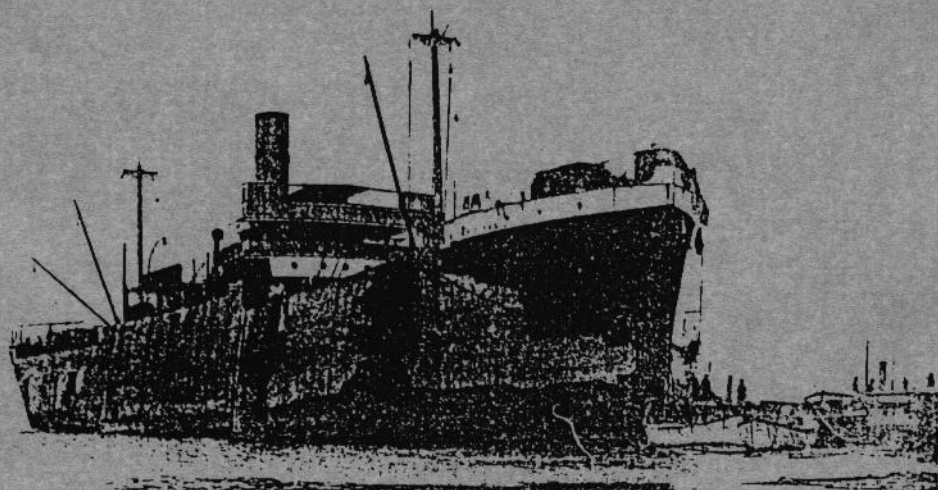


THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE
GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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ANZAC DAY CEREMONIES

1915

75th ANIVERSARY

1990

We have kindly been invited to join the Anzacs at the Cenotaph and at Westminster Abbey on 25 April. A wreath will be laid at the Cenotaph on behalf of the Association.

THE CENOTAPH

Her Majesty the Queen accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh will attend the ceremony at the Cenotaph. This means the arrangements will not be as straight forward as in previous years and Veterans, Members and Guests will need a ticket. Please complete the enclosed booking form and collect your ticket from the Secretary who will be with the Association Party near the Cenotaph from 1000.

After the Ceremony the Queen will meet the Veterans.

THE ABBEY

Please complete the details on the enclosed booking form if you intend to be present for the service which will commence at 1200. Collect your ticket from the Secretary at the Cenotaph, or at the door of the Abbey. On arrival please ensure you inform the usher that you are a Member or Guest of the Association and you will be directed towards a reserved seat.

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 £16.00 (including port
and wine)

PLEASE NOTE THAT PAYMENT FOR TICKETS MUST BE MADE IN ADVANCE TO THE SECRETARY BY 13 APRIL. PLEASE ENCLOSE A SAE IF YOU REQUIRE AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. TICKETS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE ON THE DAY TO THOSE WHO HAVE BOOKED.

A minibus will be available to take older members from the Abbey to the Barracks. Entrance is by way of the gate in Petty France and you may arrive from 1245 onwards. You must ensure you are booked, have some form of identification and co-operate fully with the guard at the gate. You will be directed to the Officers Mess where there will be a cash bar available prior to Lunch.

Veterans are asked to wear medals. Other members may wear medals at the Cenotaph and at the Abbey.

NEW MEMBERS

In the original printed journal, this page and a section of the one following contains names and full addresses of new members.

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



RESIGNATIONS

0880 J D YOUNG

1044 B F GANDY

OBITUARIES

With regret the following names are recorded:

0270V H A HIBBERD
(Pte. 9th Royal Warwickshire Regiment, 13th
Division).

1075V JOHN BOLLON DSM
(3½ months short of his 100th birthday)

THE GALLIPOLIAN N° 62 SPRING 1990

THE END OF THE RIVER CLYDE

By Lella Raymond (0999)

Honourably placed on the cover of The Gallipolian is the old collier the River Clyde, built in Glasgow in 1905. Rightly, it is symbolic of the gallantry that was the struggle to take the Gallipoli peninsula in 1915. My father, Ernest Raymond, with countless others who served in the campaign, held the old ship in reverence for the rest of his life. He tried to save her as a national memorial.

For father, Gallipoli was the crowning experience of the First World War, a war in which he served as an army chaplain in Sinai, France, Belgium, Mesopotamia, Persia and Russia. In 1915, told to report to the 42nd Division, East Lancashire Territorials, he sailed from Mudros harbour to land during the night of 6/7 August on W Beach, Cape Helles. W Beach, where on 25 April the 1st Battalion the Lancashire Fusiliers "approached the shore, towed by eight picket boats in line abreast, each picket boat pulling four ships' cutters, to be mowed down as by a scythe", in the words of Sir Ian Hamilton's first despatch from Gallipoli. And there on V Beach was the River Clyde, grounded alongside, a Trojan Horse in the spirit of the battle of Troy - the site visible across the Dardanelles. The ship was part of that tremendous landing on the 25th, laden in its holds with 2000 armed men, driven and deliberately run onto the shore by the Master, Commander Edward Unwin V.C., R.N., so that the men could rush from its special sally-ports. The gang-plank of the lighters had drifted. Under withering fire, Commander Unwin plunged over the side into the sea, with five other seamen, to secure them. Many of the men died on the gang-ways, in the sea, on the shore. The water around the River Clyde in April was blood red.

As it happened, it was two nights after father leapt ashore on W Beach that Major Cecil Allanson D.S.O., with a battalion of Gurkha Rifles and companies of Warwicks and South Lancashires in the early hours of 9 August and in a splendid dash seized Sari Bair Ridge (with Achi Baba one of the two summits on Gallipoli), 1000 feet above Anzac Cove and Suvla Bay. Sari Bair commanded a view across the peninsula, across to the Narrows of the Dardanelles - the key to the peninsula and the campaign. The sense of elation and achievement, however, was brief. Major Allanson, his men shelled on the summit, was not supported. He was wounded in the leg, and next day was ordered to retire. Allanson, on a stretcher, and his weary water-starved men, came down to a lower line of defence. That year, throughout the whole campaign, no one ever saw the Narrows again.

