

THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



SS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 55p

No. 57
AUTUMN 1988

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

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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Gallipoli Association will be held in the Trafalgar Room, Victory Services Club, Seymour Street, Marble Arch, commencing at 11.30 on 12 October 1988. It is hoped that you will be able to be present.

AGENDA

- 1 Apologies for absence.
- 2 Minutes of the AGM held on 30 September 1987, printed on next page.
- 3 Chairman's Report.
- 4 Treasurer's Report. The Accounts for the year ending 31 December 1987 were circulated with The Gallipolian No 56, which contains the Treasurer's Report on page 10.
- 5 Secretary's Report.
- 6 Election of Officers and the Committee.
- 7 Any Other Business. Members wishing to raise any item should do so in writing to the Secretary at least 21 days before the date of the AGM.

AUTUMN LUNCH

The Autumn Lunch will follow the Annual General Meeting, and will commence at 12.30 for 13.00 in the Trafalgar Room, Victory Services Club, Seymour Street, Marble Arch, 12 October 1988. The guest speaker will be Robert Rhodes James, MP, author of the classic book Gallipoli published in 1965, and subsequently in the Pan Grand Strategy Series 1984. Mr Rhodes James is MP for Cambridge, and author of a number of other works including the much acclaimed biographies: Lord Randolph Churchill and Churchill: A Study in Failure 1900-1939. Full details of the lunch are contained on the enclosed booking form. The attention of Veterans is particularly drawn to the note on page 4.

We look forward to you joining us.

MINUTES OF THE A.G.M. HELD AT THE R.A.F. CLUB, PICCADILLY,
30 SEPTEMBER 1987.

In the unavoidable absence of the President, the Chairman took the chair for the meeting.

The Minutes of the A.G.M. held on 25 April 1986 were approved and signed as a correct record.

The Chairman presented his Report for the year, highlighting a number of aspects of the activities and development of the Association. (A copy of the Report was subsequently published in The Gallipolian 55:6-8). The Report was adopted.

The Treasurer presented his Report and this, together with the Annual Accounts for the year ending 31 December 1986, was adopted.

The Secretary presented his Report, commenting especially on the encouraging rate of recruitment of new members, including Veterans. The Report was adopted.

The following were elected for the year 1987-1988:

Chairman	Captain C.T.F. Fagan	
Secretary	J.C. Watson-Smith	
Treasurer	D.F. Bland	
Committee	Captain D.M. Penrose	N. Anthony
	Major J.F. Ford	R.M.S. Hancock
	D.A. Pollard	N. Pollitt
	Major General A.J. Trythall	

The Chairman drew attention to the resignation of A. Standley from the Committee and asked that a note of thanks be recorded for all his assistance with the Association.

There being no further business the meeting closed.

ASSISTANCE FOR VETERANS

If any veteran wishing to attend the AGM and the autumn lunch would welcome assistance with travel arrangements, there is a small fund which can provide assistance with such things as taxi and other fares. Any veteran wishing to attend should contact the Secretary as soon as possible. We hope that veterans will avail themselves of this opportunity and join us at the lunch.

ANZAC DAY CEREMONIES

Members of the Association gathered at the Cenotaph on 25 April, on a bright but rather chill day. With the Australian Bi-Centenary celebrations under way we were pleased to see a contingent from the Australian Army present at the Cenotaph, and then forming an honour guard at the entrance to Westminster Abbey. The Association's wreath was laid by the President, Lieutenant-Colonel M.E. Hancock, MC, while some 10 other veterans were also present including J.M. Johnson, who had made the journey from Carmarthen to be at the Cenotaph, and in the Abbey.

The Commemorative Service in Westminster Abbey was well attended, and both Veteran and Associate Members had seats at the very front. The First Lesson was read by His Excellency, The High Commissioner for Australia, the Hon. Douglas McClelland, and the Second Lesson by the Prime Minister of New Zealand, the Right Honourable David Lange.

Members made their way, either by the bus provided, or by their own cars, to Chelsea Barracks, where once again Lieutenant Colonel Henry Wilson allowed us to use the Mess. Some 49 members and guests attended the luncheon. The Veterans being the President, T.H. Baker, C.A. Dawson, Major J. Ford, J. Gearing, S.H. Gyton, I.M. Newman, and A.S. Scudamore. We were piped into a splendid lunch, after which we were entertained by the drums and flutes of the Corps of Drums who played stirring marches and popular First War tunes. We were again indebted to Colour Sergeant Halford and his team of waiters and cooks for the excellent way in which they looked after us so well.

After lunch members and guests retired to an ante-room where drinks were kindly provided by the Commanding Officer of the Australian Army contingent currently stationed at Chelsea Barracks. A much appreciated gesture at the end of what everyone agreed was a memorable day.

By April 1989 the Irish Guards will have moved to Germany, so our links will be temporarily severed. We look forward to a new venue and again the spirit and comradeship of this very special day.

A LOYAL MESSAGE

The following telegram was sent to Her Majesty The Queen by our President Colonel Malcolm Hancock on the occasion of the Annual Lunch.

'With humble duty the President and Members of the Gallipoli Association send their loyal greetings on the occasion of their annual luncheon at Chelsea Barracks on Monday, 25 April, 1988.'

We were pleased to receive this reply:



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

27th April, 1988.

Dear Colonel Hancock

I have received The Queen's commands to thank you and all members of the Gallipoli Association for your kind and loyal message of greetings, sent on the occasion of your Annual Luncheon.

Her Majesty much appreciated this message and hopes that the luncheon was a most enjoyable and successful one.

Yours sincerely,

1/ 5 0 5

FUSILIERS CELEBRATE GALLIPOLI DAY

By Major (Retired) J. McQ. Hallam (0976)

The Annual Gallipoli Memorial Service and Parade was held in Bury on 24 April 1988. This, the 73rd Anniversary of the campaign, coincided with the 300th Birthday of the Lancashire Fusiliers and the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers took the opportunity to exercise its Freedom of Bury. The Annual Service first took place in 1917 and has been held every year since.

The day was bright and sunny and a large crowd of Bury people turned out to watch. The 'Freedom' Parade took place at 1030, before the Church Service. Bury Parish Church was full to capacity, in fact many had to wait outside.

Over 700 were on parade, including:-

- "Bobby", Regimental Mascot, Royal Regiment of Fusiliers (RRF)
- Regimental Ceremonial Pioneers, RRF (Regular Army)
- Duke of Kent's Band, RRF (Regular Army)
- Royal Naval Guard, HMS Euryalus
- Colour Guard, 3rd Battalion, RRF
- Colour Guard, 5th Battalion, RRF (TA)
- Contingent, Bury Grammar School Combined Cadet Force
- Contingent, Army Cadet Force, RRF Detachment
- Contingent, Lancashire Fusiliers Association (Approx. 300 men)
- Contingent, The Lorne Scots, Canadian Armed Forces

It was particularly good to have the contingent from HMS Euryalus on parade. It will be remembered that it was HMS Euryalus which landed 1st Bn. XX The Lancashire Fusiliers on W Beach on 25 April 1915, when the battalion won "6 VCs before breakfast".

