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THE GALLIPOLIAN

The journal of the Gallipoli Association
(Founded in 1969 on the campaign of 1915)

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THE PRESIDENT,

CHAIRMAN, TREASURER AND COMMITTEE

Send their Christmas Greeting

to all members

THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION 1982

This was the first dinner of the Association which I have attended; it will certainly not be the last if this one was at all typical.

The dinner was held on the 30th of September at the Royal Air Force Club, Piccadilly, and following preprandial drinks in the bar, an occasion which enabled old friendships to be renewed, the gentlemen of the Association were presented individually to the Guest of Honour, Admiral of the Fleet the Lord Peter Hill-Norton G C B.

The meal itself was roast turkey and was ended with coffee and Turkish Delight. I thought these touches were pleasantly ironical although I was assured that these are standard items at Association dinners. The meal and service are deserving of high praise and the Association's warm thanks to the staff of the Royal Air Force Club.

Admiral Longley-Cook presided and read out the loyal message to H M the Queen, together with Her Majesty's gracious reply. The Admiral also read out letters (with a little assistance from the floor) from two members, Brig B B Rackham and Mr W G Cave who sadly were unable to be with us because of ill-health. The Admiral also took the opportunity to ask members to think about injecting some younger blood into the Committee over the next year as time, all too sadly, was taking its toll.

The Admiral also gave a humorous account of the tale of the aquisition of the Association's presentation to Major Banner in appreciation of all the hard work he has put into organizing and running the Association for so long, making particular mention of the great difficulty of maintaining secrecy in the whole matter, a major role in which was played by Major Banner's lady wife, who kept the secret from him with great success. A 'Holiday in Lieu' helped.

The Major replied and expressed his thanks for the presentation, a transportable colour television set, stating that the first he had known of it was when it was delivered to him that very day.

Our guest then rose to enthral the gentlemen with a speech which compared and contrasted the Gallipoli campaign with that in the South Atlantic earlier this year, emphasizing a number of striking similarities and particularly drawing our attention to the too often under-rated logistical effort

which had to be made to the South Atlantic. One other similarity which might have been mentioned was that the date of the successful landings in South Georgia just happened to be April 25th!

Regrettably the evening came to a close, and, as all good things must come to an end, the gentlemen of the Association went their separate ways - most, no doubt, with the intention of returning next year.

M E Occleshaw (844 AM)

EDITOR

The above writer was invited to give his account as a new Associate Member who could write critically and independently of hard-bitten regular diners.

We numbered 44 at the dinner, being closely one third Members, one third Associate Members and one third guests. The falling off of Members is inevitable and some changes in the constitution will be necessary. The main point is that the Association should continue in some form, and it will be in the hands of the present Associate Members.

The committee will meet to discuss this early next year and members (both classes) are invited to write in with any constructive suggestions they may have. Please note the word 'constructive'.

Present ideas under consideration include: Continuing with another dinner in 1983. Abandoning the dinner and holding a second luncheon, either at the R A F Club, Chelsea Barracks, or elsewhere. Having an afternoon 'reception', with tea and inviting members' wives (one per member), hopefully with some well-known person as an added attraction. Finally the idea of holding some sort of reunion at a place outside London, such as a seaside resort. But the scope is unlimited and members are asked to give serious consideration to the matter. In writing members are asked to make it clear whether they themselves would join in any form of reunion they may put forward.

'The Future' on page 11 is relevant here.

SPEECH BY OUR GUEST OF HONOUR
THE LORD PETER HILL-NORTON G C B
AT THE ANNUAL DINNER ON 30 SEPTEMBER 1982

It would be absurd for me to attempt this evening to give this Association any sort of lecture on the Campaign in the Hellespont, for you are all, I am sure, better informed about it than I am. It has been described in the publisher's note to the latest of the enormous library of books about Gallipoli (Dardanelles - A Midshipman's Diary, by H M Denham) as an account of 'courage, muddle and triumph' and I dare say you would agree with me that that is fair comment. But it is, I fear, also fair comment on most wars, and I think you would agree with that too. Nearly seventy years after that outstanding campaign, it is natural that we should remember the courage and the triumph, which endure, and think less of the muddle and the waste, though they caused so much personal agony and, amongst other side effects, forced two great men Jacky Fisher and Winston Churchill out of the highest offices in my own service.

When considering what I might say to you this evening I was struck with certain fairly close parallels between this expedition and the recent brilliantly successful campaign in the South Atlantic. Many of the surrounding circumstances were similar, in political terms, though the solutions were very different. What was certainly quite equally true of both were the courage and the triumph, and above all the indomitable spirit of the sailors and soldiers who took part. Let me very briefly compare a few aspects of these two landmarks in our long and proud military history.

Winston wrote in 1911 'It is no longer possible to force the Dardanelles, and nobody would expose a modern fleet to such peril'. Although he later changed his mind, largely misled by the apparently vulnerability of shore defences to modern ship's artillery, and by a gross understatement of the difficulties of dealing with the mining threat in narrow waters, few would then have disagreed with his first assessment, though perhaps de Robeck did. What I feel sure is true, is that an honest military appreciation, in about mid-April this year, might well have said the same about an opposed landing, with minimal air cover, at San Carlos in the Falkland Sound.

Both the Dardanelles and the Falkland Sound are very narrow straits, and both lie close between what at the time of engagement were shores in hostile hands. The enemy in both cases had ample warning that an attack was to come, and plenty of time to prepare for it. At Gallipoli it was 65 days and in the Falklands about 55. But in the Dardanelles the Turks made good use of it, and in the Falklands the Argentines did not. I scarcely dare to contemplate the likely outcome had the latter mined the Sound as the Turks mined their Narrows. I see, none the less, a striking comparison between the air strikes on our landing armada off San Carlos, and later off Bluff Cove, and the terrible execution done by shore batteries, destroyers and submarines and smaller vessels in the whole landing arc between Suvla Bay and Chanak. What was common to both assults was an absence of strategic surprise, but the achievement of tactical surprises in Turkey by the very large number of landings, and in the latter stages considerable skill, and in the Falklands by the choice of San Carlos, which the Argentines certainly did not expect.

The logistic performance in both operations was stupendous. In the South Atlantic because of the 8000-mile-long line of communication, and in the Dardanelles by the enormous numbers of men, artillery pieces and animals involved, which by today's standards would be regarded as rudimentary and very slow transport. Both problems were solved, though in both it was a close-run thing, particularly over ammunition for the artillery. It is interesting that both these major undertakings were made possible only by the use of a large number of merchantmen, taken up from trade, for use as hospital ships and transports both for men and stores. I often think - and have recently said - how little credit the logisticians get for overcoming such daunting problems.

Both the assults were truly combined operations of the Navy and Army, certainly vastly different in scale, but not in principle. We have marvelled recently at 7 or 8000 men with perhaps 20,000 tons of stores put ashore in a few days at San Carlos. It is no less remarkable that 25,000 men landed from the Aegean Sea, with all their kit, in three nights in August 1915, and without

the enemy being aware of it.

Shore bombardments by the Navy was a feature of both landings, though seventy years ago hugh twelve-inch guns from the battleships were in constant use, and this year the largest calibre was 4.5-inch from destroyers. But they were backed up by very powerful air attacks with devastating modern bombs - though I might add in passing that we have certainly not yet learned how to put airfield runways out of action.

