THE GALLIPOLIAN

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THE GALLIPOLIAN
The Journal of the GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION
(Founded by Major E H W Banner in 1969
on the campaign of 1915)

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ANNUAL DINNER 1984

Thursday the 20th September at

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE CLUB

Our Guest of Honour is to be The High Commissioner for Australia His Excellency Mr A R Parsons.

THE ANNUAL DINNER : Thursday 20th September

The Dinner will be held as usual at the Royal Air Force Club, 128 Piccadilly W1. It is between the Green Park and Hyde Park Underground stations. There is free parking space in nearby streets after 6-30

TIME	7 for 7-30 ending 10 plus
DRESS	Dinner jacket with miniatures or dark suit with medals.
GUESTS	Male guests are very welcome. Named.
PRICE	MEMBERS £8 ASSOCIATE MEMBERS AND GUESTS £9
APPLICATIONS	To be sent to the Acting Secretary, Mr. K Tranmer, 100 Ramsgill Drive, Ilford, Essex, IG2 7TP, to reach him not later than first post on Thursday 13th September. A stamped addressed envelope must be included with the application for a place card to be sent as a receipt.
ON ARRIVAL	Please leave hats and coats in the cloakroom on the ground floor. The place card should be placed at a vacant table place.
DRINKS	Payable at the bar and at the Table.
WELCOME	Do make yourself known to other members and show your name-tab.

GUEST OF HONOUR

His Excellency Mr A R Parsons
High Commissioner for Australia in London

OFFICIAL GUEST

Major General Sir George Burns KCVO CB DSO OBE MC

NEW MEMBERS (At 2 July 1984)

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

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

OBITUARY (At 2 JULY 1984)

With deep regret the following names are recorded

F Turner (ASC 10 Diy Train) (701)
Capt A Brett-James MA FRHist Soc (AM 722)
Prof A Stuart MSc (RAMC 17 Sty Hosp 20 Div (461)
F J Spence (NZ FA 5 Bty) (124)
C Jefferies (4 Worcs R 29 Div) (738)
S A Weakford (RE Signals 29 Div) (137)
A H Davis Ment Disp (RE Signals 3 Army Corps) (207)
J Horgan (7 Manchester R 42 Div) (841)
H T Grant MBE (4 R Scots Edinbro Rifles) (816)
W H Jones (7 R Welch Fus 53 Div) (337)
Major A T Fuller TEM (11 London R) (656)
W A Edden (RE Kent 496 Fld Coy) (559)
J E Luck (HMS Lord Nelson) (255)
(Elected to the Committee 1984)
Sqn-Ldr S W Jarvis (1/5 Norfolk R 54 Div (742)

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS

ANZAC DAY IN LONDON 1984

The 25th of April is a most important day each year for all Gallipolians, a day not only for action but also for remembrance. The action consists in attending, if possible, the wreath-laying ceremony at the Cenotaph, the Commemorative Service in Westminster Abbey and finally the luncheon of our Association. Remembrance naturally pervades the whole day, but particularly the foregoing three events.

The weather was ideal this year as some thirty veterans with a few Associate Members assembled by the Cenotaph in the charge of Major T Verschoyle M C one of our new Vice- Presidents. As we marched to the prominent position reserved for us the writer as an Associate Member felt a thrill of pleasure to find himself for a space under military command once more, and also a sense of privilege to stand shoulder to shoulder with the veterans. The official Guard of Honour was found by the Royal Navy. Their steadiness on parade and the smartness of their marching was a joy to watch. The Drum and fife band was provided by the Kings Own Scottish Borderers and their playing contributed greatly to the solemnity and impressiveness of the occasion.

The proceedings allowed time for reflection as the ceremony was carried through slowly; one's thoughts inevitably turned back to the Peninsula, stirred by the sight of our President laying our wreath alongside those of many other representative bodies. The silence recalled the peaceful atmosphere of those cemeteries so far away, and among the many memorable episodes of the campaign the writer's thoughts rested on that advance made by the Australians in the second battle of Krithia when they stormed up Krithia Spur, upon which Robert Rhodes James comments in his book 'Even in the long catalogue of futile valour in the Great War, the advance of the Australians up Krithia Spur can still inspire an incomprehending wonder.'

Onto Westminster Abbey where again we were allotted a prominent place for the Anzac Day

Service, organized by the Australian and New Zealand Governments to commemorate all who had died defending country and commonwealth in time of war. The two Dominion flags were ceremonially received and placed on the altar, and the two lessons were read by the respective High Commissioners. The Address was given by the Right Reverend Cecil A Warren, formerly Bishop of Canberra and Goulbourn and the service concluded, as it had begun, with a fanfare of trumpets by the King's Own Scottish Borderers and the playing on the organ of 'Advance Australia Fair' and 'God defend New Zealand.'

From the Abbey we were taken by coach to Chelsea Barracks for the third part of the day's programme. We are indebted to the Commanding Officer of the Grenadier Guards (Colonel A T W Duncan MVO OBE) for permission to use the Officers' Mess for our luncheon where we had an excellent if somewhat slow-moving meal. For the record our top table seated Captain C T F Fagan (who had given considerable help in making the arrangements); Major John Ford; Edgar Banner; our President, Lt-Col M E Hancock MC; Major T Verschoyle MC and two Associate Members.

It was good to see a fair sprinkling of guests and Associate Members at the Luncheon. After a short musical contribution from a drummer and three pipe players of the Grenadiers who were duly rewarded with a ceremonial glass of port, the President welcomed all present and, following the temporary withdrawal of the guests, led us straight into the annual general meeting. The minutes and the accounts were quickly approved. There was general regret at the absence through indisposition of our Treasurer Donald Bland to whom a message of good wishes and thanks was sent.

The existing committee was re-elected, with the addition of James Luck. The provisional extra committee members were considered as part of the committee in order to recognize the increasing role of Associate Members in our activities.

Considerable discussion took place on future arrangements and a proposal that lady members should be invited to the meetings was referred to the committee for consideration. Details of the matters dealt with will be found in the Minutes of the meeting which are being distributed to all members. Of the forty present fifteen were veteran Members.

A G COULSON.

GALLIPOLI DAY PARADE AT BURY, LANCS.

Major George Horridge (129) of the 5th Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers writes, as usual, giving a report on the Parade, with an excerpt from his local paper THE BURY TIMES.

No survivor of the 1st Battalion which landed at W Beach on the 25th April 1915 is to be found but those of the Territorial battalions from the 42nd Division who live locally turn out annually. Of these Arthur Pilling (352) was present, not as an infantryman but mounted in a wheelchair. His brother Harold (362) lives at Todmorden and was not present. George Horridge headed the parade.

Thus the 5th Battalion takes the honour of Gallipoli Day in Bury, parading its colour. Now the regiment is part of the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers.

George, now ninety, came to London for the Annual Dinner in 1982.