April 29th, 1919, the war over and four years and four days since the Lancashire Fusiliers, with the support of the River Clyde, stormed V and W Beaches. Father was coming home by a route which had taken him half round the world. Returning from Russia, he had taken a ship at Batum, and was steaming westward across the Black Sea, through the Sea of Marmara, and, as the sun rose, into the Dardanelles. "And now I stood on deck and there, so close to me, in the lovely pellucid Grecian air, lay the long shape of the Gallipoli peninsula". At last he was to see the Narrows, glimpsed by Major Allanson from Sari Bair. "There were the empty dug-outs of the Turks and Germans; and winding its way among the hills went the road down which had poured their reinforcements and guns. There was the gentle swell of Achi Baba, looking no more than an English down. And there, before Cape Helles, red with rust, listing, empty and abandoned, was the River Clyde, still grounded where we had left her (during the evacuation) in a midnight darkness, four years before".

Two months later, the River Clyde was refloated by the Ocean Salvage Company and towed to Malta. That same year she was sold to the Spanish and re-named Angela. Ten years later, in 1929, she changed hands, being bought by another Spanish shipowner, Gumersindo Junquera of Bilbao, and re-named yet again, Maruja y Aurora - plying the coast, no longer with men, but goods. We take up the story many years on.

It was in 1965 and the 50th anniversary of the Gallipoli landings that The Daily Telegraph asked father for a commemorative article to be published on the eve of 25 April. Recalling the strategic importance of the campaign, he went on to describe its classical setting and its 'Attic shape' as of a Greek tragedy: the gallantry and high heroism of the landings - the midnight withdrawal without loss of life. He wrote of Major Allanson's feat at Sari Bair, and of his own return down the Dardanelles in 1919 and the uniquely poignant sight of the old River Clyde. However, the core of the article presented a challenge:

Should you one day be on the quays of Barcelona or Castellon you might see a very old cargo ship bearing the name Maruja y Aurora; and should you go on board her you might notice that her bulkheads are still bent as if they'd once known the blast of shell-fire, and her rails still pocked with marks that suggest a storm of bullets. Go down into her heart and you will see a memorial plaque which pictures her as 'River Clyde V Beach landing /Dardanelles April 25, 1915'. Some of us have always wondered who dared to sell this old collier, with her glory and her story, to Spain, and why she was not brought back to a berth in the Thames, or in Portsmouth Harbour, or, better still perhaps, in the River Clyde.

Is it too late, even now, to bring her home?

and Major Allanson's nephew replied.

In a letter to The Daily Telegraph 29 April 1965, Mr R W Allanson, after alluding to his uncle's valiant stand and his relationship, continued :

Many of my uncle's comrades died on V Beach in the River Clyde landing. I learned with great surprise, and a sense of shame, that this great vessel is afloat under a foreign flag. I can think of no higher memorial to the men who died in the Gallipoli campaign than that she should be purchased from her present owners, as Mr Raymond suggests, and brought home to lie forever in an English, or indeed Scottish, river.

Perhaps anyone who feels as I do would care to get in touch with me, so that ways and means may be discussed and an appeal launched.

This letter resulted in over fifty people and organisations writing with offers of help. In June, Mr Allanson sent a letter to potential supporters headed 'River Clyde' Preservation Trust, while awaiting a reply from the Spanish who, when approached, were sympathetic with the project. However, Mr Allanson was told that the vessel was to be broken up the following year and that tenders from Spanish breakers were awaited. Clearly, the purchase price would need to be in excess of the breakers' valuation. It was thought that £14,000 would have to be raised, plus the cost of bringing her home and fitting her out as a permanent memorial. His June letter continued :

Directly negotiations have been completed with the owners a National Appeal will be launched which Lord Attlee and Sir Compton Mackenzie (both veterans) have been good enough to say they would sign. An approach will also be made to the British Government and the Governments of Australia and New Zealand, as well as to associations connected with the campaign.

The ultimate letter launching the National Appeal was to be signed by Mr R W Allanson, Lord Attlee, Mrs Elliott (daughter of Commander Unwin), Sir Compton Mackenzie and Ernest Raymond.

However, by August the Spanish owners had fixed a sale price of the River Clyde at £42,500 with a request that the contract should be signed fairly shortly, and that the price should be guaranteed. The hopes of the Preservation Trust, and meeting these terms were shaken and finally faded.

When he learned that the River Clyde was to be broken up Mr E N Taylor of Gosport suggested that some effort should be made to acquire the commemorative plaque from the saloon, installed after fitting. Again, without success.

In March last year (1989) I received a letter from Lloyd's Register of Shipping. "With reference to your letter of 20 January 1989 concerning the vessel River Clyde. According to our Casualty Book for 1966, the Maruja y Aurora (ex River Clyde) was broken up by Desguaces y Salvamentos S.A. at Abiles, Spain in 1966. Break up commenced on 15 March 1966".

Father, again in The Daily Telegraph, 6 May 1965, had written:

My idea has always been that she might be berthed in the Thames as a kind of chapel-at-ease to the Imperial War Museum, her holds (which once held the hundreds of men ready to land on V Beach, and in many cases to die) now furnished with the fine diorama, the relief maps, the numerous pictures and other Gallipoli souvenirs at present in the Museum.

What a day it would be for all Gallipoli veterans still alive, and for their children, if the old River Clyde with her wounds still visible, came up the Thames towards a last home, saluted by other ships as she went by.

Saved? it might have been. And in company with Victory, Discovery and the Cutty Sark.

Acknowledgements

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------------------------|
| Ernest Raymond | <u>Tell England</u> Cassell 1922 |
| | <u>The Quiet Shore</u> Cassell 1958 |
| | <u>The Story of My Days. An</u> |
| | <u>Autobiography 1888-1922</u> |
| | Cassell 1968 |
| | <u>Gallipoli Revisited</u> Article |
| | <u>The Daily Telegraph</u> 24 April |
| | 1965 |
| Eric Bush | <u>Gallipoli</u> George Allen and |
| | Unwin 1975 |

COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUES

Through the initiative of Dr Ross J. Bastiaan of Melbourne, Australia, ten bronzed plaques, each approximately three feet by two feet and weighing 120 pounds, are being taken to Gallipoli. Some £21,000 was raised from Australian companies towards the cost, Qantas is flying the plaques gratis to Europe and the Commonwealth War Graves Commission is kindly erecting the plaques. The one at Lone Pine will be unveiled by the Australian Prime Minister on 25 April.

