THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



SS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS

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THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

PATRON — H R H The Duke of Edinburgh KG KT

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CHAIRMAN & HON SEC & EDITOR of THE GALLIPOLIAN — Major E H W Banner TD MSc FInstP CEng FIEE FIMechE
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 Ford
Major A G Coulson MA LLB (AM)
K Tranmer (AM)
D A Pollard (AM)

REUNIONS — 25th April: Luncheon & A G M
(Preceded by the Anzac Day parade at the Cenotaph and the Abbey)

30th September: Annual Dinner
Guest of Honour: Admiral of the Fleet
The Lord Peter Hill-Norton G C B

THE ROYAL PROGRESS OF THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION

1982 is a long time, 67 years, since the Gallipoli campaign of 1915. It is not long, 13 years, since we formed the Gallipoli Association. At our initial reunion on the 25th April 1969 none of us could foresee our growing up and receiving royal acknowledgement. And we are justifiably proud that it is a fact.

In 1971 a party of us toured the Peninsula and laid wreaths at Cape Helles and at the Independence Monument in Istanbul. At the end of the tour I sent a cable to H M the Queen expressing our loyalty, as normal practice.

This message was noted by Her Majesty and on her tour of Gallipoli later in the year she herself initiated the following message:

FROM ROYAL YACHT BRITANNIA
VIA PORTISHEAD RADIO

TO: MAJOR E H W BANNER
CHAIRMAN THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION
CLAYDENE COWDEN EDENBRIDGE KENT
23 OCTOBER 1971

I HAVE SPENT TODAY AMONG THE PEACEFUL BEACHES HILLS AND MONUMENTS OF GALLIPOLI. MY MIND TURNED IRRESISTIBLY TO THE VERY DIFFERENT SCENES OF 1915 WHEN SO MANY BRAVE LIVES WERE LOST IN CONFLICT WITH AN HONOURABLE AND TENACIOUS OPPONENT. TODAY WITH MY HUSBAND AND DAUGHTER AND REPRESENTATIVES OF THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT I HAVE BEEN PROUD TO PAY TRIBUTE TO THE COURAGE AND SELF-SACRIFICE OF ALL THOSE WHO FELL HERE 56 YEARS AGO

ELIZABETH R

Our second royal occasion was in 1975 when H R H the Duke of Edinburgh honoured us with his presence at our annual dinner in London and accepted a tie.

Now in 1982, our third royal honour is that of H R H the Duke of Edinburgh becoming our Patron.

E H W B

HONORARY TREASURER'S REPORT

Members will find a print of the Accounts and Balance Sheet for the year ended 31st December, 1981 with this issue of the Journal.

The deficit of £234 is mainly accounted for by increased expenditure on printing; the bumper Christmas issue of the Gallipolian contained 48 pages against 32 in 1980 and replenishment of stocks of notepaper and other stationery was necessary during the year.

However, following the decision taken at the AGM last April to increase the subscription rate to £2 p.a., revenue should show a substantial improvement ALTHOUGH AS THIS REPORT IS WRITTEN (EARLY FEBRUARY) OVER £350 IS OUTSTANDING FROM MEMBERS WHO HAVE NOT YET PAID THEIR CURRENT DUES.

The Association is indebted for the sixth year in succession to Mr W B Chapman and his firm for auditing the Accounts and providing a copy for each member.

D F B

EASTBOURNE TEA-PARTY

This now annual tea-party, most kindly laid on by the Ladies of the Women's Section of the R B L will be held on THURSDAY the 27th MAY, starting at 2.15. This will be at the Pevensea Road headquarters as usual.

It is expected that films taken in Central Africa will be shown.

Please advise Jack Attwood if you intend to be present.

29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL SERVICE

This annual church service at Eltham is open to all Gallipoli veterans. It will be held on Sunday the 25th April at the Parish Church of Holy Trinity, Southend Crescent, Eltham, London S E 9. Service at 6.30. The 29th Division Memorial chapel is in the church.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON AND GENERAL MEETING

SUNDAY 25th APRIL

This will again be at Chelsea Barracks, by permission of Colonel D H C Gordon-Lennox, Grenadier Guards.

Access is in Chelsea Bridge Road. Bus number 11 from Victoria or from Sloane Square underground station by 11 or 137 bus.

Members are asked to wear medals and the usual name tab for ready identification.

Male guests are cordially invited.

PRICE £2.

The bar will open at 12 noon. Luncheon at 1.

The general meeting will follow.

Minutes of the last A G M have been circulated with The Gallipolian number 36 and will be taken as read. Members may raise any relevant points at the meeting.

TO APPLY

Please write to the Hon Secretary if you intend to be present.

DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY. Pay at the table and the bar. APPLICATIONS should be received by MONDAY the 19th April. Please state if you propose to go to the Abbey service. If so a ticket will be obtained for you and will be available at the Cenotaph from Keith Tranmer (Committee).

ANZAC DAY CEREMONIES

We are invited to join the Anzacs, as usual.

Form up by 9.15 at the Cenotaph. Our wreath will be laid by the President.

Following the wreath-laying members who have booked for the Abbey should walk there directly, collecting their tickets if not already done so at the Cenotaph. The Abbey service is due to commence at 10.30.

After the service join the army coach which will be available near the Abbey.

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 1 March)

In the original printed journal, sections of this page contain the names and full addresses of new members, and also address amendments.

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

OBITUARY (at 1 March)

The last entry in the previous issue is a regretted error.
With deep regret the following names are recorded:

A G May (2/4 R West Kent R 53 Div) (758)
W Ford (AB HMS Albion) (489)
Sir Robert Howe GBE KCMG (6 R Dublin Fus) (449)
Capt J B Leask (5 Argyll & S Highlanders 52 Div) (616)
Lt-Col Sir Robert Borwick CIE DSO Ment Disp (6 AIF) (804)
Capt H W Williams RN DL (HMS Agamemnon) (777)
J W Hilditch (RE 1/2 Kent Fld Coy) (679)
H Butterworth (8 Manchester R 42 Div) (263)
F A Nicholls Ment Disp (RHA 1 Bty 29 Div) (667)
W Peters (RE 67 Fld Coy 11 Div) (88)
C R S Saunders (Middlesex Yeomanry) (103)
G P Williams (RE Signals VIII Corps HQ) (717)
E A Coward (9 Lan Fus 11 Div) (354)

CHANGES OF ADDRESS



This photograph, by courtesy of W G Cave, was taken at the dinner last year, complementing the studio photograph published in number 37.

One member's wife, appreciative and envious of the lithe and lissome figure contrasted it with her veteran husband's figure nowadays.

She reminded him that while in 1915 he too was lithe and active with all the squad drill he did, he was erect and architecturally of Perpendicular build. But,with a comprehensive glance at his equatorial waistline she told him that now he was more of the Gothic build.

But she made it sound like 'Go thick'.

