

THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



SS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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

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NEW MEMBERS

In the original printed journal, this page and a section of that following 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

1071 Miss V. LYNDEN-BELL NOT Miss V. LYDEN-BELL
1047 Col. C.K. MAHAKIAN USMCR (Ret.) NOT MAKAKIAN

OBITUARY

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

0664V Commander V. St. J. VAN DER BYL RN
(RN Mdm HMS PRINCE GEORGE & R CLYDE)
0737V F. G. DIXON (LS AB HMS ANGORA)
0770V S. D. EVANS (Sergeant 8th Welch Reg. 13th Division)
0423V S. A. HALL (Sergeant 1st Lancashire Fus. 29th Div.)
101V C. A. HOLE (Private 1/7 Essex Regiment, 54th Div.)
1014V Major J. G. MARTIN, Command Services Field Paymaster.
0233V H. MOODY (Pte 5th Connaught Rangers, 10th Division)

VETERAN OF GALLIPOLI AND JUTLAND

Commander V. St J. Van der Byl RN (0664V) who served at Gallipoli on both HMS Prince George and the River Clyde, died aged 92 at Midhurst on 12 September. The family is descended from the South African Dutch who arrived there in 1634, and, always tending to be Anglo-philic, did not shoot too many Englishmen during the Boer War. Commander Van der Byl was born in England in 1897 and went to Osborne and to Dartmouth where he was a contemporary of the future George VI.

After his service at Gallipoli he was posted to the battlecruiser Queen Mary and was a Midshipman in Q turret during the Battle of Jutland. By late afternoon the Queen Mary was having a rough time being engaged by the German battlecruisers Derfflinger and Seydlitz. She stood it splendidly, replying with her own salvos with fabulous rapidity until at 1626 she received a hit or hits which caused her to blow up in two tremendous explosions, breaking her back and showering debris everywhere, while the smoke cloud rose to a thousand feet. Captain Oram on the destroyer Obdurate 'found the stark reality was too stupendous to take in' while Admiral Beatty was moved to remark to his Flag Captain 'there seems to be something wrong with our bloody ships today'. Sixty-seven officers and 1,209 men went down with the ship and there were no more than 20 survivors of whom Midshipman Van der Byl was the most senior.

I am most grateful to his son John Van der Byl for providing information for this Obituary. Editor.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN PARTY

Members will be pleased to learn that Major J. Ford, accompanied by his brother, and Mr J.W. Gearing, accompanied by his wife and daughter, were able to represent the Association at a Buckingham Palace Garden Party earlier in the year.

Chairman's Report

The AGM on 30 September last year was the first to be held in the autumn and the first to be held before rather than after lunch. This is very successful and achieves the object of letting us have more time to enjoy ourselves on the 25 April and avoids the obvious difficulty of having guests present at a meeting with which they are not concerned.

Since 30 September, your Committee have met twice to run the general affairs and normal arrangements of the Association.

The Autumn Lunch

After the AGM last year we had our lunch at which Brigadier General Berthold Graf von Stauffenberg, whose father took part in the famous but unsuccessful July plot intended to kill Hitler, was our Guest of Honour. Although this was a most enjoyable function, some dissatisfaction was subsequently expressed with the standard and costs of the RAF Club. Therefore the Committee decided to alter the venue to the Victory Services Club for 1988.

25 April, 1988

A number of members including veterans attended both the ceremony at the Cenotaph and the Service at the Abbey. We then had a record attendance at the lunch at Chelsea Barracks, and a number of people said they thought it was the most enjoyable one yet. Certainly our sincere thanks are due to Lt. Colonel Henry Wilson, Officer Commanding 1st Bn. Irish Guards, for allowing us to use his Mess, and for allowing so many of his people to be involved with the organisation. Major Roly Grimshaw supervised arrangements within the Mess and Captain James Stopford, the Adjutant, made arrangements for the piper and Corps of Drums to play for us, and for the transport to take our party from the Cenotaph to the Abbey and again from the Abbey to the Barracks. The Mess Sergeant, C/Sgt Halford, has now been involved with several of our lunches and we look upon him as an old and valued friend. We would

like to express our very sincere and heartfelt thanks to all these people.

Sadly the Irish Guards will not be there in 1989 and Chelsea Barracks will probably not be functional in April next year. Therefore we shall have to see what arrangements we can make for next year's lunch.

Gallipoli Memorial Lecture Trust

The lecture this year at Eltham was given by the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was, as usual, very well attended and some Association members were there. Major John Ford and Joe Murray took part in the act of remembrance. Next year the lecture will be given by the well known historian, John Grigg (who renounced his title of Lord Altrincham some years ago). The date has yet to be announced.

Finance

The Treasurer will, of course, be making his report but it is with great satisfaction that I can inform you that our financial situation is very good. Not only have we managed to keep up 3 editions of The Gallipolian but also we have improved our reserves. Your Committee therefore decided to subsidise the cost to veterans of this autumn's lunch and to offer some financial assistance to any veteran who might otherwise not be able to attend the function. We are, of course, very dependent on our subscription income and I would urge those members who do not yet pay by Bankers Order to do so if they possibly can.

The Gallipolian

I trust that everyone will agree that the standard of this publication is excellent and I am sure everyone looks forward to receiving it. Despatch of the last issue was of course held up due to the postal strike. The Editor would very much like to hear from anybody who has ideas or may have material which they think might be suitable.

Membership List

Everyone should have received their copy of the 1988 Membership List. This has been produced thanks to the great efforts of Norman Pollitt, our Membership Secretary.

He has put the whole record on a computer and as a result such a list will now be much easier to produce in the future. It also produces the address labels used to send out The Gallipolian.

The Committee

The Committee consists of a small number of elected people prepared to put some time aside to help with running your Association. Of these, the bulk of the work falls on the shoulders of the officers, i.e. the Treasurer, Editor, Secretary and Membership Secretary. The Committee would always be interested to hear from anybody willing to contribute to the task in any way. This is an appropriate place therefore for me to express grateful thanks on behalf of myself and all members to those people who make everything tick. To Donald Bland, who has all the accounts in appl -pie order year in year out, in spite of illness earlier this year from which we are so pleased - (and greatly relieved!) - that he has made a full recovery. To David Saunders who has the huge job of collating information and material, editing it, having it published and printed, and together with his wife, sticking on labels, stuffing envelopes and posting. To James Watson-Smith, and his wife, for the work he puts in as Secretary and for all the effort he has taken to arrange this year's autumn lunch and guest speaker, and of course to Norman Pollitt who has not only set up the computer system but who also keeps it up to date with all the changes which occur.

Conclusion

The affairs and finances of the Association are in very good health. Please remember that we are always interested in new members, and also we would welcome any ideas for the future.

INFORMATION WANTED

Can any member provide information as to the whereabouts of the medals, including the DSO of Eliezer (Lazar Markovitch). See Gallipolian 55:30. Please contact Anthony N. Pamm, P.O. Box 27168, Rhine Road Post Office, 8050, Republic of South Africa.

SUBSCRIPTIONS 1989

Members are reminded that the annual subscription will be due on 1st January. The rates are:

Veterans	£3
Associates	£6
Joint Associates (man and wife)	£9

Payment should be made to the Hon. Treasurer, D.F. Bland, 'Torview', 4 Ridgeway Close, Dorking, Surrey, RH4 3AS, no receipt will be issued unless a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed with the remittance. Payment by Bankers' Order is encouraged, a form is available from the Treasurer on request.

Will members residing Overseas please ensure that payment is made by sterling cheque payable in London.

As always, donations in excess of the minimum rate will be warmly welcomed and gratefully received.

CARLISLE, CHRISTOPHER. Editor. MY OWN DARLING. Carlisle Books, 1989. 240 pages, illustrations. £12.95. Available by post from Images, 19 High Street, Upton-on-Severn, WR8 OHJ. (06846 4324).

