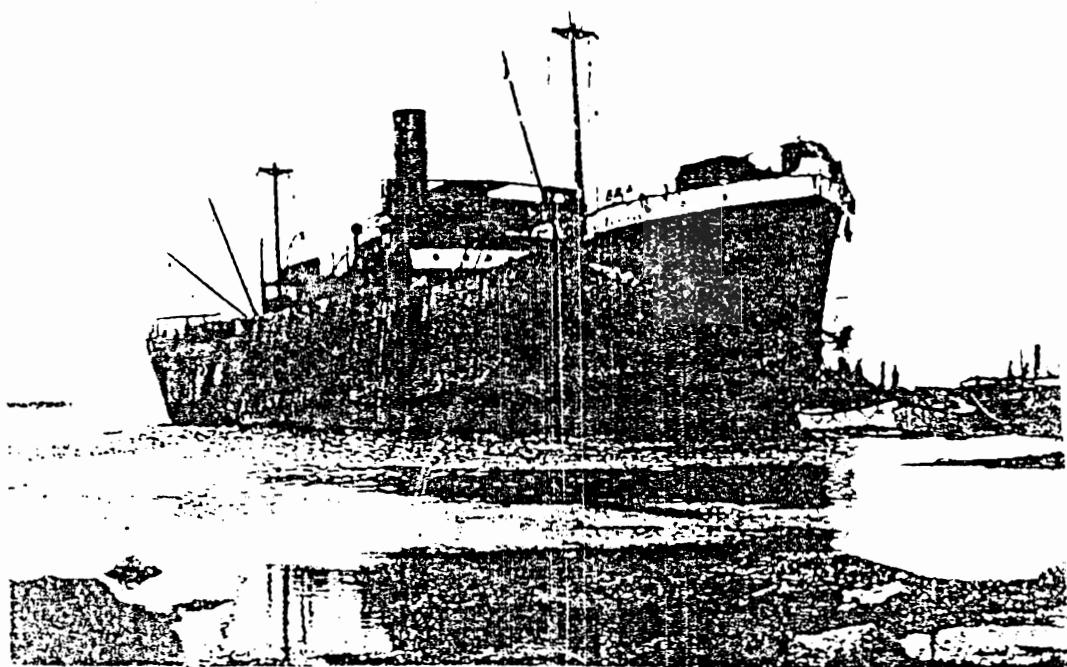


THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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

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NOTE The Committee have agreed that in future Veteran members will be denoted by a four figure number followed by V. Associate members by the number only.

NEW MEMBERS

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

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

OBITUARY

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

0327V R. S. ANDREWS Sgt. 1 R. Devon Yeo. attd.
29 Div.

0154V W. W. LUGG MM Gnr. 58 Bde RFA, 11 Div.

0267V BRIGADIER R. E. RATHBONE OBE Lt. 6 Loyal
N. Lancs, 13 Div.

MERVYN HENRY SPENCER

Wing Commander D. Buchanan 0832 writing from Tasmania informs us of the death in August of one of Tasmania's last surviving Gallipoli veterans, Mervyn Henry Spencer. He was aged 96 and landed on 25 April as a stretcher bearer with the 12th Bn. He served on the Peninsula for two months before contracting a serious virus and was evacuated to hospital in Alexandria. Members of the Association may well have met Mr. Spencer in Gallipoli as he attended the celebrations there to mark the 50th, 60th and 70th Anniversaries of the landings.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

So another year is moving quickly towards Christmas and we shall all be a year older.

It seems but a short time ago that the Association suffered a severe loss when our much respected Founder, Edgar Banner passed on. To replace him entailed the appointment of a Chairman, a Secretary, and an Editor of The Gallipollian. With all these Offices filled the functions of the Association are, once more, on an even keel, and this enables us to pursue its objects, namely, to hold pleasant discourse, to reminisce and to keep alive the memory of those of our comrades who laid down their lives in the campaign.

Not least among the changes which have taken place the ladies (bless them) have, after much deliberation, been welcomed as Associates or guests and their presence has undoubtedly increased the interest in our activities.

Recently some of you may have seen a letter in the Daily Telegraph saying that a survivor of the Anzac landing on 25 April 1915 had reached the age of 100 in March this year. We congratulate him.

It is encouraging to see that we still continue to enrol new veteran members.

Good wishes to you all for Christmas and the New Year.

Chairman's Report

It is 18 months since our last A.G.M. when it was agreed that in future the meeting would be held in the autumn. During this time your committee have met three times.

Lady Members

Following the decision of the last A.G.M. to leave the final decision concerning Lady members to the committee, your committee met in June 1986 and decided that Ladies in future should be allowed to become full members in every sense, and that guests of either sex would in future be welcome.

Gallipoli Memorial Lecture Trust

Co-operation with the organisers of this admirable event has continued. Major General Tony Trythall has been a member of our Association for some time and he is also Chairman of the organising committee of the Gallipoli Memorial Lecture Trust. We invited him to join our Committee and I am delighted to tell you that he kindly accepted and has been of most valuable help to us. In turn I was pleased to accept an invitation from the Memorial Lecture Trustees to join them as one of the Trustees. Their third lecture took place earlier this year and it was given by the Duke of Edinburgh.

Finance

As you will hear from the Treasurer, the funds of the Association are in good shape, and it is even proving possible to produce three Gallipolians this year after all. You may remember that last year we feared we might have to reduce to two issues in 1987. Our thanks are due to Donald Bland for all the splendid work he does for us as Treasurer.

The Editor

Last January Mike Occleshaw resigned as Editor and I should now like to give a warm welcome to our new Editor David Saunders who has got off to a wonderful start, and we are most grateful to him for the immense effort he has already taken on our behalf. However strong the finances, The Gallipolian would not exist without the Editor.

The Essay Competition

Unfortunately the response to the essay competition last year was dismal and there were only four entries. Your committee reluctantly accepted that writing essays was obviously not a popular pastime and have decided not to continue with this competition.

Membership List

Norman Pollitt has taken great strides in producing a computerised membership list and this should be in operation shortly. Our grateful thanks are due to him for the time and effort he has spent on this project. Amongst other things it will produce address labels which will make mailing so much easier.

The Autumn Lunch

The 1986 Autumn Lunch was held on 30th September at the R.A.F. Club and Mr. Michael Heseltine was the guest of honour. We were delighted that a number of ladies attended both in their own right and as guests.

25 April 1987

On 25 April this year there was a good turn out at the Cenotaph where, thanks to help from Australia House chairs were provided for Veterans, and also transport to the Abbey. The Coldstream Guards provided transport from the Abbey to Chelsea Barracks, negotiating a large C.N.D. rally on the way, and lunch was provided at the Officer's Mess under the very kind auspices of the Commanding Officer, 1st Bn. Irish Guards. His Adjutant

Captain James Stopford, gave us a lot of help, and he has joined the Association. Gallipoli historians will not be slow to recognise his name. We were entertained by a piper, and the drums and flutes which made all the difference to the occasion.

Stanley Parker Bird

It is with great regret that we received the sad news earlier this year of the death of Stanley Parker Bird. He had been a long standing supporter of the Association, a member of the committee and a Vice-Chairman. Our deepest sympathy goes to his family and we shall miss him greatly.