There has, happily, been no repetition of the controversy of 1915 over the shelling of Hill Q. I do not want to enter this hardy annual of an argument, though in defence of Naval Gunners - of which I am one - I feel bound to part company with Lord Hankey, who said at your dinner last year that this potentially decisive disaster to the Gurkhas was caused by naval guns. Respectable authorities disagree, and attribute it to land pieces. It is remarkable that among the thousands of naval shells fired at Argentine positions near Stanley, only one or two seem to have gone adrift, and although it is that even three Falklanders were thereby killed.

The influence of submarines, in both assults, is striking. In the Dardanelles they did great execution on both sides, and the determination and skill and gallantry which won both Nasmith and Holbrook their Victoria Crosses will always be remembered. It was, almost certainly the threat of our submarines and the sinking by one of them of the Argentine cruiser General Belgrano, which kept the Argentine Navy - which I knew to have been a proud and efficient force - almost totally out of the reckoning. Had they performed as well as the small, and rather neglected, Turkish ships Admiral Woodward's problems would have been incomparably more difficult.

The climate in Turkey and in the Falklands was, for almost opposite reasons, extremely hard on our men. Movement was difficult, through equally hostile terrain, though again for different reasons. One may contrast the inch by inch advance of the front line in Anzac, where a bitterly contested mile took six weeks, with the Marines 'yomping', as they call it, over 50 miles of mountainous frozen peat bogs in 72 hours, to confront the last defences of Port Stanley.

Casualties deserve a mention, if only to put in perspective some of the stupider comment by the media, and

people like Benn, on those of the Falklands. At Gallipoli there were about half a million Allied soldiers and sailors engaged. About one in ten was killed, and four in ten wounded. Turkish casualties were much higher. In and around the Falklands perhaps 20,000 men were engaged and about one in a hundred was killed and one in twenty was wounded. When the battleship Goliath alone was sunk, 600 men were drowned. We lost four destroyers this year for a total roll of 100. I do not seek to diminish the sorrow or loss of the families of our 250 dead, but merely to relate them to the levels of previous wars, which were nearly always ten times or more as high. All of us here tonight know that war is a rough business, and always leads to personal tragedy, distress and suffering, but let us keep in proportion the inevitable losses.

I must say a word, too, about awards for gallantry. I have found the recent debate in the media deeply offensive, and I agree very warmly indeed with those who have written to the Times and other papers saying that they do too. It is deplorable to hawk around in public opinions about individuals or even Units, and it can do no good and may well do lasting harm. At Gallipoli the Lancashire Fusiliers won 6 Victoria Crosses on W Beach before breakfast, and the Royal Naval Division fighting ashore won 7, as you all know. Is this to say that 2 Para or 40 Commando or the Welsh Guards, or any of Her Majesty's Ships in the Falklands campaign should get more, or less, or some fixed proportion? Surely not. Bravery and gallantry were widespread in both campaigns, and only those who were present can judge which individual or collective acts were so absolutely outstanding that they should be specially rewarded. Let us leave it to them.

Let me bring this very short catalogue of similarities to a close, with some remarks about the men, and very young men too, in both campaigns. No one can deny that they were magnificent. We must never tire of repeating it and being proud of it. As General Moore said, in the hour of victory, 'if this is the youth of our country there can't be much wrong with it.' General Hamilton might have said the same, if it had been fashionable to worry about such things in his day.

You may be surprised that I have said nothing about the Anzacs who, it has been said, came of age at Gallipoli. I have done so because their place in history, and in this Association, will live for ever without any words from me. Their prowess and bravery, from their homes 12,000 miles away, became a living legend. But it allows me to conclude on a lighter note with a splendid story which I believe captures very happily the indomitable Anzac spirit. It concerns an Aussie Unit in Vietnam who were having a particularly bad time in an advanced and unsupported position. When they were nearly out of ammunition and looked like being surrounded, the young company commander said to his CSM 'Well, Sar'nt, what steps do you think we ought to take?', to which the leather-faced Aussie replied 'Bloody long steps, Cobber.'

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SUBSCRIPTIONS 1983

Members will be aware from the Minutes of the AGM held on 25th April last circulated with Issue No.39 that an increase in the annual rate of subscription was then authorised.

The Subscription due on 1st January next is £3 for Members and Associate Members. If payment is made by Bankers Order please make sure that your Bank is advised of the change.

Prompt payment to the Honorary Treasurer (see page 2), NOT to the Honorary Secretary, will be very welcome.

No receipt is sent unless the remittance is accompanied by a self addressed stamped envelope.

The Treasurer thanks, most warmly, the many members who made donations to Association funds during 1982.

D F B

ANNUAL REUNIONS IN 1983

25 April: Particulars in the next issue.

PAST PRESENT FUTURE

THE PAST

For this purpose only the Mediterranean Expeditionary Forces of 1915 is concerned: The Dardanelles and Gallipoli.

THE PRESENT (1)

We made a delayed start in forming the Association. Why did we leave it for over fifty years? Our first and almost only national publicity was in the Daily Telegraph at the time of our formation in 1969.

To date some seven hundred and fifty veterans have joined, from Admirals, Generals and Air Marshals to Privates and the like. As is to be expected, many have faded away as old soldiers are said to do.

We have spread geographically with members now living in Canada, the U S A, South Africa, France, Italy, India and of course Australia. Although the last-named has its own Returned Soldiers League, almost all of its members are of W W 2 or later vintage, swamping the original Anzacs. Hence some of them joining us as we of course are only concerned with M E F service in 1915.

We have excellent relations with the Turks. Did not General Aran provide army transport for us on the tour in 1971, and an army Guard of Honour and band in scarlet when we laid our wreath at thie Independence Memorial in Instanbul?

And successive Ambassadors to London have become Honorary Members. I am very pleased to be an Honorary Member of the Turkish Veterans Union. Finally we have H R H The Duke of Edinburgh as our Patron.

THE PRESENT ATION (2)

It was a complete and very pleasant surprise to me to find myself the recipient of a very fine modern transportable colour television set complete with remote control - without wires - and with insurance cover for five years, plus the wherewithal to provide for next year's licence. (Photograph page 39)

This was officially presented to me by the President at our annual Dinner on the 30th September, with the particulars in a golden envelope. I am very gratified to know the feelings of members who have so kindly responded to this proposal. My best thanks to you all.

Many members must have contributed to this and I am very moved. But not sufficiently to move out. Most such presentations are made on retirement but I can assure all and sundry that this is definitely not the case here. I am in for life, unless voted out or on becoming more decrepit.

The first I knew of this presentation was the arrival of a large parcel shortly before leaving home for the Dinner in London on the 30th September. I understood from the bearer that it was for Admiral Longley-Cook and was turning him away when my wife appeared and said it was FROM the Admiral, for me.

Then she explained that the President had telephoned her some time ago, saying what he had in mind and asking her to keep it secret from me, which she did, monitoring my incoming mail and passing on relevant correspondence to Donald Bland, our ever-helpful Honorary Treasurer, who was in the know. In fact he took over the job of dispatching The Gallipolian for Autumn by himself, instead of our usual practice of his bringing them along to me, where we pack jointly, my wife helping too.

I am very gratified to have this Presidential accolade.

THE FUTURE

It is unlikely that any veterans will see the next century. This is where the presently-styled Associate Members will come in.

I envisage that at some time in the future the present Associate Members will style themselves Members and any remaining Members may be called Veteran Members, but of course it will be up to them to decide.

Naturally the constitution will have to be revised, but hopefully not out of all recognition.

I wrote 'Genesis' in the Association's Constitution but I have no intention of writing 'Exodus'.

Long live the Gallipoli Association.