A PLURALITY OF GRANDFATHERS

A recent Associate Member, R F T Greenall 909 AM has the distinction of having had two grandfathers at Gallipoli. Can any other Member beat this?

In these days of multiple births, easy divorce, etc, anything might happen. What a nice way to keep the Association going. In fact keeping the memory greenall the time.

GARRISON DUTY

To the Royal Navy at the Dardanelles late in 1914 and in early 1915 the Turkish forts were manned by gunners on 'garrison duty'. We had such artillery in the units of the Royal Garrison Artillery, now amalgamated with the Royal Field Artillery in the Royal Artillery as it is now.

To some extent it may be considered that being on garrison duty was less exciting, less energetic and less rewarding compared with the infantryman.

Those who served at Gallipoli may well have had a spell in 'dock' with sickness or an injury or of course a wound, to be followed by a short spell in a convalescent camp which was often more of a dump for fatigue parties while awaiting transport back to the line. This might have been by ship from Alexandria or Malta to Mudros, then a trawler or an Isle of Man pleasure boat onwards to V Beach en route for up-country. And in the meantime we may have been labelled as fit for garrison duty only.

But all this is a digression from the point. We are adjured in The Gallipolian to collect fresh Associate Members to keep the Association in being long after the present few Members have 'faded away' as old soldiers are said to do.

We need fresh Associates who are themselves in the running such as by being sons, grandsons, newphews and the like. And in time will they be called 'antecedants'? No doubt some of us have regarded this work as a chore, others as a duty, or a pleasurable exercise if they felt in the mood.

Now to those who regard it as a duty here is an example of interest. One of our Eastbourne Members took it upon himself to approach those he thought eligible to become Associate Members through the spirit of the comradeship of Gallipoli. Not the warmongering type portrayed by some. He not only 'collected' them but paid for their initial subscription as a duty, by his standard. Yes, Arthur Garrison MC, and with keenness like this who needs apologists?

E H W B

ANZAC DAY 1984 IN AUSTRALIA

Through the good offices of an Associate Member at present resident in Australia (Mr J G Orton 847 AM) and his father in England Mr F J Orton MBE (743) I have received copies of the relevant pages of sixteen Australian newspapers published 'The Day after', namely 26th April.

The accounts are both comprehensive and different so that no simple analysis is possible. But first it can be stated that 'Anzac Day' still means something to them, unlike in our country where Gallipoli Day is unlikely to reach the news- except for one or two local instances where there is a direct connexion with Gallipoli. One of these towns in Bury, Lancashire where on page 8 will be seen our own George Horridge's account of the honour paid to the 1st Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers of W Beach fame.

The only mention in a Fleet Street newspaper known to the present writer is the 'Court Column' notices of our Gallipoli Association reunion on the Day. These were duly published in the Daily Telegraph and the Times.

The Campaign

The Dardanelles-Gallipoli campaign will always be controversial. This is my firm contention and one reason why I have faith in the continuance of the Gallipoli Association after the veterans have 'faded away' as old soldiers are said to do. Was it all a complete failure? Did anything good come of it? Was it a combined operation as claimed or was it consecutive attacks first by the Royal Navy and then by the Army?

Moorehead in his well-known book 'Gallipoli' summing up the position in the light of hindsight long after the campaign wrote: 'Seen in this new light the Gallipoli campaign was no longer a blunder nor a reckless gamble; it was the most imaginative concept of the war, and its potentialities were almost beyond reckoning.

Anzac Days keep up but ANZACS fewer

One feature common to all accounts is that naturally each year the number of Anzacs on parade meaning those who served in the 1915 Gallipoli campaign - not later Australian troops who served in WW2, Vietnam, etc - is becoming fewer. Within a very few years it will be impossible to find a 'real' Anzac parade to take place.

Searching through the accounts Queensland does best with eight Anzac veterans on parade; last year there were thirteen. Hobart lists only one.

However, the number of townspeople turning up for the Anzac Day parades still keeps up. In Sydney it was stated that about twenty thousand and in Melbourne some sixty thousand marched. In Hobart three thousand is the estimate.

The Sydney 'Morning Herald' mentions some of their Anzacs on parade, including W B Goodwin, almost 90, who well remembers the early hours of the 25th when he was one of the first ashore. Another was Jack Black, ninety next month, a first-aid man in D Company who also landed in the early hours. He records: 'I just missed a bullet twice. A bloke near me was dressing a wounded man on one side and I was on the other and he got hit and it killed him. The other time I was reading a Hawkesbury paper sent to me and a bullet went straight through it'.

Discord over the National Anthem

A disquieting feature has appeared this year. It is the new national anthem 'Advance Australia Fair' which is meant to replace the Mother country's 'God Save the Queen'. Some towns sang and bands played one and other places used the other. In Brisbane soldiers marched to 'Waltzing Matilda'. The R S L (Returned Soldiers League) is strongly in favour of the established form and made it clear on occasions. Naturally the difference of opinion caused some friction which is much to be deplored.

In some towns demonstrations took place which

marred the occasion, having no connexion with Anzac Day but through faddists taking the occasion to demonstrate. One of these was in Sydney where women demonstrated against rape in war. In Perth the Tobruk War Memorial was defaced by paint.

Australia at War

Queensland states that at the outset of the war in 1914 Joseph Cook, then Prime Minister, said: 'If the old country is at war, so are we.' The Labour leader was even more emphatic: 'Australians will stand beside our own to help and defend her to the last man and the last shilling'.

An initial offer of an expeditionary force of twenty thousand men was gratefully accepted in London. The only personal fear seemed to be that the war would be over by Christmas and before they could get there. And I've a long memory which includes this fear in England - or perhaps the United Kingdom would be more comprehensive.

Experts Differ

Looking at some perpetual points of difference even among experts: 'It is well established that the Anzacs landed at the wrong place'. Various reasons are given for this but considering that it was at night and of course without lighhouses to help and radio direction finding had not yet been discovered - at any rate on a large practical scale - and modern radar was nearly twenty years away, such an error is not indefencible. The actual cause of the error has been established as an error of navigation under those conditions.

In one case the statement of one authority is: 'Fortunately the Australians had drifted towards a much less accessible site than Gaba Tepe, which was not as heavily fortified. This made the landing difficult but not impossible as it would have been at the chosen site' (Queensland)

Another pronouncement on the landing place mistake 'Had the mistake not been made the four

thousand Australians who disembarked before 5am and the four thousand who followed them between 6 and 8 could have established themselves on the vital Gun Ridge before the arrival of enemy reinforcements.'

Individual Stories

Let us look at some personal stories of these Anzacs. One Anzac able to parade shown in a photograph steadily holding a glass while replying to a toast is Joe Groth, now eighty-nine who spent his twenty-first birthday at Gallipoli:

'There were flies, flies and more flies. We did'nt get any fresh meat for eight weeks and then some arrived. I think it was donkey or camel meat but when we carried it out, well, there were so many flies on it that if they had all taken off at once the meat would have flown off too.'

