No 37 1981

THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS

No. 37
CHRISTMAS 1981

THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION
(Founded in 1969 on the campaign of 1915)

PRESIDENT — Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook CB CBE DSO

PAST-PRESIDENTS — Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC*
Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC

VICE-PRESIDENTS — Vice-Admiral Sir Peverill B R W William-Powlett KCB KCMG CBE DSO
Major General T H Jameson CBE DSO RM
Colonel the Lord Barnby CMG CBE MVO
Major G B Horridge TD
Captain E W Bush DSO** DSC RN

CHAIRMAN & HON SEC & EDITOR of THE GALLIPOLIAN — Major E H W Banner TD** MSc CEng FIEE FIMechE FInstP
Delphi Maresfield Park UCKFIELD
East Sussex TN22 2HB
(UCKFIELD (0825) 4949)

HON TREASURER — D F Bland Ment Disp (AM)
Tor View 4 Ridgeway Close
DORKING Surrey RH4 3AS
(DORKING (0306) 885360)

COMMITTEE — Captain D M Penrose TD
S Parker Bird FRICS FRVA
Major J F Ford
Major A G Coulson MA LLB (AM)
K Tranmer (AM)
D A Pollard (AM)

NEW HONORARY MEMBER — Lord Hankey KCMG KCVO

1982
REUNIONS

Sunday 25th April
Join the Anzacs at the Cenotaph
then at Westminster Abbey
Annual Luncheon at Chelsea Barracks
Annual General Meeting
Evening: 29th Division Memorial Service at Eltham

THE PRESIDENT AND 'STAFF' SEND
HEARTY CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO
ALL MEMBERS
AND WITH BEST WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

For Christmas and the New Year

The Service man possesses two main homes
His Unit one and that from which he comes.
His Unit one may range through war and peace,
His Home-fires one brings thoughts which rarely cease.
Now we, who served abroad in World War One,
Had hoped to find a lasting peace begun.
Alas, within our hearts, that ne'er could be
We lost so many friends on land and sea.
That fearsome old Gallipolian Strip
Still holds our hearts within its timeless grip!
The vacant echoes still disturb our ears
And thoughts about old comrades call forth tears.
No man was sorry when we had to go,
But few were really glad that it was so,
For near the silent trenches were the graves
Of friends for whom our inmost spirit craves.
Can this refer to Christmas you may say?
We do not know and yet perhaps it may
Because such ties which then were formed out there
Should demonstrate a pattern which, with care,
Could bring good-will, and peace, between all men
Forever and not merely 'now and then'.
So now we wish you 'all you wish yourselves'
However deep your searching spirit delves.
And when we come to Nineteen Eighty Two
May real good luck adhere to you like glue!
Now God bless you and keep you safe from falling
And press towards the mark of your high calling.

D M P

THE ANNUAL DINNER 1981

The dinner largely followed the now well-defined pattern. It was held on the 7th of October at the Royal Air Force club and 48 turned up; these included official and members' private guests.

After the preprandial drinks all present assembled and were individually presented to the guest of honour and the other official guests, and the president.

Admiral Longley-Cook opened the proceedings by inviting all those present for the first time to stand and be welcomed. The usual loyal message to H M the Queen was read, together with her gracious reply.

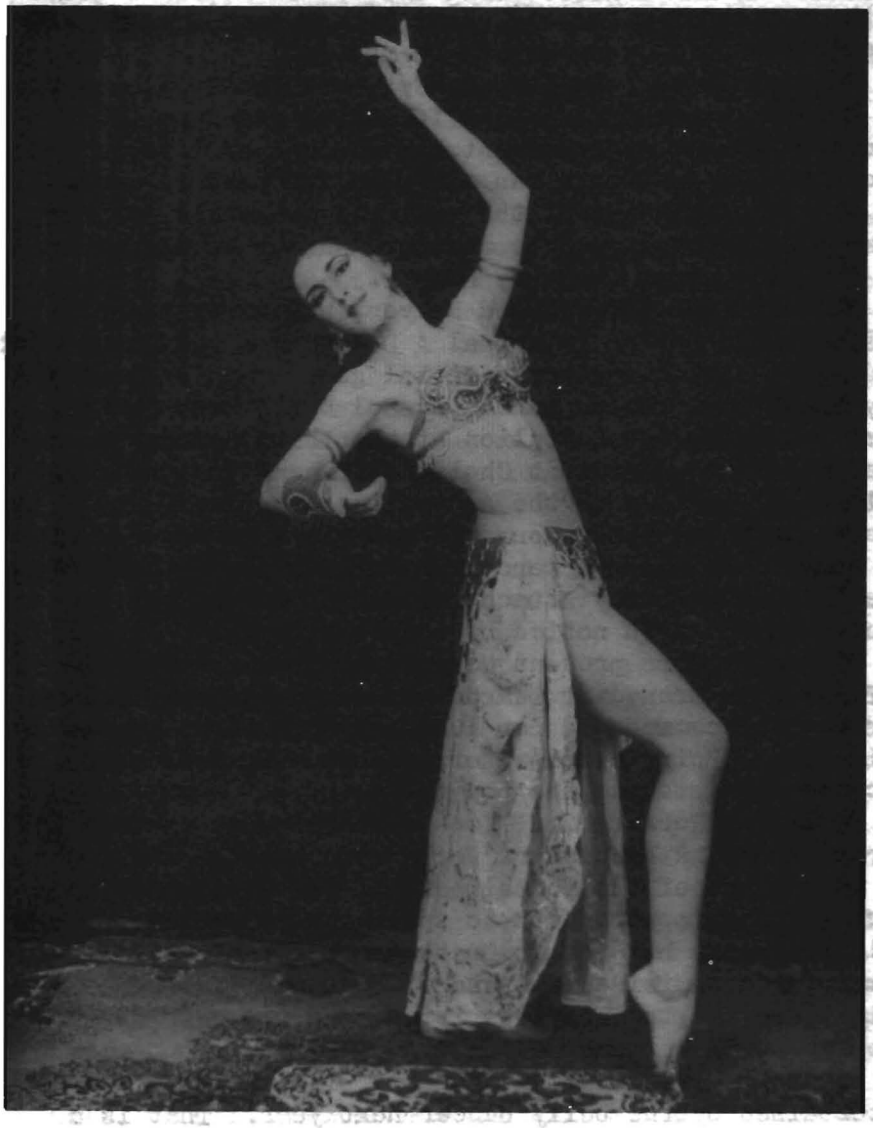
Again as usual, turkey was the mainstay of the meal and again as usual coffee and Turkish delight followed. But there was one difference from normal. Real Turkish delight had been sent to us directly from Istanbul by a most helpful member, Desmond Hawes of the British Consulate. At the coffee stage the president called on the chairman to explain about the Turkish delight and I told how I had written to the president about the receipt of thesweet on which the president asked: 'What about the houri?' I stated that this was expecting a bit of a lot, whereupon three musicians entered the room, causing eyebrows to rise, until the band started up and the houri, or Turkish belly dancer appeared, much to the astonishment of all but a few who had been told in advance.

All present seemed to find the new venture worth while. In fact I was pleased to receive a letter on the subject which included: 'It was a very well organized party and an excellent dinner, notable certainly for the "Turkish Delight". I have laughed a lot at the utter mystification and surprise of everyone when that very Turkish band struck up and their total merriment at the arrival of the houri. I think everyone enjoyed it.'

The explanation of this is that on receiving the president's joking remark about the houri I wondered if in fact it might be possible. With many misgivings I did make an approach and was delighted when Mr Mourat the proprietor of the Gallipoli Restaurant in London said that he would be pleased to provide it all for us. And so the 'Turkish Delight' was edible, visible and audible.

(Continued on page 6)

'DINNER ENDED WITH COFFEE AND TURKISH DELIGHT'



A photograph taken at the dinner by W G Cave (457) was received too late for inclusion but will be reproduced in the next issue.

Mr Mourat was so keen on the idea that he asked to join the Association and as will be seen in the list of new members he is now number 831 AM. No doubt some members with or without wives will want to see more of this and the reference on page 26 may be noted.

The main speech by Lord Hankey, our guest of honour, is reproduced in full in the following pages so that those of us who were present can re-read at leisure and those not so furtunate can sit down and read it also.

At the conclusion of the speech I was called on to make a brief reply and to ask Lord Hankey to accept one of our ties as an Honorary Member.

Then Admiral Sir Desmond Dreyer, who among other offices held is the Principal A D C to H M the Queen spoke and after that the other official guests had a chance to say thank you. These were: Lt-Col D B W Webb-Carter, commanding the 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards who had most kindly hosted us at Chelsea Barracks in April, and Colonel E R Philip of the Australian Army Staff at Australia House in London. He was there in his own right as number 808 AM. We were to have had Colonel Onur Noyan, the Turkish Military Attaché in London but he was prevented at short notice by a special duty.

Of our members present we were glad to see Captain C T F Fagan, Grenadier Guards as he was instrumental in our being accommodated for luncheon at Chelsea Barracks this year. Being a friend of Colonel Webb-Carter he was located alongside at the top table.