E H W B



ANZAC MEMORIAL MELBOURNE
THE ETERNAL FLAME
(per T J ORTON 743)

SUVLA

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

(Continued from number 38)

The days passed in increasing monotony, awakened at 4am by the sentries who happened to be on at the time. Everybody 'Stands to Arms', on the look-out till daybreak; this is so that we would be ready against a surprise attack, which generally takes place in the dim halflight. When it is quite light all but the sentry (one in every four) stands down and proceeds to light a fire, boil a can of tea and if lucky, cook a piece of bacon. Everyone has a pal with whom he 'Mucks in' - shares everything he possesses, so that if one is on sentry or fetching water etc., the other gets on with the cooking or something for the comfort of both, real live Brotherhood.

The days dragged slowly on, we of the M G Sec'n. were isolated from our Regt., so seemed quite alone in the world although we found one or two very good fellows amongst the Irishmen. The word was passed down the trench occasionally that Pat or Jock someone had stopped one and he would not be seen again. This very often happened when some poor chap was filling his pal's water bottle, then the question was where is my water bottle?, rather than how is he getting on. War makes one very callous and inhuman. In the particular position we were at this time, the outlook was ghastly, although we had cleared the ground in front of our trench for 100 yd or so, Jacko does not bother us so much, but as he was on higher ground, we could see dozens of corpses right up to the Turkish sandbags, many of them black owing to the heather catching fire.

On Tuesday night we heard a faint call of 'Stretcher Bearers' from No-mans Land; one or two of the boys went to explore and found a Berks Yeoman wounded in the leg, dragging another Yeoman who had been hit in the stomach. They had both been hit in Saturday's fight and had been out for three days and nights. It had taken this fine chap three days to drag himself and his pal from near the Turks, where they had been wounded, (about 600 yd). A good example of British pluck. I learnt afterwards that the hero was Private Potts of the Berks Yeomanry. He was awarded the V C.

Some days we had to lie low while the Battleships in the Bay dropped a few shells on the Turks. Their aim was

marvellous, they repeatedly knocked in Jacko's trenches. We also had an occasional laugh when we heard the Turkish shells going over our heads and dropping on Chocolate Hill where our Regt. was, in comparative safety. Unfortunately we were dirtier than we need be, owing to the fact that we had been ordered to leave our 'Packs' on the beach when we moved up; we only had our haversacks and water bottles with us and as the nights were rather chilly and could have done with our greatcoats. Imagine us all this time without a coat, blanket, towel, soap, razor; all the other little things which civilization brings, then you will realise what a sight we were and how we felt.

On Friday night we were wakened by Jack Goodson who was sentry; we 'Stood to' at once for firing was breaking out on all sides, we thought a night attack by the Turks had commenced. For about an hour the firing was fast and furious on both sides, although we could not see a thing except the dim outline of the Turk trenches and the little darts of flame as they fired. It died down at last, we heard after that a party of the 'Skins' (Inniskillings) had been across to 'Jacko's' and dropped a few bombs amongst them, hence the outburst. It was very uncanny, the Turkish fire seemed pretty good, but we had no casualties in our part of the trench even though the bullets were flying about in hundreds.

We had a week in this position, then we were relieved by the Berks M G Sec'n. The same old struggle was experienced, scrabbling down the trenches again, this time in the middle of the night when most of the men were trying to get some sleep. It took us about 2 hr to do a mile of trench.

The following day we spent sleeping and improvising dugouts, for Chocolate Hill had become a favourite spot for the Turkish guns. On the previous Saturday when we were laughing at the shells going over our heads, our own Regt. were catching it severely and although in dugouts on the side of the hill; there were 67 men hit. Eddie Blackham a school friend was killed in this bombardment. 38 Worcesters were put out of use including Bert O'Neill, Walter French and others. Harry Scudder had a narrow shave, his helmet, tunic and haversack were torn to pieces by shrapnel. Luckily we had a Mail to cheer us up about

this time, I was very bucked to receive a Parcel of 200 Cigarettes from pals in the Survey Branch GPO which was an absolute Godsend and very much appreciated by the Gun Sec'n, who all participated. I also had a parcel from home, with three beautiful cotton shirts originally intended for wear in Alexandria when going 'Down Town'. I put one on, Cyril another and Harry Scudder the third, we were soon cheered to the echo by the inhabitants of the neighbouring 'Burrows' who asked if we had just 'come out'. Sept 1st Found us back again with the Inniskillings in the trenches and we had another horrible, dull, dirty stretch, with not a lot of rest, but with plenty of hard digging etc. On the Thursday night, Sept 2nd, we were ordered to post double sentries which meant Doug. Lamb and Bylie being on sentry all night long, as we were reduced to two men and myself (Corporal). I thought this a bit thick, so about midnight I told them to get down to it while I did a turn by myself, but I had over-estimated my power and fell asleep standing up and was awakened by an Irish Officer who was going the 'Rounds', I discovered afterwards that he had reported me. I sniped my first Turk at 700 yd from this spot.

To be continued)

THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH

The original building was a hospital for pensioners but in about 1873 it took on its purely naval role. It was thought earlier this year that the College would close but its naval character will be preserved in the main, the component parts including the National Defence College in 1983. Another unit will be the Central Support Staff, the head of which will be the commander of the College who will be responsible for the accommodation and support staff, including the whole college activities. He will be the President of the Mess and the representation and liaison task in Greenwich will be in his hands. This representational task was formerly performed by the Admiral President but will in future be performed by the Chief of Naval Personnel and Second Sea Lord. He will have no command responsibility for the College.

WHILE MEMORY LASTS

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

(Continued from number 39)

After that baptism of fire, many of the details of which are fixed indelibly in my mind, much of what we did in the next few days is forgotten, except that we moved frequently from one position to another and now began to experience a serious shortage of water.

This had to be fetched by water-carrying parties from the beach at night. The intense heat, the necessity of having to dig in for cover in the daytime, the fatigue and the helpless feeling of not knowing what we were trying to do, remain in my mind. At that time, even Brigadiers were not always sure of the whereabouts of their Battalions.

The initial advantage of a surprise landing had now gone and we found ourselves having to move in the direction of Anzac. The first stage of this was a nightmare march by night along the seashore in deep sand round Lala Baba, during which, with frequent stops to recuperate, some of us undoubtedly suffered a feeling of depression.

By daylight we reached a series of shallow trenches on the Salt Lake, recently evacuated by units of the 53rd Welsh Division. At that time of year the Salt Lake was a wide stretch of sand between Suvla Bay and the low hills above Anzac.

It was about this time that we were told something I and many others will never forget and that was that the miners were on strike.

The language with which this was greeted was - well - predictable, picturesque and unprintable. It referred in some detail to the parentage of the strikers.

It was while we were in these trenches for a few days that, for the one and only time, we had a change of rations. Instead of the everlasting Fray Bentos bully beef we got Maconachie Rations.

These were simply a different form of meat and how welcome it was, but it didn't last and soon it was the same fare again with biscuits and apricot jam. I never saw any other than apricot jam the whole time. It corresponded to the well-known plum and apple in France.

Such little things as this loomed large to us in those days and even the smallest changes were important. I suppose the reason for the monotonous food was the enormous quantities which were placed to contract and once the routine supplies started they couldn't be halted.

Occasionally we got some supplementary food sent from England and it was at this time too that we got our first letters from home. It had been a long time. Shortly after this we had another move to a position further towards Anzac and not far from the Chocolate Hills.

