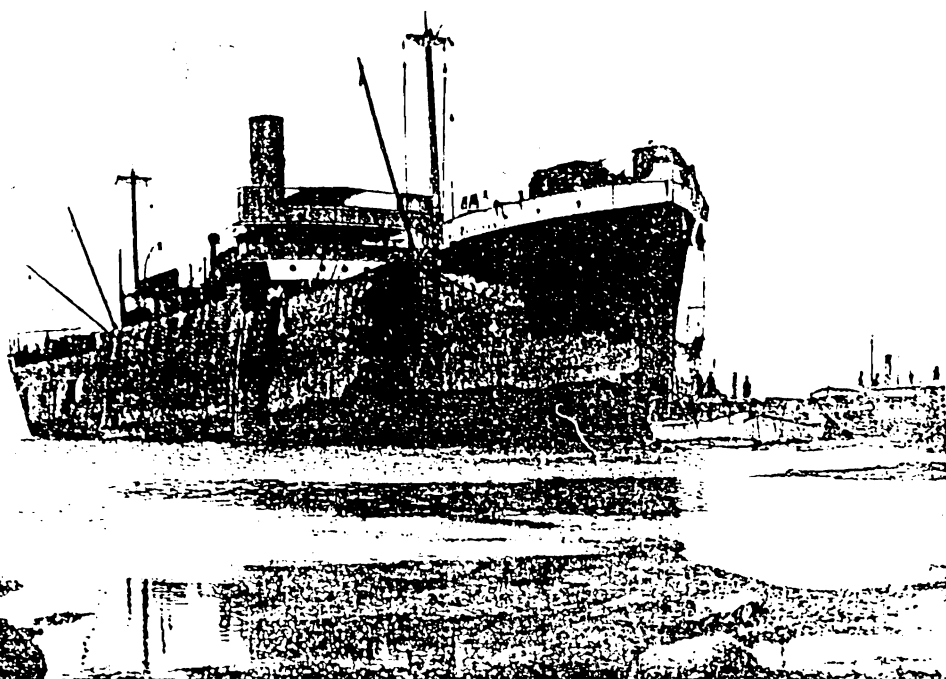


THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE
GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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No.59

SPRING 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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ANZAC DAY CEREMONIES

We have been kindly invited to join the Anzaca at the Cenotaph and at Westminster Abbey on 25 April. Our wreath will be laid at the Cenotaph by the President.

THE CENOTAPH

Our party should assemble at the kerbside opposite the north (Trafalgar Square) side of the Cenotaph before 1045 under the direction of a representative of the Association who will give the order to march the short distance to the Cenotaph.

THE ABBEY

Please complete the details on the enclosed booking form if you intend to be present at the service which will commence at 1200. Tickets will then be sent to you. A minibus with seating for 12 will be available to take older members to the Abbey.

Please note: Seats for Members and Guests will be reserved on the left beyond the choir stalls as you look forward towards the altar. Ensure that on arrival at the Abbey you inform the usher that you are a Member or Guest of the Association and ask to be directed towards these reserved seats.

THE LUNCH

The Lunch commencing at 1400 will be held at Wellington Barracks by kind permission of Lt. Colonel E. Armitstead, Officer Commanding 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards.

Price: Veterans of the Campaign Free
Members and Guests £14.00
(including wine)

PLEASE NOTE THAT PAYMENT FOR TICKETS MUST
BE MADE IN ADVANCE TOGETHER WITH A SAE TO
THE SECRETARY BEFORE 17 APRIL.

A minibus with seating for twelve will be available to take older members from the Abbey to the Barracks. Other members will need to make their own way by taxi, though it is not far to walk. Entrance is by way of the gate in Petty France, and you may arrive from 1245 onwards (not earlier). You must ensure that you are booked, and also that you have some form of identification and co-operate fully with the guard at the gate. Once through the gate go to the first floor of the Officers Mess where there will be a cash bar. Lunch will be in the main dining room on the ground floor. There is a lift available. Cars can be brought into the Barracks but are liable to be thoroughly searched. Veterans are asked to wear medals, other members may wear medals at the Cenotaph and at the Abbey Service. Security is very tight and we would ask that everyone books promptly in order that the necessary information can be passed to the Barracks.

AUTUMN LUNCH

ADVANCE NOTICE ***** ADVANCE NOTICE ***** ADVANCE NOTICE

The Autumn Lunch preceded by the Annual General Meeting will be held on 12 October. Full details in the next issue of The Gallipolian, but please reserve the date now.

NEW MEMBERS

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS



AMENDMENTS

0828 Major Pederson now Lt-Col P A Pederson BA PhD PSC

OBITUARY

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

0327V R S ANDREWS
(Sgt 1st R Devon Yeo attached 29th Division)

0405V D Y CUNNINGHAM
(Stoker HMS ANDRINA: Sub Patrol RNR Trawler Sec.)

0247V E L HUTCHINGS
(L/Cpl 2/10 Middx Reg 53rd Division)

0791V H H KISBY
(Sapper RE Signals at ANZAC)

0694V L J MATTHEWS
(CQMS Royal Monmouth RE, 29th Division)

0919V J PEARSON
(Private, 8th Northumberland Fusiliers)

THE BRITAIN-AUSTRALIA SOCIETY.

ANZAC DAY 25 APRIL 1989 - CLIFTON COLLEGE, BRISTOL.

The Remembrance Service this year will be held in the Chapel of Clifton College, Bristol, at 12.00 with the kind permission of the Headmaster, Mr Stuart Andrews. It will be followed by a luncheon.

The College has many links with Australia and in particular with the ANZAC tradition. One illustrious Old Cliftonian was Field Marshal Lord Birdwood of Anzac and Totnes who was G.O.C. Australian and New Zealand Army Corps 1914-18 and A.I.F. 1915-20. Birdwood was recalled from India by Lord Kitchener to take charge of the training of the first Australian volunteer battalions to arrive in Egypt and continued this command during the Dardanelles invasion and evacuation and then France. He was one of the best loved of their commanding officers. We all know that the ANZACS were notorious for not respecting their commanders but the then General Birdwood was one great exception. In later years, when he and his wife made frequent visits to their daughter and son-in-law's sheep farm in Western Australia, many 'diggers' sought him out to say "Good-day" to an old comrade.

Another Old Cliftonian was Australian born Dr. C.E.W. Bean. The only correspondent to go ashore on the morning of 25th April, Bean became Australia's official war correspondent serving in both Gallipoli and France, leading the Australian Historical Mission to Gallipoli in 1919 and being appointed official war historian by the Australian Government. He was acting Director of the Australian War Museum (his creation) in 1919 and later Chairman of the Australian War Memorial Board 1952-1959. During the evacuation of Gallipoli, Bean wrote the words to a very beautiful hymn, "Not unto us O Lord, to tell thy purpose in the blast," which will be included in the Service.

