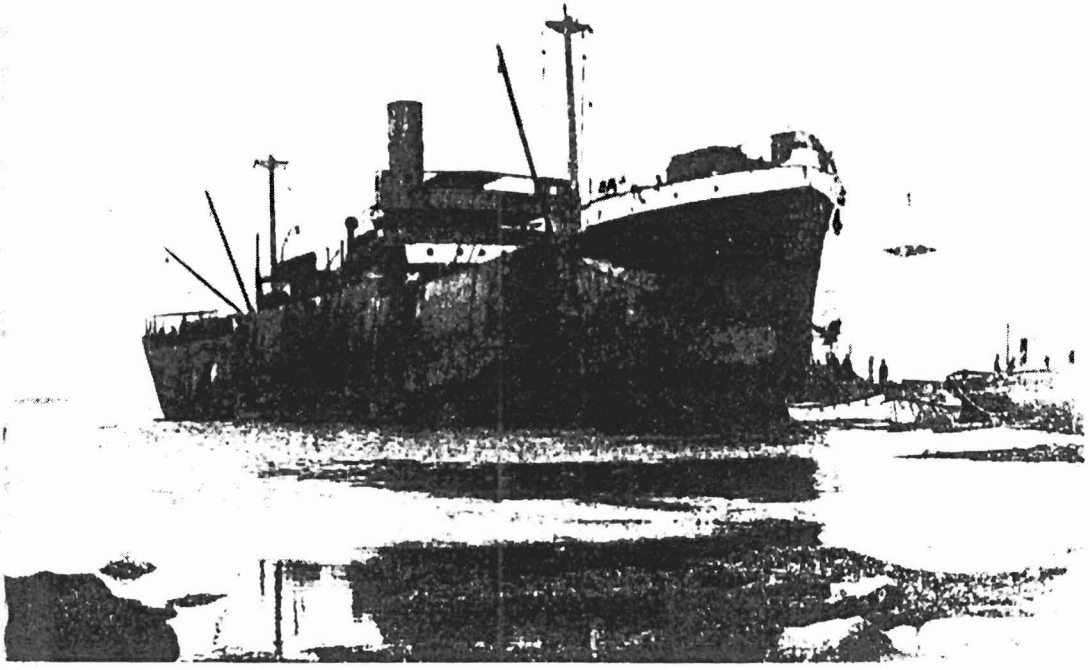
THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 12½p No. 8 SPRING 1972

The Journal of the

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION

(Founded in 1969 on the Campaign of 1915)

PRESIDENT Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC DL

VICE-PRESIDENTS Vice-Admiral Sir Gilbert O Stephenson KBE CB CMG

Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC

Air Vice-Marshal T C Traill CB OBE DFC

CHAIRMAN & HON SECRETARY & EDITOR OF THE GALLIPOLIAN Major E H W Banner TD MSc
Claydene Cowden EDENBRIDGE Kent

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COMMITTEE Commander V A de Mauny DSC RN (Ret)
H J Sayers
F T K Woodworth (Co-opted)
Major A G Coulson (Associate Member)

* * * * * * * * *

The cover has been made thinner in order to keep within the existing postage rate. Otherwise the weight would exceed two ounces and extra postage would be involved

LUNCH Thursday 27 April 1972

We are again being accommodated in the Duke of York's Headquarters, Kings Road, near Sloane Square, Chelsea, S W 3. Bus routes 11, 19 and 222 pass the gates. Ample room for cars. Members are asked to wear their Association ties if in possession, and medals or miniatures. It is helpful for ready identification if the member's name is very clearly marked on a card tucked into the top of the medals, or in the breast pocket. This is as usual practice.

The cost will be 50p per member, payable at the table, for the 3-course lunch and coffee. Other drinks are payable at the bar or at the table.

The bar will be open from 12 noon. It is hoped to have a photographer in attendance for a group photograph before lunch, and a proof on view after lunch. (LATER : Now doubtful).

Guests may be invited. But should the number applying exceed the seating capacity the excess numbers will be notified by the honorary secretary immediately on receipt of the applications.

Applications should be sent to the honorary secretary in order to aid catering. NO MONEY SHOULD BE SENT.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This will follow the lunch. The Minutes of the previous A G M were circulated to members with the 1971 autumn GALLIPOLIAN and so will be taken as read. Brief reports will be given and some resolutions proposed. Members are free to raise any matter of interest to the Association, but it will be helpful if the resolutions can be submitted in advance so that the committee may study them.

Should the meeting call for it, tea and biscuits will be served at an extra 5p per head.

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ANZAC DAY 25 APRIL

Members are again kindly invited to attend the ceremony at the Cenotaph. A wreath will be laid by the President on behalf of the Association. Members attending should parade at the Cenotaph by 10.45. Medals should be worn.

Following this parade there will be a service in Westminster Abbey at 12 noon.

It is NOT necessary to notify the Honorary Secretary of intention to parade.

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FOURTH ANNUAL DINNER 1972

This will be as usual at the Royal Air Force Club, London, kindly sponsored by Lt-Col P J Gething M C on Friday 6 October. Full particulars in the autumn issue.

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IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

At the suggestion of the Museum a set of copies of 'The Gallipolian' has been presented to the Museum and further copies will be sent as issued. The copies will be bound and available for examination. It may be advisable for visitors to write in advance of an intended visit, especially if other Gallipoli items, such as photographs, are also desired to be seen.

Members who have Gallipoli mementoes, diaries, pictures, etc, for which they now have no use are asked to consider handing them over to the I W Museum.

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CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

The Association has now been in existence for nearly three years and it is still growing faster than members become casualties. This will not hold for many more years, of course.

There is a doubtful point about our membership; when relatives of casualties write to inform me I can adjust the files, but in some cases the 'Gallipolian' comes back marked 'GONE AWAY'. Is the member a casualty, or has be just changed his address and forgotten to notify me ? If any member learns of a casualty by any chance it would be helpful if he would notify me, even though I may have the information more directly.

In one instance recently a member had been a casualty for nearly a year before I was notified indirectly.

In the extreme case a member may become a casualty and no notification ever sent to me by relatives or friends. The continued circularization, possibly for years, is a needless waste of our funds. It could of course be covered by not sending the 'Gallipolian' to those who have not renewed their subscription by January each year, but this might penalize those who have just forgotten to write, or are ill, etc. Also, those members who have generously subscribed more than the basic amount, or have sent in a subscription covering more than one year, would lose in this way.

Correspondence

Almost every weekday sees the arrival of post concerning the Association. Many letters obviously need a reply, others do not, while quite a lot are borderline. In this last case a letter will be sent if a return envelope is enclosed, thus indicating that a reply is expected.

The usual notice about the Dinner calls for a

return envelope. This is not to save postage, as might be expected, but to cut down a bit on the clerical work. Even typing fifty or seventy envelopes takes time, apart from all the other aspects of the organization of the Dinner.