For a few days I was sent on detachment to take charge of an ammunition dump which was kept supplied by an Indian unit with mule transport. Their chapattis were a great treat and these they cooked very skillfully in their mess tins. This was one of the time when the water supply was shorter than ever and for a time the ration was one pint a day per man and it had to do for everything. Needless to say shaving was 'out'. When I rejoined the Battalion they were about to move yet again. It had been a short time after we had landed at Suvla and just after we had been pulled out of the front line fighting, that we had witnessed a tremendous battle being fought all day at a place we came to know only too well later as Hill 60. It was a comparatively low sloping hill just below the rising ground beyond Anzac. Many casualties had been sustained by the attacking forces, many of them New-Zealanders and by the defending Turks who occupied the trenches there and from which they were never effectively dislodged.

By now we were feeling the distressing effects of dysentry, which was beginning to account for more men being put out of action than by the enamy. The very small water supply was a constant worry as were the maddening swarms of disease-carrying flies which could not be kept from any food exposed to them. This was, no doubt the main reason for the scourge of dysentry. The time when we might have been slightly starry-eyed with the ambition to annihilate the Turks had now given place to a dour determination to survive. We moved at night and reached a reasonably secure gully behind Hill 60 and did what we could to dig in. Next morning we moved up to take over the front line. The sight that met us was indeed grisly. There had been great casualties in the fight for this hill and it had been impossible to retrieve the bodies for burial.

Consequently, some of the side trenches had been used as

mass graves and only partially covered with earth. After the initial shock of this we soon found we had no time to give way to susceptibilities and we set to to deepen the trenches. With the enemy now at close quarters the instinct for self preservation was an effective spur.

We now entered on an entirely new phase of trench warfare and, with occasional spells in a 'Rest Area', settled to a routine of watching for an enemy attack, of taking every opportunity to harass him, chiefly with hand grenades, and sniping at him whenever possible.

Along our front line, which extended for a matter of 200 yards or so, we were separated from the Turks by distances varying from about 80 to 25 yards and were constantly made aware of it. Now and again we were subjected to shrapnel shelling from a Turkish gun away to our right which meant that our front line was enfiladed. This caused us some unnecessary casualties before we learnt to take immediate cover whenever he heard them open fire. We got into a kind of stalemate with the occasional burst of bombing activity, which was apt to start up at such close range, and with our nerves being more or less constantly on edge.

Practically the only time we left the trenches, apart from the usual turn off duty from the front line, was the organising of water carrying parties. This was a regular job for me as I seemed to be able to find my way to and from the beach at night following an ill defined route. The one occasion when I went by day nearly ended in disaster as we must have been seen because a sudden burst of shelling sent us running for what shelter we could get and the shells fell uncomfortably near. This was in the dried up bed of The Agheze Dere river.

To be continued

Give your wife a hint to buy you a tie for
CHRISTMAS - now.

HOLIDAY IN LIEU

This year I had a holiday, of sorts, at a very posh place in Eastbourne. I had a fine room but on awakening during my second night I seemed to see someone sitting in a dim light knitting. The room had its own entertainment - television and Radio 4, and there was also a theatre in the place. I went to it once but must have slept all through the performance. I understood that it was a good show, the chief performer being Sir John somebody but I did not see him in the theatre. I was charged quite a high fee to go to the theatre and this excluded the high fees charged by the two chief performers.

Perhaps I should point out that the place was a nursing home and the occasion was an assignment with a plumber. The operation was carried out in the modern form; whereas in the past the job was done by what the police charmingly call 'breaking and entering', now it is more of a letter-box entry. I realized that the knitter I thought I had seen in the room was a special night nurse after the operation. I also found that the 'Sir John somebody' was the surgeon, a urologist, but in these days of the Common Market perhaps he might be a Eurologist.

Because of the apparent simplicity of the operation I was uncertain if B U P A, who sponsored my expedition, would regard it as a major operation. If not the fees would not be fully covered. I considered it only right that it should be termed a major operation for me. In fact the gland concerned might be considered as the kernel of the system. Yes, it was admitted to be a major operation.

Afterwards I told the 'plumber' that prior to his ministrations I had always been pro-British, pro-government and pro-state; now I felt I had lost the last faith.

Although the meals were excellent I found on returning home that I had lost about eleven pounds in weight. And I still have not fully regained the loss.

Some years before I had had another abdominal operation and again was quite unconscious of it at the time. But it must have been a very funny performance as I came out in stitches!

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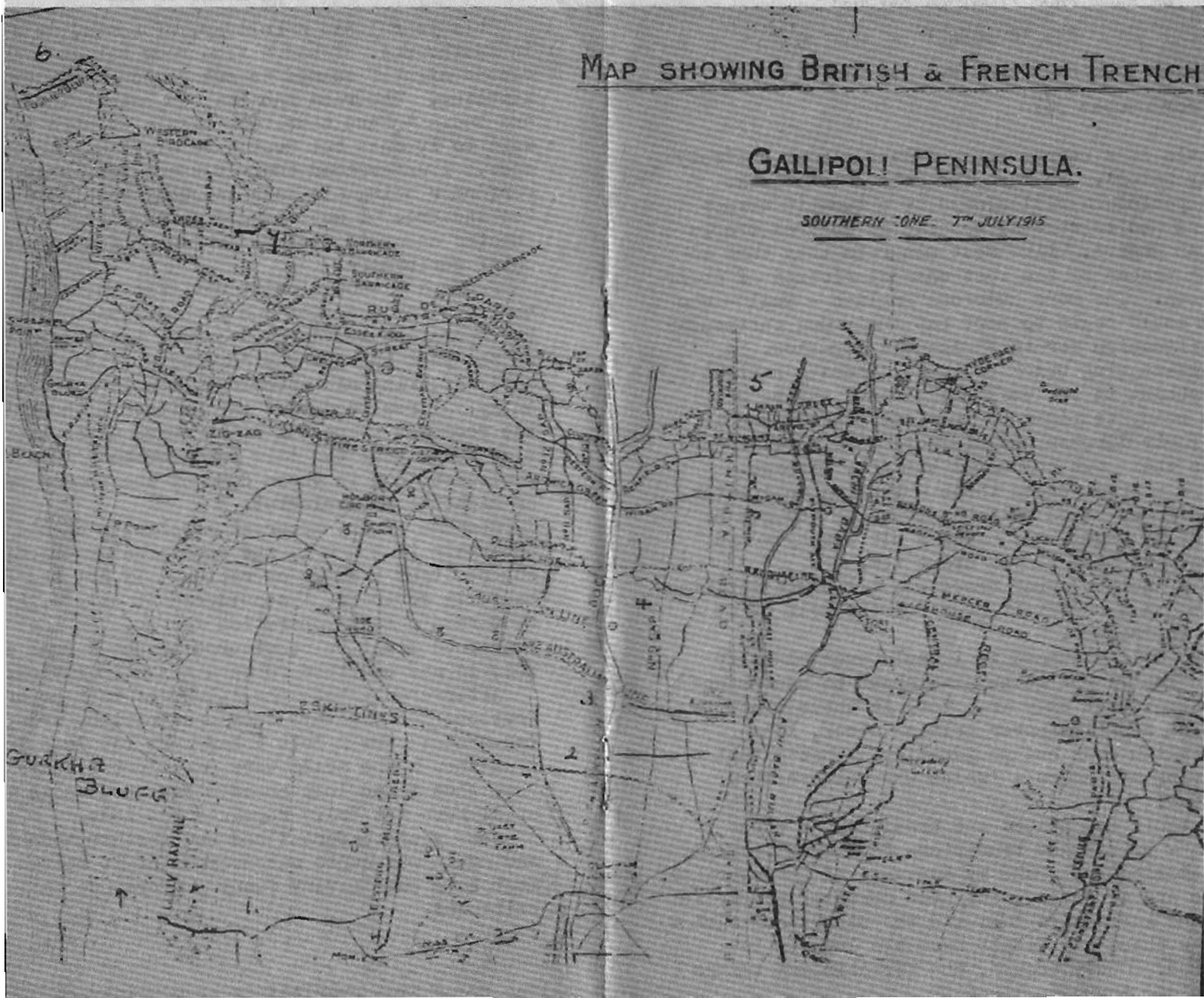
The trench map overleaf is by courtesy of Major Horridge

6.

