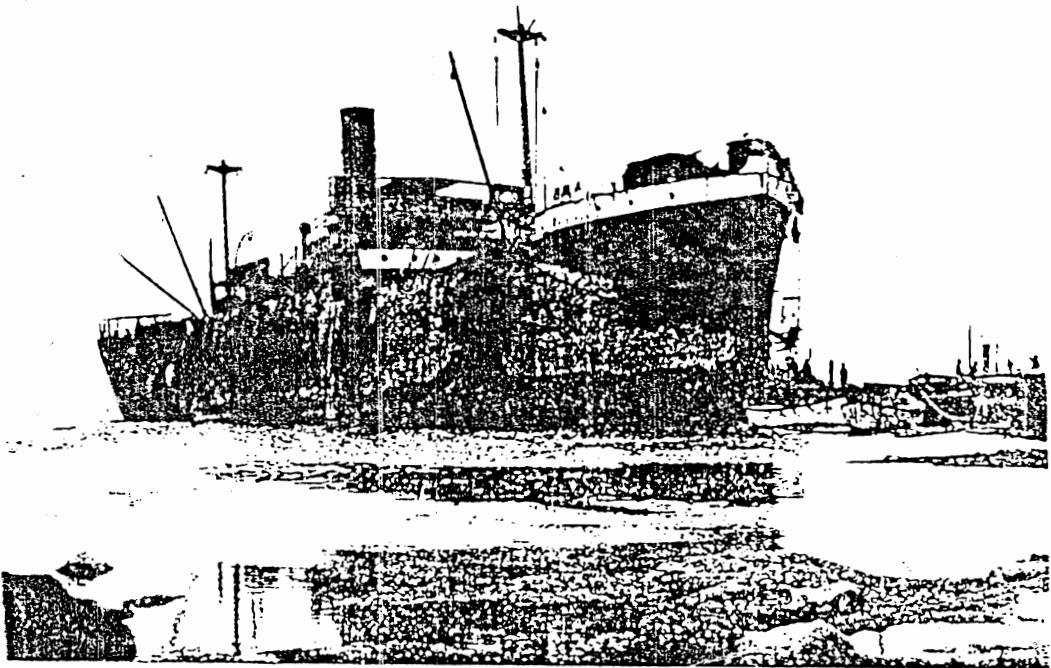


THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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No. 54 AUTUMN 1987

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

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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Gallipoli Association will be held at the RAF Club, Piccadilly, commencing at 10.45 on 30 September 1987. It is hoped that you will be able to be present.

AGENDA

- 1 Apologies for absence.
- 2 Minutes of the AGM held on 25 April 1986, already circulated.
- 3 Chairman's Report.
- 4 Treasurer's Report. The Accounts for the year ending 31 December 1986 were circulated with The Gallipolian No 53.
- 5 Secretary's Report.
- 6 Election of Officers and the Committee.
- 7 Any Other Business. Members wishing to raise any item should do so in writing to the Secretary at least 21 days before the date of the AGM.

AUTUMN LUNCH

The Autumn Lunch will follow the Annual General Meeting, and will commence at 12.30 for 13.00 at the RAF Club, Piccadilly on 30 September. The guest speaker will be Brigadier General B.Graf Stauffenberg, Defence and Military Attache at the German Embassy, London. Brigadier Graf Stauffenberg is a relative of Colonel Klaus Schenk von Stauffenberg who placed the brief case bomb beside the conference table at Hitlers HQ, Rastenburg, East Prussia on 20 July 1944. Full details of the lunch are contained on the enclosed booking form. We look forward to you joining us.

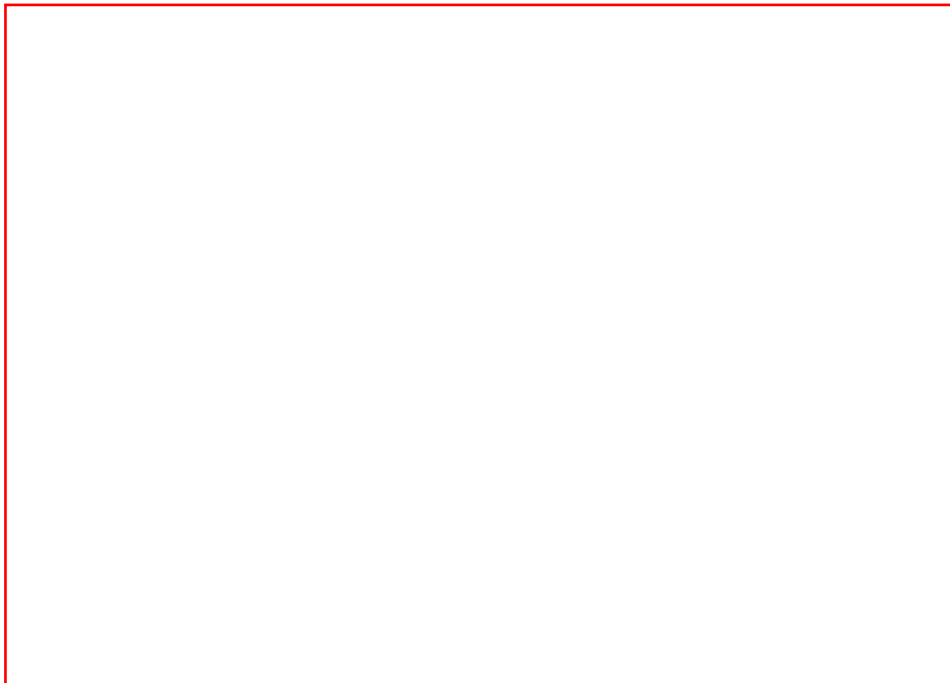
NEW MEMBERS

In the original printed journal, this page and the following, and a section of page 6, contain the names and full addresses of new members, and also address amendments.

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



CHANGE OF ADDRESS



AMENDMENTS

- 644 LIEUT-COLONEL C ADSHEAD Postal Code is SE3 9TZ
- AM941 M H H BROOKE RE now Lieut. Colonel
- AM990 MRS FOSS, not Fass, as printed in The Gallipolian 53

RESIGNATIONS

- AM763 A J MALPASS

OBITUARY (at 10 August 1987)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

- 412 A W CLARKE, Captain CBE, DSO, RN. Midshipman
HMS Implaccable and HMS Arcadian
- 714 S A CLARKE, Pte RAMC 54 Division
- 389 P V JOHNS, L/Cpl RE 2/1 Welsh Field Coy &
437 Coy
- 555 S G KEEVIL, FCA Chev of the Order of the
Crown of Belgium, Spr RE Signals att'd 2nd
Mounted Division
- 173 R F MILLARD, Captain 1 Border Regt, 29 Div.
- 125 F J NEWMAN, Sgt RAMC 53 Field Ambulance,
3 Welsh Field Ambulance
- 27 SEMPLE, H E, Lt-Cdr RN HMS Prince George
- 125 J H WHYMARK, Captain 2/4 Queens Royal Regt,
West Surrey, 54 Division

