes of the annual general meeting which followed are circulated to all members with number 39.

An unsolicited letter received later read: 'I thought the occasion, once again, went off extremely well and I am sure a very good time was had by all'.

## POSTE HASTE

THE GALLIPOLIAN is of course sent regularly to H R H the Duke of Edinburgh, following his presence at our dinner in 1975.

Appropriately it is posted by first class mail to first class male.

In the event of our having occasion to write to H R H the Prince of Wales overseas no doubt we should write by air mail to heir male.

## ANNUAL DINNER 30 September 1982

The Dinner will be held as usual at the ROYAL AIR FORCE CLUB, 128 Piccadilly, LONDON. The club is between Green Park and Hyde Park Underground stations.

Car parking is free in nearby streets after 6.30.

| | |
|---|---|
| TIME: | 7 for 7.30 (stretchers 9.30 - 10) |
| DRESS: | Dinner Jacket (or dark suit)<br>Miniatures or medals |
| NAME TAB | As usual; a small card bearing name and old unit, worn above the medals |
| GUESTS | Male guests are welcome. Please give NAME |
| APPLICATIONS | Please give your name in BLOCK LETTERS<br>Your number is helpful too.<br>Apply to the Hon Sec. This should be received by first post 21 September.<br>A stamped addressed envelope is necessary.<br>All applicants must have paid their subscription for the year.<br>A place-card will be sent as a receipt. |
| PRICE | £8 |
| PLACE-CARDS | These should be taken to the dining room and placed on a table at which it is desired to sit. This place-card is NOT the name-tab referred to above. |
| ARRIVAL | On arrival leave coats etc in the cloak-room on the ground floor before going upstairs to the ante-room and dining room.<br>Note the warnings in the Cloak Room. |
| DRINKS | Payable at the bar and at the table. |
| WELCOME | Do make yourself known to others. You may be new but so were they not long ago.<br>Will all members dining here for the first time kindly make themselves known to me (Edgar Banner). |
| GUEST OF HONOUR | Admiral of the Fleet the Lord Peter Hill-Norton G C B |

## NEW MEMBERS (Up to 1 JULY 1982)

in the original printed journal, the two sections on this page contain the names and full addresses of new members, and also address amendments.

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

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

## OBITUARY (at 1 July 1982)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

| | |
|---|---|
| Major H L Place (ASC 34 Bde 11 Div) | (273) |
| Capt S W Southwood MC (4 Worcs R 29 Div) | (323) |
| C D Clark (ASC 1 Div Train 29 Div) | (260) |
| A L G Whyte (RAMC 1 E Anglian F Amb) | (291) |
| Major G W Moore (9 R Warwicks R 13 Div) | (579) |
| W McLennan (2 Light Horse - Australia) | (410) |
| L J Betts (West Kent Y - later RFC) | (754) |
| Capt A G A Hodges (1/4 Northampton R) | (268) |
| W J Duke (ASC 29 Div) | (164) |
| W S Mann (RND Nelson Bn) | (670) |
| Lord Barnby Vice President (Sherwood Rangers) | (530) |
| F A Nicholls (RHA 1 Bty 29 Div) | (667) |
| Lt-Col H S Thuillier (RA 10 Heavy Bty 10 Div) | (427) |
| W Millner (RE Signals 29 Div) | (762) |
| Major R A Watson (5 Argyll & S Highlanders) | (676) |
| F Bradford (6 Green Howards 11 Div) | (288) |
| E J Y Smith (5 Scottish Horse) | (767) |
| S N Pomfret (6 Lan Fus 42 Div) | (356) |
| W E Bland (PO RND Nelson Bn) | (639) |

The loss of one of our Vice-Presidents, Lord Barnby, is to be deplored.

## LOST

Copies have been returned from the following members as 'Gone Away' or Not Known'. If members can assist with up-to-date information it will be appreciated.

| | |
|---|---|
| W Francey | (615) |
| Capt E R Denton | (715) |
| J B Gurney Grice | (264) |
| H F M Clark | (506) |
| H Wilson | (600) |
| J Falconer | (651) |
| The Rev. Canon A Morris | (561) |

# WHILE MEMORY LASTS

By Lt-Col M E Hancock M C (Northamptonshire R). (731)

(Continued from number 38)

In contrast to latter-day soldiering, I have no recollection of any organised recreation for the men. Consequently they must have been very much at liberty to find their own amusements which, no doubt, they did to their particular satisfaction. Certainly the good townspeople were most hospitable and many valued friendships were formed but the one overriding feeling all the time was that we were being welded into as efficient a machine as could be done in the shortest possible time. There was very little scrim-shanking. I was fortunate in being able to see my parents quite frequently as they were living at Watford a few miles away. Some years before we had lived at St. Albans and I already knew a number of people there. One of the highlights for me was the acquisition of a 2-stroke New Hudson motor cycle. What a thrill that was in those busy days!

Our tactical exercises, which now became increasingly important to our training, seemed to be based on the experiences of the Boer War. To attack an enemy, we were taught to advance over open ground in short rushes, to lie down between the rushes, presumably in full view of the enemy, and then to charge with fixed bayonets the last 50 yards or so shouting 'hurrah'. It was all very exhilarating and good exercise but it must have been little short of suicide had we been facing a real enemy.

So passed some six weeks and then suddenly we were under orders for overseas service. The only indication we had as to where this might be was the fact that we were issued with khaki drill uniform, for use only in hot countries, so we knew it would not be France.

Soon, we were told to be ready to move at short notice, and then came the day when we started on our overseas journey.

The Battalion paraded in the main street in the late evening and marched to the station. The scene en route was extraordinary.

A huge crowd each side of the road kept pace with us, friends, relatives and others who wanted to be in on the activities. It was difficult to keep ranks as some of the wives and sweethearts pushed in holding on to the men's arms,

carrying their rifles and equipment.

There were some really very touching scenes. No doubt it was all quite contrary to 'good order and military discipline', but impossible to prevent. What sort of reaction this would have had on the top brass to-day scarcely bears thinking about but, after all, there had been no harm done. In a way it was a demonstration of affection by the civilian population towards the troops whom they saw as their defenders against the menace of the Kaiser's armies and everyone knew it. They were doing their best to give them a good send-off.

