THE GALLIPOLIAN

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GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



SS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS

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

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REUNION: LUNCHEON AND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - 25 APRIL

Through the good offices of Captain Fagan we are to enjoy the facilities of the Brigade of Guards at Wellington Barracks. A bus wil be provided for the journey from the Abbey.

Members are asked to wear medals and the usual name tab for ready identification. Male guests are cordially welcome but should not be present at the AGM to follow the luncheon.

PRICE : About the same as last year, £3 Members and £5 AM and guests. Pay at table. Wine served at the table (only) is included.

APPLICATIONS : Please write to the Hon Sec. if you intend to be present at (1) Cenotaph (2) The Abbey and bus (3) The Luncheon. The deadline for applications is the 12 April.

AGM

The Minutes of the meeting in 1984 having been circulated will be taken as read. Members (both classes) may raise any relevant points. The Accounts for 1984 are sent herewith.

ANZAC DAY CEREMONIES

We have been kindly invited to join the Anzacs at the Cenotaph and at the Abbey. Our wreath will be laid at the Cenotaph by the President.

THE CENOTAPH : The drill this year will be more precise than in the past. A band and guard of honour will be present. Our party should assemble at the kerbside opposit the north (Trafalgar Square) side of the Cenotaph before 10.45 under the direction of a representative of the Association who will give the order to march the short distance to the Cenotaph.

This will be when the Guard takes up position and the band strikes up. It is hoped for a smart turn-out in order to distinguish the veterans from the bystanders.

THE ABBEY : The service is due to commence at 12 noon. Tickets for the reserved seats should be collected from Keith Tranmer if they have been booked. A bus is expected and it must be boarded straight away as it is not allowed to wait.

HONORARY TREASURER'S REPORT

As is usual, the Accounts for the past year accompany this, the Spring, issue of the journal.

Members should not be misled on seeing the amount of cash we have in hand, viz. £813, into thinking we have no financial problems in 1985. The improved cash position is mainly accounted for by donations from Regimental sources, £400, thanks once again to the efforts of our President, and £319 received in memory of our Founder, Major Edgar Banner, who died in July last; both these items are of a non-recurring nature. Also there is a larger sum than usual in respect of subscriptions paid in advance.

Hopefully, the balance of subscriptions outstanding and other receipts should result in a total of cash available of approximately £1,400 to meet estimated outgoings of which the chief items are:-

Three issues of the Gallipolian ...	£660	
Postages	£290	
Printing and stationery	£250	£1,200

Thus, I feel we must forego the luxury of a new List of Members but hope that whilst continuing three issues of the journal in 1985, a modest sum will also be available to subsidise the annual dinner and luncheon.

Finally, if you have not yet paid your subscription for 1985 (or for that matter 1984) PLEASE do so without the need for further reminder.

DFB

WELFARE

Mention was made in No 46 of the assistance willingly given by the secretary in cases of difficulty.

One member has written to suggest we found a "home" for Gallipoli veterans in which to house and care for those veterans living alone. This is a practical idea but hardly one which the secretary can act on alone. To find a suitable house of adequate size in a location within reach of a town, railway and road links etc may be easier than finding staff, including a resident warden, but the secretary is open to suggestions and in particular where the finance for such a project can be raised. Members who might be interested in moving into such a home should contact the secretary.

A sick man who takes a turn for his nurse is getting better.

NEW MEMBERS

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

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

PROMOTION

AM728 Capt P A PENDLETON BA PhD : promoted to Major

OBITUARY (At 8 February 1985)

With deep regret the following names are recorded.

Major A G Coulson MA LLB AM63
(Acting Chairman of the Gallipoli Association).
F Cowles AM769
(6th Border Regt 1914-1918. Birmingham Branch Chairman of The Gallipoli Association).
Captain F Woodhouse TD 755
(9th Manchester Regt, 42 Div)
Col R Cook 353
(Tpr Surrey (QMR) Yeomanry 29 Div)
R H Cory MM 642
(Benbow and Drake Bns, RND)
Col J L McKinlay OBE 239
(Sapper - 1st Div Signals AIF (Sapper Jim)
His experiences at Gallipoli appeared in an article published in the UK, Australia and USA, written by Keith Tranmer (Hon Sec)
S A Chivers 785
(L/Cpl 2/4 Queens RW Surrey)
W C Batson OBE AM654
(AB HMS Lord Nelson 1917-1919)

RESIGNATION

Lt Col J H Mott OBE AM779

AMENDMENTS - MEMBERSHIP LIST AND GALLIPOLIAN

AM844 M E Occleshaw add PhD
AM907 S W Cripps add BA(Hons), PGCE
Gallipolian No 46 page 7 should read:
921 Ernest Cullimore John (Ex Captain QM TA)
ASSOCIATE M

NOMINATIONS FOR THE COMMITTEE

Due to the fact that some members of the present committee are holding their posts on a temporary and unconfirmed bases, and that our chairman Major A G Coulson has recently died, nominations are required to fill the following posts:

Chairman, Vice Chairman, Secretary, Editor.

Nominations for these posts should reach the Secretary no later than 21 days before the AGM, as should any resolutions or objections to appointments. Members are reminded that a sufficient number must be present to vote so please try to be there.