CAPTAIN ARTHUR WELLESLEY CLARKE, CBE DSO

We have just been informed that Captain Arthur Wellesley Clarke CBE, DSO, Royal Navy (412) died in January 1985, aged 86. He joined his first ship HMS Implaccable as a midshipman in August 1914. At the landings on 25 April Implaccable steamed to within 450 yards of the shore at X Beach and so dominated the defences with her fire that the troops landed without casualty. General Sir Ian Hamilton in his dispatches called it a model landing, while the appreciation of the troops was reflected in the naming of the narrow beach as Implaccable Landing. For his part in charge of one of the picket boats that day Midshipman Clarke was Mentioned in Despatches. He later served in a variety of other vessels, and was a Lieutenant on board HMS Royal Oak in the Dardanelles and Sea of Marmora, 1920. In WWII he commanded HMS

Sheffield, and was awarded the DSO for bravery and skill in the Barents Sea when in December 1942 he sank the German destroyer Friedrich Eckholdt during the attack on Convoy JW51B by the German cruisers Hipper and Lutzow. The CBE and Legion of Merit followed for services over some two years from February 1944 when he was Chief of Staff to the Head of the Admiralty Delegation to the United States. He was placed on the retired list in July 1948 and appointed as Chief of Naval Information two months later.

CAPTAIN RICHARD MILLARD

Captain Millard (173) died on 7 August 1987 the day before his 90th birthday. He was born near Aspatria, Cumbria, where his father was a Church of England parson. In 1914 he faked his age and joined the Border Regiment and was wounded at Gallipoli. Later he was to be wounded again on the Somme. He will be best remembered for his pioneering work to reduce noise pollution, being appointed in the 1930's to run the Anti-Noise League. He was also a renowned fund raiser, and for a time was Secretary of the British Charities Association.

REMEMBRANCE DAY PARADE

Members of the Association who would like to march together in the Parade past the Cenotaph on Sunday 8 November are asked to contact Alan Standley (AM815), 3/62 Heathmere Drive, Chelmsley Wood, Birmingham B37 5EU, who will obtain tickets. Members are asked to meet at the Mountbatten Memorial just to the right of Horse Guards Parade promptly at 1000 where Alan will be on hand to issue tickets.

ANZAC DAY IN WALES

For the first time the anniversary of the Gallipoli landings has been officially marked in Wales, when on 25 April a leading member of Australia's Welsh community laid an Anzac wreath at the Cardiff War Memorial. The Reverend James Haldane-Stevenson served as a Chaplain in WWII and emigrated to Australia in 1955. In a subsequent address he said that among those who died for Australia in both world wars were an honourable number born in Wales or of Welsh parents.

ANZAC DAY CEREMONIES

Members of the Association gathered at the Cenotaph on 25 April watched by a sizeable gathering, both those who had come specially, and also passers by. The Association's wreath was laid by the President, Lieutenant-Colonel M.E. Hancock MC, and amongst other veterans present were Major J.F. Ford, R.C. Chadwick, C.A. Dawson, S.H. Gyton, J.M. Johnson and A.A. Spoforth.

The Commemorative Service in Westminster Abbey was well attended, the First Lesson being read by His Excellency The High Commissioner for New Zealand, Mr Bryce Harland, and the Second Lesson by His Excellency The High Commissioner for Australia, the Hon. Douglas McClelland. Afterwards it was with some difficulty that our coach negotiated an anti-nuclear parade, but we were soon transported to the splendid hospitality of the Officers Mess of 1st Bn. Irish Guards at Chelsea Barracks.

We are extremely grateful to Lieutenant Colonel Henry Wilson for allowing us to use the Mess. Some 42 members and guests attended the luncheon where we were joined by one of our new members, Captain J.R.H. Stopford, Adjutant 1st Bn. Irish Guards, a great nephew of Lieutenant General Sir Frederick Stopford who commanded the landings at Suvla Bay, August 1915. We were piped into lunch by pipers of the Irish Guards wearing saffron kilts with Tara brooches, dark green tunics and cloaks, and headress of dark green Caubeens. Then after lunch we were entertained by the drums and flutes of the Corps of Drums under Drum Major MacFarland. They wore their full dress uniform of scarlet tunics with buttons in groups of four, and the bear-skin headdress with St Patrick's blue plumes worn on the right. They played stirring marches and popular First War tunes familiar to us all. We would like to express our very sincere thanks to C/Sgt Halford and his team of waiters and cooks for the excellent way in which they looked after us so well.

It was late afternoon before members dispersed, some only a short distance, to the Mess of the Royal Free Hospital, Chelsea, to continue well into the evening. The day was memorable for its spirit and comradeship. We look forward to seeing even more members next year, meanwhile there is the Autumn lunch to look forward to.



J.M. Johnson (781) of Carmarthen and N. Anthony (AM796) outside Westminster Abbey on 25 April, 1987.

SOME LETTERS FROM SUVLA BAY

A number of letters have come to light, recently, which were written on the way to Gallipoli and on the Peninsula during the 1915 campaign. These were from an 18 years old Second Lieutenant to his parents and they cover the period between the time when he embarked on the transport ship to when he arrived back in England, wounded, in 1916. It was probably because he did not wish to cause his parents unnecessary anxiety that these letters, with one notable exception, seem to play down the strains and stresses that he must have experienced, and here and there in fact they show how little the trials and tribulations appeared to affect his outlook. The first few letters are not dated owing to the very strict censorship imposed, but they start in the July before the Suvla Bay landing. By present day standards the outward journey by sea seems to have been a pretty leisurely affair with stops at Malta and Alexandria for coaling. At Alexandria the battalion's band and one of its four companies were left in Egypt together with all the battalion's heavy kit, all vehicles and its two machine guns.

(Space does not permit reproduction of all the letters so this extract commences with the arrival at Suvla Bay in mid August 1915. Editor.)

Brigade Water Supply
Thursday.

We are at last at the front and personally I find it quite a congenial occupation. Our battalion however has had rather bad luck because directly we landed here we were sent off (last Sunday) to the front line or, at least, just behind it so that we have not really had a fair chance to get used to the climate and find the amount of water with which each man is issued daily, is rather small as the heat is so great.

Since the day after we arrived here I have been employed about twice and sometimes three times a day taking a party of men, generally averaging about 30 to 40 from our lines, on a journey of about two miles to the beach to get water and then return to our lines, each man carrying 4 gallons in 2-gallon tins. Every time I have taken my party down we have been seen by the enemy, as the track is rather exposed, and have been shelled. We have had pretty good luck though, and I have only had two met hit and slightly wounded when a shell happened to land within a few yards of our little party. Besides shells, we have been constantly worried by snipers but the worst these have done, as far as I know, is to smash a water bottle which was carried by the owner and a tin of food carried by someone else, so we do not take much notice of them now.