As we grow up, many of us develop a signature that is unreadable; the addition of the name in block letters helps enormously as well as avoiding mistakes. The addition of the member's number, although looking like officialdom, does enable doubtful cases to be taken correctly, and in any case helps the Treasurer and me in filing the correspondence.

On occasions letters arrive with an indecipherable signature and no number, only the address being legible. This means a search through the list of 400 addresses until the identity is found.

Publicity

Prospective members write in and express surprise that the Association has been going for nearly three years. In general the national press has no interest in old chaps like us. Gallipoli usually means nothing to them. Who cares about 1915 anyway ? Even the Queen's gracious message, a tribute meant for all Gallipoli veterans, navy as well as army, was not published when it was sent to us immediately after she had visited the battlefields and memorials on the 22nd October 1971. The text of the message was published in the 'Gallipolian' for Christmas 1971.

Local newspapers will sometimes publish short accounts of veterans if several live in their area. A number of members have done this, a particular case being that of four members from Andover who had their photograph, with the lady Mayor in their 'local' on leaving for the Lunch in London in October 1970. A noble effort.

Subscriptions

My original idea of 5 shillings (now 25 pence)

as the basic subscription has proved workable as many members send £1 or more which increases our resources so that 'The Gallipolian' is possible. Several very noble members kindly send £5 and even £10 which is most helpful and we should be deeply grateful to them. And also to the many who send 'a bit extra' or 'put it in the kitty' in addition to their 25p.

In the case of Associate Members it is different. They are younger than Members and should not in fairness be subsidized by members who are veterans for whom the Association was formed. The £1 subscription for them seems a fair amount in the circumstances.

Continuity and Expendability

Alternative titles for the same point. As we all want the Association to continue indefinitely, and as we are all expendable, it is necessary to consider what we can do to maintain continuity. The way seems to be to compile a list of at least half a dozen members who would be both willing and able to do something about it if called on, through casualties. A single alternative name is insufficient. Although no action might be called for before the membership has dwindled to nearly zero, this cannot be relied on.

The basis of action would be that in the event a particular volunteer would be notified and handed the registers, copies of correspondence etc as well as current details of any function in hand, and the production of the 'Gallipolian'. The production of the journal, however, would then be left to the new member to handle in his own way, probably handing over the actual production, after editing, to some typing agency known to him. Ideally the member should have good office facilities available to deal with the many routine matters and clerical work.

Members are asked to consider this seriously and to write if they can help, remembering that if no-one takes action the Association could fold up

while there is still a useful membership.

At a committee meeting held in January the subject of the continuance of the Association was discussed, in view of the respective ages of Members. It was resolved that, if and when it becomes necessary because of falling-off of members, with resulting financial difficulties, the Committee be authorized to act in the best interests of the Association. This will be put to the Annual General Meeting.

Banker's Orders

As many members had expressed a wish to pay their subscriptions by banker's order, the Honorary Secretary will obtain forms for the purpose which will be available at the A G M, or later by postal application.

ABSENCE

The Honorary Secretary will be away from 5 to 19 June.

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'The Banner is a restless bird
And dearly loves to roam
It flies away to places gay,
Tired - it flops back home.' G E DALE

* * * * * * *

One member was so keen on his shield that he ordered another one for a 1915 friend of his, complete with an engraved plate reading :

'Corporal ..... from Corporal .....
Christmas 1971.'

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GALLIPOLI HISTORY : Mr P H Liddle

Members will have received a letter from Mr Liddle, who is the Senior Lecturer in History at Sunderland Polytechnic, with a request for information and personal recollections, etc. The preparation of such a monumental work is all to the good, and we in the Gallipoli Association should do all we can to help. Mr. Liddle has become an Honorary Member in view of his present action and interest.

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PROSPECTIVE MEMBERS

Although most inquirers are really interested in joining, this is not always the case. One of our keen members writes: 'Just before Christmas I went after two possible members. As soon as I mentioned Gallipoli and the Association one said, "I ought to be in that. I was the first man to land at Helles." However, he changed his tune a bit when he found I knew a little about the campaign. The second man turned out to have been (you'll never believe this) the last man to leave Suvla! Neither wanted to join when it came to the point so I don't think we have missed much.'

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EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS

R E Morgan (75)

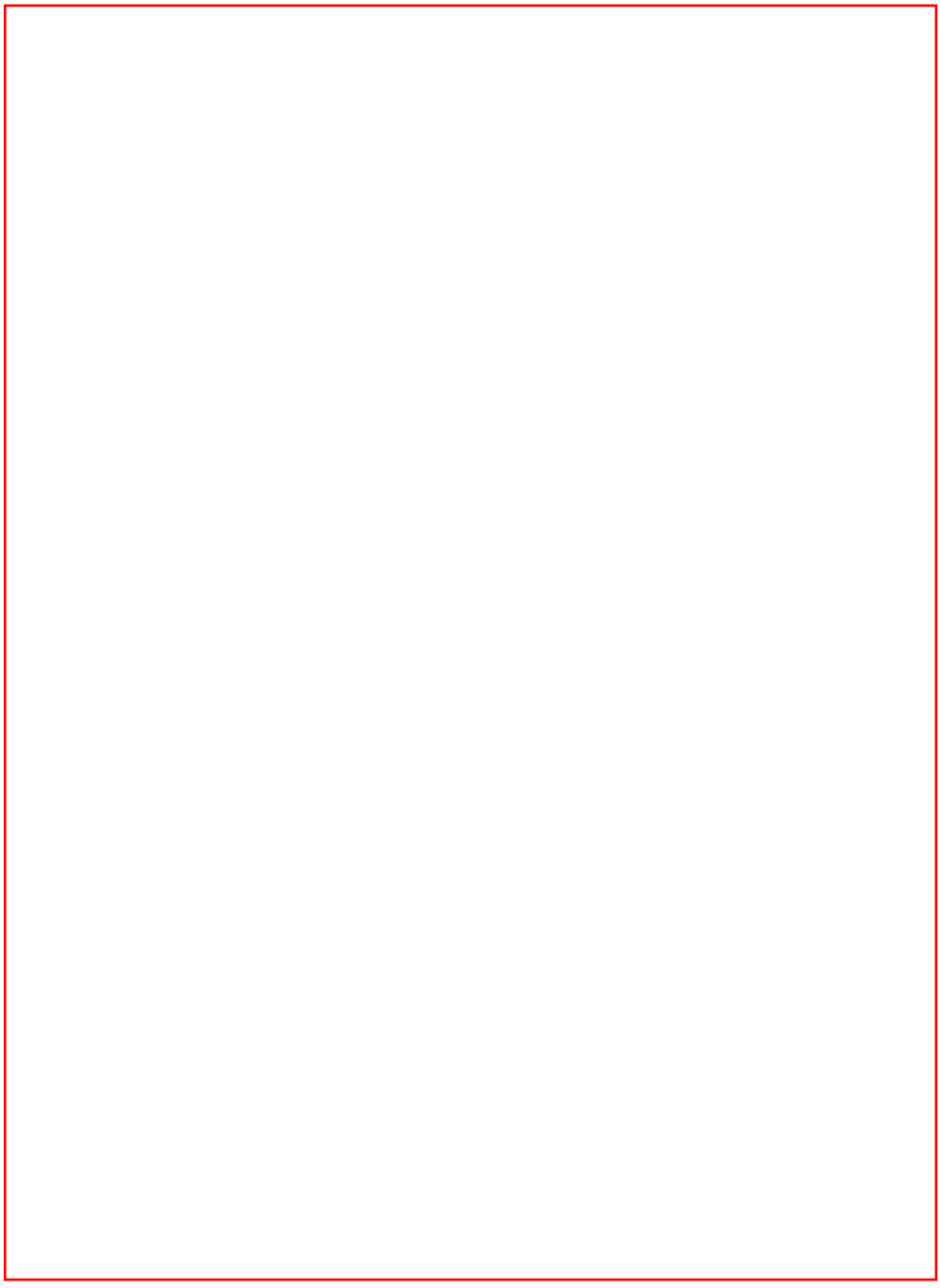
'What a grand "do" our last reunion. I look forward to the next and feel like a spring chick when I set out; there's something exhilarating in the company, some indefinable bond.'