At the Hobart gathering Merv Spencer, ninety-three, said: 'On every Anzac Day for the past sixty-nine years I relive the landing on Anzac Cove. That's how strong the memory is imprinted on my mind.' He is one of the few Anzacs to be portrayed.

In Melbourne Commander R S Veale, ninety-one, led the 1914-18 group on the march. He too is portrayed.

The ninety-two year old Karl Livingstone is pictured in the Lauceston, Tasmania, march. He was the only Anzac on the parade. He had served in the 6th Australian Light Horse with the 6th Battalion.

Showing the confusion that can arise over the name 'Anzac' two prominent 'Anzacs' pictured were of WW2 vintage only, although a group photograph does show a long line of men who may include both wars.

Brisbane portrays A V H Rogers who was a despatch rider on Gallipoli. He said he had had three horses shot under him but this time he was taking no chances - he was riding in a jeep.

Thirteen for Bad Luck ?

A Melbourne veteran of ninety-seven, the last child in a family of thirteen, says it has brought him nothing but bad luck. But wait. For two years in 1915 he lived a charmed life; if he moved from a spot a bullet was sure to hit it. Yet the only injury he has ever sustained came forty years later - he broke his leg pottering in his garden at home. His name ? Reg Godlonton.

Lone Pine

The Brisbane Courier-Mail shows prominently Corporal Dunstan V C who was partially blinded at Lone Pine. The attack started with fourteen officers and 680 other ranks. Of these, twelve officers and 342 men were killed. Three of the party were awarded the V C for standing fast in a trench and holding up an attack of a major scale. 'Lone Pine was a victory, despite appalling loss of life; there were 2284 casualties in all. It was one of the few victories of the campaign, comparable only to the battle on the 19th May when the Australians accounted for 10 000 Turks at a loss to themselves of only 160. Lone Pine dominates the region.'

A photograph shows a parade of the 6th Battalion Royal Australian Regiment (regulars), all complete with the well-known slouch hat which distinguished them in 1915. The marching, in a column of sixes, is superb.

It is sad to relate that at the Queensland parade three Anzacs died at or just after the parade.

Opposing Views

Of course there are opposing views on the campaign as a whole. One quoted by a veteran is: 'I don't think Gallipoli was a defeat. We got ashore; we decided to retreat.' This follows an official view 'Although the invading force had failed to reach its objective, the Australians had established themselves as grim, determined fighters.'

Other Accounts

Apart from the accounts based on the various Australian newspapers kindly made available there is another account by Sid Blythman now living in Australia which is given below.

United Kingdom Veterans on Parade

While the Anzac Day parades were taking place in Australia we in the U K were holding our annual reunion in London at which fifteen Gallipoli veterans were present. As usual, we joined the official Anzac Day parade at the Cenotaph. This was followed by a service in Westminster Abbey, after which we were regaled at luncheon in the Officers' Mess at Chelsea Barracks, rounding it off by our annual general meeting.

Our Gallipoli Day parade in Bury, Lancashire, is reported on page 8 by Major G B Horridge.

E H W B

'LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA'

S W Blythman (657) and an expatriate from England sends his account of the Anzac Day parade with the Adamstown Branch of the Australian R S L. Of five WW1 members on parade only two were Gallipolians, including Sid. The total present was about 300.

He writes that he wants to make the President of his Branch a member of our Association. He writes that he is regularly in touch with Alan Standley (776 AM) whose father was a Gallipoli pal of Sid's in the 5th Wiltshires. As someone might have said 'It's a small world'. As usual Sid gives a lot of interesting information on Anzac events in Australia, including newscuttings, photographs and an invitation to him from the Gallipoli Legion Club, Hamilton, regarding the Annual Anzac Dinner held on the 18th April which he attended with three other Anzacs. One photograph shows Sid partly supported by Captain Peter Brown RN, Sid now being, as he puts it 'A bit shaky on his feet.'

E H W B

Some experiences of the

1/5th BATTALION THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT T.F

ON GALLIPOLI

By Captain E D Wolton (418)

The Battalion mobilized on 4th August 1914 with a strength of 27 Officers and 912 other ranks. On 29th July 1915 it embarked on H M T Aquitania at Liverpool and arrived at Mudros Harbour, Lemnos on August 6th. On 10th August it landed at 'A' Beach Suvla Bay and was met with muddle, orders, muddle, counter orders and consequently, chaos. No-one seemed in command or had authority to issue orders. This severely undermined the confidence of the troops in the ability of their leaders to conduct the campaign. The troops landed full of confidence in themselves and were ready for anything. Such an asset was priceless and should not wantonly have been destroyed. The temperature was 90° in the shade (and there was no shade) and the water supply (which had to be imported) was very short and its distribution was very very badly organised.

On the afternoon of August 12th at 3.30 pm with the remainder of the 163 Brigade, the Battalion received verbal orders to advance 1,200 yards due east at 4.00 pm. There was just half an hour in which to plan orders for the advance. An issue of water and rum was being issued, had to be abandoned and the attack commenced forthwith. The 54th Division artillery, having been left behind in England, there was no artillery support, but the Royal Navy backed up the advance with high explosives which did the Turks in the open little harm.

At 4.00 pm the Battalion commenced the attack, gained its objectives and consolidated it for 72 hours, when it was relieved by the Essex during the evening of August 15th. During this time the position was subjected to severe sniping and occasional artillery fire. The lack of cover from

the sun made sleep impossible during the day (even if the flies had permitted it), and at night sentry groups, work on the trenches and fatigues took every available man. There was only one small issue of water. At the reserve trenches the casualties were counted, and it was found that the advance had cost the Battalion dearly, 11 Officers and 178 N C Os and men had been killed, wounded or missing, and 1 Officer and a large number of N C Os and men had been evacuated to hospital. It was in this action that the Sandringham Company of the 1/5th Norfolk completely disappeared and our missing officers and men had suffered the same fate. In their keenness and high morale they had gone beyond our objectives unsupported and, so it is thought, were surrounded and killed.
On August 17th about mid-day, when the heat was at its worst, the Battalion and the 1/8th Hants were ordered to support the 10th (Irish) Division who were attacking along the Kiretch Tepe Sirt ridge. The march was very arduous involving a climb of 600 ft. by devious routes over extremely broken country, under hostile artillery fire and in intense heat. Moreover, we had to go forward in the worst of all formations -- single file -- because there were no roads or tracks and the going was very rough. But by midnight they had taken over the front-line trenches. On August 18th the Battalion was relieved and withdrew to the local reserve.