Conclusion

I should like to conclude by saying that the affairs of the Association are in good order. The finances are strong, and should remain so provided that people pay their subscriptions, and your committee now consists of an excellent and very friendly team who have the interests of the Association at heart. I should like to add my personal thanks to all the present Committee members for taking their share of the load and I am sure you would agree that it would not be right to finish without special thanks to the chap with the most unenviable job of Secretary, James Watson Smith, who not only has a lot of tedious paper work and telephoning to do, but has also organised the autumn lunch both last year and this.

CONGRATULATIONS

Members will wish to share in the congratulations, and to send their good wishes to J. W. Gearing 0507V and his wife, of Sandgate Road, Folkestone who on 17 November celebrated their 70th (Diamond) Wedding Anniversary. Mr. Gearing served at Gallipoli as an AB on HMS Theseus RND Benbow Bn.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Yes, it is nearly January again, and this is when subscriptions for the Association are due. The rates are £3.00 for Veterans and £6.00 for Associate Members. These should be sent to the Hon Treasurer, D. F. Bland, Torview, 4 Ridgeway Close, Dorking, Surrey, RH4 3AS. Prompt payment keeps our funds in good order and the Treasurer happy.

DONATION

It is with gratitude that we acknowledge receipt of £100 from Mrs D. E. Southall in memory of her brother Alec Wells, a founder member of the Association, who served at Gallipoli at the age of 15 with the 4th Worcs, and also as a tribute to the late Major Banner for all the work he did for us. We are greatly indebted to Mrs Southall for her generosity.

TORTOISE VETERAN OF GALLIPOLI DIES

In The Gallipollian 51: 23 an account was given about Ali Pasha, the tortoise picked up on the beaches of Gallipoli in 1915 by Henry Friston RN HMS Implacable. He was looked after for two years on the battle-cruiser before being brought home to Suffolk. Here he became quite a celebrity, and could rightly claim to be the most famous tortoise in East Anglia. Alas he succumbed in early September to the effects of a cold virus, his age, well that was unknown, but certainly well over 100 years.

AUTUMN LUNCH

Members, including five veterans, and friends met at the Royal Air Force Club Piccadilly on 30 September for the Autumn Lunch.

Unfortunately the President was unable to attend, but sent a message of welcome. Good wishes were also received from Captain Dick Cooper of Maidstone, who served as a 15 year old in the French Foreign Legion at Gallipoli until wounded.

The Guest speaker was General Count Von Stauffenberg, Defence and Military Attache at the German Embassy, who gave a most informative address concerning the coveted Brusseläger Trophy of the German Army. This was instituted in memory of Colonel von Brusseläger, a noted soldier killed in WWII, for teams competing in an arduous armoured reconnaissance competition. Originally restricted to teams from the German Army the competition is now open to all NATO countries.

GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON'S GRAVE

General Sir Ian Hamilton died on 12 October 1949 and is buried (Captain Eric Bush in his book Gallipoli says in 'his honeymoon suit') next to his wife Jean who died in 1941, in a corner of the cemetery just outside the village of Doune, Perthshire. I was fortunately able to visit the cemetery during a recent visit to Scotland, when there was snow on Ben VQrlich a little to the north, and skeins of honking Greylag Geese were passing overhead. The grave is in the north-west corner of the cemetery, but the inscriptions are not very legible, indeed without the help of the sexton its location may have been an extremely lengthy procedure. Of further interest was the plaque on the adjoining wall to Harold Knight, Captain, Scots Guards, adopted son of Jean Hamilton, who died of wounds in Libya, 17 June 1941 aged 24.

Editor

Trenches in Turkey

18 Sept 1915

Many thanks for your two letters received this afternoon. One of them was dated 30 Aug in which you say you have just received a letter of mine of 15 Aug.

It seems that we are to be here for some little while, so I wonder if you would send me a few things out, as undermentioned. I don't mean, of course, all at once but a series of small parcels. Some of the most useful things I can think of at present are, cigarettes, chocolate, soup squares, oxo cubes (and various little things such as the last I have just mentioned) matches, woollen gloves (the nights are now rather cold and will probably be considerably more so before long I think). You see, we are able to get nothing at all out here. Although we had arranged with Harrods to supply the officers with a certain amount of things, they have failed us badly and, in consequence, we have to live entirely, or almost entirely, on the food issued to us. This consists of tins of corned beef, biscuits, the same shape, size and hardness of dog biscuits, salt bacon, tea and sugar and onions. These are regular issues, and we occasionally get bread, eggs, rice and flour. I am not doing a huge "grouse", as it may seem, but simply letting you have an idea of how we feed. I think, if the water supply was better, we should find things much easier altogether. Such things as small cakes would be most acceptable, Mackintosh's toffee would also be one of the things I should most appreciate and I believe parcels would travel better if sewn in linen. The linen would also be useful as dishcloths. Am well off for writing paper at present, but will let you know in time if I am getting short. Should be glad if you would let me have cigarettes, chocolate and toffee among the first things you send. Have no doubt Auntie Susie would send something if you let her know as I had a letter from her today saying she would like to send something. Will you please thank her for her letter and say I will write as soon as I can.

Am glad you have heard from Mrs Howard, he was taken rather ill not long after we landed at Suvla Bay and has probably returned to England by now.

Am feeling quite fit and in excellent spirits, hope you are all as well. My best love to you both and to baby, bless him.

P.S. Have discovered that envelopes would not be at all out of place as there are only a few left. Can you let me have a woollen cap of some sort?

(Up until now the writer of these letters seems to have given his parents very few details of the actual conditions under which he had been living for the previous week or two. In the following letter, however, he evidently felt impelled to describe what some aspects of life in those trenches were actually like)

Trenches in Turkey
26 Sept 1915

Very many thanks for your last budget of letters - 3 which I received yesterday. Am glad you have at last had a letter written since we landed. By now, of course, I hope you will have had several, and that you have been able to form some idea of our surroundings and the life out here.

So far I do not think I have told you just what things are really like in these trenches. For one thing, I did not think that some of the details might be at all cheering, and for another, I was at a loss as to how to get this letter through to you. This time, however, I am going to tell you what has been happening and I leave it to your discretion as to whom you show this letter.

At the present time things are very much better, in every way, to what they were up to a short time ago, and I think they will be better still in the future.

We arrived at Lemnos (Mudros Harbour) on a Friday and stayed there until Sunday morning. At 5 a.m. two destroyers came up on either side of the Royal George our transport ship, to take us to the actual landing place on the Gallipoli Peninsula. We embarked at 6 o'clock, 500 odd on each destroyer, and immediately started off on our last little journey by sea. As we neared the land, passing close by the island of Imbros, we were able to see the famous hill of Achi Baba and could hear the gun reports - great consternation.

We reach Suvla Bay at about midday and were taken ashore from the destroyer in small boats. When we had all landed, we were moved inland for a few hundred yards, and left our packs and superfluous kit in a heap in a small gully. About 5 o'clock that evening we moved off further inland along a very dusty track towards the firing line. During that afternoon and while we were on our way, a pretty lively battle was taking place and we met the wounded coming back - some 200 or more in all sorts of conditions.