Major G B Horridge, a Vice-President came up from the north - Bury in Lancashire to be more exact.

At the end of the formal part of the evening members were given an opportunity to speak. Most seemed to be too full for words but Norman Pratt did speak at some length. Some of his reminiscences are to be found elsewhere in this issue and the previous issue. He too came up from the far north but pressed on from Preston.

No doubt some impatient members will ask if we can be entertained by the belly dancer next year. That is a long time ahead and by then anything might happen. As we grow up our numbers of Members must fall off and a review of the problem is in hand. Members may like to send in their comments!

E H W B

SPEECH BY LORD HANKEY AT THE ANNUAL DINNER 1981

Thank you, Mr President, for your kind words. I am greatly honoured to be your guest tonight and to address the Gallipoli Association.

I am frankly a bit shy about this as you must all know such a tremendous lot about that famour campaign, so I shall ask for your kind indulgence. However, I did as a schoolboy living at home grow up with the Dardanelles Campaign.

My father, then a Lt-Col of the Royal Marine Artillery was secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence and of the Dardanelles Committee of the Cabinet and he was from 1916-1937 Secretary of the Cabinet itself. Later he became the first Lord Hankey.

Previously in 1907 while in the Mediterranean Fleet as an Intelligence Officer he had seen the Dardanelles at close hand and visited the Sultan of Turkey with Admiral Drury. He was already quite an expert on amphibian warfare, the special province of the Royal Marines, and had studied the defences of many parts of the Mediterranean.

Coming now to 1915 my father never believed in the possibility of forcing the Narrows by naval action alone. Nor did he see what the fleet could do by itself even if it did force its way into the Sea of Marmora and to Constantinople. Although Sultan Abdul Hamid was not an impressive personality my father thought the Turks would resist solidly, even if we cleared the Bosphorus in order to aid Russia. In January 1915 he circulated to the Dardanelles Committee a General Staff study of the Dardanelles made in 1906 which came to the clear conclusion at that time that naval action alone could not succeed and that a major military campaign would be required as well: and that the reports did not recommend.

In January 1915 as we all know, the Cabinet, pressed by Mr Winston Churchill and impressed by the need to open a warm water supply route to aid Russia, decided to try to do the job by naval action alone. It did not succeed.

Well, we all remember how the Allies had to land troops in late April 1915, without any of the advantages of surprise, and in terribly tough conditions in that most difficult terrain. In spite of really valiant efforts by

the troops - British, Australian, New Zealand and French - a trench warfare stalemate was soon reached. My father was sent out to the Dardanelles by the Government in late July 1915 to report on what was happening and why we were not being more successful. He formed good relations with Admiral de Robeck and General Sir Ian Hamilton, and also the French Commander. He visited many parts of the various fronts. He was greatly impressed by the troops, especially the Anzacs. He brought home a major report to the Cabinet.

He was indeed lucky to get home. At one point he went and sat on a pile of stones with a remarkably good view of the front, and as a good intelligence officer he made a sketch map to illustrate part of his subsequent report. While he was having lunch afterwards at a local command post, an officer came in and invited those present to go out and see a most ingenious land mine booby trap which the Turks had left behind. It was under the very pile of stones my father had sat on for over half an hour. He had just not kicked the trigger.

My father also used to recount how a party of Gurkhas and British troops, by supreme bravery, fought their way to the top of a hill which strategically dominated most of the Peninsula; this had been fought over for weeks. Unfortunately a particularly able gunnery officer on one of our monitors spotted men with brown faces up on top there and landed a 12-in shell in their midst. The poor surviving Gurkhas retreated. The Turks came back and we never recovered that vital hill again. (Koja Chemen Tepe of the Sari Bair range).

That was typical of the bad luck we had in that campaign. But we really had good luck with the weather when we performed the final evacuation of the Gallipoli peninsula. It was brilliantly done and with incomparably better staff work than at the original landings.

One reads so much of interest about the military campaign, notably in your brilliant periodical The Gallipolian, but having been a diplomat for thirty-eight years I am going to try to put our failure at the Dardanelles on a broad background of the war in 1915.

First of all, the campaign did, until it failed, encourage the Russians, who were being terribly knocked

about by Hindenburg and Ludendorf. Of course the Russians were proportionally discouraged when we failed at the Dardanelles. We all remember the outcome in Russia in 1916 and 1917.

Then the fact that we were active, and the French also, in the Mediterranean, certainly helped to bring Italy into the war on our side in May 1915. That really was a plus as Italy had until then been an ally of Germany.

One is apt to forget that in 1915 our Balkan diplomacy failed - and our lack of success in preventing the Russians and Greeks from quarelling about Constantinople, which they both wanted, was a material element in our failure at the Dardanelles. Venizelos fell from power in Athens and a pro-German Prime Minister took over. Serbia was in big trouble and we had to help her. The Salonika campaign began and took away troops and supplies we could have used at the Dardanelles. When Bulgaria entered the war on Germany's side in the Autumn of 1915, Germany got direct communication with Turkey and the whole military outlook in the Dardanelles was undermined.

I am surprised, when looking back, that we stayed on in the Dardanelles till January 1916.

There was a terrible post-mortem in London on the Gallipoli campaign. It went on till early 1917.

My father was asked by the Prime Minister to present the Government's case to the Dardanelles Commission as he knew all sides of the problem. He always said that the Dardanelles Commission caused him more trouble, pain and sorrow than anything else he ever had to do. Coming on top of the terrible navel, military, civil, economic and diplomatic problems of 1916, the shipping losses, the terrible manpower losses in France, the awful supply problems, the Irish problems, all of which came to the Cabinet of which my father was a very active secretary, one really is amazed at the persistence and contentiousness of the Dardanelles inquiry. My father not only lost many nights sleep, but worse still, a number of teeth as well.

We have not always applied the very important lessons we should have learned in Gallipoli. The policies of the Foreign Office at that time do not seem to have been adequately prepared in co-ordination with strategic realities.

We suffered a similar lack of co-ordination between diplomacy in the armed services in 1935. It was inexcusable that owing to the laxity of the Government over rearmament, the condition of our armed forces in 1935 prevented us from dealing with Mussolini's supply lines when the League of Nations tried to stop his invasion of Abyssinia. This enormous failure to stop the dictator must have been a great encouragement to Hitler, and we left our former ally Mussolini both strong and infuriated.

Coming nearer to our times I could draw a comparison between the total absence of any element of surprise in our Gallipoli landing, and the way we carried out our attack on Egypt in 1956 after five days of bombing with the United Nations Security Council and Assembly in full session. I do want to emphasize how essential it is to be realistic both in diplomacy and armed action.

In conclusion I do want to mention one or two realities about Turkey.

The Turks certainly fought magnificently in Gallipoli. My father was very impressed by their stout-hearted resistance, in spite of rather weak leadership in Constantinople. Subsequently Mustapha Kemal brought into being a very new Turkey. He was a very great man. But certainly Turkey has major economic and political problems nowadays. I was proud to be one of the British Representatives on the Turkey consortium at OECD in Paris for some years trying to help Turkey. Now that the Turks have a more stable political situation I do hope that their economy may improve and that they may by agreement with Greece develop and benefit by the oil which very probably lies under the Eastern Aegean. That would be of enormous benefit to both countries and especially to Turkey with its immense and growing population of over forty-four millions. The solution of this diplomatic Turkish-Greek problem, including a better arrangement in Cyprus, is almost essential if Turkey is to realize her full potential as a most valuable member of the NATO alliance.

Mr President, that would indeed be a happy confirmation of our good relations with modern Turkey, and I

hope this is also seen as an optimistic ending to my remarks to which you have listened so kindly.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

FREE FIRST-CLASS TRAVEL PASS FOR GALLIPOLI VETERANS

All members are entitled to receive this, valid for travel by road, rail and ferry. It is equally available to all other WW1 veterans and it applies anywhere - anywhere in New South Wales, that is.

Our youthful and intrepid member Syd Blythman (657) writes again of his welcome down under and the hospitality he finds. His local branch (Adamstown) of the R S L put on a week's holiday in Queensland for ex-Service O A Ps. WW2 veterans paid 40 dollars (about £20) which included travel, accommodation and meals, but free to him and two other WW1 veterans. The other two were in France and Egypt and aged 82 and 84. Syd is 88. He also holds a new government bus pass valid for two years.

He writes that recently one of his pals visited England and returned saying that 'things were not too good in England now'. He adds that Australia is at present plagued by strikes (July) although wages are much higher than in England.

Members will have read about Syd and seen photographs of him: one where he is handing over one of our shields to the Adamstown branch in number 33, autumn 1980. Also in number 36 which is a prelude to his Queensland tour given above.

Long live our ambassador veteran down under. And our appreciation of the official recognition of the spirit of Anzac - and Syd served with the Wiltshires.

