

THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

No. 61
CHRISTMAS 1989

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 the next 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.



RESIGNATION

0909 R F T GREENHALL
0901 MAJOR-GEN L A H NAPIER
1005 K D NORTHOVER
0979 A F S SCOTT

OBITUARY

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

0994V T H BAKER
 (Pte 1st Battalion Royal Marines - ANZAC & Helles)
0989 DR J MANNING-GIBSON
0955V T MILBURN
 (6th Bn Border Regt 11 Div)
0425V H TAYLOR
 (Sapper RE Signals KK Cable Section XI Army Corps)

WORLD WAR ONE VETERANS ASSOCIATION

Veterans wishing to learn more about, or to join this new formed Association are urged to write to F.G. Hall, 83 The Crescent, Southwick, Brighton, BN42 4LB. A reunion of veterans is being planned for the autumn of 1990.

T HARRY BAKER

Harry Baker (0994V) who has died aged 93 was a veteran member of the Gallipoli Association who served with the Chatham Royal Naval Division in the First World War. He was a member of the burial party for Rupert Brooke on the island of Skyros in the Eastern Mediterranean on 23 April 1915. Harry Baker would recall 'that the poor chap had no coffin, only an old sheet thrown over him'. Of course Harry said 'I didn't know at the time who Rupert Brooke was ' nor did he know that among the officers present were Bernard Freyburg and Arthur (Oc) Asquith the Prime Ministers son, indeed the only two officers present who were to survive the war.

Harry Baker was the son of a stableman on the Rothschild's Estate in Buckinghamshire and went to school at Aston Clinton near Tring. At fourteen he went into employment with his father as a stableboy. He joined the Royal Naval Division at Chatham in 1914 where he was issued with rifle number 4076. A number he never forgot.

He sailed for the Dardanelles on 6 February 1915 on board the Cawdor Castle and after taking part in the feint into the Gulf of Saros landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula. During an action on 3 May when many of his comrades were killed he was injured in the leg, managed to roll backwards down a slope away from the advancing Turks. The New Zealanders picked him up and he was taken by donkey to an evacuation point. He later returned to the Peninsula where he remained until the evacuation at the end of the year.

In the post war years Harry raced at Brooklands, went back to the Dardanelles and at reunions met key figures like Field Marshall Birdwood, Admiral Keyes and Captain Unwin VC. He has attended all the recent events of the Gallipoli Association including the Anzac Day ceremony at the Cenotaph in April this year.

For many years he was an active member of the Tring Cricket Club, kept wicket until he was seventy and once played against Learie Constantine. He ran a successful shop selling bicycles and toys to generations of children in Aylesbury. He demonstrated in everyday life a strong sense of humour and a through and through steadfastness in peace as he once had in war. He could never forget his experiences at Gallipoli and of all those comrades who did not return.

Lewis Jones (1041)

We also record the recent death of Tressilian Nicholas, the Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, aged 101. He served at Gallipoli and contributed the article With 'Maps' at Gallipoli which we were proud to publish in the Spril 1989 Gallipollian.

Also recently announced was the death of Major Harry Edmonds whose colourful career included service with the Royal Field Artillery as an instructor on Anzac Beach in 1915.

As the Gallipollian was being prepared for printing the Daily Telegraph, 12 December, recorded the death of Colonel 'Cookie' Stirling Cookson of the King's Own Scottish Borderers who at 102 is believed to be the oldest surviving officer of the landings. He landed on Y Beach on 25 April as a platoon commander, but by the time the Regiment left the beach 48 hours later he was the Battalion adjutant so great had been the casualties. He himself was seriously wounded.

Chairman's Report

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

Lt. Colonel M E Hancock, MC

It was with the greatest sadness that we received the news of the death of our President, Malcolm Hancock. He was admired and regarded with great affection by all of us and we will miss him very much indeed. Our deepest sympathy goes to his widow and to his family. His enthusiasm for, and indeed love of, the Association has been a very important factor in the vital period since the death of our founder, Edgar Banner, and he was certainly a great help and encouragement to me personally. He took an active interest in the day-to-day running of the Association and showed an energy and determination remarkable for a man of his age, but perhaps not untypical of his notable, upright and patriotic generation. We will often think of him and remember him.

The Autumn Lunch 1988

This was held at the Victory Services Club and a fascinating address was given afterwards by Robert Rhodes James, MP a notable historian and writer. As with the RAF Club before, so some people expressed doubts as to the standard provided by the Victory Services Club, and so it was decided to move to the Cavalry & Guards Club for 1989. It is your committee's intention that there should be a speaker at all future lunches who will give an informative talk on aspects of the Campaign.

Anzac Day Lunch 1989

This was held in the Officers' Mess of 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards by kind permission of Lt. Colonel E B L Armitstead. After a record breaking attendance in 1988, so many people applied for lunch tickets this year that, with great regret, we had no choice but to turn people down, since the absolute maximum the Mess

could hold was sixty. It was, nevertheless, gratifying to see so many people and to have no less than nine veterans of the Campaign with us. Please note that 1990 will mark the 75th anniversary and we will endeavour to make appropriate arrangements to accommodate a larger number of people on that day. Our thanks are due to Colonel Armitstead and to the numerous officers and other ranks of his battalion who all did so much to make the day a resounding success. The ceremony at the Cenotaph and the service in the Abbey beforehand, were both very well attended, and Major Ford laid the wreath. Next year, being so special, let us break the record for the third year running.

Gallipoli Memorial Lecture Trust

The Annual Lecture was given at Woolwich on the 27 April by Mr John Grigg (previously Lord Altrincham) the eminent historian. Major John Ford and Joe Murray took part in the Act of Remembrance.

Finance

Once again I am glad to report that our financial situation is very satisfactory. Your committee have instituted a scheme whereby veterans can obtain a grant for attending our functions.

The Gallipolian

The standard of this publication has been very high, and will continue to be produced at the same frequency for the foreseeable future.

The Committee

We welcomed Mr. Dooley to the committee following last year's AGM. Once again I should like to thank, both personally and on your behalf the members of your committee for the time and effort that they have expended on the affairs of the Association. It is of course inevitable that the biggest burden falls on the shoulders of the Treasurer, Editor, Secretary and the Membership Secretary, and special thanks are due to all four.

Lord Granville of Eye

It is with the greatest pleasure that I am able to announce that Lord Granville has accepted our invitation to become our President and we extend a warm welcome to him. A veteran of the Campaign, he has also been an MP and is still active in the House of Lords. He unfortunately could not join us today as he has to attend a committee meeting at the House of Lords. We very much look forward to seeing him at our functions in the future.

Conclusion

I am glad to have been able to write another satisfactory and optimistic report. With your help the membership will continue to expand and the Association, with its excellent and interesting aims, will continue to flourish.

We look forward to the 75th anniversary in 1990.