For the Church Service and march past we were delighted that Messrs. Robert Spencer, George Peake and George Cooke could join us. The three veterans of the campaign, all of whom served with 1st/5th Battalion XX The Lancashire Fusiliers, were as usual given the privilege of leading the parade where the salute was taken by the Mayor of Bury, Councillor Jacqui Adler and the Colonel

Sir Jeremy Reilly, The Rector of Bury and the Lord Lieutenant of Greater Manchester. Wreaths were laid on the War Memorial by the Mayor of Bury and the Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers.

At lunch, 2,100 serving and retired Fusiliers, their Families and guests, were entertained to lunch at the Castle Armoury, Bury. The Band of the Fusilier's Association played and the party went on until about 5.00 p.m. It was a truly memorable day which did just tribute to those gallant men who fought in Gallipoli.



Veterans on Parade at Bury

Rob Spencer

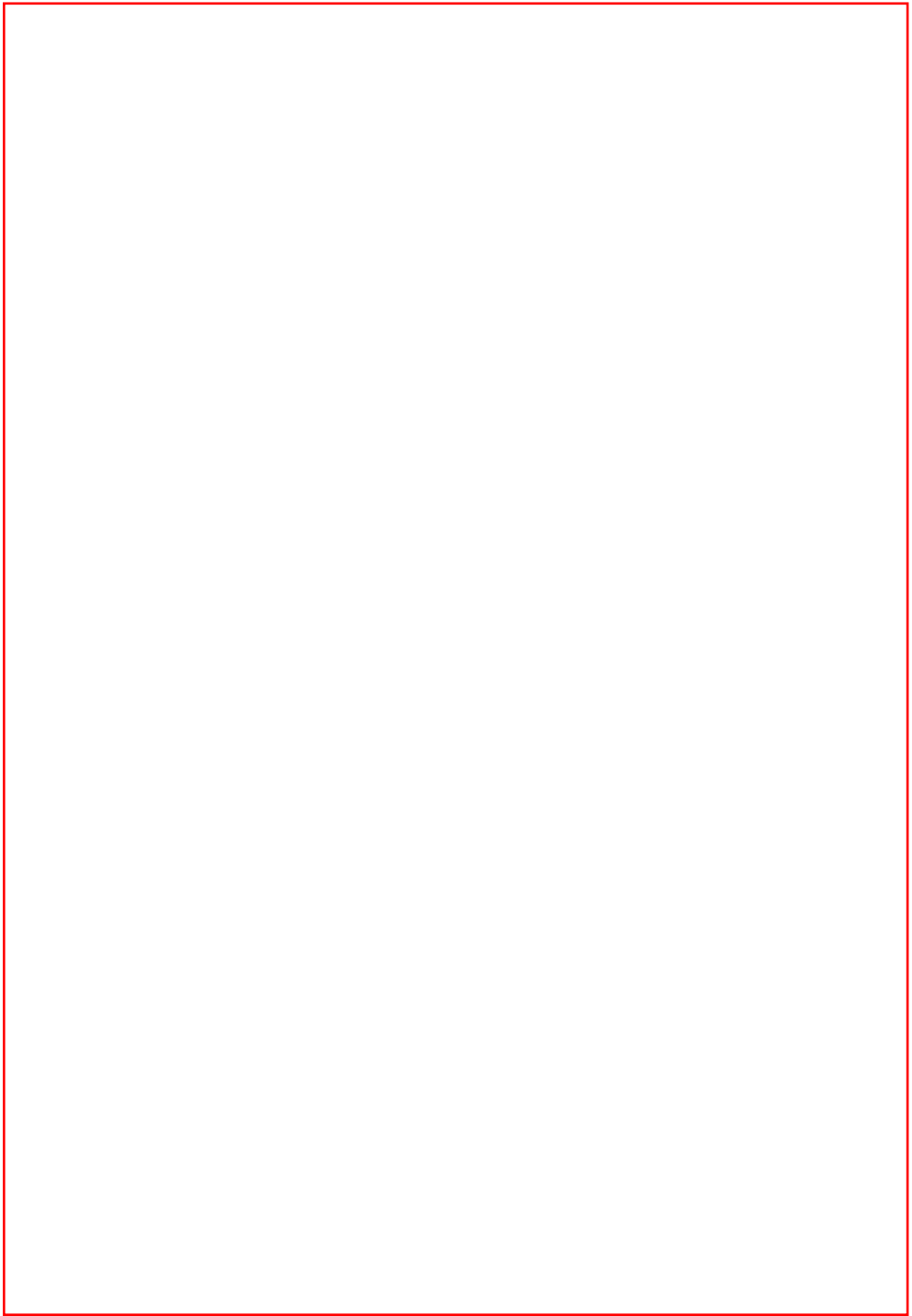
George Peake

George Cook

NEW MEMBERS

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

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





RESIGNATIONS

1017 MRS. D. J. BARKER.

0867 PROF. P. M. STEVENS, PhD.

OBITUARY

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

0348V H.J. BEAGLEY (Rflmn 1/11 London R 54th Division)

0365 G. DUCKWORTH

0744V E. J. HEWLETT (Pte RAMC 39 Fld Amb, 13 Div.)

0571V H. E. HUNNAM (RGA 14 Siege Bty)

0510V E. R. POPE (Tmpt West Kent (QO) Y. 42nd Division)

0047V BRIG. B. B. RACKHAM CBE MC* DL, (RND Hawke Bn)

0514V A. A. SPOFFORTH (Spr RM, RND, 3 Fld Coy).

WITH THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION AT GALLIPOLI

By Roy Heron

Former secret agent Captain A.R. (Dick) Cooper, who has died aged 89, had a remarkable record in both world wars and won the French Foreign Legion's first Croix de Guerre in Gallipoli when he was only 16 years of age.

No history of the Legion or of the Special Operations Executive would be complete without a reference to his career. Born in Baghdad in 1899, he was kidnapped by Bedouin tribesmen when he was six months old and spent a year with them in the desert. By the time he was ten, he had been rescued from wolves in Turkey, escaped an ambush by Kurdish bandits and had received a bullet wound while running with the crowds in the Young Turks uprising in Constantinople. He was expelled from a succession of schools and was sent to sea as an apprentice. When his ship reached Algiers in October 1914 he ran away and joined the Legion, giving a false name and age.

Six months later, soon after his 16th birthday, he was on his way to Gallipoli aboard the Carthage, sailing from Oran via Valetta and Alexandria to Lemnos, where Cooper noted "ships everywhere, British and French, hundreds of them." The Carthage left Mudros Harbour, Lemnos, on April 28 and headed for the Gallipoli peninsula. They were under fire from Kum-Kale and Chanak, on the Asiatic side, as the Carthage nudged into the grounded River Clyde opposite V. Beach. The beach was almost deserted. But many bodies were in the sea, held beneath the shallow water by the weight of their packs. On 1 May, Captain Cooper recalled, "all hell was let loose." Enemy 75mm guns pounded the French near Eski-Hissarlik, on the edge of Morto Bay. The Turks charged with fixed bayonets and were repulsed. The following night, two Turkish divisions, the 7th and 9th, launched an assault and were thrown back.