The first day we were in action - last Monday - two men were wounded two or three yards from me. The first was shot in the shoulder from behind. I sent a man to fetch a stretcher and two bearers and when he came back and just as he was going to help get the wounded man on to the stretcher he himself was shot, the bullet going through both legs just above the knees. He was standing beside me. We soon had him bound up, however, and then as we could not put him on a stretcher, I carried him on my back until I got him to a safer place where a stretcher was brought up and he was taken away on it.

The day before yesterday we had a fellow from another battalion shot through the calf of his leg, in our lines. He wanted water very badly - they all do - so I took him some up and also patched up his leg with my field dressing. The doctor came up just as I had finished and helped him off. I think he was quite pleased with my efforts. Nothing else very exciting seems to be happening except, of course, we are being continually shot at all round us by snipers.

I have just been moved from the battallion lines to look after the water supply to each battalion of our brigade when they come to draw it. It is a rather better job I fancy and probably safer.

Have not had any mail from England yet, nor has anyone else, but I am not worrying about that, I only hope the letters I sent will get to you safely so that you know how I am getting on. At present I am feeling as fit as I have ever felt in spite of only 8 hours sleep since Saturday. My platoon has had by far the greatest number of men wounded - none killed - but the total number of casualties seems to be very light. I had rather a hot time a day or two ago when I was returning to my lines, when the enemy started firing shells just where I happened to be. Luckily, there was a fairly good dug-out, which was simply a small trench about 6 feet long and 2½ feet wide, with the side facing the enemy high enough to be a protection against these shrapnel shells which burst in the air and spray out bullets. These shells were bursting overhead at what seemed about 30 yards up. Yes, I certainly was in a bit of a funk, but came off unscathed, thanks to the dug-out being just deep enough. I seem to have a better appetite than most people who are rather knocked out by the heat.

When I woke this morning about 5 - having got to sleep at 3 - I discovered it had been pouring with rain as my legs were soaking wet and I was horribly cold. However the sun came out almost immediately and very soon everyone was dry. Have neither shaved nor washed since we landed, so must be looking very picturesque. Some of the fellows present a most amusing sight.

The post, they say from here, is very irregular, so am writing this - the first time I have had a chance - trusting to luck it will go fairly soon. Am really enjoying all this, but you will find I shall not be slow in getting home if there is the slightest chance of doing so.

We have some peculiar insects here in the way of grasshoppers, etc., and have come across several specimens of leaf insects. You will find illustrations of the latter, I think, in the Harmsworth Natural History books. They are really rather pretty but frighten most of the men. I saw a large green lizard this morning and also a nest of some variety of larks with one egg in. I seriously thought of having fried lark's egg for breakfast but as it is about the size of a sparrow's egg, I thought it hardly worth the trouble.

Much love,

Your affectionate son

Trenches in Turkey
Sunday

It is a fortnight today since we landed in Turkey, but up to the present we have had very little fighting to do - disappointing in a way, as we were so tensed up for it.

Have received a letter from each of you dated 1st August and also another from you, mother, dated a few days later and I have heard from Auntie Amy. Many thanks for the papers which I received at the same time as your last letter. They were most welcome and helped to pass the time during the day. We generally have very little to do in the daytime but have to do a considerable amount of night digging to improve our trenches and dug-outs. These latter are behind the trenches and used as places in which to "rest" with safety - provided they are made properly.

The casualties in our battalion have, so far, been few, but last Sunday, one of the few shells which burst near us, killed one whom we could ill spare - Major Henson. This shell, which burst amongst a group, killed our Sergeant-Major and wounded another sergeant.

They move us about this particular neighbourhood fairly frequently and tonight we are moving to some other trenches. If by any chance you don't happen to hear from me for some length of time, there will be no need to worry whatever as information is sent immediately to relations concerning casualties.

Almost invariably we get a few shells as a morning greeting and this morning two of the men had shots from a shrapnel shell in their tunics, but neither got a scratch. We have quite a collection of empty shell cases round these trenches and rifle bullets and shrapnel bullets are lying about in large numbers.

We find the food, at present, is excellent and every man has quite sufficient. The water supply too is better but varies according to which particular place one happens to be in.

The climate, so far, has agreed with me splendidly, for I feel as fit, in fact more so, than I ever did. We get a remarkably small amount of sleep as we are working mostly at night and cannot get much rest during the day because of the flies, but we seem to get on extremely well without it, which makes one inclined to think that many people have too much.

Before I came out here, if I had heard anybody say that they could go on with their breakfast quite calmly, although shells were landing around them, I should have been inclined to think it impossible but here, everybody does it and merely remark 'Now if they don't knock that mess tin off the fire I don't mind what happens, but I should be upset if they spoilt my breakfast!'

Howard has been taken rather ill and is probably on his way back to England now until he recovers. It is undoubtedly the climate that has knocked him up, as it has so many others.

Have had three shaves since landing - one this morning - but we look upon such things as great luxuries because of the water situation. As for washing in fresh water - it isn't on the map at all.

We get the most extraordinary rumours out here which, of course, no-one believes, but at the same time we wish some of them were true. As for news in general, - official news of things going on elsewhere - we do very well, and have heard some very good news within the last few days.

Apparently I have not received your first letter, or letters, for in the one dated 1 August you referred to others which you wondered if I had received. No doubt they will arrive in time. So far we have received two mails from England.

We find the Turks very good sportsmen, so do not believe any stories about their atrocities, although the Germans may practice them.

Although we hardly notice the difference ourselves, no doubt everyone is getting very brown. Possibly 50% of this is dirt.

Must close now, hope you are all in the best of health,

Your affectionate son

.....
P.S. Will you please tell any friends expecting to hear from me, that writing facilities are not very numerous.

P.P.S. It is a week since I wrote this letter and the mail is only going today. I am still very well and lively. Many thanks mother darling for your two letters received yesterday. Am glad you have received my parcel from Malta. Please thank grandma for her letter.

To be continued

In a recent issue of Stand To!, the journal of the Western Front Association, I mentioned my interest in these sad memorial volumes, many of which were published privately, produced by devoted parents and friends to commemorate individuals who never returned. They are of particular historic value, partly because they are scarce and unrecorded, and because many of them contain letters from the Front. I have recorded about 50, but there must have been thousands. Some of them relate to Gallipoli casualties, but I have found only very few. If you know of any, please send details in the following format to Lieutenant-Colonel R.J.Wyatt, MBE, T D, 33 Sturges Road, Wokingham, Berks, RG11 2HG:

Title, author, publisher, date, size, number of pages and illustrations, details of subject if not evident from the title - rank, unit, place and date of death, and are letters included.

Here is one from my collection:- John Hugh Allen of the Gallant Company, by his sister Ida Montgomery published by Arnold, 1918. 8 ins, vi, 236 pages, portrait. Allen was a New Zealander, a Cambridge man called to the Bar in 1914, commissioned into the 13th Worcestershires, attached 1 Essex, 29 Div on 25 May in Gallipoli, 12 days later he was killed. The book consists of his letters home.

CAN YOU HELP SAVE A BEETLE?