At last we got on to the platform, order was restored and we were off. It was sometime before I could shake off the rather unnerving experience of parting with my parents who were at the station, but eventually most of us dozed off as the train wound its way to the Docks at Devonport having stopped only at Exeter.

The excitement of getting the Battalion entrained at St. Albans and the all night journey had been tiring and, on arrival, we were glad to have a few hours of comparative quiet. The transport vessel the Royal George was waiting for us as the train drew up on the quay alongside.

Embarking was a simple operation after the difficulties there had been to entrain and we spent the day getting ourselves settled into quarters on board. I began to feel that this was the real start to our adventures. The full complement of the Battalion was about 1300 and accommodation was cramped. I have a lasting memory of the strong and very objectionable smell of a particular disinfectant in the lower decks to which my Company had been consigned, being the first Company to go on board. There was a good reason for the disinfectant as the place was verminous and, later on, was to become stiflingly hot, but this was compensated for to seom extent by the excellent food we all had throughout the voyage.

We sailed early next morning escorted by two destroyers, one of which soon left us. That evening the other one after wishing us good luck and safe return, left us to our fate. In our ignorance I don't think we worried much about being entirely on our own and didn't think a great deal about the danger of enemy

submarines. We were kept busy exercising on deck, doing repeated boat drill, and P T and making what preparations we could to meet anything the future might hold. Knowing that we were destined for the Dardanelles we had some instruction in Turkish, but what good that would have done us had we ever had the opportunity to try out our vocabulary is highly problematical. The Medical Officer gave a lecture on the subject of gas masks and the relateive efficiency of the various kinds which were supplied.

It was unfortunate that, shortly afterwards when those we had been given were issued to us, they were found to be the very ones which the M O had described as useless! However, as the Turks never used gas we had no occasion to put them to the test.

I can't help thinking now that our voyage out was undertaken in a somewhat leisurely way considering the urgency there must have been to get us to the scene of action as soon as possible, but, of course, we had no idea of the vast overall plans required for the conduct of the war and could only be concerned with our own very restricted points of view.

With the welcome warmth of the Mediterranean we were glad to change into drill uniform and we made our first port of call at Malta.

The fine harbour of Valetta was full of shipping, mostly British and French warships. Here we stayed a couple of days and were delighted to be able to go ashore. Resuming our journey we reached Alexandria and were piloted into the harbour. Here we took on coal and again stayed two days. Before we left, the CO received orders that one Company was to stay there together with all the officers' and men's kit (except their rifles, equipment and personal kit) also all vehicles and machine guns. Of these latter there were exactly two almost prehistoric weapons for the whole Battalion and I don't think we regarded their loss as serious, but we couldn't quite see the sense of it. During the voyage the Machine Gun Section had had some target practice at an empty barrel towed aft. It met with indifferent success but, at the time, that didn't lessen our confidence in their ability to deal destruction to the enemy in the coming conflict.

Leaving Alexandria we sailed through the Aegean Sea on our way to Mudros off the Gallipoli Peninsula. It was an

interesting part of our journey as we passed many islands in that lovely part of the world but not until we anchored off Lemnos harbour did we realise how lucky we had been to arrive at all. We learnt that our sister ship The Royal Edward, sailing a few hours behind us, had been sunk by a German submarine with the loss of 800 lives. It was a depressing bit of news. However, our immediate concern was the prospect of being in the fighting very soon, but, yet again we had to wait the apparently inevitable two days. On the morning we were to go we were issued with iron rations and saw that all water bottles were filled.

At dawn we were transferred to two Destroyers and were soon in sight of the uninviting looking coast along the ridge of which we could see and hear shells exploding and continuous gunfire. This is it, we thought, and I must admit to a slight feeling of doubt as to whether I might not have been a bit too enthusiastic in getting myself involved, but, this was soon forgotten as we came to the beach and waded ashore.

None of us, of course, had known what to expect when we landed at 'A' Beach; a storm of opposition probably. We didn't know that the first landing made a few days before had met very little resistance in fact as it was totally unexpected and for the moment successful. Those first troops had got inland a short distance and had established a somewhat precarious foothold but without anything like a definite line of advance. For our part, as soon as the whole Battalion had landed, we formed up a few hundred yards inland where we could see something of the lie of the land and there we stayed for a time. Later in the afternoon we were told to take up a position further forward ready to push on in support of the advance troops.

As we made our way forward, up slightly rising ground, men from the forward line, mostly the Bedfords, were coming back, many of them wounded and dying. It was a grim foretaste of what we might be heading for. Towards evening, after passing some of our artillery blazing away, we followed the direction in which they were firing and found what shelter we could from the enemy's view and got a little rest.

The ground was very rough and we already began to

feel the effects of the heat and shortage of water. We soon moved on again, the C O ordering us to take up a position beyond some rising ground from beyond which the enamy seemed to be firing on us. This we did and managed to keep out of sight until it was dark. We spent a very restless night with bullets whistling over us, it seemed, most of the time. As soon as it was light my Company was sent forward and although we were now under considerable fire we still saw no sign of where it was coming from and were, no doubt, in a very vulnerable position. One of my Platoon N C Os was hit and seriously wounded and I sent for stretcher bearers. When they came, one of them whom I afterwards found out was a boy of 15, was shot through both legs as he stood beside me. It sounded like the crack of a whip. At that point the C O told us to retire back to a ridge and I got the stretcher bearer back as well as the N C O. Somehow it all seemed rather unreal but I am sure we must have been in far greater danger than we knew at the time. The Turks were holding all the high ground in front of us and kept themselves well hidden. We were always well within rifle fire and were getting a certain amount of shelling, but that didn't worry us so much now as we began to make what use we could of cover from view amongst the scrub.

(To be continued)

## AIRIATED WORRIES

A Gallipolian about to board an aircraft for the first time and looking a bit worried, being reassured by a well-meaning fellow-traveller, 'It's all right old chap, It's a V C 10, made in England, ten V Cs, even more than the "six before breakfast" of the Lancashire Fusiliers at W Beach on the 25th April.' But our Gallipolian is still worried, saying 'Yes, but what I'm worried about is if there is an L-plate on it'.