E H W B

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 17 November 1981)

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

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

New Members - continued

CHANGES OF ADDRESS ETC

OBITUARY (at 17 November 1981)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

W O Lane (RAPC HQ 29 Div)	(277)
Lt H E Bode (AB HMS Vengeance)	(286)
Col J H Souter MC CStJ (AB RND Hawke Bn)	(535)
T W Allen MC Ment Disp (2/Lt 8 Cheshire R)	(696)
W Cragg (PO Armd Car Div RN)	(476)
S K Silvey (7 Gloster R 13 Div)	(211)
G F Moseley (CPO RN HMS Prince of Wales)	(442)
Brigadier J A C Taylor DSO MC TD (10 Manchesters)	(448)
Captain C F H Churchill DSC (Mdmn HMS London)	(17)
Captain W M Woodgate (RE Signals HQ)	(258)
A R Ward (RE Signals 29 Div)	(697)
P P May (HMS Triumph & HMS Lydiard)	(120)

SUBSCRIPTIONS 1982

Annual subscriptions will be due on 1st January next and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer (see page 2) and not to the Honorary Secretary. Prompt payment will be welcome and most appreciated.

Please remember that the rate of subscription was increased at the AGM in April last to £2 p.a. for Members and Associate Members (see page 19 of Issue No. 36). If payment is made by Bankers Order please ensure that amended instructions have been given to your bank if necessary.

The Honorary Treasurer takes the opportunity of thanking the many members who, from time to time, have so generously sent sums in excess of the minimum rate.

D F B

* * * * * * * * * *

PHOTOGRAPHS

Suitable photographs are welcome for publication in THE GALLIPOLIAN. They may be sent at any time but preferably shortly after an event.

If photographs are required to be returned to the sender this should be stated when sending.

Photographs from a newspaper etc. should have particulars added so that acknowledgement can be made. There is no guarantee that any particular photograph can be used.

* * * * * * * * * *

A young Gallipolian had been very brave in the war, gaining a Military Medal. He was to be married but was very scared at the idea of having to stand in front of everybody for the service. When asked by the minister 'Wilt thou . . . . ?' he could only reply faintly 'I wilt.'

THAT'S GALLIPOLI THAT WAS

He was a writer right from school days. Well, he meant to be but at school sport took up so much of his time that he put it off a bit. Then his father gave him a pencil and his mother gave an exercise book. Now he was all set only he had to think of means to add to the family income, firstly by newspaper deliveries, then part-time garden work. When asked about his book he would say that it was all in hand; he had the plot in mind and all he had to do was to write it - when he had time,he added. Then when finally pushed to it he admitted that he had at any rate got the title, which was on a martial note:

THE SWORD AND THE GUN

Excalibur and 'x' calibre

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

He was of course in late middle age, having been at Gallipoli, but he looked somewhat older than he was. Instead of using the term 'the Peninsula' as most did, he preferred the basic name 'Gallipoli'. He said he was fed up with people asking him if he knew the Duke of Wellington when he was in the Peninsular War.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Two old Gallipoli pals on holiday at a hotel having breakfast. One wanted a full meal and asked for bacon, fried eggs, sausage and beans. The other wasn't so hungry and to cut it down he asked 'The same for me, but you can eliminate the eggs'. After a time the young waiter came back and asked him 'Would you have your eggs fried too, Sir. The 'liminator has gone wrong'.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH

FRED COWLES AND THE BORDER REGIMENT



This photograph was taken at Carlisle, the depot of the Border Regiment in which Fred Cowles served, on the occasion of a visit by some members of the Branch on the 22nd August. Third from viewers left is Fred Cowles and on the right is Alan Standley. They were greeted by Lt-Colonel R K May, the Curator of the Regimental Museum of the Border Regiment and the King's Own Royal Border Regiment, at the Castle, Carlisle. Colonel May is himself an Associate Member (725) and his father served with the 1st Battalion in the 29th Division at Gallipoli until he was wounded. Col May knew most of the serving officers of the regiment, one being his godfather. He also had an uncle, after whom he was named, who was killed out there on the 12th July while serving with the 5th Highland Light Infantry.

Further, Colonel May has propagated the idea of our Association in the regimental journal 'The Lion and Dragon'.

Nine friends of Fred Cowles travelled to Carlisle for the invitation to visit the Castle and the Museum and lunch. Some were sons of Border Regiment veterans who are not yet Associate Members.

After lunch they went to the Cathedral and were conducted by the Dean; after that a wreath was laid in commemoration and as the only ex-member of the Borders from 1915 Fred was honoured to lay the wreath.

Looking ahead, Alan Standley (776 AM) has promised to take another party in 1982. The latter is a very enthusiastic A M who often turns up at our reunions, complete with his late father's medals. He is the Vice-Chairman.

Other news from Birmingham is of a meeting held at Sheldon, Birmingham, in the R B L premises. Fred Cowles was in the chair and a variety of matters were discussed regarding possible future activities of the Branch.

Attendance at the Dinner in London (7th October) was discussed but it was reluctantly found impossible for anyone to attend, as had been hoped. This was due, as expected, to advancing age and limiting mobility and the expense and difficulty in either returning home that night, or the cost of an overnight stay in London. However, in future it might be possible to arrange car-sharing with one of the younger members.

The co-operation between the new branch and the local R B L Branch is all to the good.

Other members and associate members living in the Birmingham area are cordially invited to contact the Honorary Secretary of the branch: N W Cowley (650 AM) at Hayway Cottage, Hayway Lane, Broadwell, Rugby CV23 8HH. His father is W T Cowley, holder of the MSM (499).

H A Hibberd (270) who served with the 9th Royal Warwicks (TA) is the oldest soldier of the Branch. (See page 18)

A BORDERLINE CASE

Some of the Borders on the Peninsula were looking forward to the end of the war and returning to Blighty. 'No more soldiering for me' etc. One said he would join another Border regiment, the M O F B, which he explained was 'Mother's Own Fireside Boarders'.

MY MOST TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE AT GALLIPOLI 1915

By H A Hibberd 9 R Warwicks 13 Div (270)

I shall never forget the 4th of December 1915. I was with the 9th platoon, C Company and was on duty in the firing line when we were relieved by B Company of our regiment and taken to V Beach for a rest after a period of 4 or 5 days and nights, but believe me it was no rest period for us.

We were halted about a thousand yards from the ship River Clyde which was being used as a landing stage for reinforcements and supplies of all descriptions and we were told to take what cover we could so we made ourselves as comfortable as possible.

There were plenty of dugouts about and four of us got into one and were very soon asleep, until a corporal came around and woke us up, with orders to parade without rifles or webbing equipment. We fell in, two deep and some were detailed to go to the River Clyde to unload rations, ammunition and other supplies; another party had to carry them to various dumps for dispatch to comrades in reserve trenches and the firing line, but the party I was detailed for turned out to be a great disaster and shock for us all.

There were now about 30 of us and we were told to go in pairs, collect a pick and spade and work together when we reached our destination. When everyone had got either a pick or spade we were marched back into the trenches, along a reserve trench to a communication trench on the far right and all the trenches were thus deserted as if they had not been occupied for some time. Up the communication trench we went, until we got to the last reserve trench nearest to the firing line. Then we were ordered to pile arms, remove webbing equipment and rest for a while.

After about half an hour a young second-lieutenant came and took over and told us we were to proceed to the communication trench and start digging and to throw the earth into the air as high as possible over the side of the trench, the idea was to attract Johnny's attention and bluff that we were staying in that position whereas we were actually preparing to evacuate the Peninsula altogether.

After digging for about ten minutes our object was successful as the Turks sent a shell over and it went well over our trench and exploded four or five hundred yards away and did no damage. The officer was delighted and ordered us to carry on, but a few minutes later a second shell came over; the Turks had shortened their range to explode two hundred and fifty yards beyond our trench, too close for my comfort, so I asked the officer for permission to go to the latrine which was in a dugout in the firing line. It was of course primitive and had a pole for a seat and while I was there the Turks sent shell number three over. A piece of shrapnel hit the biscuit box, knocking pole from under me. This did not injure me other than shock. I have never dressed myself so quickly before or since. After completing my dressing in the firing line I went back to where I was expecting my comrades, but what a shock I got; twelve men lying in a heap, some groaning, some already dead and blood everywhere; terrible wounds and no one but myself about. The remainder of the party had vanished or been ordered to retire.

It was impossible for me to get down into the trench without stepping on the dead and wounded so I climbed into the open, ran for a few yards and then jumped back into the trench; as I did so I met two stretcher-bearers and went back to assist them. I was able to assist one of the wounded who had been hit in the shoulder, to the reserve trench.

My company officer, Captain Berthron and the padre were in a reserve trench with one who was dying and the captain asked me what it was like up there. My reply 'Bloody awful' but with another man and a stretcher I went back to collect identity discs and pay-books belonging to the dead and bring them back. Another Birmingham man I met was Shilton, from Small Heath. My captain was very pleased with me and asked my name but I never heard any more of it. The captain was later killed in Mesopotamia in 1917.

I am 87 now, but hope to organize a party of about 12 or 14 to go to the lunch and A G M in London in April 1982.