The action which led to the award of the Croix de Guerre occurred on Monday, 3 May, after the Turks began a new offensive. The Legionnaires were ordered to attack Kereves Dere, nicknamed "The Ravine of Death". The men, in single file, began to leap over the edge - and the

first four fell to Turkish marksmen. Legionnaire Cooper (or Debruin, as the Legion then knew him), broke the pattern by diving head first instead of jumping. A bullet clipped his heel. He scrambled for cover, and directed his comrades, yelling for some to dive and others to jump, saving many casualties.

The medal, instituted less than a month earlier, was awarded for his initiative and conduct under fire. When his true age was discovered, the citation was changed to read: "Notwithstanding his young age, fifteen and a half, he enlisted voluntarily for the duration of the war in the Foreign Legion, has been wounded in the Dardanelles. Very good conduct under fire."

Captain Cooper spent more than 11 years in the Legion, later seeing service in the Riff Campaign. In the Second World War his experience and gift for languages led to him being recruited by the Special Operations Executive, the sabotage, subversion and espionage organisation. He died peacefully at his home in Ditton, Kent, on April 1 and leaves a widow, son and daughter.

BUCHAN, JOHN. THESE FOR REMEMBRANCE. Buchan & Enright 1987. 83 pages, 9 illustrations. £9.95.

This memoir of six dear friends killed in the Kaiser's War was published privately in 1919 in an edition of no more than seven copies. The friends - Thomas Nelson, Lothians and Border Horse, Arras April 1917, Bron Herbert, Royal Flying Corps, shot down November 1916, Cecil Rawling, Somerset Light Infantry, Hooze October 1917, Basil Blackwood, Grenadier Guards, Ypres July 1917, Jack Wortley, South Staffordshire Regiment, Bullecourt March 1918, and Raymond Asquith, Grenadier Guards, Ginchy September 1916. Now reprinted for the first time, and with an Introduction by Peter Vansittart, the book was originally addressed to Buchan's children to remember those 'who propped up the falling heavens and saved the world for you'. The final words of the essay on Raymond Asquith is equally appropriate to all who fell, 'he is now part of that immortal England which knows not age or weariness or defeat'. An unusual and moving book.

LETTERS FROM FRANK. EUROPEAN WAR, AUGUST 4TH, 1914.

This title appears on a leather-bound volume of typed copies of letters sent home during the war by a man who joined the Berkshire Yeomanry and was later commissioned into the RNVF - he was Lieut. F.A. Yeo of 4th Armoured Car Squadron RNAS. (See Official History Vol.2, pps 43, 294, 346 and 494), and served in Gallipoli. The following extracts may be of interest, they were written at the time of the events and are a first-hand record.

10 May 1915 - First line of trenches. I am writing to you from the trenches as at present there is not very much going on except an occasional shot and from time to time they fire shrapnel at us. The Turks are only 150 yards off and if you show your head there is a volley of bullets.

We have been landed as a machine gun section and had a very bad time. Our Commander, Boothby,* was shot the first day, killed immediately, Wedgewood has been seriously wounded, Lord Loughborough is also wounded, the others you don't know, but we have besides these one officer killed, and two others wounded up to date, i.e. one week's work and about thirty men killed and wounded. These D—— Turks make a dead set for the officers, as you will see from our experience and it is the same all through. We were sent up here last night from our advance base which is about 1½ miles away and we had a rotten journey up, the last 500 yards we had to go to get to this trench, which is held by the New Zealanders, was open country and we were under fire the whole way,

* Lieutenant-Commander James Robert Boothby killed in action 1 May 1915 aged 32, commemorated at Beach Cemetery.

but we came through all right, only one man hit. Of course you can only get up here at night, in the day time it is suicide to step outside the trench. I don't mind rifle fire but shrapnel is beastly, you can hear it coming and have no idea where it is going to land. This I am afraid will be a very long job as the Turks and Germans are so well dug in. The sights one sees are terrible. I now realize why the Turks got the name of "The Terrible Turk" - they stop at nothing.....

14 May 1915 Have just got back to our Base again and am very tired. We have had an awful time, my gun was put out of action by shrapnel otherwise I suppose I should still be there. Everybody is asking for our guns. We are doing very good work. I was first of all attached to the New Zealanders, when they were relieved I was re-attached to the 7th Manchesters, and afterwards the 89th Punjabis. They wouldn't let us have the trenches as machine guns are invaluable. Yesterday we received an order to advance which had we done so would have been suicide with a machine gun to carry. However we would have had to carry it out but just as we were dismounting our gun it was hit and put out of action. One man was killed, the Indians advanced and got shot down like flies, the trench was one mass of blood, wounded and dying all over the place. The Captain who gave the order was killed. After it turned out that it never should have been given and there was an awful row about it. I personally managed to slaughter about 150 Turks who were retiring from the trench, they went down in dozens. Have just heard I shall probably have to go back tonight to the trenches so am now going to sleep. Have had some wonderful escapes, had one shot through my water bottle and another through my cap but still going very strong. "Throttle full open".

20 May 1915 Here I am back again in the trenches after four days at the Base..... We, the RNAS, are

making quite a name for ourselves. I saw the General before coming up here and he asked me where I proposed placing my guns, etc., and I told him, he replied that he thought it would be a very good place and said further - "You have done very good work and I can safely leave it to you!" !! I have just heard that Wing Commander Boothby has come out and am very anxious to get down to the Base to find out what he has to say I am afraid he will be very upset at his brother's death. He was very fond of him.... Personally I think Churchill ought to be shot.

21 June 1915 I am writing this to you from our Mess, we all live underground like a lot of moles. We have our Mess and office, and leading off each side we have our dugouts where we sleep. We get shelled all day long and are getting quite accustomed to it, in fact we never take any notice of them even when they fall within a few yards. The Jack Johnstons are the only things that worry us, they make holes big enough to bury a horse and cart, - I think they must be ten inch shells. The French are attacking on our right and there is quite an artillery duel going on while I write. I believe they have advanced a little...the smell of dead Turks is dreadful. I don't expect you have ever smelt it, but it clings to your food and everything. We buried a Turk the other night, he had been outside our trench for days and things were getting desperate so after dark we chanced it and got outside and buried him. He fell to pieces as we pulled him into the hole. I am fed up with war I can't sleep out here it is rotten. I think several of us are the same. I was in the trenches the other night with a topping little Sub.Lieut. of ours, poor devil he has been killed since, but he had got to that state when he was seeing things. I woke up in the middle of the night and found him with the gun dismounted and all his men ready to leap over the trench and advance (the Turks were only 300 yards in front of us). I asked him what the d_____ he was doing and he said he had orders to go forward. I told him to go back to bed -

he had been dreaming!!