MAP SHOWING BRITISH & FRENCH TRENCH

GALLIPOLI PENINSULA.

SOUTHERN ZONE. 7TH JULY 1915



EXTRACT FROM 'LOST ENDEAVOUR'

THE 'COBBERS'

By Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus 42 Div (167)

(Continued from number 36)

'A peninsula is a narrow neck of land almost entirely surrounded by water'. So runs the school text-book.

For me, a peninsula will always be a two-bit corner of the Eastern Mediterranean, peopled by mongrel troops of the British Empire. Like most mongrels they tend to retain strong traces of the best characteristics of their mixed pedigrees. The more numerous English - well - who in the world could begin to sort out their own particular Cruft's qualification for this gigantic dog-show. A friendly, tail-wagging bunch of tykes, these - anxious more than anything in the world to please, and to be pleased, but ready to fight to the last mongrel cur if necessary. Their lingoes and dialects were as mixed and varied as was their own colourful historic lineage.

The Scots - a great breed these - tending to greater purity of pedigree. Good reliable types if you got on the right side of them - but maybe a bit touchy - and with a tendency to snap if you upset 'em.

The Irish - another purer breed - a bit unpredictable - loving a romp and a dog-fight just for the hell of it - even amongst themselves.

The Welsh? Well - dammed if I could ever classify these chaps. You've got to be a Welshman to understand a Welshman. Insistent they are, too, in their claim to be the original and first-ever British stock, long before the English even had an identity. What's that favourite saying of theirs - 'Wales was Wales before England was was!

Each with their own prides and traditions - these mongrel packs - prides and traditions cherished lovingly and oft vaingloriously. Take my own gang of Lancastrians. For us, there are of course, only two sorts of people in the world - the Lancashire lads and the other poor fish - 'the others' - those who didn't have the luck to be Lancashire bred. Oddly enough, the Yorkshireman thinks erroneously along the same lines.

In my own platoon we had two sections of Lancashire lads and two sections of Yorkshire chaps from just over the border, and daily we carried on where the Wars of the Roses left off.

'You crazy lot of coots' said our exasperated Company Commander one day. The ringleaders had been hauled up in front of him for unseemly behaviour in one of the main streets of Cairo. I forget how it all started - this particular bit of Red and White Rose rivalry. 'You crazy lot of coots - if the British Army spent half as much energy in fighting the enemy as you lot do in fighting amongst yourselves, the war would be over in a week'. His twinkling eye belied his stern face. 'Get 'em scrubbing the Canteen Floor, Sergeant Major - half each to the Lancashire and Yorkshire lot'. 'Alright, dismiss'.

I never did see a Canteen floor so clean after we'd finished the job. We were still arguing, long after Lights Out - as to which was the cleaner half. But on the battlefield we clean forgot the Wars of the Roses and concentrated on the job in hand.

Ay! it's a great military idea to have a composite and mixed force of the different breeds of British stock. Rivalry - the 'one-up-manship' element - to do better than the other lot - it makes good fighting material. What a pity the campaign wasn't better organized. With blokes like these, we could have gone right through to Constantinople like a hot knife cutting through butter.

An off-shoot of these mongrel packs - but now so far removed geographically and historically from the parent packs as to be a distinct breed of their own, were the 'Cobbers' - the eye-catching mastiffs of this gigantic Crufts Show. I don't think I ever met a better bunch of boys I liked better on Gallipoli than the Australians and New Zealanders, and I don't suppose I ever shall - anyway - not this side of the River Jordan. Massive colourful types, this first Australian and New Zealand contingent who were with us on Gallipoli. Good natured, easy going, and with the mastiff's unshakeable bravery and steadfastness. But what I liked about 'em most was that either by some accident or breeding, or the life they had been leading, they seemed to be purged of all human 'littleness'. And this element of peevish human 'littleness' tends to be a bit strong sometimes with us who are more closely bred. There was, too, an

aura about them of an honest and robust earthiness that I found refreshing. No angles, these boys. Discipline was a dirty word to these wild and rugged individualists. If they had a fault as soldiers it was that they had never been taught, or were incapable of understanding, that a needlessly dead Australian soldier is no good to a fighting force, and many, many a good Aussie bit the dust needlessly through his own individual desire for prowess and not to be bested by the enemy. This desire for individual prowess was perhaps inseparable from the very pattern of their lives back home. How else could they have carved out their empire on the other side of the world?

These blokes really fascinated us - not so much their colourful feathered hats - not so much their powerful physique or their queer twang of speech - but most I think by their lordly bearing and a lofty disregard of danger and death. Trench life they found irksome - too cramping for their excess vitality and their desire for activity - even at the cannon's mouth. A vigorous spell of leaf-frog in the open - even at the cost of a few needless casualties - well, it was worth it. 'Can't expect Austry-lian boys like us to stay cooped up in a trench all day, can yer, Tommy? '

Most of them were a little older than us - between 25 to 35 seemed to be their average ages, as against our 19 to 22 or so. More matured, they were more rock-like in adversity and their native strong constitutions weathered the vagaries of material hardship much better.

There was only one day in the Calendar for these Aussies and that was today. Today to be lived. Maybe there's no tomorrow for a lot of these Australian boys, so let 'em live for today. No yesterdays for them either - excapt perhaps when they'd audibly yearn 'just to see them tall gum trees again - back in Austry-lia - and spend a few days in the Bush'. 'Ever seen them gum trees, Tommy? ' 'They're that high, you'd think they'd bloody near touch the sky'. 'Looking at 'em Tommy, makes yer feel sorts - good - if you follow me' 'And a few days in the Bush, Tommy - makes a man feel free, it does' 'Y' can't beat it'.

The passionate yearning in his voice as he gazes into high space moves you strangely - paints a vivid picture

of the 'fulness of Nothingness' of the Bush. Like you get when you're in the desert - surrounded on all sides by Nothing. And the Nothingness is more real and tangible than is matter itself.

Maybe I don't describe it the way I should - but those of you who've lived a few months in the desert - you'll know exactly what I mean. And know, too, how a man feels. Me - I sure knew what that Aussie was yearning for. It could 'a been me - but the only tall gum trees for me, back home, were the forests of tall factory chimneys.

'Lookin' at 'em, Aussie, makes yer feel - sorta - makes yer feel - makes yer feel - feel like bloody 'ell - if you follow me'.

And when your Dawn silence of the Bush is broken by the screech of Cockatoo - or whatever sort of damned birds you got there, my dawn was broken by the sirens of those tall chimneys calling me in for 10 hours slavery every day - watching those millions of imbecile cotton bobbins spinning away for dear life.

'Makes a man feel free, it does'. At least, it does, come Saturday mid-day, and when you've finished your slavery for the week, Cobber'. 'Them's my yesterdays, Cobber'. 'No tall gum trees' But it doesn't stop me from feeling what you mean, my little Aussie.