COSMOPOLITIZATIONING

We started on the 25th April 1969 at the Duke of York's HQ with 36 present. Ranks ranged from brigadier to private and captain R N to A B. All were campaign veterans and only such were foreseen.

Then we expanded by taking in non-veterans with special interest in the Dardanelles-Gallipoli campaign, calling them associate members. Early additions were a retired military attache to Turkey, military historians, sons and grandsons of members, permanent officers of regimental depots whose regiments were involved, such as the 6th Q E O Gurkha Rifles and the Border Regiment.

The present local representative of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission at Gallipoli is so keen that he persuades official visitors to the war graves to join, including countries other than the U K. One such is a professor at the American University of Beirut in Lebanon.

Australian A Ms include officers at Australia House in London and overseas, such as the Australian High Commissioner in Canada; others are at Ankara. One A M at Ankara is a Canadian. In Australia a recent A M is a regular army officer at the University of New South Wales, Royal Military College. (See No. 36, page 9).

Being on very good terms with the Turkish military authorities honorary memberships are to be expected. The late General Aran of Ankara and Captain Akomer of Istanbul have been most helpful to us on our tours.

In India we have an honorary member and an A M while the Military Adviser to the India High Commissioner in London is one of us, Brigadier V Madan.

Two successive Turkish Ambassadors in London and the President of the Franch 'DARDA' are others.

Perhaps the two most surprising additions are these:
(1) An Australian nursing sister who served with a field hospital at Mudros, Sister N A Pike, who was also Mrs Laffin. She was introduced by her son, which is unique. She was thus a member, not an A M.
(2) The other unusual and unexpected but very welcome case is that of the Turkish proprietor of the Gallipoli Restaurant, in London. He is notable through having provided the visible Turkish delight at dinner, in the person of the belly dancer. (See p 4)

AT GALLIPOLI WITH THE SOUTH STAFFORDS

By Lt-Col William Busby (7 S Staffords) (803)

At the outbreak of war in 1914 a crowd of my pals and myself enlisted in Kitchener's Army and were posted to the 7th Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment.

As soon as the battalion was up to strength we were moved to Belton Park, Grantham where our initial training was carried out.

In April 1915 we marched from Grantham to Lutterworth where we entrained for Farnham and then marched to Frensham where we occupied a tented camp on the edge of Frensham Ponds.

Here the training was very strenuous and a trench system was dug to give us an idea of trench warfare.

The 7th battalion South Staffordshire Regiment formed part of the 33rd brigade whose other battalions were the 6th Lincolns, 6th Border Regt and 9th Notts & Derby.

This brigade formed part of the 11th Division, whose other brigades were the 32nd consisting of 9th West Yorks, 6th York & Lancasters and 8th West Riding Regt and the 34th consisting of the 8th Northumberland Fusiliers, 9th Lancashire Fusiliers, 11th Manchester Regt and the 5th Dorset Regiment plus a Divisional battalion of the 6th East Yorks.

Early in June 1915 H M the King inspected the Division and shortly afterwards we were issued with khaki drill uniforms and topees. Any old soldiers who knew how to put a puggaree on a topee made a small fortune out of the youngsters who hadn't a clue how to do it.

On 29th June all ranks were notified that our destimation was Gallipoli and on 30th June we embarked in the S S Empress of Britain in Liverpool Docks.

We had an escort of 3 destroyers but shortly after leaving port we ran into dense fog and for a time we lost our escort.

Later, after picking up our escort again, we followed a zig-zag route more or less close to the North African coast, eventually arriving at Malta where we coaled.

From Malta we proceeded to Alexandria where we docked. The first day we were kept on board but there was plenty of entertainment on the dockside provided by jugglers and newsboys.

All but our fighting kit was dumped here and was never seen again, so that was the end of many treasured possessions.

On the 4th day we sailed for Mudros (a Greek island which has one of the finest deep harbours in the world) where we saw all the big liners of that time, including the Aquitania and the Mauritania. This was on 21st July and my battalion was transferred to a coaster named Abbushai.

The whole of the 33rd Brigade was ordered to proceed to Cape Helles, while the remainder of the Division remained at Mudros.

On arrival at Cape Helles we landed close to the S S River Clyde which had had some of her side plates cut out and was beached. It was from this ship that some of the Fusiliers of the 29th Division made the original landing.

Just as we were landing a Turkish shell hit a small boat close by which had a supply of Very Lights on board and these ignited, lighting up the whole scene.

After disembarkation we marched to what was known as the Reserve Park where we had a few hours sleep and on the 23rd July took over a section of the reserve trenches on the slopes of Achi Baba.

It was a most gruesome introduction to active warfare; the parapets were to a great extent built up of the bodies of British and Turks and smelt abominably. In addition there were millions of loathsome flies which made it impossible to eat between sunrise and sunset. The heat was intense and drinking water scarce. In those days the NAFFI did not exist and cigarettes were unobtainable.

After a short period in Reserve we moved up to the front line where we relieved a part of the 63rd Naval Division in a part of the line known as The Horseshoe Bend.

Our first fatal casualty was the Scout Officer who was firing through an armoured plate when a Turkish sniper, who must have had telescopic sights, put a shot straight along the scout officer's rifle sights and into his eye. Our 2nd casualty was Capt the Hon.Legge who was hit in the spine by a spent bullet and after a period in hospital was evacuated Home but he died on the journey and was buried at sea.

We suffered quite a number of casualties but on 25th July we were relieved and returned to the beach and embarked on the coaster Osmanieh and proceeded to the

island of Imbros to rejoin the remainder of the Division.

Here preparations were taken in hand for a new landing to be made at Suvla Bay and landing from Lighters was practised.

On the night 6/7th August we embarked on Lighters and General Sir Ian Hamiltan was there to wish us 'God Speed'.

Before embarking each man was issued with 2 bandoliers of ammunition, in addition to the 150 rounds he carried in his equipment pouches. Each man had alternately a pick or a shovel thrust down his back. At that time I was a signaller and I had the additional load of 2 semaphore flags and a field telephone. It wasn't long after we landed before the perspiration was running through the lace holes of my boots.

The Lighters had their own means of propulsion but for the greater part of the journey we were taken in tow by destroyers who cast us off when, in the moonlight, we were in sight of the shore.

We achieved the element of surprise and there was a small Turkish picquet guarding the beach but they retired after firing a few shots which had no effect.

A little further inland we met stronger opposition at a small hillock called Lala Baba but a bayonet charge by the Yorkshire Regt overcame this and a few prisoners were taken.

Patrols were sent out and advanced a considerable distance and then returned reporting no sight of any enemy concentration. Meanwhile the rest of the Brigade had dug themselves in, but no advantage was taken of the surprise which had been achieved.

(To be continued)

'DAMN THE DARDANELLES'

A Gallipoli veteran read of the book recently published under the above title. He said the idea was not new, he himself had thought of it when our ships were held up by mines in 1915. He had said 'Why not dam the Dardanelles so that we can march up and use our field guns on the Turkish forts?'



AT THE CENOTAPH: ANZAC DAY 1981

'The banner with the strange device'
PHOTOGRAPH by courtesy of Grant Pedlar Australian Express and Keith Tranmer.



AT THE CENOTAPH ANZAC DAY 1981

Part of the group
PHOTOGRAPH by courtesy of Grant Pedlar Australian Express and Keith Tranmer

CAPTAIN EKREM AKOMER: HONORARY MEMBER

One of our esteemed overseas honorary members is Captain Ekrem Akomer of Turkey. He is a retired cavalry officer and holds many offices in the life of Turkey. To us he is prominent as the Director of Protocol of the Turkish Veterans Union, in which a few of us are Honorary Members. His civil posts include Founder and Honorary Life President of the Turkish Life-Saving Association and owing to having to be present at an annual meeting of that organization he was unable to accept our invitation to dinner this year. He is a co-Founder, Honorary Member and Honorary President of the Turkish Touring and Automobile Club from 1923. He is a co-Founder of the Turkish Jockey Club and a Sport Commissioner of the A D A C - Tour d'Europe 1956.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

GALLIPOLI RESTAURANT

EUROPE'S ONLY AUTHENTIC TURKISH RESTAURANT

Eastern Glamour: French and Turkish Cooking

LUNCH AND DINNER

SPECIALITY: TURKISH EVENINGS 6 nights per week

10.30 pm and 1 am

BELLY DANCER (See p 5)

Swinging Sensuosity: Abdominal Articulations
Exotic Extravaganza

A wall shield presented by the Gallipoli Association will shortly be displayed

PROPRIETOR: Joseph Mourat (831 AM)

7-8 Bishopsgate Churchyard E C 2

Telephone bookings 01-528 1922
and 1931

PROUD TROOPER CONVERTED TO P B I

By Alex Barclay DCM Ayrshire Yeomanry (509)

(Concluded from Number 35)

After the war, Jock Smith used to tell with great glee the incident leading to investigation by the Brigadier of the loss of his saddlery during this period. Food and rum was very plentiful and very available to fatigue parties, as they had only to open boxes and jars to get what they wanted and those who took rum were generally in very good fettle and high spirits. Jock, and a trooper, Calachan, were detailed to help load the Brigade Head-Quarters' tackle onto a lighter, via a floating platform made of two narrow planks, which was anything but steady and made their job difficult and unpleasant as there was a danger of their being tipped off into the sea. An officer was stationed near the lighter end of the gangway supervising the loading and two members of the fatigue party immediately ahead of Smith and Camachan were asked by the officer what they were carrying. 'A box of horse shoes', was the reply. 'Into the sea with it' the officer ordered. Jock and his mate were having difficulty with the large box containing the Brigadier's property and their reply as to what they were carrying resulted in another box of 'horseshoes' finding a watery hiding place. Brigadiers were not very popular, and any old soldier will appreciate the satisfaction Jock felt in thus disposing of the box of saddlery.