28 June 1915 Trenches 2 p.m. I have just had my most wonderful experience up till now. We came up to this trench which is on a little hill about 150 yards behind our front line, about 5 a.m. this morning, having previously made emplacements for our guns, our troops had orders to advance if possible at 11 p.m. From 9 a.m. until 11 a.m. our artillery knocked h___ out of the Turks just to wake them up a bit! One place a little in advance of the Turkish trench was a sort of redoubt with several machine guns and from which the Turks threw bombs into our trenches - this was left for the South Wales Borderers to take. At 11 o'clock the SWB jumped over their trenches with fixed bayonets and charged the redoubt - it was dreadful to see them getting mowed down but a few reached the redoubt and then there was some battle!! You could see them sticking the Turks like pigs and the Turks putting up their hands and yelling "Allah"!! They took the redoubt and about 80 prisoners. Then the whole of our front line advanced, the Gurkhas, Sikhs, Kings Own Scottish Borderers, and Royal Fusiliers. It was a wonderful sight, they took the 1st Turkish trench, and the 2nd and 3rd about a 1000 yards in all, but the casualties must be very heavy on both sides. The SWB charge was great, they must have some pluck, if they are really Welshmen I take off my hat to them. Really our soldiers are wonders and you people in England can't do too much for them - the whole lot deserve V.C's. We bagged a lot of Turks with our guns as they were retreating. Unfortunately out of the four men I have with my gun I have already lost two in a few hours, one killed and one wounded in the shoulder. I had a narrow shave, the bullet that killed my No 2 on the gun just grazed the gun, I was firing it at the time, went over my shoulder and hit my man who was looking over it. It covered me with dirt and some got in my eye. I wondered what had happened. We have several wounded in the trench here. Two R.F. men are

just beside me now, one has his leg shattered and I have just given him some opium pills so he's now quite happy. The other is only slightly wounded... I expect the Turks will counter attack tonight and I ought to get some fine targets. This is better than blowing up pheasants at Holme Park tell John. By the way we had some pamphlets thrown at us from a German aeroplane yesterday saying - "Either leave the Peninsula or surrender - in which case we will treat you like brothers, or we will drive you into the sea".... The prisoners are fine looking men. Our Tommies are extraordinary, they are now giving them cigarettes and shaking hands with them. One German officer put up his hands just as a couple of Tommies were going to stick him and said "I am only doing my duty like you brave boys" - the Tommies immediately gave him cigarettes and drinks, etc. I can't understand it after seeing the sights we have seen - men's eyes gorged out, ears cut off and some propped in doorways and burnt.....

7 p.m. Have just been up to our front trench, the sights are too ghastly for words, our men have done wonders. The Turks have left everything behind them, rifles, ammunition, water bottles, etc. The place is covered with dead and wounded. I found a Turkish officer shamming he was hurt. I felt inclined to shoot him before he shot some of our men, the Tommies were furious. I had an awful job to save his life, eventually I ordered two Tommies to take him to the Base. The General has just sent up to congratulate our lads and they deserve it. The Turks must have thought they were going to hold the position for years I should think. They have beautiful dug-outs, made with roofs etc. As I write they have started their "Hymn of Hate", shrapnel coming down in bucketfulls, but I don't think they will move us.

13 July 1915 ... I have just got back from the trenches where we advanced a little yesterday.

The Lowland Division Territorials made the advance so did very well. They are really quite good although all the Territorials we have out here are so young, quite boys. It does seem a shame to see all these young boys doing all the dirty work and getting maimed and killed off when there must be hundreds of able bodied men in England doing nothing. Just had a look at some Turkish prisoners being brought down from the firing line, we have a concentration camp close to us. They are a very fine looking lot and very well equipped except for boots. It seems absurd to see a lot of boys bring in these great men.

The first lot of Kitchener's Army arrived out here the other day, they have not yet been in action. They are a very fine looking lot of men and if they are half as good as they look they will be all right. I suppose we have practically no Regulars left now? The only Regular Division complete that we had when we started this job was the 29th and they came here straight from India, nearly all were men of 8-11 years service, but they are practically wiped out and are being filled up with reserves..... The Armoured car was not a great success, which was hardly surprising if you could see the roads here you would understand and all who took part in it ought to have been blown up, the cars were knocked to pieces and shells missed them by inches, how we got back God alone knows. We have gone back to the trenches again - they are ever so much safer and I am not sorry...

At the end of July, 1915, Yeo was withdrawn to Mudros and then took his armoured cars to Egypt where he was mentioned in despatches. The correspondence ends in June 1916. I wonder what happened to him.

Bob Wyatt.

NIGHT IN A CRATER

Erratum to the article A Night in a Crater, The Gallipollian 56:35-38. Acknowledgement should also have been given to Mrs Florence Grey, niece of G.F. Clifford, whose name was Godfrey, not Geoffrey, as stated.

THE CLAN MACGILLIVRAY

By John Young (0880)

An old friend of mine, James Austin Todd (now deceased) who was a member of the 16th Bn AIF made up of men from Western Australia and South Australia, travelled on board the Clan Macgillivray to Gallipoli. He was among the first 78 men of the Battalion to be landed about 5.30 a.m. on 25 April. As he often wondered what happened to the vessel I took the opportunity of writing to the Clan Line in 1979, their Centenary Year, and was pleased to receive an informative reply in the form of an extract from the book by Archibald Hurd, Clan Line and The Great War published in 1925.

"Clan Macgillivray brought over a large number of troops from Melbourne to Alexandria, afterwards conveying the 8th Battalion of Australian Infantry (1,250 strong) from Alexandria to Mudros. In the landing at Anzac, on the Gallipoli Peninsula, the Clan Macgillivray had the honour of leading the four transports filled with troops for this desperate project, and was the first steamer to discharge troops at Anzac. Having disembarked her troops, she was then rapidly converted into a hospital ship, and during the evening received boat-load after boat-load of wounded men until, by midnight, these had amounted to nearly a thousand in number. Many of these, alas, died on the way to Alexandria, where the most serious of the cases were landed; the rest were carried in the Clan Macgillivray for the next three months, when she was kept running constantly between that port and Mudros in the capacity of a hospital ship. Early in August she was engaged in the Suvla Bay operations, carrying wounded from Suvla Bay to Imbros. Later, she again became a transport, and in the first week of October made two trips to Salonica with 4,000 troops from Mudros. She was then ordered to Marseilles whence she carried the 2nd Battalion of the Leicester Regiment to Basra, in the Persian Gulf. A little later she brought over 1,000 troops from Brisbane and Sydney to Suez, returning to Australia soon afterwards with

some 6,000 wounded Australian soldiers, and, having safely conveyed these home, she once more embarked Australian troops at Brisbane and Fremantle, this time to land them at Plymouth. Captain Ridgeway's strenuous work undoubtedly seriously affected his health, necessitating his retirement from active service shortly after the war, and unfortunately bringing about his death in 1921."

Clan Macgillivray, which had been built on the Tyne in 1911, continued in the Clan Line Service until 1948 having had the longest career for the company of any 'Clan'. She was then sold to the Eastern Asia Navigation Company and renamed Macklock, and finally broken up in 1949.