Montie Carlisle wrote almost 500 letters to his wife Kitty from 4 August 1914 to 1919. They describe his joining the Northumberland Fusiliers, training and subsequent service. This illustrated book includes one chapter on the Dardanelles Campaign, when Montie served as a platoon commander in the 8th Battalion. The letters describe the journey out to Lemnos in Aquitania, the waiting there and at Imbros and then the landing at A beach, Suvla, on 7 August 1915. Montie was wounded within 24 hours but subsequent letters tell of his time in the battle and what happened to his Battalion afterwards. He rejoined them for the Somme and was seriously wounded there.

The letters have been edited by his son, Christopher Carlisle, himself an infantry officer in WW2, when he commanded a platoon of the Coldstream Guards in Italy and was taken prisoner while leading a patrol.

ARMY BISCUITS

By O. E. BURTON

(First printed in The Anzac Book 1916)

BISCUITS! Army biscuits! What a volume of blessings and cursings have been uttered on the subject of biscuits - army biscuits!

What a part they take in our daily routine: the carrying of them, the eating of them, the cursing at them!

Could we find any substitute for biscuits? Surely not! It is easy to think of biscuits without an army, but of an army without biscuits - never.

Biscuits, like the poor, are always with us. Crawling from our earthly dens at the dim dawning of the day, we receive no portion of the dainties which once were ours in the long ago times of effete civilisation; but, instead, we devour with eagerness - biscuit porridge. We eat our meat, not with thankfulness, but with biscuits. We lengthen out the taste of jam - with biscuits. We pound them into powder. We boil them with bully. We stew them, in stews. We fry them as fritters. We curse them with many and bitter cursings, and we bless them with few blessings.

Biscuits! Army biscuits! Consider the hardness of them. Remember the cracking of your plate, the breaking of this tooth, the splintering of that. Call to mind how your finest gold crown weakened, wobbled, and finally shrivelled under the terrific strain of masticating Puntley and Chalmer's No. 5's.

Think of the aching void where once grew a goodly tooth. Think of the struggle and strain, the crushing and crunching as two molars wrestled with some rocky fragment. Think of the momentary elation during the fleeting seconds when it seemed that the molars would triumphantly blast and scrunch through every stratum of the thrice-hardened rock. Call to mind the disappointment, the agony of mind and body, as the almost victorious grinder missed its footing, slipped, and snapped hard upon its mate, while the elusive biscuit rasped and scraped upon bruised and tender gums.

Biscuits! Army biscuits! Have you, reader, ever analysed with due carefulness the taste of army biscuits? Is it the delicious succulency of ground granite or the savoury toothsomeness of powdered marble? Do we perceive a delicate flavouring of ferro-concrete with just a dash of scraped iron railings? Certainly, army biscuits, if they have a taste, have one which is peculiarly their own. The choicest dishes of civilised life, whether they be baked or boiled, stewed or steamed, fried, frizzled, roasted or toasted, whether they be composed of meat or fish, fruit or vegetable, have not (thank Heaven!) any like taste to that of army biscuits. Army biscuits taste like nothing else on the Gallipoli Peninsula. It is a debatable question indeed whether or not they have the quality of taste. If it be granted that they possess this faculty of stimulating the peripheral extremities of a soldier's taste-buds, then it must also be conceded that the stimulation is on the whole of an unpleasant sort. In short, that the soldier's feeling, apart from the joy, the pride, and the satisfaction at his completed achievement in transferring a whole biscuit from his outer to his inner man without undue accident or loss of teeth, is one of pain, unease, and dissatisfaction.

It may seem almost incredible, wholly unbelievable indeed, but armies have marched and fought, made sieges, retired according to plan, stormed impregnable cities, toiled in weariness and painfulness, kept lonely vigils, suffered the extremes of burning heat and of freezing cold, and have, in the last extremity, bled and died, laurel-crowned and greatly triumphant, the heroes of legend and of song, all without the moral or physical, or even spiritual aid of army biscuits.

Agamemnon and the Greeks camped for ten years on the windy plains of Troy without one box of army biscuits. When Xerxes threw his pontoon bridge across the Narrows and marched 1,000,000 men into Greece, his transport included none of Teak Green and Co.'s paving-stones for the hardening of his soldiers' hearts and the stiffening of their backs. Caesar subdued Britons, Gauls and Germans. Before the lines of Dyrrhachium his legions lived many days on boiled grass and such-like delicacies, but they never exercised their jaws upon a rough, tough bit of - army biscuit.

Biscuits! Army biscuits! They are old friends now, and, like all old friends, they will stand much hard wear and tear. Well glazed, they would make excellent tiles or fine flagstones. After the war they will have great scarcity value as curios, as souvenirs which one can pass on from generation to generation, souvenirs which will endure while the Empire stands. If we cannot get physical strength from army biscuits, let us at least catch the great spiritual ideal of enduring hardness, which they are so magnificently fitted to proclaim.

The seasons change. Antwerp falls, Louvain is burned, the tide of battle surges back and forth; new reputations are made, the old ones pass away, Warsaw, Lemberg, Servia, the stern battle lines of Gallipoli, Hindenburg, Mackensen, each name catches our ear for brief moments of time, and then gives way to another crowding it out; but army biscuits are abiding facts, always with us, patient, appealing, enduring. We can move to other theatres, we can change our clothes, our arms, and our generals, but we must have our biscuits, army biscuits, else we are no longer an army.

NEW ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

The first issue published in November of The Great War, a quarterly journal, confirms the continuing interest in the conflict. Certainly, as far as members of the Association are concerned, it has commenced as we would have wished. The first article is the diary and letters of Captain H.H. King, a Territorial Signal Officer attached to 86 Brigade. Some 13 pages, (the whole journal is 40 pages, page size 11 x 8 inches), including 12 photographs, are devoted to this item which takes one from his arrival at Avonmouth on 15 March, he travelled to Gallipoli on the Ausonia, to 31 May when the diary entry is a laconic 'Nothing of interest'. The bulk of the diary, however, makes absolutely fascinating reading, and one awaits with keen anticipation part two in the next issue. The Great War is highly commended, and hopefully will receive enough support to ensure a viable future. The subscription is £14.00 per annum to Broadsword Publishing, 6 Cranleigh Gardens, Sanderstead, South Croydon, Surrey, CR2 9LD.

GALLIPOLI VICTORIA CROSSES

'A DOUGHTY MAN OF WAR'

By David Saunders (0923)

Only one Victoria Cross was awarded at Gallipoli for services in the air, to Squadron Commander Richard Bell Davies when aircraft bombed the Berlin to Constantinople railway at Ferrijik Junction. The line was being used to bring much needed munitions and other supplies into Turkey, so that its disruption would assist the allied cause.

On 19 November 1915 all available aircraft were to take part in a raid against Ferrijik, and Burges Bridge across the Maritza River. Richard Bell Davies noted in his autobiography Sailor in the Air, London 1967, that at the time he was deeply involved in the task of building secure and warm winter quarters on Imbros, and was annoyed at being detailed to fly a single seater Nieuport carrying 20lb bombs, far too small to cause significant damage to the line.

During the attack a Henri Farman piloted by Flight Sub-Lieutenant G.F. Smylie (later Air Commodore RAF) was hit by rifle fire, and still carrying one of its bombs, was forced to land on the Bulgarian side of the river. Here the marshes are very wide with numerous water courses and beds of baked mud and gravel. Bell Davies, seeing the plight of his companion, brought his own aircraft round and prepared to land, it not having occurred to him that he was likely to be interfered with by enemy troops. Indeed his concern was whether there would be two people to rescue as the Farman often carried an observer. Fortunately there was only one. Just as he was coming into land he received an almighty shock. Smylie with the third shot from his pistol blew up the bomb on board the downed plane. At the same moment Bulgarian troops were observed closing in fast.