THE PRESIDENT

LORD GRANVILLE OF EYE

The President, born in Reading in February 1899 was educated in Great Britain and Australia. He served with the 4th Light Horse at Gallipoli; later in Egypt and in France. In World War II he served with the Royal Artillery, raising a Battery in his constituency of Eye, Suffolk. Here he was its Member of Parliament from 1929 to 1951. Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Herbert Samuel, Home Secretary, and then to Sir John Simon Foreign Secretary and then Home Secretary 1931-1936. Created a Life Peer in 1967, Lord Granville is still active in the House of Lords where he now sits as an Independent.

SUBMARINES IN THE SEA OF MARMARA

Lieutenant Commander Michael Wilson

(The text of the speech given to the Association on the occasion of the Autumn Lunch 1989 and reproduced with the author's permission.)

The other day I was reading a book of letters written by a young Infantry Officer on the Western Front during the Great War; one dated at the end of September 1915 contains the phrase:

Whenever I get depressed (which is very rarely, I may say) I keep repeating to myself "Thank God I didn't go to the Dardanelles", and by the time I have said it two or three times I am usually in the best of spirits.

Now, no doubt the veterans present will have second thoughts on that. But the point is that it is all easy to condemn everything about the Dardanelles and Gallipoli as ill-conceived, badly conducted or a fiasco - or even all three. This afternoon I want to say a few words about an aspect of the Naval campaign which was a success. I refer to the submarine campaign in the Sea of Marmara. Submarines had only become a part of the Royal Navy since the turn of the century, they were of course untried in war before 1914 and were fitted with, pretty primitive equipment. Few were of the type known as "Overseas", that is capable of going across the North Sea to the enemy coast and most were of obsolescent home defence classes. They had often to fight not only the enemy but also their own Admirals who had fixed ideas as to how to fight a war and no ideas as to how this new arm of the service should be used. Yet they came out of this campaign with credit - as did the RNAS. I regret that time does not permit more than a mere mention of the part played by the airmen.

Three old B class submarines arrived from Malta in September 1914 as part of the watch on the Dardanelles to prevent the German warships Goeben and Breslau from leaving. They were joined by three French submarines in November and three more of the old British

B class from Gibraltar the following February. Apart from the exploit of the B11 under the command of Lieutenant Holbrook when he sank the old and partially disarmed Turkish battleship Messudieh in December - a feat for which he received the VC while the rest of his crew were also decorated in one form or another - these old submarines achieved nothing and played only a peripheral part in the events which followed later in 1915. I would add that the French Saphir, when impetuously trying to emulate Holbrook, struck a mine and was lost.

Nothing more could be done pending the arrival of more modern boats with a greater reliability, greater submerged endurance and better equipment. The first to arrive was the Australian AE2, originally destined for the North Sea but diverted to join Admiral Carden's fleet off the Dardanelles when she got to the Middle East. Initially she became just one more submarine available to patrol off the Straits. It is unclear just who first began to study the chances of sending a submarine into the Sea of Marmara, or when this was undertaken. The idea was not new for as early as 1909 Russian war plans envisaged that their submarines would operate off the Golden Horn and in the Sea of Marmara. Just how their obsolete submarines were to navigate the Bosphorus - a shorter but far more tricky proposition than the Dardanelles - was not stated. One more practical claimant is Lieutenant Commander Stoker the English CO of this Australian submarine. He studied the problem at length and concluded it was feasible. He put his ideas on paper addressed to Admiral Carden proposing that the AE2 be allowed to try as he was certain it could be done and then adding the fateful words 'provided the greatest care was taken in navigation'. Hardly was the ink dry when the AE2 ran aground and had to go to Malta for repairs.

At this stage two more submarines, the E14 and E15, arrived out from England leaving a third, the E11, in Malta also for repairs. To digress for a moment: it hardly seems credible but these three boats were sent

out from Harwich with no more notice than if they were being sent to Portsmouth for weekend leave. Other boats arriving later were given the same lack of consideration. Admiral Carden had been relieved by de Robeck whose Chief of Staff was the famous Roger Keyes, previously the Commodore (Submarines) at Harwich and so well known to the newly arrived submariners. With the AE2 in Malta in such embarrassing circumstances it was left to the E15 to make the first attempt of the Dardanelles. Caught by the currents the submarine was stranded on the shore under the Turkish guns at Kephez Point. The story of the several attempts to make sure she was not salvaged and put to use by the Turks is an epic mixture of tragedy and farce and unfortunately I do not have time today to recount it. Merely to pass on to Stoker and the AE2 again, by then back from Malta and given the chance at last to have another try.

Surprisingly Stoker made it, comparatively easily. He even found time to fire one of his precious torpedoes at a ship he thought to be laying mines, and claimed a hit. The date was 25 April. With that success Keyes immediately ordered the E14 to follow. Lieutenant Commander Boyle reported subsequently that he too had had a comparatively easy passage through. Off Killid Bahr he too fired a torpedo at a Turkish patrol vessel and claimed a hit. His report stated that he was forced to go deep when he noticed some men in a small steam boat leaning over and trying to catch hold of the top of his periscope.

For five days Stoker roamed the southern part of the Sea of Marmara without much success but creating a lot of confusion. Then he was found by the Turkish gunboat Sultan Hissar and forced to dive rapidly. Unfortunately something was wrong with the submarine's trim and she porpoised up and down with large bow up or down angles while the Turkish ship opened a rapid and accurate fire. Inevitably the submarine was hit, forced to the surface while all the crew abandoned ship just before the boat sank for the last time. It is nice to be able to recount that at that stage they were all well treated as POW's and on the way to Constantinople were met and interviewed

by General Liman von Sanders.

However, Boyle and the El4 were more lucky. He remained in the Marmara until all his torpedoes were expended when he returned to Mudros having been 22 days at sea. The limiting factor was the number of torpedoes which could be carried onboard the submarine. This class of submarine had two 18 inch torpedo tubes at the bow, two more firing one on each beam, and a fourth at the stern. Even with each tube loaded on sailing and with available reloads only ten torpedoes were carried in total. Boyle's report made the point that a gun would have been most useful for smaller targets. Boyle was granted an immediate VC for this patrol.

Having heard Boyle's report Lieutenant Commander Nasmith immediately took the El1 to sea to replace him in the Marmara and again, made the passage with comparative ease. From this day onwards with few exceptions there was always at least one British submarine in the Marmara until 2 January 1916 when the final withdrawal of troops from the peninsula made their presence unnecessary.

In the time available to me today it is not possible to describe in detail each patrol, nor, I think, would you want me to do so. I will, however, try and pick out some of the more salient and interesting events. Nasmith's patrol was full of them.