On the night of August 28/29th the Battalion marched, (again in single file) to Lala Baba. The country covered was most fatiguing. We had to climb up and down the precipitous sides of Karakol Dagh and across deep water-gullies until we came to the Salt Lake. This being soft and yielding sand was very heavy going. As there was no transport (it had been left behind in England) all the Battalion stores had to be man-handled to our destination. As each man passed the Quarter-Master's store he was given something extra to carry. As the men were already carrying the

fullest marching order with 250 rounds of S A A, the addition of more S A A, the two machine guns, picks, camp kettles, petrol tins for storing water, rations, extra blankets etc., made an almost unsupportable load for the strongest. For those whose stout hearts made them struggle against sickness and weakness to do their share it was a nightmare. It can easily be imagined how glad the Battalion was to reach its destination.

At Lala Baba the Battalion was in dug-outs in the shelter of the cliffs and doing fatigues. But when not on duty the time was spent bathing and washing clothes and mess tins. Here was issued our first bread ration since leaving the 'Aquitania'.Although stale and sour it was a very welcome change after nearly a month of hard and unpalatable biscuits.

On September 2nd the Battalion took over the trenches at Hill 60 from the Anzacs.

Before continuing the narrative perhaps a few notes on Hill 60 would be appropriate. Hill 60 overlooked the Biyuk Anafarta Valley, and was therefore tactically a very important feature. Its capture gave us complete command of the under-features, an outlook over Anafarta Sagir Valley and safer lateral communications between Anzac and Suvla Bay.It also deprived the Turk of a very fine observation post. From this it can be easily understood how very important Hill 60 was. During the night of August 27th it was captured only after the most desperate fighting by the Australians, New Zealand Mounted Rifles, and the 5th Connaught Rangers. The casualties on our side in this hotly contested affair amounted to about one thousand. The Turkish casualties were estimated at 5,000 and the whole hill was littered with dead.

From September 5th to 13th the Battalion garrisoned Hill 60, spending about one day in and two days out. The trenches at this time were no more than very hurriedly made fire positions, and in order to improve them and turn Hill 60 into a strong redoubt parties were working continuously by day and by night. On handing over the

trenches the Battalion (which had now shrunk to one-fourth its original strength) had to supply a working party of fifty men. This meant that those fifty men did not return to rest with the remainder of the Battalion, but remained working in the trenches until they were relieved by another luckless party. The result was that while garrisoning Hill 60 no one had a full night's rest.

The most complete precautions were taken against a surprise attack. Every man in the front-line trenches and one man in six in the support lines had to keep awake all night. Although it was bitterly cold at night at this time no overcoats were allowed to be worn, as it was thought they would impede us in case of attack. The trenches were too narrow for stretchers, and the badly wounded had to be carried out on blankets.

Hill 60 formed a salient in both the British and Turkish lines, and was badly enfiladed from Chunak Bair and other hills on our right flank in possession of the Turks. They were quick to turn this to advantage, and practically all their artillery fire was enfilade. One battery of 75's was particularly enterprising and unpleasant. With most guns we would hear the report and then the approach of the shell, and were able to take cover, but with these guns the velocity of the shell was so great that it exploded almost as soon as the sound was heard, hardly giving time even to duck our heads.

Only part of the crest line of the Hill had been captured, and the Turks were within easy bombing distance, the trenches being from twenty-five to thirty yards apart. As they realised the importance of the position they paid this section a highly complimentary but most unwelcome attention.

The parapets of the trenches were in many places made up of dead bodies. In that desperate fight for Hill 60 the troops who consolidated the position were face to face with death for hours, and found that if they were to win in that awful struggle their dead comrades must be forgotten

for the time. So it came about that many were buried in the parapets with a scanty covering of earth, and a protruding foot or hand gave a fearful meaning to the words 'The life of man is but as grass which springeth up in the morning and by evening is cut down'.

No words can describe the stench which continued for months. Some bodies were removed from the parapet, but this did not improve matters much, as there were many bodies out-side the trenches which could not be brought in owing to the closeness of the Turks. The flies became almost intolerable, and prevented any chance of rest by day. Except in water saved from the scanty drinking ration, washing was impossible. When night fell, and the flies ceased to trouble, vermin became active.

Drinking water, scarce and precious, for it had to be man-handled in tins for three miles by night, or under shell fire by day. Sickness, chiefly dysentery and diarrhoea, began to play havoc among our depleted ranks.

On September 13th the Battalion was relieved from Hill 60 and moved to a bivouac area close behind Norfolk Trench.

Norfolk Trench was the continuation to the right of the front line from Hill 60. About this date the welcome news was received that only 150 rounds of S A A instead of 250 were to be carried on each man.

On September 15th the Battalion relieved the 1/4th Norfolks in Norfolk Trench. A well was found a few yards from the front line and was of priceless value, for, although the water was not supposed to be fit for drinking purposes, this order was not rigidly enforced. So while here we did not suffer from water shortage and took the opportunity of having a good wash.

(to be continued)

MY GALLIPOLI STORY

By Sgt S Evans I Border R

(continued from No. 44)

A short march up the ravine and we reach the Headquarters of our Battalion which is at present in the trenches.

However we do not go straight to the trenches but are halted whilst we have some breakfast of fried but fat bacon and hard biscuits washed down with a welcome draft of tea without milk.

The sun has now become very hot and we soon find another unwelcome enemy in our midst. The plague of flies is worse than one can imagine. They are present in millions and settle on one's food until it is almost in the mouth. A tin of tea will soon contain dozens of them struggling in the liquid whilst there is no part of the bare human body that they will not attack.

Through the whole campaign the fly was one of our worst enemies. They would settle on the dead in clouds and the agony of the wounded was invariably added to by these pests settling on the bleeding wounds of the sufferer.

As we sit at our breakfast a constant stream of stretcher bearers is wending its way with the wounded to the numerous little dressing stations situated in little inlets of the main gulley. Some are obviously badly hurt judging by their groans. Others not so badly hurt seem to be relieved at the idea of a little rest from the turmoil that they have had to endure.

Occasionally a stretcher will pass with the face of its human burden covered up. He has passed beyond all human aid and his destination will be one of the little cemeteries that we have already observed.

Now and again one hears a reverent note of regret as the identity of one of the victims becomes known, but beyond this it appears to have become

the accepted routine of the day.

Anyway it did not stop us from eating our breakfast and although it may appear strange it had no apparent effect upon the nerves of any of us.

We were allowed to rest in the Gully for the rest of the day so we took the opportunity to scribble a few lines home.

Rest was impossible. The flies see to that. In addition a battery of our guns just above the gully is engaged in blazing away at the enemy positions to the accompinament of a series of ear splitting crashes so that although we are tired out from want of sleep, sleep is out of the question.

This goes on the whole day long but towards evening we receive orders to put on our marching order and soon we are winding up a steep path from the ravine to join the Battalion in the trenches. This job of getting into position is very trying. The trenches are narrow and tortuous and rapid movement is difficult. Added to this we frequently meet parties of other regiments on their way out and the effort to pass one another in the cramped space available leads to considerable delay and confusion.