HOLLOWAY, S.M. FROM TRENCH AND TURRET. Royal Marines Museum, 1987. 106 pages, 60 illustrations, 7 maps, 8 page facsimili insert. £3.50. (£4.10 by post from Royal Marines Museum, Eastney, Southsea, PO4 9PX).

Compiled from the letters and diaries of officers and men of the Royal Marines this little book gives a unique insight into the land and sea actions of the Kaiser's War. Some 24 pages, together with several illustrations, are devoted to Gallipoli. The bombardment of the Forts and the sinking of HMS Ocean on 18 March, and later the sinking of HMS Triumph. There is an account of a raid on Sedd el Bahr and the orders issued to Lieutenant Charles Lamplough are reproduced in full. They conclude with the words:

'Men to be warned that iron rations and biscuits may have to last 4 or 5 days, and water at least 2 days, perhaps more.'

In the event the party was back on ship, though not without casualties, after several hours, and not long afterwards participated in the landings and all that followed. Altogether an excellent book, very good value for money. The Museum deserves all our support and hopefully will be encouraged to publish more material from its archives.

AN EDINBURGH SACRIFICE

By Ian S. Wood (0970)

Britain's countless town and village war memorials are still dominated by the names of those who fell between 1914 and 1918; and of their names, many, perhaps most, are those who answered Kitchener's call for a "New Army" after the Liberal government put him in charge of the recruiting campaign that was to be his final triumph in a career heaped with all the honours that an imperial state could give him.

When, in August 1914, Kitchener, as Secretary of State for War, set himself to raise his citizen army, there was, apart from the Expeditionary Force which sailed for France as soon as Britain declared war, another army in embryonic existence. This was the Territorial Army, a force of some 270,000 men formed by Act of Parliament in 1907 to provide a second line of defence in time of war thus freeing regular troops for overseas service.

Lord Haldane, the academic philosopher and Liberal minister who was the force's somewhat improbable founder, saw its role as militarizing at least an element of British youth without the rigours of continental conscription. Bodies like the National Service League which campaigned for compulsory military training, attached only minimal importance to the territorials with their once a week drills and annual fortnights under canvas.

Kitchener, in urgent need of a nucleus for his new army, distrusted the Territorials' tenuous links with the War Office, for their units were organised by local county associations under the presidency of Lords Lieutenant. Overseas service in time of war was, moreover, a second option for them, given that all ranks had volunteered in the first instance for home defence. A combination of the BEF's heavy losses in France and Belgium and the chaos involved in organising Kitchener's first intake of volunteers changed that and territorial battalions were soon

being accepted for front-line service.

In Edinburgh and the Lothians, territorial infantry battalions were all affiliated to the Royal Scots, and they were invited to volunteer for overseas service within a week of war being declared. Virtually all ranks did so, for these were units which had developed vigorous traditions of their own, pre-dating the Territorial Army's formation and linking them to the volunteer rifle regiments raised with such success in Queen Victoria's reign in answer to the "French invasion" scare of 1859.

A case in point was the Royal Scots Fourth territorial battalion, or the Queen's Edinburgh Rifles, as it still in 1914 liked to be known in deference to its origins. In the official history of the Fifty-Second Lowland division with which it was brigaded when war broke out, the battalion was described as one comprising "professional and city men, clerks, mechanics, shop assistants, teachers, students and gentlemen of leisure." Its nucleus seems to have been Edinburgh's many banks and insurance offices, as well as the Post Office and railway companies, and it had strong Church of Scotland connections with parishes like St Cuthbert's and Grange, as well as with the Boys' Brigade which had initiated a generation of Edinburgh boys into some basic military disciplines before the Territorial Army was set up.

Other territorial battalions reflected the character of other localities, something soon mirrored in the famous "pals" battalions of the new army. John Keegan in his classic work "The Face of Battle" sees this buoyant, localised associational culture as the basis from which "the Edwardian Briton drew his security and identity." It certainly was decisive in averting a manpower crisis for the War Office even when we allow for the extraordinary spring-tide of innocent, almost mystical patriotism which swept the country in those first weeks of war.

The Royal Scots 4th Bn. trained at a frantic rate in the war's first winter along with its companion units of the new Lowland Division. With territorial units like the London Scottish already on the Western Front, France was the destination which all took for granted. The grand strategy of an escalating conflict intervened, however, and in early May of 1915 the Fourth Battalion and all other units learned that their baptism of fire would be in the Dardanelles where at the end of April British and ANZAC troops had secured a foothold bloodily contested by the Turks.

The 4th Bn., after an emotional farewell from Edinburgh, sailed from Liverpool on 24 May having escaped the terrible carnage of the Gretna Green railway disaster which killed almost a third of the regiment's 7th Bn. Their ship was the Empress of Britain on which, one sergeant later recalled, they were packed with other units "like herring in a creel" for a voyage in mounting heat to Alexandria. On 8 June they transferred there to the naval destroyer Reindeer for the last lap of the journey to the Dardanelles, only for it to collide in the darkness off Mudros with a hospital steamer the Immingham, which luckily carried only its crew. The two ships cut so deeply into each others' bows that they were locked together and for a time in imminent danger of dragging each other under. The Reindeer's greater engine power let it pull clear, the Immingham's crew having scrambled on to it from their own ship which went down like a stone as the destroyer broke free. This near-disaster could have taken more lives than were lost at Gretna, for the Reindeer's captain, on his own admission, had neither the boats nor lifebelts to go round more than a few of his close-packed human freight.

The 4th Bn's discipline and good order in this their first major ordeal earned them a commendation from Sir Ian Hamilton, the curiously languid-looking and introspective commander of the Dardanelles expeditionary force. It would not be the last commendation they received from him.

Their landfall was finally made on 14 June on Cape Helles at the southernmost tip of the Gallipoli peninsula where Hamilton's troops had first clawed their way ashore on 25 April. Cape Helles was a coastline beautiful to view at a distance against the clear waters of the Aegean and renowned for the variety of its spring flowers which vanished quickly in the arid heat of summer. It was formed largely of precipitous cliffs flanked at their base by narrow beaches and intersected by "nullahs" or gullies leading up to higher ground made up of scrub-covered ridges which provided perfect cover for Turkish snipers and artillery.

Since April this unyielding terrain had become the cockpit of one of the First World War's boldest ventures, a gamble conceived of by Winston Churchill at the Admiralty, amongst others as a way to prise the war open from the brutal stalemate on the Western Front by knocking-out the Kaiser's Turkish ally and securing a Black Sea supply route to Czarist Russia. Reality on the Peninsula soon mocked his vision, as battalion after battalion was fed into attritional attacks on well-prepared Turkish positions which had survived naval bombardment prior to the landings and were soon to prove lethal obstacles for territorials whose basic fieldcraft had been learned in the lee of Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat.