ANZAC MEMORIAL, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

(Coutsesy of F J Orton (743) )

## AN APPRECIATION

As a young boy I can remember the terrible wound that my father received in the right arm by a poisoned bullet. Periodically this wound would re-emerge and my mother would spend hours bathing it. This was my first introduction to Gallipoli and what this battle had done to one man. I am often asked what will happen when all these veterans have passed on and there are only AMs left. As long as I can breath it will never be forgotten and I am glad to write that my son also has these strong feelings and is an Associate Member. My father always told me there were only gentlemen in this campaign. He also said: 'If you come across any men who served there - help them in any way you can'. This is something I have tried to do in the Birmingham Branch and no greater honour have I had bestowed on me than when I was made Vice-Chairman of the Birmingham Branch, and also laying the wreath at the Cenotaph with our Founder-Member Bert Hibberd on the 25th.

(PS My father served in the 5th Wiltshire Regiment)

A Standley (776 AM)

## A SOLDIER'S GRAVE

T'was on Gallipoli's shore
Our lads began to pour
Then on the Balkan front
Began another stunt
They lie beneath a foreign soil
No more to fight, no more to toil
They fought for England's precious name
Without regard for self or fame
They loved us and were loved by all
But they answered their country's call
When the roll is called up yonder
We will never cease to wonder
They'll greet us on the golden shore
Where we'll meet to part no more
For England's sake their lives they gave
An in return a soldier's grave.

Philip Taylor 843 AM (age 91)

# WITH THE ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION ENGINEERS

(Letters from 2nd Corporal David Gilbert, 1st Fld Coy)

2nd Corpl. David Gilbert, 1st Field Coy, Divisional Engineers, R N D, was an Eastbourne man, previously a member of the Territorial R E and an engineer by profession. He joined the R N D in October, 1914, and went for training to Walmer, Kent, the entire division sailing from Avonmouth on March 1st, 1915. Naturally, he was not allowed to reveal military movements in his letters, and, as he did not live to explain further such matters in which he was concerned, advantage has been taken of Douglas Jerrold's official history of the R N D in the identification of localities. David contracted paratyphoid in Gallipoli and died, aged 27, in Cairo on June 21st, 1915; his grave is in the War Memorial Cemetery there.

On April 28th the hard-pressed Australian and New Zealand troops, plus two brigades of the R N D, who had landed at Gaba Tepe, north of the tip of the peninsula, were strengthened by the arrival of two battalions of the Marine Brigade, R N D, accompanied by the division's 1st Field Ambulance and the 1st Field Coy of Engineers. The last-named, says Jerrold, 'distinguished themselves in this first nine hours under fire by constructing the main road from the beach to the reserve position'.

(David's letter, dated May 1st, 1915, and obviously written from a troopship standing off the shore, runs:- )

By this time you will have heard that serious work in the Dardanelles has started at last. We were fortunate enough to have one little spoke in one of the many wheels here. We had one day and one night ashore. The night we spent in dugouts for protection from flying missiles, and in the morning we got to work on the first useful bit of work done since leaving home. We were jolly glad of the opportunity. It was all pick and shovel work, and you can imagine the state of our hands after 8 weeks of inaction.

The scream of the shells is rather disconcerting, as is the whistle of the bullets; but it is astonishing how quickly one gets used to it. We had no casualties at all, but the other coy had two wounded by flying shrapnel bullets. The infantry who had preceded us 3 or 4 days

before had a rough time but fought splendidly, and the position we saw which they had taken looked impregnable.

We set to work as soon as we got ashore and dug ourselves in and soon got to bed after having tea. It was very cold during the night, and in the early morning hours we were awakened by enemy shelling us, but it was quite ineffectual. The guns from the ships were deafening.

(The subjoined letter was written on May 12th obviously from a site on the south side of the peninsula, where R N D held about 1000 yards westwards from the French left, near Achibaba).

I have now been in the field for about ten days since last writing and have been under fire. I can't say that it is enjoyable and I am very thankful to say that so far I have been untouched.

We sleep out in the open every night, and the night before last it was wet. Most of us got wet through and had no chance till this a.m. to get things dry. Today the sun is out and our things dry out quickly.

Unfortunately, owing apparently to rotten organisation of our authorities, we have to boil up our own water and do any other cooking necessary, each man for himself. This is a bit of a bother when one has been working hard for several hours. The food is splendid and plenty of it. There seems to be no lack of water here, fortunately, as there are wells dotted about all over the place.

Needless to say, I am glad in many ways to be here doing useful work, but I don't mind confessing that the sooner the war is over the better I shall like it, and I have seen quite enough of active service to last for my lifetime. I shall be very glad to get back home when our job is done. I have never realised the horrors of war till now and I feel for the enemy as ourselves; their lot must be fearful.

Our men are in splendid health and are well looked after. After what I have seen here, I shall never have a hard word for a British Tommy, neither would anyone else who could see them here.

This is a hard nut to crack, but we shall do it all right and before long, too, and I hope, all being well, to be home again before many months are gone.

Tell D---- I often wish he were here, as I often unearth peculiar insects and plants. Lizards of all sorts and sizes are common, hawks are common and several English

birds - swallows, wheatears &c.

It is getting on for 11 weeks now since leaving home and it seems more like 11 months. I can tell you it will be a happy band of boys who embark on the transport for home. May it be soon.

(Still, apparently, on the same site west of Achibaba, David Gilbert writes home on May 18th)

I am now writing this lying on my side in the bottom of my trench, not very comfortably as I was hit yesterday in the shoulder blade by a piece of shrapnel, It is nothing serious and I shan't even be mentioned in the casualty list, as I have not left camp.

It was a big piece that hit me, and a good thing, too. If it had been smaller it would most likely have gone in, but, as it is, it has given my whole shoulder a nasty jar and bruised it a bit and made it too stiff to work with for a bit. It felt as though I had been hit with a sledge hammer; it lifted me off my feet and laid me on my back and, having heard the explosion and the pattering of the shrapnel bullets all round me, I lay there for a few seconds not quite sure whether I was alive or dead. The most practical result is that I have to rest it for a day or two, and I am not sorry, as I was in need of a good rest, having been hard at work for over a fortnight all day and sometimes all night.

I have already turned it to good purpose for this morning I had my first real wash since landing. I went down to a stream with the remnants of a towel and a piece of soap which I found in C------'s parcel and having hollowed out a pool I stood in it and had a cold bath from head to foot.