AGENDA - AGM

1) Apologies for absence.
2) Minutes of last AGM - circulated in No 45.
3) Matters arising.
4) Hon Treasurers report - circulated with No 47.
5) Acting Secretary's report.
6) Nominations for Committee.
7) To approve and elect
   - Chairman
   - Vice Chairman
   - Secretary
   - Editor of the Gallipolian
8) Any other business.

TIES We have a number of Gallipoli Association ties available @ £2.50 each plus 20p postage, apply to the Secretary, Keith Tranmer.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE GALLIPOLIAN for sale from the Secretary.

Numbers 8, 10, 15, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 34, 35, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46.

The above may be ordered at 45p. each, post free. Members who require additional numbers to these should let the Secretary know as there are a few numbers in a reserve stock but insufficient to advertise for sale.

THE AUSTRALIAN CONNECTION

Following the publication in No 46 of the details of the parade at Canberra in connection with the opening of the Gallipoli Gallery, an illustrated brochure was received commemorating the event. The Secretary may be able to send a photocopy to interested members at a cost of £1.96 (28 pages) + 31p postage.

GALLIPOLI TOUR 1985

The "Free" place announced in No 46 has gone to C A BENNETT (713), ex RAMC Field Ambulance 29 Div. One of the conditions was that the successful applicant must be accompanied. It was not clear at the time the short list was drawn up that this was a condition. Note: Two members for the price of one would constitute a companion and cost the same. Remember, if in doubt a telephone call to the Secretary may help.

Got to bed: for the rest of your life!

THE 70TH ANNIVERSARY

A number of people have written, some of them non members asking what special arrangements are proposed to mark this 70th anniversary. Unfortunately no one says what they have in mind and the Secretary knowing the limited funds available and becoming short of ideas must declare that nothing special has yet been arranged but he is always open to suggestions. There will be the usual parade, service and lunch on the 25th April and the dinner at which it is hoped to have a special guest of honour sometime in late November. Ten years ago the Secretary arranged a splendid tour to Gallipoli for a large party of veterans in delightful May weather and introduced some original ideas to make it different because that was the last official visit of British/ Australian veterans to the Gallipoli battle-fields. The presence of so many veterans gave the event of 1975 significance which cannot be repeated but if anyone has ideas for 1985 we are open to suggestions.

FROM AUSTRALIA

Our Australian member Mike Irwin (AM871) grows vines at Red Cliffs in Victoria and in a letter to the Secretary he described how the land had been farmed by Anzac veterans as part of a resettlement scheme introduced in 1919. Time has taken its toll but a few of the original growers are alive and retired around the area. The new growers maintain the links with the surviving veterans socially and the cultivation of vines planted by the previous owners is a splendid memorial. Long may it continue.

K.T.

FORTHCOMING TITLES

1916: Aspects of Conflict - P Liddle - Pub. Michael Russell, Feb 1985.
Includes a little about the evacuation from Cape Helles.

Sailors War 1914-18 - P Liddle - Pub. Blandford Press, Mar 1985.
Includes some personal experiences of men of the Royal Navy in all aspects of the campaign.

Gallipoli: Pens, Pencils and Cameras at War - P Liddle - Pub. Brassey's Defence Publishers, April 1985.
Contains photographs and facsimile documents of personal experiences. Members can buy this book at a discount through the Secretary, Keith Tranmer. Those interested should contact him.

Home Hearths and Foreign Fields - ed. P Liddle - Pub. Brassey's Defence Publishers, prob. June 1985.
A Collection of papers on different aspects of the war, including one on the Gallipoli concept and execution.

The following statement has been received from Mr Peter Liddle (AM426):

The many Gallipoli members who have visited Peter Liddle's archives may have been concerned at the mistaken reference in Keith Tranmer's article in No 46 concerning donations to those archives. Such a donation is of course never asked for nor expected from any visitor and certainly not a 1914-18 veteran. For anyone other than a college student who wishes to work in the archives and then publish the fruits of his research then a donation is requested towards the considerable costs of maintaining and extending the archives.

Readers of the Gallipolian will very likely know that in 1967 Mr. Liddle began his programme of interviewing men and women about their experiences in the Great War.

Attention should, perhaps, also be drawn to the fact that numbers of the present membership were introduced to the Association by Mr Liddle.

CHAR

I first met the word early in 1915 as my 'mob' was attached to the 29th Division, many of the battalions of which served in India.

'Char' could be anything from a welcome brew of tea, condensed milk and sugar to a greasy mess of sticky tea cooked in a dixie after its use for the daily stew. No doubt the sand-cleaning of dixies owing to the shortage of water was one cause of enteritis leading to dysentery.

The best tea was popularly known as 'sergeant-major's tea,' but how it actually differed from normal I never knew. Perhaps it was just luck.

It may be Irish but clover tea is still to be found. This is very weak tea, made with three leaves - four if you are lucky.

Many of us know from overseas holidays that continentals do not realise that the water should be left to brew for about three to five minutes. To them, tea-leaves should be removed soon after the water is added. Is this an economy move so that the tea-leaves can be used for the next party?