One of the Royal Scots territorial battalions, the 5th, had been on the Peninsula since just after the first landings and had already suffered serious losses when the 4th Bn. came ashore on Helles. This was their initiation to a nether-world where the stench of the unburied dead drifted down from the gullies to the water's edge and in which the heat was more suffocating than either Egypt or Mudros could have prepared them for. Disease was already ravaging a force whose best, though often basic, efforts at sanitation were constantly disrupted by enemy fire. Apart from Typhoid and cholera cases

the worst affliction was the "Gallipoli gallop", a form of enteric dysentery which kept its victims running to the latrine trenches until they ended up crawling there on hands and knees or simply fouling themselves where they lay.

William Murray, an Edinburgh survivor of the 4th Bn. who lived on into his nineties used to recall how in his company the worst cases were simply propped on planks which were laid across the latrines until stretcher parties could take them away. Conditions like these worsened the plague of flies which tormented all who served at Gallipoli. Dr William Ewing, chaplain to the 4th Bn. and in peace-time Minister at Grange United Free Church, later wrote of the constant companionship of what came to be called "corpse flies" because of the way they swarmed around the dead and even sought to accompany them into their makeshift graves.

"Entering our dug-out", he wrote in a memoir of his war service, "you had to push your way through legions of these winged children of Beelzebub, who clearly resented your intrusion. The table was black with them. They came down upon our food like a hive of bees. When you ventured to take a helping they rose with an angry buzz, and violently contested the passage of each bite to your mouth. Their activity was prodigious. They explored your eyes, nose, mouth and ears. If you tried to write they crawled over the paper and over your fingers till you could hardly hold the pen."

The 4th Bn. had to learn to live with all of this as well as the ceaseless attentions of Turkish gunners and snipers in the brief two weeks before they went into action, with their companion units of 156 Brigade, the 7th Royal Scots and the 8th Scottish Rifles. This was yet another offensive to try and widen the allies' foothold on Helles. The 4th Bn. attacked on the left flank of the British line across the Cape, hurling themselves in temperatures climbing above a hundred degrees centigrade with

bayonet and grenade against a complex of enemy positions which shell-fire from both land and sea had only marginally weakened.

They captured their main objectives, moving to their forward positions with over eight hundred and ending their day with barely half that number still alive or unwounded. One of the first to die was the battalion's Commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel S.R. Dunn, and nearly all its other officers were killed or wounded. The worst slaughter was in an area called Gully Ravine where the concentrated fire ignited dry scrub and burned to death many wounded men before others could reach them with stretchers. Night came mercifully to cloak a scene of horror, 'a bloody sunset closing a day of bloodiness' one corporal later wrote. Another survivor, Lieutenant O'Hara of the Dublin Fusiliers who had also been in the attack, wrote to his fiance that 'we were in a condition bordering on lunacy when it was all over'. Four thousand British troops were killed and wounded in the area on that one day and as many again in the week which followed. The Turks lost 17,000 of their men over the same period.

Official communiques claimed 28 June as a victory, though in fact marginal gains were made either then or in subsequent fighting of equal ferocity. Divisional and battalion commanders began to question the worth of more frontal attacks by daylight until drastic improvements in the ammunition and supply situation could be achieved. Their doubts had little impact however on the VIII corps commander who had co-ordinated the attack on the 28th.

This was the Ayrshire baronet Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston who later represented his county in Parliament for almost twenty years in the Unionist interest. Surviving officers of the two Royal Scots battalions and of their Brigade staff were particularly incensed by his remark that he had welcomed the use of the territorials on 28 June as a good opportunity for 'blooding the pups'. Major-General G.A.A. Egerton, the 52nd Division's commander, was

so angered by this breezy metaphor from the hunting-field that he made his feelings clear enough to be rebuked by Sir Ian Hamilton himself during a subsequent inspection of the Division, or what remained of it after a few more weeks at Cape Helles.

Hamilton, it seems, privately sympathised with Egerton but nonetheless filed a report on him to Kitchener which described him as 'highly strung and apt to be excitable under stress'. Egerton in fact was soon invalided off Helles as an exhaustion case. Perhaps too he made it too clear that he could not think of the former insurance clerks, bank-tellers and students of battalions like the 4th Royal Scots as merely expendable cannon-fodder. Hunter-Weston's confidence remained undaunted, it seems, by the mounting slaughter of subsequent attempts to take positions like Achi Baba, a hill tenaciously defended by picked Turkish units, but heat-stroke and exhaustion overtook him too and he was given sick leave from the Peninsula in late July.

The 4th Royal Scots however remained, so wasted by their losses that for part of the time left to them at Helles they had to be amalgamated with survivors of the 7th Bn. They saw it through, holding off repeated Turkish counter attacks on such ground as had been won since the initial landings and burying their dead when and where they could. In late July, their chaplain, Dr Ewing conducted one memorial service for all who had fallen on or since the 28th. He later described it.

'The stars were very bright but the night was dark and we could see each other only as shadows. The enemy seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing and left us in peace. We sang familiar words and as the music floated away on the light breeze it seemed to rouse the interest of others and many dim figures moved silently towards from surrounding battalions, considerably swelling our congregation. How our hearts stirred as we thought of the brave men gone, who had so often worshipped with us in the

Grange and the old Cathedral. One felt in a peculiar way a sense of their presence, as we prayed that we might be worthy to cherish the memory of these heroic friends and comrades.'

Back in London argument dragged on over whether or not to abandon the Gallipoli expedition. Churchill, of course, had been the principle political casualty of the campaign though continuing to put the strategic case for it after his enforced resignation in May from the Admiralty. Recrimination went on as new scapegoats were sought, Hamilton himself being relieved of his command in October, a decision which typically he accepted without rancour. In November, Kitchener in one of his last assignments was sent out to report on evacuation though he prevaricated on the issue for as long as he could. By then winter had set in at Helles and Suvla Bay where new landings had been made in August.

The flies and the fever abated but were replaced by bitter cold and blizzards which inflicted new privations on all units before the final evacuation took place in early January of 1916. In perhaps the one really well-planned operation in a disastrous venture the 4th Bn. of the Royal Scots were shipped off Cape Helles with the rest of the British, ANZAC and French forces. Large quantities of supplies were set alight as the last units left, and from the troopships that slipped anchor off the peninsula, great fires could be seen burning on an abandoned battlefield where so many had fallen to gain so little.

One private of the 4th Bn. who got away safely with the rest of its survivors and the new drafts who had joined them was my father, James Edgar Wood. Born and raised in Rosebank Cottages between Morrison Street and Fountainbridge, he had volunteered as soon as he was able to for overseas service. On 28 June he went into the attack at Gully Ravine with many of his friends from his work, from school, the Boys' Brigade and St Cuthbert's parish church.

Like the rest of the battalion he carried with him a pocket-size New Testament inscribed with the regimental crest and the injunction to 'be strong and of a good courage for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.' Nearly all the men in his platoon signed the fly-leaf of his copy and he was carrying it still two years later when his war was ended for him by a Turkish bullet during the storming of a redoubt in Gaza. The names on his New Testament are still visible though it is badly stained with blood from a wound which was to trouble him for many years to come. He kept it until the end of his life, and as another Remembrance Day falls due it remains a very private memorial to an Edinburgh sacrifice.