With the landing accomplished it was no easy matter to fit Smylie in. A cowl covered a space where a passenger could have sat and he therefore had to crouch on all fours beneath this, and between the rudder bar and engine bearers with his head against an oil tank, a most uncomfortable situation. Fortunately there was a good length of dry watercourse on which to taxi, and

they were able to get airborne before the troops could prevent them, though not before they began firing their rifles. The return to Imbros took about 45 minutes.

For this feat Richard Bell Davies was awarded the Victoria Cross (he had already received the DSO for services during an attack on the submarine base at Zeebrugge the previous January) and Smylie the DSC. The citation, London Gazette 1 January 1916, for the Victoria Cross refers to his action being 'a feat of airmanship that can seldom have been equalled for skill or gallantry.'

His commanding officer, Commander C.R. Samson, wrote: 'No-one could have had a more loyal second in command than I had, and to a large extent the happiness of the squadron was due to his tact and personality. A man without any conceit or selfishness, a brilliant pilot and a doughty man of war if ever there was one.' Another colleague, Major G.W. Moore said in 1918 'We hero-worshipped him and would have done anything for him.'

Winston Churchill writing from France on 3 January 1916 said:

My dear Davies,

Hurrah! I am delighted to read that your skill and courage have won you the great prize. Accept my most cordial congratulations on a feat of arms which adds to the splendid reputation of the Naval Wing. May you live long to enjoy the reward.

Yours sincerely,

Winston S. Churchill

Indeed he was to live long, rising to higher ranks in command both ashore and afloat, becoming most appropriately in 1937 the first Rear Admiral Air Stations, when the Fleet Air Arm returned to the Royal Navy. He died on 26 February 1966 at Haslar Naval Hospital.

NOTE: The Fleet Air Arm Museum, Yeovilton, Somerset, contains a superb full scale display of flying during the Kaiser's War including a section devoted to Gallipoli with special reference to Richard Bell Davies. Only three aircraft were lost at Gallipoli due to air action, all during the last few days of the campaign when unfortunately four officers were killed and one captured.

AT CAMP IN EGYPT

By E. Mavor *

We had a little Japanese destroyer to escort the HMT Transylvania about five miles out of Malta and then we were again left to our own resources. Two or three days more found us at Alexandria, outside which we were met by a very handsome Arab pilot who came out to meet us in his sailing cutter. Alexandria harbour was a fine sight. It was full of transports and fine sailing yachts were dodging about among them. One of my friends on board recognised a little yacht he used to sail on the Clyde.

As soon as we got into a berth in the harbour an advance party was sent off to pitch camp for us at Aboukir where our division was concentrating. The rest of us stayed on the ship all day and felt very hot. The summer was just beginning. The winches were rattling all day dropping our baggage on the pier. While they were slinging a motor lorry out of the hold the sling broke and the lorry fell about ten feet back into the hold. It was not damaged, however, it being an Albion and of Glasgow manufacture.

The toil of the next seventy two hours is almost indescribable. Our transport had not yet arrived and all the baggage, amounting to about 20 tons, had to be manhandled, first on to the train at Alexandria and then off it again at Aboukir.

* Eric Mavor (1894-1956) was commissioned in the 6th Highland Light Infantry as a lieutenant, and in his own words 'committed the serious error of not keeping a diary'. However, he did later write a detailed memoir which he called Nine Days in Gallipoli from which this extract is taken. He was wounded on 12 July 1915, being brought back to safety by his Colour Sergeant Major who was awarded the DCM for this action. I am grateful to his son, R.E. Mavor (1040) for providing the memoir and to F.J. Dooley (0876) for first bringing it to my attention. Editor.

Aboukir is about fifteen miles round the shore from Alexandria. It took us about two hours in the train to get there. When we did get there it was dark and we had to unload all the baggage on to the desert sand by the light of two inferior arc lamps. The baggage was stacked where it lay and sentries posted over it.

We then betook us to look for our camp. We staggered along ankle deep in very fine dusty sand which flew up into our eyes and throats and nearly suffocated us. At last we got to our camping ground, only to find that the advance party had not been able to get as much as half of the camp pitched. That, however, was soon remedied, as more hands made lighter work, and the cooks of the advance party had got some supper for the men and we were more or less ready to make shift till the morning when we could see where we were and how we were situated.

We had not proceeded far with the meal when we were disturbed by a yell of anguish somewhere in the lines, and presently a man came staggering up assisted by two others shouting for the doctor. It transpired that he had subsided on top of an unfriendly scorpion. Those of us in the mess who wore kilts sprang smartly to attention. The doctor was not available, but the C.O. who had seen much service in India, was able to tell the man that the cure for scorpion bite was to rub the part affected with damp tobacco. This was duly done.

We spent an uncomfortable night among crawling reptiles and biting insects of every description, and even those of us who slept were up promptly in the morning to inspect the environs of our camp. It was a woeful sight that met our eyes. The tents looked as if they had been shaken onto the desert out of a pepper box. In the dark we had chosen about the worst piece of ground possible, the tent poles were all askew and the C.O. described the scene, quite correctly, as chaotic. Soon Orders came down from Brigade Headquarters for us to strike camp and move to a better camping ground about half a mile further from the sea, and quite close to the railway line where we had left our impedimenta the previous evening.

By seven o'clock in the evening we had pitched a beautiful camp, carried over our baggage, stored it opposite the guard tent and went off to have some supper. The mess sergeant had found a table of sorts and in the open by candle-light we had our first decent meal of the day. About nine p.m. we were revelling in real Egyptian cigarettes when a message came from Brigade Headquarters ordering us to move camp on the morrow to a point about three quarters of a mile away, up on the seashore. We were not pleased.

We were up with the sandfly the following morning, or perhaps I should say, most of the night; and the weary labour of striking camp and pitching it again, and carrying the baggage three quarters of a mile to the new camping ground commenced. The head was great and the flies were pestilential. By seven o'clock in the evening the men were comfortably settled and the Officers had a nice double skinned mess tent rigged up. That night we dined in Eastern state with half a dozen Nubians to attend to our needs, and the Battalion pipe band played to us. The evening was delightfully cool and starlit. There was no moon.

There was no parade the following morning, as there were many improvements and finishing touches to be made on the camp. We were nicely situated close by the seashore and a fine cool breeze came off the water. The shore was protected from the waves by a reef of sunken rocks which stretched across the mouth of a fair sized bay. During the day we had some fine bathing, but the result of this was that nearly every one who bathed was so badly sun-scorched that very few could wear equipment for some days after. From then on, bathing between the hours of 10.30 a.m. and 5 p.m. was forbidden.

Here, as often after, we blessed our luck for the Commanding Officer she had given us. His Indian experience had taught him that the proper time to parade his battalion in a hot climate was from 6.30 a.m. to 8 a.m. before the sun got really hot, and thereafter we were free for the day, with the exception of some nice restful inspections and lectures, and rather less restful Quartermaster's fatigues. Nobody knows why it is, but the Quarter Master never fails to have fatigues and furthermore, his fatigues are always of such a nature as to require at least half a battalion.

There are two obsolete forts at Aboukir, quite close to where we were camped. They were armed with Armstrong guns dated 1878 and have delightful subterranean passages and mysterious doors and dungeons. Two miles from the camp Aboukir Bay still holds the French ships that Nelson sank at the Battle of the Nile. Round Aboukir Bay there is a fine stretch of firm sand where we were able to develop our equestrian capabilities. There is a good hotel there too, where the Alexandrians come for weekends.

All round the shore from Alexandria there are ruins of ancient palaces, with baths built out into the sea. There was leave into Alexandria too, but this was soon restricted as there were some rumblings of disaffection in Egypt, and two companies were kept always in readiness to move at an hour's notice.