Then, as it got dark, we left the track and moved about rather aimlessly - in close formation - all that night, stopping in about three or four positions for about half an hour and reconnoitering. Then, just before daylight, we got into a place just behind the firing line, where we dug ourselves in and got under cover before daylight.

The next morning "A" Company move off to the firing line. We were in one long line with the platoons in the order as numbered, and crossed several of the little gullies and eventually stopped in one of them. We were not facing the enemy at all and they were firing at us (as they could no doubt see us plainly) from our right. Our whole position, of course, was absolutely wrong, as we realised very soon, and as we were not yet accustomed to the methods of hiding ourselves, we were standing or crouching where we must have been seen pretty plainly, for it was half way down one of these gullies where the first man, a Lance Corporal in my platoon was wounded,

a few yards behind me. We got him under cover behind a bush and I sent a man for a stretcher bearers, and this man, as he was coming back was himself wounded at the moment when he was standing next to me, reporting that the stretcher bearers were on the way. This man I carried back to the top of the gully as we had only one stretcher and I was afraid the enemy might advance still further and we should be forced to leave the wounded. It was only about 50 yards, but it was in the open and uphill. Soon after that the Essex came up to relieve us and we straggled back to the rest of the battalion, minus a good many things, including our first feelings of funk.

Then for the next few days the battalion stayed where it was and then moved one night - we always move under cover of darkness - and took up our positions on the range of hills called Kiretch Tepe, facing down the gullies and towards the enemy lines. We were there for some time and the day before we moved again Major Henson, my company commander, met his death from a shrapnel shell. That was the Sunday after we had landed. After that place, we were moved back, 4 battalions of us, to a "rest camp" on the northern slopes of that range of hills marked on the maps such as they publish in the newspapers as Karakel Dagh, that is to say the range of hills immediately north of the Salt Lake. A few days later we moved from there right across Salt Lake, which is now a dry plain, to Lala Baba. We were marching - no, not marching, but stumbling - from midnight to daybreak along the sand of the seashore, and a more exhausting march and worse conditions I hope I never experience again. We rested about every hour and the men simply sank down and went to sleep just where they stopped from sheer fatigue. We stayed a day at Lala Baba and moved inland again next night to take over some trenches from the Welsh division, out in the plain between Salt Lake and Chocolate Hill. There we stayed a few days and did get shelled pretty regularly. Then we moved S.W. and took up a position just behind the firing line in a small gully in the hill known as Aghul Dere. We are now slightly N.W. of that position and about a mile

directly S.W. of Chocolate Hill. We have our camp in a small gully as usual and every few days or so go to the trenches on Hill 60, the crest of which is held by the enemy. There are two places in the front line of those trenches which are very near the enemy. One is approximately 50 yards and the other 25. We can hear them talking and digging at night. Nearly all the firing takes place at night and we throw bombs into one another's trenches at the nearest points.

Interval for lunch. We lunched quite royally today and actually indulged in the luxury of an apology for a jam roll. What is was made goodness only knows, but it was splendid. By the way, I seem to have lost all idea of how to spell just lately, so please don't look at the words too critically.

Well, to continue. We first went to these trenches on Monday evening 6 September and we stayed in until Tuesday morning. They had been captured from the Turks a fortnight before and were in a very bad state. Just before they were actually captured - by the Australians and New Zealanders - we bombarded the enemy heavily and then our troops cheered. During the bombardment the enemy must have suffered pretty heavy losses for the dead were lying in and around the trenches in heaps. A fortnight later, when we first went up there, we found these heaps lying outside the trenches and, what was more horrible many had been hurriedly put on the parapets of the trenches and left half exposed. In the heat they had reached most appalling stages of decomposition. Even the very sight of them made one feel-sick. In one particular spot, so many had been killed that a part of a trench, some 30 or 40 yards long, was filled in with bodies 4 or 5 deep and practically no attempt had been made to cover them up. We just had to dig another trench round this one and a more revolting job could scarcely be imagined. It seems impossible that such things could happen, but they do, and in this case there was no alternative. Since then, however, the entire system of the trenches

on Hill 60 have been improved almost beyond recognition, and only that place where the trench was filled in, and in one other spot, is there any trace now (inside) the trenches of bodies.

This was something of the conditions under which we lived here for about 10 or 12 days, and had I not seen those things for myself, I could hardly have given credit to them. Now, can you wonder that soldiers want cigarettes? It is not for the sake of smoking these, but in order, so far as possible, to counteract the revolting smells that prevailed, and still do in one or two places, in the whole network of trenches. No, we smoke them in self defence. In spite of these surroundings, the men were really wonderfully cheerful and worked at improving the place splendidly. We go up to the trenches for five days at a time now. Last Monday we went up at 7 in the morning, returning yesterday (Saturday) at 7 a.m.

They gave us a pretty hot shelling on Friday afternoon, resulting in 15 of our men being wounded. Earlier in the day one of the Essex N.C.Os had been up by the filled-in trench collecting the identity discs of those of our troops who had been killed and whose bodies were still lying there. This particular spot was quite out in the open and he should not really have been there. Anyhow, just as I was passing the end of this trench, I heard two shots, as though from a machine gun, and directly afterwards, heard the man groaning and asking for help. Another officer and myself at once run out and dragged him in before he got hit again and I set about dressing his wounds as well as I could as we had to keep ourselves as low as possible. Although we fetched a stretcher, we found that, without standing up, we could not get him into safety, and had to get a blanket and pull him out that way. He was badly hit and although we were as careful as possible, we could not help giving him a pretty rough time, poor fellow. When we at last got him safely into the trenches he was in a very exhausted

state and I have since heard that he died as the stretcher bearers were taking him to the dressing station.

The same afternoon we had a good shelling, resulting, as I said in more than a dozen casualties. Five of these I dressed myself, helped to get two down to headquarters in blankets and carried another on my back, which I think is the best way in these narrow trenches. There has been a small sequel to this as the Colonel seemed pleased with what I had done when he was told about it.

We have not yet had anything arrive from Alexandria, but I should think they are on their way by now. In the meantime the Officers have their food cooked by the Mess Sergeant, and he does it remarkably well. This arrangement had only been adopted during the past week, and I wonder it has not been done long ago. Am feeling very fit now and as long as I get anything like decent food and some variety, I am sure there will not be much the matter with me.

Well, I seem to have become quite eloquent this time, but I should hardly think it advisable to send descriptions, such as I have given you of these trenches, to all members of the family, but do just as you think about that.

Hope this letter gets through safely to you. By the way, Horlicks malted milk tablets would be very welcome if you could manage to send me some.

Very best love to you all three and all other members of the family.

Your every affectionate son.

HORSEMAN DECLINES TO BAG HORSEMANURE

Published by HMSO on behalf of the Scottish Record Office, The First World War, price £3.50 compiled by Margaret Sanderson creates a unique picture of the war years through a variety of contemporary records, both official and private. Letters, photographs, cartoons and other memorabilia convey the whole spectrum of attitudes towards the war - early patriotic enthusiasm, first-hand accounts of conditions in the trenches conscientious objectors, wartime austerity and the role of women - both the nurses behind the lines the war workers on the home front.