Dr Bastiaan has kindly provided the Association with the text of the plaques. Members will heartily commend him for bringing this far-sighted project to such a successful conclusion.

No.1

ARIBURNU

At 0430 hours on 25 April 1915, 36 rowing boats landed the first Australian soldiers around this point and at Anzac Cove. Immediately they climbed the 100 metre hill behind you (Plugge's Plateau) and by 1000 hrs secured a front line (seen from the Hill Top Road) from the Nek, Quinn's Post, Lone Pine and to the south beyond Shell Green. 250 Turkish soldiers opposed the initial landing and by day's end, assisted by 8,000 reinforcements, they contained the 16,000 Australian and New Zealand soldiers landed. By evening each side had suffered 2,000 casualties and both were deadlocked along a front line that changed little until Allied evacuation on 20 December 1915

No. 2

ANZAC COVE

This beach, 600 metres long by 20 metres wide was the lifeline to the Allied soldiers within the Anzac perimeter. Because of Turkish shellfire, supplies could only be landed at night and carried by men and mules along tortuous and dangerous tracks to the front line -- casualties were evacuated the same way. The Australian and New Zealand Headquarters were located 100 metres from the beach and within 1000 metres of the front line. On the hillsides above the beach, thousands of men lived in small dugouts during the 240 days of the campaign.

No. 3

SHRAPNEL VALLEY

Men and supplies moved down this valley to the allied front line which stretched between Quinn's Post and Johnson's Jolly. Sheltered areas of the valley housed thousands of men in terraced dugouts, many of whom provided medical, communication and engineering support. One kilometre ahead, Monash Valley branches to the left. It had provided the only access to Quinn's, Courtney's and Steel's Posts (these can be seen on the horizon of the distant ridge, they are now marked by white walled cemeteries flanked by slender pines). Overlooking the length of Monash Valley was the 180 metre Turkish-held hill, Baby 700, from which snipers fired constantly.

No. 4

SHELL GREEN

Above the cemetery is Bolton's Ridge which was the main defence position on the right flank of Anzac. The principal trenches were on the crest while forward positions lay 200 metres beyond. Along this side of Bolton's Ridge dugouts provided shelter and rest areas for soldiers. Artillery batteries were concentrated here as Artillery Road provided good access to the beach and the rear positions of Lone Pine. Besides a hurried cricket match on December 17, this flat area was rarely used as it was much too exposed to direct Turkish observation and shellfire.

No. 5

LONE PINE

On 6 August, 1915 at 1730 hrs Australian soldiers emerged from their trenches located to your right; they charged across 60 metres of flat open ground to the Turkish log-covered trenches located round the site of the memorial. By 1800 hrs the Turkish trenches had been captured, but for five days the worst fighting of the campaign raged around this area. The attack was designed to draw off Turkish reserves from the Chunuk Bair and the Suvla Bay landings (8 km north). It resulted in the deaths of 2,200 Australians and 4,000 Turks.

No. 6

COURTNEY'S POST AND STEEL'S POST

On the morning of the landing Australian soldiers reached this ridge and on it's seaward side they dug in to form a forward line. Despite further attempts this line advanced no further and throughout the campaign both sides fought at close quarters across the length of the narrow crest now covered by the road. The cemetery is built over tunnels dug from the south of Steel's Post. The front line trenches of both sides were located just forward of the crest with support trenches 5 to 10 metres below and the main reserve trenches a further 15 metres down.

No 7

QUINN'S POST

This was the most important and dangerous position on Anzac. Opposing forces were separated by, at most, 15 metres and in some places by the width of a road. The Allied trenches ran from beneath the cemetery down into Monash Gully. The Turkish commenced just beyond the Metal Road and ran down into Mule Gully. A network of trenches and tunnels riddled the area; exposure above these invited certain death. Hundreds died in futile attempts to take the other side's trenches. Loss of this position would have exposed both armies' rear positions.

No. 8

THE NEK

This key position, defended vigorously by both sides, saw repeated attacks across this narrow ridge. The Anzac trenches were located close to the cemetery. The Turkish trenches originated near to the raised dark stone memorial on your right and ran in 8 tiers to the top of the first hill (Baby 700). A courageous but futile attack by the Australians was made on August 7, 1915, when over 300 men were killed in the area immediately in front of you.

No. 9

CHUNUK BAIR

New Zealand and British soldiers climbed from the beach under cover of darkness and launched a surprise attack on this hilltop, capturing it on 8 August 1915. They held the area immediately around the New Zealand memorial for 2 nights until, against constant and courageous counter-attacks, the Turks retook the summit. As part of this offensive, British forces landed 7 kilometres to the north at Suvla Bay and by mid-August most of the area between the foothills and Suvla was in Allied Hands. The Turks however held the vital high ground and never again were the Allies to view their goal -- the Dardanelles.

As the highest point (305 metres) on the Sari Bair Range Hill 971 was used as an observation and gun battery position by the Turkish command. Suvla Bay, with its salt lake lie to the North-West. On August 6, 1915, the British landed at Suvla to attempt the capture of all surrounding hills and support an attack from the Anzac perimeter (three kilometres South-West from here) against this summit. Both initiatives failed badly, the Allies captured some of the foothills and flat plain below. The British and French battlefields at Cape Helles lay twenty-seven kilometres to the south, at the tip of the peninsula.

BRUCE, ANTHONY AN ILLUSTRATED COMPANION TO THE FIRST
WORLD WAR Michael Joseph 1989 424 pages, 200 illustrations and maps, ep maps. £19.95

The publishers claim this to be a 'complete A-Z guide to the war'. Certainly the 800 or so entries are detailed, and where appropriate supported by clear maps. They commence with A7V Sturmpanzerwagen (49 lines) and conclude with the Zimmermann Telegram (23 lines). If one has a criticism of the book it is not so much with what is omitted, and we will all have our personal choice in this, but the rather excessive technical detail concerns planes and vehicles. Less would have allowed more room for information about the personalities involved. Indeed that to me is the main value and interest, the short biographical note of the commanders, not the British for one usually has other information to hand, but those from the continental powers. The air aces are included, but no mention of the great submarine commanders, and there are several which justify a place in the book, including those who successfully forced their way into the Sea of Marmara. A nicely produced book, and a good general reference which will surely quickly lead the reader on to more detailed works.