When some of us on the Gallipoli tour in 1971 used to cross the Dardanelles from Europe to

Asia after dinner for a cup of tea we had it served up milkless. We could have had Turkish coffee but did not get used to this rather muddy form of drink and prefered the tea. For my part I now always have milkless tea and prefer it.

Continental tea is noted for its clarity. If the bottom of the cup cannot be seen on looking down into it then the tea is too strong!

But continental warm-water instant-tea?
Tcha!
Which is where we came in.

E H W B

Sir,

I am at present researching the Battles of Gaza which took place in 1917. I would be very interested to hear from anyone who was present at any of the three battles.

Alternatively, if any relatives or friends of those who took part could give me any information, this would also be greatly appreciated.

All letters will be answered, and postage paid.

M J Glen
57 Allnutts Road
Epping
Essex
CM16 7BE

Chop your own wood and it will warm you twice.

Some Experiences of the 1/5th BATTALION THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT T.F. ON GALLIPOLI

(contd. from No 45) By Captain E D Wolton (418)

On September 18th/19th Norfolk Trench was heavily enfiladed by artillery, rifle, and machine-gun fire, and the bombing was fierce. A Turkish patrol attempted to bomb out a listening post, but was repulsed with a loss of three dead and many wounded. On September 20th the Battalion was relieved and took over a new bivouac area in Australia Gully West. Serge clothing was issued in place of the thin khaki drill we had been wearing.

From September 25th to 30th we again garrisoned Norfolk Trench. During this tour of duty 140 rifles, both British and Turkish, were collected in the areas behind the trenches, amongst the unburied bodies of the original Anzac landing-party of April 25th, 1915. These men, like our own at Suvla, had pushed on far in advance of their comrades, and in small isolated parties had put up a desperate fight until overwhelmed by superior numbers.

October 11th was a red-letter day as the Brigade arranged "that all ranks should be spared all fatigue for twenty-four hours in recognition of the satisfactory way the Battalion had carried out its arduous duties while garrisoning Norfolk Trench with such a decreased strength." During this period of rest the Battalion lost 2 Officers and 24 men to hospital.

From October 15th to 21st the Battalion again held Hill 60, relieving the 1/4th Northants. During the month since we had left Hill 60 great improvements had been effected. The trenches had been deepened, shelter pits constructed, communication trenches dug, and it was safer and stronger. Despite these improvements

Hill 60 was still a very lively post, and although the weather had become cooler it was at times a fairly hot spot. The effect of the continual duties in the trenches, working-parties during the "rest" period, and the constant rifle, machine gun, and artillery fire, began to tell on the Battalion, and the hospital returns were heavy. The few canteens were either at Anzac Beach or Suvla Bay, and so inaccessible to us. There is no doubt that the monotonous diet was a big factor in causing sickness.

BOMBING

Fighting in Hill 60 now chiefly took the form of bombing, sapping and mining. The bombs were of a most primitive kind. Most were "jam tin" bombs, and were made by the local Royal Engineers. Empty jam tins were filled with any odds and ends, such as empty cartridge cases, stones, nails, or bits of iron, the detonator and fuse were added, the tin was closed up, and there it was - a real live bomb! At the bombing post the thrower held the bomb in his hand with its fuse towards another man who then struck a match and lit the fuse. The fuse was timed to burn a certain number of seconds before causing the explosion, and the thrower had to judge carefully the correct time to throw it. If he threw it at once the Turk could promptly return it, and the thrower and his party would be literally "hoist with their own petard." He had therefore to calculate the time so that when the bomb landed in the Turkish trench it went off before the Turks could get out of the way or return it. As can be well imagined, to hold a spluttering, hissing home-made bomb in your hand, slowly counting seconds, was a ticklish job, and required coolness and judgement. Why most of the bombers did not disappear heavenward amid clouds of smoke and noise passes comprehension: an observer with a periscope marked where the bombs fell and corrected the range and direction.

One man was always on duty with a blanket, or old great coat, and when a Turkish bomb fell into the post he had to cover it up at once with the blanket, which minimised the effect of the explosion very considerably.

After a time cricket-ball bombs made their appearance. They were a considerable improvement on the jam tin bombs, as no match was needed to light them. The top of the fuse was rubbed along the rough side of a match box, thus lighting it. The next improvement was the issue of a bomb which was lighted internally by means of pulling a tape, and just before we left the peninsula we received an occasional Mills grenade. But practically all the bombs were of the jam tin variety.

CATAPULT GUN

At one part of our line the Turkish trenches were out of hand-bombing range, so a catapult gun was sent up. It made its home in the trench running parallel to and about twenty yards behind the front line. This strange instrument consisted of a smooth platform on the far end of which were tied many bands of elastic rubber, and these were joined to a sling in which was placed a bomb. There was a windlass to stretch the rubbers and a catch to hold the sling. To adjust the distance the bomb had to go, the platform had to be raised or lowered; and the windlass wound accordingly. Having made a guess at the elevation required, and wound up the windlass, the next thing was to send the bomb to its destination. In theory all the gunner had to do was to light the fuse, place it in the sling, release the catch, and the bomb would go sailing happily to its objective. In actual practice the bombs frequently dropped out of the sling or hit the parapet and fell down, causing the man to run for his life behind the next traverse and blowing up the gun. However, if the bomb did succeed in clearing the parapet

it usually landed just in front of, or just behind , our own front lines, causing much commotion and swearing among the occupants thereof. Sometimes it varied the performance by throwing the bomb at right angles to itself. This was most unpleasant and was really against the rules of the game. There was generally unfeigned joy and mutual congratulations when the gun blew itself up - as it often did. But there seemed to be an unlimited supply of these weapons and we were never long without one.