Some 200 lighters which quickly became known as 'beetles' were built as landing barges for use at the Dardanelles, where at least 41 were used, see The Gallipolitan 25: 21-23. After the Armistice many were sold to become coastal and river carriers. Incredibly a few have survived to the present time, and several still make regular voyages between Colchester and London carrying cargoes of sand. Les Reid has had a long interest in these craft and is particularly anxious to see whether there is enough interest in ensuring one is preserved. Members interested in such a project are asked to contact the Editor who will pass their letters on to Mr Reid who is a Merchant Seaman.

THE ATTACK OF 4 JUNE RECONSIDERED⁺

By M.E.Occleshaw (AM844)

The great offensive of 4 June 1915 on Gallipoli is frequently regarded as a badly managed disaster, epitomizing all that the popular imagination holds to be typical of the offensives of the Great War - an attack in full daylight, in the heat of the mid-day sun, with inadequate support resulting in the capture of a fragment of worthless, shell-pocked ground, and a butcher's bill running into tens of thousands of lives. In fact the attack of 4 June came within an ace of succeeding and might be added to the other occasions when success had only to be grasped at Gallipoli, cases already well publicised in The Gallipollian (Rathbone 1984).

The outline of the events of 4 June are so well known to members that there is no need to recount them here, suffice it to say that naval support was provided by the guns of HMS Exmouth and HMS Swiftsure stationed off Cape Tekeh, and HMS Talbot from a position off Chana. An unusual element was added to the plan by the employment of four Royal Navy armoured cars, three of which were to attack along the East Krithia road, though no great hopes were invested in their performance. A slow artillery bombardment began

⁺ Inspired by information sent by Major G.B.Horridge (129) 1/5 Lancashire Fusiliers, 42 Division, who as a Lieutenant was with two companies left to garrison the trenches and was wounded whilst trying to bring in a wounded soldier. His brother Walter also served with the 1/5 Lancashire Fusiliers, and his account of the events of 4 June provides the basis for this article.

at 0800 with fire from the few heavy guns and howitzers, though the light was dull and observation was difficult until conditions steadily improved from 0900. The wind was from the north-east which meant dust and smoke being blown back towards the Allied lines. A general cease-fire fell at 11.22 with the intention of causing the Turks to open fire and so disclose their positions. This had the desired effect and when the bombardment was renewed at 11.30 it fell with increased accuracy on the Turks, the fire of the heavy guns and howitzers being supported by the field artillery.

The infantry assault was scheduled for 1200, and for the 25 minutes before then there was a noticeable slackening of fire from the Turks. The 42nd Division of the Territorial Army was Sir Ian Hamilton's only real trump card in this offensive, having only reached Gallipoli in full strength at the end of May, although isolated units had been engaged from the beginning of the month. Success really depended on what this fresh Division could achieve beside the battered and much depleted units of veterans of the earlier battles. Within the 42nd Division the spearhead of the attack comprised the 127th Infantry Brigade consisting of four battalions of the Manchester Regiment, reinforced by two companies of the 1/5th Lancashire Fusiliers who had been seconded to the 1/6th Manchesters.

The 42nd Division formed part of 8 Corps commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston and, in commenting on the effects of the bombardment, the Corps War Diary for 1200 noted that there was practically no Turkish machine gun fire in front of the 42nd Division, which augured well for the attack by the Manchesters. The Manchester Brigade attacked with great dash and by 12.40 they had taken their second objective, but C Company of the 1/6th Manchesters, together with the attached Lancashire Fusiliers went beyond this and broke right through the Turkish positions and into open country taking between 200 and 300 prisoners in the process.

Success seemed complete, wanting only to be exploited to turn it into victory. Certainly Sir Ian Hamilton thought so from his command post well forward on the left flank, which he shared with two enormous tarantulas, he observed:

...the boldest and most brilliant exploit of the lot was the charge made by the Manchester Brigade in the centre who wrested two lines of trenches from the Turks; and then, carrying right on; on to the lower slopes of Achi Baba, had nothing between them and the summit but the clear, unentrenched hillside. They lay there - the line of our brave lads, plainly visible to a pair of good glasses - there they actually lay! We wanted, so it seemed, but a reserve to advance in their support and carry them right up to the top. We said - and yet could hardly believe our own words - 'We are through' (Gibbon 1920).

The opportunity was clearly there, so it is fair to ask what went wrong? Much hinges on the question of reserves, for there can be little doubt that had these been rushed through the gap made by the Manchesters and Lancashires then the whole Turkish front would have collapsed - and there is solid evidence to show the Turks were badly shaken at this stage. One of the Lancashire Fusiliers had been wounded and captured by the Turks who had bundled him off behind Achi Baba. He told Major Horridge that, when the breakthrough had been made, the Turkish artillery at this point limbered up and began to retire, but on finding that no effort was made to exploit the advance they all returned in the evening. The soldier who witnessed the Turkish retirement was, to the best of Major Horridge's memory, called Ridgeway, and after the war worked for the Major at the family print works.

What of the British reserves all this while? Such reserves as Hunter-Weston sent up were all thrown in on either side of the breakthrough in a vain bid to

bring the wings of the attack forward, but these efforts to redeem failure brought no success. The Manchesters and Lancashires were left isolated in advance of the Allied line, grimly hanging on to their new position against heavy enfilade fire from the unshaken Turks in the trenches on either side. Casualties were heavy, and in the event Walter Horridge was the only officer left alive and unwounded amongst the small band on the slopes of Achi Baba, (Horridge pers.comm.). It was he who led the survivors back to safety when it became clear that there was to be no support and they were in imminent danger of being surrounded. They were to hold their positions for a further eight days under extremely trying conditions and for his conduct in this battle Walter Horridge deservedly won the Military Cross.

In the meantime Hunter-Weston had other things to think about. The right of the 42nd Division was guarded by the advance of the Royal Naval Division whose right, in turn, was due to be covered by the advance of the French against Kereves Dere Ridge and the Haricot Redoubt. The French had initially secured the Redoubt but were swiftly bundled out by the Turks and thrown back to their starting position. Repeated promises of fresh attacks from this quarter proved empty, the renewed attack never materialising. This exposed the right of the Royal Naval Division to merciless enfilade fire from Kereves Dere which cost enormous casualties. In conjunction with this the Turks strongly counter-attacked and the Division was forced to give ground, which in turn opened the right flank of the 42nd Division to the attentions of the Turks. Thus, from right to left of the British line there were ever more strident cries for reserves to shore-up successively threatened right flanks, and such reserves as were available were sent to stave off disaster instead of exploiting success. The effect of the French repulse rippled along the line and Hunter-Weston conceding that there was no longer any prospect of victory issued orders at 1725 and 1730 to consolidate, and to make preparations to repel Turkish counter-

attacks, rather than considering further advances. The blunt fact was that by now there was no other realistic alternative.