1915 GALLIPOLI 1990

An exhibition to commemorate the 75th Anniversary of the Gallipoli landings on 25 April and the subsequent campaign.

25 April to 31 May

The University of Leeds (Edward Boyle Library).

The University of Leeds is mounting a major and unusual exhibition drawing upon the uniquely comprehensive and fascinating Dardanelles/Gallipoli holdings of the Liddle Collection to document Britain's first large scale, inter-allied 20th century Combined Operation of war. Imaginatively conceived and illustrating the preliminary bombardments and shore party demolition work, the assembling of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force and then the drama of the April landings at Cape Helles, Kum Kale and North of Gaba Tepe, the exhibition fully takes account of the undersea and air support elements in the campaign. After coverage of the May to July battles, the new landing at Suvla and the struggle for the heights above Anzac, the exhibition depicts the tribulations of dysentery and then of the extreme climatic conditions of November, till, against all the odds, skilful carrying out of well-laid evacuation plans is successfully effected in December and January. In telling a tale of exceptional interest, a distinctive audio element is an integral part of the lay-out of this exhibition nicely complementing displays which make surprising use of colour.

There will always be debate over the concept, conduct and impact of this campaign but here in Leeds will be seen graphic documentation of "what it was like to be there". The spirit of Gallipoli is quite remarkably captured. Whether the visitor were to be drawn by

interest in the campaign itself, the Naval or Air aspects, the service of certain regiments, the exploits of those who were awarded the Victoria Cross or the endeavours of unsung individuals who left letter, diary, art, photographic or three-dimensional evidence of their service or whether he were to wish to see the appearance of the landscape today, it is unlikely that he will be disappointed.

If you would like more information on the exhibition (open throughout normal library hours, admission free) or on the Liddle Collection and in particular its association of "Friends" of the Collection, please write to the Hon. Sec. of the Friends : Mrs A. Artymiuk, The Liddle Collection, Edward Boyle Library, The University of Leeds, Leeds LS2 JT.

Peter Liddle, Keeper of the Collection and a member of the Association, extends a warm welcome to any Veterans who wish to attend either the official opening of the Exhibition on 23 April, or the viewing by Friends of the Liddle Collection the following day. Veterans requiring further details are asked to contact Peter Liddle, Dipity House, 282 Pudsey Road, Bramley, Leeds LS13 4HX (0532 561255) or the Edward Boyle Library, Leeds LS2 9JT (0532 335566), who will be pleased to provide an invitation to the Exhibition.

HONORARY TREASURER'S REPORT - 1989.

The Audited Accounts and Balance Sheet for the year ended 31 December 1989 accompany this issue of the journal. I am pleased to report that our finances have again improved as evidenced by an increase in the cash position by over £650.

Nearly forty subscriptions for 1990 are outstanding - PLEASE, if you are one of the guilty ones, let me have a remittance without the need of a further reminder.

D F Bland

GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL LECTURE

The annual Gallipoli Memorial Lecture will take place on Thursday, 26 April 1990 at Holy Trinity Church, Southend Crescent, Eltham, London SE9 at 8 p.m. The Lecture has been given in past years by General Sir Hugh Beach, The Right Honourable Edward Heath MP, HRH Prince Philip, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr John Grigg. The Lecture this year will be given by Professor Robert O'Neill, Chichele Professor of the History of War at Oxford.

Tickets can be obtained by application to the Reverend C Lowson, The Vicarage, 59 Southend Crescent, Eltham, London SE9 2SD. Early application is advised as numbers are limited.

GIBSON, T.A. EDWIN L. WARD, G. KINGSLEY, COURAGE REMEMBERED HMSO 1989 282 pages, 7 colour, 8 black and white illustrations, 4 ep maps £13.95

A high class publication which alas does not quite live up to expectations. This is a history of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. The first part historical is largely a short history of the two world wars and surely need not have figured in this book which should have commenced with Part II, a history of the War Graves Commission and its operations. Part III, with the heading Interest and Reference was the part I looked forward to, yet was again disappointed. There are chapters on the cemeteries and memorials and of visiting these. One chapter is headed Victoria Cross and George Cross recipients who died in the war periods but another disappointment short notes are given on only 47 of the 444 so honoured. The Miscellany is a treasure trove though one is struck by the absence of a reference to Colonel Doughty-Wylie and his lone grave at Sedd-el-Bahr. How many such one graves are there? Why curtail the best parts of the book with a glossary of military terms 19 pages in length. The appendices provide valuable lists of cemeteries, and memorials, but why no index. Despite the disappointments, and the criticism, one still recommends the book to members, at the same time hoping that a really full account will eventually be published.

IN THE DARDANELLES

Published in the Carmarthen Journal, 1915*

Mr R.J. Evans, Kings Arms, Priory Street, Carmarthen, has received the following interesting letter from his brother Mr. Thomas Jones-Evans, who belongs to the 9th. Battalion (Australian) operating in the Dardanelles.

No. 15, General Hospital,
Abbessieh School,
Alexandria.
May 4th. 1915.

My Dear Brother,

Well, I am safe at the above place since I wrote you a postcard a few days ago from on board the hospital ship Lutzow, which I hope you got safe before you read any account of the 9th at Gallipoli. Well to go back a while, we left Egypt March 1st for an unknown destination and on the 5th we landed on an island called Lemnos, but we were not allowed to say where we were in our letters, hence the reason I only sent you postcards just to say I was keeping well as we expected to move any day so we were kept in that state for about four weeks on an island. Then we went aboard the transport Malda once again, - always ready to move at a minutes notice, as they were waiting for both weather and moon, so at last we got the welcome news to be ready to move next day at 11 a.m. (24th April) so at 11 a.m. next day two companies, A and B were taken by a destroyer and put aboard H.M.S. Queen when I came across Signaller Williams of Neville Street, Llanelli, so we spent several hours together, in fact till I left at midnight, and he was going on duty. The man-of-war was creeping along in complete darkness, no lights showing, and all still as death, so at 12 o'clock

* Sent by J. Lewis (1091), the author of the letter being his great-uncle.