We were also armed with a quite efficient Garland trench-mortar gun, which did very useful work.

Beneath Hill 60 was a perfect rabbit-warren of underground saps, both British and Turkish, destined eventually to be blown up.

The mining was undertaken by the Welsh Horse Imperial Yeomanry, and one could not wish to be associated with a finer body of men. They were mostly old campaigners, averaging (in those pre-beribboned days) a ribbon and a half to a man. For cheerfulness, solid work, keenness and pluck they would indeed be hard to beat. There was one new and important factor of which we had to take account. That was that both sides were hard at work mining the other's positions! The vital question was - who would get their mine under the opposing trench first? If it were the Turks we should be blown sky high! We sincerely hoped that the Welsh Horse would be first. Although this contest was underground so that we could not follow it with our eyes, yet we were brought very much into the picture because, if we were quiet, we could hear and feel the vibrations of the Turks making their tunnel, and daily it came nearer to us. But we were informed that it was quite alright while the Turks were tunnelling.

The real sign of danger was when they ceased tunnelling and started tamping. This was done after the explosives had been put into position, and tamping meant sealing them in so that the blast would go upwards and not backwards along the tunnel. To make the seal effective meant a lot of packing and ramming, and it was this sound that was to give us the danger signal. Not that we could do anything about it. We had to stay in the front line whether tamping was done or not.

In addition to the other hazards of holding Hill 60 this new threat of being blown up made us doubly thankful when our time came to be relieved. The last days and hours seemed interminable and when at last the relieving troops came we greeted them with un-feigned joy and smiles of welcome. In answer to their questions "Have you heard them tamping?" we would laughingly try to put them at their ease by replying "Oh no, you have nothing to worry about. Some people say that the mine is due to be exploded tomorrow, but I should not take any notice of that. You know how rumours get about. Hope to see you again. Cheerio" and we would hurry off and breathe a sigh of relief when we got safely to the bottom of the Hill. During the time of "rest" we would be hoping that the mine would go up, but no luck, and off we would go to reieve the garrison to be received with inane grins. When we quite properly asked what the situation was we did not receive a positive answer as we should have done, but instead heard optimistic reports combined with hints that perhaps all was not as well as it sounded, such as "I don't think anything will happen yet. Anyhow I hope you will be safe for a couple of days. But of course one never knows. I did hear the Welsh Horse saying .... but you mustn't take too much notice of what they say. Well I

mustn't waste any of your valuable time, as perhaps you haven't got too much. Oh, sorry, I did not mean that. I do trust that your stay here will be un-eventful. Ha, Ha, Ha," And other stupid remarks like that. Some people's sense of humour is very undeveloped we were glad to see the backs of their foolish vacuous faces.

AN EPISODE

We had not much to laugh at on Gallipoli as we were in very poor physical condition, and there were no canteens where we could buy extras to supplement the eternal bully beef. But when we were in support in Dixon's Gully we had a real hearty laugh such as seldom happens in a life time. The company's bivouacs were on the sheltered (from shells and bullets) side of the small gully. On the other side, and only about twenty yards away, were the company latrines. A trench had been dug and a pole had been found on which the men could sit. We were not used to such a luxury! There were no screens and as we sat in our bivouacs or had our meals opposite we had a grand stand view of nature's processes and accompanying sounds! As most of us were suffering from diarrhoea, the pole was continually occupied and sometimes there was no spare room. It looked just as fowls do sitting on a pole before settling down for the night.

One day the rush to the latrine was even more than usual and, suddenly without any warning, there was a loud crack. The pole had broken depositing the occupants in the bottom of the latrine! The look on the faces of those unfortunate men climbing out of the trench covered with indescribable filth was such that the sight made us laugh as we had never laughed before, and the tears streamed from our eyes. This behaviour was completely unfeeling and unsympathetic, but

it did not mean that we were not sorry for them. I expect it was because when there was a cause for laughter we seized it without inhibition. Anyhow I remember feeling much better after the laugh.

On November 5th we were relieved and returned to Dixon's Gully to have our bayonets sharpened and to make preparations for the explosion of the mines on Hill 60. Owing to the possibility of the evacuation of Gallipoli (of which we knew nothing) orders were received that no uneccesary loss of life was to be risked, and so the crater caused by the explosion was not to be occupied.

On the morning of November 14th the Battalion took over Hill 60, and at 5 p.m. on November 15th the mines were exploded. At the same time the Turks were subjected to a very heavy artillery bombardment and machine-gun fire. A gigantic fountain of earth shot up and as, in spite of a protest on our part, we had to man the front line only about twenty yards from the Turks, 1 man was killed and 8 badly bruised by the falling debris, while others had to be sent to hospital suffering from shock. Large working parties immediately sapped forward and established bombing posts within a few yards of the crater, where they did good work shooting and bombing. The Turkish losses must have been considerable, and their artillery and machine-gun fire became very active. The night was spent in continual bombing fights and sniping, and an enemy patrol that approached our trenches was severely handled, 3 being killed and 1 wounded and captured.