J B Gurney Grice (264)

'As a result of the membership list I had a letter from ..... We were pupils together at a preparatory school in 1907 so I rang him up. Marvellous, after 64 years.'

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In the original printed journal this page and the two following contain the names and full addresses of new members. For reasons of data protection and personal privacy this content has been omitted.





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OBITUARIES

With deep regret the following names are recorded :

D H Gray Late RAMC 34 Fld Amb (118)
H E Slaymaker Late RE Signals 53 Div (66)
W Shaw Late RE 29 Div (157)
Cmdr A G Buchanan RN (36)

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HIS MAJESTY'S TRANSPORT SHIP 'RIVER CLYDE'

The ship 'River Clyde' became a legend from the time it was run aground at V Beach, Cape Helles, in the early hours of the 25th April 1915, carrying part of the 29th Division. From the nature of the exploit the ship became known as the 'Wooden Horse of Troy', although of course a Mark II version, in modern terms. A stylized form is in a position of honour at Chanak-kale, on the Asian coast of the Dardanelles, Troy being inland from there and from Kum Kale where the French landed first.

The following description of the ship was kindly supplied by courtesy of the Imperial War Museum, London, which also has a number of photographs taken then and later.

"SS 'River Clyde' a collier of 3,913 gross tons was built at Port Glasgow by Russell & Co. in 1905, and until requisitioned for war service was employed on general trading, owned by River Clyde Steamship Co., Port Glasgow. She remained aground at V Beach until she was refloated by the Ocean Salvage Company in June 1919 after which date she was taken to Malta. Here she was sold for £11,500 to a Spanish shipowner, Mr A Pardo of Santander and renamed 'Angela'. In 1929 she was resold to Gumersindo Junguera SA of Asturias and renamed 'Maruja y Aurora'. Under this name she continued to trade in the Mediterranean region until the mid-sixties. In March 1966 she was broken up at Aviles, Spain, by Desguaces y Salva-mentos to whom she had earlier been sold for scrap. An attempt to preserve the vessel as an historic monument a year or so earlier had failed for lack of funds. The Captain of the 'River Clyde', Commander E Unwin RN, was among six officers and men of the Royal Navy serving or attached to the ship who were awarded the Victoria Cross for their gallantry on V. Beach."

(The Ship's bell, minus the clapper, has been saved and is held privately in England. Editor)

OUR VICTORIA CROSS

Of the many Victoria Crosses awarded for the Dardanelles-Gallipoli campaign we are proud to number the holder of one of them among our membership.

The following citation was issued by the War Office on the 22nd December 1914. This date was of course before the Gallipoli campaign opened by the army.

> His Majesty the KING has been graciously pleased to approve the grant of the Victoria Cross to
>
> LIEUTENANT NORMAN DOUGLAS HOLBROOK,
>
> Royal Navy,
>
> for the conspicuous act of bravery specified below:-
>
> > For most conspicuous bravery on the 13th December, when in command of the Submarine B. 11, he entered the Dardanelles, and, notwithstanding the very difficult current, dived his vessel under five rows of mines and torpedoed the Turkish battleship "Messudiyeh", which was guarding the mine-field.
> >
> > Lieutenant Holbrook succeeded in bringing the B. 11 safely back, although assailed by gun-fire and torpedo boats, having been submerged on one occasion for nine hours.

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THE GALLIPOLI MEMBERSHIP LIST - AN APPRECIATION

By Charles Watkins 6 Lancashire Fusiliers 42 Div (167)

This detailed and accurate membership list (E & OE) of today's Gallipoli survivors - a prosaic bit of work, would you say? Or is it not in itself, perhaps, one of the most colourful bits of Gallipoli literature ever produced. Is it not fascinating beyond all telling to read through all these names, to read of the innumerable different Regiments and Ships, and let the imagination play on all their historic and colourful backgrounds. This scintillating panorama of Yeomanry and Infantry Regiments with their historic labels of bewildering variety, and all the famous Ships of the Royal Navy. It is really something. One gets reminded (at least I do) of the words of that famous marching song -

> See them flash by ....etc. etc.,
> ....they'll never die,
> For they'll live in song and story.

I always get reminded of this marching song whenever I read through this Membership List.

And best of all is the cosy brotherliness of it all. Lieut-Generals, Major-Generals, Admirals, Fleet Captains, Air Vice-Marshals, Lt-Colonels, Sqdn-Leaders - in fact all the illustrious Service ranks of our country and Commonwealth - they all jostle and mingle happily in this Membership List with Private Soldiers, Gunners, Signalmen, Troopers, Leading Seamen, Ordinary Seamen, Sergts., Corpls., etc., etc. - all mingling together and with 'rank' all forgotten, in a vast sea of brotherhood. I think this is the nicest touch of all - this indiscriminate mingling of ranks one gets in the alphabetical list. And it gives, too, a panoramic slice of British and Commonwealth history - revealed by the names of all these regiments. Names like Australian Light Horse, Scottish Horse, the many different County Regiments of Yeomanry - each proudly and tenaciously retaining their own special and jealously guarded County

titles - titles like Fife & Forfar Yeomanry; Queen Mary's Yeomanry; City of London Yeomanry - Rough Riders; (I wonder how they got this latter title). All these Yeomanry and Horse Regiments, now dismounted and fighting on foot alongside the multifarious collection of equally historically named Infantry Regiments. Names like Sherwood Foresters (Ah! Shades of Robin Hood); the many different Fusilier Regiments, including the Lancashires, of 'six before breakfast' fame. Then the many Scottish Regiments - the Lovat Scouts; The Black Watch, etc., etc. Impossible to list all these different regiments in this short appreciation - there were so many. And included, too, the tough regiments from 'that most distressful country' - and this time fighting alongside us and not 'agin' us - as they like to at times - the Inniskilling Fusiliers, the Royal Munster Fusiliers; Connaught Rangers. All this colourful gang - the Tommies, the 'Jocks', 'Micks', 'Taffys', the 'Cobbers' and the 'Kiwis'. You'll need a whole library even to sketch the history of all these different regiments and their historic antecedents - all these chaps who have ever flocked to the Colours in times of our national danger. And not forgetting, too, the many different Territorial regiments of our own citizen soldiers, whose bones equally littered this tragic bit of land. And not forgetting, too, the strong silent types - those who wear the Navy Blue cloth - those who do so much and are so damned reticent of their own exploits - all this Navy Blue uniform and their many various ships - so much they did, and so little they said about it; the RNVR too.