However we eventually arrive at our place which is a support trench just behind the firing line. This support trench communicates with the firing line by means of a series of deep communicating trenches.

Arrived here we can seat ourselves on the narrow ledge of the fire step but equipment must be kept on ready for any sudden call. As the afternoon wanes and the darkness falls,the rifle fire which has slackened during the day, gradually increases in intensity until it has reached a veritable crescendo. Each side apparently meant to prevent any surprise advance under darkness.

This rifle fire continued without intermission throughout the whole night. Shortly after midnight our guns from behind us join in and the din becomes terrific. The continuous crashing of the artillery,

the momentary glare of the flashes,the pale ghostly illumination of the Very lights, added to the heavy rifle fire and the staccato rat tat of the machine guns, combine to create a vivid impression of hell let loose.

We did not know till the morning that it preceded an attack by our front line on a portion of the Turkish trenches.

The trenches were taken only to be recaptured by the Turks followed by another determined counter attack by our troops which resulted in the retention of the trench by us.

This explained the number of wounded who were continually being helped through our trench during the night. The attack was rather costly - several of our men being killed including Captain Moore who led the final counter attack.

As dawn breaks the firing dies down and the weary troops are enabled to relax their vigil a little. By sunrise only a few desultory shots are exchanged and we are enabled to have a rough breakfast after a fashion.

We are not allowed to get off too easily for at about 7 am a battery of Turkish heavy artillery opens a bombardment of our section of trenches and for upwards of an hour we endure a nerve racking experience. The distant boom of the guns, sounding somewhat like the beating of a distant drum is followed by a strange whirring noise and almost immediately a series of shells burst with a terrific crash about 10 yards behind our trench, sending up a cloud of earth and black evil smelling fumes. First the front trenches receive about ten minutes treatment, then they range again on to our line till one does not know where to expect them next. As one hears the peculiar 'whirr' one involuntarily crouches as far as possible into the trench, expecting every minute that the next one will land in our midst. Then - the crash as the shell lands just behind or just in front and we are lucky to escape with a shower of earth on us.

As this continues ones nerves become more and

more highly strung until we heartily pray for them to finish.

One young lad in my platoon soon gave way under it and was grovelling hysterically on the ground. This makes the rest even worse and for the sake of the 'morale' of the rest he is eventually sent down to the gully below.

I could at any rate sympathise with him for if the truth be told none of us was feeling very comfortable - especially as this was practically our first experience.

The front line had been damaged most and two or three dead and several wounded (including Captain Le Mesurier) were carried past us in waterproof sheets on their way to the dressing station.

After about an hour of this however the bombardment slackens and eventually dies away altogether and our friends the enemy turn their attention to another part of the front.

We now receive orders to get ready to return to the Gully as our battalion is to be relieved by another regiment whilst we have two days 'rest'.

In view of our recent experience we are not at all sorry and shortly after our relieving regiments arrive we were on our way down to the beach for our 'rest'.

The battalion looks as though it can do with it. We learn that they have been holding the front line for seven days and nights on end and that it has been difficult at night for the lads to keep awake even when firing from the trenches.

But the 'rests' as we were soon to learn were misnamed. Instead of being allowed a little sleep, parties are immediately detailed for various fatigues such as road making, unloading stores etc. Those who are fortunate to escape are subjected during the day to numerous kit inspections, marching order parades and various other irritating little duties.

We soon discover that even here we were by no means safe as the enemy at intervals during the day send over a few shells which fall on various parts of the beach and a few casualties occur.

On 'W' beach at Seddul Bahr the position is even worse for the guns of the Turkish fort on the opposite shore of the Dardanelles occasionally throw over a few big shells among our working parties with disastrous results.

However, if the powers that be did not allow us much rest during the day we did get the advantage of a good sleep at night and were enabled to take off our boots and equipment.

At the end of three days our turn for duty arrives once more and after a weary trudge through the hot dry sand we find ourselves again in the trenches at a different part of the line.

The stench at this spot is abominable and we soon find out the reason. Our trench is part of one taken from the Turks a week or so before. Numerous Turkish dead have been buried right on the parapet of the trench and so badly has it been done that hands, arms and legs in an advanced state of decomposition are actually protruding through the walls of the trench.

To describe our feelings at this sight with its horrible odour of putrid flesh would tax the powers of a Hogarth. And in this hell we are to 'live' for the next seven days or perhaps longer.

Perhaps it is not good taste to record such incidents but as this is essentially a record of war as it really is and not what some imaginative writers would have us believe, any record would fail of its purpose if such details were omitted.

Before my little share in the campaign came to an end I learned that there is nothing of 'glory' about war -only indescribable beastliness and filth and perhaps if this fact could be borne in upon all the people the world over they might think it worth their while to determine sooner or later that war is a relic of barbarism and should have no place in a twentieth century civilization.

As it is the imaginative writers, usually writing at a safe distance, appeal only to the sense of 'glory' in war.

Not a great deal occurred during our spell here

except that on the night of the 20th June we were subjected to very heavy artillery fire for over an hour, during which time, for want of ammunition, our artillery failed to reply. We did not sustain much damage but Regtl. Headquarters further back suffered some casualties in killed and wounded.

An attempt to follow up the bombardment by a massed infantry attack was beaten back by our machine gun and rifle fire.

On 21st June we once more proceed to the beach for a rest.

By this time we were like a lot of filthy tramps with unkempt hair, dirty beards, unwashed faces and staring sleepless eyes.

The great drawback on the Peninsula is the scarcity of water which is only available from a few wells and which is scarcely enough to supply the troops with drinking water. Thus we are not permitted to use any for washing purposes with the result that we only got a wash when we get down to the sea and as one could not then use soap our toilet was necessarily of a primitive kind.

Even with these restrictions we get barely enough water to drink for the heat during the day is terrific and this combined with the clouds of fine sand makes our thirsts nearly unendurable.

From dawn till evening the sun glares down from a cloudless sky and owing to the lack of shade or shelter it has to be endured in the open either on the beaches or in the hot stuffy evil smelling trenches. Cases of sunstroke are becoming frequent.

Far more serious however is the rapid outbreak of dysentery among the troops. Hundreds of our regiment are suffering from it and other regiments appear to be the same. The plague of flies are the obvious cause and to make matters worse the supply of medical stores is quite inadequate to deal with the outbreak and those who report sick are only sent back to the trenches for duty and for the rest of the campaign the war here was carried on by an army of sick and weak men. Had it been known at home that large numbers of our men, too weak almost to

stand and many of them dying on their feet, were being thus treated there would have been a great outcry but the real truth never came out and it was not until late in August that the seriousness of the position was realised and the authorities embarked thousands of dysentry cases on the augmented number of hospital ships.

For myself I was lucky to escape with a comparatively mild attack of it but that was quite bad enough. From June till August a quinine pill and back to duty, was the only treatment available.