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

(Continued from number 37)

We arrived at last in a ravine at the foot of Chocolate Hill where we were sheltered from the enemy; there we had a much needed rest. Many inquiries were made for pals and we found that our regiment had come off very well, Billy Clitheroe was the only man in our section to be hit - a piece of shrapnel in the thigh. Billy was for carrying on but he had to be ordered off before he would go, such was the spirit in those early days. After a breather and a pull at our water-bottles we moved off up the hill; as soon as we reached the top we came under heavy fire and sustained many casualties. I saw a few - Alan Hoskins, Bill Davenall and 'Steve' shot through the mouth; Frank Burson (the old Trumpet Major) in the arm and George Rushworth in the shoulder. When we arrived at the top of Chocolate Hill we dropped into trenches dug by the Sussex a few days before.

It was now nightfall; the Division seemed to have got rather out of hand. The 2nd Brigade (Bucks, Berks and Dorset Yeomanry) went over the left shoulder of Chocolate Hill, attacked Scimitar Hill which they carried, but found themselves enfiladed from both sides and had to withdraw, losing about two-thirds of their strength. Their brigadier, the Earl of Longford, fell in this action; his body was never recovered. Sir John Milbank V C was killed with the Notts Yeomanry. Colonel Cole (the Old Gent who was O C on board the Saturnia) was crippled for life. Many more well-known men were killed or wounded on this disastrous day.

Sir Ian Hamilton in the Official account of this battle is very enthusiastic about the way the Yeomen carried themselves but to us on the actual operations he was very 'foggy'. It seemed to all of us that our officers had gone into action without any clear orders.

One spectacle we saw was of men who had marched two miles under heavy fire, jumping over trenches in which the infantry were sitting, then carrying on with the attack. Everything seemed disjointed. From the Official Account it appears that the Divisional Generals did not carry out General Hamilton's orders. We of the Yeomanry

Division happened to be the attackers this day and caught it in the neck. It occurred to us that if the infantry had co-operated with us we might have pushed the Turks right back and in all probability broken through to the high ground commanding the Dardanelles, but fate was against us and after floundering about between the British and Turkish trenches all night, we were withdrawn and sent all the way back to the seashore from where we had started the previous afternoon.

22 August: Sunday:

It was daybreak when we reached the beach again, we were all dead-beat of course but our first task was to get a little fire going to boil a billy-can of tea, then some sleep. We had about two hours rest, then we paraded for rifle inspection. It was a very hot day so sleep was almost impossible, there was not a scrap of shade and flies were there in swarms, so we had a bathe. At 7 pm we were paraded in full kit again and told to lie down in the ranks until 10 pm. When we finally started off again across Chocolate Hill we managed to get there this time without the shrapnel as it was quite dark but there were plenty of snipers about who seemed to know where we were. On arrival we set about making dug-outs as the hill was quite exposed to the Turkish artillery fire.

23rd August: Monday:

During the day, spent in digging, we learned a few particulars of Saturday's fight. Out of our Division of 5 thousand (Cavalry strength is less than infantry) we had fifteen hundred casualties. The 1st Brigade lost 60 per cent of their numbers. Of our brigade the Gloucesters lost 150 (6 officers out of 7), the Warwicks lost 90 and the Worcesters 77. Captain Russell was missed by everyone in the brigade, he had received a nasty thigh wound but recovered later and came out to Egypt.

During the day the Turks shelled us and encouraged us to get on with our digging. About 6 pm we paraded and trekked off into the trenches. This was our first taste of taking up positions in the front line trenches, up and down, tumbling over legs of sleeping men, kicking over cans of tea that had taken hours to boil, etc. I thought we were going miles but in reality we only went about a mile and a half.

Our first glimpse of trench life was not at all encouraging; imagine a narrow ditch with sandbags on the side facing the enemy, with a dirty, unshaven, hungry-looking man about every three yards. Little holes on the sides of the ditch with a dirty tin over a small fire where some poor devil was trying to make a drink of tea. The only occupation: sleeping, making tea and standing up as your turn comes to look over the 'top' and watch the enemy. War is a glorious pastime in books when you have the whole scheme laid out, with the strategy explained and a map with a red line showing 'Our position' marked, but to the poor beggars 'doing it' there is nothing but misery. One is just a 'unit', your job is to do your turn on the parapet, then get down and sleep if you can or if you're lucky, then you have to start digging or go for a mile or two under fire to fetch water, rations or ammunition.

When we arrived at our destination and we wanted our machine guns on the parapet, we were shown a dim ridge and told that the enemy was 'over there, range 700 yards'. The first night we were naturally very jumpy, every time the wind rattled the leaves of the bushes, we imagined a Turk attack, every now and then a rifle would go off, probably a sentry to keep himself awake or to scare the enemy who might be out 'wiring'. Although dead tired we slept with 'one eye open' and the following morning we were all able to see our situation better, which is always a satisfaction.

We found that we were attached to the 6th Inniskilling Fusiliers, a rare lot of boys, mostly from Belfast. We also found out very early that it was good policy to keep your head down if you wanted to keep it intact. The Turkish snipers seemed to get us from all directions which made it very uncomfortable when you had to get out of the trench for any purpose. The worst job was fetching water, a journey of half a mile to an old Turkish well. The Turks had this place well spotted, they knew it, of course and there was always a crowd waiting; they concentrated on it.

(To be continued)

MORE FROM 'DOWN UNDER'

Our antipodean member Sid Blythman writes again from Australia with his latest experiences and observations. He may well be considered to be a blithe man and also his activities shown him to be a lithe man. (At 88)
He quotes a trend out there to change the name of the Anzac Association to Gallipoli Association. This appears to be largely due to the fact that there are few active Gallipoli veterans now, almost all being WW2 vintage. He has a pal from his old regiment, the Wiltshires, living in New Zealand and he is on the committee of the Anzac Association in Auckland. They are holding a special meeting to approve the introduction of Associate Membership, as we have.

The change of name has taken place in the Newcastle R S L and Sid has been elected as Vice-President. He says that he is regarded as one of the most active of the old codgers, but he is too modest and the words 'one of' are somewhat superfluous. They already have Associate Members in their Association.

He writes of the Australian film 'Gallipoli' which he considers very misleading. 'I think someone who served with the troops out there would have a better idea of what actually went on'.

Sid was very pleased but puzzled to receive his Gallipolian so early. This was due to the kindness of our A M who is the London manager for Qantas Airways, R J Jeppesen, who helped all our Anzac members in this way.

Members will recall the article 'From Down Under' in the Autumn issue, number 33 of 1980, with a photograph and the later mention of him and his travels in the Spring issue, number 37 of 1981.

Sid does not always hide his light under a bushel. He was shown on Australian television, not as a veteran of Gallipoli as would be expected, but in a 'commercial' for a building society. This looks at first sight that he is still regarded as in the age range for house purchase, but the real reason is that he was induced to appear by his grandson who is concerned with advertizing out there.

A PILGRIMAGE TO GALLIPOLI

By Major J C G Mackinlay, Permanent cadre officer,
6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles (757 AM)
(See sketch map on back cover - page 36)

The last announcement was in English, 'We are about to make our final approach into Istanbul; the local time is 1525 and the weather fine; please fasten your seat belts ....' The soothing voice did nothing to calm the strong sensation of unease which raced around my stomach. Was I going to find what I had come for? - had we done sufficient home-work before setting out? We still had miles to travel overland - would we even get to our destination?