It is open to question whether Hunter-Weston even knew the extent of the success of the Manchester Brigade. The War Diary of 8 Corps does not refer to it at all, only noting at 1437 'The 6th Manchester Battalion on the LEFT CENTRE of the 42nd Divisional Section reported at 1345 that they had reached the Second Objective'. Nevertheless, an aerial reconnaissance report from Lieutenant Davies RN, War Diary 1440, noted some confusion and signs of panic in the Turkish rear, with a lengthy column of Turkish infantry on the road running north from Krithia. In which direction these were moving remains unclear. Later aerial reports do not mention the Manchesters and Lancashires, and record no evidence of disturbance in the Turkish rear. If Hunter-Weston did not know of the success in the centre, he cannot be held responsible for wasting the opportunity, however momentary and fleeting, but if he did know of it at an early enough stage in the fighting his handling of the battle is open to question. Sir Ian Hamilton might well have spotted the chance, but that does not necessarily mean that Hunter-Weston did, and there is no record amongst the 8 Corps papers of any message to this effect having been received from GHQ.

Whatever had been the extent of Hunter-Weston's responsibility, by the end of the fighting on 4 June the opportunity had vanished never to return. The attack had ground to a halt all along the length of the Helles front, and the losses sustained presented Sir Ian Hamilton with yet another manpower crisis, a fact all too familiar to students of the Gallipoli campaign. The 1/6th Manchesters had, to all intents and purposes been wiped out in the performance of their gallant deeds, the Battalion being reduced to a strength of 150 men under a lone officer. This would not make such sad reading had their joint achievement with the Lancashires been supported as it should have been. British troops on the

summit of Achi Baba would surely have swung the fortunes of the day whatever temporary success the Turks enjoyed on the Allied right. The moral effect of a successful breakthrough around Achi Baba would have more than compensated for any loss of ground on the right, and would almost certainly have delivered the Peninsula into Allied hands. One can only speculate over the results that defeat on 4 June would have had in Constantinople, but the prospect of the loss of the whole of European Turkey cannot be discounted. The breakthrough of the Manchesters and Lancashires must be counted as one more occasion when victory beckoned, only to be lost by men unaware of the opportunity.

References

Gibbon, F.P. 1920 The 42nd East Lancashire Division 1914-1918. Country Life.

Horridge, Major G.B. Letter 3 December 1986.

Rathbone, Brigadier R.B. OBE. 1984 Three occasions when we might have succeeded. The Gallipollian 46:34-35

War Diary. 8 Corps General Staff War Diary 1915 May - 1915 Sept. 4 June at 1200, 1437, 1440. PRO WO 95/4273.

MUSEUM OF THE MANCHESTERS

The Museum of the Manchester Regiment opened in the Town Hall, Ashton-under-Lyme, Tameside, in April. The opening hours are Monday to Saturday 10.00 to 16.00, admission free. The Museum is closed Sundays and Bank Holidays. The archives which relate to the Regiment have been received from Manchester City Libraries, and are now being put into proper order which will make the information which they contain much more accessible.

RUPERT BROOKE CENTENARY

3 August 1987 to 23 April 1915

The Rupert Brooke Centenary Association has held a series of events since 23 April in Rugby, where Brooke spent his childhood, and which culminated in the unveiling of a Commemorative Plaque at 24 Bilton Road, the home of his mother, on 3 August. Funds have been raised by the Centenary Association for a statue of Brooke by Ivor Roberts-Jones CBE, RA which will be unveiled in Rugby's Jubilee Gardens during 1988. Roberts-Jones is perhaps best known for his bronze statue of Churchill in Parliament Square, London.

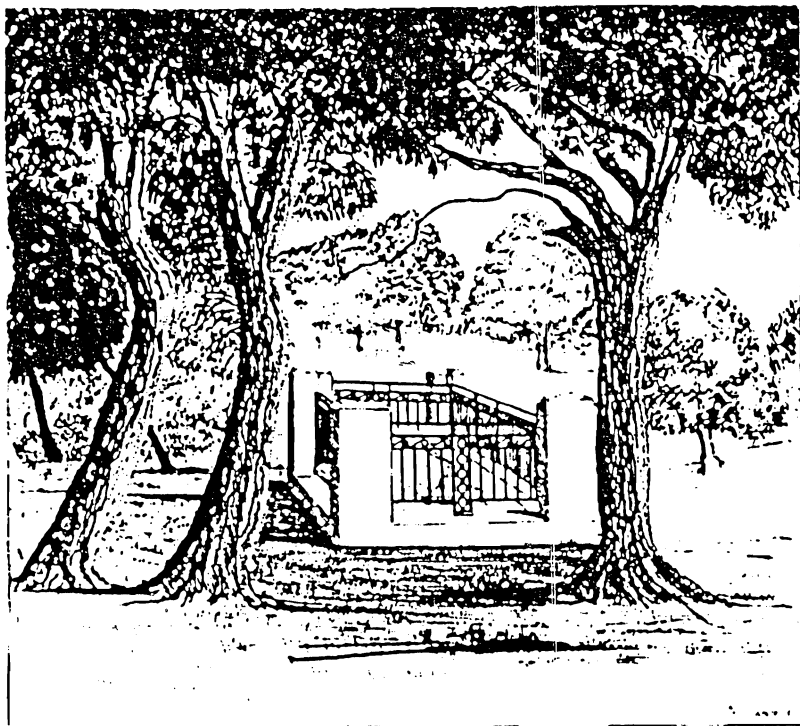
Our much loved member, the late Captain Eric Bush DSO**, DSC, RN, in his book Salute the Soldier (1966) said of Rupert Brooke:

Rupert Brooke sailed for Gallipoli in the Grantully Castle on September 27, 1915; and landed with his battalion on April 17, at Scyros-the island in the Aegean where Theseus was buried and where young Achilles and the young Pyrrhus were called to Troy. It was here that Rupert Brooke fell ill, after having been bitten by some infected fly, and died of acute blood-poisoning on April 23, the day of Shakespeare and of St George. His body was taken ashore, escorted, among others, by General Lord Freyberg, V.C., then a lieutenant in the R.N.D., and buried in an olive-grove. Next morning the Grantully Castle sailed for Gallipoli, and within six weeks most of the officers who had been Rupert Brooke's friends had been killed in action.

A short time ago I asked Dr John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, if he would tell me about Rupert Brooke, whom he used to know so well. 'The beauty of Rupert Brooke was that of Youth', he replied. He had every grace, every charm of mind, colour,

make and movement, save those of maturity and the power that gives it. He seemed youth incarnate, and (very subtly) certain not long to endure. For wonder, loveliness and dearness he stands utterly alone in my memory of men.'

The Centenary Association has published a Brooke Anthology, an appraisal and interpretation in terms of his life together with 20 selected poems and other writings. This 88 page book is available at £4.40 including post and packing from the compiler and Chairman of the Association, Dr Peter Miller, 38 Clifton Road, Rugby, CV21 3QF. Dr Miller has also written a brief, 38 page biography of Rupert Brooke and this is available, price £1.50 including post, from the Warwickshire County Council, Library Service, St Matthews Street, Rugby. Both publications are very warmly recommended to members who wish to learn more about Rupert Brooke, his life and his work.