Tickets for lunch are £7 per head and cheques (payable to 'The Britain-Australian Society') should be sent to Mr Ian Gibbins, 100B Pembroke Road, Clifton, Bristol, BS8 3EQ, by 14th April.

0167V C WATKINS

(Lt. 6th Lan. Fus. 42 Div)

0191V G A WATT

(Sgt 5th R Scots Fus 52nd Division)

0329V W G WHEABLE

(Sgt. Signaler, RFA, 301 Bde, 60 Div)

Honorary Treasurer's Report 1988

May I, first of all, thank those members who have made such generous donations to our funds, the total, £332, is the highest annual figure received from members since the Association was formed. Furthermore, thanks to legacies received from members who specifically earmarked their gifts for the Reserve Fund, no less than £559 has been added thereto.

As you will see from the Balance Sheet enclosed with this journal, the finances of the Association are very healthy indeed. Apart from increased subscription revenue, reflecting the enrolment of new members, and, of course, the higher level of donations, there is little in the Accounts to warrant explanation. Some £200 was spent in producing a new Membership List - it is hoped to print another revised List in 1990. £100 less was expended on Sundries than in 1987, I reported last year the reason for the then higher figure than usual under this head.

In 1988 it was necessary for me to send less than half the number of reminders regarding unpaid subscriptions than in 1987. Some dues are outstanding for the current year but I hope the need for reminders will again be reduced.

The Association is indebted to our honorary member, Walter Chapman, who has once again been kind enough to audit the Accounts.

D.F.B.

WITH 'MAPS' AT GALLIPOLI

By Tresilian C. Nicholas *

At Easter 1914, I started to remap the geology of the Llyn peninsula of North Wales with a party of Trinity undergraduates, but on 4 August the 1914 war broke out and that was as far as I ever got with my Llyn project.

The remaining years of my Fellowship saw me almost ignominiously safe in various Army headquarters, usually answering to the soubriquet of 'MAPS'. At first we were dealing with the preparation and issue of small-scale maps, but when trench warfare set in and larger scale maps were needed, surveyors, draughtmen and printers were added and the unit so much expanded by the creation of sound-ranging sections and flash-spotting groups that I was demobilized in 1919 at the Crystal Palace as a Major.

I was one of the fortunate few who had a thoroughly interesting war service. After being trained at the War Office to take up the post of map officer as soon as the Second Army HQ was formed in France, I was sent at a few days' notice to join the hastily assembled expedition to the Dardanelles. I embarked at Avonmouth on 20 March 1915, no man taking the slightest interest in me and bearing nothing to substantiate my right to be wearing a subaltern's uniform save an ordinary Post Office telegram telling me to join a train at Paddington at 11 a.m. It was a relief to find that my name was entered on the list of ship's passengers. I was almost the only subaltern in a crowd of generals, colonels and majors belonging to the "A" and "Q" branches of Army HQ.

* One hundred years old in August 1988, Tresilian C. Nicholas, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge gave a magnificent speech at the Fellows' dinner in his honour. He has kindly allowed us to reproduce that section dealing with his service at Gallipoli. I am most grateful to Lt-Col J M Guyon (1025) for bringing this to our attention. Editor.

We found ourselves disembarking at Alexandria on the appropriate day of April 1st, for many of the transports had to be unloaded and their contents sorted out and reloaded before the military attack on the Dardanelles could be mounted. In a short visit to Cairo, I made the acquaintance of T.E. Lawrence, at that time an archaeologist dressed reluctantly as a subaltern like myself, and attached to the Egyptian Intelligence Staff to deal with espionage. I was startled by his openly expressed disapproval of the Dardanelles operation, but he undertook to act as my liaison with the Survey of Egypt, who had offered to do whatever map printing the Army might require.

There was no air transport in those days and the quickest method of communication between the Dardanelles and Egypt was by a fast ship. There was also the international cable from Lemnos by which coded messages could be sent, but no one trusted them. The only map available to us initially dated from a survey made during the Crimean War, but we had the good fortune to capture after the first landing at Cape Helles, a Turkish set of many sheets covering not only the Gallipoli Peninsula but a large area on the Asiatic shore of the Dardanelles, including the site of Troy. This was hastily sent to Egypt to be reproduced, but so as not to give away the locality of the intended landing I was instructed to order large numbers of each of the sheets, and Lawrence, confident that the policy of the Commander in Chief ought to be a landing on the Asiatic shore, kept shipping hundreds of copies of those maps and delayed the printing of the Suvla maps, disregarding my discreet coded enquires by international cable. In the nick of time the wanted maps arrived, but I had been through some unhappy moments with the General Staff beforehand!

In the event, the Suvla landing was a failure through the use of troops with no previous battle experience, who were unable to press on to their objective before the Turkish army, concentrated 30 miles away at Bulair, could get there. The situation is admirably described by Compton Mackenzie in his book Gallipoli Memories.

Among happier memories of my time on the island of Imbros at Dardanelles Army HQ were the arrival of consignments of College port and Audit ale, miraculously unpilfered but quickly consumed! Also, my success in persuading Leo Amery, who was about to return to England as King's Messenger after a hazardous escape from Bulgaria, to carry back in the diplomatic bag a large fossil tooth of a Mastodon which I had dug out of the cliff, but never expected to get back to the Sedgewick Museum - where it now resides! Indeed, during that dreary autumn I often wondered if I should ever hear again the fountain splashing in the Great Court.

After the final evacuation from Cape Helles I was ordered to Egypt and eventually after fourteen months' absence got back to Cambridge. Quickly donning civilian clothes, I dined in Hall. I was late and found myself sitting beside G.H. Hardy, mathematician and dedicated pacifist. He asked me at once if I did not think the action of the College Council outrageous. I asked what they had done, to which he replied, "Don't you read your Council minutes?" I said I had not seen any council minutes for more than a year. "Whatever have you been doing?" he asked. When I said I had been on war service in the Mediterranean, he gave me a look of extreme disapproval and talked to his neighbour for the rest of the dinner.

THE BROTHER KILROY.

Tom Brooks (1002) writes that he has come across a small number of cases where the next of kin of Gallipoli casualties have an American address. That is 'food for thought' perhaps. As an example, two of the 'missing' on the Cape Helles Memorial, 1485 Private William Kilroy, 1st/8th Manchester Regiment, and his brother, 1560 Private Albert Kilroy, 1st/7th Lancashire Fusiliers, were the sons of Hubert and Emily Kilroy, of 246 Remington St., Bridgeport, Connecticut, United States of America. William was killed on June 4th, and Albert on August 8th, 1915. I find it interesting that each enlisted in a territorial battalion.

WILSON, MICHAEL. DESTINATION DARDANELLES.
Leo Cooper 1988. 194 pages, 22 illustrations,
3 maps, 2 tables. £13.95.