(In the same letter he says:- )

There are four in our party, Bentall, Walker, Butler and self . . . . . Butler has fended for himself in the wilds of Canada and is our leading man, and I do my best to follow. Bentall's chief characteristic is a love of cleanliness . . . W's chief point is a love of jam . . . . Butler is the handy man on all occasions and I am the grumbler of the party. I grumble at everyone and everything in general and the Kaiser in particular. . . . .

I must tell you about the other two men in our section of the trench. Their one point in common is that they both receive large numbers of large parcels, and tho' one is Scotch they are both equally generous with them . . . . The Scotsman is by nature a schemer. A few days ago he and several others were wanted for a certain job down at our base where all slackers manage to arrive. You see the base is not so near the firing line and all they do there is to sit in the shade of the trees and polish the harness. Well, Butler was one of the party and that night he came back to our lines alone. Holloa, we said, where are the rest? Oh! he said, they're down at headquarters just doing nothing and having a good time, and he said he didn't like the idea of stopping there while the rest of the Coy. were working hard. He got off his job and stopped with us.

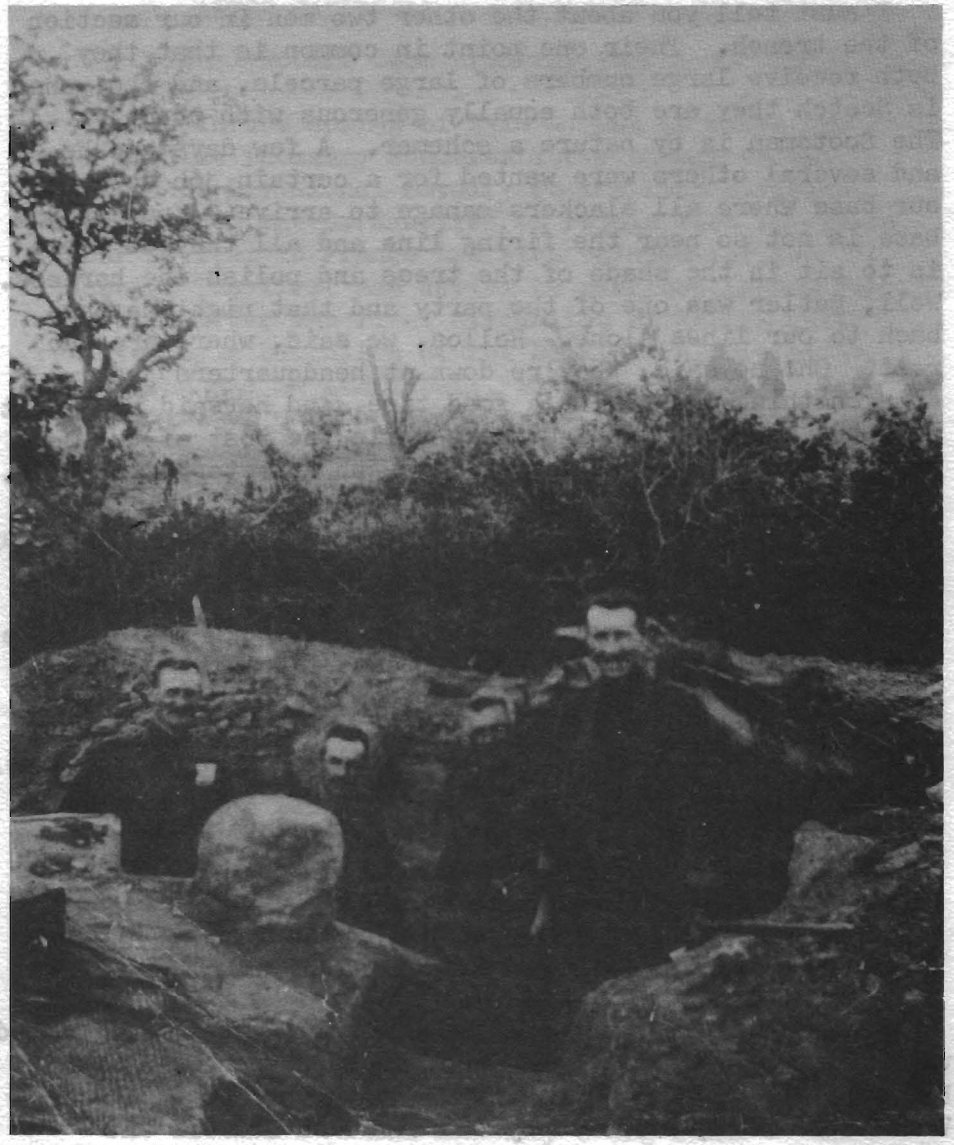
The rest of the party came back day by day, but last of all came the Scotsman. When I came into the lines yesterday afternoon with my shoulder aching a goodish bit, my temper was rather tried to see this chap in my section of the trench, worrying everyone as to where he could get biscuits, tea &c. Being somewhat short-tempered I told him off. He took it quite nicely and when about $\frac{1}{4}$ hr later I was busily engaged helping to make a stew he come along offering me a fried sausage (which had been sentraw to him). Well, that's not playing the game, is it? You see you can't call a chap a slacker one minute and eat his sausage the next.

(To be continued)

## BIRMINGHAM BRANCH AND GALLIPOLI DAY

The Birmingham Branch of the Gallipoli Association formed up with the Royal British Legion, Sheldon Branch, at their Headquarters for the Church Parade with the Mercia Volunteers Band, followed by the Standard Bearers and members of both Associations to the Sheldon Parish Church where the service was held, returning to Head-quarters where wreaths were laid on the Cross in front of the Club premises. The Gallipoli wreath was laid by Philip Taylor, aged 91.

F Cowles



The Royal Naval Division in the trenches.
Commander Backhouse (foreground) and
other officers at 'Backhouse Post'

## EASTBOURNE TEA-PARTY 27 May 1982

Once again the Women's Section of the R B L at Eastbourne provided tea for our local members. At the start all stood in silence in memory of Francis Nicholls and Stanley Mann. Jack Attwood, who had started this local branch was too unwell to attend, to his great regret, as also was Arthur Garrison. 'Buck-up' cards were produced and signed by all present, including Mrs Emily Barr, the chairman of the women's Section, and Mr Parsons the chairman of the Men's Section. On completion they were dispatched to both of them.