Just before the evacuation started, the troops on Cape Helles had been informed that the army corps, comprising the troops on that part of the peninsula, were being replaced by another corps and were being taken to Egypt to be brought up to strength, by being re-equipped, rested and made ready to go into action again in the spring. This I fully believed (and I think that everyone with whom I was in contact did) so it was something of a shock when at the end of the first week in the new year we were informed that all of our troops had been successfully evacuated from the peninsula.

When the news came through I just could not believe it. I felt very shocked and depressed for several days. Our troops on the peninsula had fought well and licked the best troops in the Turkish army. They had landed on a defended shore, from open boats and short of the necessary equipment and cannon. The shore was defended by an army who never

had less than double the guns that we had, and unlimited supplies of ammunition, good lines of communication, good lines of trenches and barbed wire defences in dominating positions, enabling them to observe every move that we made. Our army had suffered from the tremendous heat, the extreme cold and the terrible blizzard just before St Andrew's day; these sufferings could never have been experienced by a British army before (or since), even in the Crimean war. We had lived, fought, and many had lost their lives in battle, surrounded by thousands of dead bodies, both British and Turkish, and had been pestered by millions of flies, which lived on the rotting corpses and settled on every portion of our food as we ate it - as a consequence of this we suffered from the most distressing of illnesses, such as dysentery and jaundice, which very few of us were lucky enough not to contract. Some regiments that had landed in full strength had lost half of, or even two thirds of, their troops in their first contact with the enemy and came off the peninsula with under 100 effective rifles. Is it to be wondered at that, after all we had done and suffered, I should feel the way I did? (Kitchener's popularity faded out at that time).

How had the 'Proud Troopers', turned into P B I, performed? I think they had a right to hold their heads high. They had taken on any job to which they were set with no friction at all and had conducted themselves and carried out their duties equally well (or better) than any infantry unit. They were better 'diggers' and 'fatiguers' than any units that they were in contact with; this was due to the fact that,before the war, they were employed on farms where the great diversity of their work and their outdoor life had given them a large physical advantage over units composed of people who had, perhaps, had a job in civil life in a shop, an office, or a factory. Their outdoor life had taught them, also, how to deal with weather problems and with the wet conditions which were experienced towards the end of the campaign. They had at no time proved less steady under attack or bombardment than any other unit - in fact, after my experience on the morning of the day we were evacuated, when I went up to recover the dead body of

Downey and found the unit which had relieved us the day before had withdrawn to the support lines under enemy bombardment, I think I have good reason to assume the Regiment was second to none and are well entitled to be called 'proud troopers'.

Having completed the above sixty years after these incidents happened, it is just possible that I may not be quite correct with my dates and timing, but they all happened and I have described them as they appeared to me. I have omitted a few incidents which have come to my mind since writing the above. The few 1st/1st Ayrshire Yeomanry who may be still alive may have seen the Gallipoli fighting from another angle and have had different experiences to me.

Before finishing, I would relate that, out of about 420 other ranks who landed on the peninsula with the regiment, I estimate that only about 150 were left to evacuate at the end of the campaign. I do know that 'B' Squadron had only about 40 other ranks to choose from when we had to select a team of 32 finishers, with 36 starters, when taking part in a team race on Mudros on a sports day about the end of January. My own troop, 'B' troop 'B' squadron, was perhaps one of the worst hit having only 4 survivors out of 34 members, - 1 signaller, 2 bombers and myself. Five of the troop were dead and about the same number wounded; the remainder had succumbed to disease. The Commander of this troop was the late Lord Rowallan, whom I had the pleasure of meeting as recently as the 19th November 1975 at the Café Royal in London on the occasion of the Gallipoli dinner, when we had a long chat.

As a last thought - I wonder how many are alive who served on the peninsula with the 1st/1st Ayrshire Yeomanry. It would be a nice gesture if somehow a list of survivors could be compiled and a copy sent to each of them. I know of at least 3 such people south of the Thames.

EDITORIAL - This may appear to be smug but there seems to be a moral here. On the previous page we read 'They had taken on any job to which they were set with no friction at all . . ' Is not this wartime - and warlike? - action to be commended over the modern arguing over 'who does what?' and the tea-break taken as sancrosanct over getting the job done?

SUVLA

By the late E V Godrich (Worcs Yeomanry) (122)

(Continued from number 36)

19th August: Tiger and myself spent most of the day trying to enlarge our dugout which was about six inches deep, as we were on the slope of the hill; this was not very useful. Parties were continually coming down from the trenches for rations, water and ammo, all of which had to be carried up hill paths about three miles in the blazing sunshine. We had some good bathing on 'A' Beach which had been interrupted by Johnny shelling it. I remember one funny incident, a rather fat man, Quartermaster I should think, was enjoying a bathe and was standing up to his knees in water, dressed in his birthday suit (costumes were not 'de riguer' at Gallipoli) when a shell dropped in the water a few hundred yards away from him; luckily it did not explode or my story would have ended differently. The fat man's face was a picture of amazement, he hurried ashore over some sharp rocks, apparently preferring a shell on dry land.

20th August: We spent the day getting ready for a night march; we were much relieved when we heard that our packs were to be left behind; now we had all our worldly possessions in our pockets or haversacks, we even left our greatcoats behind. At nightfall we moved off and trekked around the shore of Suvla Bay to a hill called Ali Baba. We of the gun section had a gruelling time, we had to carry all our guns and ammo the whole distance, most of it across soft sand. We arrived at last and dropped down, dead beat, near what we took for wagons. We soon fell asleep but were awakened by a terrific explosion quite near us. Thinking that the Turks had got our range with some big guns we sprang up in alarm but soon realized that we were lying close to a Battery of 18-pounders who were firing a few rounds. At daybreak we were up and 'digging in' again. As no fires were allowed we had a jolly breakfast on 'Bully and biscuits' with cold water to drink; then we tried to sleep again.

21st August: Baptism of fire: At about 2 pm the whole Division was paraded while a terrific bombardment

from the battleships and guns ashore was in progress. They pumped hundreds of shells at the Turks; as there was no reply we thought that all the Turkish guns had been knocked out. At about 3 pm we moved off. It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon and as I waited for the order to advance my thoughts flew to Sparkhill. I could picture the happy people at home getting ready to go out into the country on bikes, motor cars etc. I wondered if I should ever see Stratford Road again. I learned afterwards that my sister Winnie was enjoying herself at a wedding about the same time.

We advanced in column of troops across an open plain with hills about two miles ahead. Our objective was a good-sized hill of a dark brown colour, named Chocolate Hill. All went well till the leading Brigade (Sherwoods, South Notts and Derby) got half way across the plain. Then hell was let loose, shrapnel fell like hail, rifle fire made gaps in our ranks: it was not a pleasant feeling to see a man dropping dead ahead of you, knowing that you would soon be amongst it. The two miles or so that we marched seemed the longest that I have ever travelled, every second was a nightmare. We machine gunners could not hurry owing to the heavy loads that we were struggling under. We soon came across several poor chaps who had finished their soldiering, they looked just as though they were asleep. I met Billy Cruse coming back with his thumb knocked off; we passed Captain Russell lying in a pool of blood from a nasty wound in his thigh; he was laughing all over his face and as we passed him he waved his hand and told us to keep 'well extended'. He was a gentleman and a good soldier. I remember thinking amid all the noise, what a lot of things needed picking up - helmets, rifles, equipment etc. Some of the sights we saw were very horrible; most of the damage was done by shrapnel or high-explosive shells - to see a man hit by flying jagged pieces of steel is terrible. I shall not forget in a hurry a small fellow of the South Notts Yeomanry. He had been hit across the knuckles by a piece of shell, completely smashing his fingers. He was about 17 or 18 I should say, and was very upset because he had lost his rifle.

(To be continued)

THE AEGEAN ISLAND OF LEMNOS

I first made contact with the Greek island of Lemnos, and the town and harbour of Mudros on the 21st April. My unit had left Alexandria, where we had camped for two weeks, in the Australian troopship HYMETTUS, A 39 and, the vast harbour being so big it seems unbelievable that we should 'make contact' by running aground. But we did.