As the aircraft wheels hit the runway tarmac, I remembered a wise remark by the Turkish businessman sitting next to me. 'Our country is hard to define' he said, 'from the East it seems European and to you coming from the West it will seem Asian. Some of us are racially fair and blue-eyed and some are unmistakably Asian'. The 'bus into town was full. Most of the men wore moustaches and seemed indistinguishable from the European, in dress at any rate - except for the strange habit of wearing dark suits even on the hottest day. However some who had decided not to take part in the twentieth century were still wearing biblical robes, the women covering their heads and faces with a white 'tulbent', with billowing pantaloons beneath their long 'omuz atcisi'.

Istanbul is not a dirty city but a fine brown dust covers its pavements, restaurant tables and shop counters, gets in hair, up noses and even grinds between the teeth. Architecturally the city is disappointing, there are no fine boulevards or terraces and the houses around the centre of town are mainly in the style of the late nineteenth century, drab grey stucco, their only redeeming feature being the brilliant terra cotta tiles on the roofs. It is the sea which makes Istanbul so remarkable, standing as it does at the confluence of the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmara. Its waterways are jammed with tankers, freighters and lighter boats; the bridges and piers are crowded with vendors selling nuts, cherries, fish kebabs, sesame rolls and even scented water to mop a weary brow. Beneath the ancient archways of the Grand

Bazaar, traders sell ornaments of silver, onyx, copper and brass and everywhere Turkish carpets are spread to display their rich patterns. Standing on the hills around the harbour are palaces full of jewels, harems tiled in turquoise, castles, cannons, marble minarets and mosques which smell of feet. Watching the sun go down behind the domes and towers along the skyline, we had little inclination to leave this strangely dacadent and beautiful city to start our journey to the beaches of Helles and Anzac.

Over Land and Sea to Anzac

The trade mark of the Aran bus company is the statue of Mercury, a fairly aptly chosen one it seemed as we raced through the suburbs of Istanbul in our Mercedes bus. The driver had assumed unassailable rights to the whole road (and at times the pavement too) and charged through the traffic with the same dash and vigour shown by the late Lord Cardigan in the Valley of Death; through red traffic lights and zebra crossings we sped, past convoys of lorries and mini buses until finally (and with a sigh of relief), we found ourselves on the open road. To our left was the Sea of Marmara, its clear waters grey under a cloudy sky, where in May sixty four years before Lieutenant Commanders Nasmith and Boyle had harrassed the Turkish shipping from their tiny submarines. Our journey took six hours. In the early afternoon we crossed the narrows at Canakkale (pronounced Chanakaly). The skipper of the ferry invited us up to the bridge for Turkish tea and honcured the ladies with a windswept rose each. Flocks of shearwater came skimming across the surface of the sea from the north and a porpoise jumped clean out of the water not far from the ship, landing with a great splash which caused many passangers to rush to the starboard railings.

Our plan was to operate from the Commonwealth War Graves compound actually on the peninsula. The area supervisor Tony Malpass and his wife Jill live at Canakkale and with the benefit of their advice we bought stores to last us for a week in the wilds before setting out with them in their Landrover. Tony and Jill are both from the village of Kings Stanley in Gloucestershire. Tony is a botanist besides being a gardening expert and Jill is a keen ornithologist and speaks Turkish (a most extraordinary language). Without their assistance and generosity there is no doubt our trip

would have been a failure. Having recrossed the narrows, we drove from Eceabat on the European side, west across the fields following a dust track until we reached the Aegean coast of the peninsula. The War Graves Compound (Anzac village) is close to the beach by Ari Burnu point, and it had taken us two day's hard travelling from London to reach the gardener's cottage where we finally dumped our suitcases and rations. It was nevertheless an ideal site from which to carry out our task.

Exploring the Battlefield

Our first quest was to find Gurkha Bluff. Tony and I drove down to the Helles one morning in the Landrover. We visited the memorial, a tall marble column overlooking the coast not far from the village of Sedilbahir. We found the 6th Gurkha Rifles panels and the names of the attached officers who fought and died so gallantly with the regiment - Underhill, Tombes, Green, Le Marchant, all of them except for Dallas who is buried in Alexandria. We stood for a moment on the hill above V beach where during the landings in 1915 a small group of Turkish infantry had killed so many of our troops landing from the SS Clyde that 'the sea was red with blood for a distance of fifty yards from the shore'. Now it was a brilliant blue colour and it was hard to imagine the violent landings which had taken place there so long ago.

We drove as close to the area of the Bluff as we could get and abandoning the Landrover, set off through the scrub. Our only guide was a photocopy chart from the regimental history which grew torn and dog-eared as we scrambled through the thorns and gorse. We reached the edge of Gully Ravine and slid down on our backsides some fifty feet to a sandy bed, now overgrown and deserted except for the bones of a cow. The scrub on the far bank was dense. Just as we gained the top a small bird darted out past us. Tony pointed with his stick to a mossy nest beside my ear with five tiny blue eggs, each with a faint coronet of brown speckles. We found what we took to be the area of Gurkha Bluff. It was completely overgrown with firs and scrub oak; without a decent map (they are withheld for security reasons) it was impossible to make a back-bearing.

There are still many trenches in the area but Gurkha Ravine is disfigured by erosion and landslides. On the beach below the Bluff was a human arm bone and the necks of several pottery rum jars which must have been used during the campaign. We returned to the Landrover tired and pricked with thorns and really no wiser as to how Captain Jackson and A company carried out their amazing ascent of this cliff face.

Behind the cottage in the Commission compound, the ground rises steeply to form the Sari Bair ridge. Between this famous crest line and the sea there are a series of gullies and ravines - and it was in this broken moonscape area (similar in appearance to the Ha Tsuen range) that the 29th Indian Infantry and the 4th Australian Brigades lost themselves so disastrously on the eve of the Allied attack on the Chunuk Bair and Koja Chemen Tepe. Our regimental history skates delicately over the matter of how the brigade guides lost the way and were themselves killed in a Turkish ambush, leaving the column miles from its objective by the time dawn broke on 7th August 1915.

Following in their footsteps, it was easy to see how without adequate maps, the leading scouts managed to get lost once they had left the path by the seashore. Turning eastwards ourselves with yet another photocopy sketch as our guide, we crossed the dry river bed known as the Salzi Beit Dere. On the top of a small hill there we found a number of 0.303 clips and empty cases, a billy-can and an empty jam tin marked 1/15 (Jan 1915?). From here we moved due east along the bed of Aghyl Dere, exploring first the northern fork and then the southern fork. The sides of the ravines are steeper here and thick with pine and scrub oak, the sandy river bed was marked with pig and jackal tracks. We imagined this was more or less how it must have been when Allanson brought the 6th up these same routes to carry out his spirited and successful attack on the Sari Bair ridge. Above, on the steep slopes of the ridge itself is a cemetery known as The Farm. From here looking north across the valley to the next ridge, we could see the area where Allanson assembled his tiny force on the night of 8th/9th August and where at 5.20 am following a terrific naval bombardment of the ridge line, they had dashed up with Allanson holding his red flag 'hand in hand, a most perfect advance' until they met the Turks.