Two of those present were over 90 and a new member who had read of the Association in the local press was introduced.

The local newspapers, EASTBOURNE GAZETTE and the EASTBOURNE HERALD provide both advance notice and reports of these meetings which are most helpful.

Two cine films taken in Central Africa in 1962 were shown and appreciated. Herds of wild elephants in Uganda and hippo and crocodiles in the River Zambesi, then extensive views of the Victoria Falls - bigger and wider than Niagara were watched.

E H W B

## FUTILIOSITIES

The Gallipolian who sent his wife to buy a reversible electric blanket - one that could be used to warm the bed in winter and to cool it in summer.

Two young Gallipolians shortly after the war married sisters. Both were on the stage, one a comedy actress and the other a straight actress, 30, 30, 30.

Gallipolian taking his missus out to a special high tea.
'Waitress, do you call this fresh salmon?'
'Of course its fresh, its only just come out of the tin'.

M O, to Gallipolian who has reported sick without obvious cause. 'Would you have come to me about this in civil life?' 'Certainly not, Sir, I'd have sent for you.'

# AFTER GALLIPOLI - A TAILOR'S FAREWELL

By Colonel Robert Cook (Surrey Yeomanry) (353)

It was in the spring of 1916 - just 66 years ago - when we, the Yeomanry Squadron lucky enough to be employed as Divisional Cavalry to the 29th Division, returned from the Dardanelles to rejoin them in France.

Our arrival in France had been delayed for two reasons. The first was having to garrison IMBROS for some time after the final evacuation of HELLES until relieved by a battalion of the Royal Naval Division. The second was in ALEXANDRIA, where we had to await the arrival of our horse holders. These had been left with our horses in EGYPT when shortly after the first landings on Gallipoli, we had been called forward dismounted to join the Division. Our horses and holders later became part of a composite Yeomanry Regiment which saw mounted action in the Western Desert round MERSA MATRU.

Having been duly rehorsed and re-equipped at the Cavalry Depot at ROUEN we entrained for PONT REMI and made camp in that area. Our Divisional Commander - General de Lisle - came to see us and in his address of welcome expressed the hope that we would soon be engaged on our long awaited cavalry role.

We then started a long trek to the Divisional H Q at ACHEUX and on the way, our particular section was called forward to report to the Provost Marshal. We hurried on by forced marches hoping for an exciting assignment but found, on arrival, that we were to provide mounted police patrols! We lived in the loft above our horses in the stables of the ACHEUX CHATEAU. I remember being awakened the first night by rats running all over us. One, unluckily, ran into my rifle bucket and met its death by being slung against the wall.

Our daily patrols to other villages were very pleasant and mostly devoid of excitement other than checking that the estaminets closed on time. I can still hear the protesting landlady 'No bon! Police trop strict! Camarades expliquent you no bon! Then finally, 'Allez - come on Messieurs - huit oclock - Finish.'

We rejoined the squadron shortly after their arrival. Our task was to dig a very deep and very narrow cable trench. We rode up daily to the rear of our line, dug all day and rode back in the evening. The Somme front was very quiet at that time - our only casualty was a bruise caused by a spent bullet!

This work was far from completion when orders were received to leave the Division. The reason was that all cavalry squadrons were to be withdrawn from divisions and amalgamated to form corps cavalry regiment.

Our Divisional Commander laid on a farewell parade for us, but two days before it was due the Corps Commander - our old divisional Commander in Gallipoli - General Hunter Weston - signalled that he wished to take this parade and that it was to be 'as strong as possible'. Frantic preparations ensued to ensure a good show and we were allotted the Divisional Band to add to the gaiety - which it did!

The squadron duly paraded in a large field outisde ACHEUX. We may possibly have assembled far too early or maybe the general was a little late but, by the time he galloped on parade with his lancer escort our horses had become very restive indeed. When the order to march past was given the band struck up, and the horses, in many cases, stood up! Our squadron tailor, in the leading troop, faced with a snorting vertical horse, wisely slid off over the tail still clutching his sword but not the reins. The next thing we knew, was a riderless horse was leading the parade with a red-headed tailor with drawn sword in hot pursuit! The horse, I regret to say, completely ignored the general but our tailor on arrival at the saluting base broke into quick time, brought his sword to the 'carry' and with a smart 'Eyes right' marched past in great style! He then resumed the chase and disappeared in the direction of our lines.

General 'Hunter-Bunter' in spite of this comic display, published a very flattering farewell order to his old Divisional Squadron. We duly marched away to our new corps with great regret.



AT ANZAC DAY BEACH CEMETERY

April 25th 1982, 67th Anniversary

The Honourable Mr F B Hall, Australian Ambassador to Turkey (facing camera). General Tekin Ariburnu, Retired, Acting President of Turkey (Talking to Mr A J Malpass) our active Associate Member (761) who has been the local representative of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, based at Chanakkale.

Mr Malpass has now moved from Chanakkale and his place is taken by Mr J E Harris, to whom all communications should be sent. (C W G C Representative, Eastern Mediterranean Area P O Box 13 CHANAKKALE TURKEY).

Particulars of the Rest House of Gallipoli were given in Number 31 (Christmas 1971). Some copies are available, price 30p including U K postage.

## 29th DIVISION MEMORIAL SERVICE: ELTHAM 1982

Captain Walter Lines (584) sends an account of this annual service at the Chapel of the 29th Division, on Sunday the 25th April. Other Members present were J Murray (242) and C R Tomkinson (756). In addition there was an Associate Member Major A G Coulson (63 AM).

Representatives of Woolwich Garrison included Col J A Blake, a trumpeter of the R A Band and a Guard of Honour by senior N C Os RA. The R B L was represented as was the Legion of Frontiersmen of the Commonwealth who also supplied the ushers. Anzac representatives were Captain J H W Knox, Australian Naval Adviser; Colonel E R Philip, Australian Defence Staff; Squadron-Leader Peter Thorpe RNZAF; from France Colonel Hubert Emery the Assistant Military Attache and from Turkey Mehmet Cinar, Second Secretary.

The service was conducted by the Rev N Davies and the preacher The Rev R N Kennard MA RAF of the R A F College, Cranwell. Captain Lines had the honour of laying the wreath.

The service in 1983 will be held on the 24th April.

