THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



SS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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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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The positions of Chairman, Vice Chairman, Secretary and Editor subject to confirmation at AGM

This edition No 46 is produced by M E Occleshaw D A Pollard D Bland and K Tranmer sharing the work.

THE ANNUAL DINNER - 20th September 1984

Once again we enjoyed the hospitality of the Royal Air Force Club in London for our annual dinner, when a party of forty-five sat down to our traditional meal of roast turkey and ending with turkish delight.

Dinner concluded, our President (Lt-Col Malcolm Hancock) read out a message of Loyal Greetings which had been sent to H.M. The Queen and Her Majesty's gracious reply. He then welcomed the Guest of Honour, His Excellency the High Commissioner for Australia (Mr. A.E. Parsons) and the other guests of the evening, Major-General Sir George Burns (Colonel of the Coldstream Guards) and Sir Arthur Hockaday (Secretary and Director-General of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission).

His Excellency spoke next and expressed his great pleasure at being present and stressed the value of the Association as a link between Australia and the Home Country and wished it continued success. His Excellency also stressed the fact that although our countries had gone their separate ways,we still shared the same values and that was a strong bond.

The acting Chairman, Major A.G. Coulson, in reply paid tribute to the part played by the Australians in the Gallipoli campaign, forever enshrined in that immortal word "Anzac". He went on to speak of our late secretary and chairman, Edgar Banner, the founder of the Association, who had virtually carried it along on his own shoulders from its foundation in 1969 until his death, mentioning especially his valuable work in producing three issues of The Gallipolian each year. Major Coulson then referred to the emergency action which the committee had taken in consequence of Edgar's death and named the acting officials who had been appointed pending the General Meeting to be held on the 25th April 1985. He particularly asked for a good attendance on that occasion in order that the increasing role of the associate members and future plans generally might be settled. In conclusion he invited His Excellency to accept honorary membership of the Association and presented him with an Association tie, both of which His Excellency gladly accepted.

Others present were moved to address the gathering and we heard speeches from Major-General Sir George Burns, Keith

Tranmer (acting Hon. Secretary) and others. The President read a letter from Edgar's widow, Vicky Banner, expressing appreciation of the letters and messages which she had received and sending her good wishes to all present and wound up another enjoyable evening by thanking all those who had contributed to organising it.

Major A.G. Coulson.

The task of filling Edgar Banner's shoes - at least until the next A.G.M. is going to be a tall order indeed. Edgar Banner did three jobs magnificently, Chairman, Hon.Secretary and Editor and it is this latter post which it is now my lot to fill to the best of my ability.

By way of introduction I should say that I am an Associate Member and some may have genuine doubts as to whether an Associate Member should hold such a post in this Association. If anyone holds such doubts,please feel free to voice them at the forthcoming A.G.M.

A number of members will know me from my attendance at the Cenotaph and Abbey in past years, as well as the annual dinner. Others, too, will know me from talking to me about their experience on Gallipoli as part of my research into British Military Intelligence in the First World War. Still others will have heard of me through the appeal for the Gallipoli Booklist, published by the Association earlier this year - I believe there are still some copies left.

As editor (at least temporarily) it is my duty to ensure that this Journal is compiled and published as smoothly as possible and this cannot be done without articles to publish. I put forward several ideas in this edition which may inspire members to contribute something about certain basic aspects of the campaign which are frequently overlooked.

I would like to open a column in the Journal for members' views whether they be on the campaign, the leaders, the enemy or the running of the Association. Please feel free to write - it is 'open house'.

Finally, I would like to thank those members of the Committee who expressed confidence in my by offering me the post of editor. I will do my level best.

M.E. Occleshaw (844 AM)

THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR

45,Belgrave Square
LONDON SW1X 8PA

20th September 1984

Dear Colonel Hanock,

I have learned the sad news of the passing away of Major Edgar Banner, Founder and Chairman of the Gallipoli Association, rather belatedly on my return from my summer vacation.

Through you, I would like to express my condolences to the members of his family, as well as to the members of the Gallipoli Association.

I would also like to take this opportunity to wish successful continuation to the work of the Association in the hands of Major Coulson.

Please accept my best wishes and personal regards.

Yours sincerely,

" " "
Rahmi Gumrukçuoglu

ASSOCIATION NATIONALE DES GROUPEMENTS D'ANCIENS COMBATTANTS DES DARDANELLES ET DE LEURS DESCENDANTS PARENTS ET ALLIES.

Paris le 20 Septembre 1984

Lieutenant-Colonel Malcolm HANCOCK
President de "GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION" Grande Bretagne.

Mon Cher Président,

C'est avec émotion que j'ai appris, par votre note jointe à "THE GALLIPOLIAN", le décès du regretté chairman le Major Edgar BANNER.

Je vous présente, ainsi qu'aux membres de "GALLIPOLI

ASSOCIATION", nos très sincères condoléances.

Veuillez agréer, Mon Cher Président, l'expression de ma considération la meilleure.

E.A. STOCANNE
President.

From: Colonel G.D. Burgess MBE
Australian Army Representative

Australian Army Staff,
Australia House,
Strand.
London WC2B 4LA

5th September 1984

K Tranmer Esq.
100 Ramshill Drive,
ILFORD, Essex IG2 7TP

Dear Sir,

I have just received the Autumn 1984 copy of the Journal of the Gallipoli Association. I was shocked to learn that Major Banner had passed away; my predecessors as Australian Army Advisers, and his many friends in Australia well remember his drive and enthusiasm as Founder and Chairman of the Association and I know would wish me to extend their deepest sympathy.

Yours sincerely,

Graeme Burgess.

NEW MEMBERS (At 10th October 1984)

In the original printed journal, this page contains names and full addresses of new members, and also address amendments.

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

AMMENDMENTS TO MEMBERSHIP LIST

905 P M Hart should read N2
381 K Tranmer read Ramsgill
249 S Parker-Bird delete "FAI" in all places
664 Byl V St van der Cdr under "B" enter under "V"
507 J W Gearing add R N D Benbow Bn
834 J H Gearing add H M S Warspite W W 2

APOLOGY

The present secretary apologises for not having the time to speak to many of the guests present at the Annual Dinner because on arrival apart from checking the seating and placing reservations, hanging up the seating plan having acquired a blackboard, meeting an official guest in the hall, unloading things from a briefcase for the kitchen, there was simply no time left except to exchange a brief word and one who was forgotten was Arthur Garrison who has been of considerable help visiting fellow veterans, some younger than him, who are confined to home in and around the Eastbourne area.