It is 25 years since Dardanelles Patrol by Shankland and Hunter provided a stirring account of the patrols of E11, Lieut Commander Nasmith, through the Dardanelles and into the Sea of Marmora. As a former submarine commander the present author is well placed to provide an account of another Dardanelles submarine, E7. After service in the North Sea and Heligoland Bight she went to the Dardanelles, where under the command of A.D. Cochrane she made a passage through the Narrows at the end of June. During her cruise a number of dhows and brigantines were burned and a steamer of 3,000 tons torpedoed in Mudania. The railway system was harried and on one occasion an ammunition train destroyed. On her second sortie E7 was not so fortunate, being caught in the notorious nets off Nagara Point on 4 September and eventually forced to the surface. The whole crew was taken prisoner, several dying in captivity. After an unsuccessful attempt Cochrane and a small party finally escaped, managed to steal a boat, and sail to Cyprus.

'The Naval History of Britain contains no page more wonderful than that which describes the prowess of her submarines at the Dardanelles'. So wrote Winston Churchill in World Crisis. It is not surprising that both Dardanelles Patrol and now Destination Dardanelles use this stirring quotation. Both are essential reading for anyone interested in the naval actions at Gallipoli.

THE COMMONWEALTH WAR GRAVES COMMISSION AT GALLIPOLI

By John Midgley

Under the terms of its Royal Charter the Commonwealth War Graves Commission is responsible for commemorating the 1 3/4 million Commonwealth servicemen and women who died in over 140 countries in the two world wars. In Turkey it is responsible for the maintenance of 6 memorials bearing the names of 36617 casualties who have no known grave.

To carry out this work a team of 14 gardeners and 4 structural maintenance craftsmen are based on the Gallipoli Peninsula and two gardeners are employed at Haidar Pasha Cemetery at Üsküdar, near Istanbul. A Commonwealth-based Local Supervisor, assisted by a locally-engaged clerk, is based in the Commission's office in Canakkale and is responsible for day to day supervision of the work while overall responsibility rests with the Outer Area Office of the Commission at its head office in Mordenhead.

On the horticultural side the staff on the peninsula are divided into two mobile teams, one based at Helles and one at Ari Burnu. Both have their own vehicles and machinery and although they usually operate independently they are brought together when large jobs need to be tackled. The structural maintenance team moves around the sites on a cyclical basis and covers the whole of the area.

It is now nearly 70 years since the cemeteries on the peninsula were built and planted in what was, and still is, a unique setting. The rather barren surrounding landscape at the time of construction led to the planting of trees within the sites and of tree belts around them. With the passing of time the surrounding area has become, in most cases, thickly wooded while the trees within the sites have matured to a size which is somewhat out of scale. The Commission has recently begun a five year programme of permanent planting and turf renovation in order to take advantage of the changes in the surrounds

of the cemeteries and in order to ensure that maintenance can be simplified in future years. With the kind assistance of the local National Park and forestry authorities steps are also being taken to remove specified trees around certain sites in order to ensure that views of the beaches can be maintained. This renovation work is being carried out during the winter period to enable any new planting to become established before the dry season begins. Once spring arrives the priority will become the normal maintenance tasks of planting, weeding and mowing, and in the summer efforts will be concentrated on watering to keep plants alive.

As on the horticultural side, so with structural maintenance-volume of work increases with age. Normal maintenance tasks include treatment of timber gates, cleaning of stonework and repairing of walls. At several sites work has been carried out to build or improve protective walls which prevent erosion by the sea.

As the grave markers age, particularly in such exposed conditions, re-engraving or replacement needs to be considered. One of the craftsmen has recently spent a month in the cemeteries of the Ypres salient in Belgium gaining experience of on site engraving techniques using air-driven tools and he is now able to use this new skill deepening the inscriptions on the grave markers around the peninsula.

Outside the cemeteries further work is carried on. At local level the Commission is currently discussing with the National Parks Authority the need to improve signposting to the sites on the Peninsula, and at a national level talks have taken place to ensure that cemeteries and memorials are not affected by undesirable development.

What was once a remote and rather difficult area to travel to, is now increasingly popular for both local and foreign visitors and, although the Commission is not able to keep accurate figures, the number of visitors to the cemeteries and memorials on the peninsula has certainly increased over the last few years and looks likely to continue doing so as tourism in Turkey expands.

However, it is not expected that the influx will be so great as to prevent the Commission's present Local Supervisor there, David Richardson, from being able to provide advice and information to visitors, especially those from the Gallipoli Association.

Note: The Commonwealth War Graves Commission, 2 Marlow Road, Maidenhead, Berkshire, SL6 7DX. Telephone (0628) 34221 is always pleased to answer enquires regarding the cemeteries and memorials. John Midgley author of this article is Deputy Director of the Commission's Outer Area, responsible for war graves and memorials in Turkey and 98 other countries.

ROYAL BRITISH LEGION PILGRIMAGES.

The Royal British Legion Pilgrimages to War Graves overseas has another full programme during 1989 including visits to Hong Kong and Japan, Tunisia, Greece and Crete, Southern Italy, Algeria and the Somme.

In 1990 they plan a 75th anniversary visit to Gallipoli. Anyone wishing to receive details of this or other pilgrimages should write to Pilgrimages Department, Royal British Legion Village, Aylesford, Maidstone, Kent, ME20 7NX.

THE S.S. MANITOU
By Tom Brooks (1002)

Although it is not well-publicized, over eleven hundred British soldiers were lost at sea while on route to, or on route from, Gallipoli. The S.S. Royal Edward was sunk on 13 August 1915, with a loss in excess of 850 soldiers. The S.S. Southland was torpedoed on 2 September, with the loss of 32 Australian soldiers. The S.S. Hythe, conveying the 1st/3rd Kent Field Company, Royal Engineers, of the 52nd Lowland Division, was lost in a collision with another vessel. One hundred and fifty-five officers and men perished. The S.S. Mercian went down on the 3 November.

On 16 April 1915, nine days before the British landings in Gallipoli, the transport the S.S. Manitou was accosted by a Turkish torpedo boat, the Timur Hissar. The ship was carrying the 147th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, the artillery component of the 29th Division, numbering some 650 men. At about ten o'clock in the morning, the Turkish vessel came alongside the British ship and gave warning of the impending demise. Accounts vary, but the passengers and crew were given from three to ten minutes to evacuate the transport. The British ship was equipped with life-boats enough for only 240 persons. As one life-boat, containing sixty soldiers, was being lowered, a davit broke, causing the life-boat to crash into the side of the vessel and overturn, spilling the men into the sea. Fifty of these men were to drown.

At the prescribed time, and for a period of about twenty minutes, from ranges of from 50 yards to 900 yards, the Turkish crew launched three torpedos at the stationary target. There is something to be said for consistency, but this is not it. All three torpedos missed.

In response to urgent wireless calls, H.M.S. Dartmouth arrived upon the scene, and the Timur Hissar fled. The Turkish vessel was run-aground on the island of Khios, and destroyed. The S.S. Manitou proceeded on her way to the island of Lemnos.