Early in the patrol the submarine stopped a steamer, the Nagara, by means of a few rifle shots across the bow, for like the El4 earlier the El1 had no gun. The crew were made to abandon ship while Nasmith was hailed by a larger than life gentleman who introduced himself as a reporter from the Chicago Herald. Seldom can a submarine commanding officer have been asked to give a press interview in more bizarre circumstances. It all soon had to come to an end as another ship was sighted approaching and the American had to be bundled into one of the boats while the Nagara was scuttled. It is rumoured that for the remainder of the war all the reports from the El1 were typed on an American typewriter. It is nice to add that Nasmith and the American reporter met and finished their conversation over lunch in London after the war.

On 25 May Nasmith took the Ell into the heart of the Turkish Empire, the harbour of Constantinople itself where he hoped that he might find the Goeben or the Breslau at anchor. He was unlucky in that but on coming to periscope depth he saw not the Germans but only a large supply ship lying at the jetty of the Topkhana Arsenal. At anchor nearby was an American cruiser acting as the guard ship for the Embassy, the Stars and Stripes at her stern proudly proclaiming her neutrality. Nasmith fired two torpedoes, one ran wild and to his horror circled round first towards the American and then on towards the Ell. The other torpedo ran true and exploded against the supply ship, the Stambul, though by this time the submarine had gone deep to avoid her own rogue torpedo and Nasmith was unable to observe the damage. The submarine then begun a battle against the currents which left Nasmith and his crew with little control over direction or depth, and when he returned to periscope depth some 20 minutes later they had been swept well clear of the harbour.

Where the rogue torpedo exploded is not known, but obviously caused no damage. One hesitates to consider the implications if the American cruiser had by chance been sunk. As for the Stambul she was hit forward though not fatally. Even so the material effect of this hit on a ship lying so close to the city was great. The troops were all disembarked from the Stambul to begin the long march to the front, while in some quarters of the city panic reigned and shops were closed as many citizens feared that this was merely heralding the long awaited arrival of the British fleet.

The incident only highlighted for Nasmith the need to conserve his small stock of torpedoes, for with no gun the usefulness of the submarine was limited once they were expended. The answer was simple in theory, but both dangerous and hard work in practice. The torpedoes were set to float rather than sink at the end of their run so that the submarine could surface and look for any that failed to hit. They would then have to be re-embarked and prepared for another run. The first

The first time this was practised Nasmith himself swam out to unscrew the firing pistol, an operation that might be likened to defusing a bomb while swimming. Then the torpedo had to be guided head first into the stern tube, and with the submarine trimmed down by the bow it could then be hauled back into the boat, another dangerous procedure since both inner and outer doors of the torpedo tube were open at the same time leaving the submarine unable to dive quickly should a Turkish patrol vessel come into sight. The problem did not end there since the torpedo then had to be broken down into its component parts, to be man handled through the boat, re-assembled and prepared for running before launching into one of the bow tubes. It was no easy task as any submariner will testify, yet it was done, and done again too.

Nasmith also had a periscope damaged by gunfire. He was able to report this by wireless back to Mudros where it was seriously considered whether an RNAS seaplane could fly him a spare, presumably slung underneath like a torpedo. The project was abandoned when it was found that there was not a spare periscope readily available the nearest being in Malta. Yet nowhere in any of the existing records is it apparent that anyone had thought how the periscope was to be transferred from seaplane to submarine, or how the submarine was then to remove the old broken one and fit the spare. Nevertheless, it was an example of the ready co-operation between the RNAS and the submariners, already all COs were being flown over the Dardanelles before attempting the passage to the Sea of Marmara.

The Ell remained until a defect was found to be developing which could prevent her proceeding submerged and thus maroon the submarine in the Marmara. Even then the passage south was not without incident. Through the periscope Nasmith noticed that the mooring wire of a mine had become jammed around the forward hydroplanes. Unable to free it Nasmith had no choice but to carry on and hope the mine would not swing back and hit the submarine. Kindly he kept the knowledge to himself for

the rest of the trip, and only when he surfaced - by going astern and thus swinging the mine free - did the rest of his ship's company learn of the situation. Nasmith was awarded a VC for this patrol having spent 20 days in enemy waters.

Boyle and the El4 then returned to the Marmara and spent a second spell of 23 days there. By this time the submarine had been fitted in Malta with a 6-pounder gun and with the shortage of worthwhile torpedo targets this was a most useful weapon.

Fresh out from England were two more submarines from Harwich flotilla. On 19 June the first of these newcomers, the El2 (Lieutenant Commander M K Bruce RN), left Mudros and successfully joined Boyle. Her patrol was short lived as she developed defects first on one motor and then the other. There were fears for her safety since if the defects worsened and prevented her diving then she would be cut off and unable to return, but she safely entered Mudros again on the 27. The passage down the Dardanelles was accomplished using one motor only, and that at slow speeds, at one time the force of the eddies was greater than that of the motor and the submarine started turning round so that they thought they were caught in a net. Luckily they were untroubled by the enemy.

The El2 had one particularly unpleasant experience during her short patrol. A steamer towing two sailing vessels was stopped and as the submarine approached to put her bow alongside so that a boarding party could be put aboard someone threw a grenade and a gun was uncovered. Luckily the grenade did not explode and the submarine's gun which was loaded and ready soon disposed of the other. After ten rounds from the submarine the steamer blew up when her cargo of ammunition exploded. The two sailing vessels had also opened fire with rifles and they too were sunk. On the submarine only one rating was slightly wounded.

The Turkish Navy had, in fact, taken into service about twenty small sailing craft which were then armed with a

variety of weapons and given naval crews with the task of combating the allied submarines which by then all too freely roamed the Sea of Marmara. The crews were, however, not in uniform. It was a Turkish initiative taken without the knowledge of the German Admiral Souchon or his staff. It was not until mid June that Souchon became aware of these operations and ordered their halt for fear of British reprisals against any U-boat crew taken prisoner. By the end of the month all these Q-ships had left the Marmara and thereafter were only employed in the Black Sea against the Russians.

The E7, another newcomer to the area, relieved the El2, thus keeping up the dual presence in the Sea of Marmara. This submarine was commanded by another experienced submariner and one with a worthy name, Lieutenant Commander Cochrane, a descendant of the Lord Cochrane of earlier fame. It was to be another notable patrol, the more so as there were few worthwhile torpedo targets and Cochrane was forced to use his gun, or go alongside his victim to scuttle it with explosive charges. Cutting a hole in with axes was found to be too time consuming, and they resorted to the use of fire. The first time this was tried the submarine's First Lieutenant forgot the explosive nature of petrol and threw a match into a petrol soaked part of the ship and along with a rating was severely burnt. With no proper medical treatment the two had to remain onboard the submarine until the return to Mudros nearly a month later. Like Nasmith earlier, Cochrane also entered the harbour of Constantinople causing more consternation than actual damage. On another day he played cat and mouse with a train shooting at it as it went through a series of tunnels. It was as well that he did not hit for among the passengers were the crew of the Australian AE2!