The documents speak for themselves, but an illuminating commentary binds the book into a haunting tribute to those who experienced the shattering effects of the Great War.

Several items concern Gallipoli including a map of the camp at Cape Helles in December 1915, and the following extract from the pages of the Field Hospital Book of Lt. John Crawford, R.A.M.C. Dardanelles campaign. His notes highlight the problems of a medical officer in the insanitary conditions of the camp:

"Two sea latrines near the lighthouse have been removed bodily; Limber (part of a gun-carriage) for collecting Kitchen Refuse failed to turn up; 'X' Beach, no parties turned up for cleaning; Disinfection, 90 blankets for C.C. Hospital put through the steam process; Nearly 500 horses all told, 300 of which have come up in last week from beach; Maj. Jones horseman declines to bag horsemanure."

CAPE HELLES.

DEC. 10TH. 1915.

REFERENCE.

SEA LATRINES. *X

DEEP TRENCH LATRINE. —

COMMON SOAK PIT. ○

UNIT. DO. DO. ●

PAIL LATRINES. ○○○○

(EMPTY IN SOAKPITS)

DO. DO. ○○○○

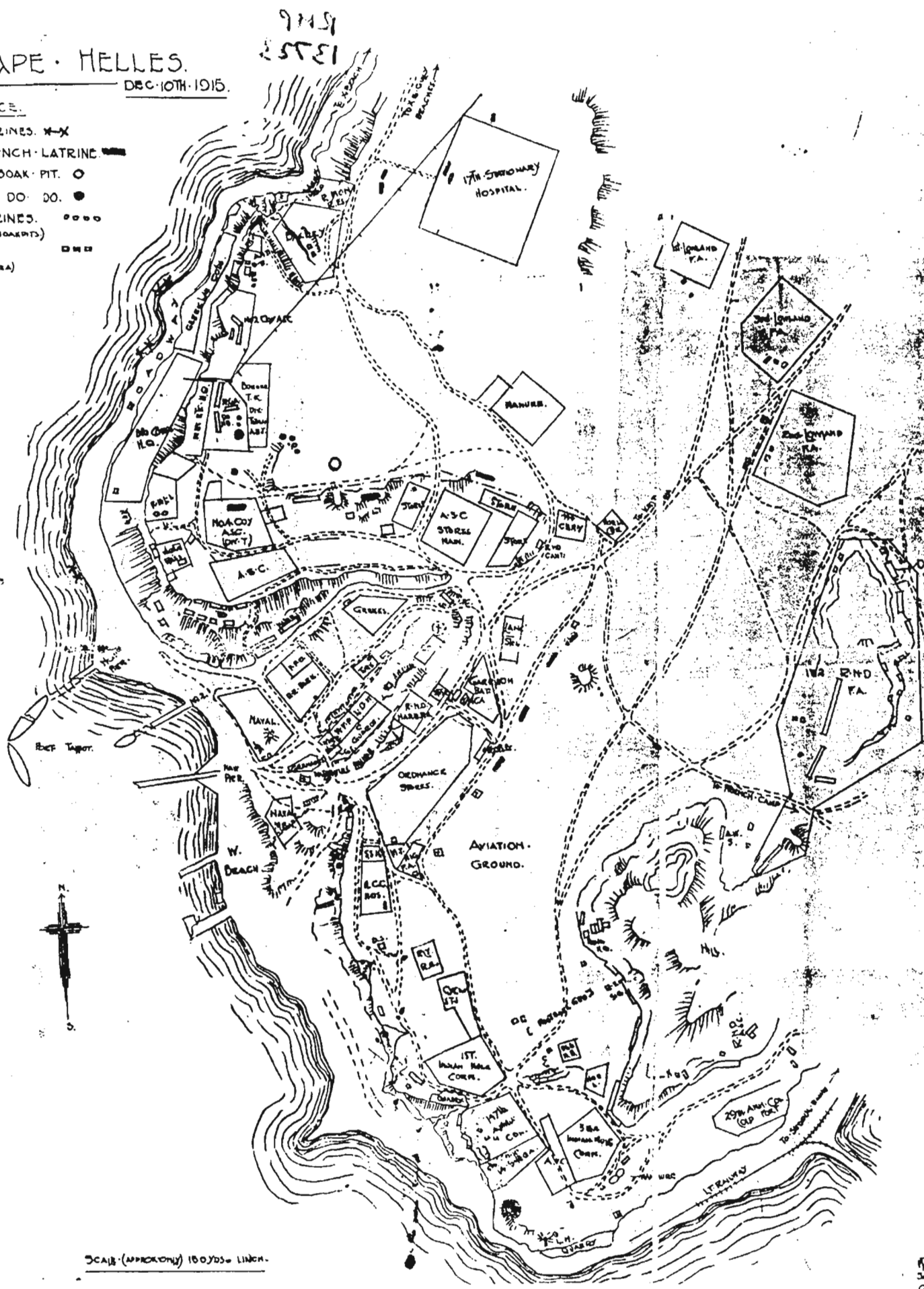
(EMPTY IN SEA)

SEA. SEA.



SCALE (APPROXIMATE) 100 YDS. = 1 INCH.

PREPARED
JANUARY 20
CAP 11113



SOME CASUALTY RETURNS

T. W. Brooks (1002)

The 6th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, 30th Brigade, 10th(Irish) Division landed at Suvla Bay on 7 August 1915, and went into action for the first time two days later. The battalion continued to serve until 11 November 1918. During these forty months of active service, the Battalion suffered some 357 fatal casualties, all ranks. By theatre and action, the breakdown of the fatal casualties are as follows:

Suvla Bay, August - September 1915	40%	141
Kostorino Ridge, Serbia, Dec. 1915	8%	29
Yenikoi, Macedonia, October 1916	20%	72
Palestine, December 1917	2%	10
France & Flanders, October 1918	28%	98
at home, at sea	2%	7
	100%	357

Twenty-one per cent of the battalion's fatal casualties for the entire war were suffered during the battalion's first two days of combat, during the operations around Chocolate Hill, on 9 and 10 August. On 15 and 16 August the battalion fought a significant action on the Kiretch Tepe Sirt. These latter casualties, coupled with those suffered on 9 and 10 August virtually destroyed the battalion as a fighting unit.

The battalion embarked for Gallipoli with a strength of 952 all ranks. During the two month period on the peninsula, the battalion received reinforcements of 365 all ranks. When the battalion left Gallipoli for Serbia it had a strength of 490 all ranks.

In Henry Hanna's book, The Pals at Suvla Bay the appendix lists the biography of the 315 original 'pals', that is, the original "D" Company of the 7th Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Although my research is as of yet incomplete, so far I have identified 75 individuals killed in the war, 40 in Gallipoli, 21 in France & Flanders, 12 in the Balkans, and one each in Mesopotamia and Palestine.

BOOKS ON THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN

By Bob Wyatt

I have quite a good bibliography of the campaign, including many of the memoirs and biographies, but without full details of the Indian and Australian/New Zealand publications, and excluding the dozens of French, German and Turkish works which there must be.