Hospital accommodation was limited as were also the medical supplies and as these were mainly required for the wounded it may explain such a serious state of affairs at the time.

On Saturday 25th June all the senior N C Os accompanied by the officiers are taken up to view a position which is to be attacked on the following Monday morning. This position, known as the 'Boomerang Redoubt' has long been a source of trouble to us owing to the fact that whilst the Turks hold it it makes any advance in this part of the line impossible. It has already been attacked three times but owing to its strong defences and the heavy wiring around it the attacks have all failed with heavy losses.

Arrived in our front line we view the redoubt through our periscopes and certainly it looks formidable enough, surrounded with a triple depth of barbed wire.

The Commanding Officer informs us that a general attack on a three mile front is to be made on Monday at 11 am and that before the big advance starts this redoubt must be taken and in our hands.

The General Commanding the division has entrusted this attack to our regiment and failure to succeed will hold up the rest of the days advance. We are then shown the various points from which our companies will make the attack and full instructions are given to every officer and platoon Sgt.

'B' Company (my own Company) will attack the Boomerang whilst 'A' Company will rush an adjoining trench known as 'The Turkey Trot' when, if both are successful, we are to join forces and hold the position at all cost till the main advance has commenced.

The remaining two companies will remain in support.

The following day was Sunday and was spent mainly in preparation for our journey to the trenches that afternoon when we shall take up our positions for Mondays work.

At 4.30 pm we dress in full marching order and set off up the Gully once again. The day is intensely hot, the hottest we have experienced so far and before we have gone far the perspiration is running off us like water. The heat and dust together with the heavy weight of our equipment is trying to the most seasoned veterans and we are glad when we get a halt half way up.

During the halt our chaplain conducts a brief service and provides us with an incident which impressed all. Brief though the service is it brings home keenly to all the possibilities that the morrow holds and no church congregation could have been more reverent in its manner than this collection of rough manhood that made up our little Army.

At the conclusion, led by the chaplain, the whole Brigade broke into that fine old Hymn 'Abide with Me' and at the concluding lines, 'In life, in death, O Lord abide with me' one felt that never before had any of us sung it with such real earnestness.

And so we passed on up the Gully and eventually reached our positions. All is quite so once more we have a cautious peep at the terrible redoubt. It is not re-assuring but as we are to have artillery support to help break the wire it may be easier than we think.

(to be continued)

GALLIPOLI REVISITED

(1928)

By: - Sir Joseph Napier Bt.OBE (855)

In the spring of 1928 when returning from a business trip to the Sudan and Egypt, I found myself staying with an Uncle in Cairo: there I met one, Colonel Hughes, who had something to do with the British War Graves on Gallipoli Peninsula and it didn't take me long to accept his suggestion that I break my journey home with a visit to Gallipoli and so have the opportunity of seeing in more peaceful times, the place where I had spent so many uncomfortable days in the late war.

The visit would also give me a chance of seeing my father's grave; he was killed on August 13th 1915 at Anzac when serving in the same battalion as myself, 4th South Wales Borderers of the 13th Division.

I was lucky to have as a fellow traveller one Owen Tweedy, a well known travelling correspondent of a leading London daily who was returning to report on what he saw there, having himself taken part in the campaign.

We sailed from Alexandria in a Khednal Mail Steamer bound for Istanbul and after stopping at Smyrna (memories of my P.O.W days in Turkey 1917/18) and Athens, we finally stopped, by previous arrangement, off Chanak, in the narrows, in the middle of the night, where we were met by Captain Jones who was in charge of the War Graves on the Peninsula.

After customs formalities we were ferried across in the Commissions' Launch to their headquarters above Kelia where we stayed for ten days or so and given the chance of visiting all the Battle areas from Helles to Suvla.

There can have been few campaigns in history that have aroused so much interest, criticism and discussion as that fought on Gallipoli in 1915 and even now arguements still go on concerning

both the overall wisdom of the campaign itself as well as it's strategical and tactical handling.

My own particular interest in it was that, at the time I was a Second Lietenant in the 4th Bn South Wales Borderers, a unit of the 13th Division. Raised in the Autumn of 1914 the Division was sent to join Sir Ian Hamilton's Army on Gallipoli in June 1915 and on arrival in July I spent some weeks at the Helles and before being transferred in August to Anzac where in Sir Ian's despatches he singled the unit out for special praise as an example of the New Army and for the part it played in the great Anzac battles of August.

There my personal connexion with the Campaign must end but as the years go by I still find myself re-living those weeks I spent there.

I did however have the opportunity, as already mentioned, of returning to it and whilst still there in April 1928, was prompted to give vent to my feelings and thoughts at the time of my visit.

I still have the document by me, written at Kelia H.Q. of the British War Graves Commission, overlooking the Narrows.

The nearest I have been to Gallipoli since then was in 1958 when taking part in a Swann's Hellenic Cruise and when on our way up to Stamboul, we halted off the entrance to the Narrows at Cape Helles where a wreath was laid on the waters not far from the landings at the Southern end. There I was priveleged to give a talk on the Campaign as we steamed slowly up to Chanak: how little did I think when taking part in the fighting that one day I would be cruising peacefully up the Straits, and telling the assembled company something about the battles fought over the ground which they could all see.

What follows is the gist of what I wrote on the spot when re-visiting the Peninsula (as explained at the start) in 1928, some 13 years after leaving it.

'Having got the atmosphere of the place

thoroughly into my system by now, I want to write about it before leaving, with the feeling still about me that not six miles away Chunuk Bair still hangs threateningly over one and not far away in a South Easterly direction, Achi Baba is still looking down on one, as he did for so long in the War.

Round those two peaks centre most of the impressions gained during the War, as well as during this return visit some 13 years later.

Writing now, back on the old Peninsula, I can honestly say that nothing has so stirred me since, as the 10 days or so I have spent in re-visiting old haunts, recapturing old sensations and trying generally to get back again into the atmosphere that existed in those detested days of 1915.

It may be that retrospect, even of unpleasant things gives one greater pleasure than some new act or experience especially when retrospect conjures up so much incident, so many good companions and conditions one hopes never to meet again during ones lifetime.

Be all that as it may, I've had all these sensations over again and the only missing part in the chain is the absence of those who were there with me and with whom I would have liked once again to have re-lived those weeks we spent together.

The overall impression, especially at Anzac, one gets is one of intimacy, if one could put it so, for the very fact as I've already explained, that from Achi Baba in the South, ever in Turkish hands, but on which I've now stood, you look down on Cape Helles over the entire area held by the British and French Forces, and again from Chunuk Bair, on which I've stood, your view covers almost everything from Suvla to Anzac just below and in these small and circumscribed areas we lived and fought, always within range of gunfire and more often than not, of rifle fire too. So naturally enough with such limited boundaries you grow in time to a feeling of close intimacy with everything around you, and now re-visiting the place, the feeling is somehow intensified, for being free to move you realise

as never before how ridiculously small an area it all was and wonder looking down from Chunuk Bair, how on earth we ever got up there and why the Turks never managed to drive us, as he should have done, bag and baggage into the sea.