First published in The Scotsman, 7 November 1987

MACDONALD, L. 1914. Michael Joseph, 1987. 446 pages, 36 illustrations, 12 maps, and paper maps. £15.95.

Members will be aware of the highly acclaimed books Somme and They Called it Passchendaele by the same author. This, the most recent, follows the same successful style, making use of numerous vivid eye-witness accounts, letters, diaries, official papers and reports of those dark days of retreat, the final halting of the German armies, and the commencement of four years of trench warfare. War the like of which had not been seen before. Readers are swept along, just as the combatants were, through to November 1914 when Corporal George Mattheson, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, was to write:

'Well you may know that out of the 1,100 officers and men that came out at the start we have Major Yeadon and about 80 men left. I believe you have plenty of soldiers at home. Well we could do with a few here.'

For most the war had still to come. For those who had marched, had fought, at Le Cateaux, on the Marne, the Aisne, at Ypres, and at a score of less well known actions, had come through a conflict, the scale of which a few weeks before was beyond imagination. The British army had suffered 90,000 casualties of which 50,000 were killed or missing. This is an epic book and highly recommended.

DEAR BROTHER

Contributed by J. Price (0952)

22 August 1915

Just a line hoping this finds you all well as it is with me at present. No doubt you often think and wonder about me and think I am a fool to leave dear old Victoria for these foreign parts of the world: well, old chap, if things come out alright, it will not be so bad but there is nearly 99 to 1 chance of not coming that way for this is as hot as any part of France, for the Tommy that was in the retreat from Mons says that it was nothing to the landing here and if that is so I would not mind being in it for this was very hot. The beach was like a hail-storm at the time that I landed. It was just before dawn and the first thing I saw on shore was some dead lying on the edge of the water. It looked very enticing to us and when we let go of the pinnace we had to row to the beach a distance of about 60 yards. The sergeant-major who was on the rudder "did his block" ran us for a for-down the beach, but as good luck went there was only a few in the boat (that) get wounded and only one who was not able to leave the boat. After we had got cover for a while I bounced out and laid him down on his pack and bound the wound for him.

Well after this we struck to the top of the Hills and settled down for better or worse. Well, old chap, the better has followed me ever since. That week was very warm; the Turks made great efforts to force our left flank, they attacked for three days at the one point but every one was driven back with the aid of the ships. They stood our friends, for the 18-pounders were not on shore and it was very hard for us to keep the Turks back but the hearts of all stood good and faced the bullet. The Turks shone out on a few occasions and were as brave as our lads, the only thing the cold steel is no friend

of theirs, for they don't like to face to face with us, they like a back poke if it is possible. Well Arthur you may not like this sort but I will tell you a few things another time.

We had another engagement on the 8th May at Cape Helles.¹ We were taken by some mine sweepers there for a Show, at least that is what we think for it was murder. They put us into it on the 8th and at 5 o'clock in the evening we had to make an advance over the Tommy's trenches. Just at that time everything was done the 2nd (Australian) Brigade and a battalion of New Zealanders went forward and gained 550 yards of ground before dark. It meant a great loss of life but they got it. The shot and shell was so thick that one could hardly walk through it. A lot went down before midnight. It was very hard for the stretcher bearers to get the men away, the ground is very level and not so much cover as up here and it was very hard for the wounded men. A lot died for the want of looking after; then the next trouble was food and water for the forward trench, we had no way to get it through. They kept us there until seven days had passed before they relieved us but once we dug in they did not try and put us out of it, it was too easy to hold. They brought us back again about a week after, to the spot where we landed on the 25th and we camped on the side of a hill for a few days. One night, the Turks attacked and got up so much that they have been very civil ever since as far as making big attacks.

The 1st Brigade made a fine attack on a hill called the Lone Pine. They lost heavily but we still hold it. Our chaps put in a good hour pouring in 6-inch shells and got them disorganised and at the time the bombardment ceased the 1st Brigade charged it. The Turks put up a fine go but our strength was too much for them so they have settled down to rest over the matter.

Well we are holding a big line on this point and hope to have it over soon. I wish it was over now for I have had a long time here and been under fire all the time, for out of seventeen weeks, the Machine Gun Section has been in the trenches fifteen of them, so you can imagine what we feel like by now. While I scribble these few lines I am on duty at the Gun in a small tunnel in a hill facing a nice spot, but we get no fun here.

Well, old chap, I haven't had a wash for about a week, the beach is too far to walk as I have a very tired feeling now, been a Trenchie too long. Now you will have to excuse this as the pencil is about 2 inches long and getting beggared. There are a few big shells flying across now and then thank goodness that the Turks have not got too many big guns for they seem to be very short of them.

You would break your ribs for a good laugh if you saw me now; the backside is out of my pants and I have them cut short above the knees and no socks on, but I get a shave once a week and keep the wig short for there might be louse about, for they come and go and have a feed every time. The daily menu is bacon for breakfast, and for "smoko" is a louse, dinner is rice, then lunch in the afternoon, perhaps a game, perhaps a game of cards then stew for tea. "Smoko" before watch is a nip of rum or lime juice, that is the daily thing. Tuesday is tobacco and match day. 2 ounces of tobacco and one box of matches for the week. I bought a pipe from Egypt and I find it very nice now. We don't get the mail too good for there seems to be a bit of a mix up in it but I suppose it is the best they can do. I should have sent you a line before but they don't give any paper or envelopes and I can tell you they are very scarce. The issue has been two envelopes for seventeen weeks. This has to pass the Censor and he is not a bad chap, so heaps of love to all.

I remain, Your loving brother,

G. A. Hill,²
Machine Gun Section, 7th Battalion.³

N.B. I am among a fine lot of chaps, and we have had a fair luck lately, not losing too many, the only thing is that they are like myself, tired.

Contributors Notes

- 1 In April 1985 I was intrigued to see Australian graves in Redoubt cemetery, Helles Sector. I have photographs of three in my album: Lieut.-Colonel R. Gartside, V.D., and 1625 Pte J. Wright, both 8th Battalion, and 2064 Pte J.E. Sterick, 6th Battalion - all died on the 8th May. The losses of both Anzac brigades were heavy. In the New Zealand infantry which went in 2,676 strong, excluding 854 reinforcements, they were as follows:

	Officers		Other Ranks		Missing	Totals
	Killed	Wounded	Killed	Wounded		
Auckland	5	9	21	150	61	246
Canterbury	3	2	49	131	21	206
Otago	1	6	15	53	27	102
Wellington	2	7	24	155	25	213
N.Z. Medical Corps	-	2	-	1		3
Brigade H.Q.	-	-	-	-	-	-
Totals	11	26	109	491	134	771

In the 2nd Australian Infantry Brigade (All Victorian units) which went in about 2,900 strong losses were:

5th Bn.	3	7	26	97	61	194
6th Bn.	8	6	77	147	127	365
7th Bn.	3	13	40	133	88	277
8th Bn.	2	3	23	130	59	217
Brigade H.Q.	-	3	-	-	-	3
Totals:	16	32	166	507	335	1,056

These tables were taken from Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-18 vol.ii

by C.E.W.Bean, Angus & Robertson, Melbourne. Second Amended Edition 1934.