There were quite a few novels, those by Ernest Raymond and A. P. Herbert being well-known - they were both there. Boys books using the campaign as a backcloth were also common; F. S. Brereton's At Grips with the Turk, 1916, is one of the best. Recently, I came across another, previously unknown to me, Lads of the Lothians with the Royal Scots in Gallipoli; by Escott Lynn, 1920. It is dedicated to "the Officers non-commissioned Officers, and men of the 5th Battalion of the Royal Scots". In the preface, the author claims that his story deals with the actual doings of the Queen's Edinburgh Rifles (killed in action or died of wounds 266; wounded 745; missing 70; total 1,081 casualties), the "only Territorial Battalion in 29th Division". Lynn used Mure's With the incomparable 29th, and Mure read the story, adding "valuable information about the doings of the Battalion". Prior to Mure taking command of the Battalion, its C.O. was Maj. D. C. McLagan DSO who was seriously wounded, and he described to the author the events of the landings and up until the time that Mure took over. Escott Lynn was not the writer's real name - he was C. G. H. Lawrence, well known as a bulk supplier of stories for boys' magazines of the period. It takes 16 pages to get to the landing and a spirited description of the Dublin's, Munster's and Hampshire's on the River Clyde follows, while the Essex and the Royal Scots stood by on the Dongola. Excellent, and as far as I can judge, accurate descriptions of events follow; fiction, but all seemingly based on fact. Get a copy you will enjoy it.

I REMEMBER THE OLD REMEMBRANCE +
By Captain W. E. Chapman, M.E.E.

In the memories of most seafaring men there is one ship which always appears in retrospect as the happiest ship in which they have served; a ship that carried them through fair weather and foul, and always steered clear of most of the mishaps that ~~may~~ have beset others in which they sailed. Such a vessel was the steamer Remembrance, built in 1910 on the Wear by Robert Thompson and Co., Ltd., and owned by Freear and Dix. I joined as chief officer in February 1911. She had completed her maiden voyage lasting eight months and was lying in Rotterdam when I went aboard with a master's certificate I had obtained the previous week. In April 1915 we received orders to proceed to Mudros Island, and on arrival there on the 20th joined up with troopships, transports, and units of the Fleet. After thoroughly cleaning out all our tanks, even using sponges to ensure that they were thoroughly cleansed, we filled up with fresh water and three days later sailed from Mudros, having in tow two water tank lighters and two barges for landing troops, together with armed crews from the R.N.D. Howe aboard, for handling lighters and barges when we reached our destination.

We had a dirty passage to our appointed rendezvous off Cape Niger, Imbros Island, where we anchored at 9 a.m. on April 24. We remained there until 10 p.m. when, together with two small tugs and a small coastal steamer, the Efi, with the Senior Naval Officer Lieut-Comdr. Cadogan aboard, our small squadron proceeded towards a position of Gaba Tepe, where we arrived and anchored about a mile offshore the following morning before dawn. Under very heavy bombardment from Fleet units assembled well offshore, the landing of troops was proceeding and our forces must have soon established a base on the beaches, as at 8 a.m. we sent off two loaded water lighters, our job being to keep water supplies going to the beaches.

Note: + Reproduced from an article of the same name in Sea Breezes January 1952 by kind permission of the Editor.

Throughout the day there was very heavy machine gun and rifle firing from the troops just landed, and terrific bombardment from our heavy ships lying close in shore, the Euryalus, Swiftsure and Majestic being particularly noticeable. At times some heavy shells from shore batteries were falling among the assembled transports, and some were so far off the mark. During the night there was intermittent rifle fire, but the heavy guns were silent. At 5 a.m. on April 26 heavy gunfire commenced, and as our ship was lying a distance only a mile off shore the whole operation of taking a hill by our troops was plainly visible. Some artillery was being safely landed, and about noon these guns commenced blazing away. Other field guns were being hauled up the hills into position, there being two batteries as far as we could see. This was a heavy day, with incessant firing and bombardment. At dusk, about 7.30 p.m. we could see showers of shrapnel falling on to our landing beach, but the landing of troops and supplies must have been going very well because our Senior Transport Officer was in good humour.

On April 27 at 4.30 a.m. heavy shells started falling all around us from the shore, about 12 shells falling in our vicinity, one as near as about 40 yards astern. At 10 a.m. we received a general signal from H.M.S. Queen to move further seawards as there were eight barges loaded with field artillery lying alongside us. At 3 p.m. three shells in rapid succession nearly reached us, one falling a few yards astern, one over the bridge, and the third just off our starboard bow. We were thankful there wasn't a fourth shot, as the Turks had us well bracketed. The good luck of the Remembrance was holding. During the day ships' lifeboats, barges, etc. were being brought out to us, and we had, altogether, 40 ships' boats, one small steamer, four lighters and eight barges of field artillery secured to the Remembrance.

Filling up fresh water lighters was continuously being carried out. The routine of supplying the water and trusting that the heavy shells from the shore would

all register misses, and being sniped at from the shore, kept us all aboard at full stretch. We could see that the troops ashore were making progress up the face of the hills. For further supplies of fresh water we had on occasions to cast off our large "family" of small craft, and proceed farther seawards to replenish our tanks from the tanker Sunik. At 11 a.m. on May 3, we were in close company with the steamer Ennisbrook when five shells dropped very close. We had a miraculous escape, but one shell landed in the Ennisbrook's No. 3 hold, sending up a cloud of coal dust. We moved farther seaward after this and experienced no more shell-fire.

On May 4, at 6 a.m. we received a signal from H.M.S. Queen ordering us to get farther off shore, and we lost no time in obeying. The rest of the day was quieter. On May 14, enemy submarines were reported as having been detected off Gaba Tepe. All ships cleared out to safer anchorage in Kephalo Bay, Imbros Island, but at 7 p.m. we received orders to return to Gaba Tepe as water was urgently wanted on shore. Arriving there at 8.40 p.m. we anchored very close inshore. After filling up water lighters for the rest of the night, we left at 8.30 a.m. May 15, to return to our anchorage in Kephalo Bay, where again at 7 p.m. we left for the beaches to carry on with filling up water lighters all night. This work we carried on nightly until May 25, which period up to then had not been very startling beyond the anxious times we had making the trips between Kephalo Bay and the beaches.

At 10.45 a.m. while lying off Gaba Tepe, we received a signal from H.M.S. Canopus to heave up anchor and steam about, zig-zagging, as a submarine had twice been detected in our vicinity. It had, in fact, discharged one torpedo at H.M.S. Vengeance, but luckily it missed. Only two transports were now off Gaba Tepe, the Dunluce Castle and the Remembrance, three battleships, the observation balloon craft (which was an ex-Bucknall Line ship) and a few destroyers and trawlers scouting around. At 11.50 a.m. we received a signal from the Canopus to proceed at once to Kephalo

Bay, the other ships doing likewise. While steaming at full speed for the bay, and keeping a sharp look-out for submarines, I happened to glance in the direction of H.M.S. Triumph which was then very close inshore, when suddenly she was struck by torpedoes, apparently between two funnels, a column of water shooting up to a tremendous height; withing seconds the Triumph was listing heavily to port. It was an awful sight to see her men running down the sloping decks.