ANZAC DAY 25th APRIL 1985

Full details of this Reunion which comprises the parade at the Cenotaph followed by a service in Westminster Abbey with lunch and the AGM at either Wellington Barracks or Chelsea Barracks as guests of the Brigade of Guards will appear in Gallipolian No. 47. Members will be asked to notify the Secretary in writing if they will be attending.

1. The Parade 2. The Service 3. Lunch and AGM
This is important because it is hoped to arrange transport from the Abbey to one of the Barracks and the ration strength for feeding must be notified in good time. Payments will be made on the day for lunch. See Spring 1984 edition for approximate costs, times are unlikely to change.

TOURS 1985

Gallipolian No. 45 gives information on tours to the Gallipoli Battlefields next year. The cost of the tour by Holt's is £521 for an 8 day tour, single person supplement is £88 and the tour leaves on the 20th April returning on the 27th. This tour can be extended to 11 days costing £677 plus £120 single person supplement. Prices are inclusive and full details can be obtained by writing to the Directors at Holt's Battlefield Tours, 15 Market Street, Sandwich, Kent. There is an American office at 1501 Gause Blvd. Suite C Slidell, New Orleans LA 70458, USA. for the convenience of our American members. One member of the Gallipoli Association can be taken free of charge on the 8 day tour and the list is being drawn up by the Hon Secretary for selection. It is important to be mobile and able to look after ones self without aid. Preference will be given to first time visitors.

DONATION.

The Association has received with grateful thanks a donation of £25 from Mrs. A.E. May, the widow of our late member P.P. May, who was a survivor of the sinking of H.M.S. Triumph and one who supported many of the reunions in London.

(Editor) An Anzac veteran recalled hearing the muffled explosion and seeing the Triumph listing and the great cheer that went up from the Turkish trenches to the dismay of his own comrades. (K.T.)

APPRECIATION.

One of the pleasant duties of committee members is attending the infrequent meetings and dining in the R.A.M.C. Headquarters Mess thanks to our very able veteran member Major John Ford (ex 29th Division) who continues to offer this hospitality and facility which he commenced to aid our founder Major Banner, and indeed was responsible for his transportation by car from the country and through the busy London traffic on his "Flying visits". The committee meeting of the 9th October was attended by a full committee to finalise the programme and duties in 1985.

LAST POST - YPRES.

After Gallipoli many of our veteran members went on to serve in France and many saw service in the Ypres Salient. It is perhaps appropriate to record here an incident which was not published in The Gallipolian at the time of the event. Since 1925 and the completion of the Menin Gate Memorial, the Fire Brigade of Ypres at their own expense have provided bugler's who sound the Last Post every evening throughout the year when all the traffic through the gate is brought to a halt. The only break occurred when the Germans occupied Belgium 1940-1945. Word reached the present secretary in 1980, then a serving officer in the London Fire Brigade, that Ypres was having difficulty finding young men to fill the voluntary duties of bugler's and that they were then down to four men. As this body of men do not appear to have received any support or assistance from the nation whose dead they honour and may be folded up if volunteers were not forthcoming, it was decided to organise a gesture of appreciation entirely at the expense of those participating and so within a week of the news a fireman's axe was produced, suitably polished and chromed and mounted onto a polished teak board with a metal plaque commemorating 55 years of the Last Post Ceremony. Letters and telephone calls to the Mayor of Ypres finalised the visit and parade to take place the following week under the Menin Gate when the present secretary with four officers from London had the pleasure of handing over this small token of appreciation to our Belgian colleagues for safe keeping in their magnificently reconstructed Cloth Hall.

This story is not Gallipoli but is surely of interest to those who later fought in the Salient. The men who participated knew little or nothing of the Great War but willingly participated when the situation was explained and although it was small compared to the great parades seen under the Menin Gate it was a sincere expression of thanks. K.T.

THE AUSTRALIAN CONNECTION.

We have active members in Australia who keep the secretary updated with events 'Down under' namely 871 Mike Irwin who also provided the photograph of the Nousret on page 31 of No. 43, 880 John Young who has sent an excellent account of the last days at ANZAC written by the late Lieut-Colonel George Shaw MC who died in Perth in August 1984 leaving a considerable fortune for medical research and the care of the aged, and the tireless 678 Sid Blythman whose account of the events in Canberra we report here.

CANBERRA 20th August 1984.

In late June 1984 invitations were sent out by the Director of the Australian War Memorial inviting veterans to the opening of the new Gallipoli Gallery. Those Gallipoli veterans who responded (and think not only of the age but also the travel distances involved) were contacted regarding travel arrangements. Each man was provided with a name tag showing his old unit, all transportation by air, rail, coach or car was free and the organisation was the responsibility of the many R S L sub branches throughout Australia. Sid Blythman was one of 4 British veterans who were included. (Blythman 5th Wilts, T Dawson RFA 29th Div. J Mason Queens Royal W Surrey, A Burgess 10th London). Two hundred and fifty ANZAC veterans arrived and were accommodated in Canberra to witness the opening by the Govenor General Sir Ninian Stevens who later invited everyone to Government House for tea. I am reliably informed that each man had 50 Australian dollars(£34) in his pocket for a drink enroute from his RSL Branch. A splendid reunion and excellent organisation by all concerned. Youngest on parade 87 oldest 98 but unfortunately it was not possible to find a survivor from all the units which served on Gallipoli. Photographs are awaited.
Note: The Canberra Times carried a picture of William Young, back to the camera viewing the Roll of Honour. Is this 810 Young our member in N S W?

LONDON'S RIVER.

John Walter Gearing (507 R N D) is a member of a family which worked on the River Thames since 1814 owning their own Thames Barges, each barge carrying a total of 2,610 sq.ft. of sail. Hard and dirty work with long hours but with sometimes the thrill of sailing in a good breeze and a race against the Tugs. Six A4 size sheets tell of his memories on the Thames with some useful tips on handling one of these boats and knowing the tides. Its not Gallipoli but it is a Gallipoli veteran and if anyone would like a copy and cares to send me a SAE and 50p for photocopies one will be put in the post.

REFLECTIONS - THE FUTURE.

Much has been written about the desire to continue the Gallipoli Association once the veterans who are the reason for its foundation have faded away but alas no attempt to discuss how this can be done has been put to the members in order to collect opinions. The present secretary suggested to Major Banner, that at some future date the 25th April would become the only day on which members would formally gather and that we should maintain the present links shared with the celebration of Anzac Day. Associate members would arrange to lay a wreath at the Cenotaph and attend the service followed by a formal lunch, much the same as the present parade shared by the veterans. The lunch to be known as the Gallipoli Association Lunch and announced as such in the national press to publicise the event and to further cement the ties with the campaign a 15 minute address by a chosen member selected by the Committee from a list of members willing to participate and submit a precis of their subject. The talk will be reprinted in the Gallipolian so helping with the next problem under consideration.