At the top of the Sari Bair feature, the view is still as

Allanson described it - but now an atmosphere of total peace prevails, the only sounds are the larks and the wind hissing through the cypress trees; the track along the Sari Bair is deserted except for a tortoise moving carefully through the wild flowers at the verge and the stink of corpses has long since been overwhelmed by wild thyme and rosemary. Even at the most violent and ghastly positions along the allied line, one is aware now of a sense of calmness and tranquility as though nature had soothed away the pain and wreckage which was left in the wake of these dramatic events. There are also the graveyards, perfectly landscaped with memorials of cool white marble juxtaposed against the dark cypress trees and everywhere flowers among the headstones. The occasional strand of wire or rusting bully beef tin is all that is left of the half-million allies who landed and fought here. At Chunuk Bair there is a white marble column erected to commemorate the New Zealanders who reached this point under the leadership of Colonel Malone on the 8th August 1915. Further on at Hill Q where Allanson's force seized the ridge a day later, there is no memorial, nothing to commemorate Tombes and Le Marchant who are buried close by and the remains of 66 others who died with them at dawn during this brief but glorious attack. Perhaps one day there will be - for surely they deserve to be remembered!

POSTAGE TO TURKEY

Members sometimes have occasion to write to Turkey, in particular to Tony Malpass at the War Graves Commission at Chanakkale. Although the P O leaflet 'POSTAL RATES OVERSEAS - 1st February 1982' lists Turkey as in Europe (which it is in part) I find that letters etc. sent without AIR MAIL labels fail to arrive, or after a long delay. The P O guide states that air mail labels are not necessary but in fact I recommend members to use air mail labels on all such correspondence.

E H W B

'WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE GREAT WAR, DADDY?'

By Captain F C Mason M C Middlesex Yeomanry (325)

August 1914: On the night of August 3rd I was Corporal of the Guard of the Middlesex Yeomanry at Streatley-on-Thames; word came around that war was expected to be declared the next day and we were to pack up and leave camp by 3 am next morning. We marched to London and settled down at Hounslow. The next few weeks were occupied in issuing equipment and collecting horses from Tillings of Peckham. Also the Camberwell Borough Council water cart, complete with enormous horse which I drove down to Hounslow.

We all expected to be sent off to France within a week or two and were very disappointed to be sent up to Norfolk. Surely the war would be over before we had a chance to take our part.

We spent months in billets in Norfolk, my home being a vine greenhouse, which we knew as the 'Crystal Palace'.

Christmas 1914: We packed up, collected the horses in back areas and lined trenches on the beach, confidently expecting to make a stand against invasion, in case of need retiring to our horses and leaving spies in dugouts to send back information.

March 1915: After many rumours and alarms we eventually received orders to entrain and finally embarked in SS Nile, at Avonmouth, the horses going in a separate steamer SS Crispin. Rough passage in the Bay of Biscay with dixies sliding all over the troop deck from side to side of the ship. We slept in hammocks above the tables in the troop deck. Calm restored in the Mediterranean where I slept on deck - quite a time spent at Crown and Anchor run by a sergeant; Housey not being considered exciting enough. We duly arrived at Alexandria - Sidi Bishr Camp and soon Ismailia with our horses, including the Camberwell water cart. I was now Acting Sergeant.

Months of boring training with rumours of orders to move, but finally at the end of July we packed up and proceeded by train, without horses, to Port Said and then by troopship to Lemnos. There we transferred to a cruiser and left for Gallipoli peninsula, where the campaign, begun in April had come to a standstill. A new landing had been made the day before at Suvla Bay, and we landed in support. There was some shelling as we dug in on the beach. Water was very

short, having to be brought from Egypt in petrol tins, and we had to queue up for it.

The next day we left our kit on the beach and advanced under heavy fire across Salt Lake, then marshy ground, to Chocolate Hill where we bivouacked under cover of the hill and dug in. I still have a Turkish nosecap in my possession. Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch included the following: 'Whilst this fighting was in progress the 2nd Mounted Division moved out from Lala Baba in open formation to take up a position of readiness behind Yilghin Burnu. During this march they came under a remarkably steady and accurate artillery fire. The advance of these English Yeomen was a sight calculated to send a thrill of pride through anyone with a drop of English blood running in their veins. Such superb martial spectacles arerare in modern war. Ordinarily it should always be possible to bring up reserves under some sort of cover from shrapnel fire. Here for a mile and a half there was nothing to conceal a mouse, much less some of the most stalwart soldiers England has ever sent from her shores. Despite the critical events in other parts of the field I could hardly take my glasses from the Yeomen; they moved like men on parade. Here and there a shell would take toll of a cluster; there they lay; there was no straggling; the others moved steadily on; not a man was there who hung back or hurried.'

There was no shelter anywhere against shellfire, even when in reserve - snipers were busy in hideouts and trees, and I was detailed to go out in search of them, with the C O's revolver and blessing.

We moved forward at night and took over front line trenches in some places only twenty yards from the Turkish line. Our blankets, shaving kit, etc. had been left on the beach so with very cold nights we had a poor time, until miraculously a post arrived and I was able to share a parcel post-bag with another sergeant, both wearing beards. I took out several parties in front as listening posts to give warning of any sign of attack. I was now suffering badly from dysentery, and abcesses as large as walnuts under both arms from poor food and after a few weeks I was obliged to go back to the beach where my abcesses were opened with a blunt knife and no

anaesthetic. I was taken off by hospital ship and my first bowl of tea was the best I have ever tasted. Back to Port Said and Cairo where Masrick School had been taken over as a hospital. Here I spent two months and was then sent to Limasol in Cyprus for four months convalescence. Then back to Abbasia, Cairo where I was directed home as time expired.

My engagement had been for 8 years from 1908 and I arrived home in June 1916.

This was the end of my Gallipoli service but my war service was resumed and I was commissioned and later served in Mesopotamia and Palestine, being awarded the Military Cross.

* * * * * * * * * * *

'LONDON LOG'

Although the Royal Naval Division Association has been disbanded (see number 36) there are of course still many individual members with nostalgic memories of it.

A copy of a brochure or booklet of sixty sheets of foolscap paper has just reached the editor and no doubt ex-R N D members will have a copy. For general interest the production is basically a compilation including histories of aspects of the London Division with promotions, New Year's Honours, presentations, R N D Victoria Crosses - 7 in all, with their individual citations, commencing of course with Colonel (then) Bernard Freyberg.

The London Division is now organized in three divisions: Nelson Division; Hood Division and Hawke Division, each under a Lieutenant-Commander. A History of the London Division is being compiled by a former Padre, The Rev G C Taylor VRD MA. Members who can contribute are asked to write to the Chief Officer, Diana Mason OBE RD at WRNR C30 the ship's office H M S President, London Reach, London.

WHILE MEMORY LASTS

By Lt-Col M B Hancock M C Northamptonshire R (731)

Shakespeare knew what he was doing when he described in the prologue to the secont act of Henry V, the intense patriotism which sprang into being when the King was gathering his army to invade France and which was to lead to the battle of Agincourt in 1415:

'Now all the youth of England are on fire
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse . . .'