Luckily, a destroyer was soon on the scene to render assistance, and, in addition, three trawlers made all speed to the rescue. Within two or three minutes destroyers were rushing from all directions to assist. The Triumph was doomed, and within eight minutes of being struck she turned turtle, floating bottom up. There were plenty of small craft now on the scene to help the survivors in the water, but a number of fine men went down with the ship. We reached Pephalo Bay at 1.40 p.m. and during the afternoon the survivors were being brought in. We heard later that the death roll of the Triumph was 150.

Throughout the summer the Remembrance remained running between Mudros, Kephalo Bay, Gaba Tepe (later to be immortalised by the name of Anzac), with an occasional trip back to Malta for further coal and supplies. After the landing at Suvla Bay we were busily engaged assisting H.M.S. Bacchus, a water distilling ship, with supplies of fresh water for the troops on shore. Whether it was under the lee of Tenedos Island, where we landed an aircraft which we had brought in crates from Malta, off the beaches of Anzac and Suvla Bay, Kephalo Bay and Mudros, there the Remembrance would be, carrying on her good work. In the late autumn her services were no longer required in the Dardennelles area, and one day in October 1915 we received orders to proceed to Malta for orders.

Note: The Remembrance while serving as a Q ship was sunk by U.38 in the Eastern Mediterranean, 14 August 1916.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A GALLIPOLI VETERAN

By R.C. Chadwick ISO RN (416)

In 1939 I was recalled to the Services and had to report to Northallerton, where on arrival I was billeted in the Northallerton Jail together with many other former servicemen, two to a cell. I had as my cell mate the Band Leader, George Melechreno, who when we had been sorted out was sent to the Depot and later reformed his band. I was sent south to Witchet on Salisbury Plain, and was later one of six persons selected to take the officers training course where I came top of the list. Later in the war I was a Lieutenant in the SIB attached to 11th Armoured Division in Montgomery's 21st Army Group, 8th Corps. After we crossed the River Orme I was on night patrol and crossed the German lines eventually returning with a German prisoner. The following day I was hauled in front of the whole Company and commended for this service.

GREETINGS FROM AN ANZAC

M. Irwin (AM871) sends greetings from Bill Carroll, 21st Battalion, Courtney's Post, and now aged 96, who runs rings about all the 60 and 70 year olds at the local old folks home and still has vivid recollections of Gallipoli and an endless store of anecdotes, one being reproduced here.

'There was no let-up for us at Courtneys, and every morning before dawn we had to "Stand to". Most times nothing unusual occurred, other than the odd bomb and rifle shot. One morning, we were just about to pack it in when we heard from the darkness "Jesus Christ, don't shoot, Jesus Christ". It's got to be one of our blokes we said to each other as we prepared to fire a few covering shots. Again he called out "Jesus Christ I'm coming". The Turks came to life and began to pepper the parapets. Suddenly out of the darkness, this body rolled over the top and dropped into the trench. We were about to stick the bayonet into this Turk when he cried again, "Jesus Christ, don't shoot me, I'm a Christian, not Allah, not Allah". It seems he was an Armenian and had decided to take his chances with the infidel rather than his Turkish comrades. We gave him a feed and he was sent down to the beach, happy as a free bird.'

ELLIS SILAS - ARTIST AT GALLIPOLI⁺

By Julie Russell (Australian War Memorial)

The Australian War Memorial's collection of paintings contains three rare works depicting Australians in action at Gallipoli. The works are rare because they were painted by one of only two artists who recorded, on canvas and from first-hand experience, Australian participation in this important campaign. Ellis Silas painted the works and he was the only artist to paint the actual battle experiences of Australians on Gallipoli.

Ellis Luciano Silas was born in London in 1885, son of Louis F. Silas, a flower-painter and designer, and the former Lolitia Paggi, an opera singer. The young Ellis was educated at home by private tutors, then trained in his father's studio and studied under the well-known artist Walter Sickert. His chief interest became marine art and he had mainly painted in English coastal towns before he sailed for Australia in 1907. He lived briefly in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide before settling in Perth and setting up a studio.

At the outbreak of war in 1914 Silas was quick to join the AIF and at the same time began keeping a daily diary. This diary reveals a man of sensitivity, compassion and some eccentricity, and certainly a man far from suited to army life. Despite extensive training he retained a strong sense of individuality and always thought of himself as an artist. He had some trouble enlisting, but he was determined and was finally accepted, though not for the medical corps as he had hoped.

This slight, balding English artist must have been an

⁺ Reproduced by kind permission of the Australian War Memorial, Canberra, from the Journal of the Australian War Memorial 1986

unusual figure among the West Australian bushmen in the AIF. On one occasion, at drill, his attention was so distracted by a particularly fine sunset, that it took some time for him to realize that the rest of the men had marched off, leaving him standing alone, (Diary): He insisted on wearing his hat at an unusual angle until, on one parade, the adjutant yelled that he looked like 'a ... bandit'. Silas's comment was: 'I thought I looked nice, but individuality does not find favour in the Army', (Diary). To his dismay he was made a signaller, or "flag-wagger".

In November 1914 the battalion sailed on the Dimboola to undertake further training in Melbourne. Despite 'beastly mal-de-mer', when the ship berthed in Adelaide and the men were allowed four hours' leave. Silas rushed off to the art gallery to look at favourite paintings and visit artist friends James Ashton and his son Willie, later Sir John William Ashton, (Diary).

The battalion left Melbourne on 22 December on the Ceramic, bound for Egypt and stopping briefly at Albany, Western Australia. As they sailed Silas reflected on the seven happy years he had spent in Australia, 'the land which has been so much to me... which I leave now perhaps forever', (Diary).

The Ceramic arrived in Alexandria on 1 February 1915 (Longmore 1929), and the battalion camped at Heliopolis until it left for Lemnos on 11 April. During two weeks of training there Silas, finding the colour very good, executed many watercolours. The whereabouts of these works is not known which is unfortunate as they would be of great interest to the Memorial.

As the battalion was about to land on Gallipoli and the men were impatient to be there Silas wrote:

'In the distance one can just discern the Dardanelles opening up - the thunder of guns is

much clearer - the weather this morning is beautiful; what will it be tonight? I wonder which of the men around me has been chosen by Death? I do not feel the least fear, only a sincere hope that I may not fail at the critical moment'. (Diary).

It was 25 April and they went ashore at Anzac Cove at about 4.00 p.m., under heavy fire. Silas considered it:

'a magnificent spectacle to see those thousands of men rushing forward through this hail of death as though it were some big game - these chaps don't seem to know what fear means - in Cairo I was ashamed of them, now I am proud of them and feel a pygmy beside them'. (Diary).

He was horrified by the sight of the dead and wounded littering the beach and wondered if he would soon be among them. The men climbed the heights as darkness fell and were positioned at Pope's Hill. There was great confusion, with men trying to dig in, being wounded by enemy fire and being removed by stretcher bearers.