The E7 tried to enter the Marmara for a second time in September and was caught in the net defences at Nagara and had to be scuttled. What is of interest is what Cochrane intended for this patrol. Keyes in his memoirs merely says "Before leaving Cochrane discussed with me

a plan for inflicting damage in the Goldern Horn which for ingenuity rivalled the most brilliant of his great grandfather's exploits." I can find no clue as to what was intended. There may be significance in the fact that the day before the submarine was taken alongside one of the RNAS seaplane carriers and there exists a photograph of the submarine with a seaplane on the after casing. Was some joint venture planned whereby the submarine would give help and perhaps fuel and rearm the seaplane? I wish we knew.

Besides the E7 one other RN boat was lost, the E20. This was a new boat just out from UK and fitted with an army 6 inch howitzer on the forward casing. She was due to meet with the French Turquoise, the only French submarine to reach the Marmara. However, the French boat was in a poor mechanical condition and her Commanding Officer decided to return early but ran aground in the process and was captured. Also captured were the charts with the time and place of the rendezvous with the E20 - a German submarine kept the meeting and sank the British boat.

Another submarine, the E2, attempted to blow up the railway line between Constantinople and Adrianople where it ran close to the shore. The First Lieutenant swan ashore pushing a raft with the explosives. It was a copy of a similar operation carried out earlier by the E11. This time things went wrong and nothing further is known of the fate of this officer. Although an explosion was heard onboard the submarine the line was undamaged. Nor is there a record of the Turks ever having taken him prisoner.

During the E11's third and last patrol in December the Germans for the first time tried to use their submarines in an anti-submarine role. One torpedo was fired by the UB8 which missed. Nasmith sighted the periscope of another German boat, the UB14, but did not dare fire as he thought it might be a second British boat, the E2, on patrol at the time. You will recall

that I mentioned that during the Ell's first patrol she was not fitted with a gun, for the second a 6 pounder had been fitted, for this third patrol she carried a 4 inch and fired over 300 rounds during her time in the Marmara. When the Ell returned at the end of that patrol on 23 December they had then been 47 days in the Sea of Marmara, making 97 days in total over the three patrols. Some feat of endurance for the submarines of those days.

The E2 was in fact the last boat on patrol being ordered out on 2 January 1916.

It had been a costly campaign. Over the eight months the operations involved eight British, one Australian and three French submarines, of which seven had been sunk. In the all too short time available to me I have not quoted claims and losses for individual submarines. But to sum up the submarines claimed to have sunk one battleship, one destroyer, five gunboats or torpedo boats, 11 transports, 44 steamers and 148 other vessels. German and Turkish sources put the figures at a lower level with 25 steamers sunk, ten others damaged and about 3,000 tons of smaller craft destroyed. Part of the discrepancy lies in the fact that some vessels were beached after damage, repaired, refloated and then damaged again. Whatever the "final score" it was undoubtedly a superb example of submarine warfare against an enemy's supply line, that they were unable to affect the land battle to an appreciable degree does not lessen the worth of the campaign. The official German Historian, in Der Krieg zur See writes:

The activity of hostile submarines was a constant and heavy anxiety. They dislocated very seriously the conveyance of reinforcements to the Dardanelles and caused many disagreeable losses. If communication by sea had been completely severed the Turkish Army would have been faced with defeat.

Winston Churchill puts the case even stronger:

The Naval History of Britain contains no page more wonderful than that which describes the prowess of our submarines at the Dardanelles. Their exploits constitute the finest example of submarine warfare in the whole of the Great War.

GILLAM, JOHN GALLIPOLI DIARY Strong Oak Press 1989
341 pages, 1 illustration, 2 ep maps £14.95

This is a reprint of a book first published in 1918 and now made available again in the 1914-1918 Collections, the series edited by Peter Scott, a member of the Gallipoli Association. The Foreward includes a short biography of Major John Gillam, DSO, Army Service Corps, who was born in Brighton in 1883. He went to Gallipoli with the 88th Bde 29th Divisional Train, embarking on the Arcadian on 20 March, the day which the diary commences. W Beach was his destination on the afternoon of 25 April, and it was from here that he was to leave on 8 January with the words 'Phew! the relief. "W" Beach the last few weeks! Let's forget about it!

In a letter to Major Gillam, Lieutenant-General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston remarked that there were 'few of us in those strenuous days, were able to keep diaries and even fewer were those who had the gift of making their daily entries a narrative that would be of interest to others'. We are indeed fortunate that the author was far sighted enough to have it published and now doubly grateful that it is available again with the benefit of extra material provided by the Series Editor. Members should really ensure they add this to their libraries.

THE RIVER CLYDE HELP WANTED

In June 1965 my father, Ernest Raymond, and Mr R W Allanson started a preservation trust for the River Clyde to save it from destruction and as a national memorial. Unhappily, the project failed and the ship was broken up the following year.

I have been asked to write a short article on the River Clyde and this venture for The Gallipolian. However, we have tried to contact Mr R W Allanson, who in 1965 was living in Bassett, Southampton, without success.

Would any reader be able to help us? Replies to the Editor please.

Leila Raymond (0999)

SUBSCRIPTIONS 1990

Members are reminded that the annual subscription will be due on 1 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.

GALLIPOLI TRIP 1988

By Bruce A. Jamieson

Looking back it all seems like a dream and I still wonder if the 40 pupils I took with me really appreciated what they were doing. They had had it all arranged for them: a clinic set up at school to administer injections against typhus, cholera, polio and tetanus (the blow softened with sticky buns and coke); a coach trip to Manchester; five hours in a plane; transfer to an excellent hotel at Izmir. Did they really realise they were thousands of miles from home and about to tread the streets of Ancient Smyrna, birthplace of Homer, or walk the very stones of Ephesus on which St. Paul trod or stare out over the Troad from the walls of the Trojan citadel or wade through the beach of blood at Cape Helles? I doubt it.

For myself and my loyal, accompanying staff it was the fulfillment of a dream: a plan which we had toyed around with the three years and never really thought would come to fruition. It began I remember on the bus during a trip back from Verdun. It was our sixth time on the Western Front and with some satisfaction we were discussing the fact that we had now covered almost every sector of the trenches: from the Swiss Alps, through the Vosges Mountains, past Verdun, Rheims and the Chemin Des Dames, into the Somme, up through Arras and Vimy into the Ypres Salient and on to Nieuport and the Channel. We mused that it would be wonderful to try to "attempt the Gallipoli Campaign" but it was little more than an idle thought. The difficulties looked too great to overcome: the distance from home; the lack of suitable facilities for children; the strange food; the lack of "proper" hygiene, the attractiveness to pupils; the cost! At that time no specialist school tour company offered trips to Turkey. The idea was relegated to the back of our minds but never forgotten. Early in 1987 I received the new Schoolplan brochure - and there it was: a one week touring holiday to Turkey. Not quite what we wanted but it was worth further investigation.

