# THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

# GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



**SS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915**

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS

**35p**

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THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION
(Founded by Major E H W Banner in 1969
on the Campaign of 1915)

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|---|---|
| PATRON | H R H The Duke of Edinburgh KG KT |
| PRESIDENT | Lt-Col M E Hancock MC |
| PAST PRESIDENTS | Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC*<br>Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC<br>Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook CB OBE DSO |
| VICE-PRESIDENTS | Vice-Admiral Sir Peverill B R W William-Powlett KCB KCMG CBE DSO<br>Major G B Horridge TD<br>Captain E W Bush DSO**DSC RN |
| CHAIRMAN & HON SEC & EDITOR of THE GALLIPOLIAN | Major E H W Banner TD**MSc<br>Delphi Maresfield Park<br>UCKFIELD East Sussex TN22 2HB<br>(Uckfield) 0825 4949 |
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| COMMITTEE | Captain D M Penrose TD<br>S Parker Bird<br>Major J F Ford<br>Major A G Coulson (AM)<br>Keith Tranmer (AM)<br>D A Pollard (AM)<br>Captain C T F Fagan (AM) |

At a Committee meeting in January it was decided to plan reunions year by year. The usual two reunions are being held this year:

(1) Luncheon and A G M on the 25th April

(2) Dinner: 29 September (Subject to confirmation)

## THE PRESIDENCY

Owing to the serious illness of our President Vice-Admiral Eric Longley-Cook he regretfully found it necessary to relinquish the office.

With the medium-term view in mind (see page 11 in number 40) it was decided to explore the idea of having someone young enough to be likely to be able to carry on for longer than any of our Members, with appropriate connections and interest in the Gallipoli campaign.

With that in mind Lord Hankey was first approached. His father had of course, been very closely involved in the War Cabinet. Our first President and the committee concurred. Unfortunately he was unable to accept for personal health reasons. Then Brig. J H A Thompson (724 AM) was considered. He has a Gallipoli connection in that his uncle was killed out there and he was very closely concerned with amphibious warfare, being prominent in the Falklands campaign and receiving the C B for it.

However, on further consideration he decided that he must refrain on account of his increasing Service responsibilities which would often prevent him from attending our reunions.(Since then he has been promoted to Major General Commanding Training and Reserve Forces, Royal Marines). He is now an Honorary Member of the Gallipoli Association.

On that the decision was made to abandon the medium-term view and to invite the only viable Vice-President, Lt-Col M E Hancock M C to take the office on the 25th April at our reunion.



TAKEN AT OUR REUNION

on 25th April 1980

In the centre is Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory, our second President. On his left is Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook who succeeded him as President. In the shade is the back-room boy who started it all.

(Photograph by W G Cave BEM (457)

* * * *

At this date (22nd March) **Vice-Admiral** Longley-Cook, is still gravely ill.

## HONORARY SECRETARY'S REPORT

Although our number of veteran members is inevitably declining we still find the odd new member who has only just found that we exist. New Associate Members are coming along well and are welcome. Three of our Associate Members holding senior official posts have been made Honorary Members in consequence. They are:

Major General J H A Thompson CB OBE (Major General Commanding Training and Reserve Forces, Royal Marines)

His Excellency Mr B G Dexter CBE (Australian High Commissioner to Canada)

Brigadier V Madan VSM (Military Adviser, India Office in London)

At a committee meeting in January it was agreed that the reunions will be planned from year to year, with the Annual Luncheon and Meeting this year as usual, and the dinner provisionally booked for the 29th September at the Royal Air Force Club.

The question of inviting ladies to our reunions was discussed by the Committee and rejected.

Further notes pertaining to this report are given in 'The Presidency' on page 3.

## THE COMMITTEE AND THE FUTURE

With a view to the continuance of the Association it looks advisable to strengthen the committee as regards Associate Members.

Will Associate Members who are keen and willing to serve kindly send their names to the Honorary Secretary so that they may be considered and if necessary voted on at the A G M ?

For such members to be effective they should be:
(1) Resident within range of London and have expectation of being able to attend all reunions.
(2) Preferably be descendants of Gallipoli veterans.

## HONORARY TREASURER'S REPORT

Once again we are indebted to Mr W B Chapman for so kindly undertaking the Audit and also providing the print of the Balance Sheet and Accounts for the year ended 31st December 1982 which accompanies this issue of the Gallipolian.

I am pleased to report that the finances of the Association improved, mainly as a result of the increased rate of subscription, and a surplus for the year of £141 was achieved against a deficit of £234 in 1981. Donations also showed a welcome increase from £98 to £174 and thanks are due to many members for their generosity in this regard.

We shall, however, be faced with considerable outgoings in 1983 for printing and stationery which coupled with the decision taken in Committee to subsidise the cost of the luncheon on Anzac day leaves little room for complacency.

DFB

## TELEVISION.....JOE MURRAY

Thames Television will transmit one of a series on "I simply can't see" by Joe Murray (242) on Thursday the 9th June. Consult local programme for time.

## NEW SCOTLAND YARD

One of our very keen Associate Members with a police connection brings a number of guests to our reunions. Because of this he was sent an extra copy of The Gallipolian, number 40, for possible interest of his guests. He replied that the copy had gone to New Scotland Yard for circulation.

Our latest membership number is 869. Could it be that a new Associate Member might be found with the number 999 ?

## ANNUAL LUNCHEON AND GENERAL MEETING

### MONDAY 25th APRIL

This will be held at Chelsea Barracks by kind permission of the Colonel Commanding, Scots Guards, as last year.

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

Members are asked to wear medals and the usual name tab for ready identification. Male guests are cordially welcomed.