midnight we stopped and we all got into the lifeboats, three of them to each picket boat, which towed us where we knew not, but somewhere to land was all we knew, not a word spoken all the time. So you can imagine the feeling travelling in dead silence at dead of night. Well at last the moon went down (how I watched that moon) - and then the boat went a bit faster in the darkness, and order was passed along "keep cool and quiet when landing, only bayonet to be used, no shooting". So we spotted a dark headland, and we knew we were drawing near the land. Soon after the tow boats left us, and we started rowing for the shore (50 in a boat), in all we were A and B cos., of the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th Battalions of the 3rd Brigade, and other companies to follow as soon as we got a safe landing. But, Oh God, about 20 yards from the shore the Turks opened a murderous fire on us from the hill behind with rifle and machine guns, so we got the order to get out as quick as you can, and we did landing up to our waists in water with bullets all around us. Several boatloads were wiped clean out, but as soon as we got ashore we got the order of fixed bayonets and charge the hill in front, and up it we went 300 feet up a steep hill till we got to the first trenches and charged right in, scattering them in all directions, as they would not stand cold steel at any price. Then we opened fire on them. I was fairly done up, and wet from head to feet, but took no notice of it then, but soon came the order to take the other hill behind, over 500 feet high. It is still a mystery to me how ever we got to the top, as in some places it would puzzle a goat to keep its feet, besides, we were facing a perfect hail from rifle and machine guns, but we got through it all, although by this time our casualties were very heavy, we still advanced inch by inch, as now they were getting their big guns pouring shrapnel into us. It was hell itself pouring showers of shot and shell over us, but now we were losing very

very heavily both in dead and wounded, but now our artillery came into action, also the naval's got their 12 ins. going at them, but the country is full of shrubs about three feet high. It was hard to see the full effects, but we could see them bursting right amongst them, playing great havoc; thus it continued from 4 a.m. till about 6 p.m. when I got shot in the left shoulder, while several got me in the clothing but no harm. I was taken back under fire the whole time, and an occasional shell burst over us. I was with a lot of others in the boat straight to the H.M.S. Prince of Wales (as shells were bursting all over the beach) where I got dressed. Next day I got transferred to the transport Lutzow and came on here with 400 others, besides two other hospital ships. I am afraid very few of the 9th are left, as we were right in the thick of it. The Major and two Lieutenants of my company were killed. In fact, I dread looking forward to seeing the official list when it comes out. Such a day I shall never forget, although God knows I hope never to see again, although I hope to be able to return and do a bit more for the glory of Wales. I read carefully in the "Journal" of the Welsh boys letter from the front. I am doing well so don't worry about me.

Will write again soon,

Tom.

LIVESEY, ANTHONY GREAT BATTLES OF WORLD WAR I
Michael Joseph 1989, 200 pages, numerous colour and
black and white illustrations, maps, £19.95

Some nineteen battles or campaigns are briefly described, the text being more than supplemented by the illustrations, the photographs, maps, but above all the quite outstanding colour plates. The picture of a Cossack at Tannenberg, Hindenburg and Ludendorff poring over a map, the capture of a railway gun by the cavalry, the attempt by the Gloucestershire Hussars at Nazareth to capture Liman von Sanders who managed to escape, albeit in his pyjamas. The landing from the River Clyde will be a familiar scene, not so the final departure from Anzac on 20 December. Is the lie of the land quite as shown by the artist?

Dardanella Jane and Gallipoli Mary

By Nevin Anthony (0796)

A letter in The Times, 3 July 1989 prompts me to draw the attention of members to the unusual link, up to a few years ago, between the South Wales coalfield and the Kaiser's War. With the return of the miners to the pits at the end of the war it became a common practice to name the underground "districts" after the battles that the men had participated in.

In the 23 mines then working in my local valley 16 of them had districts called either Gallipoli, Suvla or the Dardanelles. Other districts were named Hill 60 (of Ypres ill-fame), Pilckem and Mametz.

In 1984 six mines were working in the valley. One of these had a Suvla district, another a Gallipoli and the third a Mametz district. Only one mine is now working in the valley and with the practice of numbering districts instead of naming them in vogue, this unique connection with the First World War has been lost.

Another link with the Great War was in the naming of the children. The register of the two local schools in 1925 records eight children with battle names included in their Christian names. These were Gallipoli (1), Dardanelles (1), Suvla (2), Ypres (2) and Verdun (2). Surprisingly today's register still lists one Suvla, one Ypres and one Verdun.

Gallipoli Seventy-five Years On

R M Love (1106) and B W Love (1107)

The peninsula has probably seen more changes in the last seventy-five years than in the previous thousand. There has been considerable agricultural development and modernisation of communications. Tourists have now discovered the area and there is a tarmac road running from north to south which in the summer carries thousands of tourist vehicles to the Dardanelles ferry ports of Gelibolu and Eceabat. Along this road and adjacent to it are the clutter of facilities one associates with a modern vehicular society. The Dardanelles themselves are always busy with ships plying their way back and forth to places with romantic sounding names. But for the occasional war ship passing through, with its missiles and armaments, and the odd military installation, the trappings of war have been completely eradicated with time - except in the places where they have been retained as reminders of what did happen here.

The fortress at Kilit Bahir, Canakkale and Seddulbahir are still there although the gun emplacements now stand empty and quiet except for the odd reminder of past days - a shell crater in a wall here, a demolished and dismounted gun there.

Standing on the observation gallery in the fortress at Canakkale one can look down the straits to Morto and Eren Keui Bays and easily imagine the awe with which the Turkish soldiers must have viewed the might of the allied fleets in the early spring of 1915. Even more overawing must have been the effect of the bombardment and one can imagine the relief and jubilation of the

of the gunners when the Bouvet disintegrated in one huge explosion, and other ships began to falter until finally the fleet retired, never to return.

Today, commercial shipping plies its way over the watery graves of those brave French and British sailors who died in 1915. The names Bouvet, Inflexible, Irresistible and Ocean are no longer familiar to the modern traveller. However, they have not been lost in the annals of time, but are engraved forever on the Cape Helles memorial which stands like a sentinel on the southern tip of the peninsula looking out over the Aegean Sea and Asian shore. The peninsula itself has, in some areas, changed dramatically. Unknown to the allied soldiers in 1915 was the fact that in many places fresh water was only just below the surface. This water is today being utilised for agricultural purposes and in low lying areas, where the soil is suitable, fruit trees and tomatoes grow abundantly. In other areas wheat, sunflowers, cotton and sesame seeds are the major crops. The Turkish forestry commission are developing the less arable areas for timber production and conifers predominate on the high ground.