There was a native canteen erected where very fine lemon squash was on sale. Every morning a native policeman rode up mounted on a beautiful Arab horse and waited at the door of the canteen until mine host paid him to go away. If this "hush money" is not forthcoming the policeman charges mine host with some offence or another and runs him in.

We stayed at Aboukir for a week. The first glowing accounts of the landing on Gallipoli were gradually toning down. Wounded were arriving in Alexandria who brought grizzly tales of the landing and who had themselves barely set foot on the Peninsula before they were wounded and evacuated. Everyone was eager to be in it.

About the eighth day after our arrival at Alexandria we got orders to strike camp and embark, and in a few hours we found ourselves again in H.M.T. Transylvania. We were all jubilant, we were going to have an opportunity of showing them.

About 36 hours out from Alexandria, the ship swung right round in her course into her own wake, and there was a sensible speeding up of her turbines. Submarines? An hour passed and nothing happened. Not submarines.

A rebellion in Egypt? This seemed to us more probable, and we proceeded to wait and see. Suffice it to say that in forty eight hours we were back in Aboukir. There was no rebellion in Egypt and what is more there did not seem to be even an explanation for our recall.

The first two days after our return we experienced the Kamseen wind, which blows from the Sahara bringing with it a fog of sand. This wind seems to be actually hotter than the atmosphere and is like a blast from a furnace door. Breathing is a difficult business.

We were greatly relieved on our arrival to find that the Battalion transport had arrived, and much labour was thereby saved.

We had another week of sumptuous living with fresh egg and bacon omelette for breakfast, and then we packed again. This time we were embarked as a single battalion on board a Clyde built tramp, which had been taken from the Germans, Annaberg. We were a bit cramped on her, but we were able to sleep on deck and were fairly comfortable. Her crew was Greek but to find an engineer and a second they had to fall back on the Clyde, nay on Glasgow, again. We arrived at Lemnos on 3 July 1915.

BOND, B. & ROBBINS, S. editors. STAFF OFFICER: THE DIARIES OF WALTER GUINNESS 1914-18, Leo Cooper 1987. 256 pages, 11 maps. £17.50.

Born in 1880 Walter Guinness served in the Suffolk Yeomanry in the South African War, was elected MP for Bury St Edmunds, then rejoined the Yeomanry on mobilisation in July 1914. He travelled with his Regiment to Gallipoli in September 1915, the diaries revealing much of the situation in the Aghyl Dere section during the final phase of the operations. His unit was shelled as they were evacuated to Mudros on 2 December leaving all their baggage behind. Here he describes his Regimental Sergeant Major, ex Coldstream Guards, 'looks as if he'd got a poker in each trouser leg and sleevewho stood bolt upright being far too dignified to allow a mere 6 inch shell to distract him.' Few staff officers left accounts of their work. This is an excellent one, the Gallipoli section forms only a small part while there is much about the Western Front where Guinness was twice awarded the DSO. Created Lord Moyne in 1932 he was assassinated in Cairo in 1944 by the Stern Gang, while serving as Minister Resident in Cairo.

GEORGE SUTHERLAND GUYON

29 January 1875 - 1 July 1916

By Lieutenant Colonel J.M. Guyon (1025)

George Sutherland was born, probably in Richmond, on 29 January 1875. His father was General Gardiner Frederic Guyon, late Royal Fusiliers, sixth generation Huguenot from Guillaume. His mother was Mary Elizabeth Sutherland of Aberarder, Invernesshire, half sister to Evan Sutherland who owned Skibo Castle on the Dornoch Firth before it was sold to Andrew Carnegie in 1900. He had one brother, Ronald, and four sisters, Mary, Mabel, Lilian and Elaine. He was great friends with Lilian, and she was very good to Pater after his death. He was educated at Brighton College.

When the 7th Battalion went to Guernsey on a tour of garrison duty in 1895 under command of GFG, his family went with them. There are photographs of the Battalion marching into Fort George commanding the harbour at St Peter Port, and of GSG in militia uniform with his mother - a formidable looking lady in those days. Peter remembers her, a quarter of a century later, at 110 Westbourne Terrace not far from Paddington Station, surrounded by knick-knacks on fragile occasional tables and cabinets: the place was a minefield for impulsive children, and visits something of an ordeal for both sides. The great-grandfather clock had a landing all to himself and passed in time through the kindness of Lilian and her daughter Nancie to Peter. Neither Peter nor George knew either grandfather.

On 15 May 1897 at the age of 22 GSG joined the family regiment from the militia, and with the 2nd Battalion served throughout the Boer War (1899-1902), gaining the Queen's Medal with three clasps and the King's with two. He was promoted to Captain in 1900, presumably on account of previous militia service, and Major in 1912.

On 22 July 1909 he married in London Winifred Mary Cora Ryan eldest of three daughters of Major Aloysius Ryan, Royal Artillery, of Inch House, Thurles, Co. Tipperary, Eire, and his wife Thomasine Caroline Shaw, a cousin of George Bernard Shaw and sister of Flora, first Colonial Editor of The Times and wife of Lord Lugard who added

Nigeria to the British Empire.

GSG's eldest son John Mervyn (Peter) was born at Jubbulpore, Central Provinces, India, on 16 December 1910. His birth certificate is an entry in the regimental books of the 2nd Bn Royal Fusiliers signed by R.M. Laverton Lieutenant and Adjutant based on Army Form A42a received from father Captain GSG then in Pachmarhi. Thirty-eight years later a Labour Government in London decided that Peter and all others like him must be Indians, since they were born there, and not British at all. Winnie's youngest sister, then aged about nine (Louise - "Babs") had been in the habit of regarding GSG as her personal property, and was much put out to find that he intended marrying her eldest sister. There are several happy snapshots of GSG and Peter in India 1910-1914, but Peter's actual memories of his father are very indistinct. Babs says GSG was very fond of his first born son.

In 1914 on the outbreak of war with Germany, the Battalion came home in a troop ship, the S.S. Dongola, (called after the place on the Nile). Peter remembers dropping his favourite much battered teddy bear over the side by accident and watching him sink inch by inch into the calm sea. A German submarine seen on the surface in the Mediterranean caused much excitement. A fishing line lowered from the porthole of the officers' cabins above to the troop decks below produced a stream of highly unsuitable objects, to Peter's delight and his nanny's horror. This was Nana Lucy Pugh with whom the family kept in touch until her death in 1978.

In 1915 GSG, now a Major, went as Second-in-Command of his regiment to the Dardanelles. Winston Churchill, then First Sea Lord, advised the War Cabinet that the Dardanelles Narrows could be opened using ships alone. The attack by British French and Russian battleships started on 19 February 1915 but failed to do the job, so troops were landed on both shores on 25 April 1915 and at once ran into prepared defences. They were taken off again at the end of the year having achieved nothing. The 29th Division to which 2Bn RF belonged was formed almost entirely from Regular units collected from foreign stations, and was considered a crack division. In the Dardanelles they were moved from the Cape Helles front at the toe of the peninsula to the Suvla front in a vain attempt

to capture the Tekke Tepe (Ridge) and were evacuated from there after suffering very heavy casualties. Much of this was told to me and GEG by Tressilian Nicholas, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, (see note 1) who had been the Force Commander's Map Officer in the Dardanelles through the whole campaign, and had preserved maps, sketches, and photographs which he showed us.

GSG wrote home from the Cunard Liner S.S. Aluania before the landings ... "(HMS Implacable)... Altogether we are tremendous pals and they say we are the best soldiers they've ever met; as a rule they don't like soldiers. During the preliminary bombardment of course all our men will have to be under cover so I am going with the Gunnery Lieutenant. It all ought to be vastly interesting and I am looking forward to it tremendously. From what I have just been told by one of the Implacable who has just been on board, we are moving across to Tenedos tomorrow if the weather is fine and we shall transfer to the Implacable about six in the evening, sleep on board, and start across before daylight next morning: but of course it all depends on the weather. We got half the battalion on board this morning. I had a letter from Lil but haven't had a single word from my Ma since I left. I am sending a snap of our ship one of them gave me. Goodbye my darling, take the greatest care of yourself and Peter. Ever your own loving Husband."