PRICE: 3-course lunch with wine: £3 for Veteran Members : £5 Associate Members and guests. Please apply to the Hon Sec but send no money. Pay at the bar and at the table. Applications should be received by 18 April. The bar will open at 12 noon: Luncheon at 1.

The General Meeting will follow.
The indulgence of guests is called for.
The Minutes of the last A G M have been circulated and will be taken as read.
Members may raise any relevant points at the meeting.

### ANZAC DAY CEREMONIES

As usual we are invited to join the ANZACS at the Cenotaph. Form up at 10.45. Our wreath will be laid by the President.

Following the Ceremony members who wish to go to the Service in Westminster Abbey should walk there. The Abbey Service is due to commence at 12 noon. Please write to the Hon Sec for a ticket for the Abbey. Tickets will be distributed there by Keith Tranmer as marker.

After the Abbey service join the army coach which will take members to Chelsea Barracks.

## NEW MEMBERS (Up to 3 March 1983)

In the original printed journal, two 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.

## OBITUARY (at 3 March 1983)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

| | |
|---|---|
| G P Sutton MBE (1/5 Essex R 54 Div) | (542) |
| Cdr H S L Ewart RN (Mdmn HMS Glory) | (198) |
| Major A J Skinner BSc (2/Lt RE 133 AT Coy) | (532) |
| T S Bloor (RAMC 29 & 52 Divs) | (349) |
| A J Beeson (Pte 1 Herefords R 53 Div) | (78) |
| Major T S W Jarvis OBE Ment Disp(6 Manch R) | (82) |
| J W Hollis (RFA 55 Bde 10 Div) | (732) |
| W A Bennett (RAMC 3 E Lancs F A) | (860) |
| D Winter (AIF 21 Bn) | (771) |

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

## FLANDERS TO THE FALKLANDS

The Story of the Army in peace and war, at home and abroad 1914 - 1982

The new permanent gallery at the National Army Museum which will open this summer, follows the fighting men of Britain and the Commonwealth from Flanders to the South Atlantic. The life of the soldier in barracks and on the battlefield is retold in reconstructions, specially commissioned models and dramatic audio-visual displays.

A three-minute video programme records the landing at Gallipoli in 1915. Using contemporary photographs and film with specially produced maps and battle plans it illustrates the course of the campaign, what it was like on the beach-head, and the successful evacuation.

Most striking are the 25 life-size reconstructions in which uniformed figures appear against realistic backgrounds. The visitor can walk through a 1st World War trench and a barrack room of the 1950s; see an armoured carrier halted by a minefield in the Western Desert of 1942; and view a sangar on Mount Tumbledown overlooking Port Stanley. Four 1:35 scale dioramas show the battle of Mons 1914, tanks in action in 1917, the assault on the Normandy beaches and street fighting in a European town early in 1945.

The gallery continues the story of the army which was told up to 1914 in the first phase of the building, opened in 1971. It is housed in an extension built at a cost of £800,000, all of which was raised by the museum's building appeal.

The museum will be open to the public from Thursday the 30th June onwards.

* * *

## WHILE MEMORY LASTS

By Lt-Col M E Hancock M C (Northamptonshire R)

(Continued from number 40) (731)

About this time the Brigade Bombing Officer was put out of action and as I was already responsible for seeing that the supply of bombs for the Battalion were always available in the forward positions, I was appointed in his place. This entailed my being responsible for bomb supplies to the next series of trenches to our right and it kept me very busy. The various bombs we had were scarce and a pretty scratch lot but we augmented them by collecting some of the many duds the Turks had thrown at us and had fallen short in front of our trenches. It was very much a night-time job. These duds I fitted up with new fuses and a detonator and heard the explosion of their return journey with great satisfaction. Probably the narrowest escape I had was during one of those bomb throwing exchanges we went in for now and again where the trenches were within range of each other. We were going strong one night when, without my noticing it, a bomb must have dropped almost at my feet and went off before I could move. The blast knocked me over and I wondered what damage might have been done but, fortunately, it must have been one of the 'jam tin' variety as we called them, many of which we had collected.

They consisted of a small tin filled with odds and ends of metal or old empty cartridge cases, with a charge of dynamite. The explosion blew the tin into tiny fragments, some of which went into my cheek and for a long time afterwards the bits worked themselves out and reminded me to be more careful in future. Another of our activities was to fit a periscope to a rifle, put it over the edge of the trench and fire at any gun emplacement we had been able to locate. By consistently firing at the sandbags a split could be made and the bags would collapse. These were usually repaired the next night.

These 'jam tins' of the Turks were the only ones of their's I identified. Our own bombs were in short supply and had to be used sparingly, but they had a slightly better variety. Three of those I remember were known as the 'cricket ball', the 'hair brush' and the 'jam tin'. The first of these consisted of a round shaped cast iron casing filled with some explosive and fused. The 'hair brush' was a slab of dynamite fixed on a piece of wood with a handle at one end. Its effect was very local. Our 'jam tins' were a bit bigger than the opposition's and never failed to explode.

It was now well into October and with much hard work we had deepened the trenches, in the almost rock-like ground, sufficiently to make ourselves comparatively safe provided we took precautions not to be seen. We now had the 5th Gurkhas on our immediate left and what a splendid lot they were. They made repeated night raids on the Turks and used to tell us with much pride, as well they might, of the successes they had had with their long knives. We felt that flank was safer since their arrival than it had been for a long time.