499 years later those stirring words were brought vividly to mind when just such another surge of patriotism swept through the country and I found myself one of the 'Youth of England'. Looking back to that time it does seem strange to think how intense was the wish to 'join up'; to do something to help one's country. It was then a completely spontaneous movement and it resulted, to some extent, in much waste of energy and talent. One such instance was the formation of the famous 'Sportsman's Battalion', every member of which was probably a potential officer and who's value could have been put to much more use if the organization had existed, but in those days the thinking of the hierarchy was largely based on the Boer War.

The end of the summer term of 1914 found me at the end of my school days, aged 17 and hoping to go to university, but the war put a stop to that and I hurriedly found myself a job as a schoolmaster. What a nerve! The two terms I spent at King's School, Gloucester were an education in themselves for me, but it was only a stop-gap until I could join the army at the age of 18. I well being very self-conscious of the fact that I was a civilian and longed for the day when I could put on uniform and so try to justify my existence, as it were.

Well, I did not have very long to wait as, in April 1915, two days after my eighteenth birthday, I received my Commission. This was all very well for me whose one

idea it was to get into the army and satisfy what I now realize was really a selfish ambition. I had no thought for my parents at all, only years later did I stop to think how much they must have suffered at my rushing off to do what I thought was so vital, only the pressing need to be 'doing one's bit'. For anyone who was in my way suspected of NOT doing so, life was made very unpleasant and I understand the terrible ordeal it must have been for a genuine conscientious objector to refuse to go into any of the Services.

But none of this occurred to me then, and so it was that in my vanity of youth, it was with a tremendous feeling of having at last got going that I went off to Norwich to join a Territorial battalion of the Northamptonshire Regiment.

After the rush of getting fitted out with uniform and all the various requirements for camp life - for which the Government grant was woefully inadequate - it was a great moment for me to be joining my Regiment and starting out on a new life drawing a second lieutenant's pay of five shillings and threepence per day.

Much of the detail of what I experienced in those early days has been lost but I shall never forget arriving at Norwich that evening to be told that, next morning, there was to be a Battalion inspection followed by a march-past. I was given some sketchy instructions as to what I should do at the head of my platoon. The fact that I had never seen that undoubtedly gallant body of men, nor done this before, probably did not occur to my superior officers. In the event I was almost a complete passenger but must have done enough things right not to have incurred the wrath of my company commander.

In the battalion there were quite a number of officers who had been at my public school, which was my main reason for joining it. All of them were older than I was but it gave me some feeling of confidence, especially as two of them were platoon commanders in my Company. The whole atmosphere at that time was one of intense activity, doing what one hoped was right and getting into gear.

Routine training was now concentrated mostly on route marching in full kit and early morning P T. It gradually began to bring us together into a very fit unit and with other young newly-joined officers I got special drill

sessions and instruction in how to take charge of my platoon and earn my pay. Time passed quickly as I began to find myself getting used to the new adult life. After a few weeks at Norwich the battalion moved to St Albans where we were brigaded with three other battalions, forming part of the East Anglian Division. As we were to find out later, this was one of the preliminary moves towards providing troops to take part in a big new offensive in the Dardanelles campaign and our own particular role was to carry out a fresh landing at Suvla Bay.

Training now took on a more intensive character with frequent tactical exercises, including night operations (never a favourite occupation of mine) and longer route marches. These marches used to vary between fifteen and twenty-five miles and were just plain foot-slogging at least once and sometimes twice a week.

I remember one of the small shopkeepers used to follow us on his bicycle which had a large box fitted on the carrier. When we were given a rest for ten minutes in every hour he had a very good sale of chocolate, chewing gum and drinks and came to be regarded as part of the proceedings.

Now that we were within marching distance of some ranges, regular shooting practices took place and the various parts of our war machine, which included such things as mule transport, seemed to fit into place and with this came a sense of belonging to a fighting unit with a definite purpose in the general war effort.

The battalion on arrival from Norwich had been billeted in private houses in various parts of St Albans and my own company were all in rather small terraced houses in back streets near Company HQ. One of my duties was to pay the people for the accommodation they provided. As to whether or not this was a pleasant duty there were conflicting opinions. On the one hand the money, being obviously very welcome, so were you on that account, but in many cases the atmosphere inside was daunting to say the least. It seemed the rule was that no window was ever opened and one had to take a deep breath and get the job over as soon as decently possible.

(To be continued)



A new member: Joseph Horgan (841) shown using a periscope in a trench on the right of Border Barricade at Cape Helles.

The Turkish trench was about 50 yards away.

The photograph was taken on the occasion of a visit by a party of naval officers.

Khaki serge had just been issued as it was in the second week in October.

One of the regimental officers was Fred Woodworth (72) who when wounded there was carried down by Joseph Horgan.

The photograph was published in the 'History of the 42nd Division'. by F P Gibbons.

MY FIRST EFFORT IN 'PUNCH' (28 May 1924)

Husband: 'What sort of fish is this?' It tastes like hake, it looks like plaice and it smells like halibut.'

Wife: 'Well, I told Jane to order sole and the man said all he had was whiting. But on the bill he put down eel and charged the price of cod.'

E H W B

A Gallipolian was in dock. He had been prescribed a number 9 by the M O but the stock had run out (very appropriately). So the medical orderly gave him a number 8, then a number 1. Now is this the origin of the term 'one over the eight'?

GALLIPOLI DIARY

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

(Continued from number 37)

PART THREE (23 October 1980)

We slept well at our campsite. We were quite close to a small military post, and although the soldiers were inquisitive, they were soon placated with a drink and the usual cigarettes. Alaistair set me a fine example with quick dips in the sea morning and night. I always felt good afterwards but it usually struck me beforehand as somewhat masochistic! 'Breakfasts' were spartan, consisting mainly of stale bread and lukewarm coffee heated precariously in a saucepan.

Tony Malpass (of the War Graves Commission) was very generous in showing us around. He drove us down to Cape Helles (where the British and French Memorials are) and gave us a whistle-stop tour of the area; both he and his wife Jill were very generous with their time and hospitality. I knew little about the Helles part of the campaign but learnt a lot. Some Australian Units did fight there, but it was predominently an Anglo/French affair. Although our visit to the Helles area was a quick one we did get an idea of the ground, and what it was all about. It was clear, for example, why the 'River Clyde' episode at 'V' beach was such a disaster. The little cove where the 'River Clyde' was beached is overlooked by a hillock where a Turkish machine-gun was positioned. The distance to the 'River Clyde' was no more than 200 yards.

Hitching back from Helles to our camp presented something of a problem. We waited for two hours before a young Turkish couple picked us up and took us as far as Eceabat where we 'refueled' (a meal for two with beer cost $A4), and 'restocked' (apples and Alaistair's ubiquitious cabbage!). We looked a strange pair riding back to Gaba Tepe on the back of a tractor. Bumpy ride. Losses included one apple.

For what turned out to be our final day's exploration in the Anzac area, Alaistair went 'fossicking' up Shrapnel Valley and I took a leisurely path up Artillery Road to Lone Pine, via Shell Green, doing my own

fossicking on the way. Shell Green is a beautiful spot, where Australians had, I believe, played cricket the day before the evacuation. Very quiet and the sea was dead calm beneath me. The troops really are resting in peace. The jetty near our campsite appeared to be miles away (only about 1½ in fact). Funny how distances here look vast, but can be covered quite quickly; the converse must have been so bitterly true for the Anzacs.