- 2 George Albert Hill was born on the Dunolly gold-fields, in the Victorian Central Highlands, the youngest of 19 children, predominantly girls who thought he was Christmas because he had served at Gallipoli. He served as a Sergeant, Machine Gun Company, 7th Battalion. After the war he joined the Fire Brigade and was stationed at Newport, in Melbourne's western suburbs. The original letter was read out so much that by 1917 it was in shreds. George Hill died in about 1968. I was given a copy by his niece Mrs Dot Wharrie of Port Melbourne to whom my grateful thanks are due.
- 3 7th Battalion gained the Medaille Militaire later at Fromelles. (Commonwealth Gazette No 169, 4th October 1917). It should be remembered that the 7th Battalion A.I.F. gained four Victoria Crosses for actions at Lone Pine 8th-9th August 1915, the most awarded to any Australian formation during World War 1. The 7th Battalion was commanded by the legendary Lieut. Colonel H.E. "Pompey" Elliott, who ended the war as Major General H.E. Elliott, C.B., C.M.O., D.S.O., D.C.M., V.D.

TRENCH, CHARLES CHENEVIX. THE INDIAN ARMY AND THE KING'S ENEMIES 1900-1947. Thames and Hudson, 1988. 312 pages, 50 illustrations, 20 maps and plans. £16.95.

The author, who served with the legendary Hodson's Horse, presents a fascinating picture of the Indian Army. One small section concerns Gallipoli where among the Indian contingents landed were two of the famous mountain batteries with 10-pounder breech loading guns, these going ashore at Anzac. At Cape Helles the 14th Sikhs took part in an attack on Gully Spur on 28 June; it was here that our own late President, Lieutenant General Sir Reginald Savory, as a young subaltern was slightly wounded. The attack on Chunak Bair where Major C.J.L. Allanson of the 1/6th Gurkhas came so near to securing the heights receives the attention due. This is a book to be proud to have on the shelf, an epic story of service to the crown over two world wars and numerous skirmishes.

A SONG CALLED SUVLA BAY

In Gallipolitan 56:28 we published a request on behalf of Mrs D.E. Owen (1052) for information concerning a song called Suvla Bay. She was delighted to receive several replies and the words of several versions of the song. The first from John Bailey (0981) who can provide a tape of 'Slim Dusty and the Sundowners' singing it.

- 1 In an old Australian homestead
- 2 With the roses round the door
- 3 A girl received a letter, 'twas a message from
the war,
- 4 With her mother's arms around her
- 5 She gave way to sobs and sighs,
- 6 And as she read this letter
- 7 The tears fell from her eyes.
- 8 Why do I weep, why do I pray?
- 9 My love's asleep so far away
- 10 He played his part, that April day
- 11 I left my heart, on Suvla Bay.

Repeat: 8-11.

Alternate: 10-11 - British, Line 1, 4th word adjusted.

'He played his part that August day
And now he lies, on Suvla Bay'.

N.B. August is most certainly the correct month, but
what is the Australian connection at Suvla?

Both Sid Blythman (0657V) and E.G. Fuller of Victoria,
Australia, have sent further versions. The first with
the words:

'We were creeping along around Suvla Bay
You could hear the shrapnel whining it seemed to say
We will invalid you home, don't run away
As we were creeping around at Suvla Bay'.

while Mr Fuller sent:

'In an old Australian homestead
With the roses round the door
A girl received a letter
From a far and distant shore.

With her mother's arms around her
'Neath the blue Australian skies
She slowly read the letter
And the tears fell from her eyes
Why do I weep? Why do I sigh?
My love has gone so far away
We had to part that Autumn day
I left my heart on Suvla Bay'.

A SHORT HISTORY OF GALLIPOLI LEGION CLUB NEWCASTLE LTD.

By J. V. Griffiths (0927)

The Gallipoli Legion of Anzacs was formed after the First World War and was an Association of men who had served at Gallipoli. Branches were formed in most State capital cities and a branch was also formed in Newcastle in the late 1920's.

Licensed Clubs were a regular part of life in Australia but the granting of licenses was restricted. However, a Gallipoli Legion Club (licensed) was established in Sydney in 1937 and still exists. After the Second World War the New South Wales State Government liberalised the granting of liquor licenses to Clubs and thus began a proliferation of Clubs throughout the State as New South Wales was, and still is, the only State in Australia to allow poker machines in Clubs and whilst being a good source of revenue to the Government they provided the necessary revenue for Clubs to become established and, as a result, there are now over 1600 licensed Clubs in New South Wales. Some of these are very big and in some instances employ over 400 people.

A great many are returned service or ex-service Clubs and can be found in practically every town in New South Wales. However all phases are catered for including golf, bowls, tennis, workers, community, catholic, masonic and others. Membership of individual Clubs range from a few hundred to 30,000 or more and the majority of adults in New South Wales are a member of one or more Clubs.

In the early 1950's the then President of the Newcastle Branch of the Gallipoli Legion of Anzacs, Mr Jack Buxton, realised the opportunity and with the help of the then President of the Newcastle Jockey Club, Mr

Jack Hibberd, they applied for and were granted permission to conduct the first race meeting held in Australia on Anzac Day with the proceeds going to the Gallipoli Legion of Anzacs. This continued for 3 years and with this money and the help of the local branch of the Rats of Tobruk Association who had been "adopted" by the Legion as the "Sons of Anzac" they were able to purchase a property, build a club house, and apply for a club and liquor license, which was granted.

The rest is history and the Gallipoli Legion Club Newcastle Limited was opened in November 1955 by Lt. General Sir Leslie Morshead who, as a lieutenant, had landed at Gallipoli on 25 April 1915 as a member of 2nd Battalion AIF and was later to become the Commander of the Garrison during the Siege of Tobruk. That was a memorable day.

Since that time we have had 161 Gallipoli Veterans as members but the sad part of the story is that currently we have only five left - George Todd M.M. and BAR, Edwin McNaughton, Tom Mowbray, George Turvey and your own British veteran Sid Blythman.

To make the Club viable membership was open to ex-servicemen and women and a proportion of social members but because of the passage of time these proportions had to be liberalised and membership is now open to all suitable applicants. Current membership is Ex-Service 344, Social 573, Total: 917. The Club, which is open seven days per week between the hours of 10.00 a.m. to midnight, has traded successfully since its inception and has been extended on several occasions and has current assets of \$A850,000 with no outstanding liabilities.

There is a dedicated Memorial to the Men of Anzac in the foyer of the Club and the ideals of the Club to perpetuate the memory and traditions of Gallipoli will continue into the future.

4TH NORTHAMPTON'S

D. Bitton (1031) asks to be put in contact with anyone with information about the 4th Northamptons. Perhaps you had a relative who served with the Regiment? Please write to 85 Grange Avenue, Earley, Reading, Berkshire RG6 1DL