Impossible, in this short appreciation to include <u>all</u> regiments and ships, but it would be a grievous omission not to mention specially the 'half and halves', the half-sailors and half-soldiers, and equally good at either job - the Marines. The Royal Naval Division boys, their battalions and their individual ships' names proclaiming their own naval origins: Drake, Hawke, Benbow, Howe, Collingwood, Hood and Anson battalions of the R N D. And then the

Portsmouth and Plymouth battalions of the old RMLI, now the Royal Marines. Stout-hearted, cheerful, able, these chaps, always on hand wherever the trouble was thickest. From the very start of the campaign in April and right to its bitter end in 1916, the RND was always on hand.

And, as if all this list of 'troops, assorted' were not enough, there yet remains to be mentioned the few RNAS machines and their crews, a few of the latter being members. How often, as a scruffy young solider on Gallipoli, have I gazed wonderingly at these machines, gleaming in the bright sunlight and making a daily reconnaissance flight over the Peninsula, and with the Mediterranean blue sky peppered with the white puffs of bursting AA shells.

And to show up still more the versatility of the Gallipoli forces we find mention of officers who served with Gurkha and Sikh regiments.

All this fantastic and bewildering variety of warriors on this historic battleground, listed in our Membership List. What a goodly company of men to serve with. And what a goodly company of men to die with.

'He that outlives this day, and comes safe home
Will stand tip-toe when this day is named.'

Maybe Shakespeare was thinking of this gang when he wrote those lines.

And we that came safe homeare doubly indebted to Major Banner for keeping alive this colourful scroll of survivors.

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A Legend: A senior officer who was a Gallipoli veteran retired and settled down. His local newspapers made a story of it, referring to him as a 'battle-scared veteran'. His friends protested strongly and next week a further version appeared; quoting him as a 'bottle-scarred veteran'. History does not record what transpired after that !

A SUVLA MEMORY

By Major H Fellowes Prynne 2 Co London Y (208)

The Autumn 1971 issue of 'The Gallipolian' contained an article 'Rescue : Suvla' which calls to mind another incident at Suvla which involved a rescue operation and which from a medical point of view had an element of prophetic foresight.

Following the attack on the 21st August, when we became bogged down in trench warfare, it was not immediately possible to remove and bury many of the dead lying out in no-man's land nor could we be sure that all wounded had been accounted for. By daylight a close watch was kept for any movement that might indicate a wounded man.

At about midnight two days later when passing down our trench I heard a call from no-man's land which sounded like a cry for 'help' repeated twice. To my ear it was an unfamiliar accent which at first made me suspect a Turkish ruse. Needing corroboration I roused an N C O and together we listened on the chance the call might be repeated. The long wait and the growing peevishness of the N C O at being roused from a few moments of precious sleep made it evident he considered me an alarmist. But at last the call came again, three times within the space of about five minutes, just the one word 'Help'. After the last call we both felt reasonably certain that it came from one of our own men.

It took a little while to organise a rescue party with a make-shift stretcher but once over the parapet and through the wire it was not long before the casualty was located. The return trip was not so easy and I well remember the sigh of relief from the wounded man as we lowered him into our trench.

By this time an M O had been summoned who before having him taken down to the Beach Hospital, made a quick examination of his shattered knee. Even by the dim light available I was shocked to see the wound

crawling with maggots and my comment on this prompted the reply from the M O that this unpleasant looking condition had probably saved his life.

Surely this M O was ahead of his time in expressing an opinion that subsequently became accepted practice in the treatment of wounds, particularly during the last war when again I saw nature at work on wounded back from Burmah.

Even a minor injury so quickly turned septic on the Peninsula that I like to think this M O's optimism was fully justified though I have no evidence of how our wounded comrade fared.

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An incident on our Tour to Gallipoli in 1971 has not yet been published.

While at the bank one member wished to be excused for some unspecified reason. He was chary of going by himself and took two pals with him. They found the place all right, but on getting in our member decided he didn't really want to visit the place after all.

So they turned to come out but found the old girl attendant had dropped the barrier and each had to pay to come out. And two of them only went in as companions, anyway !

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A non-member reader writes :

'I enjoyed reading the Christmas Gallipolian immensely .... I read it from start to finish in bed the night it arrived. Receiving the Queen's message direct was a great achievement.'

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GALLIPOLI : AS I SAW IT

By J Murray R N D Hood Bn (242)

(Extract from my diary, by kind permission of the publisher, William Kimber 46 Wilton Place London S W 1)

December 19th 1915. All was now ready for the attack. During the last few days we had placed nine explosive charges in position, three underneath the Turks' support line, three in the cliff-side beyond and three in the cliffs in front of this support line. We had three short galleries leading from the main one that could be broken through into the Gully in a matter of minutes. Our firing line was well advanced on both sides of the Gully Ravine: an attack from the front was out of the question by virtue of the terrain and the impassable mass of barbed wire in the bed of the Gully. We intended to emerge from underneath the cliffs and attack him in the rear, well beyond his barbed wire, and join up with our comrades on the other side. The galleries were full of the troops that were to lead the attack - the Highland Light Infantry of the 52nd Division. We broke through into the Gully simultaneously with the exploding of the nine mines and the troops rushed through whilst the earth was still showering. They were unable to get far across, the thick barbed wire and machine-gun fire from the centre of it held up any further progress. Yard by yard the troops crept forward and managed to obtain a foothold in a short trench leading to a redoubt where the machine-guns were positioned, whilst others dug a shallow trench half-way across the Gully.

December 20th. We began mining from just behind the barricade in the newly-captured trench. Normally we went underneath the parapet but as the redoubt extended down the Gully, much of it was to the rear of us so we had to go underneath the parados. Showers of bombs rained down on us from all directions - over the barricade, over the parapet and over the parados. The bombing chaps claimed the filled sand-bags to

strengthen their barricade; the chap that was not digging had to be ready with a partly filled sand-bag to smother bombs falling into the trench - not an easy task when several bombs came over at once, as they often did.