I remember tugs endeavouring to pull the ship off the shallow end but we left them to it and were transferred to a bigger and better ship the ARAGON, B 7. The ship left on the afternoon of the 24th to the sound of martial music from some ships' bands, to awake us at dawn next morning with the sound of gunfire and finding us surrounded by ships - warships and troopships - as the troops aboard went off by trawlers and ships' boats for V Beach and W Beach. HMS Queen Elizabeth was the most prominent of our neighbours but among the rest the five-funnelled Russian cruiser ASKOLD, obviously known as the 'packet of Woodbines' was seen.

I have called at Mudros two or three times since that war and on one occasion I was reminded of being run aground when the ship I was in, quite a small one, berthed, or rather tried to berth alongside the quay when a flurry of shipside officials arrived and turned us off; the ship ought not to have approached the quay but should have anchored offshore. So although we were 'there' we had to sheer off, anchor, and await small boats taking us off to land us. And the reverse on leaving.

I have been to several other Greek islands and find this to be a common procedure. No doubt it is considered to be a tourist attraction, but is it not also to ensure business for the local boatmen? In fact a 'job for the boys?'

Although in 1915 we found the camp area to be very dry, flyblown and short of water, in later years on holiday and being transported by car I found the island to be quite a pleasant green island, quite unlike my 1915 recollection of it.

E H W B

INCIDENT AT V BEACH ON 25TH APRIL 1915

Writing in number 36 Gallipolian Cecil Jeffries (738) formerly of the 4th Worcesters related how he had given his General a leg-up on to the nearest lighter alongside the RIVER CLYDE and then saw him killed.

This incident is covered in some depth on pages 239-240 of the Official History where it names Brigadier General H E Napier commanding the 88th Brigade and describes how he and his Brigade staff along with two platoons of the 4th Worcesters and two companies of the 2nd Hants lay some distance off-shore at V Beach, awaiting the return of the tows which were to land his troops. The tows arrived safely after some delay, having suffered casualties described in the History as 'Battered but undismayed' and although the sailors manning them were aware of the hopelessness it was not for them to say 'impossible' if the army wanted to try.

General Napier's tow was seen heading for the beach and realizing the futility of trying to land they were hailed to go alongside the RIVER CLYDE but General Napier seeing the lighters choked with men and not realizing that they were dead sprung aboard the nearest lighter as described by Cecil Jeffries, meaning to land them ashore. A warning voice called out from the collier: 'You can't possibly land' but Napier shouted back: 'I'll have a damned good try'. At once there was a renewed burst of Turkish fire. General Napier and his staff reached the hopper but could get no further and there he and his Brigade Major (Captain J H D Costeker) were killed as related by Jeffries. Thus died the very man who by his rank, his nerve and his knowledge would have been of priceless value to the troops in the southern area during the rest of that vital day.

Cecil Jeffries later wrote to me describing how he managed to get ashore and how during the next day he was part of the burial party at W Beach where so many of the Lancashire Fusiliers sacrificed themselves in their attempts to cut a hole through the Turkish wire and where Jeffries found them hanging.

An historian writing about the Crimea claimed that no campaign since 1895 had so many senior officers serving in the line. He must have forgotten Gallipoli!

Keith Tranmer

GALLIPOLI DIARY

(16/24 October 1980)

By P N Dalkin (Australian Government) (801 AM)

(Continued from number 36)

PART TWO (18 October 1980)

The inscriptions recorded on Anzac graves reveal a multitude of information. Many of the soldiers had enlisted under age. One was 16, and I saw the graves of several who were 17, 18 or 19. Other soldiers had clearly put their ages down to enlist; one I saw was 46, another 44. They had come from all over Australia and New Zealand, the cream of the crop.

My journey took me along the road which climbs from Lone Pine to Chunuk Bair. The latter was the major objective of the Anzac Forces, but they were to occupy it for a period of only two days before being driven off by the Turks under Colonel Mustapha Kemal (later 'Ataturk', founder of the Turkish Republic). Whilst Kemal only commanded a Division during this campaign (under the German General, Liman von Sanders), he must take much of the credit for the successful defence against the Allied forces. At Chunuk Bair, the New Zealander's Memorial reads:

'They came from the Outermost
Ends of the Earth'

From The Nek and Walker's Ridge, the view is breath-taking, a panorama from Suvla Bay to Gaba Tepe and of course, the whole Anzac front. From Walker's Ridge, looking towards 'The Sphinx', the 'ground' was appalling, quite sheer and seemingly impossible to climb on the western side. The landscape looks 'lunar'. I 'dips me lid' to those Anzacs who had to tackle the southern slopes around the Sphinx; it must have been a dangerous task. The way down to the sea from Walker's Ridge cemetery was narrow ('a razorback') but preferable to retracing my steps via Lone Pine. It was a great relief to strip off and bathe in the sea after a long, hot, sweaty day. How did the Anzacs feel after months in the area with little or no relief? It had been an exhilarating

day and I spent the whole of the next in re-reading Moorehead's 'Gallipoli' and dipping into Bean's 'Official History'. The latter is very detailed and describes exactly where individuals or units went on the day of the landing. I thought it would be interesting to retrace some of their steps the following day.

A pleasant surprise on the night of 19 October, when another Australian, Alaistair Thomson, knocked on my door to introduce himself. It was quite a surprise indeed as I'd seen hardly any foreigners during my stay in Turkey; many seem to have been put off by reports of terrorism or of the military takeover. Alaistair had recently visited the battlefields of the Somme, and like me was keen to get to know Gallipoli (more so in fact as his Grandfather, Private, subsequently Brigadier Rogers, MC, had been with the initial landing with the 6th Bn). In Alaistair, I was lucky to have such an enthusiastic and well-informed companion.

(20 Oct'80)

Alaistair and I began our climb from the beach at Ari Burnu at the northern tip of Anzac Cove. It was from here that the Anzac 'covering force', the 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade consisting of the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th Bns, began the assault. Guided by Bean's detailed commentary we trudged our way to the top of Plugge's Plateau. The overwhelming impression we had was that the Anzacs must have been greatly assisted (initially) by the half-light and the fact that the majority of Turkish forces must have been positioned on the heights rather than directly overlooking the beach. The terrain is such that one machine gun on the top of Plugge's could have dominated almost all the Anzac Cove region. The losses, even from small arms fire, must have been enormous. From the attacker's point of view, the outlook from Plugge's is dismal; looking inland, the Sphinx rises dauntingly and one rifleman positioned there would have a field-day. Plugge's is connected to the Sphinx ridgeline by a 'razorback' which is negotiable, but getting to it is dangerous as the drop onto it from Plugge's is almost sheer. Alaistair and I decided that heroics were unnecessary and took the lead from Bean who had described how several Australians had slipped their way down the slope on their backsides in

pursuit of fleeing Turks. My mind would constantly have been on that sniper atop the Sphinx.

So we made our way cautiously down the (inland) slope of Plugge's across to the spur leading up to Russell's Top. This spur is deceptive and just seems to go on and on. There are many trenches to be seen, but most have caved in over the years. It was here that I picked up an interesting find in the form of the bottom half of a rum jar. The ridge at the top of Russell's strikes the track leading to the Lone Pine/Chunuk Bair road so the rest of our day was spent in the leisurely inspection of a number of cemeteries. We lunched happily at Quinn's on apples, bread and cheese together with a few swigs of whisky (that flask was turning out to be useful!). We both felt comfortable in these cemeteries; they are friendly places, not at all sombre.

After another look at Lone Pine we took to Phillip's Top, hoping to find the track down to White's Valley and the sea, but failing to do so. I imagine that the path is now overgrown. So we simply stuck to the ridgeline again where the vegetation was thinnest and hoped for the best. A snake passed between us on the way, a reminder that other dangers still exist in these hills. A dip in the sea, was again, most refreshing, after another exhilarating day.

We were now both beginning to feel at home in the Anzac area and were determined to engrave as much of it in our minds as time permitted. Whilst I was not really equipped for camping, Alaistair had a tent and a few other essentials, so we decided to abandon the comforts of our hotel and camp on the Gallipoli seashore, just outside the War Graves area. The manager at my hotel very kindly lent me a blanket, and armed with a few simple supplies we decamped to Gaba Tepe, praying that the weather would hold.

(To be continued)

A J Malpass (CWGC) reports that the Salt Lake was never dry during the summer of 1981.

PLAY THE VIOLIN

By Harry Moody 5 Connaught Rangers (233)

Touch the strings gently ... then with a will,
And the moment the bells will be ringing.
I'll live once again, with the wonderful thrill,
Of the music that you will be bringing.

Awaken my soul ... as you waken the string,
And my heart will already be singing,
In tune with the lambs that dance in the spring,
With the glory of life just beginning.

Play an old tune ... and play with a swing
Bring joy to a life that's worth living.
And I will be free ... as a bird on the wing
And the world will be full of forgiving.

Play a quick march and lighten my load,
As passes the winters and summers,
Help me along ... the old dusty road
And I'll keep in step with the drummers.

Play a love song ... of days gone by,
And I will be there to remember.
Make the sun shine, in my cloudy sky,
And Spring will be here in December.

Play once again, for the music you give
Makes Life worth all the spending,
Play the Last Waltz when I'm too old to live,
And happy I'll be with the ending.