We still had the occasional lone Australian rifleman drop into our trenches, as it was getting light, after having been out after some Turkish sniper, of which there were a good many. I never ceased to marvel at their independence and courage. On our right, which had previously been held by the Australians as had our own sector, were some of the Norfolk Yeomanry. They had had practically no infantry training and one of my jobs was to give them instruction in the use of bombs and to show them how to operate a newly acquired apparatus for throwing bombs mechanically. It was a kind of catapult contraption which one wound down with a handle until there was sufficient tension on the rubber. It was then fixed with a catch, a bomb put into the container and the catch released. It was anyone's guess as to whether it got into an empty trench as the target could only be fixed very roughly by a look through a periscope, but

apparently it must have achieved some success as, after we had sent over a few bombs in this way, we began to get shelled by our old friend the enfilading gun. After one or two of these had dropped harmlessly, the one with my name written on, exploded in the air and put a bullet through my leg and that was the end of that Sunday afternoon performance. For the first few moments after being hit I didn't realise what had happened. It felt as though a piece of rock had fallen on my leg as I was crouching down trying to get some cover from the shelling. I tried to stand up and promptly fell over. Unwinding my puttees I had a look to see what the damage was and it seemed surprisingly little. Stretcher bearers arrived fairly soon and I was carted off down the trenches to the rear of the front line. It was too narrow for an ordinary stretcher to go along and I was lifted on to a sling between two poles. It wasn't exactly a joy ride as my leg had now begun to complain and by the time we reached the Advanced Dressing Station it was distinctly troublesome.

Here I transferred to an ordinary stretcher and the doctor had a look to see if anything was broken. He decided there was and put on an extremely tight bandage and sent me off to the Casualty Clearing Station near Anzac Beach. That night I stayed on the stretcher in a long tent with many other casualties and got no sleep. Next morning I sent a note to the Adjutant telling him what had happened also sending him a complete list of all the bomb stores in our sector and asking for my kit to be sent. This arrived in the afternoon and I spent another night on the stretcher. Although the doctor here wasn't very keen to do it, I got him to loosen the bandage slightly as it was now causing a great deal of pain.

The next morning, Tuesday, he told me I was going to Alexandria, the best bit of news I had had for a long time. The hospital ship, a small converted Merchant Navy vessel named Nevassa, was alongside a small jetty and it was quite exhilarating to be hoisted off the jetty by a crane on to the deck.

I had a great sense of relief to feel that at last I should soon be out of range of the Turks. The comfort of a bed was marvellous and so too was going off under the anaesthetic when the doctor did some tidying up of the wound caused by the bullet breaking a bone on its way through and taking in with it bits of clothing. In the next bed to me was an Australian who gave me a small figure of a kangaroo cut out of kangaroo skin. We reached Alexandria in a few days. The journey from the ship in an Army ambulance was pretty tough going over the cobbles but, fortunately, not a long one.

I was put into a ward of the old Military Hospital at Ras-el-Tin near the harbour and beside the lighthouse. It took me a little time to get used to the peace and quiet after the never ending racket of the last few months until I could relax. I was in the Officers' ward and among us was one NCO who had been there since the time when the ward was for NCO's but he had had a leg amputated and the staff thought he should not be moved. His name of all names, was Sergeant Boot!

For the next few weeks the worst part for me was the doctor's morning and evening rounds accompanied by the ward sister with the trolley with the instruments and dressings and known as the agony wagon. However, things began to improve and at last I was allowed to get up for a while, then to use crutches and sit in the garden. There was one occasion when I stupidly tried to go down some steps into the garden, lost my balance and went a purler. Luckily, I did nothing worse than give myself a fright but I got a smart ticking off by my nurse.

After some two months or so I was allowed to go out into the city occasionally and eventually some of us were sent to a particularly nice convalescent home, kindly lent by an Egyptian near Luxor. Then came the day when I was told that, as my recovery looked like being a long time, I was being sent back to England. I felt myself to be very very lucky. This would have been sometime in February 1916. The voyage home began in another small converted Merchant Navy vessel named "Esquibo". It took those of us

who were lucky enough to be going back to England, as far as Naples. Entering that magnificent bay we docked in the harbour for long enough to be transferred to the huge liner "Brittanic", at that time the largest British ship afloat. She was now fitted out as a hospital ship but, by a remarkable coincidence, I had seen her being built in Harland and Wolff's Belfast shipyard shortly before she was launched. Little did I think I should next see her in such thrilling circumstances. The last we saw of Italy as we set sail for England was the plume of smoke from Vesuvius. Although I had to spend more time than I liked in bed, the voyage was very pleasant and some of us were allowed on deck for part of the time in the lovely Mediterranean sunshine. My leg obstinately refused to heal properly however, and I began to think I must be in for a long convalescence.

I can't remember when or where we docked in England but my next recollection is of being sent to a private house in London which had been generously lent by the owner for the use of the hospital services for the duration of the war. Here I was to meet parents and friends and regain that feeling of security which had been missing for rather a long time. After about a month, during which I was not allowed to go out much, I was given a period of leave and how welcome that was!

My leg began to cause me a good deal of trouble and I was sent to the 4th London General Hospital, at Denmark Hill, for an operation to find out why it was being so tiresome. This was a set-back but it was during this period that a most exciting episode happened. One day I received a letter from the War Office to say I was to present myself at Buckingham Palace to receive the Military Cross and also to say that I had been mentioned in Dispatches. It was a wonderful experience and I have a very vivid recollection of the moment when King George V pinned the medal on my jacket.