December 25th. A day of rejoicing for all the civilised peoples of the world; a day of feasting, goodwill, compliments and presents; a day of family gatherings reminiscing on bygone years, recalling the good and happy times, but inwardly anxious for peace and the return of those dear to them. In their hearts were the constant fears of their dreams of normal family life being shattered with the morning's post. We do not have to wait for the post, there isn't any nowadays. For us there is no rejoicing and certainly no feasting. The only presents we are receiving at this moment we can well do without - they are far too destructive. The Turks are concentrating on our sector today. Someone has given them lots of guns and ammunition but by the sound of them they are much too big to have been brought down the chimney. I have a feeling that all this shelling is a prelude to an attack. The question is - where will it be made ? I do not think we shall have long to wait. These last three days the British sector has borne the brunt but the French have been left severely alone. Late in the afternoon, whilst down in the gallery, we were alarmed by the exceptionally heavy detonations overhead. Since the working party had not been down for some time to drag away the results of our efforts, my pal and I decided to investigate. The Turks were heavily bombarding our line. We could not see any of our troops as we cautiously peered from our gallery entrance. We thought that surely there must be someone around but there was not a single man to be seen in the forty-yard long firing line. The Turks were blasting the side of the Gully with high-explosive shells with the apparent object of preventing anyone entering or leaving by way of

Dean's Tunnel, the only way in or out. We were stranded; two almost naked sappers cornered like a couple of rats only a matter of a few yards from the Turkish redoubt that bristled with machine-guns ! We took shelter behind the deserted barricade and armed ourselves with a couple of bombs each from the boxes in a recess nearby. We were so close to the redoubt that we were, so to speak, out of range. If the Turks shelled us they must also hit their own men in the redoubt. We decided that because of their own shelling the occupants were lying low and hoped they would continue to do so. We kept quiet on the assumption that if we started a bombing match they would retaliate. As long as the shelling continued there was no danger of an attack. After what seemed a lifetime, the shelling abruptly ceased - now for the attack? Against the whole Turkish army stood two cornered rats, apparently forgotten. We held the entire firing line? We slowly made our way towards our only exit at the foot of the cliff, gaining more courage with every step. Just to show the Turks that the British still had fight left in them, we slung an occasional bomb in their direction though I must admit I did not pay much attention to my aim. I was more concerned with making a noise and living long enough to reach the hole in the cliff. Whether our defiant gesture had any influence on the sheltering troops I do not know but they returned to their vacated line and we re-entered our gallery and commenced work as though nothing had happened. I expected an officer or N C O to come down and explain why we had not been told of the intention to vacate the line but no one came and no explanation was ever given. I suppose a message had been sent to us but the messenger, more concerned with his own safety than ours, hopped out quickly while the going was good. I could understand his anxiety to live a little longer. After all, it was Christmas Day - a day to be born, not to die.

Back at our base on Geogheghan's Bluff in the late evening we sat around singing carols. So ended my first but not the last Christmas Day on active service. I had not even smelt a Christmas pudding!

A YEOMAN AT GALLIPOLI 1971

By J de W Stapleford Herts Yeomanry (290)

The years race by, contemporaries disappear, and memory dims. When I joined the Association I think my hopes were limited to giving a little general support, reading the Gallipolian, and perhaps some day, if energetic, attending one of the annual functions. No doubt a number of members have similarly modest expectations. Certainly I did not expect to have an experience which, to quote another member of the party, 'I would not have missed for anything'.

In 1915 I had been only at Suvla, and then our movements were covered by the beaches from Suvla Point to Lala Baba and the trenches in front of Chocolate Hill. Now, having seen something of the Helles area on the first wreath-laying day of the tour, I got back to Chocolate Hill the next day, when our minibus deposited several of us at the bottom of a rather muddy track leading to Green Hill Cemetery. This was followed by a day at Lala Baba, where the minibus took its load to a space, near the small Cemetery there, about the centre of the area. On the other two days I attached myself to small parties travelling by jeep, and saw various places, via Alchitepe, in the Anzac and more central areas.

Did I see all I wished or hoped? In a general sense, certainly; my hopes were more than satisfied and I doubt if anything - plans, transport, weather, company - could have been improved. If, in a more detailed sense, I confess to a little disappointment, on reflection, it is due solely to personal failure to take full advantage of the situation. Laziness, shortness of breath, a bit of both? Whatever the reason, on several occasions a quiet pipe under a tree at some vantage point tempted me while others were carrying on like youngsters of sixty. I would have liked to walk over the low ground in front of Chocolate Hill and see if, by recognising the lie of the land, one could roughly locate Tints Corner, now

of course, under some sort of cultivation, but it seemed rather too ambitious; going down involves getting back.

Suvla seemed surprisingly unaltered in fifty-six years - the Salt Lake now looked a real lake and there was a lot of greenery and wild flowers - but otherwise it was almost exactly as memory had pictured it. When I looked seawards from Chocolate Hill neither building, nor man nor beast were to be seen and the tracks are all insignificant. The only new feature, I thought, was Green Hill Cemetery, on the neck of high land joining the two hills and, like all the cemeteries, beautifully laid out and well kept. An inscribed stone says there are 2,971 bodies therein, of whom the names of 382 are shown on individual stones placed where they are buried. The names of another 117 are also known but the graves cannot be identified so the stones are placed round the central memorial. I spent a peaceful hour reading the stones, which are generally in excellent condition. The bodies were moved here from a number of small field burial places and isolated graves and most of the Yeomanry dead are here. Every regiment in the Second Mounted Division is there and many others and, of my own regiment, I noted eight names, three or four of whom I had known well.

Others have already told of our activities at Istanbul - all most interesting and enjoyable. I shook hands with several Turkish generals and odd 'veterans' (I fancy his day was made for one old boy who was in the front row as we dismounted in Taksim Square), signed several visitors' books, etc., etc., - enough talking points to last for years.

The next tour?

Ifany members are thinking of the next tour, and weighing up the pros and cons, be assured you will enjoy it vastly, particularly if you will take two words of advice. One, get in some amount of walking beforehand, preferably on something like moorland; pace doesn't matter a scrap but driving a car, I find, gives neither pace nor stamina. And two, re-read your

Gallipoli books before setting forth. My reading about Helles and Anzac was far from recent and my mental picture of beaches, gullies, ravines, etc., was too confused to be readily married to reality. For myself, I shall hope to join the next tour if, when the time comes, I feel there's no risk of being a nuisance. 1975 - if that is the date - is a good way from 1889 and it might be expecting a little too much. But I shall enjoy thinking of the possibility.

I take the chance to greet the rest of the 1971 party and to say thanks for many acts of kindness. A smiling word here, a helping hand there, copies of snaps in which I happened to figure, another of a newspaper article, and so on. One member introduced me to a liqueur new to me; another enlivened what might have been a dull hour on a coach by relating an involved tale of family financial complexities. He told the story in style, and I enjoyed it. My room-mate was a tower of strength - quickly to sleep, first up and away, he was always cheerful and almost encouraged me to collar much more than a fair share of shelf and hanger space. At Kilidbair he even, for one brief ten minutes, managed to wangle several gas and water taps, etc. so that the hot water could be put to some useful purpose. A triumph indeed, but it was never repeated. And in the background, of course, always Banner - something or somebody mislaid, something needed or not needed - ask him. If I were being questioned about the tour management I think the reply might be something like 'Banner was O.C., of course', if ever one was needed. But, in addition, there was just a touch of the R.S.M. about him - not the nasty men we remember who ran base camps, but the much rarer sort who knew all the ropes and would pull all of them to see that their boys got everything they were entitled to - and a bit over. I feel much indebted to him.