The next few months were spent researching the trip and the Gallipoli Campaign. We had to sell this trip and attract at least 35 pupils. What would they, and their parents, make of it? What attraction would they see in a visit to the site of a disastrous British military campaign with its tales of bungled military planning and operation, its lurid stories of mismanagement, atrocious living conditions and appalling casualties? What questions would the parents want answered about their childrens' well-being, safety and health and what educational merit would they see in the proposed trip? We asked around and spoke to people, including a Principal History Teacher, who had been to Turkey. We consulted guide books, brochures, manuals, textbooks and specialist manuals by the score. We received all the many permissions required for a school residential experience: from Lothian Region; from Outdoor Education; from Advisers; from the Headteacher and Assistance Headteachers. We consulted the Guidance Department and brought in a travel rep. who costed the tour at £365.

At last we were ready to launch the expedition and sent round an information sheet and application slip to all the pupils in 2nd year and to historians in 3rd and 4th year (about 400 pupils in all). We waited with bated breath. Would there be a demand for the trip? Could many parents afford the expense?

Within one week we had 108 applicants. It was quite amazing. We had parents phoning up congratulating us on the whole idea. Some wrote to me and the Rector praising the venture and

"the sentiment and good moral purpose in organising such a venture. It is good to know that in these times we do not forget the sacrifice made by the generation of that fated era. I wish I was going myself to experience the tangible evidence of that fateful campaign"

It was with tremendous difficulty that we ended up with a group of 43 pupils. There was an element of selection in the choice. We tried to pick those who showed real motivation. We stressed the need to show

an element of intrepidity as none of us really knew what awaited us in Turkey. We talked to prospective travellers about the "exotic" nature of the Moslem land to which they hoping to go. We discussed the differences between our land and Turkey and our differing tastes in food, attitudes to hygiene and treatment of women. This eliminated a few although, as later events were to prove, not enough! We were all determined to make the trip as meaningful as possible and to this end the group met regularly to undertake various projects relating to the Gallipoli campaign in particular and Turkey in general. We obtained the services of a local enthusiast and member of the Gallipoli Association who readily volunteered (with his wife) to accompany the expedition. We brought in speakers from various related areas including Moray House lecturer with a passion for World War One and local doctors who talked on the diseases which resulted from the squalour of Gallipoli and might still affect us in an under developed country.

Our most successful pre-trip exercise was to obtain press coverage in local and national papers. As a result we obtained 22 replies from readers with a Gallipoli story, many of whom wished photographs or other memorabilia from the peninsula, usually in connection with a related casualty. Some of the more interesting enclosures included the war diary of Robert Shearer Imrie, 4th K.O.S.B.; objects sent to the widow of despatch rider Joseph Vaghi including his goggles which were smashed when a Turkish sniper's bullet entered them on 7 October 1915; a drawing of the River Clyde made by William

Francey of the H.L.I.; the official death notice sent to Mrs. Raeburn on the death of her husband. Private John Raeburn who died outside the village of Krithia on 28 June 1915; the war scrapbook kept by the son of Royal Scot, Stewart Badenoch who, during 1915, had collected every single newspaper clipping he could lay his hands on. In all we discovered that we had a

dozen casualties to trace on the peninsula and this was a marvellous way of making the pupils feel that they were actually involved in meaningful historical research and that their findings did matter.

If this needed reinforcement it came in the form of a visit to the school of 91 year old John Pratt who claimed to be one of the youngest Gallipoli veterans still alive. On arrival off the coast of W Beach it had been belatedly discovered that he was under age. He was not going to be allowed ashore until it was realised that he was an apprentice blacksmith and that his services were badly needed ashore by the hundreds of mules used to carry supplies up to the front lines. He was still quite vivid in his memories and his recollections of the campaign left a lasting impression on the minds of the group who listened avidly to him. As we clambered over the rocks at the tip of that ill-fated, far-off, peninsula many of us were deep in thought at the memory of Mr. Pratt's words. He had walked this strand. Here he had visited a sea latrine and disturbed a large snake - with never-to-be forgotten results! Here he had survived for months on inadequate food and primitive medical treatment. Mr. Pratt put his physical survival down to luck and a strong constitution. This was certainly to be proved by his still active frame after surviving two world wars and a long career in the prison service at Barlinnie! His mental survival he attributed to his being a loner. He never made close friends and thus was spared the mind-blowing horror of seeing them killed in the most appalling and often unexpected manner. John Pratt was not the only one we remembered as we walked the shores of V Beach or Cape Helles or the dirt tracks that still lead to Twelve Tree Copse and Skew Bridge.

We had promised to pay our respects to those who still lay beneath Turkish soil - so far from the homeland we had just left. We took with us a pupil piper, the British junior pipe champion. The sound of the traditional Scottish lament echoed across the scrub and through the pine tress I can hardly think of it yet

Many impressions remain of that evocative terrain. What struck everyone was the compactness of the battle zones. It took us no time to journey from the very southmost point, with its two grim memorials to the British and the Turkish dead, to the beaches at Anzac Cove.

We even had a local story to follow up here for in the early 20th century a young Linlithgow boy, William Lumsden, had emigrated to Australia and, in 1914, had joined the Anzac forces. He had landed at Anzac Cove in August 1916 and actually survived the fighting. Unfortunately he was not to be so lucky at the Somme, being badly wounded at Pozieres. He was brought to Britain for treatment but died in hospital. His body travelled full circle. It is back in Linlithgow - buried in Braehead Cemetery, just opposite our school.

The landscape of Anzac was no disappointment. It was just as we had pictured it from our reading and from watching the feature films. There were all the landmarks: the Nek; the Sphinx; Lone Tree - no longer just names in textbooks but real places to be remembered with the phrase "I was there". I know that for everyone on the trip it was an unforgettable experience but one that I would hesitate to repeat with children. Conditions do leave a lot to be desired. Hotels, especially in the Gallipoli area, are not geared to mass tourism, girls can get pestered and food and standards of hygiene are "different". We took with us a very comprehensive first-aid kit and had to use it often, completely exhausting our huge stock of anti-diarrhoea medication. Having just returned from an "easy" war trip to the Ypres sector on which one pupil had a fit, had to be hospitalised and then air-bussed home I dread to think what might have happened on the Gallipoli peninsula: 200 miles from the nearest hospital at either Istanbul or Izmir. However I suppose such considerations only help to bring to mind the problems faced by our soldiers 70 years ago. The long-lasting memories of the trip are more positive: children running for cover amongst the scrub of Anzac as "missiles" (in this case pine cones) rained down on them; stumbling by chance on the village of Krithia

which looked as if it had not changed one bit from its 1914 state; paying our tribute at the Memorial to the Missing at Cape Helles. On our return we followed up all of our activities. We reported our findings individually to all of our correspondents and communicated generally through follow-up newspaper items. We held an evening at school to which we invited all those who helped us and showed a 40 minute video, edited from over 6 hours filming taken by the pupils on the expedition. Mr. Pratt's health had deteriorated since we first met him and he was unable to attend the gathering. However a few weeks later he was fit enough to come back to the school and he was able to see how "his" peninsula had changed since he had last seen it in 1915 before being invalided out with "general disability". He brought us some pictures of himself in uniform and we gave him some souvenirs from the two war museums we had visited at Cape Helles and Anzac.