Back in Cairo in our training days, the Aussies were under canvas a few miles away at Mena Camp, in the shadow of the Pyramids. They spent their abundant and surplus energy in wild and oft drunken orgies in Cairo some nights. Officers and Privates would be seen by shocked British soldiers hob-nobbing together, discipline and military etequette being quite unknown to them. 'Saluting's a thing for Pommie bastards - not for Austry-lian boys like us'. But still, we had a great affection for the 'Cobbers' - these wild Australian boys. The only slight resentment we ever felt - and even that was not their fault - was the fact that their basic rate of pay was 6/- a day as against our 1/- a day. But there it is - the wages of war, like the wages of sin, quite often vary!

The indiscipline of these chaps was not so much deliberate as a complete ignorance of King's Regulations and Army Council Instructions, and the Manual of Military Law - those two formidable books that have governed the way of life maybe ever since Julius Caesar's time, for the British Army. It was an ignorance so abysmal that British Orderly Rooms

Sergeants from the Regular Army, and well versed in the niceties of the application of discipline, were sometimes attached, one to each Australian battalion, to advise and instruct the young Aussie Officers in the British Army's traditional way of life. And thereby hangs a tale. There were many stories about these Aussies that we treasured gleefully - some wildly impossible, some I could tell you over a quiet pint and with the barmaid well out of earshot. Quite a lot of these stories were invented, for, to us the Aussies were the fabulous ones - the ones about whom it was natural we should weave stories. There's one story I particularly like. If it's not true, then it ought to be. (No, Auntie, don't skip a few pages - it's quite clean - well - nearly!)

The G O C of these Aussies, sick and tired of complaint about his troops' disorderly habits, put out an all-party blast right along the line that it had got to be stopped and proper punishments meted out in future to all offenders against military discipline etc.

Punishments for military offences vary. Often they remind me of that little ditty of Gilbert & Sullivan's 'Mikardo'

'The object all sublime, we shall achieve in time,
And make the punishment fit the crime,
The punishment fit the crime - etc.'

But they're reasonably fair, these punishments - tending if anything to leniency, and obviously thought up by a man wise to the pecadilloes of thoughtless but not necessarily evil soldiery. They could range from a simple offence like 'drunkeness' for which the usual punishment was a three days stoppage of pay, plus being confined to barracks for three days. Three days confined to barracks, plus a mere fine of 3/- doesn't seem much, but 3/- deducted from a weekly wage of 7/- hurts more than you think. One of its lesser horrors is a period of enforced teetotalism. This particular punishment was loosely and inaccurately referred to by the soldiery as 'being given three days pay'. So - if you were 'given three days pay' it meant, actually you'd been given the punishment of three days stoppage of pay, plus the accompanying curtailment of three days liberty after duty. For more serious offences you could get - Oh! - anything

up to 28 days or 56 days detention - which means being incarcerated in the Glass House - the nickname for the Military Prison, during which time the staff there do their best to make you wish you'd never been born - a type of prison that I often think must proudly trace its ancestry back to the Spanish Inquisition. The proud boast of these prisons is that they can even tame lions there. I believe 'em, the b------s. I should know! These serious offences were rare, but we did get 'em now and again. Every soldier serving abroad sometimes gets a touch of the 'Cafard' and goes a bit berserk. Or it could be that your Mum writes and tells you that your wife whom you last left in England some six months ago is now three months pregnant. So what else is there to do but to go and bash some passing N C O just to relieve your feelings - and spend the next 28 days 'inside' wondering why you'd ever done such a damn silly thing!

But most offences were of the same minor and dreary pattern.

Such as when you're feeling exhilarated and on top of the world after a few pints. And some snotty-nosed Military Policeman stops you and tells you to button up your tunic and to put your hat on straight and not wear it back to front. So naturally you tell him things - such as that his father must have been a bachelor - or something like that.

Mind you, soldier, most of us would agree with you - about the M P I mean - but it's not diplomatic to voice your opinions in a public street, nor to offer to fight him for a pound cash. So you're 'given three days pay' as a punishment. Never mind, you've still got 4/- left to see you through the rest of the week. But you're not so lucky as the Aussie we heard this story about. And when he was marched in front of his Company Officer. This particular Officer was feeling sore. In fact, all the officers of his battalion were feeling sore - they'd all just had a good rousting about not keeping discipline. The delinquent was charged with being drunk in the main street of Cairo the night before, and after the formality of evidence had been read, the young Aussie Officer pronounced sentence - '28 days detention'.

There was a gasp from the advisory British Orderly Room Sergeant who sat in in all these proceedings, and a hurried plucking of the young officer's sleeve and a whispered urgent conversation. 'You can't do that, Sir, not for a simple

'drunk' - and a first offence at that'. 'The very most you can give him is 'three days pay'.

Whereupon the red-faced and embarrassed young officer dug his hand into his pocket, counted out 18/- and pushed it over to the delinquent. 'There you are, you bastard, - three days pay - but I warn you - next time you appear before me you'll get damn-all'.

To be continued

ORPHANS

'Orphans' seems somewhat juvenile, but on the contrary it must surely apply to all of us Members. Should any Member still have a parent living the news would be worth noting in The Gallipolian.

Another unlikely case is that of a Member who had his father in the campaign also. Strangely this is the case for two Members. Major John Ford, believed to be our youngest member was a bugler in the R A M C at fifteen. His father also served in the R A M C as a Warrant Officer. Now a second case has come to light. Lt-Col Sir Joseph Napier O B E also had his father who was a major in the same battalion (4 South Wales Borderers) but who was killed on the 13th August. There may be other cases and it would be interesting to know of them. A variation of this coincidence has been well publicised in The Gallipolian. Lt-Col John Laffin, (AM 718), had his mother there as Sister N A Pike (723) who served with an Australian field hospital on Lemnos. She became our only lady member.

'LOST ENDEAVOUR' By Charles Watkins (167)

Chapters of the work have been and are still being printed in The Gallipolian. In response to demand Watty has had the complete book published and available on sale. It is the complete original, with some army language unexpurgated. It will cost about £10 plus post. Please enquire DIRECT to him at 48 Clapham Road, Bedford, MK41 7PW.

INCONSEQUENTIALITIES

'The missus can't come. She's busy making blackberry and apple jelly. We had a bumper crop of apples this year but we didn't do so well for blackberries as others got them first. But she's still making it fifty per cent.'
'What do you mean by fifty per cent?'.
'One blackberry to one apple.'

An Irish Gallipolian said to his mate who was up a ladder: 'Don't come down the ladder, Paddy, I've taken it away.' Later he found another ladder but found it to be too short, telling Paddy, 'It's too short'. He got the reply, 'Where is it too short?' 'It's too short at both ends', he was told.

Man speaking to a group of friends: 'My wife is going to be a mummy in nine months'. 'That's quick' replied one of them. 'It takes a thousand years to become a mummy in the land of the Pharoes'.

Gallipolian at the railway station, with his bag, on the way home the morning after the Dinner in London, to young porter: 'Give me a hand, son, you're younger than I am'.
Porter, walking away with a grin: 'This is the age of the strain, Pop! '

A Gallipolian said the new word 'privatization' wasn't new at all. In 1915 he had been reduced to the ranks, from corporal.

Old Gallipolian, with scientific mind, to nice young thing he met and talked to her of some points based on Einstein's relativity theory on time and space.
'Well, I've enjoyed your company and I hope to see more of you! '
'More of me in time or space?' she asked him.

She had been for a course of out-patient treatment and told her friends she had been ultra-violated.