The explosion of the mine did not benefit us at all, for as we were ordered not to occupy the crater, the Turks did so. The sides being raised ten feet above the ordinary level gave them good command over our trenches and they made things very unpleasant for us at times. One man was killed, 9 wounded, and 8 sent to hospital

during this time. Four thousand rounds of S.A.A. and 712 bombs were expended. The following morning we were relieved, but the next morning, November 17th we took over the hill again for the last time. We could hear the Turks mining underneath us, and we sincerely hoped that we should not be there when the trenches went up! The gallant Welsh Horse were hard at work day and night countermining, and "Have you heard them tamping?" became a popular phrase; tamping being the final operation before the explosion of a mine.

During this spell in the trenches we had a novel struggle with the Turks. As stated above, he had occupied our mine crater and had put out wire knife rests in front of it. Orders were issued that we should remove these. Of course, there is an orthodox method of doing this by shell fire, but owing to the recent landing of the Salonika Army the supply of artillery ammunition was short and the guns were limited to three rounds a day. So another method had to be devised. A bomb was attached to a thin rope, and efforts were made to throw it on to the knife rests in the hope that we should be able to pull them into our trench. The distance proving to great, the catapult gun was requisitioned. The first shot fell short, so the range was lengthened, and this time instead of alighting on the wire the bomb fell into the Turkish trenches. Before it could be hauled back, the Turks had seized the rope and for some time a regular tug-of-war took place. From both sides could be heard hearty laughter and shouts of encouragement, inciting the teams to still further efforts. The numbers in the mutually invisible teams rapidly increased and all pulled like the Metroplitan Police, the rope giving sometimes one way and sometimes another. After a gigantic effort the crisis was passed and we all lay sprawling in the bottom of the trench. The Turks had cut the rope! The honours were

even - we had the rope, he had the bomb.

On the morning of November 20th we were relieved by the 1/7th Essex, and at 2.45 p.m. the Turks exploded their mine under Turkey Trot, inflicting many casualties on the garrison.

From now onwards the weather became extremely cold culminating in a three-day blizzard from November 27th to 29th inclusive. The Battalion suffered severely, as orders had been received for the Division to proceed to Mudros for a much needed rest, and preparations for the move had been made. The carefully constructed bivouacs had been dismantled and all were ready to march off, when, owing to the rough weather, it was found impossible to embark at Anzac and the move was postponed. The occasional showers of rain and sleet turned into a downpour of tropical intensity, accompanied by a terrific thunderstorm, and every one was soaked to the skin. The water-scoured gullies had given us some idea of the severity of the storms, but no one expected such a heavy downpour. The trenches became rivers and the gullies raging torrents. The rain was followed by a piercing north wind and a black frost. With the north wind came snow, and the tempest grew into a veritable blizzard. The Times History of the War states: "Since the days of the Crimea no British Army had been exposed to more suffering from the elements."

Perhaps a few extracts from the Battalion War Diary would be appropriate:

"November 26th. Heavy fatigue to Anzac and Hill 60 during day. Weather very cold and shows signs of becoming bad, i.e., much more wind and occasional showers of sleet and rain. At 3 p.m. a message was received to the effect that 'The 54th Division is to proceed to Mudros on night 27th/28th November to rest.' Also that all baggage is to be

transported to North Beach tonight. This was done including Officers' kits, valises, and mess boxes, as no more transport was to be available from tonight."

"November 27th. At 12 midday the Battalion paraded for inspection marching order. Bivouac area cleaned up as well as possible, the weather being the worst possible, blinding gale of wind, snow and freezing fast, dug-outs mostly filled with water, but all ranks quite fit and prepared for move. 2 p.m.: Message received 'Brigade will not move tonight!' 'Hurried reconstruction of bivouacs commenced, Officers very worried at idea of night in present quarters minus blankets, etc. Unavoidable."

"November 28th. Miserable day spent in trying to get dug-outs free of water. No abatement of blizzard. Still expecting to move tonight. (Did not do so.)"

"November 30th. Weather improved, wind dropped, and we had some sun, but the frost did not come out of the ground at all. Officers went for blankets, but still expecting to move tonight." It should be noted that the men still retained their blankets, as they were carried. We did not move until December 6th.

During this period fresh water was difficult to obtain, and all ranks were on half-rations owing to the difficulty of getting up supplies. The cold weather had quite put a stop to dysentery, but jaundice became very prevalent. To add to our troubles, since Bulgaria had joined our enemies, Germany had been able to send the Turks ample supplies of munitions. The immediate consequences of this was that the Turkish artillery fire had become much more active, especially in searching the rest areas behind the front line.