The Grave of Rupert Brooke beneath olive trees on the island of Skyros. Reproduced by kind permission of the artist Denis Cheason from An Anthology by Dr Peter Miller.

GALLIPOLI VICTORIA CROSSES

THE MAN WITH A SHOVEL

By David Saunders (AM928)

On the afternoon of 21 August there took place, in terms of the numbers involved, the greatest battle fought in the Gallipoli campaign. The main advance would be made against the Turkish positions on the Anafarta Spur with the dominant heights of Scimitar Hill (Hill 70) and W Hill. To the south the strategically important wells at Kabak Kuyu and Hill 60 were to be seized. The success of these operations would, it was hoped, enable a wedge to be driven through Anafarta Sagir, leading to the envelopment of the Turks holding the Sari Bair Ridge.

The 29th Division (86 and 87 Brigades) had been brought up to Suvla from Cape Helles, while a newcomer to the Peninsula was the 2nd Mounted Division (unmounted) commanded by Major-General William Peyton, fresh from Egypt where it had been stationed since April. This Division which numbered just under 5,000 men, comprised Yeomanry regiments from the midland and southern counties and had arrived at Suvla only three days previously. Among the Brigades was the 2nd South Midland (Brigadier-General Lord Longford) - the Bucks Hussars, Berkshire Yeomanry and Dorset Yeomanry..

The attack had been planned for the afternoon of the 21st. The Turkish defenders would then be looking into the sun, while the attacking force benefitted from having the sun at their backs. Nevinson (1918) reported that normally in the afternoon the whole range stands visible in every detail, the westering sun appears to reveal every kink and cranny, every tree and mass of bush. Unfortunately a most unusual event occurred, a thin mist enveloped the whole area, 'a mantle of pearly mist' (Hamilton 1920), 'a translucent fog - strangely spectral' (Hargreaves 1964), 'a kind of

Scotch mist enveloped the front, and only the blurred silhouette of the hills was visible' (North 1936). The conditions so reversed the situation that from the front and from the sea the hills were only dimly visible, and the Turkish positions obscured. On the other hand the Turks could see every detail, (Hargreaves (1964):

'But when we turned about, and looked towards the bay facing the sun, it was like staring at the white screen of a shadow-show lit from behind, upon which every object - the rocky headlands, warships, water-lighters, hospital ships, tents, store-dumps, mules, even a man walking along the rim of the shore - stood out in grey silhouette. We could be seen, the Turks were hidden!'

The 2nd Mounted Division commenced their move forward during mid-afternoon, by which time the battle for the hills was in full flow. Five brigades, each nearly a thousand strong moved out from their shelter close to the coast in lines with seven paces between each man. Hargreaves (1964) described them as marching 'steadily, like an army of soldier ants that cannot be deflected'. Ashmead Bartlett (1928) who observed the advance from his shelter on Chocolate Hill said:

'It was some time after 4.30 p.m. when my attention was suddenly attracted by the Turkish gunners lengthening their range and concentrating their fire on the Salt Lake. On moving to the rear of Chocolate Hill, I saw a mass of men advancing in artillery formation across the lake. The Turkish batteries plastered the gallant Yeomen with shrapnel, causing some casualties, but they never lost their formation and kept steadily on until they obtained cover behind Chocolate Hill'.

From here the Berks, Bucks and Dorsets worked to the north towards Scimitar Hill. The going was difficult,

everywhere the scrub was burning, everywhere there were groups of men, everywhere there were individuals from the failed operations earlier in the afternoon. It was nearly dusk, a premature dusk on a battlefield shrouded by fog and flame, when the Yeomanry were in a position to charge. An Officer, in the Berkshires, shouted 'Come on lads! We'll give 'em beans', and the men were off. Ashmead Bartlett (1928) watched them:

'Then came the final scene of this tragic day. It was almost impossible to see what was happening through the gathering gloom and smoke, only relieved by the bursting shells and flames. Just as darkness settled over the scene, I distinguished a mass of men surging once again towards the summit of this dreadful hill. I have no idea who took part in this final advance. Probably the 2nd Yeomanry Brigade were joined by the remnants of the 29th and men of the 11th Divisions who were lying in the scrub at its foot. The mob surged upwards. The roar of the guns, the crackle of the rifle fire, the burr of the machine guns, was incessant, and then these blurred khaki figures disappeared in the darkness and smoke and was lost to view. Once again we thought that the hill had been won. But in reality it was impossible to hold the crest under the withering fire of shrapnel, rifle, and machine guns. The whole position was evacuated during the night. Not a yard of the enemy's trenches had been taken'.

That afternoon the Berkshire Yeomanry went into action with nine Officers and 312 men, of these five Officers and 160 men were killed, missing or wounded. Among those wounded was Trooper Frederick Potts who had only gone about 30 yards when he was shot through the left thigh, the bullet passing through without damage to bone or artery. He fell in a thicket of scrub where about half an hour later he was joined by Trooper Arthur Andrews who was bleeding terribly from a bullet

wound in the groin. Shortly afterwards a wounded Trooper of the Bucks Hussars arrived, but he was hit by another bullet and died later in the evening. Potts and Andrews lay as flat as they could as the bullets peppered the ground around them, one grazing Potts's left ear so that his face was covered in blood. There was a full moon, and the cold that night seemed intense as the Troopers huddled for shelter. Potts was later to recount his story in the London Magazine, part of which is reproduced here:

'Was I scared or frightened? I can honestly say that I was not. I had got beyond that stage, and almost as a matter of course I calmly noted the details of everything that happened.

During the whole of the next day we lay in our hiding place, suffering undescribably. The sun, thirst, hunger, and our wounds, all added to our pain. In our desperation we picked bits off the stalks of the shrubs and tried to suck them; but we got no relief in that way.

The whole of the day went somehow - with such slowness that it seemed as if it would never end. It was impossible to sleep - fighting was going on all the time, and the noise was terrific. We could not see anything of our boys, and we knew that it was impossible for any stretcher-bearers to get through to us because we were a long way up the hill and no stretcher-bearers could venture out under such a terrible fire.

Night came again at last, and Andrews and myself decided to move, if it was humanly possible to do so, because it was certain death from thirst and hunger to remain where we were, even if we escaped from bullets. So I began to move away by crawling and Andrews followed as best he could. I would crawl a little way and wait till Andrews, poor fellow, could crawl up to me again. We managed to wriggle about three hundred yards that night - as near as I can judge.

Starting at about a quarter past six, as soon as the day was done, it was about three in the morning when we decided to rest, so that if we had really done three hundred yards we had crawled at the rate of only thirty three yards an hour!

When the morning came we made a move and, for the first time, we were able to get some water - but only by taking the water-bottles from the poor chaps who had been killed. Then we crept back to our shelter, finding immense relief from drinking the water we had got, though it was quite warm and was, I fancy, from the Nile.