We wished we had more time to do full justice to what the area has to offer. We could not visit the Suvla Bay area and thus had to disappoint two correspondents who wished photographs of war graves there. Our guide, who came with the tour, could never quite understand our being engrossed with the Gallipoli campaign. To his Moslem mind it was an unhealthy fixation with the long dead. We had a constant battle trying to persuade him to miss out some of the sites of Constantinople, Pergamon, Troy (sites 1-8), Ephesus and Bursa so that we could spend more time rummaging around the trenches, cemeteries, ravines and gullies of Gallipoli. However, he eventually began to appreciate what it was we were doing and actually became quite enthusiastic. But it took some doing.

In actual fact a friend who recently returned from a private visit to the site informed me that we would not have managed into the desolate area of Suvla and Salt Lake without full hiking gear. We asked the Commonwealth War Graves Commission to help us obtain the missing photographs and, as always, they were immensely helpful and, a few weeks later, we were able to fulfill the requests for photographs.

The trip seems a long time ago now. Some of the pupils who participated have now left school. However it still gives me a thrill - and turns the heads of any listening in - when one of them stops me in the High Street and says: "Hello Mr. Jamieson, remember that time we landed on Gallipoli"?

FIREWOOD GATHERING

On the sides of the Valley of Despair the Mission found patches of stunted pine scrub such as had once clothed Pine Ridge. The valley most accessible to the Australians on the right had been the one west of this, Poppy Valley, between the southern end of Bolton's Ridge and Holly Spur (an offshoot of Bolton's) most of which our men seized by ceaseless sapping and mining. Here, according to my diary of the campaign, Major T.A. Blamey, then in charge of the intelligence staff of the 1st Australian Division, "sent out a policeman with two prisoners, who were ordered to gather firewood. He sent them to Holly Spur, and ordered them to get big bundles, hoping they would run away and tell the Turks what a good time they had" and so induce other Turks to give themselves up. "He told the policeman to go to sleep and not watch them too closely.

"The policeman took them to Holly Spur, and let them stroll out, lost to sight. About an hour later they came back carrying the two biggest bundles of firewood every yet seen at Anzac."

Reproduced from Pages 266-267 of Bean, C.E.W. 1952
Gallipoli Mission

VISITING THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA
Dr R M Love (1106) and Mrs B Love (1107)

There is accommodation on Gallipoli but the choice is not wide. There are several hotels in Gelibolu and Eceabat and there are a growing number of motels and camping sites springing up over the peninsula. There seems to be very little private bed and breakfast or small pension-type accommodation available at the moment.

HOTELS AND MOTELS

There is a motel at Saros Bay which is in the north of the peninsula and is really too far north to be convenient when visiting the battlefields. For anyone travelling from Greece or Istanbul though, it might be a suitable place to stay on the way down the peninsula, or if you wish to spend a few days by a good beach at a relatively good motel.

Approximately 9 miles (15 km) south of Gelibolu and about 200 yards off the main road is the Boncuk Motel. This is the largest motel on the peninsula and seems to be the only one which stays open all year. In Eceabat, directly opposite the ferry station, there are two hotels - the Hotel Ece and the Saros Hotel. The latter is a new hotel and is supposed to be very comfortable.

In the south of the peninsula, beyond Kilitbahir, there are a couple of small motels right beside the main road. They are fairly basic with no frills but each has a small restaurant serving Turkish food. There is a similar motel at Seddul Bahir on the southern tip of the peninsula and a bigger and better motel not far away at Abide.

On the west coast, about 5 miles (10 km) north west of the village of Alcotepe, or 6 miles (12 km) south of Anzac Cove, there is a motel on the coast road. This is a brand new motel and is in the process of being developed. It is in a very good position for visiting all the battlefields, both north and south. It also has the advantage of being situated on one of the best and cleanest stretches of beach on the peninsula. This is the same

stretch of beach as "Kum Kamp" and is described more fully under "camping".

CAMPING ON GALLIPOLI

Camping is becoming very popular in Turkey and more Turks are taking to the road and travelling. During June, July and August the sites can get very crowded, particularly during national holidays. However, new sites are springing up all the time and there is always some space available. Some sites do disappear as they are absorbed into bigger holiday complexes or villages.

The choice of camp-sites on Gallipoli during the season is neither large nor luxurious, but it is adequate. From November to April all the camp-sites are closed although there is plenty of parking for the motor caravanner. There are several sites at the northern end of the peninsula between Kesan and Gelibolu but, though these probably offer the best facilities, they are too far north to be of much interest to those wishing to visit and spend time on the battlefields. Of more use are the sites further down the peninsula.

Travelling south the first of these, Obidi Camp, is situated in Gelibolu just off the main road on the outskirts of the town. Following the main road south there is another camp site just south of Boncuk - Cennet Camp. It is very easy to find as it straddles the main road. It is fairly pleasant site edging onto the Dardanelles but, in the height of summer, it can be a little noisy due to passing traffic. It provides the essential facilities, if somewhat rudimentary in nature, and electricity. As already stated the site is right by the sea and one can dine at a table overlooking the beach whilst watching the ships plying their way through the Dardanelles. The food is Turkish and is well-cooked while the price is reasonable. The Turks frequent camp-sites and restaurants such as this and the unsuspecting tourist could well find himself being asked, nay pressed, to join a large group of Turks at a neighbouring table. If this happens it could turn out to be a memorable evening due

to the hospitality and courtesy shown to strangers. When eating in such restaurants, the locals eat some food provided by the establishment but, at the same time, they think nothing of taking along a selection of their own goodies which they delight in sharing with everyone. It is impossible to say "no" even if you have just finished a full meal. To spend an evening in such company can be very enjoyable and leads to a feeling that the whole camp-site is filled with your personal friends.

Near the southern end of the peninsula, just south of Kilitbahir are several other camp-sites. One is attached to a motel. Again, the facilities are basic, yet adequate and there is a simple restaurant serving Turkish food. On the tip of the peninsula where the Dardanelles meet the Aegean, there are two camp-sites both attached to motels. The first is at Abide, and the second at Seddulbahir. The latter is a new camp site, very close to the old fortress, with a nice stretch of beach although it is very exposed to any wind or weather from the south.