And again ... "Implacable the evening before at Tenedos. She is our mother ship and has been most awfully kind to us. She bombards for two hours and we land in small boats and she still goes on bombarding, and we then have a steep cliff to climb into the "unknown". This takes place at intervals all along the coast, so it must succeed somewhere."

Times 11 May 1915: "The landing on X beach was the most successful of all as it was carried out without any loss chiefly owing to the tactics adopted by the landing ship Implacable. At dawn the covering ship Swiftsure opened up a fierce bombardment of the cliffs above X beach and then at 5.52 a.m. the Implacable herself stood in close to the shore with an anchor down until she actually reached the six fathom limit. From this point only five hundred yards from the shore she plastered the top of the

cliffs with 12" shrapnel and the foreshore with her 6". The enemy could not show his head above the cliffs under this terrible storm of shell and the tows went right in and obtained a firm footing on the edge of the cliff where they entrenched."

A letter from one Private Parrish to his brother was printed in a Richmond newspaper, cut out and kept by GSG's sister Mabel. "I'm lucky being here to tell the tale. On Saturday W and X Companies boarded HMS Implacable. The sailors gave us a good do. We had breakfast at 3 a.m. Sunday 25 April 1915. About 4.30 we went down the gangway into small boats towed by picket boats or pinnaces. The naval bombardment started. They were at it for an hour and then the Implacable with us alongside made for the shore. We were all joking, not thinking of the shore close at hand. A maxim gun was trained on us but the middy in charge of us altered the course of the boat. Just then the Implacable fired a six inch and the maxim and the men all went up in the air.

We ran the boats as far aground as possible, but had to wade up to our waist in water. On shore safely, we fixed bayonets and went up the cliff and lined the top; nothing doing. We advanced too soon and too far to do much at first before we had a chance to look around. We made one advance, smoking and taking it easy. We advanced about four hundred yards in all, and had barely laid down and crawled to the top of the rise before they fired. The first man hit was Major Guyon, then they found the range and we got it; and I got it too - shrapnel."

GSG's wound was a light head wound, and he was soon back in the line, getting command of the battalion when the C.O., Col. Newnham, was wounded. Signal of 12 September addressed to OC Royal Fusiliers K Beach: "Sir Ian Hamilton hopes you will be able to lunch with him today at 1 p.m." This was probably the Force Commander wanting a look at the "new" CO. In the second half of October GSG got appendicitis after taking part in the landing at Cape Helles on 18 October, and lay for a week in a dugout before it was possible to get him to hospital. He returned to duty about the middle of December.

Letter home 19 December 1915: "...was up to my eyes in details for the big job on which we are engaged. The weather which has been causing us an immense amount of anxiety has been good and we have got through the show very well so far, much better than I had hoped. But tonight is the night on which everything depends, and I am praying (at 5 p.m.) for the next twelve hours to pass. After that I shall breathe more freely. Wind in North, weather good. If we are fortunate we ought to get through without any very great loss. Had a very anxious night last night but we pulled through. We shan't get a wink of sleep again tonight."

20 December 1915: "I am feeling greatly relieved today. The big operation which has been worrying us so long was finished last night with complete success. The operation was the evacuation of Anzac and Suvla in face of an enemy in many cases only twenty yards away. I can't tell you how we did it as it is against the rules but we spoofed the Turks properly and got off 70,000 men and 200 guns without his knowing anything about it. He was in fact so spoofed that he continued firing on our trenches and bombarding them heavily for five hours after our people were safely at sea. I can safely say it was the biggest operation that has ever been performed in war. We have had the thanks of government in the highest eulogistic terms, and Sir Charles Munroe has also received a personal wire from the King. I shall never forget the days and nights of anxiety we passed through whilst the operation was in progress. I have watched the weather from time to time and lived in perpetual dread of the wind shifting round to the south-west. Had this happened all our piers would have been smashed and a big disaster occurred. Almost immediately after we had got clear a big south-west gale sprang up. We had a marvellous escape. The sense of relief is enormous. What the German and Turkish commanders are thinking at having let such a big bag escape we are wondering. I expect they have lost their scalps by now. I can watch the storm now, laughing with amusement. The thrills of the last ten days and especially of the last forty-eight hours I can never describe. I have not slept for the last forty-eight hours so am going to turn in now."

The Division went to Egypt early in 1916, thence to the Western Front in time for the battle of the Somme which started 1 July 1916 where they joined VIII Corps of IV Army on the left of the front of attack opposite Beaumont Hamel. A week before the set-piece attack was due to start, however, GSG had been sent to command an inexperienced battalion of Kitchener's New Army, the First Bradford Pals or 16 West Yorkshire Regiment, in 31 Division on the left flank of the IV Army attack opposite Serre. The preliminary bombardment went on for seven days and seven nights, after which it was confidently expected that very few Germans would be left alive.

Letter 14 July 1916: "Dear Madam - the Chaplain of 148 Inf Bde has written to me asking me to give you any information about Major Guyon. It has been difficult to obtain many details as so many of the officers and men were killed or wounded but luckily Mr Laxton the Intelligence Officer of the Battalion was only wounded and was able to give me some details of Major Guyon's death. He said that when the advance began on 1 July 1916 Major Guyon came out of the HQ dugout with him and the adjutant and the rest of the HQ staff and that very soon after Major Guyon was hit in the temple by a bullet. He was unconscious at once. They stayed a moment to put a dressing on his wound, but then they had to leave him and go on advancing. Mr Laxton said that Major Guyon was evidently dying. As he was unconscious he cannot have suffered any pain. I am very sorry for all those who have been bereaved in these last few days. I do offer to you my most sincere sympathy. Major Guyon had only been appointed a week before to command the battalion. I think he felt very much being taken away from his old Regiment, but he set himself loyally to the task of getting to know officers and men. We so much regret losing an officer of such experience - Yours faithfully, JG Thornton, Chaplain."

Private W.H.T. Carter, 1st Bradford Pals: "The German machine gun fire was terrible. Our Colonel was hit after only a few steps along the trench. I helped to prop him up against the trench side..." "The First Day on the Somme p.123 - Martin Middlebrook, 1971. Carter's son says his father was wounded four times but lived until 1978. GSG's wife told GEG years later that his orderly had got to him soon after he was hit and found he was dead.

Evan Macdonald, a Guyon descendant, writing home to New Zealand in 1916: "I am feeding a man at four o'clock each day who is quite paralysed. He was Colonel George Guyon's orderly out at Dardanelles and also in France when George was killed."

A signaller of the Battalion kept a diary: "30 June 1916. Offensive about to commence. Battalion set off in good spirits. Wished I was going with them. Stayed behind. Village heavily shelled during night. Not much damage. Anxiously wondering what is happening.

1 July 1916, 10 a.m. Rumours that advance has been successful. 12 p.m. Wounded commenced to struggle through alleys. Heart rending sight. 15th & 16th, badly smashed up. Cannot obtain correct information regarding success or failure. Thanked God that I had not taken part in it."