After about a month more in hospital I went to a Nursing Home nearby to convalesce but there were complications and I had to go back for a second

operation. This time the somewhat elusive cause of the trouble was located, and removed, in the shape of bits of bone and shrapnel fragments, and from then on things improved. It must have been about this time too, that I had the good luck to have sent to me by the War Office a warrant for an odd sum of money - it was something like £132.17.6d This, I was told, was a wound gratuity, though how it came to be valued at that particular sum was not explained, but it didn't take me long to spend it. I have never had so much money in my life and felt like a millionaire. Sometime later another odd sum arrived and I found that the two together added up to £250. How the War Office worked this financial deal in such a way remained their secret, but I did take a little more care of the second instalment.

(To be continued)

## DISTINGUISHED NEW HONORARY MEMBER

Number 724 AM in the old 1979 Membership List shows Colonel J H A Thompson OBE. Members will like to know that the entry should be updated. He became the Brigadier Julian Thompson who was largely responsible for the recapture of the Falklands. Commander of the Land Forces Major General Sir Jeremy Moore said that in his opinion he was the 'man of the match'.

He also receives high praise from Dr. John Laffin (718 AM) in his book 'Fight for the Falklands' the first book to be published about the campaign. It was published by Sphere Books on the 9th July 1982, £1.50. Laffin says that Thompson, having studied the Gallipoli campaign, was determined not to make the same errors of planning and leadership, so evident there. And he didn't, his strategy and tactics were superbly efficient.

For his subsequent history see page 5.

## LOST ENDEAVOUR
## THE 'COBBERS '

By Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus 2 Div (167)

(Continued from number 40)

Careless with their lives, these blokes, careless and generous. Bewilderingly so. The gift of Life is a thing to treasure, not to squander away. If the fortune of war robs you of it - well, it's just too bad. But every soldier has a duty to take reasonable precautions and not to stick his neck out unjustifiably, and just for the hell of it.

I was on a special and lousy, thankless duty one day in a little 'sap' (or small trench) abutting forward at right angles from our front line. At the end of this little sap - about 20 yards in front of our front line - was fixed a sniper's hidey-hole - an inch-thick steel plate with an aperture in it just large enough to poke a rifle through. You swivelled aside a little piece of the same inch-thick steel, and designed just large enough to overlap the aperture when not in use, poked your rifle through, took a quick sight at anything moving in the Turkish lines ahead, and try a quick shot, making sure you're back to safety and with the aperture closed again, and all this before you can count 'ten' - otherwise you'd get one back through the aperture. For like I told you, these Turkish sharp-shooters are terrific.

All around the aperture the steel plate was dented by Turkish bullets that had thudded up against it, and even the piece of steel that swivelled over the aperture - even that was dented and bashed. After two or three hours of this duty and if you survived your first experience of it, you knew almost to the split second how long you could remain poised for a shot and be able to dodge back safely again. It was a job nobody really liked, but if you were doing it, it became a sort of challenge and in a weird sort of way you found

it rather stimulating.

But if the bloke on duty lingers overlong in taking his pot-shot at the Turks, then some Mum back in England will be taking a hurried trip to the local dressmakers - 'Mourning Orders Promptly Executed' - to get fitted with one of those shiny black dresses. And she'll listen uncomprehendingly to the Parson when he calls round that evening to comfort her, and talk about it being 'God's Will'. Bitter and twisted, she, in her simple way will wonder how can it be the will of God that all this should happen to her to lose her only son, and him being such a nice lad an' all. For grief affects us that way.

But don't take these Parsons too seriously, Ma'am. They're a right lot of ... so-and-so's. An earthquake - and thousands crushed and buried; a flood - and hundreds drowned; an air disaster - and many burnt alive; a four-year old and blue-eyed darling knocked down by a bus...It's all the 'Will of God' to these Parsons. But don't you believe 'em, Ma'am. This God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob - some of us - and with the 'stars still in our eyes' - we still like to think of Him - like you do, Ma'am - as an old-fashioned God of Love, and not as a sadistic monster obscenely planning these catastrophes.

All this rigamarole, of course, is just my long-winded way of saying that if you don't want your own Mum to get mixed up in all this damned nonsense, you've got to close that aperture a bit smartish, otherwise you'll get it where the chicken got the chopper. Like those two Aussie blokes one day when I was on this lousy bit of sniping duty.I still feel a mite responsible that two unknown Australian Mums got mixed up in all this stuff,but if you were only a Private Soldier like me, you can't win - not ever.

Two N C Os of the Australian Artillery - huge chaps - about 6'4" and broad with it. They were seeking an Artillery observation post as far forward as possible for the next offensive of ours. That's how they came to be in front of our front

line and chatting with me. One was a Staff Sergeant and did all the talking and the other, a Corporal, just listened and didn't say a lot. The Staff Sergeant grew intrigued with my job and wanted to have a go himself but I told him the score and that if you didn't know the trick you'd be a dead duck before you could look round. This seemed to peeve him - didn't want any Pommie to tell him all about shooting.Back in Austry-lia he could shoot the toe-nail off a 'possum's left foot. He was a genial smiling bloke of about 35 to 40 with a huge fair moustache, and pleasant enough to talk to, so I tried to kid him into talking about life 'down-under'. I didn't want any trouble round this steel plate. But he still ached to have a go and finally got real mad. As we say in the Army he 'shoved his stripes under my nose' and told me to hand him the rifle, 'and that's an order' he says. So I handed over, deeming it best to say no more, and stood alongside him pissing myself with anxiety while he took a long and careful sight. Then there was a 'plop' and when the Corporal and I picked him up he was as dead as ever a man can be. Then the Corporal cussed and swore - said I'll get the bastard who did that to my pal and in spite of my protests, poked the rifle through the hole himself. I hollared for our Sergeant, who came quick. But not quick enough, and the Corporal, badly wounded, was later darted off by the stretcher bearers. The body of the Staff Sergeant we carried to our front trench and we sent word back to his Battery as to what had happened.