Further round the coast, on the western Aegean shore, is a most pleasant camp-site - Kum Camp. This camp site can be difficult to find as it lies between Cape Helles and Anzac Cove. The best way to find it is to take the secondary road that leaves the main coastal road about 1 mile (approximately 2 km) north of Eceabat. The road goes west and may be sign posted "Anzac Koyu" (Anzac Cove), the site of the Anzac landings, or "Gokceada" or "Kemalyeri". This road leads towards the distant tree covered ridge which marks the site of the Anzac battle line. On approaching the ridge, on the right hand side, is Kabatepe War Museum. Turn sharp left and follow the coast south for about 6 miles (10 km). Kum Camp is on the right hand side at the bottom of a steep hill between the road and the sea.

The site is nothing special to look at and the facilities are only adequate but the atmosphere of this site is what makes the difference. When you arrive you will be asked your name. This is then written in a book and anything and everything you buy, from a meal to a packet of paper handkerchieves will be written in this book. No cash changes hands until you are about to leave and want to settle your bill.

The camp-site is set in a lovely situation right on a long, sandy beach that never gets crowded. The sand is fine and golden and the beach shelves gently into the sea which is clean and unpolluted. In a couple of places there are sandbars or rocks close to the shore making this an excellent beach for families with small children.

There is a bar serving a variety of drinks all day long and a restaurant which serves set meals three times a day. Campers can choose which, if any, meals they wish to take in the restaurant. Many campers dine in the restaurant every evening as the meals are so cheap. Entertainment frequently follows the evening meal. This takes the form of an impromptu show put on by anyone who wishes to dance or sing. Sometimes these sessions end by a bonfire on the beach into the wee small hours of the morning. From this camp-site one can reach any of the battlefields easily - either the Anzac Beaches or Suvla Bay to the north, or Helles at the southern tip of the peninsula.

Close by Kum Camp the owners are in the process of redeveloping another site with motel facilities and an adjacent camp-site. At the moment (1989) part of the motel has been built, and is open, but the camping facilities are not yet completed. On completion both facilities promise to be as luxurious and spacious as any on the peninsula.

Editors Note: Dr & Mrs Love reside in Turkey and will always be pleased to advise members visiting the peninsula. Write to them at Kozyatagi, Sari Kanarya Sokak,

Basaran Apt 4/25 Erenkoy, Istanbul.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

An account by a Private in the 2nd Battalion, Hampshire Regiment, published in the Windsor, Eton, and Slough Express 3 July 1915.

We landed in Gallipoli on the 25th of April after the Navy had bombarded all the land batteries, each unit had been previously allotted a beach for landing, ours being West Beach. We left our transports and boarded trawlers, which took us into about a mile from the beach, from where we were towed part of the way in rowing boats by pinnaces; we rowed the rest of the way ourselves. The fun began when we were on the trawlers waiting to leave, the land batteries got our range, or nearly so, and we were obliged to move back and forward to put them off; however they dropped one low enough to clip the fingers of one of our chaps who was grasping the Taffrail. Our rowing boats were very lucky and the one I was in with the Headquarter's Party did not have one casualty in the landing. The first regiments to land met with very strong opposition from the enemy, who were certainly well prepared for us. The first obstacle to be overcome was barbed wire which was laid on the beach and under the water. Many of the troops got hung up; they came under fire from entrenched positions on high ground. The bayonet decided the landing in many cases and there was some magnificent work done by our men. We well established ourselves that night in entrenched positions well inland, and the enemy found us as good as any wall he would wish to bash his head against. The enemy were very generous and allowed us some sleep the first night. But found us wide awake when he started at about 11 o'clock. They tried hard to break our line, but did not succeed. Our Colonel got killed the first day, and I am sure his death is deeply felt by every man in his Battalion. He was liked and respected by all and there was no man who had the interest of the battalion at heart more than he. He was studying the situation through his glasses when he got hit. We have lost many officers whom we could ill have spared. Major * _____ has set a wonderful example of heroic devotion to his duty to his men, who admire his pluck and courage as a leader. On one occasion he worked a machine gun on his own, shifting from position to position with the aid of another officer. The snipers who are numerous prove

wonderfully clever at concealing themselves. One fellow defied the landing party on the beach for a long time with a machine gun, and was only discovered with difficulty. He was dug right into the cliff and only the barrel of his weapon was visible and his supply of ammunition was enormous. Some of them employed dogs which revealed the position of troops advancing under cover. These dogs were always shot on sight. Some of the snipers had their faces painted the same as the surrounding vegetation. I am in hospital here where I have been since the 12th of last month with a bullet wound through my right foot below the ankle. I got his on the 2nd of May in a general advance we gained an entrenched position, which the enemy in vain tried to move us out of the night of the first and the morning of the second, with heavy losses to themselves. They simply hurled themselves on both our flanks under terrific rifle and machine gun fire, but repeated bayonet charges from our men and the French made them show us a clean pair of heels, and was the cause of many of them surrendering.

The Navy have been doing some magnificent work, and have supported us wonderfully in our attacks. The day I was wounded I had to wriggle back about a quarter of a mile to the first field dressing station under a hail of shrapnel, which with the enemy seemed to searching the ground for our men; on one occasion I came under fire from a Maxim, but the shots were well over me. We were laid out temporarily in an old shed which was being used as a collecting station. but the enemy's shells found us and we were forced to move. I was carried pick-back from there, and was afterwards put on board the Caledonia and arrived in Malta on the 12th of May. We could not wish for better treatment than we have received from the people of Malta who have simply being showering gifts upon us. The Doctors and nursing staff deserve the highest praise, especially the sisters who seem never to be tired of working for us.

Note: I am grateful to R.K. Shepherd (0960) for providing this item. Editor.

GALLIPOLI VICTORIA CROSSES

Sub Lieutenant A.W. St. C. Tisdall, VC

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Born in Bombay on 21st July 1890, Arthur Walderne St. Claire Tisdall was the son of the Reverend Dr. William St. Claire Tisdall who at that time was in charge of the Church Missionary Society's Mohammedan Mission in the City. Dr. Tisdall was an authority on eastern religion, had published several erudite books on them, and was also the author of grammars in various Indian and Persian languages. The Tisdalls were an ancient family; ancestors traced back to the Crusades had included many churchmen and missionaries as well as military and naval men. One ancestress was said to have fired the first cannon at the Siege of Gibraltar. When he was but two months old Arthur was brought to England, and two years later when Dr. Tisdall became head of the CMS Persia-Baghdad Mission he went to Persia, living at Ispahan until 1900. They travelled home via the Caspian and Black Seas passing through the Dardanelles - where 15 years later he was to win the Victoria Cross and lose his life.

Known as "Pog" in the family he grew up as a friendly, happy child loved by all. He was always enthusiastic in everything he did and his passions covered wide areas - biology, geology, dialects, old brasses, but most of all poetry, literature and the study of human nature.