Alone, on the quiet of the Aegean tide, were the bodies of fifty British soldiers, dead from drowning. Euphemistically, the names of these dead are inscribed on the Cape Helles Memorial, Gallipoli, as, "soldiers buried at sea".

HQ 147th Brigade, R.F.A.

Matchett, Driver J., 6865

10th Battery, 147th Brigade

Cooper, Bty. Q.M.S. William E., 10637

Creer, Driver A., 86232

Doran, Gunner H., 50263

Kay, Gunner W.M., 67781

Meadth, Driver J., 41807

Piddington, Driver W.F.T., 34471

147th Brigade Ammunition Col.

Brown, Driver J., 55847

Chadwick, Driver J., 4619

Clark, Driver J., 80821

Cleminson, Gunner W., 35996

Dean, Driver F.W., 30967

Evans, Driver R., 56007

Locke, Driver W., 30757

Mooney, Driver H., 26122

Pittman, Shoe-Smith W., 11643

Randall, Driver W.H., 84322

Ryan, Driver B., 82539

Snackleton, Driver S., 26402

Shepherd, Driver J.H., 43755

Tetlow, Corporal Shoe-Smith J., 58913

368th Battery, 147th Brigade

Cox, Gunner P., 60128

Harding, Driver W., 86182

Higham, Driver J., 86182 (?)

Limmex, Sergeant C.H., 17060

Mabey, Bombardier C.W., 52988

McDonald, Gunner W., 31105

Martin, Act./Bombardier W.H., 48407

Morse, Driver T.J., 82380
Mulherns, Gunner P., 55348
Patrick, Gunner A.R., 49793
Woodthorpe, Gunner A., 58260

2nd South Wales Borderers

Hogg, Private H., 9983

97th Battery, 147th Brigade

Bancroft, Driver R., 23252
Barnes, Gunner J., 56064
Bayne, Gunner J.D., 25160
Bryan, Gunner W., 6752
Cannon, Gunner G., 55511
Cox, Sergeant G.H., 42767
Crammer, Gunner T.H., 99963
Jones, Driver C.H., 32478
Kent, Sergeant G., 23522
Law, Driver E., 60300
Lawrence, Driver B., 82329
Moffatt, Sergeant R.M., 33674
Musgrave, Driver J.W., 35956
Pettit, Driver H., 78135
Rathbone, Gunner A., 53093
Wallace, Gunner P., 60904
Willis, Gunner T.A., 54881

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PEDERSEN, P.A. IMAGES OF GALLIPOLI Oxford University Press 1988. 136 pages, 95 illustrations, map. £20.00.

What a remarkable book, what a remarkable story. In 1976 the London photographic store of James A. Sinclair had a closing down sale and a collection of some 600 negatives, mostly of the Gallipoli campaign were obtained, and in 1985 passed to Ross J. Bastian, a Melbourne peridonist.

The photographs were most likely taken by Surgeon Charles Henry Shinglewood Taylor, a member of the RND, commanding the 3rd Field Ambulance at Gallipoli. They provide a superb, probably unrivalled record from the moment of embarkation at Avonmouth in February to evacuation some ten months later. All reproduced here are of the highest quality, and the range is enormous. The naval armada offshore, W Beach, Field Ambulance Stations, General Sir Ian Hamilton emerging from his tent, a birthday party and so on.

Dr P.A. Pedersen a leading Australian historian of the Kaiser's War provides the introductory chapter, the lucky owner of the photographs brief details of the collection and of photographic methods during the war. There is just one disappointment. Virtually no information concerning the photographer, to whose skill we are all indebted, is provided. It would have been nice to have learned more. However this is a small quibble in an excellent book.

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION

I have been commissioned to write a new history of the Royal Military Police, and I would be delighted to hear from anyone who has any material relating to their service in the Gallipoli campaign (or indeed, any other campaign before or since). G.D. Sheffield MA, Senior Lecturer, Dept of War Studies, RMA Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey, GU15 3EF.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GALLIPOLI, 1915
(Written in 1930)

By Private (Stretcher Bearer) D.W. RUTTER
8th (Ardwick) Battalion, Manchester Regiment
Royal Army Medical Corps, 42nd Division.

Gallipoli, that "Glorious Failure" of almost fifteen years ago, makes time pass swiftly when one realises that my thirty-sixth birthday is almost here and, at the same time, memories bring back visions of old bosom friends at their last rest there, all those miles away. They were only little more than lads then, of about twenty or thereabouts. The description, "Glorious Failure", is no doubt true when speaking of the campaign, but the latter word of the two, in a way, seems hard after the glorious and immortal deeds that transpired on this wind-swept peninsula.

At the present moment there seems to be a fascination for the reading public in stories of the Great War in its different phases. We have had on this subject books by military men of high rank, statesmen, etc., but what a great deal there is still to tell and describe. Myself, I hold no hopes of furthering this cause of enlightenment, but, at the same time, episodes taken as I found them may be recalled.

Proceeding with the job, I was mobilized when war was declared as were all territorial soldiers and, as a member of the 1st East Lancs. Field Ambulance, a unit of the 42nd Division, we sailed to Egypt in September, 1914, the idea, I believe, was to allow Regular Troops stationed there to return home for service in France and Flanders.

We had about eight months training in Egypt where the division was split up on garrison duty, and also during that stay repelled a Turkish attack on the Suez Canal.

A fact not well known was that part of the 8th (Ardwick) Battalion, Manchester Regiment, took down the Turkish flag and raised the Union Jack in its place at Cyprus, so recapturing it for Great Britain in the early days of the war.

It is a proud boast that ours was the first Territorial Division to proceed abroad at the outbreak of hostilities. Taking the division as a whole, the physique was not up to the standard acquired by the Regular Army, but that period of training in Egypt worked wonders. It transformed us from seedy workers of Lancashire into, as a well-known General on reviewing us said "The Stout East Lancashires", and he also remarked that it reminded him of the Manchester Regiment under his command in the far off days in the South African War.

Another point is that we Field Ambulance men were not soldiers, but we were able to be with them, and what a glorious job ours was, to be able to think that every duty we performed was of a nature to alleviate the hardships of the real hero - "the infantryman". Ridicule was pitched at us, and such titles as "Linseed Lancers", "Poultice Wallahs" and "Bodysnatchers" were common, but in the end many a battered frame of a man gave us a good name after we had got him safely away from the danger zone and that was thanks enough for us.

It seemed in those days that any man who came along for service and was in any way defective was a likely candidate for the R.A.M.C., and what a mistake this was when it came to continual stretcher bearing. The Australians differed from us in this respect. When bearers were needed by them, the finest specimens of manhood was their objective for the task. Personally, my weight on enlistment in 1913 was ninety pounds, and then, after repeated attempts to join as a Drummer Boy I believe I was only accepted because I was proving a nuisance, and, at my best in Egypt, I only increased to about seven stones.