It is important to realise when considering continuity that almost all the Associate members are related to veterans or are the sons of the generation that fought in the 1914-1918 War and it is difficult to imagine the response when 3 or 4 generations removed from that period, are left to continue this association even considering that they wish to do so and for that reason continuation on the lines suggested here should be encouraged and let time take its course.

In order to continue with the annual dinner and all the preparation that goes into it which is the task of the present

secretary, a necessary attendance of more non-veteran members is required if it is to continue to be a gathering of any size. This year it was pleasing to note that of the 45 dining, 12 were veterans, 12 were guests of members and 3 were official guests. Forty-five is not a large number but if in the years ahead one has to find at least another 12 guests to maintain the number a great deal more support will be required, hence a suggestion that consideration be given to the dinner being dropped in its present form after 1985. Perhaps members would care to write their views. The Committee would like the dinner continued.

The contents of the Gallipolian once the contributions made by the veterans dries up is the next concern. When there are no veteran members the production can be cut to two editions each year instead of the three produced at present, reducing it to a single edition if it is found to be too difficult to maintain. The ideas of members would be welcomed by the Editor.

The Imperial War Museum are currently visiting members to make recordings of their experiences at Gallipoli. The present secretary has heard a number of these recordings and found them quite good but like many members reading this the reaction is 'Why did'nt they start earlier'? Ten years ago this Association was rich in survivor's with interesting and unusual experiences and ten years ago was a long time after the events of 1915. Going through the old letters in our files one discovers that we had among members an officer who withdrew with the 6th Gurkha Rifles off the Sari Bair and another who accompanied General Monro on his visits before recommending the evacuation, a submarine commander who earned the Victoria Cross, a man who coded the signals and message traffic at Lemnos and dozens of others who in applications to join casually mentioned their connection with particular incidents not generally recorded. Whatever their experiences it is not recorded in the "Gallipolian" and there is no archive to draw on in the future. They passed this way but once and if there was an appeal for them to record in voice or writing their experiences for posterity, was taken by others and the opportunity is gone and more than 400 veterans have passed through this association. What a good idea it would have been if from the inception each member had sent a photograph of himself in 1915 and a brief summary of his unit and service on Gallipoli because if the continuity lasts another 30 years

a new generation would be looking back on a photographic record as strange to them as the Crimean veterans to us 100 years after that event.
Anyone who has visited the position of the Gurkha's below Hill Q must have puzzled how they could remain there in the midst of the Turkish counter attack if they were later to withdraw from this position without any interference by the Turks - the experience of a survivor would complete the gaps in the information not supplied in the Official History.
That is just a single instance that comes to mind and we had the member who could have answered it.
The new editor requires your ideas for the content of our journal. Please do not write to the secretary to say that the Imperial War Museum or the Sunderland Polytechnic Archive put together by Peter Liddle should be contacted because both have copyright conditions about reproducing their records. The Sunderland Archive was donated by our members but a cash donation for the upkeep is expected from our association if a visit is made to inspect the records and it is not realistic to expect anyone has time or funds to travel and stop over in order to fill a few pages in the Gallipolian 3 times a year.
Perhaps veterans should bear in mind that if they want this association's journal to continue and a later generation to hear recordings it may be in order to put conditions on the use of the material before signing it over to any archive. We do not want to store material which belongs in a Museum butif we have to buy back material that was given, donated or loaned or we cannot make use of it because the rights have been given over on recorded material then it is suggested that members decline to participate under such conditions.
One of the subjects the new editor will not require for a while yet is another account of a visit to the Gallipoli battlefields. Anyone who cares to look back through the back numbers of the journal will realise that the battlefields today have been well and truly covered many times.

K.T.

From: R A Haley QFSM Associate Member.

A Gallipoli Coincidence

In 1975 my son Paul then aged ten years, accompanied members of the Gallipoli Association on the occasion of the 50th Anniversay visit to the Gallipoli Peninsula. Recently he has joined the Army and is at present training with the Queen's Division at Bassingbourn Barracks near Royston, Hertfordshire.

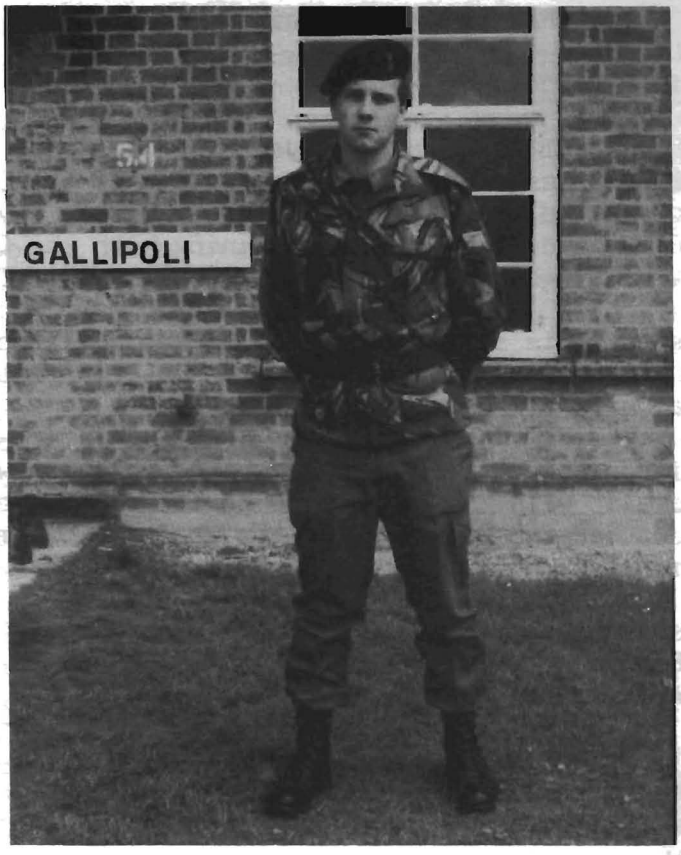
By coincidence he is serving in the 'Gallipoli Platoon'. Surely the only member of the Platoon to have in fact set foot on the Gallipoli battlefield.

It may be interesting to members of the Association who have not kept abreast with the changes in Regiments of the British Army to know that the Queen's Division at present comprises three Regiments.

The Queen's Regiment
The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers and
The Royal Anglian Regiment.