## GALLIPOLIAN ASSOCIATION TIES

A total of seven hundred and forty ties have been distributed. While not all members have purchased ties, some have purchased two, one for best wear.

One member wrote 'Thank you for the magnificent tie which made me discard my clerical collar in order to don the tie.'

Another wasn't so keen. He'd never seen the ground as green as the tie. But he'd landed in August. Had he been there in the spring he would have found the green and flowered countryside. But in any case he had the wrong impression. The colours are meant to be symbolic, as is the colouring on a map, not exactly to life.

Just before one Christmas one member ordered four ties. But I had to ask him if he could say they were all for his own use, not to be given as Christmas gifts. Unfortunately, no reply. No sale.

One tie was seen on television - worn by an honourary member, Mr. Winston Churchill, M P.

# GALLIPOLI DIARY

(16/24 October 1980)

By B N Dalkin (Australian Government) (801 AM)

(Continued from number 38)

PART FOUR (24 October '80)

During my visit to Gallipoli Alaistair and I noted down some of the more interesting inscriptions on gravestones, and they are reproduced below (for many I am indebted to Alaistair).

Youthful Anzacs

'Those who the Gods love
die young'. (Lone Pine)

Parental Pride

Trooper G B Seagher, aged 17 (Ari Burnu)
'Died a man'

Private H J Burton, aged 18 (Ari Burnu) was
'Only a boy but died as a man for liberty
and freedom ..... his Mum and Dad'

Trooper F A Bird, aged 18 (Beach Cemetery)
'Peace'

Private O'Donnell, aged 16 (Lone Pine)
'He sleeps where Anzac heros came to
do or die'

Private H C Smith (Shell Green)
'His mother was proud of her hero though he
was only a Private' (!)

Duty and Patriotism

'He did his duty, simply, bravely,
and in the doing, died' (Shrapnell Valley)

'A loyal subject doing his duty' (Shrapnel Valley)

'Who dies if England lives?' (Shrapnel Valley)

'Died for England' (Shell Green)

'Duty Always' (No 2 Post)

'He died for King and Country' (No 2 Post)

'He died for democracy' (Quinn's Post)

'Duty Nobly Done' (No 2 Post)

'Dulce et Decorum est Pro Patria More' (Baby 700)

'A true Australian Patriot' (Shell Green)

The Mother Country

'He died as he lived -
A Briton -
They never fail who
die in a great cause' (Embarkation Pier)

Immortality

'Born to die
Died to live' (Lone Pine)

'I am not dead,
But sleeping here' (7th Field Ambulance)

'There is a bond which death
cannot sever. Love and
rememberance live forever' (Shell Green)

Self-Sacrifice on the part of Trooper C R S Johnston, 2nd Australian Light Horse:

'Never mind me boys
Save Sergeant Beaton' (Embarkation Pier)

'His life was given in a noble
endeavor to save a comrade' (Shrapnel Valley)

Mateship

'His last words:
Goodbye Cobber
God Bless You' (Walker's Ridge)

'Goodbye Old Pal,
Always I will remember you' (Courtneys & Steele's Post)

'Mate O'Mine' (Shell Green)

'His friends bereft
have only left
His photo on the wall' (Shrapnel Valley)

Love

Captain La Nauze was
'Beloved'

Honour

'These made fair Australia's honour
with their dying breath and passed'
(Shrapnel Valley)

'How could man die better than
fighting against fearful odds' (Shell Green)

'Done his share' (Shell Green)

The Anzac Spirit

'Our Anzac Hero' (Shell Green)

'He died for the Flag' (Quinn's Post)

'A Dinkum Aussie' (Shrapnel Valley)

'One of Australia's Best' (Shrapnel Valley)

Aggressive Spirit

'Steel true and blade straight' (Lone Pine)

Personal

'Pat' (Shrapnell Valley)

'We miss him at home' (Courtney's and Steele's Post)

'A good son
A good citizen
A brave man' (Shell Green)

'Our dad died for Britain
and for us' (Shell Green)

'My soldier son Jack' (Shrapnel Valley)

Sentimental

'I've no darling now,
I'm weeping baby,
And I left you alone' (Shrapnel Valley)

Religious

'Thy Will Be Done'

'He Died in Defence of the Faith'

## A GALLIPOLI TIE-UP

In the early days of the Gallipoli Association we learned that one of our distinguished Honorary Members, General Aran, of Turkey was visiting England with his wife.

On this the President, Brigadier Rackham, very kindly invited General Aran and myself, with our wives, to a private luncheon at his club, the Senior, in Pall Mall.

The General and the Brigadier had not yet met. General Aran was staying with friends in north-west London and near Brigadier Rackham's address. It so happened that on a bus into central London two passengers noted that they both wore a Gallipoli Association tie.

Yes, it happened just like that, each recognizing the other's tie, as they found out on speaking to each other.

E H W B

## INCEN DIARY

Non-smoker, offerred a cigarette.
'Smoking is the last thing I shall do . . .
When I'm cremated.'

## AT GALLIPOLI WITH THE SOUTH STAFFORDS

By Lt-Col William Busby (7 S Staffords) (803)

(Continued from number 37)

To enable the navy to know our positions each man had a square of tin sewn on his haversack but this also gave the Turks a good mark to aim at.

During the night 7/8th August my battalion moved to a point 400 yards East of Chocolate Hill but still no action was taken to engage the enemy.

Towards evening however orders were received to attack ANAFARTA RIDGE. At 6 am we came under heavy fire and every officer in A and D companies was either killed or wounded. A Turkish shell exploded at the feet of the Commanding Officer and the Adjutant killing them both instantly. I was less than a dozen yards away but apart from being smothered by debris not a piece of shell hit me.

It was here that I had what was probably the luckiest escape of my life. While I was lying down firing a Turkish sniper's bullet went through the back of my topee, straight through the haversack on my back, destroying my iron rations.

By 10th August our losses in killed and wounded were over 400. For 3 days an old Turkish communication trench was held by my battalion. Our brigade was eventually relieved by the 32nd brigade.

From 13th to 18th August we remained on the beach while attempts were made to reorganise the battalion. Reinforcements arrived from IMBROS and the 4 company system was maintained.

On 18th August the 33rd relieved the 32nd brigade but nothing of note happened and we were relieved by the 88th brigade of the 29th Division.