The road to Anzac is now tarmacked and runs beside the old dirt track over which the Mehmet marched on their way to the front. Travelling along this road from the Dardanelles one first passes over flat agricultural country and then in the distance one sees clearly the hill-covered ridge of the Sari Bair heights and the white memorials. This is the Anzac battlefield.

Everything is peaceful now, except for the odd shot from a hopeful hunter, but there is still an atmosphere about the place which some people find oppressive. The front lines are overgrown with thorn bushes, shrubs and trees but it is still possible to walk along the ridge and the stark, white crosses standing sentinel in the silent cemeteries remind you of the events of many

years ago. From the ridge the gullies and ravines running down to the sea are still uninviting and ominous and one has difficulty in imagining how men could ascend and even live on them, let alone fight for survival. From Lone Pine, The Nek and Chunuk Bair the views are splendid yet deceptive. In spring and summer the conifer green of the hills stands out in contrast against the azure blue sea and clear sky. In autumn and winter rain turns the soil into a gelatinous mass which, when the north wind blows, freezes and solidifies. The views are deceptive, because, from a military stand point, they over-look the whole area and it was this fact beyond any other that doomed the attack. The force that controlled the high ground dominated the battle, and it was the Turkish army who, against great odds, held the Anzacs at bay and finally won the day.

One can swim from the beach at Ari Burnu or Anzac Cove and only wonder how so many men could have crowded, and probably more importantly, on such a narrow stretch of land, survived. The gullies and ravines leading up from the shore look more of a challenge and the sheerness of the rock faces and the heavy undergrowth restrict movement towards the ridge. Above you the Sphinx stands guard over the left wing and to your right is Bolton's ridge, one of a series of natural barriers.

A few miles north along the coast is Suvla Bay and behind it the salt lake. On the beach, south of Lala Baba, there are some holiday home developments. The low lying land, surrounding the salt lake, has been developed for agricultural purposes and seems to be flourishing. However, the natural horse-shoe of hills still stands as a silent memorial to those who died trying either to take or to defend them. On the side of these hills, facing towards the sea, are the cemeteries, silent reminders of the toll taken in human lives during what the Turks call "The Canakkale War".

Further south beyond Krithia, modern Alcitepe, the scenery is again predominantly agricultural. Achi Baba still dominates the area and gradually the countryside slopes down towards the south, Seddulbahir and the sea. Gulley Ravine and the various spurs, which in 1915 were the centre of much fighting which took many lives, are now peaceful places where in the spring one can walk, listen to birds and wonder at the natural beauty of the area. Farther south is Cape Helles and here are the memorials, both Allied and Turkish, commemorating those who fought and died here. The natural horseshoe of low hills, that made of "V" Beach a death trap, are now being developed for holiday homes and on the beach itself is a Motel and camp site. "V" Beach cemetery and the imposing Turkish fortresses still stand as reminders of the past, and in some places there are the remains of guns and emplacements. In this area there are also graves dedicated to Turkish defenders, though these are rare.

"W" Beach is now part of a military encampment and access is difficult. However, this is the one beach in the area that has only been ravaged by time, not progress. The remains of piers made out of barrels filled with stones are still visible as well as many wrecked old boats, possibly small craft used for landing troops. On the cliff, overlooking the beach, is the remains of an old boiler, perhaps even a water still, but it is deeply buried in the ground and too heavy to move.

The modern visitor in summer will still find the peninsula a hot, dusty, arid and inhospitable place. There tends to be a wind from the north, often strong, which reduces the temperature but away from this wind, At Anzac for instance, it can be intolerably hot. In winter it can be changeable. When the wind is from the south it tends to be warm and wet. A northerly wind, coming out of Russia, means cold weather, sometimes very cold, with biting winds, cold rain and even snow. In spring the

weather can be lovely but deceptive with sudden storms and rapid changes dependent upon the wind direction. Autumn tends to set in suddenly and the weather becomes much cooler as the nights draw in.

In a country like Turkey, which is rapidly developing its tourist facilities, one wonders how long it will be before the calm of Gallipoli becomes broken by the hustle and bustle of modern tourism. Fortunately, it is not a popular area, relative to the resorts farther south, and most of the tourists are in transit to those areas where the summer season is longer and hotter. Some do stop, particularly Australians and New Zealanders, to visit the battlefields or enjoy a quiet holiday. The beaches and sea are clean, although the latter tends to be chilly. However, in summer, with the prevailing northerly wind, the land temperatures very rarely get unbearable and from April to October it rarely rains. For the moment, it is an ideal spot to stop for a while in order to rest and recharge one's batteries ready to tackle the hurly-burly of modern life.

FIRST IN, LAST OUT

The title of a book to be published in Great Britain on 30 April and which will be reviewed in the autumn Gallipolitan. The author, Lieutenant T.R.Frame, Royal Australian Navy, invites members to attend the launch of the book at Australia House in the Strand on 30 April. This is the 75th anniversary of the loss of HMA Submarine AE2, Australia's first naval loss in action.

Anyone requiring information is asked to contact Lieutenant T. R. Frame, Research Officer to the Chief of Naval Staff, Navy Office, Russell A-4-14A, Canberra, ACT 2600

PRISONERS OF THE TURKS

By J.D. Stott (0993)

There are no reliable figures of the total prisoners taken by the Turks in the Gallipoli campaign. According to the Official History, 7698 British and Dominion Army personnel were missing or taken prisoner. The report then goes on to say the number of missing was believed to be 7,221. Those statistics did not however include the British and Dominion Navy, nor indeed any of the French contingent. Another set of statistics from the same source quote a separate figure of 304 British as prisoners of which 96 died in captivity. A more accurate appraisal may perhaps be derived from a communication prepared in February, 1916 by the American Ambassador in Constantinople and forwarded to his opposite number in London which contained internment lists of 492 British and Dominion Army and Navy personnel whose units can be attributed to the campaign. This listing will now be reproduced in sections in The Gallipollian, commencing the current issue with the 4th Worcesters.