After a quick lunch of stale bread at Quinn's I decided to conclude my exploration the way I'd begun it by having another strike into Shrapnel Valley. This involved a move down the steep, brambly slope behind Quinn's until I was able to pick up the watercourse in Monash Valley. On the way, I bumped into Alaistair who had made some interesting finds; among them a live bullet and a 1912 Greek coin in good condition, which presumably came from Lemnos with the troops or with Greek labourers who were co-opted during the campaign. Having got used to the lie of the ground I found I could negotiate Shrapnel Valley from near Quinn's to the sea in about ½ hour; but I was in no hurry and keen to find some relic of the campaign.

On the way poked into Bridges Valley, which I'd missed on the way up. Off the beaten track rusty 0.303 ammunition clips are in abundance, and I also picked up a hooked instrument which Alaistair thins was a tool for doing up gaiters; 'la piece de resistance', was however still to come. I was despairing of finding anything worthwhile when I noticed a piece of rum jar a few yards off the track. On hands and knees in the bushes, I suddenly came across a half buried water bottle. It was in quite good condition, still intact, blue on one side and only partially rusted on the other. A very presentable relic (worthy of the Australian War Memorial where it shall probably go). Nearby was a mess tin, but it was so rusted I decided to leave it where it was; looked like someone's meal had been hastily disturbed.

During my visit I was struck by the generosity of the Turks. There seems to be no animosity towards Australians, quite the reverse. Cigarettes and tea are pressed on one; the manager of my hotel had no hesitation in lending me a blanket despite the fact that the weather looked grim; hitchhiking back from Troy our driver invited us to lunch.

One of our campsite 'breakfasts' was interrupted by two soldiers who came to investigate the ragged foreigners and although 'conversation' was restricted to grunts over mutually exchanged cigarettes, they couldn't have been more friendly. 'The Anzacs' are well known today, even amongst the Turkish youth.

(To be continued)

THE AUSTRALIAN FILM 'GALLIPOLI'

I recently saw the film 'Gallipoli'. It was essentially an Australian effort, portraying the adventures of two young Australians who made their way across Australia in May 1915 to join the army in Perth. After initial training they arrive with their Regiment at Cairo and enjoy the dubious delights of that city and playing havoc with the locals. The 'Aussies' certainly left their mark wherever they visited.

They eventually arrive at Gallipoli, landing, I presume, at the Anzac beach and are introduced to the front line. The Suvla Bay landing was about to take place and their regiment was used to attack the Turks to take pressure off the Suvla operations.

We saw the repeated attacks by the Australians with little artillery support and the various casualties including our two heroes.

Altogether a realistic film using service troops.

A middle-aged man sitting next to me asked if I was at Gallipoli. I told him I was in the Navy there. He asked if any British troops were there and why no tin hats were worn. I informed him that at the initial landings on the 25th April there were many British regiments there, and that 'tin hats' were not issued until 1916.

It is a pity that a British film was not made.

'Sic transit gloria mundi.'

F G Dixon
(HMS Angora) (737)

VISIT TO PRIVATE SCREENING IN BIRMINGHAM OF THE AUSTRALIAN FILM 'GALLIPOLI'

A personal account by Alan Standley (776) Vice Chairman, Birmingham Branch

It was on Monday the 4th January that we set out to see the film 'Gallipoli' about which we had heard so much. The invitation had arrived a week before to see the private showing at the Bristol Cinema, Birmingham, with guests from the Gallipoli Association and representatives of the news media.

Heavy snow had fallen previously and it was only sheer determination that got us there. In fact, unfortunately, many of those invited just could not make it because of the adverse conditions, including our Chairman, Fred Cowles (769), William Cowley (449), Neville Cowley (650) and T S Adams (814). We arrived at about 11.20 knowing that the film was scheduled to be shown at 11 am but they had held up the performance and greeted us most cordially with coffee on arrival, organized by the Manager and Assistant Manager.

The film was a great production and the two young actors in the leading roles merited the acclaim they received. Herbert Hibberd (270), our own veteran, watched it absolutely enthralled, although not without shedding a tear here and there. After the film he was interviewed and as a result his picture and a brief write-up appeared in the 'Birmingham Mail'.

A buffet lunch was laid on for us - a day to remember.

* * * * * * * * * * *

SID BLYTHMAN (657) has written from Australia and is very critical of the film. A pal of his out there told him it was the greatest flop he had ever seen, making no real mention of the British and French troops, no mention of Cape Helles at all. An Australian newspaper reports that the director's version owes more to myth than the truth. 'Most people who see 'Gallipoli' believe that they are seeming what really happened'. Neither is Sari Bair or Chunuk Bair mentioned although New Zealand forces were prominently engaged.

THE PENINSULA AGAIN - 1981

By N Antony (796 AM)

As on my 1980 tour I made my base at Canakkal , and travelled daily across the Narrows to Kilid Bahr, where I had made arrangements for transport to take me out to the battle areas.

The first week I spent in the Helles area, and aided by trench maps from The Imperial War Museum, I had a fascinating time tracing the old trenches.

At 'S' Beach a Turkish memorial has been erected over a trench that was taken by the S W B on April 25, while under the memorial is a small museum. The French cemetery and memorial overlooks Morto Bay, and the crosses over the graves are all made out of old picket posts. Although I spent a day in the French section apart from a gun at the side of the road leading to the Turkish memorial I could find little trace of the fighting.

The rest of the week was spent in the British area, tramping up the Achi Baba and Krithia Nulah's, Gully Ravine and the famous beaches.

With the aid of my maps I vainly tried to find the site of the Eastern and Western birdcages, and although aided by local farmers, I had great difficulty in tracing the trenches. At Pink Farm I traced a trench that led me to 12 Tree Copse, and I summarized that this was the Eastern Mule trench.

Above Ghurka Bluff there are the remains of many trenches, but although I raked my brains I could not identify any of them.

From Gully Beach where there is the ramains of a picket boat I went up the Gully Ravine. This was an eerie experience, not a sound could be heard and if it was not for the broken rum jars lying around, one could well believe that no other person had been there before. Although I picked up a large number of bullets, clips etc. in deep contrast to my wanderings around the Ypres and Somme battlefields I did not find one nose cap. In Krithia village I was introduced to a farmer who, finding a shell some four years ago, tried tapping the nose cap off; the result a lost eye and several fingers. Krithia has a very interesting museum and not far from the village

there are three Turkish memorials.

Achi Baba was another interesting place with its fine view and old trenches, and one can easily see what a fine observation post it made.

'V' Beach with its beautiful Cemetery, old gun pits and guns drew me like a magnet, and it was from here that I started my tramping every day. There are a large number of tunnels leading from gun pit to gun pit at 'V', and during my 1980 tour with the Commonwealth War Graves Commissioner Mr Tony Malpass we disturbed a large snake in one of these tunnels.

'Accidentaly' I wandered on to 'Lancashire Landing' and was promptly chased away, but after two such 'accidents' I was allowed an hour on the beach accompanied by a soldier and minus my camera.