From below I never had the impression that the Turks on the ridges above had such a commanding view of everything below them: but go up to Chunuk Bair and look for yourself, and if you are not amazed both at our own feat of getting up where we did, and the Turks overwhelming advantage of position, I'd be surprised: it almost haunts one now.

It did not take long after making a general tour of the shoreline at Anzac to make one aware of the fatal error, human or otherwise, that resulted in the troops being put ashore at the wrong point at Anzac. As all the world knows, the landing was actually made at what came to be called Anzac Cove, right under the steep cliffs and gullies leading up to the Heights some thousand feet above.

The mistake in itself may have given momentary protection to the landing parties from any Turkish guns on Gaba Tepe; these latter could quickly have been dealt with by the Navy in any case.

Actually the landing should, but for unknown currents or various other explanations, have been made some distance further south towards Gaba Tepe and instructions were given to land on this comparatively flat beach, push inland over two small ridges and then down onto the plains of Maidos which stretch away perfectly flat to Maidos itself on the other side of the Peninsula.

It is of course conjecture only, to consider what might have been the result had this been carried out, but from a view of the land, having walked over it more than once, I can only see one result namely that, unprepared as the Turks apparently were at this point and having regard to the dashing and thrustful nature of the

Australians and New Zealanders involved, we could have been right across the Peninsula that same day. In addition the Navy's low trajectory guns would have been of some support apart from the fact that the field guns which were landed at Anzac might have come into their own.

As it was, the comparatively slight error in going ashore in the wrong place resulted, as we all know now, in the troops finding themselves faced with a maze of gullies and steep Nullahs leading up to the Heights above, where contact or any form of co-ordinated movement was quite out of the question.

Roughly speaking, once the Turks had occupied these heights above the ground gained in those early days remained much the same until the final evacuation in December.

At the Helles end on the other hand, the country though sloping gently up towards Achi Baba, is comparatively flat and low trajectory field guns were of value, but not at Anzac where the country is so steep and hilly and broken with innumerable Nullahs. I know little or nothing about the artillery aspect of the Campaign, but certainly Howitzers with an ability to drop shells on enemy troops and positions immediately over the crest, would have been of great value - but their numbers were, I believe, small - as we learned from the Turks, they themselves suffered little from our land based artillery at Anzac and even the big guns of the Navy tho' useful at Helles in the early landings, were soon found to make a lot of noise, but had little effect.

These two considerations are I'm afraid a digression from the main purpose of these notes, but they represent two not unimportant impressions on seeing both our own and the enemy's positions.

I have visited most of the War Graves which are magnificently looked after and sited by the War Graves Commission, under Captain Jones, an Australian, to do which I have travelled by car, an old Ford, driven by an ex-Russian officer,

on horseback and on foot. Have spent long hours at Suvla Bay and the whole area in and around and above Anzac, and as well as touring all the Southern area from the village of Krithia and Achi Baba down to the Southern tip at Cape Helles, including Gully Ravine Sedd el Bahr Fort and the landing beaches at X Y V & W etc.

I have even handed in a couple of skulls I came across to the Commission, and found time and opportunity to take innumerable photos as well as make a few quick sketches.

One further point struck me when going round the Southern end at Helles, was the failure in the original landings there on 25th April, to take full advantage of the successful landing at Y beach - a landing made without any loss, which to my amateur mind, might, like the failure at Anzac, had it been promptly supported and followed up have put a very different complexion on the campaign, doubtless the failure can or has been partly explained or justified but I cannot help feeling that here again a grave and fatal error was made which even contemporary reports do not fully explain satisfactorily ....

There I'm afraid the notes that I wrote at the time ended, and now looking back, I can't speak too highly of thekindness of Captain and Mrs Jones and all their staff, and the great help he was to Owen Tweedy and myself. Nothing was too much trouble for them, a visit which the numerous photos and sketches that I took will always be a reminder of a very special period in my life. On leaving we were ferried across to Chanak where we had been invited by the Vali (Mayor) to a large dinner party he was giving that evening, at which the small knowledge of Turkish that I had acquired as a Prisoner of War in Turkey (taken long after Gallipoli and after the capture of Baghdad in April 1917) proved of some use.

The dinner was still at its height at 3 am when we bid farewell to our host and his friend amid numerous toasts of Good Wishes and Friendship, and slipped away to the small harbour of Chanak where we boarded a small cattle boat, full of sheep, bound for Istanbul.

Even the forts at Chanak which we visited did not appear to have suffered much damage from our Naval shelling.

WITH ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO
AN UNKNOWN AUSTRALIAN PAPER.



"... and I want you home at the going down of the sun ... not in the morning!"

KEITH TRANMERS'S SERIES OF GALLIPOLI TOURS

Parties are made up as called for on the general lines as given here. In all cases tours must be booked before the 1st of January for the coming year.
Departures: Mid-May each year. 10-day tours.
Cost: Party of 4 persons or more £595 each.
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Includes Air travel to and from Istanbul, all transport, meals (except drinks) and accommodation.

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* * * *

PRIVATELY ARRANGED TOURS TO GALLIPOLI

Private visits may be made directly with the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. There is an ANZAC REST HOUSE on the Aegean coast, reached from Eceabat which has a ferry service from Chanakkale across the Dardanelles.

The accommodation is somewhat primitive and calls for some roughing it. It does form a cheap way of spending a few days at a more or less central place for seeing all three fronts.

It is of course subject to the hut being free for the period required. Inquiries should be made direct to the C W G C Local Supervisor, below.
He is Mr. J E Harris, Number 858 AM
Box 13 Chanakkale TURKEY.

IN GALLIPOLI FOR THE 69TH ANNIVERSARY

By Major & Mrs Holt

We were privileged to be in the Gallipoli Peninsula on Anzac Day, 25th April 1984. We were there as part of our 'recce' for the great 70th anniversary next year, which we have no doubt will be an unforgettable occasion.

The Peninsula this year, thanks to an exceptionally cool spring, was looking particularly beautiful. The desolate hillsides of 1915, relieved only by sparse shrub, the tortuous gullies and unscaleable heights, were, in 1984, covered with a glorious carpet of colour. This was composed of variegated scrub - yellow, green, organge, red and brown; wild flowers of every hue, including anemonies and poppies; pine trees and poplars, flowering shrubs and trees. Amongst this multi-coloured flora a variety of fauna could be seen - tortoises ambling along what passes for a main road, rabbits and wild boar, owls, various birds of prey, heron swallows, magpies galore.

Beneath this superb colourful cloak the scars from April to January 1915-1916 can be seen by the observant. Great guns bury their barrels, perhaps in shame, in the sandy soil; bushes conceal shell holes and the tortuous lines of trenches.