In February of 1915 we heard from naval men whose boats used to put into Alexandria harbour frequently that there had been shelling by warships of the forts at the Dardanelles, and that a landing party had gone ashore. This was, bear

in mind, two months before the advent of a campaign on a large scale. Naturally, the Turks, after this, scenting possibilities of further attacks, concentrated their efforts to fortify every available spot where danger might occur, and they made a good job of it, even to erecting barbed wire in the water.

Then, the 25th of April, 1915, came along, and what happened is common knowledge. A seemingly impossible task was accomplished and one of the most heroic epics of the war was enacted. One beach, known as "Lancashire Landing", seemed to be the important one, and it was here that the immortal 29th Division made history. Our division was not there, but I believe in addition to the 29th, French troops and Australian forces landed further up the coast. When we arrived there were Indian troops and a Naval Division present.

A big steamer, the "River Clyde", ran into the coast as far as possible, then, through a hole in her side, the troops of the 29th Division poured out into lighters to be pulled ashore. It only goes to prove what a task they were set, as these lighters had to be filled under fire, towed landward, meeting obstructions placed in the water, and then many of these men who up till now had survived were caught on barbed wire in the water and held as a target for the defending Turks. Those who reached the shore had then to face the cliffs, on top of which Turkish troops were well entrenched. It was accomplished, but only at a cost. It seems impossible to think that such a number of men could perform what was done.

It was now that our 42nd Division was called upon for service. We were still in Egypt, about three days away, so we embarked for Gallipoli. At this time not much was known about our destination. We saw wounded being brought in at Alexandria and speculation as to our future destination was rife. After about two days out at sea we passed a great many islands. From this sight we gathered that it was not the way to England, and sailors informed us that this was the Grecian Archipelago. A lovely sight some of these islands, large and inhabited, some with rocks standing up boldly to the assault of the ever-beating sea. A peculiarity about these

islands, was the ending of a great number of their names in "os", such as Tenedos, Imbros, Thasos and Lemnos.

Towards the third night of our voyage, rumblings could be heard, and the sky in the distance was illuminated. Getting nearer, we had a splendid view of battleships pouring their broadsides into the land. To me, it brought back memories of the "Belle Vue Fireworks".

Infantry units of the divisions were soon disembarking and put into action. We followed, and I want now to try and relate how it actually seemed from leaving the ship. Rope ladders were put over the side, and the distance to the shore, from memory, was about a quarter of a mile. Below, a naval pinnacle (a ship's boat usually with eight oars) was collecting us as we dropped into it from the ladders, to take us shorewards. The descent down the ship's side had quietened a good many of us, having all our equipment on, it was no easy matter for inexperienced landlubbers. The journey in the pinnacle was slow, and it appeared to be a job calling for the utmost care by the Navigating Officer to avoid obstructions in the water.

Once ashore, what a scene of animation. Parties of men hurriedly marching in different directions, naval men and soldiers in the water erecting small piers. To add to the general commotion, the Turks were constantly shelling the beach. Although out of sight, they knew what was happening. In another place a huge tank was being assembled for the holding of fresh water to be run off in pipes from the ships lying close to the shore. Eventually, we made our way up the slopes, and on reaching the crest we got our first view of the nature of the country. On one side, the Aegean Sea washed the peninsula with the island of Imbros rising majestically across the water; and on the other the narrow gleam of the Dardanelles divided the two continents, Europe and Asia. Looking straight inland, a large hill rose in the distance, roughly four miles, and it stretched from sea to straits with its peak dominating all. This was Achi Baba.

Very little signs of habitation remained. The different bombardments had razed what little there was to the ground.

On the far side of the straits was Chanak, a small place possessing a fort. At the corner of the straits on the Asiatic side, was Kum Kali, another fortified position. Nestling on the side of Achi Baba was a village named Krithia, with its wine presses looking like a miniature gasholder. Our forces just about got up to Krithia, but I believe that was the extent of our progress at Cape Helles, otherwise referred to as "Lancashire Landing". The Australians had landed up the coast to the rear of Achi Baba, and there they remained. The extent of the ground won was about four miles inland, and about three miles wide.

Gradually, the line moved inland, the Turks stubbornly contesting every yard. The firing-line consisted of Indian troops on the left, the British in the centre, and the French on the right, the latter, of course, had been at the original landings. As the line advanced, our units, the Field Ambulances, followed up and built a system of communication. The cliffs provided us with a safe spot to turn a cave into a hospital. Digging it out further, and making steps to the level of the ground above provided us with work, and, when finished, it was crude, with stretchers used as beds for the casualties. But it was a blessed haven of peace for a great many who eventually found their way there.

Round about here our first dug-outs were made, halfway down the cliffs with the sea lapping below. The spectacle from a distance was similar to rabbit burrows as the men dodged in and out of the holes.

In between this and the hospital were intermediate Dressing Stations, provided with bearers, until the Regimental Aid Posts were reached. A "case" would be brought in by relays of bearers who would hand over and return to their original posts. Unfortunately, the nature of the country debarred the use of our horse transport, and the majority of it never landed. Our duties also comprised the carrying of rations, etc. The only Transport about this time was the small Indian mountain two-wheeled vehicles which could travel anywhere. These vehicles looked a quaint sight bobbing over broken ground with their picturesque drivers. Things carried on in the usual manner for about a month, and then

a great attack was made, the date being the 4th of June, 1915.

Early on this day, the warships along the coast made a terrific bombardment aided by the guns ashore. When this finished the troops went forward. This was our first big engagement, and the next few days we had food for reflection whilst dealing with the casualties which were the aftermath of the advance.

One would have thought, no Turk could have survived after such a terrific shelling. The warship "Queen Elizabeth" pounded away with all guns, but, to our amazement, when the smoke cleared, Achi Baba, although battered, still serenely gazed upon us. On this day I happened to be a bearer at an advanced station known as "Clapham Junction", a labyrinth of trenches named previously by the infantry, presumably Cockneys.

"Ardwick Green" and "Burlington Street" were also names given to some of the places of communication, possibly named by the Manchester men. Just after the advance started, casualties started to come through, and by the afternoon it became a procession. Men dragging themselves along, roughly treated for their wounds, some with mud stained puttees acting as bandages or slings, others with eyes bandaged - how they got so far amazed us. To reach these Regimental Aid Posts we had to proceed up what was known as a "Nullah" or "Gully", otherwise a river bed with a little trickling stream running downwards to the sea. In the rainy weather these would be full and constitute something approaching a river. The Turks knew that these places were used, being a shelter for every kind of communication, and they continually swept them with rifle and machine-gun fire.