The Somme was one of the bloodiest battles in British history, with nearly 60,000 casualties on the first day. The battle was fought to take German pressure off the French at Verdun who were in danger of collapse and capitulation as in the second war. Long after the end of the Great War the Imperial War Graves Commission as it then was (now Commonwealth WGC), having collected all known and marked burials into local war cemeteries (there were six separate cemeteries at Serre alone, on the left flank of IV Army where 31 Division had been attacking) decided to build a monument at Thiepval to commemorate all those who fell on the Somme and had no known grave. This takes the form of a huge open archway on sixteen pillars on top of the high point near the village. Every face of every pillar is covered with names from knee height to fifteen feet above. There are 73,000 of them. George and Peter, GSG's sons, paid a visit in 1984, heard a short address by a padre who had been there, then aged 92, and laid a Royal Fusilier wreath - a very moving experience for them. GSG's name was found amongst his old regimental comrades from the Boer War and Dardanelles, 2 Bn RF, as he would have preferred. George, who had been a member of the regiment, as Peter had not, went on a private expedition to Serre. If any feel disposed to follow in the footsteps of Peter and George on a Royal British Legion battlefield tour to the Somme, GSG's name will be found high up on Face A of pier 16 (binoculars advised).

George was born after his father was killed, so never knew him. As the boys grew older they asked questions about their father, but their mother obviously found the subject painful so they desisted, and GSG ended up a very shadowy figure for them. She possibly never knew the existence of the Thiepval Memorial. Peter and George both married and each had five children, and it was not until these had been brought up that their thoughts turned again to trying to find out more about their own father. This rather scrappy biographical note is the result - a joint effort.

Tressilian Nicholas also got to the Somme in 5 Map Printing Section Royal Engineers (Peter's Corps) arriving about mid-July 1916 with the job of making maps of the trenches from air photographs, some hundreds of which he later presented to the Cambridge University Library where George and Peter were able to see them in his company and take away photocopies of Thiepval then and now. With maps, photographs, sketches and reminiscences he was able to recall the atmosphere very vividly for us in a way that reading history in a book would never be able to do.

Telegram 8 July 1916: "The King and Queen deeply regret the loss you and the army have sustained by the death of your husband in the service of his country. Their Majesties truly sympathise with you in your sorrow."

Letter to Peter, then five, charred in the top corner of both sheets as though his mother had started to burn it and then changed her mind: "My darling Peter - I was so glad to hear from Mummy that you had not forgotten your old daddy and want him to come home. I wish I knew when that will be, but nobody can tell. It was so kind of you to want to send me your howitzer gun, but I am afraid it would be too small: you see, the tanks have got great big guns that shoot for miles, and I am afraid your gun couldn't shoot so far, so they would just blow it up with theirs from a great distance.

I am so glad that you look after Mummy so well. You remember when I said goodbye to you I told you to take great care of Mummy while I was away. You must take your quinine like a good boy and never get that nasty malaria

again. Of course I'm always glad when I hear that you go to sleep like a good boy.

You would be so excited out here, there are so many aeroplanes about. A nasty German one came over the other day and dropped some bombs but didn't do any damage which was lucky. Goodbye my son from your loving "Old Daddy".

Apart from photographs, Peter's only solid memento is an ashtray made from the base of an 18pr QF field gun cartridge case with a silver French franc set into the primer tube, stamped "1916".

The Royal Fusiliers were raised at the Tower of London in 1685, the year of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes which drove Guillaume Guion from France. The First Battalion Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) marched through the City with colours flying, drums beating and bayonets fixed for the last time on Tuesday 12 September 1967. At the Tower, where the march ended, the salute was taken by the Constable, Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templar. The first Victoria Cross of the Great War was won by Lieutenant Maurice Dease of the Royal Fusiliers at Mons.

Of the branch of the de Guyon de Geis de Pampelonne family settled in England, Guillaume was a soldier, Etienne a merchant, Henri a soldier, John a sailor, Gardiner a parson, Frederic a Royal Fusilier, George Sutherland a Royal Fusilier, Peter a Sapper and George Edmund a Royal Fusilier before volunteering for the Parachute Regiment. So far as is known, the family was not represented at the reconquest of the Falklands Islands in 1982 - the first war they have missed for several centuries. None of GSG's five grandsons is a soldier.

NOTE 1: Tressilian Nicholas, was 100 on 17 August 1988 and served in the Royal Engineers making maps in Gallipoli, Egypt and the Western Front where he won the Military Cross for taking panoramic pictures under fire. He still lives in Trinity College, Cambridge, the College he entered in 1907 and where he took a First in Geology in 1910.

THE 7TH AND 8TH SCOTTISH RIFLES, GALLIPOLI 28 JUNE 1915

By D. McCarthy

On the 14th June, 1915, the 7th and 8th battalions Scottish Rifles (two Glasgow territorial battalions) landed as part of the 156th brigade on the beach at Helles, Gallipoli. Exactly two weeks later the battalions were to have their first front line action, the brigade being attached to the 29th Division which had been ordered to attack the left flank of the Turkish trenches crowning the high ground at Helles, the attack being set for the morning of the 28th of June.

The 8th battalion Scottish Rifles were positioned on the right of the brigade with the 7th Royal Scots in the centre and the 4th Royal Scots on the left, the 7th Scottish Rifles being held in reserve.

The 8th battalions objective was to advance 175 yards and clear the Turkish trenches to its front, these trenches in the preliminary bombardment having received but a few rounds of shrapnel and absolutely no rounds of high explosive.

At zero hour the men of the 8th battalion unhesitatingly followed their officers over the top into a hail of machine gun and rifle fire. In less than 5 minutes the 8th battalion had lost 25 of its 26 officers and over 400 men were casualties, more than 300 being killed. Considering that only two companies of the 7th battalion were ordered to advance on the Turkish trenches, their casualties were also appalling, losing 14 officers and 258 men as casualties, nearly 150 being killed.

The following account of this terrible slaughter is taken from the regimental history.

"The 156th Brigade was detailed to relieve the 88th Brigade of the 29th Division in the Gully Ravine sector on the night of the 18/19th of June, 1915, the 4th Royal Scots and the 8th Scottish Rifles to take over the front line, the 5th Royal Scots Fusiliers and 7th Scottish Rifles to be in support and reserve respectively. Trench routine was something new and strange to the relieving battalions and, as this was their

first experience, vigilance was keyed up almost to breaking point. There was very little wire in front.

General Headquarters decided that the network of Turkish trenches crowning the high ground on each flank at Helles must be captured to gain more elbow room. Owing to shortage of artillery both in respect of guns and ammunition, it was necessary to divide the attack into three separate operations, each to be supported by all the guns available. In the first attack on the 21st of June the French gained their objective on the right, but by the 23rd had not succeeded in driving the Turks from the reversed side of Kereves Spur.

The attack on the left was to take place on the 28th of June and was to be made by the 29th Division with the 156th Brigade attached. The main feature of the plan was to be an advance of the British line on the coastal sector from Gully Ravine to the sea. In this area the Turkish trenches consisted of five lines of deep narrow trenches (J9, J10, J11, J12 and J13), linked together by a long transverse trench (J11a) which crowned the face of the cliff. The capture of the two farthest trenches (J12 and J13) would outflank the right of the enemy's positions and place the British line north-west of the village of Krithia. General de Lisle decided to employ his 86th and 87th Brigades and the 29th (Indian) Brigade against the J trenches in two phases and to include in this attack an advance up Gully Ravine as far as the mouth of a tributary called the "Nullah". Conforming to this advance a simultaneous attack was to be made on the eastern side of Gully Ravine up Fir Tree Spur where two lines of Turkish trenches (H12A and H12) were to be taken by the 156th Brigade, supported, if necessary, by the 88th Brigade.

The task of the troops on Gully Spur was looked upon as the most difficult, as well as the most important part of the operation. For this reason the greater part of the available artillery was to concentrate on the J trenches, while the assault of H trenches by the 156th Brigade was only to be lightly supported.