Eventually, after many warnings and cancellations the Battalion, consisting of 19 Officers and 249 other ranks, embarked on H.M.T. "Osmanieh" during the night of December 6th/7th. At 2 p.m. on December 7th the Battalion landed at Mudros, and marched to Portiano Rest Camp, where it remained eight days. Every one was thoroughly done up and in a very weak condition. On December 9th a draft of two officers and 48 other ranks joined us, and also 11 men returned from hospital. On December 11th a medical inspection of the whole Battalion, including the new arrivals, was held, and the result shows how greatly the strain of the hard campaign culminating with the blizzard had told on the Battalion:

	Class A	B	C	Total
Officers	19	3	0	22
Other Ranks	43	242	23	308

Only 43 fit men out of a total of 308, of whom 48 were new arrivals who had never seen Gallipoli! During these four months we had lost in killed, missing, wounded, or sent to hospital, 782 men and about 36 Officers.

No records as to the amount of ammunition expended were kept before September 7th, but from that date to November 22nd, excluding machine-gun ammunition, 53,662 rounds of S.A.A. were fired, and over 3,500 bombs were thrown by the Battalion.

From the above figures an idea can be gained of the exacting nature and the strenuous conditions of the campaign, and the pride of every man who managed to hold on for the whole of the occupation can be understood.

This period proved to be the Battalion's worst experience during the war. Thereafter it never came up against such a succession of unceasing

and continual hardships of all kinds. The four months spent on Gallipoli were a stern and incessant struggle against a stubborn and determined enemy, disease, great natural difficulties, and a shortage of all necessaries, including those essential to health and life. Never before had we realized how precious a thing is water.

It can be easily imagined that after the short rations and the absence of luxuries like fresh vegetables and fruit on the Peninsula, such supplies as could be obtained at Lemnos, e.g. eggs and oranges, even at fabulous prices, were eagerly sought for. Unbroken sleep and quietness, freedom from the booming of guns, the cracking of rifles, and the bursting of bombs, from the fumes of explosives, and the stench of corpses, were enjoyed to the full. Three days of this life changed a jaded Battalion into the cheeriest of troops, and every evening between "First Post" and "Lights Out" each tent had its singing or whistling choir.

On December 15th the Battalion, strength 19 Officers and 308 other ranks, embarked on H.M.T. "Victoria" with the remainder of the Brigade, one Officer and a platoon being left behind at Mudros to guard the Divisional Transport which had at last been sent out from England.

On December 19th we disembarked at Alexandria, and, after marching to Ramleh tram station, were conveyed by tram to Sidi Bishr where our camp was to be pitched.

We had reached the land of peace and plenty at last.

When your work speaks for itself: don't interrupt

THE LAMENT OF A COW

By R C Chadwick ISO RN (416)

Though I've just given birth to a heifer
Of pride and milk I am full
It is sad to relate that my actual state
Was not brought about by a bull

I've never been naughty. I swear it
In spite of the calf I have born
By Farmer Brown's tractor, I'm virgo intacta
I've not had a bull by the horn

How drab is the farmyard and meadow
The mistel seems empty and grey
Now the one bit of fun in the year's dreary run
Has by science been taken away

If what I have heard is the truth, sir,
Unnatural though it all may seem
A cow's female passion is all out of fashion
And bulling is just a wet dream

I know that the farm is a business
In which we all pull our weight
I'd pull and I'd pull for a strongly built bull
But this phoney business I hate

It must not be thought that I'm jealous
There are things a cow should not say
But the Land Army tarts who handle our parts
Still have it the old fashioned way

It's better to have loved a short man than never to have loved a tall

---

MUNDANE DETAILS

By M E Occleshaw (844AM)

In response to my request in No 46 about food on Gallipoli a detailed résumé has been received from Brigadier R. B Rathbone, OBE (267, Lieutenant, 6 Loyal N. Lancs. R., 13 Div.). Then a 2nd Lieutenant, the Brigadier was President Mess Committee of his company's officers' mess and is therefore ideally placed to comment upon the food available to officers at Suvla Bay. He was at Suvla from the 6th September, 1915, until the evacuation and stresses that his comments do not apply to active operations since there were none in that period.

The basic ration consisted of:

"1) Tea and Sugar.
2) Nestles condensed milk (thick and sweet - horrible.
3) Biscuits. Large, hard and rather tasteless, but towards the end we got an Australian biscuit like a thick cream cracker - very good. I don't remember any fresh bread.
4) Jam. Nearly always plum and apple, occasionally strawberry, but this always came in tins without a label. I was too young and naïve in those days to realise that labelled strawberry jam tins were of course pinched well behind the front line. I can't remember any marmalade (that admirable morale-raiser for officers) but I may be wrong.
5) Bully beef (I don't think we ever got fresh meat).
6) Bacon.
7) Dried vegetables. I don't think we ever got any cheese.
8) An occasional rum issue."

Under the heading of "Officers' Messes Extras", came:

1) Tinned fruit. Did the troops get this? [Apparently not - ed.] I can't remember, nor can I remember its origin, but once or twice a Greek cutter ventured into the bay, and sold white tinned peaches instead of the eternal Californian lemon cling variety, which in my opinion don't deserve the name of peach.

2) A canteen was opened at Suvla in early October. At first one could buy (and the troops) chocolate, cake, sardines, strawberry jam, and other luxuries. But at each subsequent visit there was less and less, and finally only herrings in tomato sauce ("herrings in blood" they were called), and bootlaces.