The night of the 20th was spent on the beach and the following orders were received for an attack to be launched on HETMAN CHAIR, the 33rd brigade to be in support.

As we moved across the plain we came under a murderous artillery fire and we lost all our officers with the exception of 2 who had joined us 2 hours earlier. The attack was a complete failure and we suffered more

than 300 casualties. On 24th August we were withdrawn to reserve and combined with the 9th Sherwood Foresters.

It was during the evening of 24th August that enemy artillery fire set fire to the dried goorse and shrub in front of our trenches and I was detailed to take a party of men to put the fire out. While I was doing this a Turkish shell landed amongst us and I was hit in the right hand.

The following morning my hand was twice the size of a cricket ball and I reported sick. The regimental doctor put a probe in and felt a piece of shell so I was sent to the Casualty Clearing Station where I was given an anti-tetanus injection and evacuated to the French hospital ship VALDIVIA. Here I was given a hot cup of cocoa and a thick slice of bread and butter.

Since leaving Egypt we had only had hard biscuits and that first meal on the hospital ship was one I shall never forget.

I was taken to the Base Hospital on Imbros where I was operated on and the piece of shell removed. Later I was transferred to a Convalescent Camp where I was treated by an elderly doctor but my hand seemed to get worse and began to smell. Fortunately I was later placed under the care of a young doctor who twice daily placed my hand into what was almost boiling water. In fact I used to tremble when I saw him coming.

In time my hand improved and the doctor said 'Well sonny I know I put you in considerable pain but I have saved your hand'.

Shortly after this the weather changed and the temperature changed from approximately 90°F to well below freezing, with heavy rain and trenches filled with ice and snow. This was caused by a wind which comes roaring down the Adriatic and is called the 'Bora'. Fortunately there was a plentiful supply of rum. I was thankful I was in a convalescent camp on Imbros and not at Suvla Bay.

It was finally decided to evacuate Gallipoli and the troops were taken to Egypt. The inmates of the convalescent camp were also sent to rejoin their units.

We arrived in the docks at Alexandria and the newsboys were shouting - one in particular yelled 'Bloody good news this morning, Lord Kitchener drowned'. Someone on board threw a lemonade bottle at him which hit him and unfortunately killed him. In no time at all the boat was swarming with Egyptian police but they did not find the culprit.

# GALLIPOLI 1915

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

(Continued from Number 37)

Time went on and July dragged its way along, rather wearily, more and more was heard of troops arriving at Lemnos and Imbros and other islands and it seemed inevitable that another much bigger push was in the offing. Rumour was rife but no one could say where it was going to be. From Helles? From Anzac? or from another point on or off the Peninsula altogether? No one knew, but those who favoured the chances of an altogether new front seemed to be in the majority. Talk and speculation about this was not encouraged and was not open, but was bound to arise wherever two or three were gathered together.

One curious incident happened to me during this period. We were in rest, this time in dugouts on a reverse hillside descending to a narrow mullah, where we could not be seen by the Turks. However, they must have had a pretty good idea that troops were likely to be there for one afternoon they sent over three or four quick salvos of medium size shells which hit the top of the hill and brought it down on top of us. There was a hefty avalanche of earth, rubble and stones and we were swept out of, or buried, in our holes in the ground before we could do anything. Those on the other side of the nullah, away from the Turks, were only dusted up. I remember being hit on the head and body by stones and rocks and then passed out and remembered nothing more, until a week later I came to, in the firing line. I was told that I had been dug out of my hole and taken down into the nullah where, after a while I had recovered, appeared unhurt and had carried on as if nothing was wrong. Yet all memory of that week had been entirely wiped out. We had gone into the firing line and carried on with routine duties there. Fortunately there was no attack during the week. No one had noticed anything wrong with me. It was obviously a case of amnesia which, however, did not deprive me of physical action.

During this period and before, there were several quiet evenings with only an occasional shot fired and one had time to look round and, if one was in the trenches, to see the beauty of the colouring of the sea on and over Imbros, the island ten or twelve miles away on which the Commander-in-Chief had his headquarters. On these evenings the men often sang and, being Irish, two of their favourite songs were 'When Irish eyes are smiling' and 'A little bit of Heaven fell in the sea one day'. These songs were started away to the right or left and would roll softly down the trenches until the whole front line would resound with song, and those Irishmen could sing! I have seldom heard anything so beautiful or in such a setting. I think that even the Turks appreciated the singing for they would keep absolutely quiet while it went on and even ceased their shouts of 'Allah, Allah'.

At that time one could almost sense a friendly feeling between the Turks and ourselves and it seemed altogether wrong, as it was, that we should be there simply to kill each other. One could feel that in the enemy trenches there were human beings also and that they, too, had their hopes and feelings, their longing for their quiet homes and families and their wish to be out of it all. Truly the politicians who order their peoples to go to war and to kill each other must bear a heavy load of blame, and cannot hope for any forgiveness in the hereafter. I have never since been able to rid myself of my dislike of politicians or of my distrust of politics. Although not all politicians are responsible for wars and politics do not always lead to them, they are at the root bottom of all wars and use such noble feelings as patriotism and selflessness for their own ends.

One of our few amusements was to watch our aeroplanes on the infrequent occasions they were up. We only had five for the whole campaign, two Maurice Farmans 100 h p and three B E 2s of 70 h p, all biplanes. These were commanded by Commander Samson and the breakdowns were so many that one never saw more than two in the air at the same time. The machines did not appear to have any armament except a few light bombs and were used mainly for reconnaissance. Commander Samson himself was a most accomplished flyer and often amused us by his antics. He would fly in over the enemy lines, have a good look at them and then we would see

two or three enemy planes come after him and try to hit him with machine-gun fire. Samson would dodge around a bit and then pretend to be hit, falling like a fluttering leaf, finally hedge-hopping back, flying very low where the enemy planes could not reach him. Apart from the planes the risks were very great as the whole Turkish line would be firing at him with rifles and machine-guns but, though his plane was often hit, I don't think he himself was ever wounded. Years later I met him again in the Sudan, this time flying a great De Havilland (?) and still sporting his red Captain Mettle beard. He told me that he did not get half the fun flying his great, and then very modern 'kite' as he used to when flying his little bi-plane over the Peninsula, though he was then pioneering the first passenger planes to fly to the Cape.