When quite small he learnt to converse in Latin with his father and he caused considerable astonishment at Bedford School when he went there in the summer of 1900 by his knowledge of the language. He remained at Bedford until July 1909 entering into all the normal school interests including sport. He gained many prizes and distinctions in his term at Bedford, reaching the sixth form in 1905. He won many competitions for English essays, Latin verse and Green prose, and later went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, elected to a Major Classical Scholarship. At Cambridge he went on winning coveted prizes and graduated

with a Double First BA Honours degree and, to crown all, the Chancellor's Gold Medal for Classics. He rowed for his college, and as he had been at Bedford was a member of the officer training Corps. In 1913 he passed the combined Indian and Home Civil Service examination, selecting a Home Civil Service appointment in the latter part of the year.

In May 1914 he joined the RNVR and was called up in August. From Walmer Camp he went to Antwerp with the Royal Naval Division. He received his commission to the Anson Battalion when he returned on 11th October 1914 - it was back-dated to the 1st - and then spent several weeks at Crystal Palace, Sheerness and Chatham before going to Blandford camp. From there, on 27th February 1915 he left for the Dardanelles, sailing from Avonmouth in the trooper Grantully Castle and arriving in Lemnos in early March. For a brief period he enjoyed visits inland from Mudros, made maps of the island for the staff and with his friend Rupert Brooke and others explored the villages and countryside.

He transferred to the old collier the River Clyde on 24th April. The next day, on board the River Clyde beached off shore at "V" beach, he waited for his turn to get ashore, watching the carnage at the Dublin Fusiliers and Munsters disembarked through the hail of Turkish machine-gun fire. He saw the men fall and heard their cries and turned to the officer in charge of the Maxim gun saying he was going over as he could not stand it any longer. He jumped into the water and waded ashore where Commander Unwin was standing on a spit of rock pushing a small white boat in front of him. He called for a volunteer to help him with getting the wounded aboard and Leading Seaman Malia assisted him rescue two boat loads. Chief Petty Officer Perry and Leading Seamen Curtis and Parkinson then joined them. They made several trips under exacting fire and got many men away. On the evening of the 26th he went ashore with his platoon and spent the night on outpost duty. When the troops ahead ran short of ammunition he volunteered to take supplies up to the front line under heavy fire. Over the next week he was constantly under fire in all that he undertook,

refusing to take cover. He even went to the rescue of a gun horse when it was wounded.

The first attack on the position of Achi Baba took place on 6th May. At 8.30 a.m. he marched off with his men and took up position with the 2nd RN Brigade. They managed to get quite a distance by 3 p.m. when he made his men take temporary shelter in an enemy trench. There he was shot in the chest, killed instantly as he stood on the parapet. He was buried where he fell and now has no known grave. His name is on the Helles Memorial.

It was nearly a year before the London Gazette of 31st March 1916 carried the announcement of the posthumous award of the Victoria Cross. This was because for a very long time "no one could identify the unknown officer who had all the afternoon of 25th April 1915, done the most daring of things, visiting the beach time after time with the three sailors and the Petty Officer". None of these could identify him except as "one of those Naval Division gents." A letter from an RN officer stating the above, and other letters in a similar vein in the Times in December 1915, drew attention to Tisdall's bravery and the recognition was achieved.

Details of his death were received by his father in Deal on 10th May 1915. He was then the Vicar of St. George's there and held a memorial service for his son on the 13th. A tablet was later erected in the church and his name was placed on the Honour Roll at Bedford College. The citation in the London Gazette stated that Tisdall had made four or five trips, pushing the boat before him, assisted by Seaman Malia on two trips, and Chief Petty Officer Perry and L/S Curtis and Parkinson on the others, "and was thus responsible for rescuing several wounded men under heavy fire. Owing to the fact that Sub. Lieut. Tisdall and the platoon under his orders were on detached service at the time, and that this officer was killed in action on 6th May, it has only now become possible to obtain complete information as to the individuals who took part in this gallant act".

Malia, Perry and Parkinson were awarded the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal but Curtis had been reported missing. Dr. Tisdall was presented with the medal and a personal letter from King George V dated 7th April 1916.

On 28th April 1970, Mr. F.R. St. Clair Tisdall and Mrs. A.Alcock, Tisdall's brother and sister, presented his VC and other medals to the headquarters of the London Division, RNVR, at a ceremony aboard HMS President.

Note: The front of the war memorial at the entrance to the churchyard of St. George's, Deal contains the following inscription:

To the bright and beautiful memory of Arthur Walden St. Clair Tisdall VC, Sub-Lieut. RNVR, Scholar of Trinity College (BA Double 1st CL Hon) and Chancellor Gold Medalist in the University of Cambridge. Son of Rev. W. St. Clair Tisdall, Vicar of St. Georges, Strand, Deal and of Marion (nee Grey) his wife. Born 21 July 1899 killed fighting gallantly in the attack on Achi Baba, Gallipoli 6 May 1915.

Awarded the Victoria Cross by his King and Country in recognition of his most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty in rescuing many wounded officers and men under violent and accurate fire during the landing of the British troops from the SS River Clyde at V Beach Gallipoli, 26 April 1915.

AUSTIN RON, 'THE WHITE GURKHAS' Published by the Author
156 pages, 27 illustrations, 3 maps.

'My it was grand to see the boys charge! People who saw it said it was a great charge, but utter reckless. They don't seem to understand fear ... But what a terrible waste it all seemed of such magnificent men!' So recorded Chaplain Creighton of the 29th Division on 9 May at the conclusion of the Second Battle of Krithia.

The White Gurkhas may at first sight seem an ostentatious title, but according to one participant writing home after the battle, Lieutenant R.M. Hooper of the 5th Battalion, later killed at Lone Pine, 'The Australians have won the hearts of the navy as well as all the white troops and the French with us. They call us the 'White Gurkhas' in truly a mark of honour'.

Early in May Sir Ian Hamilton made preparations for an assault on the Turkish forces about Krithia with a view to capturing Achi Baba. To boost his forces two Anzac brigades were brought down from Ari Burnu. It is to the fortunes of these that the book is devoted. Their efforts were magnificent, the fighting intense, the result nil and by the 17th the Anzac troops were back at Anzac Cove.

The author has drawn on many sources to provide this account of an epic action, part of, but perhaps by far the most dramatic, most noble, of all that happened on the gentleslopes and folds to the south of Krithia. If you drive, or walk this way, remember them. Visit Redout Cemetery and Skew Bridge Cemetery and there you will find just a few of those who charged and did not return. If there is a criticism of this addition to the literature of Gallipoli is that a list of those who fell that day might have been given in an Appendix.

Copies can be ordered from the Author, Ron Austin, 18 Fairway Crescent, McCrae, Victoria 3938, Australia enclosing an International Money Order for 33 Australian dollars, for Air Mail add an extra 6 dollars.