Sorry, you two Australian Mums. Maybe I ought to have clouted them both to stop them being so damned stupid. But striking a superior officer while on Active Service is a deadly offence. Besides, they were both much bigger than me.

(To be continued)

## THE OPEN ESTATE

By Harry Moody, 5 Connaught Rangers (233)

On Furlin Moor there's dogs galore,
And we must confess, it's them we bless,
When we clear their mess, as you may guess
To our distress, around our address
On Furlin Moor

On Furlin Moor we're not so sure
Children should stray along their way
Picking a spray, every day,
As people say - the shrubs decay
Trampled away - causing dismay
On Furlin Moor

On Furlin Moor - which we adore
The lawns were green, lovely and clean
Fit for a queen. Now to be seen
Muddy and mean, where cycles' been
Some don't care a bean,
On Furlin Moor

On Furlin Moor on lawns and thicket
There's football and cricket;
hitting windows or wicket
An official picket, would be just the ticket.
If one would stick it
On Furlin Moor

On Furlin Moor - as we said before
'Tis a lovely spot -and do you know what!
We're a happy lot - tho' some don't care a jot!
So let's drink a tot, to what we've got
On Furlin Moor

* * *

We have a bird's next in our bathroom: the Jeys come out one at a time through a slot in the front of the nest.

LETTERS FROM THE LATE REV W F SCOTT Chaplain R N

Serving aboard H M S Agamemnon

My dear Father, Sunday March 7 1915

They say 'the better the day, the better the deed'. Anyhow here we are again in action. This is nothing new as we have been in action every day for some time past, the degrees being whether or not we are fired at. At the present moment it is decidedly more. Though up to date we have had no casualties in this present action. In our last really big one we had four killed and six wounded. We thought today we would have a quiet day, before a bigger show (Censored) and I was in the middle of my sermon when our orders came in. 'Aggie' and 'Lord Nelly' (H M S Lord Nelson) to weigh and proceed into action - silly that I can't tell you what or where - anyhow as you see we are getting any amount of fighting now. It can be boring for those of us down below and see nothing. I am at present sitting with the staff surgeon in the after dressing station, both of us writing letters with the guns blazing away above. I wish we could see a bit what was happening. The captain very kindly suggested that I should go with him in the conning tower, but much as I should like to see it I felt I ought to be quite free so as to get to the wounded should the need arise. I really have no news to give you, I wish I had. In our last proper action Chief Petty Officer and Chief Yeoman of Signals had his left leg taken off by a shell, and read and reported it by signal after it. Jolly fine effort.

I think I had better stop and just go and look at what is happening. I might be wanted forrard.

Much love all round

W F S

PS: The action is over and I am thankful to say without a single man killed in the ship, which is wonderful, considering the way they managed to hit us. We are not allowed to say what damage was done. We heard from another source that a hole was made 16 feet square in the Quarter Deck which wrecked the ward room and gun room. Another shell made a hole in the ship's side 8 Feet square. Nothing vital but some shrewd knocks. Captain Tyler did splendidly and we were successful, I believe.

It was an extraordinarily hot affair, probably the most severe that any British battleship has yet been through, though possibly the battle cruisers under Beattie had a harder time. They say we were like a fountain to look at - so was the Lord Nelson. A very fine affair and one to be most thankful for as we had no casualties at all. The Nelly had rather worse luck than we did as she did have three men slightly wounded. I was over in the hospital ship this evening visiting our sick and wounded amongst whom I am sorry to say is my very dear friend Berthou. They are all cheery and going on well so they cannot be bad. They say we (Censored) We had three French ships to support us. They did very well.

Much love

W F S

* * * *

At our Annual Dinner in response to a toast to the Anzacs, we heard of an Aussie who settled in England and joined our Home Guard in the Second World War. Whilst on Guard Duty a General in a staff car refused to stop when challenged. The Aussie fired one shot into the car bonnet and a second into the boot. The General then pulled up and apologised. Said the Aussie 'I'm glad you stopped. I didn't mean to miss you with the third shot'.

## SUVLA

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

(Continued from number 38)

3rd September:

Shelling by the Turks, Lieut.Smith, M G Officer of the Inniskillings with whom I had had several interesting conversations, was killed in his dugout.

4th September:

Very quiet, packed up again about 6pm and trekked back to Chocolate Hill in the open, dodging the snipers, rather than have the nightmare of struggling down the trench again. Arrived at 7 pm and found the Regt. ready to move off. Hung about till 11 pm when we trekked off to the right to a line of trenches about a mile away, occupied by the 10th Irish Division, here we relieved the M G Section of the 7th Dublin Fusiliers, mostly young fellows from Dublin University. While they were getting their guns off the parapet, someone accidently pressed the trigger and shot their gunner who was on top in front of the muzzle. The poor chap was killed instantly; we buried him the next day.

We found our new trench much better than the old one, and as we were with our own regiment were much happier. The regiment stayed in this position from September 5th to October 10th although I did not last that long. The life was very uneventful except for my Court Martial which aroused much interest throughout the Brigade. It is difficult to reproduce the atmosphere of Gallipoli to anyone who was not there, I'm afraid my position as prisoner charged with 'Sleeping on guard and endangering the life of his comrades' looks very black against me when regarded from a comfortable chair in England. I can only say that given the same set of circumstances again, the same hopeless feeling and the same dead-tired comrades, I should

again tell them to have a sleep and should again stand up and 100 to 1 should fall asleep again. Let a man who has been through the Hell of the Trenches judge me and I know what his verdict will be. My trial took place in a dugout with Officers from our own Brigade to try me. Major Hugh Cheape was President, Col.Coventry was good to me and gave me a good character which carried a lot of weight. I was reduced to Private, and felt that I had the Court's sympathy. Some time afterwards Jack Garside told me that on the day of my trial, a Brigade burial place was marked out and a grave dug which he thought was for me (Where grave is the Victory?)
(EDITOR - Dr.J E Godrich, his son, who has carried out much work on enteric fever, points out that it was the onset of this which led to the depressed state leading to it being impossible to keep awake. He writes that the incubation period is three weeks and this was the exact time before his father was helped down to the hospital ship, too weak to stand).