Detailed orders for the attack on H trenches next day were issued during the afternoon of the 27th of June. The assault was to be made by three battalions the 8th Scottish Rifles on the right, the 7th Royal Scots in the centre and the 4th Royal Scots on the left, with the 7th battalion in reserve. The infantry assault would be preceded by a two hour artillery bombardment from 9.00 a.m. At 11.00 a.m. the battalions were to advance in three lines, each line (assaulting party, supports, reserves) separated by a distance of 75 yards. Bayonets (swords) were to be fixed. Packs were not to be carried. Various means of communication with the artillery were improvised, but these proved to be unsatisfactory. The 8th Scottish Rifles on the right hand and the 4th Royal Scots on the left were each ordered to provide bombing parties consisting of one officer, three throwers, six carrier and three bayonet met, who were to move on the outer flanks of their supporting companies.

There was not time before or after issuing battalion orders for company officers to liaise with the units of the 88th Brigade in front and with them to make a reconnaissance of the Turkish trenches or to be shown the location of any known enemy machine gun posts. There were insufficient maps or plans of the Turkish trench system for each company commander to have one, but the 8th battalion objectives were described as being the enemy trenches H12, H12a, and a portion of H12 north of H12a. These were identified on the ground next morning before the attack and officers seemed thoroughly to understand their orders.

The two companies of the 8th battalion to lead the assault were Nos. 1 and 3 with No 2 as support company and No 4 as reserve company commanded respectively by Captain H.A. MacLehose (wounded), Capt. C.D. MacLindoe (killed), Capt. J.M. Boyd (wounded) and Capt. E.T. Young (killed). Two bombing parties, to move up the saps on the battalions right and centre, were to be under the command of Lieut. G.A. Moore (died of wounds 11th July) and 2nd Lieut. R.M. Pattison (killed). Apart from a few days of instruction given to a handful of men from each unit the last thing before they left home, no one as yet had had any experience in throwing or dealing

with the bombs. The bombs were improvised from jam tins and in this attack eighty out of 123 failed to detonate.

The British bombardment opened at 9.00 a.m. and continued with growing intensity till zero hour. Thanks to this concentration of fire, practically the whole of the objectives on Gully Spur were gained in the first instance, and all the enemy trenches, except J12 and J13 were, in the end, held and consolidated. On the front of the 156th Brigade, without any concentration of line, the British attack failed.

Keyed up with expectation the 8th battalion awaited, congested and disposed in their three organised lines, for the bombardment to begin. Promptly at 9.00 a.m. the Allied guns opened fire, but as the minutes steadily passed it became obvious that it was to the left, on the enemy trenches which lay before the 87th Brigade, that the shells were falling. The British artillery was not directing its fire on the 11 trenches opposite the 8th battalion. To this sector of the attack only a few rounds of shrapnel but not a single round of high explosive had been allotted.

The enemy retaliated, shelling the congested front and support trenches, the reserve line and communication trenches. Both battalions of the regiment sustained casualties, and before the hour of the attack, stretcher-bearers were busy and the wounded were being evacuated. It was the attacking force which was enduring all the bombardment at this time, not the enemy.

At 10.50 a.m., the Turks put down an intensive barrage on the front and support trenches of the 156th Brigade and opened fire with machine guns and rifles. There were so many casualties from the shelling that a gap was made in the line of attack between the 8th Scottish Rifles and the 7th Royal Scots. To fill this gap a platoon was sent forward from No. 2 company of the 7th Scottish Rifles just before zero.

As zero hour approached, the 8th battalion Commanding Officer (Major J.M. Findlay, who had assumed command after Lieut. Col. Hannan was killed by a sniper on the 21st of June), together with the adjutant (Capt. C.J.

Bramwell), both made their way up to the front line, feeling that their place was there rather than behind. At 11.00 o'clock, the enemy's barrage being at its height, his machine gun and rifle fire lashing the parapets of the British trenches, the assault companies of the 8th battalion sprang forward from the front line into the open. There was no sign of hesitation. Shortly afterwards, No 4 Company followed, accompanied by Lieut. E. Maclay with a machine-gun, and simultaneously No. 2 Company crossed from the support trench in rear.

The terrain over which the men attacked rose slightly towards the enemy trenches, which were about 175 yards from the British front line. There was also a ridge of No Man's Land which ran diagonally from about the centre of the 7th Royal Scots line northwards. From it the land fell away to the Ravine and thus afforded some slight cover, but on the right (south east) side of this ridge the whole of the ground to be crossed by the 8th battalion was devoid of cover. It was exposed not merely to the frontal fire of the enemy in H12 but also enfilade fire brought to bear from an unexpected nest of machine-guns in H13 to the north-east. The leading ranks were shot down as soon as they emerged from the front line. Before the second ranks left, the first was mowed down. Nevertheless, there was no faltering and the troops followed according to plan only to meet a similar fate. Many of the men of the third line coming up over the top from the support trench fell before they reached their own front line.

In less than five minutes the 8th battalion lost 25 of its 26 officers and over 400 men. Only a very few reached the Turkish front line, and they were on the battalion's left. They joined up with the 7th Royal Scots. Elsewhere, the 8th battalion attack had collapsed.

As soon as No. 4 company in reserve left the front line, Major Findlay, with his adjutant, decided to move up the bombing sap on the left of the battalion front with the object of establishing a new Headquarters at the junction of the Turkish trenches H12 and H12a when captured. He could see his men advancing up the rising ground, but the smoke and dust soon hid them from view and he did not know how many had succeeded

in reaching the objective. These two officers and some signallers under Lieut. T. Stout then pushed up the sap. For a short distance they were all concealed, but as the sap became shallower, first their heads and then their bodies were exposed. They came across 2nd Lieut. Pattison's bombing party. He had been killed and the surviving men were unable to cross the fire-swept fifty yards to the enemy's trenches. At this moment Capt. Bramwell was shot and killed instantly. Some signallers were also hurt and Major Findlay then determined to collect what men there were and make a dash across. He stood to pick up a rifle from one of his dead men and as he did so a renewed burst of enemy machine-gun fire hit him in his neck and shoulder. Still under a hail of fire, Lieut. Stout and one of his signallers lifted up their Commanding Officer and together they carried him back about 10 yards to cover, during which time another bullet hit him in the flesh of the thigh. Immediately after this, Lieut. Stout was killed by a burst of shrapnel. Unaware of the fact, the only officer now surviving of the 8th battalion was Lieut. E. McLay, the machine-gun officer who was operating his gun on the right of the line.

On the left of the 8th battalion, where the nature of the ground afforded some slight protection and defiladed the men from the intensity of the fire of the machine-guns in H13, the two Royal Scots battalions had pressed their attack with the greatest gallantry and succeeded in reaching most of their objective, losing nearly all of their officers in the effort.

Shortly after 11 o'clock, therefore, the 156th Brigade, having failed to capture H12a on the right, was clinging tenaciously to H11, the left of the brigade objective.

General de Lisle, who did not at first realise the seriousness of the situation sent the following message, received at 156th Brigade Headquarters at 11.47 a.m.

'H12 is to be taken at all costs, if necessary you will send forward your reserve battalion'.

The 7th battalion had already been ordered forward to the British front line, and the men were filling up the narrow communication trenches as fast as possible

past the stream of wounded. The Turkish bombardment continued with unabashed fury.

On receipt of this Divisonal Commander's message, Brigadier General Scott-Moncrieff hurried forward to make a personal reconnaissance. On arrival, he ordered Lt. Col. J. Boyd-Wilson, commanding the 7th battalion, to renew the attack immediately with two companies. There again was no artillery preparation, and it was quite evident that without the help of artillery success was out of the question.