14 of the 19 former Regiments (in existence in 1915) which formed the present 3 Regiments, fought at Gallipoli, these are:-

The Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment.
The Northumberland Fusiliers
The Royal Warwickshire Regiment
The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment)
The Norfolk Regiment
The Lincolnshire Regiment
The Suffolk Regiment
The Bedfordshire Regiment
The Lancashire Fusiliers
The Royal Sussex Regiment
The Essex Regiment
The Northamptonshire Regiment
The Queen's Own (Royal West Kent Regiment)
The Duke of Cambridge's Own (Middlesex Regiment)



GALLIPOLI REMEMBERED - Paul Haley (See Gallipoli Coincidence) and ANZAC Veterans at Canberra (See Australian connection)



STRAY SHOTS From the Dardanelles.

A collection by Lance Corporal W F Rollo dedicated to All Ranks of the 1st Battalion the Border Regiment.

The Capture of Boomerang Trench.

Crouched down in the shelter of the trench,
While mortars shelled the way,
An naval might screamed thro' the air,
The Border fighters lay
In eager expectation, while
Red war their spirits sang,
For theirs the honour of the day -
To win the Boomerang!

Like pack of hounds they strained the leash,
And while commands rang out,
Like pack of hounds they raced to gain
The Boomerang Redoubt;
No chance the Turkish rifle fire
To stay their swift career
Across the hundred yards of scrub,
Or quell their frenzied cheer.

They swept the foe from parapet,
From round each maxim grim,
And hardly in their fury paused
When bullet touched a limb,
With butt and bayonet they slew
In onslaught none could face,
And cheered again, as in dismay
The foeman fled the place.

Tho' fierce the fight, so brief the same,
That they who watched behind
Scarce thought the thrilling deed was o'er
Its like seemed hard to find,
For when the Borders left their trench,
Few minutes scarce had run
Till their victorious shout proclaimed
The Boomerang was won.

Admiral De Robeck's farewell speech to"H.M.S.Bacchante" leaving Gallipoli for England 11th January 1916.

Captain Seagrave, Officers and men of"Bacchante"

I am very pleased to have this opportunity of coming aboard to say Good-Bye previous to you leaving my Flag but the Admiralty desires you at home to man the new ships and so, probably the older ships will have to go.
"Bacchante" you are taking with you a splendid record especially from your old friends at Anzac, in all General Birdwood's letters to me and they have been numerous, he has nothing but praise for the "Bacchante".
In going home do not think these operations have been a failure, although the full object has not been achieved; As the greatest authority Lord Kitchener said to me "Admiral do not think these operations here a failure and I do not want you to look at them as such, we have kept the Turkish Army on the Peninsula and from attacking Russia when she did not have the men to spare, and from attacking Mesopotamia and from attacking Egypt, also enabled us to train a new Army and whatever they do in the spring, we can look back with pride and satisfaction and say, we have taken part in one of the most interesting and greatest feats of the war, or history of wars, take home the Anzac spirit, take it to your new ships and infuse that spirit into your new ship-mates".:- The Anzac Spirit, may you always be filled with it, may it be with you Always. Good-Bye.

W.W. Lugg MM (RFA 58 Bde 11 Div.)

One's mind can be crowded with memories of life on the Peninsula and I often wonder if any comrades who served in the ANZAC sector remember the unknown (to most of us) who used to play on the cornet such tear jerkers like "There's no place like home" and "The Blind Boy"

MY GALLIPOLI STORY.

By Sgt S Evans I Border R (continued from No. 45)

The sun which had blazed all day slowly sets over the nearby island of Imbros. From our position we can see the broad red path of light which it sheds across the sea turning it into a deep blood red colour. It might be an omen for the morrow for aught we know. There is now nothing to do but post the necessary look outs and wait. The night wears on uneventfully but tired though we are, excitement keeps most of us from sleeping much.

My Platoon officer, Lieut.M. strolls up and down the trench discussing with me the prospects for the coming attack. He obviously feels his responsibility for like many more young officers raised during the war he is practically inexperienced.

And so the long night passes till a faint flush in the sky indicates the approach of dawn. Those who have slept are aroused and final arrangements are made. Little step ladders are arranged at intervals to facilitate the climb out of the trench. All are in their places. No. 5 Platoon will attack from the right and No. 7 (my platoon) will form the left flank. No's 6 and 8 Platoons will follow as supports.

At about 6.30am the silence is broken by a peculiar loud whirring noise from behind and we observe a strange umbrella shaped object falling almost vertically from the air. It falls with a tremendous explosion on the "Boomerang" sending up a shower of earth accompanied by a dense cloud of black smoke.

We learn that it is a kind of aerial torpedo which a French mortar battery is using to open the preliminary bombardment of the redoubt. They follow one another at about half minute intervals and before long it looks as though the occupants of the enemy redoubt are having a very rough time with it.

This goes on for about an hour and a half and in the meantime there has been no return fire from the Turks.

At 8 o'clock the mortar battery ceases fire and once more a strange silence falls over the place. Everything is so silent that one can hear the twittering of the birds as

they flit about for all the world as though no such thing as war existed.

Our attack is timed for 10.45am so we still have plenty of time.

At 9.30 however the battery opens fire again and once more the huge projectiles fall in rapid succession on the redoubt.

At 10 o'clock a furious bombardment of the whole Turkish line breaks out, every one of our batteries joining in and within a few minutes we are in the midst of the most terrific bombardment that has yet been experienced on the Peninsula.

Even the ships of the fleet join in and bombard the flank positions near the sea. The din is tremendous and we have to shout to our next neighbour to make ourselves heard.

The whole peninsula seems to rock beneath the shock of the explosions. Only a few yards behind us, in a small trench, a naval battery is firing right over our heads at point blank range to smash the enemy wire and make a path for the attack.

During this time we have to crouch low in our trenches to avoid any injuries from short bursts of the shells which scream continuously overhead. The Commanding Officer passes along to ascertain that all watches are synchronised as the attack must be launched to the second to enable the artillery to lengthen their range on to the more distant enemy positions as we advance.

At 10.40 am we are ordered to fix bayonets and the artillery resorts to "rapid fire" thus redoubling the fury of the bombardment. High explosive and shrapnel shell is now falling in a veritable hail on to the enemy trenches and it seems impossible that any of them can live through it.

One more minute and the word 'Ready' is passed along. In that one minute we unconsciously take one look at the sun and the sea and involuntarily commend our bodies and souls to our Maker - and then before we realise it a hoarse shout of 'Over' and we are up the ladders and racing like the wind for the redoubt about 200 yards distant.

No sooner are we over than a tremendous burst of rifle and machine gun fire meets us. Here and there a man stumbles and falls by the way but we race on and soon are on the trench.