Our new trench ran from Chocolate Hill on the left to the Sari Bair hills on the right, where the Anzacs were worrying the Turks. In front of us about two miles distant was the village of Anafarta, which looked very pretty especially in the evening, with its Mosque and thin pointed minaret standing high above the little white houses. It was near this village that the remains of about 100 Norfolk men were found five years after they were killed. This Company consisted mostly of Territorials from Sandringham on the King's estate. They went astray during a night attack on 12th August and were never seen again. There were no survivors. Another beautiful view that I recollect was at sunset, from our position in the trenches we could look west towards the Islands in the Aegean Sea, the Isle of Samothrace was the nearest to us and the evening sun behind the island was a sight to be remembered.

We soon had some pretty comfortable dugouts in the new positions, the digging was easy, no rocks as there were on the hills. My chum in this position was Bylevelt who was a real good'un and furthermore he was a good cook. Our rations were still biscuits (I never tasted bread on the Peninsula) bully, one small piece of bacon per day, dried fruit (figs and apricots) and jam. I shall never forget the latter, we were very pleased at first when we struck some apricot jam which was a novelty for us, but day followed day and still apricot rolled up and we all got heartily sick of the stuff. The rations were enough to live on, but no surplus and what was worse, no variety. I forgot to note that we had dried vegetables in tins occasionally, made at Alcester I believe, but these required a tremendous lot of soaking, and as we all suffered from tender stomachs, due no doubt to the rough conditions and quantity of dirt that we ate, anything that was not easily digested, soon upset us. Luckily the Engineers dug a well near us so that we did not have so far to go to fetch water, but it was still rationed, as water was still scarce everywhere on the Peninsula, the Navy fetched some from Alexandria in petrol cans. Our chief trouble was firewood, we had many a risky try in 'Noman's land' for brushwood as the ground behind the trenches was soon cleared up. There were one or two small trees about, I remember one where D Squadron were situated, one or two of us used to sit under it for a bit of shade sometimes. There was a dead man's boot projecting from his grave in the middle of the group, this came in very handy for knocking one's pipe on; we were quite hardened to little details like that.

Our only trouble with the Turks was sniping which was indulged in plentifully by both sides, but we could hold our own by now and often put Jacko's snipers out of mess. Fred Marsh of A squadron did very well, he collected quite a number of scalps. We also did a lot of 'sapping'

i.e. digging a trench forward towards the enemy but I'm glad to say that we M G men were excused this job. Coventry Sap and Hugh Sap were the Worcesters' masterpieces. We had one or two night alarms which are very annoying to say the least, especially if it is your turn for a nap, and of course the everlasting 'stand to' at 4 am every morning. We now had our greatcoats, one blanket each and our packs brought up from the beach, these were very welcome as the nights were awfully cold.

On Saturday 11th September just as we had the Billies going, the Turks opened up a terrific bombardment and rifle fire on our trench, we all thought that we were in for a scrap, we had to leave our grub and hop up on the parapet to meet Jacko if he came, we returned his fire as well as we could. After half an hour blazing away at each other, the row died down. Tysoe and Geo. Smith had got a little piece of steak from rations (we had a little fresh meat now and then) they had it nicely cooked when the row started, they were loth to leave it for a few nasty Turks, so carried on with their meal. I shall not forget the way Lieut. Colville danced around when he found them. We had a few casualties this afternoon, Brigadier-General Wiggin was wounded and Mann (Lieut.Hayne's batman) was killed. Trench life began to get on our nerves, we had to get up to all sorts of games to keep ourselves going, for it was a hopeless existence. I do not write much of fighting, but let me hasten my reader, to explain that we took our lives in our hands all day long. If you had a peep over the parapet you would draw a bullet almost at once, believe me, life was never easy.

One task that was always dangerous was the fetching of rations and water; as you went along the trench, every corner you turned became a death trap, there were spots where everyone from Generals downwards, had to 'Duck and Run', we had casualties every day. Sickness began to make inroads into our strength, every man who left us made more work for those who remained for digging sentries, look-outs, snipers, etc. went on just the same.

(to be continued)

## BOOKS ABOUT GALLIPOLI

By M E Occleshaw (Associate Member)

I am currently compiling a list of books about the Gallipoli campaign for eventual distribution to members. I expect to have this completed for the beginning of 1984.

If any member knows of any book or books dealing with the campaign, would they please let me know of them. All books, dealing with any aspect, military, naval, combined operations, biographies, unit histories, etc, will be welcome.