3) We got things posted from home sometimes.

4) The Company I served in once got (having ordered it) a splendid case of provisions from Fortnum and Mason - Sardines, tinned chicken etc., etc. I ordered a six-course dinner, but we did not get beyond the first two courses. The Suvla blizzard intervened. Shattering rain crashed through the roof of our mess dugout.

5) Once a friend at G.H.Q. (Imbros) sent a couple of cases of oranges and lemons to our C.O., who distributed some to his officers. Wonderful.

6) I spent a week in the Field Ambulance at Lala Baba, suffering from jaundice. Here I got (once the ravenous hunger that comes when recovering came) tinned chicken, pudding of sorts, tinned fruit.

7) Once, when we got hold of some extra sugar we made toffee with condensed milk.

8) Soup. Chiefly "Elizabeth Lazenby." This was in the form of small bricks, on which you poured boiling water. I can hear an officer now saying "I would like to see Elizabeth Lazenby."!

A feature of supplies from home was to send utensils made of aluminium - presumably to save weight. But you try to hold an aluminium cup with hot tea in it!"

Eating was, however, complicated by the presence of "the flies of course, were a horrible pest, and made eating far from a pleasure."

As might be expected, conditions were much tougher for other ranks, and made worse by the chronic shortage of water. The flies, however, were just as great a problem and no respecters of rank. According to Leading Seaman J. Murray (242, Hood Bn., RND):

"On the Dardanelles, as far as we were concerned it was apricot jam. You opened a tin and it was covered with blue-black flies, and you could do what you like, you couldn't get rid of them. And you used to get them on your lips because your lips are damp, and they used to go in your nostrils and your eyes. Of course, you used to smash them, clump! Straight on your knee, but it formed dampness which would make it worse. You used to make your legs wet killing flies on your legs or on your face and so on, and the more you squashed, the more dampness there was to create more flies. But you ate the flies, honestly ate the flies, you could not get rid of them.

"Its no use saying "Well you didn't eat them." You did. That's where - I think there was almost the same number, 30,000 died or was casualties with disease as there were killed and wounded. I think sickness cost about 130 - odd thousand casualties, so that was the cause of it."

Food was brought up from the beaches by ration parties, but was generally monotonous, though the men tried as best they might to relieve the monotony:

"We didn't get bread until they formed - I think some of the regiments had bread earlier than us - but we had 'Huntly and Palmers', those square biscuits, and you could not eat them, you used to break them up, add the little bit of water that we had, put them in a container, get a bit of apricot jam, put your finger down, your dirty finger, put a spoonful of jam down and you used to make a paste. We'd break this biscuit up the best way we could in the canteen, and then damp it if we had any water (sometimes we had no water) and then we'd try to make a roly-poly pudding sort of business. There were no field-kitchens or anything like that, so we had to dig a hole somewhere in the trench, about, say, 3 or 4 inches deep and 8 to 9 inches wide, pick some of that scrub, set fire to it and put the canteen over the top and blow like hell to make the fire burn - and as soon as it did, of course, it smoked and then 'Put that fire out!'"

Tea and sugar were brought up mixed in a sandbag, so "when you took the tea and sugar out you had more hessian than you had tea or sugar. We used to put it in the water, cold water. Mum used to say 'You cannot make tea with cold water, you must boil it', but she was never on Gallipoli! Anyhow, we used to put it in the water and try to boil it the best way we could. You used to get like coffee-coloured iodine when we finished, sometimes it was very strong and sometimes very weak, and we used to try to scrape the leaves and hessian off the top, and slurp, you'd try and suck some like that.

"Eventually they decided to give us some soup, bully beef soup. Well, scorching hot and bully beef soup! Then, eventually they did have

separate pans to make tea when we got established. The ration party used to go to a dump further down and they used to have proper field-kitchens there and they used to be able to cook stew, but by the time it got to us it wasn't so hot.

"In the morning they gave us a bit of cheese and some bacon. The bacon was as soggy as hell, and it was either raw or you could break it, snap it, you know - crisp. The cheese you couldn't touch because of the flies, and the same with the jam. Really and truly I don't know how we managed to live - but we did. Somehow or another we managed to live."

If there was ever any change in the monotony then it was a day to remember: "The first issue of butter was on December the 11th, I always remember that. It was in a round, like a half-crown, and it was in a long carton. I don't know where it came from, and they cut pieces off, like a half-crown."

Perhaps the most curious example of specialised weaponry comes from the enemy. Regimental Sergeant Major George Pennell (2nd Royal Fusiliers 29th Div) related that at X Beach German aeroplanes "used to come over and they didn't throw bombs down very often, but they threw aerial darts and I had one for years and I lost it. The same shape as a bullet with a spiral on, and if they unloaded them in a bucket you could hear them coming down - sssssss - and they could certainly penetrate anything. That was the first time the Germans started bombing with those things. They were the shape of a bullet with a spiral, like a piece of metal like that [George Pennell drew a spiral shape with his finger], which increased the speed when they came down.