Subsequently most of the other ranks listed appeared in another communication sent by the Turkish Red Crescent to the International Red Cross, stating they had been transferred to various work camps on the notorious Anatolia railway. It was in these camps that the high proportion of deaths occurred as a result of the inhuman conditions imposed by their captors. To this end I have identified those who died in captivity by appending the date of death. In the early 1920's the graves of those unfortunate souls, where they could be located, were gathered in and individually re-interred in Plot XXI Baghdad (North Gate) War Cemetery. Those who could not be found are commemorated on special memorials in the same cemetery. The location of their final resting place has also been appended. Some of the later deaths obviously occurred at Nisibin, which then marked the furthest point of construction of the railway line by the end of the war.

List of prisoners from 4th Worcesters (29th Division) in Turkish hands as notified via the American Ambassadors in Constantinople and London on 18th February, 1916.

NUMBER	NAME	COMPANY	DIED	BAGHDAD	MIL.CEM.
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Angora Internment Camp

	Major Herbert A Brett				
	Lieut John Entwistle	X			
	Lieut John Stone				
	Samuel Jasper	X	07.10.16	Plot XX1	
5699	Ernest Jinks	X			
12962	David Lewis	X			

Afion Kara, Kiangri Internment Camp

20189	Ernest Ballard				
8419	Noah Banks	X			
22119	Edward Bayton		06.01.17	Angora Memorial	
21936	William Bennett	W	23.10.16.	Plot XX1	
9082	Samuel Booth	X			
10337	Henry Bradley	X	31.10.16.	Plot XX1	
11101	Ernest Branchett	X			
21243	Arthur Britton	W			
17813	Albert Burton	X			
8314	Herbert Cheek	X			
12414	George Cook				
21202	Henry Davies	X			
21613	Thomas Dimmock	X			
12428	James Gill				
12218	Albert Hall	X			
10582	Edward Harris	X			
19945	Robert Harris	W			
11670	Harry Hemmings	X			
21212	Charles Hodges	W			
13772	Thomas Hunt	X	21.02.16	Plot XX1	
20289	Robert Ingram	X			
13088	Thomas Jarman	W			
20329	Sidney Lawrence	W			
22082	Alfred Lee	W			
21170	William Lowe	X			
12569	Leonard Moore	W			

22008	James Morgan	X	15.08.16	Plot XX1
9012	Joseph Morris	X		
8513	Edward Napier	W		
9045	Henry Nash	W	31.08.17	Plot XX1
18130	Sidney North	X		
9282	Edward Peacock	X		
11501	Albert Phillips	X		
12085	Alfred Pinfield	X		
20160	William Putney	X		
9224	William Ray			
15299	Charles Reddington			
9502	Samuel Richards	W		
10408	James Roberts	X		
18617	Alfred Stanley			
9406	William Stockall	X	06.12.16	Angora Memorial
12747	John Stokes	X		
9320	Alfred Styles			
10905	Frank Taylor	X	16.07.17	Nisibin Memorial
20042	Ernest Turner	X	25.01.17	Plot XX1
20054	Arthur Waldron	W		
17410	Charles Walker	X		
10143	Thomas Walsh		24.04.18	Nisibin Memorial
12031	Thomas Watkins	W		
14663	Alfred Wand	X	03.11.16	Plot XX1
12586	Edward Webb	W		
21608	Wilfred Whittle	X	30.10.18	Nisibin Memorial
21171	Herbert Whitworth	Z		
21348	Enoch Willmore	W		
20163	John Woodcock	X		
19811	Arthur Woodward	X		
21456	Samuel Yardley			

Constantinople Internment Camp

22204	A Collier			
20133	Samuel Jones		10.02.17	Plot XX1
8950	James Powell	X		
8741	William Summers	W	19.04.16	Plot XX1
21550	Harry Wilkinson			
10330	Joseph Willets	W		

Internment Camp Not Known

12641	Martin Bird	X		
14578	Randolph Whitcombe	X		

To be continued with 6th East Yorks (11 Division)

A LUCKY ESCAPE

Members will be interested, and relieved to learn that one of our veteran members, Syd Blythman, aged 97, has an extremely lucky escape during the earthquake which struck parts of New South Wales on 28 December 1989. As is his practice on Thursday mornings he was making his way to the Newcastle R.S.L. Club, and was less than 50 yards away when the earthquake struck completely destroying the Club.

Jack Griffiths (0927) President of The Gallipoli Legion Club in Hamilton, Newcastle reports that the Club was damaged during the earthquake and major rebuilding will be necessary.

GALLIPOLI TOUR

Gallipoli Association Secretary James Watson Smith is leading a tour to Gallipoli from 14 to 22 May. Based at the Hotel Boncuk five days will be spent on the Peninsula including hopefully a boat trip from Killid Bahr to Gaba Tepe. An extra week in Kusadasi is an optional extra. The cost £439 per person. Further information from the Secretary or from Pingrun Tours, 11 Market Square, Aylesbury, Bucks. HP20 1TJ.

GALLIPOLI REMEMBERED*

In the summer of 1914 Bert Compton was a worker at Beeding Cement Works, a few miles from his home in Shoreham, in Sussex. Like so many others, he volunteered to fight in that Great War to end all wars. He's now a resilient 96 year-old, and last year spent several hours with me recalling his experiences. In an age overshadowed by The Bomb, in a country recovering from the aftermath of the Falklands campaign, and plagued by unemployment and inflation, it's easy to mute the impact of past conflicts by relegating them to the bookshelf of history. The First World War seems so long ago, the product of a different world indeed; after nearly seventy years, the memories begin to fade. Yet few of those who took part in it could ever forget it, and certainly Mr. Compton, though an occasional name might escape him, remembers it all most clearly. He saw active service on no less than three fronts, at Gallipoli, in France, and at Salonika, and his account of the day-to-day life and appalling hardships suffered by the ordinary soldiers bring the War to life with a sharp, personal clarity, a quality which has become increasingly rare as individual experience is inevitably replaced by more academic and distant studies of the War.

Obviously, a certain amount of editing has been necessary to turn several sides of taped conversation into a fluent and coherent script. As far as possible, however, I have tried to let Mr. Compton speak for himself, to avoid altering his context or tampering with his style of speech unless strictly necessary in the interests of narrative flow.