Information required will include Title: Author; Publisher; Place and date of publication;

E g

| TITLE | AUTHOR | PUBLISHER | PLACE OF PUBLICATION | DATE |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Khaki & Gown | Lord Birdwood | Ward, Lock & Co | London | 1941 |

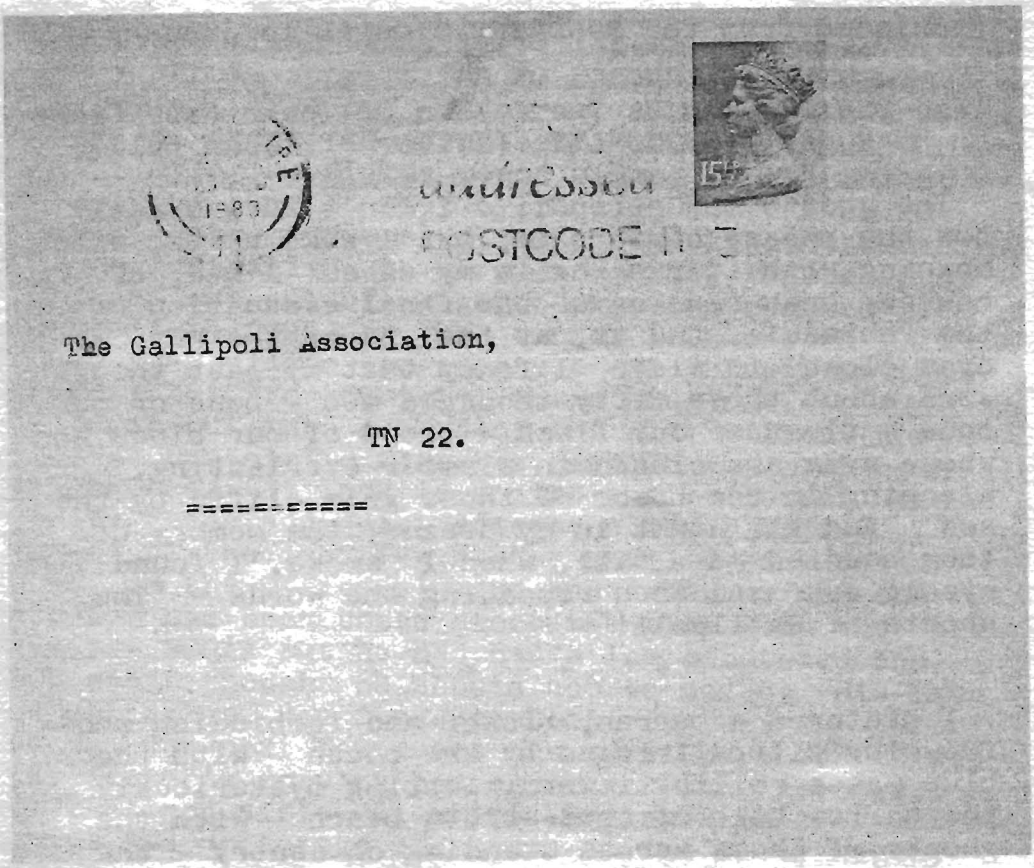
Members must know of many books on the campaign, so however small your offering, please let me know at the following address:

M.E Occleshaw (844 AM)
The Department of History
The University
KEELE
Staffordshire ST5 5BG

* * * *

## HARRY PERCY GASCOINE

Will any veteran of the campaign who knew Harry Percy GASCOINE, who served on Gallipoli as a private, then as an N C O, later commissioned after going to Egypt, please advise his son who is anxious to obtain information. His regiment is unknown. WRITE: Peter Gascoine, 43 Tivoli St.CHELTENHAM, Glos.



The Gallipoli Association,

TN 22.

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THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION

Unknown before 1969

* * *

I have the envelope of a letter sent home from Salonika in 1918 addressed:

Mrs R W Banner
Bournville

It was quite simple; it was posted in an army post-box and so went to London. Then to Bournville was easy and the local post office knew the house.

* * *

Reprinted from the SUNDAY PICTORIAL 16 January 1916

## THE GHOSTS OF GALLIPOLI

### 'Who Shall Teach Us The Lesson Of Their Sacrifice?

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY (Editor of "John Bull").

The ghosts of Gallipoli ! I don't know exactly how the phrase came to me; but I woke up the other morning with it ringing in my ears. I had, of course, been reading of the final evacuation of the Peninsula, and as, at the end of the day, my eyes closed in sleep, I fancy that my last thoughts were about those fifty thousand men - bone of our bone - flesh of our flesh - blood of our blood - whose eyes are closed in slumber everlasting, sleeping in the bosom of those grim cliffs by the sea. And all night in my dreams, the memory of them haunted me - till, when I awoke, I found myself ever and anon repeating the words - "The ghosts of Gallipoli!"

* * * *

I pictured a barren, broken and forbidding spot-frowning cliffs fringed by the ocean - with the blue waves rolling inward, lapping mysteriously the narrow belt of sand-strewn beach - with the ghosts of those heroes standing on sentry - the winds and the waters chanting eternally the name and fame of the dauntless band whose valour and sacrifice have enriched for all time the glory of our land. There, on those ledges, so narrow that the wild goat feared to tread them, the sons of Britain had climbed and clung with hearts hot with eagerness to meet the Turkish foe. There, in those almost inaccessible crevices, they had balanced themselves; there they had fought, and thence they had been hurled headlong to the dizzy depths below, that their blood might mingle with the sands over which the sea waves sob and throb when the tide is at its full. Go to that home of desolation now, and when the crescent moon is dipping low over Constantinople's minarets and spires; whilst the rugged peninsula lies draped in shadow, you

shall see the ghosts of our warrior hosts all draped in silver grey, keeping watch and ward over the ledges that lip the ravines on the face of the Gallipoli cliffs - keeping eternal vigil, those sentinels of God, who died to teach a world that was drifting into gross materialism that noble ideals are worth suffering and death. Peer down - deep down- some of those ghastly ravines, and you will see the whitening bones of the men who scaled the cliffs in the face of a rain of splintered iron and blistering lead, daring to do a deed that made the universe marvel- made them the envy and the admiration of mankind- the terror of their foes, and the peers of the demi-gods sung of a thousand years ago. Peer deep down where the coyote dared not scramble to despoil the dead, or the hooded vulture swoop to prey on those who were amongst the mightiest of mankind, and there in the shadow-circled fissures of the earth behold the living spirit by the crumbling dust, standing sentinel until that hour when the lion flag of Britain shall float in splendid triumph over the spot where, for honour's sake, they fought and failed - and fell.