A small world

A few words about Gething's little anecdote in the Christmas issue (page 13) which isn't quite

correct in detail. I was not cold-blooded - or quick-witted - enough to change from 'C of E' to 'Con' while at Lewes Road Barracks, and I'm sure the paperwork would have been terrific. The conversion, in fact, was a spur of the moment act, merely completing a form, when early in 1916 I was time-expired and wished to re-engage. The motive, if I recall properly, was that I had felt a little overwhelmed by some C of E do-gooders while in hospital in Maltaand thought life under another flag might be more placid. It certainly paid off at Brighton. But the point of Gething's note remains clear; over fifty years later I remembered a series of sermons which I had enjoyed and was telling the preacher's son-in-law. R.I.P. the Rev Frank Gould.

On the previous page (Christmas issue) we learn that Gething was one of the small party bringing up the rear of the Suvla evacuation. He might have added that from Suvla he was sent to Helles and when that area was evacuated he, being experienced, again formed one of the tiny rearguard. There must be few who played such a part in both these rare events.

Odd episodes

The steamer we took along the Bosphorus - one of the most enjoyable outings of the tour - not only took on or landed local passengers at the many stopping places but also carried a few tourists. Some were anxious to talk and an American from Chicago, having spotted our group, was most interested. His large son was called on to take a few snaps and Mother was asked 'Would you believe...?' No doubt Chicago homes have since been enlivened by pictures of some of our wiry old boys (in Dale's phrase) with as much potted history as stuck in Dad's memory - or note book.

The museum at Alchitepe, in a modest way, is most interesting and one item in particular comes to mind. A large tray is filled with cap badges and shoulder plates. Almost next door is a tray full of dentures - there's surely a story here. How were these collected; who remembers in 1915 knowing a soldier with dentures ?

DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

'War is sweet to the untried'

By Captain D M Penrose TD 1/7 Essex R (185) (Continued)

After Gallipoli : Egypt : Giza

The Pyramids, of course, and there we camped
Not far from where the Sphinx kept silent watch
Across the many miles of desert sand.
Here let me mention that we marched by night
From Cairo till the most amazing dawn
In most astounding colours showed the Sphinx
On watch before those massive Pyramids.
Perhaps in deepest silence of the night
The Desert whispers secrets to the Sphinx
And hears of older secrets in return.
Who knows ? In this mysterious moonlight lie
A plethora of fancies almost real,
Or phantoms from past ages not at rest
On their peculiar journeys now will steal.
We'll leave them to it and will now go hence
And travel on to Suez; the Canal
Requires our protection so we hear.
We'll dig and fix some outposts straight away;
We'll dig them deep amidst the desert sand.
This digging in the sand required some skill
As, being loose, revetting was required
To stop the sides of trenches sliding in.
For several months we kept a desert watch
Around the many strong points we had made
In case the Turks should try to cross again.

The sun in summer scorched us darker brown
As shade was only found within our tents.
The heat was quite terrific every day
But in the night it somewhat cooler grew,
The stars seemed very near and very bright.
And now we had some news. The Turks had gone,
Had left the desert sand for Palestine.
A battle at Romani they had lost
And it was now decreed that we should go

And follow to defeat them in that land.
So, calling in our outposts, our Brigade
Marched on to find Kantara where we stopped
To cross the salt canal and join the road,
A road of wire-netting laid on sand
Most comforting to march on, springy too.
On this we marched for very many days.
That sand which Moses knew so long ago
When he his rescued people freely led
To seek and find a promised land so fair
That it with milk and honey would be blessed.
At last we came to Rafa where we found
The sandy desert ends and herbage grew.
So here for a great battle we prepared
And moved on towards Gaza where we fought.
To some among our soldiers this was new.
We'd not seen any action since the days
We'd sailed from the Peninsula way back
Some fifteen months it must have been ago
And that was in the trenches over there.
Now here was open warfare once again.
At first we were intended for reserve
But as the day advanced we were thrown in
On that Green Hill where countless years ago
The giant Samson threw the city's gates.
This battle went against us : here we left
A number of our comrades lying dead
Though many of our wounded we brought in.
Another thrust was made in three weeks time :
This only served to gain a little ground
Where we dug in and waited to recoup.
For six long months along this line we stayed
Until almost November but by then
We'd had a new Commander of the Force
And with his aid and reinforcements new
And many guns and much material
Drove back the Turks for very many miles
On towards Jaffa close to Ras-el-Ain
An old Crusaders' castle's ruins here.
Then near the Nahr-el-Auja we dug in
In preparation for a further forward move.

A very pleasant spot this proved to be
For close at hand were many orange groves.
The fruit was ripe and ready to be picked,
So you may guess we made the most of it,
And very nice it was - well worth the risk.
Not far from here the writer turned quite ill (1918)
Malarial fever was the cause of it.
The treatment in those days was rather long,
And so it was the war was at an end
Before he joined his unit once again
And that was outside Cairo where they'd gone
In order to be ready to go home.
In Cairo there was held a great parade
Where many of the Army took a part
In marching past their famous G.O.C.,
The writer once again was taken ill
And finally was invalided home.

(P S Fever did not keep the writer away from his unit during the whole of this period).

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'The Man with the Donkey'

This book, written by Sir Irving Benson and published in 1965 by Hodder & Stoughton, London, will interest many ANZAC and other members.

It is written about John Simpson Kirkpatrick, who was one of the heroes of the campaign by carrying wounded on his donkey until he was killed.

* * * * * * * * *

'The other day my cousin came to see me and I was able to give him the address of a relative of his (Captain Penrose) whom I had met at the luncheon.'

* * * * * * * * *

FINDING THE BATTERY SITE

By G E Dale 59 Bde RFA (53)

1915

After two active days on Lala Baba we are now moving to what had been yesterday's target. 'Chocolate Hill,' says the sergeant. Sounds rather nice, we think, until he mentions 'snipers'. 'No smoking or talking! ' Off we go in column of route, skirting the dry Salt Lake, on the dark night of August 8th 1915.

It's an eerie journey. To left the ghostly grey lake bed; to right small bushy trees loom up at intervals. Quiet too, save for softly jingling harness, the snort of a horse and the familiar 'clack-clack' of gun wheels. Then - flash-boom ! A battery opens up at Anzac, each shell rumbling hoarsely down a long echoing corridor to end with a plop. It's a long, rough trudge, think the stumbling gunners, while musketry ahead gets nearer. Halt at last against massed shrubbery, with a gap, dark and cave-like. Up there, eh? But the horses don't fancy it. Strays are singing warnings that here's no place to start a whipping-up rumpus. Unhook the backsliders and send them off ! All hands to wheels and dragropes.