The procession of wounded men went on until the night, and gave one the impression that there could be hardly anyone left. Still the fighting went on. When night fell, casualties who had been difficult to get, began to come through, and it was a night that will live long in many memories. Men were stumbling up this "Nullah" in the dark, splashing through the water, crawling almost flat, to the accompaniment of shrapnel and the ever whistling bullets

above. During the night, I well remember my colleague and me sinking down in the pitch dark under the shelter of the "Nullah", we had not been there long when he gave out a terrific yell. When I got to him I found that he had put his hand by his side and felt a face. Daylight revealed the solution: Turkish dead, piled at the side of the "Nullah", terribly blackened, almost past recognition as human beings. During these days as you greeted a friend on passing, the uncertainty of it being his last was always in mind. Perhaps, on the return journey, you would get news of the same one's death, all in a few minutes. What an experience of uncertainty prevailed, wondering what was in store for any of us.

An incident occurred that night which will always be with me. We carried a lad down and when the doctor examined him he was beyond all aid. He was terribly wounded, and we were instructed to put him under a shelter with other men who were too far gone to move, a jolt would make their end more agonizing. This boy, he was nothing more, a mere strip of a lad about eighteen years old, his little pale face I can see now. As I bent down to cover him he asked me in a whisper for a drink, and I asked permission, but a drink would have been agony to him so I went back and wiped his tongue with a wet cloth. I heard him all through the night, and each time I visited him he was crying, tears running down his dirt stained face, asking for "Mother". I got the first Chaplain I saw, and he comforted him. When day broke he had left it all behind, and little marble face was beautiful. By his side was a wounded Turk, looking pitifully at him, himself too bad a case to move.

Just a word about the Chaplains - whether C. of E., R.C., or Nonconformist, they were all grand men. All Creeds were alike to them, and the sermons they gave were not of mouth but action. They gave us a real version of the Good Samaritan.

After this action, dragging on for a day or so, things quietened, and we were rested, and then made our way back to our first home, the holes on the cliffs. To us, peace, and as near to safety as we could get. By this time, one's

appearances had been sadly neglected. Washing water was unknown unless you took it from your bottle allowance for the day. Our bodies were dirty and sweat-stained, as this job of ours was real work, especially through the heat of the day, and although warned against drinking any water, many fell to temptation on seeing a trickle coming through the rocks. Often, the beautiful cool water had, in its course, been contaminated.

"Visitors" had also arrived, and during this rest we often had many a good day's sport, "hunting", and we did not require horses! A way down to the foot of the cliffs was found, and a bathe in the sea was a delight and also a washing day. The latter comprised of walking into the sea with shirt on, getting it wet, and then banging it about on the rocks and finally leaving it to dry which it did in very quick time in the hot sun.

We had longed for bread and cigarettes. It seemed a terrible time to wait, but eventually they came. Before this, on one of my journeys down to the beach, a sailor (great fellows with hearts in the right place) came and gave me a pipe minus the stem, and some ship's plug tobacco. As I sat in my hole gazing out to sea its foul smell seemed like a beautiful aroma and so comforting, a real delight, my "Lady Nicotine" in a true sense.

While resting here I remember a concert we held under queer surroundings. All the boys were in a ravine leading down to the sea, on a lovely starry night, with the moon in full splendour. We had some semblance of a platform, and everybody squatted down about it. Upon myself fell the honour of being the only member with an instrument, a small mouth organ. Although so handicapped we had a great affair until a fragment of dirt interfered with the instrument. I believe the mouth organ was boiled and so brought back to life for future events.

At this juncture of the campaign, it became a difficult job at times to recognise acquaintances, any head gear from the wollen helmet, Glengarry, and felt hats were picked up. Trousers were cut to shorts, and many were possessing the makings of a beard. Another quaint point was that badges

of rank were often seen pencilled on braces, or, if the owners wore a cap, on the peak. At times officers could not be readily recognised.

Back we were at the old station, and becoming veterans fast. Reinforcements were steadily arriving, and the place was now losing all its countryside, dug-outs and other affairs were being made, and the place seemed honeycombed with them. The German warship, "Goeben", used to add to our problems by firing from its hiding place well up the Straits, or perhaps in the Sea of Marmara. Firing from such a distance, the rumbling of the missiles approaching used to seem like an eternity, but not so with the ones used by the forts over the Straits. Their effect was a peculiar one. Almost as one heard the report the explosion seemed to follow immediately. No doubt the intervening water accounted for that. The "Goeben", however, did not have matters as she wanted. Lieut. Holbrook, R.N., as he then was, made his daring visit up the Straits by submarine, getting past mines and other obstructions to eventually do damage to shipping, and he safely returned. A great courageous act which was appreciated. He was awarded the Victoria Cross.

In the air, too, although that class of warfare was only in its infancy, we had worthy representatives. One of these, the Manchester-born Commander Samson, R.N.A.S., as he was then, proved a great thorn to the enemy who offered a reward for him, but it was never taken advantage of.

I recall an amusing incident about this time. Things were very quiet, and only the occasional snap of fire was heard. The weather had got to a hot state with a brilliant sun. About two miles behind the lines in a field was a well, of the type we see in our own countryside, with its windlass and rope and brick circular top. Groups of men had come for water and were standing by when a water cart approached. Whether it was mistaken for a gun or not, which was the likely reason, it was not long before it was

opened fire. At this point, one of the men was being lowered into the well to fill the bottles. As the shell burst over and sent shrapnel hissing to the ground, naturally all present fell flat. The windlass was forgotten for the moment, and went hurling round, the unfortunate one on the rope making a rapid descent. As soon as things cleared, his partner made a rush and commenced to wind up the rope. Slowly to the surface the dripping individual rose, and he presented a sorry sight. When he caught sight of his pal, out came the words in a gasping voice, "Well! You are a nice..." which evoked the following reply, "What tha mithering about, tha were a ... sight better off where tha was."

Just then, a second dose of shrapnel arrived, and again down went everybody. When that blew over, the wet one said in a plaintive voice "Let's get out of this... hole". The last I saw of them they were hurrying away over the field, the recently immersed one carrying the stone neck of a bottle by a string. I don't think he had noticed that the bottle had been blown away. What a five minutes for him; and what a humorous situation it seemed to us; and the dialogue, what a grace of speech!

During this hot weather, which by now had become unbearable, the flies (oh what specimens of persistency) were with you everywhere. Perpetual motion was the order of taking a meal, with biscuit and jam in one hand, and a tin of tea in the other. A stranger might have thought that there was an epidemic of St. Vitas's Dance. This pest of flies, together with the bad conditions, were responsible for such diseases as dysentery and enteric fever. If one had the least mishap which broke the skin it was surprising at the quick rate the injury would turn septic and, in that state, would rapidly spread.

One felt sorry for the kilted regiments now

arriving, imploringly they would ask if anyone had a spare pair of trousers. Kilts are quite feasible as wearing apparel in these parts, but where those flies were, the "Jocks" even cast aside this "national pride" of theirs at the first opportunity.

Disease had got a great hold, and was the greatest enemy. Almost everybody, sooner or later, became a victim, some in slight form, others terribly stricken.