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 20 November 1982)

In the original printed journal, the sections on 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.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

OBITUARY (at 20 November 1982)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

A Barclay (Ayrshire Yeomanry)	(509)
J H McConnell (Surrey Y 29 Div)	(366)
A V Hoggar (AM) (Palestine)	(720)
Lt-Col W Busby (5 South Staffs R 11 Div)	(803)
R Wilson (6 HLI 52 Div)	(600)
R A Woolhouse (6 HLI 52 Div)	(553)
W H Reynolds (AM) (Salonika)	(764)
W Gifford (AIF 10 Bn) (see page 40)	(768)
J C Attwood (2 R Fus 29 Div) Eastbourne	(187)
H F M Clarke (2/10 Middlesex R)	(506)
W H Boon (P O HMS Prince of Wales)	(467)
Lt-Col N H Hartshorne (7 S Staffs R)	(46)
Major C V Biddlecombe MBE DCM (RE Wireless)	(682)
A C Britt (RAMC 40 F Amb)	(70)
A E Overton (Westminster Dragoons)	(490)
W J Watson (1/4 R Scots 52 Div)	(825)

Jack Attwood

Jack Attwood who lived at Eastbourne found a number of other Gallipolians in the area and took the trouble to arrange an annual tea-party. The successive chairmen of the Women's Branch of the R B L very kindly invited them to their HQ for the tea and the Editor of the local newspapers published it both before and after, in this way bringing in new members. Initially nearly twenty members came along but this year only eight were present. Each party has been reported in The Gallipolian. Jack served in the 29th Division and was 91.

Two former members are well known for their contributions to The Gallipolian over a period.

Alex Barclay
'Proud Trooper Converted to P B I'

Lt-Col W Busby
'At Gallipoli With The South Staffords'

GALLIPOLI 1915

By the late Lt-Col R F E Laidlaw

Royal Munster Fusiliers (518)

(Continued from Number 37)

Time went on and July dragged its way along, rather wearily, more and more was heard of troops arriving at Lemnos and Imbros and other islands and it seemed inevitable that another much bigger push was in the offing. Rumour was rife but no one could say where it was going to be. From Helles? From Anzac? or from another point on or off the Peninsula altogether? No one knew, but those who favoured the chances of an altogether new front seemed to be in the majority. Talk and speculation about this was not encouraged and was not open, but was bound to arise wherever two or three were gathered together.

One curious incident happened to me during this period. We were in rest, this time in dugouts on a reverse hillside descending to a narrow nullah, where we could not be seen by the Turks. However, they must have had a pretty good idea that troops were likely to be there for one afternoon they sent over three or four quick salvos of medium size shells which hit the top of the hill and brought it down on top of us. There was a hefty avalanche of earth, rubbly and stones and we were swept out of, or buried, in our holes in the ground before we could do anything. Those on the other side of the nullah, away from the Turks, were only dusted up. I remember being hit on the head and body by stones and rocks and then passed out and remembered nothing more, until a week later I came to, in the firing line. I was told that I had been dug out of my hole and taken down into the nullah where, after a while I had recovered, appeared unhurt and had carried on as if nothing was wrong. Yet all memory of that week had been entirely wiped out. We had gone into the firing line and carried on with routine duties there. Fortunately there was no attack during the week. No one had noticed anything wrong with me. It was obviously a case of amnesia which, however, did not deprive me of physical action.

During this period and before, there were several quiet evenings with only an occasional shot fired and one had time to look round and, if one was in the trenches, to see the beauty of the colouring of the sea on and over Imbros, the island ten or twelve miles away on which the Commander-in-Chief had his headquarters. On these evenings the men often sang and, being Irish, two of their favourite songs were 'When Irish eyes are smiling' and 'A little bit of Heaven fell in the sea one day'. These songs were started away to the right or left and would roll softly down the trenches until the whole front line would resound with song, and those Irishmen could sing! I have seldom heard anything so beautiful or in such a setting. I think that even the Turks appreciated the singing for they would keep absolutely quiet while it went on and even ceased their usual shouts of 'Allah, Allah'.

At that time one could amost sense a friendly feeling between the Turks and ourselves and it seemed altogether wrong, as it was, that we should be there simply to kill each other. One could feel that in the enemy trenches there were human beings also and that they, too, had their hopes and feelings, their longing for their quiet homes and families and their wish to be out of it all. Truly the politicians who order their peoples to go to war and to kill each other must bear a heavy load of blame, and cannot hope for any forgiveness in the hereafter. I have never since been able to rid myself of my dislike of politicians or of my distrust of politics. Although not all politicians are responsible for wars and politics do not always lead to them, they are at the root bottom of all wars and use such noble feelings as patriotism and selflessness for their own ends.

One of our few amusements was to watch our aeroplanes on the infrequent occasions they were up. We only had five for the whole campaign, two Maurice Farmans 100 h.p. and three B E 2s of 70 h.p., all bi-planes. These were commanded by Commander Samson and the breakdowns were so many that one never saw more than two in the air at the same time. The machines did not appear to have any armament except a few light bombs and were used mainly for reconnaissance. Commander Samson himself was a most accomplished flyer and often amused us by his antics. He would fly in over the enemy lines, have a good look at them

and then we would see two or three enemy planes come after him and try to hit him with machine gun fire. Samson would dodge around a bit and then pretent to be hit, falling like a fluttering leaf, finally hedge-hopping back, flying very low where the enemy planes could not reach him. Apart from the planes the risks were very great as the whole Turkish line would be firing at him with rifles and machine guns but, though his plane was often hit, I don't think he himself was ever wounded. Years later I met him again in the Sudan, this time flying a great De Havilland (?) and still sporting his red Captain Mettle beard. He told me that he did not get half the fun flying his great, and then very modern 'kite' as he used to when flying his little bi-plane over the Peninsula, though he was then pioneering the first passenger planes to fly to the Cape.

An incident which amused me greatly about this time (little things) was a visit to the front line trenches by General De L'Isle, then freshly arrived at the Peninsula. He came round the trenches and I duly did the honours of my company, telling him all I could about our own and the enemy trenches in the short time he was with us. His eye fell on our periscopes, of which we had eight or ten, constantly changing their positions and not keeping them steady for more than a few seconds. He said 'Fix your periscopes'. I ventured to expostulate 'but Sir'. 'Fix your periscopes' he said again sharply and then passed on. I could not disobey an order given in front of the men and so arranged for two of the periscopes to be fixed, choosing positions which I hoped were good ones. Within ten seconds they were smashed by enemy rifle fire and I sent down for replacements, at the same time, and tactfully asked the C O on the field telephone if I need fix any more. His answer was rather explosive. I realised, not for the first time, that generals do not know everything and that even they should listen sometimes. Some such lessons are useful as a guide to one's own conduct too.

Soon after I took over the Company, in which there was a grand sergeant, one Murphy, I was greatly taken aback and incensed when I saw, in the same orders which announced our return from the trenches to 'rest' that

Sergeant Murphy was reverted to the rank of private at his own request. No such request had come through me and I should have dissuaded him if it had. I stored down to the Adjutant and asked him how such an order had come to be issued. He told me that it had become a matter of routine and that as soon as we received orders to return to the trenches Private Murphy would appear in orders under 'Promotions' to be sergeant again. He said that, like so many Irishmen, Sergeant Murphy could not keep away from the drink and that, as soon as he was relieved from duty in the trenches, nothing could stop him from making off to the nearest A S C dump where, somehow or other, he would get hold of a jar of rum and would be 'stocious' for some days. As a sergeant this would entail a Court Martial and we should lose an excellent and brave N C O; as a private, however, he could be dealt with regimentally and given Field punishment or C B. I asked what effect this had on the discipline of the rest of the men and was told that it was perfectly well understood and appreciated, both by the sergeant himself and the rest of the men in the battalion. The Irishman being what he is I can now well understand this, but such action might not have the same effect on an English or Scottish battalion. As it was, it was only another illustration of how well the officers and men understood each other and how well they worked together.