'I was working up the Cement Works when I first heard about the War, I suppose that was the latter part of 1914. It began in August - I suppose we joined up voluntarily about a fortnight after we heard. There must have been

* Reproduced from The Military Chest March 1985
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nine or ten of us, all local, from Shoreham, Beeding, Lancing, Sompting. I was about twenty-six when I joined. We didn't actually leave the Cement - in fact, they paid us five bob a week for volunteering, and we had our jobs back at the finish.

Well, we went to Brighton, County Hall I think it was, near the Lanes, where they had a recruiting office. Me and my mate Bert Chatfield joined the Royal Artillery. They gave us a few days, so I came back home, then they sent us to Newhaven. They weren't prepared at all for the war then, had no military clothes, no ammunition, nothing. They put us in a school there because nothing was ready; we were just given a blanket and had to sleep on wooden boards, three of them a few inches wide. We had no guns, only an old stick as a rifle, and wore our civvies. They were nearly in rags by the time we finished! After a few weeks they sent us up into the hills behind Newhaven Fort, and we lived in tents, and did some training. It was only sketchy training, though - we did a few physical jerks, a few walks, but never no shooting because we had no guns!

They sent four of us to Pembroke, where they put us in a big fort. They had six-inch guns there, and we did all that training. It was quite cushy down there, all the grub you could get hold of, and we only paraded in the morning. In the afternoon we played football, or went for a walk to the next village of something; if you stayed in the barracks you had to be quiet, because all the old boys there used to go to the canteens at dinner-time for their pints, and they wanted to sleep in the afternoons! I remember the garrison had these khaki uniforms with little leather spats, up nine or ten inches at the bottom, and you had to fold your trousers half an inch or an inch over the top. Before we got issued ours, one of the regulars lent me his, and I went and had my photograph took!

We heard they'd got cut up on the old peninsula (Gallipoli). We had a few days' notice, and they sent us up to Lancashire and put us in the infantry - the King's Own

Royal Lancasters. They'd had a real good bashing-up, and really needed infantry, so you had to go where they said. All our gunnery training was wasted! We went to Lancaster, and came back to Plymouth, there was a big Army place there. We were only there about a fortnight, and we went straight up on the rifle ranges. We went through some stiff training there. They had you up at six in the morning for a brisk walk, then exercises with special sargeants. They kept you busy ten or twelve hours a day, with practise on the rifle range and that. We were in huts there, with a stove in the middle - coal or coke. One blessing was we had plenty of grub! At night they'd boil up all the bones from the meal, and before you went to bed you could go down and get a billy of this lovely soup.

We had a week's holiday, then we went back to Plymouth, and they kitted us out with this summer clothing. We had the old topee hat, and breeches with puttees, yards and yards of brown braid, which you had to wound round and round. There was a knack to that, you had to fold each piece over, and fold the trousers down at the top. They came right up near to your knees.

Away we went. They took us by boat. I think we stopped off in Italy, where they had a big coal-up, though I couldn't tell you the place. They circled round some Greek Island - Mudros - which was as far as the big boat was going. They took us off there, and we went straight onto these lighters. It was midnight. We went into the things like barges, which held twenty or thirty of us, and they took us up the waters. When we got near, you could hear the guns and see the flashes. It made you think. You'd look up into the mountains and see the flashes and think, 'Oh God, what we're going into now!' There were a couple of hospital ships there, to take the wounded off. You weren't supposed to, but we went in close to them and landed. We went in close to the beach and had about a foot of water to go through. There was a Sergeant waiting for us, our guide. We started off travelling up the mountainside, up these pathways and long trenches. We were packed up and loaded up with things

from England - we had to leave most of it behind in the finish - and I know several times we had to stop to get to a place where you could get your old pack up and get the weight off your back! We got to the headquarters - it was pitch dark - then we joined the Regiment. W Beach, on the left I think it was.

We went in quietly like, as there was no real fighting, not then. It was a terrible place! After we'd been there about a fortnight we got real crummy and lousy, and every night and morning we used to sit on this step on the inside of the trench and pick all the lice out of our hair. We never had no water, only a pint a day, that's all we were allowed. And the food was awful! We had these biscuits, bully-beef and jam. The biscuits was real hard, like dog biscuits, and you had to only put a little bit of jam on it and eat it right away, or it got smothered in flies. And the bully - it wasn't hard, it was liquid. You only had to tap the tin and it went right up into the air!

The trenches there were zig-zag. When the big guns were throwing shells at you, if the trench was straight it would go right up, but if it was zig-zag it sheltered you. You'd be in the line about two hours, then your mate'd follow you up. You used to have these big dug-outs, big as a room which would protect you when you were resting. They used to rotate you - a certain time up in the line, then back in the reserves, only when they brought you back, there was nothing there, because it was so near the beach. There was no entertainment - you couldn't get away. I remember this old officer in his tent singing 'This is the last boat sailing for home' day after day!

In the line, we were just holding our own. We'd let off a few rounds, to let the enemy know you was there, but not many, it was a waste of ammunition. You couldn't move around, you could get popped off. Snipers were a real problem. Every now and again some chap'd go down at night into the deep ravines with eight or nine canteens for water. You wasn't supposed to, the old Turks had their guns trained right on the spot, even in the dark, and they killed quite a few of our chaps. They put me and my

mate in the bombers. You had to go out with a dozen or so hand grenades strapped round you. They started out with old tins, but we had the real ones, Mills bombs. You had to crawl out at night when they was shelling you and mend the barbed wire, or throw bombs at them. You just released the catch, that bit slipped, and away it went - you chucked it up into their air. The Turks had this big, beautiful searchlight, and sometimes they'd shine it on you, and if they saw you you copped it! The old Corporal would say, 'Look out, here it comes!' and you dropped down on your belly and didn't move. It was quite a way to the enemy lines, say a quarter of a mile.

to be continued

PLUM JAM

But what still impressed us chiefly about Silt Spur (in 1921) were in heaps of sand from our tunnels spilled over its sides and surface. From one of these heaps, mixed with the old jam and water tins and other rubbish, grew a young tree like an apricot just then in blossom - an astonishing sight at Anzac. It was certainly about three years old, and a few weeks later, when speaking to about 300 Diggers in the well-deck of the Kildonan Castle, I told them the story and was adding: "I wondered whether ..." when the words were drowned in general laughter, amid which a clear voice said: "There were no stones in that jam."

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Gallipoli Mission