The enemy however did not wait and we find our entry now unopposed - but a fearful sight meets our gaze. The trench has been terribly battered and debris is lying all about whilst beneath are several half covered dead bodies of

unfortunate Turks who had fallen a victim to the terrible bombardment. Poor Ginger McClellan of my platoon is lying dead having been shot through the head just as he leapt into the trench. Hastily we set to work to reconstruct the shattered parapet of the trench as far as possible in anticipation of a counter attack. Sandbags are hastily filled and thrown up and even some of the dead bodies are utilized for this purpose. We have been here scarcely five minutes before the Turkish batteries opened up a heavy shell fire on us. The air is full of screaming shells and as they burst near the trench give off little white puff balls of smoke. They are using shrapnel which wont do much harm if we are under cover. How long this would have lasted or what would have followed we can only guess for at that moment, the main attack was launched all along the three mile front. Wave after wave of khaki clad troops sweep over their trenches and rush one Turkish trench after another. Behind come the supports marching in a steady unwavering line with sloped arms, their bayonets glittering in the sunlight. It is a fine sight and we give them an encouraging cheer as they pass our position.

The enemy artillery now switch their artillery fire on to this advancing line but with little effect. Gaps occur here and there as the shrapnel mows its way through them but they close up as if on parade and steadily advance onwards.

Among them is the 5th Royal Scots (the only Territorial battalion in the 29th Division) and their discipline is splendid in the extreme. They move on as steadily as seasoned veterans and thus pay a fine tribute to the Territorial Force.

LIeut. M. is now in a quandary - not knowing whether to advance with the remainder or remain where we are. Finally we advance down the trench and reach the Gully near the Turkish lines. Here we come upon a party of about 150 prisoners captured by "A" Company in the 'Turkey Trot'. They are a sorry looking lot - some of them young lads of about 17 whilst others are veritable old greybeards.

By signs they beg of us to give them some water but we make them understand that we too are short of that commodity and have none for ourselves. They look rather glad to be prisoners anyhow and are probably pleased that their

fighting activities are ended.

Crossing the gully we ascend another trench on the other side. Here are some more gruesome sights. There has evidently been a stiff tussle here for dead are lying about in all sorts of grotesque attitudes - British and Turk alike. Several of our own men are lying dangling on the cruel looking barbed wire which had held them up whilst they were shot at point blank range by the defenders. Nearby one Turk is lying with half his head literally sliced away from chin to crown and presented a horrifying spectacle, so we hastily throw an old sack over his face.

A little further along this trench are gathered some of our wounded being collected for attendance before being sent back to the dressing stations. One has his hand blown off and is groaning with pain. Another, a young Scotsman, is lying on the ground whilst a less wounded comrade binds up the severe wounds in his chest.

A glance however shows he is beyond all human aid for his soul is fast slipping from him. In his half delirious way he is moaning something about "my poor Maggie" and one can scarcely keep a lump from the throat when reflecting that perhaps this very Maggie might at the same moment be praying for the lad's safe return. However we must push on and we leave the unfortunate wounded to the care of their comrades whilst we push on up the trench. Shortly we come upon a mixed crowd of troops who have lost their units. As they have no officer with them we take them along with us. Away in front the firing is still heavy and as we are in a maze of trenches Mr. M decides to cut across the open.

Accordingly we double across the open in extended order but in doing so come under machine gun fire and we suffer a few more casualties. However we find another series of trenches and into these we drop and after a short time succeed in reaching the 1st Border Regiment Headquarters at the furthest point of the advance.

The firing line in front are hastily constructing new trenches as any further advance is impossible owing to the lack of re-inforcements behind us and the fact that our aeroplane observers report the massing of large bodies of Turks for a counter attack.

Our artillery in the meantime is still shelling the enemy concentration points vigourously.

Arrived at headquarters we are enabled to call the roll and ascertain the extent of our casualties. Several of my platoon are known to have been killed or badly wounded and several more are missing. The remainder of the company have suffered in a somewhat similar fashion. Before rejoining the firing line we are enabled to snatch a brief meal but water is unobtainable at present and thirst is what we suffer from mostly.

Later we take up a position on top of the Gully where the trenches are already being constructed and for the next few hours we are engaged in feverishly digging in in anticipation of the counter attack which we know is coming.

As darkness falls anxiety deepens for our position is none too secure. Behind our thin line there are practically no re-inforcements for us and any break through by the enemy might have disastrous results.

At about 9pm the storm breaks and from the other side of the Gully comes a roar of rapid rifle fire followed by the illuminating dazzle of a score or more Very lights and in the brief glare we can see masses of the enemy advancing on our line from a distance of about 300 yards.

We are soon into action and pour a hail of rifle and machine gun fire into the sorried ranks. Our artillery joins inand shell after shell is pitched into the enemy ranks. Still they advance until at one point they are barely a hundred yards away as far as we can see by the Very lights. We blaze away until our rifles grow hot and oily rags are passed hurriedly along to grease the rifle bolts. Will nothing stop that desparate rush? At last, however, the enemy waver and as a great illuminating rocket is fired high into the air we see them running back in small groups utterly demoralized.

Within half an hour a fresh attack is launched and again the same thing happens. All through the night they send mass after mass at our thinly held line and towards dawn they almost succeeded.

Higher up the line they had even penetrated but had been driven back by a counter attack.

At one point, despite rapid rifle and machine gun fire they reached a point only fifty yards distant and it looked as though a desparate hand to hand fight was inevitable. But again their heart fails and as they retreated we inflicted heavy losses upon them.

At last the dawn slowly breaks and relief is general. The strain of waiting in the darkness for successive attacks is tremendous and everyone thanks God for the coming day.

And when at last it did break what a sight met our eyes!

Hundreds of dead Turks are strewn about the ground in front, eloquent testimony to the terrible punishment inflicted on them during the desperate fighting of the night.

And for all their losses they never gained an inch of their lost ground.

With the daylight the attacks ceased altogether and we have time to sort ourselves out. During the several attacks of the night we have got mixed up with men of other units and Borders, Inniskillings, K.O.S.B's etc., at present form a kind of composite battalion. Our Regtl. Headquarters lie in the small valley just to the right of our position and to reach it it is necessary to pass down a small hillside which is under machine gun fire from the enemy. However we pass down one at a time at a run and only one man is wounded in the process and eventually we all reach the battalion and are able to snatch a breakfast of hard biscuit and tea.

All through the day spasmodic shelling takes place but no further attacks and in the afternoon we are relieved by another Brigade and go back into the support trenches some distance behind the firing line. Here we remain for the next few days which are for the most part uneventful.

Early in July we learn that the whole 29th Division is to embark and proceed to the island of Lemnos for a much needed rest and to be re-inforced and re-fitted. A new Kitchenner division has arrived and will take over our present position.

After much fussing we leave the trenches and embark and within a few hours have arrived at Lemnos far from the sound of guns and battle. It is indeed a welcome relief.