We must have been in what is called 'dead ground', a region which cannot be seen by either side, and so it proved to be, for in the morning there was a real battle, and the bullets sang over our heads. Andrews was bleeding terribly - every time he moved he bled, but I did the best I could for him with my iodine - I dressed him with mine, and he dressed me with his - and splendid stuff it is. Though we had nothing to eat we did not really feel hungry now - we were past the eating stage. Again we stuck the awful day through. I was terribly anxious to move and get out of it all at any cost; but still Andrews was very cautious. 'No, we won't try till it gets dark', he said. I felt that he was right, and so we waited, as patiently as we could, for the night.

When the third night on the hill came we were fairly desperate, knowing that something would have to be done if we meant to live, and that certain death awaited us where we were. We had nothing to eat and nothing to drink except the water - frightful stuff, but swallowed greedily and thankfully. We did not for a moment suppose that we should live to reach the British lines, which we believed to be not far away, but we risked everything on the effort, and in the moonlight we began to wriggle off. We had managed to get no more than half-a-dozen yards when Andrews had to give up. I my-

self, though I was the stronger and better of the two, could scarcely crawl. Every movement was a torture and a misery, because of the thorns that stuck into us from the horrible scrub.

What in the world was to be done? How were we to get out of this deadly place? There seemed no earthly hope of escape, when literally like an inspiration, a way out was revealed. Just near us was an ordinary entrenching shovel, which had been dropped, or had belonged to some poor chap who had fallen - I can't say which, but there it was. I crawled up and got hold of it, and before we quite knew what was happening, Andrews was resting on it, and I was doing my best to drag him out of danger. Several times he came off, or the shovel fetched away, and I soon saw that it would be impossible to get him away in this fashion.

When we began to move the Turks opened fire on us, but I hardly cared now about the risk of being shot, and for the first time since I had been wounded, I stood up and dragged desperately at the shovel, with Andrews on it. I managed to get over half-a-dozen yards, then I was forced to lie down and rest. Andrews needed a rest just as badly as I did, for he was utterly shaken and suffered greatly.

We started again at about a quarter past six, as soon as the night came, and for more than three mortal hours we made this strange journey down the hillside; and, at last, with real thankfulness, we reached the bottom and came to a bit of a wood. Sweet beyond expression it was to feel that I could walk upright, and that I was near the British lines. This knowledge came to me suddenly when there rang through the night the command 'Halt!'. Up I staggered and found myself face to face with the sentry, whose rifle was presented ready for use, and whose bayonet gleamed in the cold light. 'I've got a chap out here wounded', I told him, 'and I've dragged him down the hill on a shovel. Can you give me a hand?'

The sentry seemed to understand like a flash. He walked up to the trench, and when I had made myself clear, three or four chaps bustled round and got a blanket, and I led them to the spot where I had left Andrews lying on the ground. We lifted him off the shovel, put him on the blanket, and carried him to the trench. These men were, I think, Inniskilling Fusiliers, and they did everything for us that human kindness could suggest. They gave me some rum and bully beef and biscuit, and it was about the most delightful meal I ever had in my life, because I was famishing and I was safe, with Andrews, after those dreadful hours on the hillside, which seemed as if they would never end. When we had rested and pulled round a bit, we were put on stretchers and carried to the nearest dressing station. Afterwards we were sent to Malta.'

The bravery of Potts and his devotion to the well being of his comrade had not passed without notice. In a letter Major W.P.B. Fraser of the 6th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers wrote:

Chocolate Hill, 27/8/15.

31st Infantry Brigade.

I have pleasure in bringing to notice an act of conspicuous bravery and devotion by Pte W. Potts of the Berks Yeomanry, Mounted Division, who, though himself severely wounded in the thigh and buttocks in the attack on Hill 70 on the 21st August 1915, after lying out over 48 hours under the Turkish trenches, succeeded in fixing a shovel to the equipment of his comrade Pte Arthur Andrews of the same Corps, who was severely wounded in the groin, and dragging him back across 600 yards of ground to within a short distance of our own line though fired on from the Turkish trench, reaching our line at about 9.30 p.m. on the 23rd inst., Pte Potts remained beside his comrade during the 48 hours, though he could himself have reached our trenches during that period.

Witnesses:- Captain R.H. Scott. No. 11290 Sgt. W. Brown, No 12864 L/C E. Crawlec. All 6th R. Innis. Fus, 31 Inf.Brig.

(Sgd.) W.P.B. Fraser, Major.

The letter was forwarded on by Major-General Peyton with the strong recommendation that Potts be awarded the Victoria Cross. The award was gazetted on 1st October 1915.

'For most conspicuous bravery and devotion to a wounded comrade in the Gallipoli Peninsula. Although himself severely wounded in the thigh in the attack on 'Hill 70' on the 21st August 1915 he remained out for 48 hours under the Turkish trenches with a private of his regiment who was severely wounded and unable to move, although he could himself have returned to safety. Finally he fixed a shovel to the equipment of his wounded comrade and using this as a sledge, he dragged him back over 600 yards to our lines, though fired at by the Turks on the way. He reached our lines at about 9.30 p.m. on the 23rd August.'

Trooper Potts was feted on his return to Reading. The Mayor on behalf of the Council presented an illuminated address decorated with golden shovels and contained in a silver casket bearing the Borough arms, Victoria Cross, Star and Crescent, badge of the Berkshire Yeomanry, a shovel and a wreath. In addition there were gifts from the Territorial Association, his previous employers the Pulsometer Engineering Company, and his workmates, another address and £25 in War Loan scrip. After the War he became a master-tailor in Reading, but died at the early age of 50 in November 1943. His widow lived until she was 91, dying in January 1983. The man Potts dragged to safety on the shovel, Arthur Andrews, spent nearly two years in hospital and then joined the Great Western Railway

as an engineer. He died, aged 89, in 1980.

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Trooper Potts with his Victoria Cross

GALLIPOLI FROM THE SEA

Nevin Anthony (AM796)

Few visitors have the opportunity to view the Gallipoli Peninsula from the sea, so that the party, including several members of the Association, which I led for Bill Rogan's battlefield tour in April 1985, was not only a relaxing way to finish the tour, but the highlight as well. We travelled from Kilid Bahr, in one of the small ferry boats which make the crossing to Cannakale, and soon passed over the area where on 18 March 1915 the Bouvet, Ocean and Irresistible were lost. In 1978 while a guest at a dinner in the marine barracks at Kilid Bahr, I spoke to a naval diver who had dived on all three wrecks, and who reported that the first two were still in an upright position.

The huge Turkish memorial above S Beach was rapidly in view, and as we rounded this so the whole beach became visible, and on the hill beyond the French cemetery. Passing Camber Point we cruised slowly past the old castle of Sedd-el-Bahr and along V Beach. The natural amphitheatre is very impressive, and one can fully appreciate the task facing the landing force on 25 April. Many comments were passed on the buildings that are being erected above the beach, what a tragedy if this hallowed ground should be disfigured by modern developments.