(To be continued)

SIGHTS, CITES AND SITES

Seen, Heard and Visited

THE GALLIPOLIAN tries to portray and record events, among other things. Members' recollections of what they saw and which remains in their memories through the visual impact of something out of the ordinary are forever Sights to them. And it is common for us to remember events of 1915 than it is for those of last week. Another aspect of memory is something which was said and is still well remembered - a Citation from the past in fact. It may be something cited in The Gallipolian. Then who of us will forget the Site of Cape Helles, of V Beach, even of Achi Baba, now known by an older name of Alcitepe.

E H W B

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE GREAT WAR, DADDY?

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

(Continued from number 38)

Operations on either side were only possible in autumn and winter, so we were all set for an advance about August. In the meantime I was able to do a little fishing, also sand grouse shooting, having bought a 12-bore gun from an officer returning home. I also had the honour of carrying the regimental colour (black diamond), in races organized by the Division, but having a mount with a terribly hard mouth we strayed from the field at a sharp bend.

In due course we were detailed for a night march wide of the river to come in at the dawn behind an enemy force located by the Air Force on an island. We arrived at our rendezvous only to find that our 'enemy' was an innocent flock of sheep, so our return to the Air Force Mess was serenaded by 'While shepherds watched their flocks by night'.

September 1917: Our next excursion was a similar march detour which I led, to come in behind the enemy at dawn. All arrived on time, but the Turks had sensed our arrival and withdrew in time.

A further similar night march took us further north to Tikrit where we again arrived on time. My battalion was lined up in reserve waiting to go in, when I spotted Ford cars arriving in our rear. Out stepped Corps staff, unloaded deck chairs and tables with maps spread out. I noticed my brother among them and when the beer was produced there was obviously a chance of sharing in it. However, I was unlucky: in spite of my extreme need, the story of an imminent attack on the enemy. We duly drove out the Turks and occupied Tikrit, during which time I collected various weapons, curved sword, knife, etc., which are still in my collection.

December 1917: No further operations until in December our 7th Division were ordered to Basra where we spent Christmas and then by troopship round by Muscat, Aden and Suez to Ismailia. We then proceeded by rail to Lydd and on by road to the coast of Palestine at Sarona, just north of Jaffa. Here we settled down

digging trenches, and with night patrols interspersed with some artillery fire and occasional visits of enemy aircraft., against which we had 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 schools 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. My greatest friend was killed on the 1st of July at the Battle of the Somme, galantly leading his men to the attack.

August 1916: I had been recommended for a commission before leaving Egypt and in due course, after interviews, I was sent to the Officer Cadet Training Unit at Gailles, Ayrshire for four months. I was commissioned in December 1916 in the D C L I, at my request, and posted to their depot at Freshwater in the Isle of Wight. After a month I was sent with a draft via Southampton to Bombay by way of Freetown, Capetown and Durban, where we spent three weeks in a rest camp. The route through the Mediterranean had been practically closed owing to enemy submarines. On arrival at Bombay we entrained for Bangalore where I was attached to the 2nd Royal West Kents, about March 1917.

After a month, including a week's training in mountain warfare at Ootacommund I was posted to Mesopotamia with a draft of Connaught Rangers and West Kents. Not being keen to go to the Connaught Rangers I handed over the drafts at Basra and asked for instructions where to go. I was then ordered to proceed up the River Tigris to the 2nd Leicestershires at Samara. I heard afterwards that the Connaught Rangers were looking for me as I had not arrived.

I found the Leicestershires a very good crowd with good regular discipline, but with no discrimination against 'temporary gentlemen'. I was very surprised to hear in a week or two that my brother Kenneth was a staff officer with Corps Headquarters only about half a mile away and I was soon in touch with him.

April 1917: Very hot weather with shade temperatures up to 125 degrees, so for several weeks our time was spent in early morning training and trench digging, and from 10 am to 5 pm resting in the nude under mosquito nets. After sundown the mess opened with drinks Japanese beer and poker in the evening.

(To be continued)

MY GALLIPOLI MEMORY

By W A Bennett 1/3 East Lancs Field Ambulance (860)

I have just learned of the existence of the Gallipoli Association. We of the East Lancs Field Ambulance of the 42nd Division had our own little Association but three years ago we had to close down because from the start of three hundred we had got down to six. Of these only 4 had got to Cape Helles on the 5th May, when the Division landed, and one of these was in the Royal Edward which was torpedoed. He with two others had lived in an upturned lifeboat for a long time; he was an excellent swimmer. I wonder if the other two may be those I read about in the journal number 30 (Autumn 1979) which Mr Cowles sent to me to read. I found the reading very interesting indeed. Fancy us not knowing of your Association. It would have been lovely to have been members.

I shall be 86 next birthday and I only know of two who were on Gallipoli and are still alive, but one is stone blind. I was one of the last off Cape Helles on the 8th January 1916. What a do! Down the gullies following a flour trail for miles on a real dirty night with no kit. Onto a coal barge then a torpedo boat and then up the side of H M S Chatham, then the flagship of the fleet. On to Tenedos and on Alexandria. We continued on to Egypt and near the Pyramids for a few weeks until March, then the rest of the war in France.

As a matter of interest I went on a pilgrimage to Gallipoli in 1934, I think. We hired the C P R ship Duchess of Richmond. I got to Chanak and found the remnants of 2 dug-outs where I had lived while on Gallipoli. Just holes in the ground, with rusty tins still around.

In about 1954 I was in Beruit flying to Istanbul by an Austrian 'plane. I was the only passenger and persuaded the pilot to fly me over Cape Helles and part of the way up to the Narrows.



Photograph by courtesy of COURIER Newspapers

GALLIPOLI - NOSTALGICALLY

Our Patron, the Duke of Edinburgh, in his speech to the Association on the occasion of his presence as our Guest of Honour at the Annual Dinner held on the 19th November 1975 opened with: 'The future generation, I am afraid, will only know of Gallipoli from the history books and therefore, I am afraid, it will suffer the same fate as so many other great battles of the past. It will be entered simply as 'Gallipoli 1915' just like 'Agincourt 1415', or perhaps 'Balaclava 1864' (And one thinks of Waterloo 1815).

This is so, but to those who were actually involved in that campaign of 1915 the memory is far from fleeting. While the idea that the memory is nostalgic to the veteran, it is definitely not the case to the man in the street. Fortunately the mind tends to forget the nasty parts while retaining the memory of the humorous side, and the many friendships made in shared efforts.

Gallipoli was unique in modern times and that makes it more understandable that its memory will outlive other campaigns.

THE GALLIPOLIAN is written to revive memories which are of considerable interest to those involved, while being beyond the ken of non-veterans.

The following letter is an example, from Australia.

> 'I regret to inform you that my father W Gifford (768) passed away on the 25th of July 1982. He derived very much satisfaction from being a member of your GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION and eagerly awaited each arrival of the journal, which I would have to read to him from cover to cover. My father was very proud of his war service, being among the first Australians to go ashore at Gallipoli and I know he would have wished you and the Association to go on eternally.
>
> (Mrs B M Brown, Torrensville
> South Australia)