We pass on now, to August of 1915. Troops had been arriving steadily for some time and it turned out there was to be another great attempt to break through. This happened in the first week of the month, and another landing was made up the coast behind Achi Baba, at a spot known as Suvla Bay. The plan was that this landing party, up in the same area as the Australians, was to sweep across the peninsula and so cut off the Turkish forces. How this was almost accomplished is only too well known. Had it succeeded, what a different situation may have arisen.

We at Cape Helles made a great attack to draw the Turks whilst the landing referred to was being enacted. Fighting was very severe as the casualties indicated, a very similar affair to the June advance. The infantry, I think, will always remember the "battle for the vineyards". I well remember seeing a party of Turkish prisoners at this time, what a dejected appearance they presented. Almost every man was wounded in some way, some elderly bearded men, others mere boys. They were halted at one of our stations and attended to by the Medical Officer. Water was provided, and by their personal expressions of thanks they did not at all give one the idea of being a terrible race. Contentment at being safe, even as a prisoner, seemed to be their attitude. The only Officer was a little German who gave the impression that he was in inferior company.

Just after these events I fell very sick. Dysentery had got a big grip, and I was sent down eventually to reach our cave hospital referred to previously. Here I lay for a few days, just about conscious, to see the flitting shadows of orderlies attending to us, little more than a bag of bones, and in a wretched condition of uncleanness. Almost distracted by vermin, all possible attention under such conditions was given us. Tinned milk and water was the diet for me, and others of similar disablement. It was all that was available.

The next stretcher to that which I occupied was taken by a large artilleryman who had lost his foot and part of his leg in an explosion. When he recovered consciousness he asked me to scratch his foot as it was itching badly. He could not see, as he lay, but, poor chap, his foot was minus.

Eventually I found myself in a Marquee Hospital on the beach. Here I was marked for the Hospital Ship. We had to stay overnight in this tent, and it proved a most distracting night. Closely crowded together, almost to suffocation, outside, the reports of the beach being shelled, and many crawling about to the latrines in agony. Morning brought its relief, and it was a gruesome procession down to the water's edge. We were taken a little way out to sea in lighters, and then taken aboard a big looking boat. It was my salvation when a big sailor picked me up like a doll and carried me up the ladder. From his arms I caught my last view of Gallipoli.

The boat was not a registered Hospital Ship, and so travelled to England without lights during darkness to avoid enemy submarines. Down below, and the decks above, were crowded with sick and wounded, and the attention was very scanty owing to the shortage of medical staff. The staff were marvellous, working continually, but could not cope with so many. Every place between Gallipoli and England with hospital accommodation was full, and so, eventually we saw the green fields around Devonport come into view. Fortune smiled on me. I was put on a hospital train bound for Manchester,

and on reaching there one cannot speak too highly of the splendid treatment given to us. I was given a hot bath, worth a fortune as I was in such an appalling condition. I could not help smiling at the gingerly way the orderly saw to me and pushed my stinking clothes away with a brush.

Fighting slackened, the weather swung around, from heat to cold, bringing with it more sickness, this time of a different kind. Eventually, with the evacuation, so ended Gallipoli, now again, I presume, a peaceful spot with its crosses dotted about to remind us of dear old faces and hard days.

On evacuation, the 42nd Division returned to Egypt, and were then sent over the desert to where the operations for the Palestine campaign were beginning, and the start of many more hardships. Later, the 42nd reached France, by way of Marseilles, and took part in the action living up to their motto "Go one better". Not a bad record for "Saturday Afternooners".

A well-known cleric once remarked that "The battles for Britain were won on the playing fields of Eton". Very true, but let us add also the playgrounds of the schools in England, Scotland and Wales, the places that produced the type of men seen in the immortal 29th Division. Like their fellow professional soldiers of Mons, they accepted the great task placed before them in this far off corner of Europe, and they succeeded and inspired we who followed.

When ANZAC Day approaches every year, 25th of April, let us remember these brave men, representatives of all our countries.

"A Field-Marshal's baton is in every soldier's knapsack" so the old saying goes, but like a great many more I did not find it there, and finished on the same rung of the ladder on which I had begun.

In spite of all wars, sadness, and havoc, many good points arise such as great friendships formed in adverse circumstances, a new sense of humour, and a thankfulness to be spared.

Even a Private has his opinions on this "Glorious Failure". Much blame was no doubt to be fixed on those responsible for organisation. To General Sir Ian Hamilton, ex-Gallipoli men raise their hats. Far away from Whitehall, he had the actual job to do, and at the mention of our old chief we feel a glow of admiration for him. Many members of the infantry, the soldiers of the war, could say a lot more, and I hope in conclusion, that my remarks mean no offence to anybody. They are my recollections, from memory, of those events during which I served as a "Linseed Lancer".

Private Rutter wrote this account in 1930 whilst unemployed during the depression. He died in 1960, aged 66, but left this account with his son who has kindly let me use it in his book.

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CLARKE, DAVID A. Editor. GREAT WAR MEMORIES THCL Books. 1987. 96 pages, 19 illustrations. £4.50*

In spite of the passage of time literature on the Kaisers War never seems to lose its popularity. Here is a collection of stories which relate to the experiences of the ordinary soldier serving in a variety of roles on a variety of fronts. There are sixteen in all, some short, some of length, some unusual, but all worth reading.

The book is dedicated to Norman Pratt, a former member of the Gallipoli Association who served on the Peninsula with the RAMC, 1st East Lancashire Field Ambulance. He also contributed a chapter to the book but unfortunately died before it was published.

* Available at £5.00 including UK postage or £5.50 overseas from the author at 43 Whitefield Road, Sale, Cheshire, M33 1NY.

THE ZION MULE CORPS

By Anthony N. Pamm

The Zion Mule Corps existed from April 1915 until May 1916 and served in the Gallipoli campaign. At the start of the war Turkey expelled a portion of the Jewish population from Palestine and declared that Jewish colonisation would not be allowed to continue after the war. In the refuge camp at Gabbari in Egypt at a meeting of the refugees in the month of Adar 5675 it was resolved as follows: "To form a Jewish Legion and to propose to England to make use of it in Palestine".

General Maxwell did not expect a Palestine offensive and could not accept foreigners into the British army. The only offer he could make to the Zionist volunteers was to enlist them as a Mule Transport Unit for service on some sector of the Turkish front. The offer was accepted. "To get the Turk out of Palestine we've got to smash the Turk. Which side you begin the smashing, north or south, is just a technique. Any front leads to Zion". (J. Trumpeldor).

Some 600 young men served in Gallipoli, the numbers of the Palestinian refugees being augmented by volunteers from the Egyptian Jewish community. They were commanded by Col. J.H. Patterson, D.S.O. (a gentile) assisted by Joseph Trumpeldor, holder of 4 Crosses of St. George won at Port Arthur, who, although an alien, was granted an honorary captaincy. At the end of the campaign, in which the unit incurred losses, it was disbanded.