RHYMES OF FOUR FRONTS

Sent by J H Crosby TEM Scottish Horse 1912-19 (320)

S Soldiers of Scotland, gallant sons of empire
C Choice of the land that smiles on your birth
O Offsprings of warriors, your banners wave higher
T Touching the highermost heights of the earth
T The call you have answered, the 'Day' that they toasted
I It found you ever strong, brave and true
S Shame that they should then think as idly as they boasted
H Honour and Country were naught to you

H Honour and Country, fair earth's greatest treasure
O Ours a heritage paid for with blood
R Regardless of price and regardless of measure
S Sends forth the clarion call, loud let it ring
E Ever for Honour and Freedom, Country and King

Following in his father's footsteps an old Gallipolian of many trades ran an antique shop at one time and one item was a skeleton which he claimed was that of a local murderer of Victorian times.

His son, not to be outdone, found another, smaller skeleton which he exhibted under the same name as his father's item. On being told that there couldn't be two skeletons for one man he claimed that this one was his skeleton when he was a boy.

The following concerns 586 Mr A Brown (Cpl. RFA 66 Bde HQ 13 Div.) and appeared in the Cambridge Evening News, Monday, November 12, 1984.

WAR VETERAN LOOKS BACK

Tribute from an old soldier

Above the roar of the traffic, Cambridge's last Old Contemptible, 90 year old Arthur Brown, proudly spoke the words; "They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old ..."

Still visibly moved 70 years after he and his comrades first saw action, Corporal Brown, signal-man and telephone operator stood rigidly to attention remembering the past on the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month.

He was not alone on the No Man's Land island that is Cambridge's memorial to those who died in the two World Wars.

With his World War Two sailor son Bertram at his side, Mr Brown and a handful of veterans observed an Armistice Day, minute's silence for fallen comrades in arms.

"I shall keep coming every year as long as I can," said Mr Brown of Shelford Road, Trumpington.

And as the group dispersed at the memorial, the Mayor Eddie Cowell, representatives from many local groups, and those who had just come to remember, packed in Great St Mary's Church in the city centre for a service of remembrance.

H.M.S. Bacchante "Cruiser"

No of Shells fired from 11th Feb 1915 to 10th Dec 1915

Date	Place	Rounds
Feb 11	El Arish	57
" 18	Alexandretta	19
" 19	"	25
" 22	"	16
Mar 6	Suez Canal	4
Apr 19	Gallipoli Beaches	70
" 25	Anzac landing	628
" 26	" "	240
" 27	" "	367
" 28	" "	92
" 29	" "	175
" 30	" "	89
May 1	" "	138
" 2	" "	122
" 3	" "	123
" 4	" "	112
" 5	" "	231
" 6	" "	71
" 7	" "	460
" 8	" "	94
" 9	" "	157
" 10	" "	105
" 11	" "	66
" 12	" "	67
" 13	Anzac	59
" 14	"	0
" 15	"	53
" 16	"	79
" 17	"	97
" 18	"	160
" 19	"	77
" 21	"	15
" 22	"	38
" 28	"	57

Date	Place	Rounds
to	Mudros, Coal, Ammunition, also various duties and places	
Jun 13	Destroyed submarine base Budrun, Smyrna then various duties,	97
?	Malta for refit	
Aug 6	Chocolate Hill etc	181
" 7	Suvla Bay	235
" 8	" "	355
" 9		148
" 10	" "	419
Dec 10	Anzac	237
	Left for England 11th Jan 1916	

H.M.S. Bacchante also took part in the Battle of the Heligoland Bight 28th August 1914. Captured German Ship Viganella Atlantic 9th December 1914.

RHYMES OF FOUR FRONTS

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

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

This record in rhyme of soldiering days
  Is writ in our blood and our sweat;
Comrades in Arms it has very few charms,
  only things you'll never forget.
It's writ on troopships, in trench and at ease
  When the guns were spitting their fire;
In the glory of noon, by the light of the moon,
  In the stench, the muck, and the mire.

It's simply a record on manhood's test,
In humble, indifferent rhyme;
The theme is too great for rhymes to have weight
In Annals of old Father Time.
I give it to you for what it is worth -
A smile, or a sigh, or a tear;
It's a poor little thing, but to you it may bring
Memories cherished and dear.

REACHING EIGHTY

By Ron Morgan, of the Canadian Veterans

The first eighty years are the hardest. The second eighty as my experience so far goes, are a succession of parties. Everyone wants to carry your baggage, and help you upstairs. If you forget to fulfil an engagement or promise to be at two or three places at the same time, or you spell words wrong, you can explain you are eighty. If you spill soup on your necktie, or if you take another man's hat by mistake, or fail to mail a letter, and carry it around in your pocket for a week ... You are 80.

So you can relax with no misgivings, for you have a perfect excuse for everything. When you are eighty nobody expects much of you, If you act silly, it is your second childhood Everybody is looking for symptoms of softening of the brain, eighty is a great deal better than being 65 or 70, at that time you are expected to retire to a little house in Florida, and become discontented, grumbling, limping .. 'a has-been.' If you survive to eighty everybody is surprised that you can still walk, talk above a whisper, and surprised if you reveal signs of lucid intervals. At 70 people are mad at you for everything, at 80 they forgive everything.

If you ask me Life begins at Eighty!