Rounding Cape Helles we approached Lancaster Landing narrower than V Beach and with the 1915 piers still visible, and were courteously told by our Turkish attendant to case our cameras. Tiny X Beach did not make a great impression, while further north Gully Ravine could hardly be distinguished. Passing Y Beach it was hard to believe that this small strip of sand backed by steep cliffs, was one of the initial landing places.

After lunch and 'chai' excitement rose as we came abreast of Gaba Tepe, then passing Hell Spit there was Anzac Cove.

Although I have done the sea trip on previous occasions, the first impression I always gain when approaching this famous beach by sea, and I believe it was shared by the rest of the party, was how could an army land in such a confined space, force its way to the crests of the formidable ridges, and be supplied for eight months. The sea view of Anzac is awesome, towering spurs and deep valleys, and one can only marvel at the courage of those who scaled these heights. Slowly we cruised past the familiar names, Plugge's Plateau, Lone Pine, The Sphinx, Quinn's Post, Walker's Ridge, Chunuk Bair and Hill Q to name but a few.

We continued northwards, rounded the low headland of Nibrunesi Point to arrive in the broad sweep of Suvla Bay. Here we could see Lala Baba, the Salt Lake and beyond, Chocolate Hill. Soon it was time to return, another opportunity to view the beaches, before we arrived at Gaba Tepe where we landed to rejoin the coach. I hope we are going to be able to repeat this boat voyage during the 1988 tour, see page 37 for details.

REQUEST FOR ASSISTANCE

I have been commissioned by my publishers, Hodder & Stoughton, to write a book on the connection between the Lancashire Fusiliers and their traditional home in Bury and surrounding district. It is intended especially to study the effect of the Gallipoli campaign upon that Regimental Area, both in the short and long term. I hope to find out how the survivors of 1915 fared when they returned home to Lancashire after the Great War, how their fellow citizens responded to the epic in the Dardanelles, and how the families of those who died on the beaches managed without them in subsequent years.

If any members have diaries, correspondence or simply memories that might shed light on these matters, I would be immensely grateful to hear from them. All communications will receive a prompt acknowledgement. Geoffrey Moorhouse, Park House, Gayle, near Hawes, North Yorkshire DL8 3RT.

GALLIPOLI TOUR 1988

Rogan's Battlefield Tours are planning a visit to Gallipoli in 1988 when the leader will be Nevin Anthony (796). The provisional outline is for departure from Heathrow on 23 April and an overnight stop in Istanbul. The following day will be spent travelling by coach to the Hotel Boncuk close to the Narrows, the base for the next three days. These will be spent visiting sites on the Peninsula with optional visits to Cannakale and Troy. It is hoped to repeat the boat ride round the Peninsula which was made in 1985 (see pages 35 - 36). There will be a free day in Istanbul on the return to be followed by a gala dinner. The return flight being made on 30 April. The cost will be between £500 and £600, covering flights, full board accommodation (some meals as picnic lunches) and coach travel throughout. Further information from Rogan's Battlefield Tours, 72 Gipsy Lane, Nuneaton, Warks. CV11 4SE.

GALLIPOLI VETERANS AT PASSING OUT

Members will be interested to learn that we have recently received a letter from Syd Blythman (657) who served with the 5th Wiltshires at Gallipoli. He tells us that together with two other veterans of the campaign - Edwin McNaughton who served with an Infantry Battalion, and George Todd MM & Bar who served with the 2nd Battery 1st Brigade Artillery and is now aged 97, he attended the passing out parade of the Gallipoli Platoon at Lone Pine Barracks, Singleton, New South Wales. The Army provided a driver 'a nice young lady, and a Corporal to take charge of us'. In addition to watching the parade the honoured guests were entertained to lunch in the Mess and then visited the Museum.

BOOK REVIEWS

A TURKISH VIEW OF GALLIPOLI, K.J. FREWSTER, V. BASARIN & H.H. BASARIN. Hodja Educational Resources, Richmond, Australia. 139 pages, 43 illustrations, 3 maps. No price given.

This book is the result of an interesting co-operative venture. The senior author will be remembered as the editor of Gallipoli Correspondent published in 1983, his Turkish co-authors have lived in Australia since the 1970's. Their aim, as outlined in the introduction, is to redress the balance whereby Australian children will be made aware of the other aspects of Gallipoli, the authors setting out to deliberately 'write a book which challenges the now orthodox Australian version of the campaign. We hope that our account of events will encourage readers to reflect a little on the battles themselves, on the way the Anzac legend has evolved since, and on the role it and other legends serve in our society. Australia's Gallipoli, we believe, is highly selective, highly stylised'. Strong words indeed.

Turkey knows the campaign as the Battle of Chanakkale, as it was primarily a battle to retain control of the Dardanelles. The Turkish day of celebration is 18 March, the day in 1915 when the naval attack was repulsed, never to be renewed. It is interesting, indeed salutary, to be told of the Turkish surprise that Anzac Day is celebrated, celebrated almost as a victory, for the Turks themselves only celebrate victories on national days.

In addition to the chapters recounting the events from 25 April onwards, all largely from well known sources, there is a brief history of the Ottoman Empire, and a concluding chapter which highlights the immigration of Turks to Australia, and their establishment in a country steeped in the story and legend of Anzac. The words of The Band Played Waltzing Matilda, and an extract from the poem Human Landscapes from my Country, written in the early 1940's by Nazim Hikmet, Turkey's most famous

modern poet, are included. There is a short glossary of Turkish place names with translations, for instance we learn that Ari Burnu means Bee Point, while Sazli Dere is Reedy Creek. The book is well illustrated, mainly from the archives of the Australian War Memorial. Although not living up to the aspirations of the introduction this book is warmly recommended.

WEST, MARGERY. ISLAND AT WAR. Western Books, 1986. 230 pages, 70 illustrations. £12.00. (Note: Copies ordered by members of the Gallipoli Association direct from the author at Fern Cottage, Ballaragh, Laxey, Isle of Man, will be at the special price of £10.00 plus £1.50 post).

Island at War is a tribute to the remarkable role played by the small Manx Nation in the Great War, and is the result of 15 years of research. It tells of the fighting Manxmen who flocked to join the Colours throughout the War; it describes the life of their womenfolk left to fight hardship at home when the War ruined the tourist trade; it relates the effect on the island as a whole of the influx of 27,000 enemy aliens, imprisoned behind barbed wire in two island camps for the duration.

Of particular interest to members of the Association will be the chapter devoted entirely to the story of HMS Goliath, sunk by the Turkish destroyer Mouavenet-Millieh in the early hours of 13 May 1915, about 570 out of 750 officers and crew on board were lost including a number of Manx reservists.

There is an 80 page section which lists the 269 Manxmen who were awarded Honours and Decorations for acts of bravery including two Victoria Cross holders. The Roll of Honour of the 1,165 Manxmen killed lists dates of death, units and home addresses.