Now four 18-pounders are lined up against a thicket on the right of what looks like a steepish, shallow nullah. 'Ram them backwards into cover! ' comes the order. Then, forcing our way in, we hack away only enough greenery to permit the guns to be used - nice work with bill-hooks in the dark ! Done ? Not quite. 'Dig a trench behind the battery.' Ground's hard and roots tough. Midnight's long past when, one by one, we slump into our half dug trench and snore. Not for long. By dawn on that fatal August 9th the battery is at 'gunfire'.

1965

Many things happened in that forward position. So on the 1965 Pilgrimage it becomes my main objective. Following the sad happening at Anzac, eight of us do a memorable walk from there to Chocolate Hill and lunch under a tree. After which I make for the top in a now-or-never mood. Remembering how readily I toddled to and fro in 1915 I anticipate no setbacks. Hullo, a notice-board; but can't read it. May be 'Trespassers' or just 'Keep off the grass'.

The hill seems smaller, and Green Hill too close. Below, the Lake, shimmering across to Lala Baba, with a shadowy Imbros beyond. Dense scrub again covers the chocolate on north to west slopes. No time to waste. Stepping over a protruding jaw-bone I take a goat-track going north. Very rough going - and me in shorts ! Below I strike remains of that Turkish trench we used to get to the O P - two blood-stained helmets said 'Heads down! ' better than any sergeant major. Lower down the scrub opens and - yes, there's an open mouth at the bottom ! But I don't recognise it. Too narrow; and surely much too far east? Must be another if I explore.

Time passes while I search, getting hot and frustrated, my companions forgotten - until suddenly I spy them half a mile away, walking back. Why - the blighters have forgotten me ! Not relishing the possibility of a night alone here, I say some very wicked words and take a short cut over scraggy corn, tired and very disgruntled.

1967

Once more I'm looking down on the sparkling Lake. The plan (very cunning I think) is to descend the western slope; then skip around below and check all scrub openings. Can't go wrong ! The descent is slow and painful. (Am in shorts again and there's some outsize thorns). When at last I step clear below a big tortoise is ambling past. In one look he sees I'm harmless and plods on.

Ah ! Now we must contend with some nice Turkish cultivation. And I find that even a small hill can provide a long shuffle around its base. In no time I get very hot and angry, galumphing over those rock-like lumps, with never a dent in that leafy wall. Maybe it's grown over. I'll work back and - Hullo, what's that ? I see comrade Coulson flagging me upstairs. The others (may their rabbits die) have already returned to the minibus ! Taking a a goat-track I struggle half-way up to find it firmly blocked. Down again and up another - also blocked. Then I'm startled to see a still length of speckled green tube near my feet. A snake, begob ! He's over two inches thick and evidently quite long. Probably harmless but ..... here's me boxed in without even a stick. I try a loud and really blood curdling shout. So good, it frightens me - and snakey melts swiftly away. Me blood's up, now ! With a George-and-Dragon feeling I heave through the bush regardless. Soon strike a wide, open grass patch where, to my surprise, I discover a Turk with two grazing cows. We grin; shake hands; and he kindly indicates my best path. (Maybe, I think, he's the landlord of Chocolate Hill ! And the one who blocks the goat-tracks). Well, there ends spasm number two. Done again !

1971

Never say die ! It's 1971 and again I'm atop of that darned hill. With broom in flower it looks more golden than chocolate. Well, this time, pals, I have a pre-1915 map, fully contoured, showing wells, springs, tracks and even footpaths. From the hilltop a dotted line wiggles down to the foot and continues across the flats to a bull-frog haunted spring which I now remember was in view from our guns. (No wonder those Turk gunners soon found us !) If I follow a bearing of twenty-three degrees Bob should be my uncle.

My path, though much obstructed, is easier this time, and runs across two belts of grass. Looking across to the long hump of Lala Baba I can imagine our shells sizzling across while the P B I trudge under fire

across that bald, coverless area east of the Lake. This time I'm carrying a stick, and would like my 1967 snake to pop his head above one of those holes for me to clobber him good and proper. Now the track widens and - its mouth open on to the flats !

Oh dear ! Can't recognise it. Guns have no place in this quiet, secluded spot. However, I'll look for clues. Going back a little I plunge into the bushes and thrash about. Ah ! Remains of that trench, and square depressions - dugouts. Yes, No. 3 gun would stand there, and that tangle of jungle behind was our bed-cum-dining-room. I seem to see the old detachment smearing what looks like red paint on small concrete squares, attended by clouds of zooming blowflies. Happy days. 'GOT THERE AT LAST! ' I yelp, doing a little jig. And in this moment of triumph I'm skewered in the rear by a thorn big as a darning needle. Well, enough is enough, chums. After a last, long look I make my way back to the hilltop, muttering 'Bet the others have gone'. No! The faithful Stapleford awaits me by the cemetery wall and I am glad.

A sobering thought, comrades. I got there free of charge in 1915 but all these revisits have set me back by about £400. If you will be obstinate you must pay for it !

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The Shield

'I am more than pleased with it, in fact it is superb; general design, layout and colours.

I would very much like to see a blazer badge designed on the same lines.'

* * * * * *

'Although I served twice in France, the experiences of Gallipoli stand out a mile in my mind.'

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THE CALL FROM THE DARDANELLES

Written by Gunner J England while serving in the 'Demosthenes', 1915 *

I stood on the deck of a Troopship
At the Gate of the Dardanelles,
'Midst the thunder of Warships' cannon,
And the bursting of giant shells !
Where men were dying in Britain's cause
To open the Sultan's door !
Shrapnel, rifle and machine gun fire
Raising a living hell on shore !
I thought of these men who were fighting
Three thousand miles from home,
Shoulder to shoulder with Australia's sons,
The clerk and the rolling stone,
Ghurkhas, Sikhs and Lancers,
From India's sunny clime !
All had left their near and dear
For a place in the firing line !
Each one had answered the Empire's call,
Intent on doing his bit;
While thousands of men were shirking at home,
Equally strong and fit !
Could they but know, could they but see
The Soldier and the Tar,
Working together as Britons should,
In the fight at Seddel Bahr.

They would throw their aprons to the girls,
Give up their games of whist,
And sing the 'Tipperary' song
As they scrambled to enlist !
There's Achi Baba yet to take
And the forts around Chanak !
These positions must be won !
There must be no hanging back !
We want more men, and still more men,
Before this can be done !
Do you realise this fact ?
'God ! will they never come ?'

I am only a British sailorman,
But I put it to them straight -
Enter Kitchener's Army,
Ere it is too late !
Ere the butt of an enemy's rifle,
Comes crashing through your door !
And the blood of innocent children,
Stains the kitchen floor !
Tell them you are coming,
Tom, Dick and Harry, too,
Shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand,
To pull the Empire through !