Their services were recognised by General Ian Hamilton, G.O.C. of the Gallipoli Expeditionary Force as follows; "The men have done extremely well, working their mules calmly while under heavy shell and rifle fire, and thus showing a more difficult type of bravery than the men in the front line who had the excitement of combat to keep them going".

Can you help me further?

- (i) I require information about Decorations and Medals awarded to members of the Corps, including details of and present location of surviving medals.

- (ii) Confirmation that a DCM was awarded to Sgt. C. (or M?) Erschowitz. Not in London Gazette but given by another source.
- (iii) Confirmation of whether other ranks received the 1914-15 Trio, or just the bronze War Medal.
- (iv) Any information about badges/insignia worn by the Zion Mule Corps.

Please write to: Anthony N. Pamm, P.O. Box 27168
Rhine Road Post Office, 8050,
Republic of South Africa.

STEPHEN, MARTIN. Editor. NEVER SUCH INNOCENCE.
Buchan & Enright 1988. 358 pages, map. £14.95.

The title for this new anthology of Kaiser's War verse comes from words by Philip Larkin. Here some 250 poems by 130 authors, together with an excellent linking commentary. Although some will be household names, Binyon, Blunden, Galsworthy, Herbert, Owen, many others will be new to most readers. Here is trench poetry, soldiers songs, light verse, satire, poems from the home front, at sea, in the air as well as on land.

A welcome addition are the short biographical notes. One will be of particular interest to members - Sidney Walter Powell (1878-1952) who was wounded at Gallipoli. Extracts from his epic poem Gallipoli which runs to 17 pages are included here. It was published in full in Adventures of a Wanderer in 1928, recently reprinted in paperback by Century Classics at £5.95.

If you are looking for an introduction to the verse of 1914-1918 then this is the book, if you already have an interest you will still find much of interest, of enlightenment and hints for further avenues to explore.

BRIGADIER GENERAL P.A. KENNA, VC

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Among the 14 VC recipients who are commemorated in the cemeteries, or on the memorials to those who have no known graves, are two who won their awards in earlier campaigns. One of these was Paul Aloysius Kenna who was born at Oakfield, Lancashire, on 16 August 1862, the second son of James Kenna. He was educated at St. Augustine's College and Stoneyhurst, and then attended the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, being commissioned into the 2nd West India Regiment in 1886. He served in the West Indies and then in West Africa before transferring in 1889 to the 21st Hussars. This regiment later became the 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers and in 1922 was amalgamated with the 17th Lancers - the "Death or Glory Boys". During his time with the regiment in India his magnificent horsemanship made him a most successful gentleman rider. He won many races, particularly in 1893-4, and for 10 years a leading member of the regimental polo team.

In 1908 his regiment was sent to Egypt and it was at the battle of Omdurman, on 2nd September, 1898, that he won his VC. The London Gazette of 15 November stated that Captain P.A. Kenna took a brother officer, Major Crole Wyndham, up on his horse when the latter's mount was killed in the charge, then bringing him to a place of safety. After the Charge, Captain Kenna returned to help Lt. de Montmorency who was trying to recover the body of Lieut. R.G. Grenfell. This officer had been seeking his troop sergeant amongst the Dervishes when he found Lt. Grenfell. As he tried to put Grenfell's body on his horse it bolted, leaving de Montmorency alone with only his revolver to face 2,000 enemy fanatics. Captain Kenna, having seen the incident, went with Sgt. Swarbrick to his aid. They caught the runaway horse and returned the Dervishes' fire with their revolvers before regaining their own lines unscathed.

Major Kenna served with distinction in the South African campaign 1899-1902, originally as Assistant Provost Marshall to General French. Appointed Brigade Major in 1900 he was

given the command of a column in 1901. He took part in the Relief of Kimberley from February to May 1900 and in many operations in the Orange Free State, Transvaal, and also on the Zululand Frontier of Natal in 1901. In 1902 he was made a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order and had been Mentioned in Despatches three times. In 1902 he went on special service into the Somaliland Field Force, commanding the Mounted Troops throughout the campaign 1903-4, being promoted Brevet Lieut. Colonel in September 1904. He returned to England with his regiment and in 1905 became Brigade Major of the 1st Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot. In 1906 he was promoted Brevet Colonel and ADC to the King - an appointment he held until his death.

In 1911 he took command of the Notts. and Derby Mounted Brigade, being promoted Brigadier General in August 1914, and in the Spring of 1915 he took the brigade to Egypt and later on to Gallipoli. During the Suvla operation in August 1915, General Kenna was in command of the 2nd Mounted Division which advanced across the open plain before Lala Baba, via Chocolate Hill. Turkish resistance was severe and casualties were high and although they had gained a considerable distance they eventually had to retire. It was during these actions on Chocolate Hill when he was making an inspection of his front line trenches that General Kenna received a shot through the heart on the evening of 30 August. He was taken back to the beach where he died. His body was later interred in the beautiful but remote Lala Baba cemetery.

General Kenna's first wife, Lady Cecil Bertie, daughter of 7th Earl of Abingdon, died in 1895 and he later married Angela Mary, youngest daughter of Hubert Tichbone Hibbet. They had two daughters. In 1895 he received the Royal Humane Society's Certificate for jumping off the embankment by the River Liffey in Dublin to save a man from drowning.

RICHARDSON, GAVIN. FOR KING AND COUNTRY AND THE SCOTTISH BORDERERS. Published by the author, 1987.
100 pages, 31 illustrations, 3 maps. £4.95.*

The story of the 1/4th (Border) Battalion, The King's Own Scottish Borderers on the Gallipoli Peninsula. Following a visit to the Peninsula in 1981 the author has researched deeply into the history of the Battalion, assiduously tracking down survivors. The Battalion missed, by just a few hours, involvement in one of the worst railway disasters in Great Britain when over 200 men of the Royal Scots were killed just north of Gretna Green. A few days later they sailed on board the Empress of Britain for Gallipoli where they arrived on 14 June and were to remain until the early hours of 8 January. Their most epic action took place on 12 July when over 300 men were killed and 200 wounded in 'The Charge'. In the author's words 'The Flowers o' the Forest were a 'weeded away''. Some were later to die of their wounds, while four died as prisoners of war. Those who survived to tell the tale never forgot it. To this day, each 12 July in Hawick in the Borders, wreaths are laid on the 1514 Memorial and the War Memorial to mark this epic and disastrous day, when according to Ashmead Bartlett 'men got closer to the summit of Achi Baba than anyone else during the campaign'.

A well produced book, the result of detailed research. Highly commended to members both for their bookshelves but also as a model of its kind. Perhaps it will inspire others to set forth and to investigate in detail other aspects of the conflict.

*Available from the author at 94 Meikle Street, Galashiels, TD1 1LP. Price £5.70 including post and packing.

SKETCH MAP
OF
GALLIPOLI
SHEWING THE CEMETERIES