One of Silas's paintings - Digging in at Pope's Hill or the end of the great day - was based on this incident. It is a sombre work, showing a wounded soldier attempting to dig a shelter in the side of the steep hill while surrounded by the dead and wounded, and scattered and broken equipment. Behind this figure men are running up the hill towards the top where shells are bursting against the twilight sky.

Silas managed to locate his commanding officer, Captain Margolin, and was occupied all night running despatches between the position and Colonel Pope's headquarters. By daybreak the results of the night's fighting were evident: dead and wounded everywhere and the ceaseless cry of 'stretcher bearer'. And yet the

birds were singing and a large bee was buzzing in the undergrowth, a sight which made Silas weep. (Diary). Most of the signallers had become casualties, and Silas worked on without rest for four days until he finally collapsed and was sent from the firing line.

On 2nd May the battalion fought at Bloody Angle and only 307 survivors saw the next dawn. (Longmore 1929). There was an endless stream of wounded, many of whom died while waiting for stretcher bearers. Silas wrote 'seeing these fine stalwart men going up the gully to reinforce and shortly returning, frightfully maimed and covered with blood - I don't think I shall ever be able to forget this: it's horrible, (Diary). Another of his paintings Attack by the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade at Bloody Angle, Anzac, depicts this incident, showing a night scene with soldiers moving up a steep gully rimmed with shell bursts. The foreground is a dark hollow filled with the dim shapes of the dead and wounded.

The battalion suffered further heavy casualties at Quinn's Post on 9 May. Silas ran messages for Margolin across the lead-swept plateau until finally the 16th was forced to retire. In the official history C.E.W. Bean records how Margolin 'with a faithful assistant, Signaller Silas, succeeded in getting 40 men of the 16th back to Quinn's' from no man's land, (Bean 1920).

At dawn on 10 May the roll was called, Silas noted:

'How heartbreaking it is - name after name is called: the reply a deep silence which can be felt...there are few of us left to answer to our names - just a thin line of weary, ashen-faced men, behind us a mass of silent forms, once our comrades - there they have been for some days, we have not had the time to bury them.' (Diary).

These words very well describe what is possibly his most evocative work, The roll-call.

By 17 May Silas was finally persuaded by the medical officer to leave Gallipoli 'for a few weeks'. He was hospitalized in Heliopolis and later in England for many months before he was sufficiently recovered to return to London. He was discharged from the AIF in August 1916, medically unfit. His book Crusading at Anzac based on his diary and sketchbook was published at this time, (Ellis 1916).

He was anxious to begin work on paintings based on his war experiences while his memory of them was fresh. The first work he produced during this period was a large oil (244 x 152 cm) called Landing at Anzac. It was accepted by the hanging committee of the Royal Academy in 1917, but when Silas approached Australia House, and offered it for display, he was politely refused. It is not known what became of this work.

In June 1918 Silas was interviewed by C.E.W. Bean, the official historian who was on leave from the front. Bean suggested he paint a work of the digging in at Pope's Hill on 25 April, and supplied him with some photographs. Digging in at Pope's Hill, or the end of the great day was soon completed and was shown at an exhibition at the Royal British Colonial Society of Artists.

Silas took great pains with his next work The roll-call even requesting real Australian soldiers as models 'with all the tragedy and grandeur of war writ large upon their faces ... not Italian models or down at heel Englishmen dressed in Australian uniforms'. It would not have been difficult to find Australian models, as there were many Australian survivors of the western front in London at the time, awaiting passage back to Australia, like Silas himself. The work was completed in a second, larger form in December 1920, and was quickly followed by Attack by

the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade at Bloody Angle
in January 1921.

The quality of these works varies and they are quite different stylistically from Silas's other works, executed before and after his war service. The colour, mood and technique of the works suggests that he painted them as an emotional release from what were those most traumatic experiences, which still affected him at that time. The three works were purchased by the then Australian War Museum and, as Silas was anxious to continue painting on the subject, he offered more works for sale on his return to Australia. There were differing opinions about his ability as an artist, however, and these offers were refused. Ellis Silas died in London in 1972 aged eighty-six.

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CLOTH UNIT SIGNS OF THE GREAT WAR

On the night of August 6th 1915, the 11th (Northern) Division, one of Kitchener's first hundred thousand, landed at Suvla Bay, every member of the Division being identified by newly adopted battalion-signs. One of those that landed that first day was Private C. H. Bilton of the 6th East Yorkshire Regiment. Although he did not keep the badge he was issued with, it did not fade from his memory. This was the only thing that my grandfather would tell me about Gallipoli or the Western Front for that matter.

Fired by this one piece of information I have slowly collected together many other snippets, over the years. For the last two years my search for new informations has become more thorough. Having exhausted the Regimental museums I turned to the Imperial War Museum. Now I need to contact veterans to make any further progress.

The badges of some of the units that served on Gallipoli are quite well recorded. Many units came ashore with large reflective tin shapes on their backs so that they would easily be observed by the spotters. But apart from the 11th Division how many others came ashore wearing a battalion sign? and how many of these are still in existence today?

Many units left a record of their badges, but most did not. The picture is further complicated by Divisions being refitted after the Dardenelles campaign and sent to other fronts. In some cases they stopped wearing the badges or changed them. To give a couple of examples: What sign did the Scottish Horse wear on their topee? What signs were worn by the 162nd Brigade and did they wear them in 1915 or were they adopted afterwards? What signs were used by the 74th Division apart from their divisional sign? These are just a few of the unknowns. The large gaps in the records are common to all fronts. Similarly, the gaps are not confined to just the Infantry battalions. The level of information on other types of units is thin indeed.

It is my intention to catalogue as completely as the ravages of time will allow the badges worn by the British soldier at Gallipoli, on the Western Front and in all the other theatres of the Great War. The task being made more difficult by the paucity of both information and veterans.

Could I please ask any reader who has information on the Cloth unit badges of the Great War to contact me. I am especially keen to contact veterans of the period.

D. Bilton, 85 Grange Avenue, Earley, Reading, Berks, RG6 1DL.

THE TURKISH TRENCH DOG

Night held me as I crawled and scrambled near
The Turkish Lines. Above, the mocking stars
Silvered the curving parapet, and clear
Cloud-latticed beams o'erflecked the land with bars;
I, crouching, lay between
Tense-listening armies, peering through the night,
Twin-giants bound by tentacles unseen.
Here in dim-shadowed light
I saw him, as a sudden movement turned
His eyes towards me, glowing eyes that burned
A moment ere his snuffling muzzle found
My trail; and then as serpents mesmerise
He chained me with those unrelenting eyes,
That muscle-sliding rhythm, knit and bound
In spare-limbed symmetry, those perfect jaws
And soft-approaching pitter-patter paws.
Nearer and nearer like a wolf he crept -
That moment had my swift revolver leapt -
But terror seized me, terror born of shame
Brought flooding revelation. For he came
As one who offers comradeship deserved,
An open ally of the human race,
And sniffing at my prostrate form unnerved
He licked my face!

Geoffrey Dearmer.