* * * * * * * * * *

I left Avonmouth with the 29th Division armada on the 17th March 1915, bound for 'somewhere east'. We duly arrived at Alexandria, via Malta and I was one of the Unit's advance party to go ashore and pitch camp for the main body at Mex. Here I was, 17 and full of zest for the mystery of Egypt. By dusk we could only drop down for the night and sleep and, this being my first visit to the desert, well almost, I wanted to savour the experience of camping out on the ground, which I did, with one blanket. I awoke at about daybreak after a good night's sleep and wondered where on earth, literally, I was. Insects crawled all over me and it was a bit chilly. Then I recalled where I was, and the fact that it was All Fools' Day.

E H W B

* 'The Call from the Dardanelles' was kindly sent in by D E G Morris (152)

MY GALLIPOLI EFFORT

By H H Hudson 4 Bn A I F (244)

The 1914 war had been going about three weeks when I first heard of it, I was so far in the Australian bush. After about one month, I left my work, went to Melbourne and joined up in November. By Christmas or soon after we sailed for Egypt as the second reinforcements to the 4th Battalion. By education I was almost illiterate. I had begun work one year before the legal age; I was 16 years old. We joined the original battalion at a camp very close to the Pyramids and re-embarked late March or early April 1915. We dropped anchor at Mudros and lay there two or three weeks. It was decided to do a practice landing. Not one round of live or blank ammunition was issued. We ran to the top of a small hill, shouted Hurrah and returned to the boat and back on board all smiles. We were ready, although some of us (about 1 in 10) had not fired a single round of ammunition of any kind ! On 23rd April, boxes of ammo appeared and we were loaded up, machine gun belts were filled and on the 24th we were all ordered to bed early and not a sound was to be made. The ship started moving. We were called about 3 a.m. on 25th April and formed up on deck. Soon rifle fire broke out ashore and we stood there and stood there. Hours passed and it was broad daylight, say 8.30 a.m. and we were told to lower the lifeboats and row ashore to a small hill which proved to be enemy held outside our position. Four lifeboats were lowered. The first one was filled with 20 or 30 men. Fewer than half knew how to row. With much splashing they moved off about 100 yards and waited for the other 3 boats. While the second boat was filling the first boat was ordered to make for the hill. The second boat got under way to shore. The third boat the same and the fourth boat (my boat) did the same. The 4 boats were now straggled over more than half a mile of sea. We in Boat 4 all shouted as loud as we could, 'Wait for us and all go in line

abreast'. Either they did not hear us or madly pushed on ashore.

The hill was about 40 feet high with a well constructed trench holding perhaps eight men. They opened fire at about 150 yards and the boat had about 100 yards to go to shore and progress was at snail pace owing to lack of trained rowers. Casualties were appalling. I guess 6 or 8 men survived. The second boat arrived and received the same experience. The third boat arrived and fared a little better as survivors were putting up fire. The fourth boat (my boat) landed about half of the men. We numbered some 40 men ashore. We took the Turks' trench, not a soul in it but plenty of empty cartridges. We advanced about 100 yards and came across a second trench without a soul. (I have often wondered why we did not land inside our established position and take the Turk through the bush by flank attack instead of frontal assault across open sea). I think all survivors were privates. We wondered what to do. The enemy returned with a machine gun and opened up. We retired to the first trench without a shot. The enemy followed us up. We retired to the beach knowing we must fight it out there, but the Turk would not try it. We remained there all day. At dark we decided to make a silent run for our position. But one man had a hard biscuit loose inside his billy can and it made enough noise as he ran to awaken the dead. Some shots flew at us without hitting.

We came to our outpost only to be appointed outpost to the outposts, passing the night without a shot. Next day we went up to the front line to find ourselves mixed up with New Zealanders. My rifle failed; there lay plenty about from casualties but nearly all had been already changed. However, I managed to find one that worked. It was a N.Z. and my Australian bayonet would not fit. Still, I used it. Four or five nights

later, about 10 p.m. a couple of chaps appeared on the top of my trench muttering something and I offered my my hand to help them down, thinking they had been out burying dead between the lines. They spoke again. We answered and they scrambled up the trench and made off in the direction of the enemy lines. They were lost Turks.

Next day the order 'All Australians to the beach'. We were formed into our battalions, marched back into front line and the same then done with New Zealanders. About two days later the Second Brigade was ordered to the beach. My company (B) boarded a destroyer. Word was passed round we had to do another landing. My heart sank. I have never before or since been so depressed for I did not see how I could live through it again. We landed at Cape Helles beside the River Clyde without a single casualty, but a shell passed so near my head it drew my hat off. It landed 30 feet away and was a dud !

On the 6th May we watched the French make a bayonet charge in their red and blue uniform ! In the sun they showed up most clearly. On the 8th May my battalion had to make a bayonet charge on Krithia village. Our casualties were bad. We advanced some 500 yards across open ground, leaving a trail of dead and wounded and dug in in face of enemy fire with no supplies for 4 or 5 days. That night relief came and we went back to the beach and back to Gaba Tepe. The last night at Helles is unforgettable. It rained and there was no shelter. I slept in inch deep mud with rain beating in my face. We had all had a rum ration or the weather would have killed us. Back at Anzac we dug in behind a hill say 40 feet high.

On 1st June, B Company was ordered to fall in around 2 p m As the line lengthened we passed the hill into full view of the enemy. We had been there 3 weeks and knew it well. We called to the Sergeant or Officer, 'The enemy can see us here'. 'Stop

talking in the ranks', was the reply. 'But the enemy can see us here', we continued to call out. 'SILENCE THERE', in angry terms which left no doubt the order must be obeyed. So we obeyed and hoped the enemy forward observing officer was having it quietly. But he wasn't. We got the order, 'Attention! Slope arms! Order arms! Slope arms! Present arms! ' when bang; an enemy shell with shrapnel arrived and knocked men down like nine-pins. A bullet entered the back of my right hand, travelled along inside and out at the inside of the wrist and went on into my right leg where it lodged. The order 'Dismiss' (while at the Present) was called out. We ran for it who could. Several more shells arrived. What our casualties were I do not know.

We filled the Field Dressing Station and the Orderly asked if the 4th was making an attack ? as we were all 4ths. At the BANG I heard many men shout as they received their death wound, broken limb or flesh wound as fate would have it.

I think it must have been this incident that gave the cemetery its present name, The 4th Battalion Parade Ground Cemetery. I have no other knowledge.

The next day I woke up in the hospital ship. It was June 2nd and my 17th birthday. My leg wound became poisonous and ran pus for a year.

I was returned to Melbourne. Discharged from the army.

It was all over.

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LATE NEWS THE SALONIKA SOCIETY

Members who also served in the Salonika campaign may like to know of the above. It is not an Association but runs an annual lunch and a dinner in London. It is an offshoot of the disbanded S R A. The Honorary Secretary is
MR A M TIMPSON 57 SHERWOOD AVENUE NORTH GREENFORD MDX.
Please enclose a return s a e when writing to him.



THE GALLIPOLI TOUR PARTY 1971

Taken at 1st Army Headquarters.

Uskudar, Istanbul

Members can be identified from the key below the photograph on page 39 of the issue of Autumn 1971

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