For the next few days we spend the time drilling and training receiving drafts, refitting worn out clothing, being inoculated against typhoid fever etc. The weather is fine and at night we merely bivouac in the open.

After about a week of this we again return to the battle front and this time hold the front line trenches on

the extreme left of the line - the trenches sloping down the cliff side right down to the beach. At this point we are on about 40 yards from the Turkish line and much sniping goes on day and night but without much damage. During one night a party of the enemy are caught midway between the lines by the searchlight from one of our destroyers cruising off the coast. For five minutes they were shelled unmercifully by the ship and we heard no more of them after.

Our main difficulty here is the drawing of rations which are issued in the gully right at the foot of the cliffs which entails much climbing up and down by the ration parties.

Our men too are suffering considerably from dysentery and other troubles which makes the work more trying. I have gone as thin as a skeleton and have developed a bad cough and eventually I see the doctor and am ordered a few days rest on the beach.

This does not do much good however and eventually I return to duty but find it very difficult to carry on in face of all the exhausting conditions which we are facing.

After about three weeks in this place we learn that a new landing is to be made at Suvla Bay higher up the coast by a new Army from England and this news bucks us up considerably.

On the day fixed for this landing the 86th Brigade of our Division made a feint attack on our front in order to hold the enemy troops and prevent re-inforcements being sent to meet our men at Suvla. Similarly the Australians at Anzac made a similar attack and before the day was out heavy fighting was taking place at three different places. Unfortunately for the 86th Brigade the Turks at that point had prepared to make an attack on our line and in consequence our men found their trenches packed with the enemy who came out to meet them and eventually drove us back with very heavy losses. Late that night we can see the flashes of gunfire at Suvla where our new Army appears to have made a successful landing and to have made some progress among the foothills some distance from the shore. On the following day - the 7th August - desultory fighting appears to be in progress but we are unable to get any definite news.

On the following day a truce is arranged at our end for the purpose of burying the dead from the feint attacks of two days earlier. At 10 am all firing ceases by arrange-

ment and the unaccustomed silence is curious in the extreme.

Burying parties are sent over the trenches and soon they are working almost side by side with similar Turkish parties, the while numerous white flags are floating over various sections of the two lines of trenches. At 4 pm. however the parties are withdrawn to the trenches and within a few minutes hostilities are resumed again. During the next few days nothing of much import occurs except for one somewhat amusing incident. A Turkish saphead was being driven towards our trench near the cliff edge and as this enables them to creep up and bomb us at close quarters it has been decided that the saphead must be destroyed and the Turk trench on the other side captured. To this end a small naval field gun was dragged up the steep cliff one afternoon and placed in our trench muzzle towards the saphead with a view at an appropriate time of blowing it in whilst a storming party rushed through it and captured the enemy trench.

The following morning at dawn was the time fixed for the project and all was made ready - bayonet and bomb parties being detailed to rush as soon as the breach was made.

Unfortunately however, after the first shot from the gun which was quite near the cliff edge, the recoil of the gun caused it to topple over the cliff where it rolled completely to the bottom. The attack accordingly had to be abandoned much to the relief of the storming party who realised the danger of the task which they would have had to carry out.

During all this time we had received no definite news as to the position at Suvla Bay but about the 19th August the truth began to leak out. The landing had been successful but the advance to the hills which dominate the position had been held up by the enemy despite repeated attacks.

We receive orders to prepare to leave our line and embark on board various transports and we soon learn that our Division is to proceed to Suvla Bay and endeavour to make one last attempt to push the advance on there.

Late that night we march silently down to the beaches and battalion by battalion we embark on different vessels.

The division is completely embarked by dawn when our

little fleet steams slowly up the coast to our new destination. By 9 am. we are lying off the coast at Suvla. By 2pm we are all disembarked and are marched to a small hollow where we bivouac for the time being. During all this time, although we are well in view and range of the Turkish gunners we are not shelled - for what reason we cannot guess.

At nightfall we parade in marching order and proceed towards the hills till we reach the trenches marking the furthest point of the new Army's advance. The trenches are a very sad example of how not to make trenches and it is apparent that the new Army does not appreciate the necessity for making adequate cover for itself. In many cases they were scarcely more than knee deep and quite useless - so we are set to work to deepen them. All through the night we work on and before dawn we have made the line into something like real trenches.

Fortunately for me perhaps, my tour of active service practically ended here for in the morning I was ordered to report to the medical officer - this step being necessitated by the weak condition I was now in - tired out and scarcely able to stand.

Having handed over my duties I reported at the dressing station where the medical officer orders me to the field hospital on the beach. Here, after an examination by the senior medical officer, I am ticketed for embarkation on the hospital ship as a case of suspected T.B. Two hours later those of us who are to embark are taken on a small lighter to the s/s 'Plassey' now in use as a hospital ship and lying about a mile from the shore.

What a contrast when we reach it. After the dirt and filth of three months in the trenches this beautiful white ship with its spotless decks and its trim nurses is like heaven. The bad wounded cases are put to bed down in the wards but the lightly wounded and others are placed on rugs and mattresses all round the decks. Here for the first time for many weeks we can get complete repose with no duties to worry us and we give ourselves up to the full enjoyment of it.

That afternoon many of us leaned over the rail and gazed over at the hills where the sound of heavy firing can be heard.

Not until later that night did we learn the truth of

that fighting and then as the wounded came streaming to the boats we heard the tale. The last desperate effort to break through had started that afternoon. In parts some successes had been won but at others, despite the most desperate fighting the attack had been held back by the enemy who had inflicted the most terrible losses on our men. We learn that the 29th Division - foremost in the fight had been literally cut to pieces. I came across several Borders and from them it appears that the regiment had been reduced to a mere handful.

Higher up at Anzac the Australians had joined in but their attempt also failed with equally heavy losses to them.

Late that night as we lay on the white deck, illuminated by its string of white and green lights, we gazed towards that land of desolation which we prayed never to see again. Away in the hills there is a never ceasing roar of rifle fire and now and then the deep note of the artillery and the flash of bursting shells tells of the fight that is still going on.

On one broad expanse of hillside - there is a wide belt of fire caused by burning stubble. The flames leap up again and again and illuminate the surrounding darkness and in the midst of it all the firing never ceases. It is like a dream of hell.

We learnt afterwards that scores of wounded men were literally burned alive as they lay helpless in the midst of this raging furnace where neither friend nor foe could help them.

At last we slept and on awaking found that we were steaming down the coast en route for Lemnos. We take a last look at the barren shore and hills which have been our home for what seems years - and thank God that at last we are free from it.