The second week I spent in the Suvla area. Lala Baba, Hill 10, Green, Chocolate and W Hills were all explored but apart from some traces of trenches I could find little traces of the fighting. I failed to walk across the Salt Lake as it was muddy, and the Azmak Dere produced the usual crop of broken rum jars. One day while in the village of Anafarta I was shown a badge of the Gloucestershire Hussars that had been made into a brooch.

As I had spent a great deal of time at A N Z A C on my previous visit I had limited my wanderings to four days on this tour. Some changes were apparent, at Chunuk Bar work has re-started on the Turkish Memorial. Some trenches have been cleared and timbered, and although looking artificial they do attract some tourists.

On the ridges I met the Director of the Australian National Museum at Canberra, and Mrs E. Meyer from Melbourne on a pilgrimage to her brothers grave, Pte A.V.Potter who was on the 25 April killed at Lone Pine.

As I had scrambled up Monash Gully and the other well-known spots on my previous visit I decided this time to follow the 7 Aug battles at A N Z A C. Scrambling up Arghyl Dere to Hill Q and up Chailak Dere, over the table top to the Rhododendron Spur was no easy task, but finding a tunnel on the spur made up for the loss of breath.

My lasting impression of Gallipoli, how quiet, peaceful and eerie it is, how friendly the people are on The Peninsula, and of the magnificent work carried out by Mr Tony Malpass and his charming wife of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. No words of mine can convey the magnificent work they do in the most unusual circumstances.

THE SHELLING OF ALLANSON'S PARTY ON HILL Q

The source of the shells that fell so disastrously among Major Allanson's Gurkhas, just when they started to chase the Turks down the eastern slope of Hill Q, has always been a matter of controversy; and it was therefore especially interesting to read, in Lord Hankey's address at the annual dinner, the passage referring to that shelling. In this passage Lord Hankey is reported to have said: 'A particularly able gunnery officer on one of our monitors spotted men with brown faces up on top there, and landed a 12-inch shell in their midst.'

From these words it might be inferred that Lord Hankey's father had actually been able to fix responsibility for the shelling on a certain officer; but in subsequent correspondence it appeared that this was not the case. So we are back to square 1 and it may be useful to summarize such evidence as exists.

A first-hand witness here is Allanson himself, Capt Phipson (his M O), Lieut Savory and Capt Boyle of H M S Bacchante (who was responsible for co-ordinating the naval shelling).

Allanson: 'I saw a flash in the bay, and suddenly our own navy put six 12-inch monitor shells into us.'

Phipson: 'Most of us thought the shells came from the Bacchante.'

(Phipson's comment on the yellow staining of the casualties has small significance, since all H E fillings emit yellow fumes on explosion, as distinct from detonation).

Savory: 'I saw the flashes of the naval guns. I saw the shells exploding; and nothing will change my opinion.'

These witnesses put the responsibility definitely on the Navy. But, according to Roger Keys, it was stated by Boyle that 'No ships opened fire on the ridge, after the bombardment lifted.'

Two historians also exonerate the Navy: Bean ('The shells came almost certainly not from the Navy, but from a howitzer battery at Anzac') and Rhodes James, who agrees with Bean.

So in the face of these contradictory opinions, let us leave the last, and perhaps decisive word to H W Nevinson, the greatest of all war correspondents. Twice during the campaign Nevinson climbed to within a few yards of Allanson's starting line, and after the war he explored the ground twice more, so that he knew it intimately. He makes two fundamental points: First, the howitzers at No. 2 post in the Anzac area had been ordered to switch their fire to the flanks and reverse slopes at zero hour. Secondly: only those howitzers could command the reverse slope where Allanson was (the trajectory of naval guns would be much too flat). Could the flashes seen by Allanson and Savory have been from guns coincidentally directed at another target?

T Verschoyle (21)

PROMOTION OF THE DANDELION

By HARRY MOODY 5 Connaught Rangers (233)

Unloved, I dwelt upon the wall,
Deeply scorned by one and all.
They all passed by - no reason why,
A lonely thing - to live and die.

But now Man has discovered me!
Saw my beauty - and said he -
A wild flower! - not a weed,
And a very pretty flower indeed!

Joy is in my heart at last,
Lonely days forever past.
With Buttercup and Daisy-chain
I'll never be unloved again.

The Bluebells ring this joyous hour,
Promoting me to wild flower.
The nectar from my yellow gold,
The Wine of Life will us enfold.

The Fairy Queen will give a sign
To sip the dandelion wine.
And now, by Grace of Fairy Power,
Arise! - with pride - Sir Wild Flower.

LAST THOUGHTS ON GALLIPOLI

Major George Horridge (129) has dug up an old story
which he thinks will be new to members.

Once more sits Mahomet by Helles marges
And smokes at ease among his cypress trees
Nor snipes from scrubberies at British targes
Nor views them wallowing in sacred seas

But cleans his side arms and is pleased to prattle
Of that great morning when he woke and heard
That in his slumbers he had fought a battle
A bloody battle and a little bird

Piped (in the German) at his side and said
'The something infidels have been and fled'
Cautious he crept from out his mountain-ditches
Down the long gulley past the Water Towers

By Backhouse Point he nosed among the niches
But they were innocent of Giaours
Still fearful found the earthy homes we haunted
Those thirsty stretches where the rest camps were

Then to the seas slunk on a trifle daunted
By wreathed wire and every sort of snare
And came at last incredulous to find
The very beach all blasphemously mined

Now on each hand he eyes our impious labels
BOND STREET and REGENT STREET those weary ways
Here stands the PINK FARM with the broken gables
Here OXFORD CIRCUS marks a winding maze

But most, I ween, in scarred grace-ridden regions
O'er many a battle-scene he loves to brood
How Allah here was gracious to his legions
How here, again, he was not quite so good

Here by the BROWN HOUSE, when the bombs began
And they - don't mention it - they turned and ran
And we no more shall see the great ships gather
And hear their thunderings on Days of State

Nor toil from trenches in an honest lather
To magic swimmings in the perfect Strait
Nor sip Greek wine and see the slow sun dropping
On gorgeous evenings over Imbros Isle

While up the hill that Maxim will keep popping
And the men sing and camp fires wink awhile
And in the scrub the glow-worms glow like stars
But (hopeless creatures) will not light cigars

Nor daylong linger in our delved lodges
And fight for food with fifty thousand flies
Too sick and sore to be afraid of prodges
Too dazed with dust to see the turquoise skies

Nor Walk at even by the busy beaches
Or quiet cliff-paths where the Indians pray
And see the sweepers in the sky-blue reaches
Of Troy's own waters, where the Greek ships lay

And touch the boat-hulks where they float forlorn
the wounded boats of that first April morn . . .

ASSOCIATION TIES

Ties are available from the Honorary Secretary:
PRICE £2.50 for inland postage.
Plus £1 for overseas air mail postage.

ASSOCIATION SHIELDS

The shield is obtainable only from the manufacturer, who will quote the price at the time:

Messrs C H Munday Ltd
Oxford House
8 St John's Road
St John's
WOKING
Surrey GU21 1SE

H M S DUBLIN - IN TWO WARS

Chief Petty Officer W G Cave, B E M, a most useful member of the Association, who has written in earlier issues of this journal now sends what is more or less a survey of the ship's wartime history. The Dublin is, he claims, the only one to bear the three battle honours Dardanelles, Adriatic and Jutland.