Led by the Commanding Officer, who had with him his adjutant (Capt. R. Vere Clark), the equivalent of two companies jumped over the parapet and advanced on H12a. B Company on the right, commanded by Capt. K. Hutchison, was met at once by the full blast of the enemy fire. At the head of his men, Capt. Hutchison reached within 50 yards of the Turkish trench line before he was brought down with a bullet in the leg. His four subalterns, Lieut. W. Brown, Lieut. D. M. Taylor, 2 Lieut. J. W. Maclay and 2 Lieut. A. Duff, were killed. Hardly a man escaped. The Commanding Officer and adjutant were also killed. On the left, Major W. T. Bird led forward two platoons of D Company and two platoons of A Company. The platoons of D company shared the fate of B company. The company Commander, Capt. J. Howatt, was killed, as the subaltern Officer with him, Lieut. W. Duff. But, slightly more left, defiladed from the machine-guns at H13, Major Bird succeeded in reaching the enemy front trench with the platoons of A company. Every Turk alive in it was bayoneted. Nevertheless, there were many casualties during the crossing, among whom were 2 Lieut. W. Legatt, who subsequently died of his wounds, and 176 Company Sgt. Major H. J. Struthers, who was killed almost as soon as he left the British front line.

A barricade, later known as the Southern Barricade, was constructed hastily across the captured trench and the position was held despite repeated bombing attacks from the right. One Turkish bomb landed among the men defending the block. L/Cpl A. Ross, with no thought for his own safety, at once put his foot on it and at the same time Pte J. Young bent down and put a coat over it. The bomb exploded. Both men were severely wounded, particularly L/Cpl Ross, but by their gallant action

they saved the lives of the men near them. They both survived and were awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

After Major Bird had consolidated the Southern Barricade he sent 2 Lieut. E. Watson forward with two platoons to the next Turkish trench, H12. They crossed the open successfully and extended the right flank of the men holding the left of H12 and H11, belonging to the Royal Scots. The position was then secured by the erection of a trench block which became known as the Northern Barricade. 2 Lieut. Watson was awarded the Military Cross for his services on this day.

The consolidation of both the Southern and Northern Barricades was reported immediately by Major Bird to Brigade Headquarters. Pte. R. Sneddon having volunteered to carry the message. Throughout the day this brave man crossed backwards and forwards at considerable risk to his life, over ground swept by fire. He was subsequently awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

From the British front line, Brigadier General Scott-Moncrieff, Commander 156th Brigade, watched anxiously the efforts of the officers and men of the 7th battalion and decided to make a final attempt with his remaining reserves.

Two saps from the British line ran forward towards the enemy trenches. No 29 on the right. No 30 on the left. It was sap No 30 which Major Findlay, 8th Battalion, had moved up earlier with his Headquarters. The Brigade Commander must have appreciated that to send troops from the British front line again into the open, without the help of artillery and in the face of the vigilance of an exultant enemy, could only result in piling more casualties on top of others and end in complete failure. There was, however, just a remote chance that by moving up under the indifferent cover provided by the two saps and therefore shortening the distance from the objective, the last few yards might be rushed with some small chance of success. It was the only course left for him to take. He therefore directed a platoon of A Company under 2 Lieut. H. MacLean to push up sap No. 29 and C Company to move up sap No. 30. 2nd Lieut. MacLean found progress up the sap difficult because of the number of

dead and wounded which blocked the way, but in due time these were passed and he and his men pressed on: up the straight for a distance of nearly a hundred yards. Here the trench, about four feet deep, changed direction and came immediately under enfiladed enemy machine-gun fire. The young officer was shot in the shoulder and it was obvious that no further progress could be made. He halted his men under cover and began to formulate a report to send back. Meanwhile Lieut. A. S. Nicol with the leading platoon of C Company moved up sap No. 30. It too was filled with bodies, mainly men of the 8th battalion, among whom was Major Finlay lying seriously wounded. Some seventy five yards from the enemy trench, the officer came across a barricade astride the shallow sap which he began to surmount. As he did so, a Turkish rifleman stood up in the objective trench, took aim and shot at him. Lieut. Nicol fell back, wounded through the body, and almost immediately a machine-gun opened fire on the men of his platoon following. All were killed or wounded. The advance was thus brought to a standstill. The Company Commander, Capt. P. I. Whitton, leading the rest, hastened forward and was killed instantly.

About this time, the Brigade Commander arrived at the head of the sap and, appreciating that progress here was quite impossible, ordered the remainder of C Company back to the old front line. Brigadier General Scott-Moncrieff thereupon made his way to sap No. 29, met 2 Lieut. MacLean, who was writing a report, and then pushed on to the end of the sap to observe. He was shot and killed. The Staff Captain, who had accompanied the Brigade Commander, ordered all the survivors in the sap to return to the British Front trench.

The effort of the Brigade reserve had failed and in so doing, the Brigade Commander had lost his life. The 7th battalion casualties amounted to 13 officers and 258 other ranks killed, wounded and missing.

All subsequent attempts to capture trenches H12 and H12a failed, and they remained in Turkish possession until the end.

The wounded lay where they had fallen in the saps and in

No Man's Land without succour, suffering from thirst and maddened by flies. It was not possible to rescue those who lay out between the opposing lines until nightfall. There they remained with a broiling sun like burning brass high overhead. The tragedy of that morning culminated in the sun-scorched grass and scrub of No Man's Land bursting into a devouring flame. Many helpless wounded perished.

Soon after darkness fell, the Turks counter-attacked and the Royal Scots battalions occupying the Western end of H12 to the left of the men of A Company of the 7th battalion and were repulsed with heavy loss. At about 11.00 p.m. the 2nd Hampshire Regiment was sent forward to relieve the troops in the captured Turkish position and, despite a further sharp counter-attack about midnight, the relief was completed before dawn. Major Bird and his men joined the survivors of the 7th and 8th battalions in the reserve trenches near Twelve Tree Copse for which the 156th Brigade was withdrawn.

The 29th of June was devoted to evacuating the wounded and burying the dead. At 3.00 a.m. on the 30th of June the weary men moved out of the line back to the rest camp. There the roll was called. The final figures were:

Killed/Missing			Wounded		Total	
	Officers	Other Ranks	Officers	Other Ranks	Officers	Other Ranks
7th Bn.	10	158	4	100	14	258
8th Bn.	15	334	10	114	25	448

The following message was received by the G.O.C. 52nd Division - 29/6/15.

"General de Lisle wishes to express how much he valued the help given to the 29th Division in yesterday's attack by the 156th Brigade. The attack by the 156th Brigade was almost entirely successful - the 4th and 7th Royal Scots succeeded in every detail in the task imposed upon them. The 8th Scottish Rifles met with enormous resistance owing to the fact that our artillery had not prepared the Turkish position in front of them quite so successfully as in other places. The 8th Scottish Rifles were gallantly led. This position was unsuccessfully attacked twice by the 88th Brigade (29th Division)

with great gallantry. General de Lisle does not blame the 8th Scottish Rifles at all for their failure. He much regrets the death of Brigadier General Scott-Moncrieff."

The atrocious losses suffered by both battalions on the 28th June 1915, resulted in the battalions having to form a 7/8th composite battalion. There was only enough men to form three infantry companies.

The losses came as a terrible blow to the City of Glasgow. The total loss in killed suffered by the 8th battalion was more than any one battalion of any regiment who went over the top on the first day of the Somme. It can be seen from the casualty roll that 3 brothers were killed in the 8th battalion, Ptes. G., R. and W. Murdoch. Can this truly be justified?

NOTES

1. The History of the 8th Scottish Rifles by Lt.Col. Findlay contains a group photo of the 8th battalion officers. All the officers killed in Gallipoli, with the exception of 2 Lieut. W.B.H. Robertson, are shown in the photo.
2. The men who are listed as brothers have been identified as such from local newspaper articles, etc. There is likely to be a much larger number of men killed who were relatives, unfortunately no details on them can be found.
3. The Glasgow Herald for July and August 1915, contains biographical details on a large number of officers and men from both battalions both killed and wounded.

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Note: the original article contains a roll of those killed.

CONGRATULATIONS

Members will be pleased to hear that Captain F. C. Mason MC 0325V who served at Gallipoli as a Sergeant with the Middlesex Yeomanry, Mounted Brigade, was 102 in August last.