An incident which amused me greatly about this time (little things) was a visit to the front line trenches by General De L'Isle, then freshly arrived at the Peninsula. He came round the trenches and I duly did the honours of my company, telling him all I could about our own and the enemy trenches in the short time he was with us. His eye fell on our periscopes, of which we had eight or ten, constantly changing their positions and not keeping them steady for more than a few seconds. He said 'Fix your periscopes'. I ventured to expostulate 'but Sir'. 'Fix your periscopes' he said again sharply and then passed on. I could not disobey an order given in front of the men and so arranged for two of the periscopes to be fixed, choosing positions which I hoped were good ones. Within ten seconds they were smashed by enemy rifle fire and I sent down for replacements, at the same time, and tactfully asked the C O on the field telephone if I need fix any more. His answer was rather explosive. I realised, not for the first time, that generals do not know everything and that even they should listen sometimes. Some such lessons are useful as a guide to one's own conduct too.

Soon after I took over the Company, in which there was a grand sergeant, one Murphy, I was greatly taken aback and incensed when I saw, in the same orders which

announced our return from the trenches to 'rest', that Sergeant Murphy was reverted to the rank of private at his own request. No such request had come through me and I should have dissuaded him if it had. I stormed down to the Adjutant and asked him how such an order had come to be issued. He told me that it had become a matter of routine and that as soon as we received orders to return to the trenches Private Murphy would appear in orders under 'Promotions' to be sergeant again. He said that, like so many Irishmen, Sergeant Murphy could not keep away from the drink and that, as soon as he was relieved from duty in the trenches, nothing could stop him from making off to the nearest A S C dump where, somehow or other, he would get hold of a jar of rum and would be 'stocious' for some days. As a sergeant this would entail a Court Martial and we should lose an excellent and brave N C O, as a private, however, he could be dealt with regimentally and given Field punishment or C B. I asked what effect this had on the discipline of the rest of the men and was told that it was perfectly well understood and appreciated, both by the sergeant himself and the rest of the men in the battalion. The Irishman being what he is I can now well understand this, but such action might not have the same effect in an English or Scottish battalion. As it was, it was only another illustration of how well the officers and men understood each other and how well they worked together.

(To be continued)

## DOWN TO EARTH

A Gallipolian met two old people (well, 60 or so) on landing at an overseas holiday place. The two explained that it was their first air venture and were pleasantly surprised to find it had all gone off well.

Our Gallipolian reassured them, saying 'I've made over a hundred take-offs and landings, and done over a hundred thousand miles by air'. While they looked duly impressed he quickly put two fingers on his left wrist, then said with a happy smile 'And I'm still alive! '

## THE ROYAL STAR AND GARTER - RENEWAL APPEAL

The Royal Star and Garter Home cares for up to 200 disabled ex-servicemen of all ranks and from all parts of the British Isles. Seventy per cent are ex-soldiers. The majority are veterans of World War II, but there are still 30 men from World War I, and sadly also now, men from Ulster and more recent actions.

You may know of a disabled ex-Serviceman who is finding it difficult to cope at home, and may need a place at The Royal Star and Garter?

The Home, now 60 years old, urgently needs funds to renew 7 lifts and renovate kitchens and serveries. The income from donations and legacies has been insufficient to meet annual running costs, let alone finance the renewal of worn out equipment. The work, to be spread over 3 years, will cost £300,000. The Army Benevolent Fund is a generous supporter of the Home. Even so, we urgently need individual subscribers. Please will you help with a donation or preferably a Covenant? Also, let us know of anyone who might need our help.

Rear Admiral J W D Cook, Appeals Director.
The Royal Star & Garter Home,
Richmond, Surrey. TW10 6RR.

## THE MEMBERSHIP LIST

Our Membership List (1979) is regrettably out of date but funds do not allow of a reprint at present.

However, an Amendment sheet has been prepared showing the names of 108 members who have died during the validity of the 1979 list; this is being circulated with No. 39.

To date a total of 371 have been reported to have died. At the 1st July 853 have joined (both grades) but the difference is not the real 'parade state' as we have an unknown number of missing members.

E H W B



GALLIPOLI PARADE AT BURY, LANCS

As usual there was a big civic turnout for the annual parade and wreath-laying at Bury, the home of the Lancashire Fusiliers, whose first battalion gained renown in the form of six V Cs at the landings on the 25th April 1915, at W Beach, Cape Helles.

Veterans were led by our Vice-President Major G B Horridge T D, with five other veterans. The old regiment is now part of the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers whose Honorary Colonel Lieutenant-General Sir James Wilson KBE MC took the salute, supported by Major-General D M Woodford CBE, the Deputy Honorary Colonel, and the Lord Lieutenant of Greater Manchester, the High Sheriff, and the Mayors of Bury, Rochdale, St Helens, Oldham and Salford. Two local MPs also attended. George, aged 88, is seen in rear of the veteran party in the photograph.

Photograph by courtesy of 'Bury Times'

EXTRACT FROM THE QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER of the GALLIPOLI LEGION OF ANZACS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA
Feb. 1982

## 'THAT FILM "GALLIPOLI" '

'Last issue we told members of the impression gained at our viewing of the film. Quite a good story. BUT have you read the press comments of the English papers. They condemn it out of hand—and so they should!

'Gallipoli' should really cover Helles, Anzac, Suvla and that little bit of Asia where the French played a part.

Hence our suggestion that the title should have been 'The Battle of the Nek'. Other nations would then have no objection.'

The above extract is the official view, issued by the Secretary of the Legion.

## THE TWO MINUTES SILENCE

The idea is simple—no talking or action for two minutes as a mark of respect.

Signalling the start and finish by a blast of noise is recognized and is effective. The real point is that people should not talk. Just stand silent.

In 1967 on a pilgrimage to Gallipoli and Salonika before the Gallipoli Association was envisaged I had the idea of casting a wreath on the sea off Cape Helles, we of the party standing to attention. I arranged with the Greek captain of the ship to sound the ship's siren, really a fog-horn. But instead of the start and finish being signalled the siren sounded for two minutes. The din made talking impossible so that although some members played hell with me afterwards I maintain that the end was achieved—we couldn't have heard ourselves speak.

E H W B