Note:

Geoffrey Dearmer was a Lieutenant in the Army Service Corps, serving both at Gallipoli and on the Somme, leaving the Army in 1920 with the rank of Captain. He had two books published - Poems by Heinemann 1918, and The Days Delight by Murray 1923. The Turkish Trench Dog is reproduced from An Anthology of War Poems published by Collins 1930. In 1939 he moved from the Religious Broadcasting Department to become a producer in Children's Hour, a post he held until 1959. On his retirement he was referred to as a 'loyal and devoted colleague, a witty and urbane companion, and an exceptional and delightful personality'.

I am most grateful to the BBC for providing information and also to Mrs Anne Powell of Palladour Books. Mrs Powell produces an excellent and informed catalogue of books relating to the literature and poetry of the First World War. This may be obtained from Greenlands, Foot's Hill, Cann, Nr. Shaftesbury, Dorset, SP7.0BW.

Editor.

COOKSEY, J. **PALS: THE 13TH AND 14TH BATTALIONS YORK & LANCASTER REGIMENT.** Barnsley Chronicle, 1986. 288 pages, 270 illustrations, 15 maps, 4 diagrams, £9.95. (Available for £11.90 including post from Barnsley Chronicle, 47 Church Street, Barnsley, South Yorkshire S70 2AS).

A superbly documented history of the 2,000 men who were formed into two battalions, the Barnsley Pals, and who served first in Egypt and then on the Western Front. A great deal is devoted to the attack on Serre on the morning of 1 July 1916. Includes nominal rolls, casualty and medal lists. Excellent value, save for its size, at 12 inches by 10 means it is the odd man out amongst the other regimental histories on the book-shelf even if it fits.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTERS R.M. MAXWELL. Pentland Press, Edinburgh, 1986, 264 pages, 9 illustrations, 24 maps plus end-paper maps, £12.00.

In 1858 the Hazara Goorkha Regiment of the Punjab Frontier Force was raised in Abbottabad, a direct response to the need for a permanent garrison to keep watch on a religious sect, the Hindustani Fanatics. From these beginnings on the North-West Frontier the Regiment became the 5th Royal Gurkha Rifles (Frontier Force), and was to serve in Mesopotamia, Gallipoli, Iraq, Syria, Italy, Burma, Siam and Java.

Some 47 pages of the book are devoted to the service of the 1/5th Gurkha Rifles at Gallipoli where they arrived on 3 June 1915. They took up positions near Gully Beach, and within 24 hours were in action as they endeavoured to capture a communication trench to the south of Fusilier Bluff. In this engagement 33 officers and men were killed and 96 wounded. Naik (Corporal) Dhansing Gurung had the unfortunate experience of being captured twice by the Turks, but escaped on both occasions. The second by swimming south to the British lines despite being shot at.

During the attack on the Sari Bari ridge, 6 and 7 August, the 1/5th Gurkha Rifles was part of the left assault column which attacked Hill Q, by the southern fork of the Aghyl Dere. They were again in action during the great attack on 21 August. This time in company with the 1/6th Gurkha Rifles and the Connaught Rangers, they attacked the strongly defended southern flanks of Hill 60. Among the officers involved that day was Captain Molloy who brought forward a reserve double-company at a crucial moment of the attack, an action for which he was awarded the DSO, though only rather belatedly in 1920.

It is a pity that the book lacks an index, whilst some of the illustrations are rather poorly produced. Although well endowed with maps, many of these could have been drawn more clearly. Having said this, the book is warmly recommended to members who wish to read of these soldiers of the high Himalayas and their British officers, who together uncomplainingly endured 'hunger, and thirst and wounds; and at the last, your unwavering lines disappear into the smoke and wrath of battle. Bravest of the brave, most generous of the generous'.

THE NORFOLK YEOMANRY IN PEACE AND WAR. JEREMY BASTIN.
Iceni Press, Fakenham, 1986. 309 pages, 9 illustrations,
14 maps, £8.95.

It was in 1782 that most distinguished soldier, George, Viscount Townshend of Raynham in the County of Norfolk, raised the Norfolk Rangers, forerunner of the Norfolk Yeomanry. Their service in two world wars included action in Gallipoli and Palestine, during the retreat to Dunkirk, in the Western Desert including El Alamein and the pursuit to Tunis, Italy, the D-Day landings, and culminated with their entry into Hamburg in May 1945.

A chapter is devoted to Gallipoli which the Yeomanry reached on board the SS Olympic, sister ship to the Titanic in October 1915. They took up positions near Hill 60, taking turns on a five day rota with the 4th Bn. Norfolk Regiment, which had been in Gallipoli since August. There is a graphic description of the great November storm and the freezing weather which followed, and eventually the evacuation in late December. Lieutenant Sir John Ramsden Bt, A Squadron, recording that they were taken off the beaches out to HMS Mars, where they were given:

'a most glorious feed on cold beef brawn and bread and butter, and coffee. I shall never forget that bread and butter. I have never tasted anything so delicious, I could talk about it for hours.'

The Norfolk Yeomanry suffered few battle casualties during their stay on the Peninsula, six killed and 20 wounded, but no less than 244 out of a strength on landing of 504.. were evacuated sick.

I would have preferred a few photographs of some of the participants mentioned rather than those of the rather anonymous artillery pieces shown. This however is a small grumble about an excellent history of one of our less well known Regiments, which is well produced, and by today's standards very good value for money.

THE LONG MARCH. JACK HORSFALL. Lancashire Library, Burnley, 1986. 218 pages, 42 illustrations, 5 maps, £9.95. (Available for £11.85 including post from District Librarian, District Central Library, Grimshaw Street, Burnley, BB11 2BD).

This is the story of the Devils Own, B/210 Burnley Battery, Royal Field Artillery, 1914-1919, part of the 1st East Lancashire Division, later the 42nd (East Lancashire) Division. The Battery sailed on board the S.S. Arcadian on 10 September 1914 for Egypt where they were to remain for the next seven months. From there the S.S. Manitou transported them in early May, first to Mudros, and then to W Beach. The Battery was comprised of four 15 pdr guns, wagons, limbers, 88 horses, 20 mules and 150 officers and men. In the middle of unloading and with two guns and most of the mules and horses ashore their orders were countermanded. With some difficulty on the following day the horses were returned to the ship which then sailed back to Egypt carrying half the Battery. Those ashore soon took up positions near to Pink Farm, and they were not reunited until the rest arrived from Egypt in late September. For the newcomers who had looked forward so much to joining their friends in action the sights and smells of the battlefield were completely unexpected. One was heard saying to his friend 'Bloody hell! Teddy, I think we should have stayed on the Canal'. There are details of the great November storm, but even during this the Battery was in action. On the 22nd it broke up an attack just forward of the Krithia Nullah fork by firing 312 rounds in little more than 20 minutes. A marvellous feat of gunnery in the atrocious conditions, with men, guns and shells running in water, the Gunners stripped of their jackets despite the cold. The Burnley battery was to remain on Gallipoli until the very end, leaving in the early hours of 9 January for Egypt. Eventually they reached the Western Front where they served with further distinction, not returning home until April 1919.

This book has much to commend it, and the author, whose father served with the battery, is to be congratulated.