Slowly the coastline fades - the sound of firing grows fainter and at last we are right away from it altogether.

Arrived at Lemnos, the more serious cases are put ashore at the Base Hospital. The remainder of us are transhipped to the "Alaunia" and the same afternoon we are away on our new vessel - bound, we hope, for England.

This proves to be true and after calling at Malta and Gibraltar we found ourselves sailing up Southampton Water one fine September afternoon. From the dock we can see the holiday crowds on the Isle of Wight. It was a sight to be thankful for and later that day as we disembarked and land again on English soil.

THE END.

SOME MEMORABLE GALLIPOLI INCIDENTS

By A R Peters (RND Drake Bn) (759)

It would not be amiss, perhaps, after such a lapse of time, to recall one or two small incidents of a much lighter kind, to set against that 1915 experience in Gallipoli with its attendant casualties dysentery, lice, flies, sores and other plagues suffered by the troops.

As all involved will remember, the Peninsula's heat and dust, in the Eastern Mediterranean summer were inseparable so, returning down from a spell in the 'line' one evening, we, the Drakes of the R.N.D encountered the Hawks going up. Having trudged some way through the communication trenches, they were so encoated with, yes,the bright yellow of that dust as to be almost unrecognisable. They were thus greeted with "Blimey, here come the blooming Daffodils!" Could any remark be more spontaneously appropriate? (However, here I must interject a sad note for my own same-aged cousin was in the battalion and that was my last glimpse of him, who lost his life the first time 'up').

Of course, as is also well known and quite unavoidable, one becomes bodily filthy over months of survival. We ourselves were most fortunate to be able to indulge, only once, be it said, in a dip in the sea from V Beach, off Cape Helles, during so called 'rest'. Even then, we attracted the attentions of 'Asiatic Annie', the disappearing gun of Chanak,to enliven our ablutions.

Following this theme, one memorable event was what one could only be remotely called a 'bath'. The receptacle available was half of a large biscuit tin filled with a curious viscid liquid called 'water'. I myself was actually fourteenth for partial immersion. The result was a little refreshing, perhaps, up to a point, but cleanliness hardly achieved. How the remaining numbers fared I dare not recall. However, a much better idea eventually ensued when a hideous wheeled contraption appeared somewhat later in a Gully, well away from the line, in the form of a 'delouser' if you please! A more dainty and delicate appelation could certainly hardly ever have been concieved. Our long 'lively' and dirty naval shirts went into the mouth of the beast and came out somewhat less 'inhabited'. One source of irritation had at least

for a time, been eradicated. (I think one of these ancient monsters was still to be seen, some years ago, in Devonport Dockyard.)
Now, another more pleasing subject - parcels. Very fortunately, a few from home did get through eventually. One such appeared, meticulously wrapped by a careful father. It contained a Christmas Cake. All around enjoyed a share even though it had assumed a very deep mauve shade and consequently - flavour, having made the acquaintance of a couple of copying-ink pencils, dislodged in transit. A unique delicacy, hailed as "A.1 at Lloyds" - there is no accounting for taste.
These small, unimportant trivialities may have added a little wishful colour to the more sinister events of a campaign that so very nearly succeeded but did not, from causes which are now a matter of history. In any case, many thousands of Turkish troops were diverted, to be fully stretched in Gallipoli, whereas they could have been utilised in other 'near East' theatres to this country's detriment.
Consolation is often found in apparent misfortune.

WELFARE.

It sometime comes to my notice that members are resident in Old People's Homes and have no visitors. I learn that some veterans have a difficult time with claiming pensions or payments of same or are unable to secure the services to the community provided by local authorities, home helps, meals on wheels etc. or find it difficult to write letters to Government or Local Government departments or other pressing matters.

The Gallipoli Association has no funds but it can draw on experience and obtain the advice of professional members and it can arrange visits to housebound veterans from other members or arrange to have letters written. It is often stated that large sums of money which could be paid out in benefits, are not claimed because old people are too proud to apply. Often this is not the case but rather the genuine applicant is obstructed or frustrated in the effort of applying and gives up. If any member has a problem the present Secretary should be informed and if any member knows of a member who through circumstances has lost touch with us, please write.

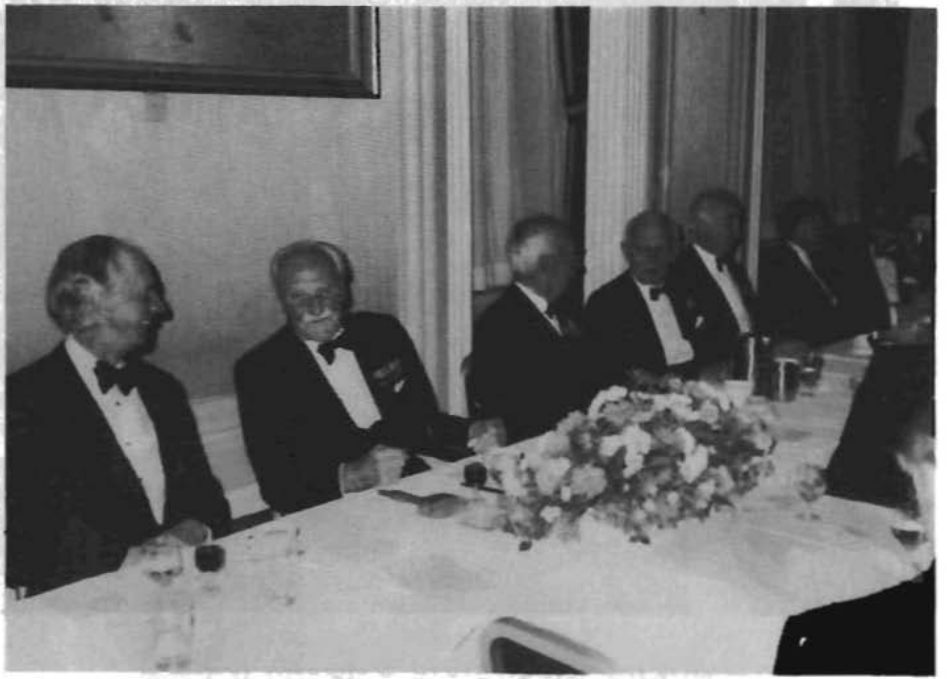
The Secretary.

Reunion Dinner - R.A.F. Club 20/9/84



Left to right:- Major A. Coulson, Chairman, Lt-Col Hancock (President, Major General Burns, His Excellency A.R Parsons, Australian High Commissioner.

Reunion Dinner - R.A.F Club 20/9/84



His Excel. A.R. Parsons, Australian High Commissioner, Lt-Col Hancock (President), Maj-Gen. Burns, Lt-Col Sir Joseph Napier, Keith Trammer A.M. (Acting Hon.Sec.)