All too frequent are the cemeteries - sad but beautiful resting places for the thousands of Commonwealth servicemen who lie there; English Welsh, Scottish, Anzac, Indian and Gurkhas. They are lovingly tended by teams of loyal Turkish gardeners (even some third-generation representatives) under the supervision of Mr John Harris (858 AM) the resident representative of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. John was conducting the Director-General of the Commission, Sir Arthur Hockaday KCB CMG around the Cemeteries as well as Mr David Kennedy who will soon be taking up the position of superintendent in Arras, France. They were kind enough to take us in the CWGC landrover

to the more inaccessible cemeteries around Suvla Bay - Lala Baba, Hills 10 and 60 ... We were thus fortunate enough to be able to pay our respects to the gallant men who lay in twenty-nine out of the thirty-two cemeteries in the Peninsula - from Suvla Bay, Anzac to Cape Helles.

On Anzac Day, simple but moving ceremonies of remembrance were held at the Turkish and British Memorials at Helles; the New Zealand Memorial at Chunuk Bair and the Australian Memorial at Lone Pine. Wreaths were laid by representatives of the Turkish Navy, by the British Military Attaché, by representatives from our Embassy in Ankara, Brigadier Bullocke, by representatives from the NATO force from Izmir, by Australian members of the Sinai peace-keeping force and by ourselves - for Major & Mrs Holt's Tours - and others. A minute's silence was respectfully kept at each stop in tribute to our fallen compatriots and Sir Arthur Hockaday movingly spoke Laurence Binyon's immortal words - 'They shall not grow old, as we who are left grow old ....' General Ari Burnu, son of the 1915 Turkish General of the same name, also attended ceremonies at Helles. Many young 'Anzacs', packs and camping gear on their backs, converged on the Peninsula and were gladly given lifts in the thirty-vehicles long convoy that went from ceremony to ceremony. The proud remembrance of these young people was touching to see and doubtless scores of them will be there for the 70th, next year.

We will be conducting three groups at Gallipoli in 1985: a Royal British Legion, a Regimental Associations group and a battlefield tour.

GALLIPOLI BOOK LIST (OCCLESHAW)

Members are reminded that copies of this list may be obtained on payment of 50p. to include postage, on application to the Hon.Treasurer - Mr D F Bland.

EASTBOURNE TEA-PARTY 21 JUNE 1984

The Women's section of the R B L very kindly continued the practice of laying on tea for all local members of the Gallipoli Association at their Headquarters in Pevensey Road. Our indefatiguable chairman requested this report of the proceedings and Arthur Garrison attempts to convey the thoughts of those present; so few these days, owing to impaired health or mobility with A D.

It was pleasing to have the President of the Eastbourne Branch of the R B L Mr H G Badcock who is now an Associate Member of the Gallipoli Association. Mrs E M Willis, now an Honorary Associate Member and the new Chairman of the Women's section Mrs G Hodgkiss provided the tea which was much appreciated. It included a raffle which was won by Mr T R Sherwin, the President of the Eastbourne Branch of the R A F Association; he too is now an Associate Member. He told the meeting of his recent visit to Norway where he found many memorials to our fallen comrades of a later war than ours.

Arthur Garrison quoted his attendance at the Memorial unveiling of a head-stone on the grave of John Hargrave at Hampstead cemetery on the 6th of June. His life's work was in writing The Confession following his experience as a sergeant in the RAMC in the Suvla landing in the book of that title. It may be that the book is the best ever written and members are recommended to read it, dealing with the night of the 5th August showing why success did not ensue, the plans and the military orders, sketches of the bay, the dried-up lake and incidents of how the plan went wrong.

The 21st August was the final real attempt and on this day Arthur Garrison was fortunately (!) wounded but he returned to his regiment in France, transferring to the R F C with four months flying.

The editor of our local newspaper always sends a reporter to the meetings and it was interesting to observe the young lady's expression on being told of the Cenotaph at at Cape Helles.

A R Garrison

EASTBOURNE TEA PARTY (See page 39)



From left to right: Tom Sherwin, Major John Ford, Major Edgar Banner T D, Mr H G Badcock, Mr Ivan Newman, Arthur Garrison M C.

The following A4 page was an interleaved supplement to edition 45 and is therefore reproduced here.

It has not been possible to identify or recover the obscured word at the end of the second sentence of paragraph 3, which is quite illegible in the original document.

SUPPLEMENT TO GALLIPOLIAN No.45

As the acting Hon.Secretary until the AGM in April 1985 it seems an appropriate time to say something about my involvement in the Gallipoli Association and assure the veteran members that although I am a non-veteran member things will carry on as before. In committee some 18 months ago,Major Banner asked for a nomination to fill the position of Secretary and I was proposed and voted in to ensure this continuity. The membership has time to consider before the AGM the nomination of a veteran to continue the office of secretary if that is the wish.

Many members already know me and 40 members joined me on the 60th Anniversary visit which I organised in 1975 when for 10 days we toured all the battlefields and other places of interest and were most hospitably received by our countrymen resident in Istanbul and Ankara. I personally have made a number of visits to Gallipoli and spent much time walking, photographing and making detailed notes about the terrain and observations about the feasibility of operations conducted in certain areas as for example the planning of the break out from Anzac in August 1915. Probably the first time this has been attempted,and the stamina could no doubt be attributed to climbs in the Alps and Himalaya's. Some editions of the Gallipolian,Autumn 1972,Christmas 1976,Spring 1977,among others carry articles or comments.

When I was invited to apply for Associate membership in 1971 I had some doubts about the role of such members because I could not see that an [illegible] historical interest was sufficient reason for joining the ranks of veterans of a war fought before I was born even if I did belong to a family where every man and some of the women had donned a uniform in times of need since the Boer War. Having accepted membership I felt easier by accepting work in the association and eventually a position on the committee and many of you will have seen me at the Abbey on Anzac day,and earlier at the Cenotaph where I deliver the wreath,or at the lunch or dinner and no doubt you can now put a face to the name. If still in doubt there is a photograph in Gallipolian No.37.

This year I have started a fund raising venture for the Gallipoli Association by giving talks to meetings of Rotary International who I hope will respond by sending a donation to our worthy and hard working Treasurer. I have tried out these talks on schools and Royal British Legion meetings and any one else interested. For some time I have been building up a small archive of photographs and letters from veterans from the time of the campaign to which I have added tape recordings of interviews or notes of their experiences and this material forms the basis of my talks. If any member has material he would like to give to add to the archive I shall be very pleased to accept it and put it to good use. Finally I need some professional help in the production of transparencies for use in an overhead projector,the subject is maps for use in the lectures and talks. About 4 maps is sufficient but I do not have the artistic skill to draw them neatly so that an audience can read them from the back of a hall.Please contact me if you can help.

Keith Tranmer.