Play the Violin.

A nice young girl was very proud of her young-old Gallipoli granddad. Seeking information she asked him how a girl could keep her youth - with his health and energy in mind.

'Never introduce him to your girl friends' she was advised.

DARDANELLES: A Midshipman's Diary 1915-1916

By H M Denham

(John Murray, publisher, London 1981 £11)

The full title is explanatory: the book is the story of an educated and disciplined boy who had literally a bird's-eye view from the foretop of H M S Agamemnon throughout much of the naval actions before, during and after the landings on Gallipoli. He is refreshingly juvenile in his language, quoting his ship's captain irreverantly as 'Fluter'. Nevertheless, his observations are shrewd and relevant.

There are 130 illustrations including sketches, photographs and specially drawn local maps.

Apart from its historical value the book is of interest as a boy's (and modern girl's) book of advanture and could well be given as a Christmas or birthday present.

Unlike military histories of the campaign which really begin with the first landings on the 25th April the naval story here commences in 1914 with naval bombardments before any employment of troops was envisaged at home.

While the book is based directly on his (unauthorized) diaries, the narrative is supplemented by paragraphs in small type which were written in hindsight to clarify details. Thus the immediate aspect is augmented by notes on results only available later. Naturally the naval side is covered well while the army side is given indirectly. There is a note about the Suvla Bay landings: 'Apparently, and as we felt at the time and learnt later, our men should have pushed on much more vigorously as there were barely three or four battalions of Turks up against them when the order was given to dig in'.

The lack of efficient minesweepers was realized as a factor in the failure of the naval bombardments.

As for the evacuation: 'We certainly had Providence with us this time, for we were prepared for enormous casualties'.

A concise summary of the naval aspect is given in the author's final chapter: 'A reflection on the Dardanelles campaign'.

E H W B

THE TWENTY-NINTH DIVISION MEMORIAL

The division came into existence late in 1914 as the last of the regular divisions. In fact eleven of its infantry battalions and its artillery regiments were regular, mainly brought back to England from various overseas stations where the battalions had served apart from any brigade or higher formation.

Its area of concentration was near the geographical centre of England and later a prominent stone memorial was built at a road crossing of the present A 25 near Stretton on Dunsmore, Warwickshire.

The first time I saw it was from a car as I was being driven past and I immediatly recognized it from the prominent red triangle.

The Gallipoli Association is not, of course, a resuscitation of the 29th Division Association but to a small extent it has a connexion; one being that on the closing down of the 29th Division Association I was handed the small stock of red triangles which were worn by members on the sleeves of our civilian suits when on parades such as at the Cenotaph on the 25th April.

Now another connexion has turned up. In July this year a letter reached me from the Department of Transport, Plans Registry, sending a plan of the area and showing the site of a proposed roundabout in the district on account of traffic growth. The new plan leaves the memorial in the centre of the roundabout and so will maintain the aspect of the Memorial as it was intended by the survivors of the Division. The letter called for any objections, but of course none could be raised and the scheme should go ahead.

In detail the site is on the London-Holyhead Trunk Road A 45 and at Fosse Way Crossing, Stretton on Dunsmore, Warwickshire.

E H W B

A sailor who had been Captain's steward for many years retired and bought himself a house near the sea. He paid a local boy to give him a call each morning at 6 am and shout: 'Cap'n wants you on the bridge, right away.' On that he would yell: 'Tell the cap'n to go to hell.'

GALLIPOLI 1915

By the late Lt-Col R F E Laidlaw

Royal Munster Fusiliers (518)

(Continued from number 35)

On our return to the Peninsula we were put on board a destroyer at Lemnos and went back in about half the time the sweepers took. The Navy was most kind to us and saw to it that we were not only comfortable, but well fed, whilst drinks abounded. However, as we approached the River Clyde, to land on her, another ship got in our way and our destroyer had to veer out from the point and steam a mile or two up the Dardanelles. Immediately, the Asiatic guns started firing at us and shells dropped in the water all round, one even penetrating our funnel. I had never been shelled at sea before and did not envy the Navy one little bit. I felt acutely that only a fraction of an inch of steel was there to protect me and missed my hole in mother earth very badly. Fortunately, nothing hit the hull of the ship or it would have gone badly with some of the four hundred odd of us crowded on deck.

To emphasise that our 'three weeks rest' was over we were rushed back into the line immediatly on landing and were soon in the routine of the front line trenches again.

Whilst there, General Hunter Weston, popularly known as 'Hunter Bunter', who was much given to dramatic attitudes, came round on inspection. It so happened that one of the men of my company had just previously found his way to an A S C dump and made free with a jar of rum he had managed to purloin from there. The N C O in charge of his section, realising the man's condition and hearing that the General was even then on his way round, had the brilliant idea of having the man put on a stretcher with a blanket thrown over him. This was the treatment generally meted out to the dead. On seeing the stretcher and blanket, the General drew himself up to his full height and threw a magnificent salute, saying loudly 'Your General salutes the glorious dead'. To our consternation a voice from beneath the blanket said equally loudly 'Whats the old bugger saying?'. We managed to bustle Hunter Bunter round the next traverse on the

plea that a sniper had it under observation, before any awkward questions could be asked.

This tale has often been told, sometimes with variations as to the unit concerned, but it actually occurred in my company lines as I have given it above.

Such small events were given much prominence amongst us and anything which could raise a good laugh was welcomed. With our mixture of 95% Irish and 5% Cockney, each given to his own particular kind of humour, we had plenty of laughter and no tears in our ranks.

On one occasion I met another kind of humour which I confess I did not altogether understand. An Australian private who had wandered into our lines, and with whom I got into conversation told me that he and his brother had been bombing the Turks with jam tin bombs one day. (These bombs were literally made from jam tins and were exploded by an ordinary piece of time fuse, ignited by putting a match head on its end and drawing the match box across it. You had then five seconds to throw it before it exploded. As it was filled with ammonia and pebbles you didn't hold it very long). One of his brother's bombs failed to ignite properly and, to quote the Australian, his brother 'blew and he blew and he blew until he blew his (Australian adjective) head off. Lord, how I did laff!'.

I am afraid that the Staff was not very popular with us in Gallipoli, probably because any staff above Divisional level was very seldom seen and because the bulk of the staff, a large number of whom were 'Mother's darlings', youngsters being given a cushy and safe job, were in very comfortable quarters on the 'Aragon', the staff ship in Mudros harbour. This ship, which in these days would be known as a 'luxury liner', had been on the South American run and was said to be hard aground on her own bottles. I went aboard her once and was <u>not</u> impressed. She seemed to be full of young men in immaculate uniform, all sporting red tabs, though most seemed to be lieutenants, whose chief occupation seemed to be to hold long conversations with each other as they leaned over the rails.

I had been sent on board to make an enquiry on behalf of the battalion, and advised to look up one of our own officers who was doing light duty on board after being wounded, if there was any difficulty over getting lunch. There was - 'Lunch was never given to anyone not on the ration strength

of the ship'. I saw our officer and was at once taken down to lunch where he had to leave me. I was straight from the Peninsula and I admit had not had a bath for at least ten days and so I was both dirty and lousy. Moreover, I was in the uniform of a private soldier, with my badges of rank only shown by indelible pencil marks on the shoulder straps (to wear officer's uniform on the Peninsula was to invite the attention of every enemy sniper within binocular range and was forbidden) but, to judge by the attitude of the young gentlemen wearing the red tabs, I might have been a leper or other kind of pariah. They moved or leaned away from me, not one addressed any remark to me and I was made to feel that I had thrust myself in without authority, and where I was not wanted. I admit that, seeing this, I too moved towards those nearest to me in the hope that a good healthy louse or two from the Peninsula might attach itself to them. After all, they had refused even to let me have a bath! What a difference to the treatment the Navy, or any fighting soldier, meted out to us!

After the Aragon episode and whilst we were on one of our periodic 'rests', I was walking behind Sedd-el-Bahr one day and idly looking at the shipping and the landscape, when I found myself near a large earthwork guarded by a sentry. About the same time the Asiatic guns started shelling pretty heavily and, thinking I was as safe there as anywhere else in the open, I threw myself down in the shelter of the earthwork and watched the proceedings. I had not long been there when a young gentleman in red tabs, similar to one of those I had seen on the 'Aragon', came up at a trot and said to the sentry 'Where am I, what is this?' 'The magazine sorr' said the sentry. There was a red flash - I had never seen a man move so quickly! The tale was well received in mess that night.

I could tell many tales not to the credit of the staff we had in Gallipoli, but they might convey too sweeping an impression. The old quip that 'Bread is the staff of life, but the life of the staff is one long loaf' is not a fair one. It applies to some, but the majority did work, even if in more comfortable quarters than the fighting soldier. Moreover, in later

wars at any rate, the staff was drawn from the ranks of those who had seen some fighting and who had a knowledge of and sympathy with, the fighting soldier. The mothers who ask for their sons to be given a 'nice safe job' are not now attended to if indeed they exist.