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO YOU ALL FROM THE PRESIDENT

For those who still possess and enjoy an open hearth the old rhyme "Logs to Burn" gives some advice worth heeding.

Logs to burn, logs to burn,
Logs to save the coal a turn,
Here's a word to make you wise
When you hear the woodman's cries.
Never heed his usual tale
That he has splendid logs for sale,
But read these lines and generally learn
The proper kind of logs to burn.
Old logs will warm you well
If they are old and dry,
Larch logs of pine wood smell
But the sparks will fly.
Beech logs for Christmas time,
Yew logs heat well.
"Scotch" logs it is a crime
For anyone to sell.
Birch logs will burn too fast,
Chestnut scarce at all,
Hawthorn logs are good to last
If you cut them in the Fall.
Holly logs will burn like wax
You should burn them green,
Elm logs like smouldering flax
* No flame is seen.
Pear logs and Apple logs
They will scent your room,
Cherry logs across the dogs
Smell like flowers in bloom,
But ASH logs all smooth and grey,
Burn them green or old,
Buy up all that come your way
They're worth their weight in gold.

*

Dry, seasoned (at least 12 months) elm burns very well and oak similarly.

Green willow sparks dangerously and when seasoned burns like paper.

M.H.

THREE OCCASIONS WHEN WE MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED.

Certain papers in The Gallipolian of autumn 1984, No.45, have prompted me to write the following views on the campaign. I was an infantry subaltern at Suvla Bay from 6th. September until the evacuation, after all the serious fighting was over, so I naturally write with the greatest diffidence since I was not present on any of the occasions mentioned. I have, however, read widely from the published works about the campaign and my views, along with my general reminiscences, are recorded on cassettes at the Imperial War Museum.

The First Occasion. This was Y Beach, a beach on the Western side of the Peninsula some little distance from the Helles beaches. It came under VIII Corps (General Hunter-Weston) but there is no evidence that there was any proper communication between Corps and the force landed there. This consisted of two battalions of infantry, and there seems to have been an argument about who was in command. It also seems doubtful if the force was given a proper objective. There was no resistance and all they had to do was to move about two miles to the East to be in Krythia. Sir Ian Hamilton cabled to VIII Corps 'Would you like to put more men ashore at Y?' There was no reply, so Sir Ian cabled 'Acknowledge'. General Hunter-Weston replied that he thought it better to leave things as they were. In my humble opinion it was a grave mistake to leave the command to the senior battalion commander. As I have said, there was an argument about who was in command: there should not have been - such a force should have had a specifically appointed commander (Colonel or Brigadier) with an adequate staff. There should have been good communications, clearer, definite and detailed orders as to the force's role and objective. (copies to Corps, of course). It would have been best to put the force under the direct orders of GHQ until it had reached a position where it could appropriately come under VIII Corps. Had the force reached Krythia (which would have taken large numbers of Turks in rear), we might have been able to capture Achi Baba, and so to the Narrows. As it was, the force did nothing and was re-embarked and taken off the Peninsula.

continued.....

The Second Occasion. The battle for Sari Bair at Anzac. As is well known, Captain Allanson and a few Gurkhas reached the summit, also a few men of the 6th Loyal North Lancashire (the battalion in which I served) and the South Lancashires. There were appalling casualties in this battle. Had guides not lost their way, had Divisional and Brigade organisation Been maintained instead of putting the responsibility on various 'columns', had it been possible to reinforce Captain Allanson, we might well have succeeded. That we did not do so was largely due to Mustapha Kemel, then a young divisional commander of great determination and zeal, who urged and practically forced his men to attack again and again, heedless of casualties.

The Third Occasion. Suvla Bay. The IX Corps (10th and 11th Divisions) was commanded by the Hon.Sir Frederick Stopford, elderly, infirm and with a game leg. His BGGS was over-cautious and lacked energy. Admittedly the landing was bungled, with the result that the two divisions (Lt.General Mahon and Major-General Hammersley) became badly mixed up and the chain of command was fatally impaired. In spite of urgent orders from GHQ, the IX Corps did nothing for forty-eight hours. Sir Ian Hamilton, worried at getting no news, sent a GSO 1 (Lt.-Col. Aspinall-Oglander) to find out what was happening. He reported 'No firing, apparently no Turks. IX Corps resting.Feel confident that golden opportunities are being thrown away'.It was vital to capture the commanding heights, Scimitar Hill, etc., but Mustapha Kemel, quickly realising the danger, got there first. If a younger, energetic and forceful general had been appointed to command the IX Corps, if the two divisional commanders had really asserted themselves quickly to get their troops sorted out so that orders could be issued, if the urgency of the situation had been realised and acted upon - then we might have captured those vital heights and reached the Narrows. Sir Ian Hamilton wrote later to the War Office, when at last his plea for young, energetic generals had been answered: 'Thank you. Byng, Fanshawe and Maud are all fliers - thank you' But, alas, it was too late.

There may have been other occasions when success might have been achieved but these are the three which stick in my mind, after reading the accounts of the campaign..

Brigadier R.B. Rathbone OBE

The Gallipoli campaign is particularly noteworthy for the ingenuity applied in many fields. Members, and indeed others with appropriate information, may care to comment upon the following aspects of the campaign which are relatively neglected. In at least two of them considerable ingenuity must have been applied to overcome the crippling shortages.

(a) Songs sung and slang used by both the Army and the Navy in Gallipoli. The words to any songs popular (or otherwise) with the Forces at Gallipoli would be of great interest. Whether they were popular songs, songs specific to a particular unit, or songs designed to make light of a problem, person or institution, all are welcome. These can come from training, the voyage to Gallipoli, or from rest. If you can, please state where and how the song originated and whether or not it was ever used in theatres other than Gallipoli.

Slang terms used to describe anything - or anyone - equipment, weather, tactical features, commanders, Sergeant-Majors or the Turks should make not only an interesting but possibly humorous addition to the Journal.

(b) Details of weapons developed during or for the campaign, whether for specialist or general use. For example, what did a matchstick bomb look like? How heavy was it? Who produced them? How did it work? How effective was it? It would also be intriguing to learn if any of these weapons were used on other fronts.

(c) What food was eaten by bother officers and other ranks during the campaign. What problems were faced in cooking and eating the food and how were they overcome, if at all. For example, the Navy used a different system for organising cookery to that used in the Second World War. How did it work? Was there any difference in this respect between a battleship and a gunboat? What was eaten and how much of it? What problems were encountered? What was done about feeding men when in action.?

If anyone has any information or comments to make about the above questions or other aspects of these subjects, then please write to the editor:-

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