The story starts in 1914 when the ship was coaling at Bone, in Algeria, when gunfire was heard in the distance. Captain Kelly (a good name to be in command of Dublin) immediately ordered 'Slip the lighters' and the bugler sounded 'Action Stations.' Cave went straight up to his post at the range-finder and in the shimmering distance saw, away to Port 2 of our battle-cruisers (one of which was Indomitable) firing at something to their starboard beam at a distance of approximately 35,500 yards. Captain Kelly ordered 'Fire two rounds' and as soon as the battle-cruisers saw Dublin firing in that direction they immediately turned around in the direction of Gibraltar in case the enemy tried to get there first to destroy our shipping in the Atlantic. Now he writes:

It was at this stage that Captain Kelly sent for the gunnery officer, Lieutenant Priston, and the Navigator that the two ships we had started chasing were the German battle-cruiser Goeben and the cruiser Scharnhorst; it was estimated that they were making for Sicily. We followed the Germans until it became evident that they were going the northern route around Sicily, then we received that famous signal 'Shadow but not engage'. The nearest warship was at least over six hundred miles away, nearer the south of Greece, comprising heavy cruisers Defence, Warrior etc and their light cruisers, one of which was the Gloucester whose captain was our captain's brother - Howard Kelly. Well, the chase continued and as expected the two Germans were reported having passed through the Strait of Messina. We were waiting in the distance. Now the top speed of the enemy was 29½ knots and was only matched by ours so that the cat and mouse chase continued, they having left our slower heavier cruisers behind them, turned north into the Aegean Sea, it became evident that they were not making for the Suez Canal.

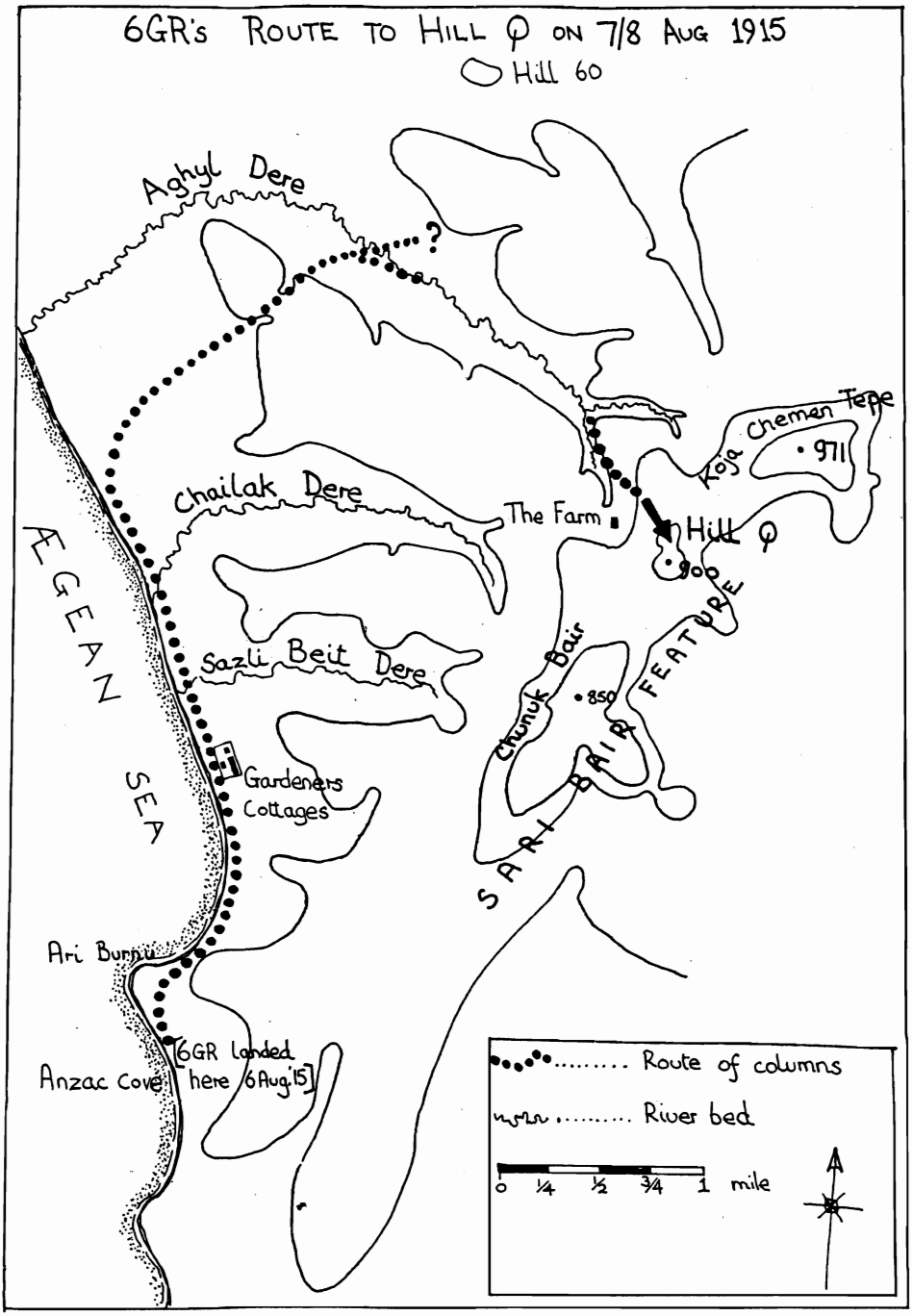
I had been at my instrument all this time snatching an odd doze of sleep occasionally, keeping our position just out of range of Goeben's 11-inch guns. We received a message from Mr Winston Churchill 'Sink Goeben at all cost!' in the evening of August 9th and as we knew they were making for the Dardanelles, Captain Kelly, taking advantage of two old small destroyers took up position for a 'Do or die' attack in the still dark morn of August the 10th. The orders rang out: 'Flood out starboard bar. Stand-by' but the enemy had spotted us and turned away, placing themselves stern-on to us thus offering no target at a range of 5,400 yards on my scale.

There were tears and curses from our lads, but Captain Kelly did a quick turnabout as we were under their guns, but they never even fired a pistol at us as they wanted to enter the Dardanelles in silence in case Turkey mined the Marmora.

The rest is history: Goeben and its escort did get away and passed through the Dardanelles and so led to Turkey's entry into the war against us.



The Narrows: Looking from Chanakkale across to Sed el Bahr
(Photograph by N Antony AM 796)


6GR's Route to Hill 9 on 7/8 Aug 1915
Hill 60
Aghyl Dere
Chailak Dere
Sazli Beit Dere
Aegean Sea
Gardeners Cottages
Ari Burnu
Anzac Cove
[6GR Landed here 6 Aug '15]
Koja Cheman Tepe
971
The Farm
Hill 9
900
Chunuk Bair
850
Sari Bair Feature
Route of columns
River bed
0 ¼ ½ ¾ 1 mile