(To be continued)

CALLING ANZACS AND THE SOUTH STAFFORDS

Can anyone give information on a Gallipolia veteran - Lieutenant FREDERICK STUART BUCHANAN (4329).

It is known that he served in the 13th Australian Infantry Brigade from 29 November 1913 and he resigned for service in the war on 22 August 1914. He became a Driver (No 525) in 1st Bde Ammunition Column of the 1st Artillery Brigade and was discharged on the 15th April 1915 on being granted a commission in the Imperial Army, serving as 2nd Lt in the South Staffs Regiment, 11th Division. His last known movement was being evacuated to Malta in November 1915.

His son would very much like to have whatever information can be found from veterans who knew him. Please write to: Wing Commander Donald Buchanan (832 AM)
2 Elms Road, Bare, MORECAMBE Lancs.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A Gallipolian was walking along and saw a small girl about to cross the road. To be helpful he stopped and said she had better cross the road with him. When the road was clear they crossed and walked along, soon reaching an entrance to the school, on which he said: 'There you are, now you're safe'. But she didn't go in but said 'No, I don't go in there, I'm not a boy'. He looked up and saw the notice and said 'Oh no, of course not'. After a few yards more he stopped and said to the girl 'Well, now you're all right' at the sign marked 'Girls'. But again she jibbed and said 'No, I don't go in there either'. Puzzled, he asked why not and this time her reply was 'Please sir, I'm a mixed infant'.

FROM A SATISFIED CUSTOMER

Many thanks for 'The Gallipolian' number 36. Always most interesting and as I am now 88 I feel that I should send £10 for the very welcome new issue. (36)

Although I was sent as a very necessary replacement to the First Royal Dublin Fusiliers, I have noticed in all the recent issues no mention of this Battalion.

'Damn the Dardanelles' was sent to me by the author as my name was mentioned five times and I was indeed lucky to get a bullet through my top right arm, after I had been able to kill a large number of Turks; very brave men but stupidly led shouting 'Allah' under a large Crescent flag.

I have an idea that I was the 45th casualty in that famous regiment and I finished up as a Major, in the 19th Tank Corps.

As soon as war was declared in 1939 I left Italy and went at once to the War Office, to be told abruptly that they had no job to offer me so I went to Avonmouth to take charge of the Home Guard. My brother Brigadier B U S Cripps CBE MC was the Garrison Commander of that area and I shall never forget General Auchinleck, who came to inspect the Home Defences of Avonmouth. He had his Brigadier with him, my old Clifton College friend. 'Good GOD Sir. Cripps Major and Cripps Minor'.

I was sent on a course and when finished I became an instructor in coast artillery and the new rocket idea.

After Bradford I was sent to Dover to take charge of a naval 6-in on the Western Heights. Then I had to report to HQ to be told I was being sent to Egypt for censorship, mainly Italian and German. We were sent out to Lagos when our convoy scattered as we were in the middle of the Bismark do, then alone in the Atlantic. One afternoon a 4-engined 'plane came over - it was the famous clipper. So on we went to West Africa and late one night we were torpedoed but got 11 boats off. The ship went down in about 35 minutes so we all turned up at Freetown just as a big convoy was leaving.

Then almost naked I flew with the Governor of Kenya to Kartoum and then to Cairo where I got some clothes and LS 100 from the bank.

Then I was sent on to censorship with about six others to tackle the P O W German and Italian

correspondents. We occupied one floor and above us was the other army, navy, air force - New Zealand as well as Australian etc. A major in charge there was seemingly incapable of command so with my good knowledge of Italian and German I now found myself in charge of all the other censorship officers. There were about 100 if not more and my first job was to bring discipline so that they all did their job well.

However, I was suddenly sent to Baghdad as the chief field censor of that huge area where we had 6 or 7 divisions, mostly Indian. In that GSI job I was the only chap with medals and I was often at the GC HQ as the moral of these troops was of great importance. I had a Major Multani in one section and one day the General asked me if Multani was necessary, etc. I replied that he was really doing a good job. Next day I was called to HQ to be shown a cable - 'It is the Viceroy's wish that Multani be released forthwith'.

Then I got back via Damascus to Suez and went on board with other elderly officers and so back to England - but it took me quite a while before I got back to Italy to find my brother the Brigadier in charge at Naples.

P G H Cripps
Major MC (464)

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

LORD FREYBERG VC KCMG KCB KBE DSO***

Lord Freyberg is writing a biography of his late father, above. He would much appreciate any relevant information such as photographs, documents, letters etc. which would be helpful to him.

Will any such members kindly write to:

Colonel Lord Freyberg OBE MC
Munstead House GODALMING Surrey

Telephone: 04868 6004

A CHARACTER AT WAR

A reminiscence by Norman Pratt RAMC 1 E Lancs F A (747)

(Continued from number 36)

The next incident I remember happened when we were disembarking our horses at Cape Helles. Billy (Black Jack) was on the gunwale of the lighter with a rope guiding the horse in a sling, as it was lowered over the side of the ship by the derrick. When this particular horse was level with Billy's face it gave a vicious kick. There was only one thing for him to do - keep out of range and into the sea. However, another driver took over his rope and we eventually fished him out. He was taken to the transport 'Roman Prince' to be dried out, for we were about a mile from shore. The landing of all transport was suspended because there was no room ashore. And so we remained out there, anchored between the battleship 'Swiftsure' and the coast for several days.

One night we had a nasty submarine attack, two battleships and several transports were hit. Orders were given for all ships to disperse and about a week later we awoke one morning and found ourselves back at Alexandria.

There were 24 horses and 20 men and we were placed in tents once again at Ras el Tin. There had been a transformation: the Egyptian barracks had been turned into a hospital and a larger camp established on the cliffs. This was very convenient for us as we could use their canteen. One day it was Billy's turn to act as waiter. As he was a long time in bringing our drinks I went to help him. I found him enjoying a pint and a serious conversation with a very smart sergeant; from the hospitality I got Billy away and then said to the sergeant 'Is Billy a friend of yours?' 'Yes' he replied, 'He worked in a large warehouse in Manchester where I was foreman'. When I rejoined our little party we pulled Billy's leg about having such posh friends. I remarked 'Your never said you worked in a warehouse!.. The sergeant said he was your foreman'. 'Foreman!' questioned Billy in disgust. He was a bloody warder at Strangeways'.

However, we all thought he was a sport not to let Billy down.



RAS EL TIN BARRACKS, ALEXANDRIA

Norman Pratt is seated in the middle row and second from the viewer's left. On his left (viewer's right, is Billy - Black Jack.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

CONTINUED from previous page:

The final episode occurred after I had been posted to the Newfoundlanders transport column and I received these details from our sergeant-major at a reunion. Billy received notice that Jessie had been drowned in the Bridgewater canal. He duly paraded before the C O to ask for leave. The major had to get the sergeant-major to translate 'Jessie Pickles in't cut' into English, but after all was granted compassionate leave.

That was the end of Billy's war; when he got back to England it was found that he was over fifty years of age and so was discharged. He obtained a job with the Manchester Corporation Highways Department, repairing roads, and was never in trouble again - well, as far as I know.

(S)HE SHALL HAVE MUSIC WHEREVER (S)HE GOES

Military music inspires; at least to old soldiers such as we are. 'Colonel Bogey' on the march and the 'Retreat' on a bugle sound the right atmosphere for our reunions. Similarly for the pipes of a Highland or Irish regiment, and also for the line regiments' drum and fife bands. Of course 'Reveille' with its call 'Get out of bed' on a cold winter morning is an exception, and 'Last Post' has a sombre effect.

For our first luncheon on the 25th April 1969 I had the idea of some martial music and although I had no standing at that stage I did approach the Director of Music of the Coldstream Guards, who were in the Duke of York's HQ, where our luncheon was held for a problematic reunion of an unknown number of old Gallipolians. To our pleasure we were regaled by a 6-man band in scarlet.

This created the right atmosphere.

Since then we have had the pleasure of pipers from the 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles and pipers from the London Scottish whose only connexion was that they were affiliated to the Gordon Highlanders whose Colonel-in-Chief was Sir Ian Hamilton. With one exception the musicians were laid on at no cost to us.

This year the Irish Guards very kindly put on two pipers for us at luncheon at Chelsea Barracks in which the regiment was quartered. And we have the promise of military music next year when the Grenadier Guards and the Scots Guards will be on duty at Chelsea Barracks.

For dinner this year we had quite an innovation. Throughout the long (!) life of the Association dinners have always concluded with coffee and Turkish Delight. This year real Turkish delight (or locoum) had been sent to us by a most helpful member in Istanbul - Mr D J Hawes (788 AM). But in addition to the edible form of Turkish delight we had the visible form in the shape (appropriate word) of a Turkish houri, otherwise known as a belly dancer, supported by three musicians. And the belly dancer had been born in the town of Gallipoli, but somewhat after our time. The short initial appearance of the musicians caused raised eyebrows until their purpose was seen, when all were delighted. Our thanks for this are due to Mr Mourat, who provided it all free of cost to us. (See page 26)