* * * *

All this I saw- and more. I saw those splendid lads of England and of Ireland and of Scotland - and from the lands where the wattle and the warratah bloom in the sunshine. And I pictured a sweltering summer, when the fever racks the joints and the thirst burns into the throat and the little grey flies in clouds as thick as a sandstorm settle on all living things, and make the freshiest wound a crawling horrow; when the rocks blister the bare skin, and the rifle barrels and bayonets scorch like half-cooled lava on the slopes of Mount Etna; when the water is foul with a million microbes,and lukewarm on the lips; when the dust chokes, and the stench stifles; when the days are a torment, and the nights a carnival of creeping things. I saw the gashed earth torn by myriad shells; I saw

the fifty thousand graves where our martyrs lie, open in the starlight.

* * * *

My thoughts wandered to Anzac - back to that terrible hell-hole won by deeds of daring that no Spartan troops ever equalled, and held by a fortitude that has no parallel in history. Come ashore with me, reader - quietly, reverently - and watch the graves give up their "dead", for there is no such thing as death for the brave; only the cowards really die. Look yonder: is it the moonlight playing on the thorn scrub? Is it a phantasy of the brain? Nay, it is real. They are gathering in their thousands, regiment on regiment, brigade on brigade, kilted Scot and heroic Irish, stalwart and steady Englishmen, mighty sons of Australia and New Zealand. They stand at ease there on the blood-stained battlefield and look down into the trenches - the sodden, shattered trenches where they "died" - ripped and driven by the burning shells. And it was for this they died - those lion lads of a lion breed! They turn their white faces to the skies and see the Crescent flying where the Union Jack should fly - and they look in wonder into each other's eyes.... They slope their rifles, and the starlight gleams upon their ghostly bayonets. A sound runs along their mystic ranks. Is it the whispering of the wind amid the thorn brake, or is it an Order, a Command from the officer who leads them? They move off, but their feet make no sound. Like mist upon our Scottish hills they roll onward, the great lost legion, the army of the "dead". The Maoris throw their rifles forward, the bayonets lying like levelled lances, and they charge at the great hill in front, as they had charged in life. The Kilties leap forward like a storm. No bugle breaks the stillness, no throbbing drum, or bagpipes' eagle note - no yell of triumph or defiance; for this is the battle of the "dead" men - the ghosts of Gallipoli - fighting once again the fight which

made a whole world wonder. Shoulded by shoulder the English and the Australians burst through the thorn, leap the trenches, breast the hill and pour upward, ever upward - whilst all is still as death. There is only the moaning and the sobbing of the sea, as it beats against the cliffs that lie behind them. They reach the topmost crest of the grimmest hill. They meet a little band of Gurkha souls, in a Gurkha paradise. They lift their rifles high, and seem to cheer in triumph, though no sound comes from their lips; and now they strain their eyes towards the open country beyond, towards the Narrows that lead to their goal, the Caliphs' proud capital - the city of Constantinople. They have won, they have triumphed; all they need is succour and support. They swing round and look, with dazed eyes, for the help that should now come. They look in vain. The men who command are bickering amongst themselves. Their watchword is Inertia. They halt, wrangle, and throw victory to the winds. The golden hour has come and gone. The army falls back, Gurkha and Briton and mighty Colonial - grey-faced, grey-hearted, a shambled band of heroes, done to death by Ineptitude. And they mingle with the shadows of the night!

* * * *

Where is the Great Preacher who shall teach us the lesson of it all; who shall point to that "one law, one element, one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves"; who will bid us live in the souls of those whose blood has sanctified their sacrifice - and help us to endeavour and endure as did they; who will help us to erect to these martyrs a monument worthy of their glory? I am not thinking of ornate obelisks or gorgeous cenotaphs, but of something which shall make Gallipoli henceforth a Holy Land - the land of sacred sepulchres. Yes, someday we must go back; the Union Jack may yet fly once again, over Achi Baba.

We must see to it that the spirits of our dead, haunting those lonely hills, are made to feel that, after all, they are at home. And we will have an annual pilgrimage to the hallowed place- where we will commune with our lost heroes. The Communion of Heroes shall take the place of the Communion of Saints.

* * * *

An Empire with Anzac in its history can never die. Its destiny is divine; its glory ineffaceable Its sons are immortal. That is the lesson of Gallipoli. But there is yet another; and it is this - The God of Battles is a stern God. He forgives no blunderers in the great game of war. He exacts full toll. Let us all remember that. 'Let the electors of Mile End remember it.' Let the Government be reminded of it. It is the least we owe to the memory of the men sleeping in those silent, rugged graves.

* * * *

'Ghosts' of Gallipoli, did I say? Come, come, my brothers - your rest is ended. It is dawn. Arise! See, the gates of Paradise are thrown open wide; the Immortals stand at the salute; arch-angels are your guard of honour; listen to the trumpets' fanfare. Look! God Himself approaches to conduct you to the Throne of Martyrs. Let us kneel before it and ask His forgiveness for what we have done - and yours.

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

By Courtesy of W C Batson OBE OStJ KPM
(654 (AM)



FROM AUSTRALIA

Sid Blythman (657) now living in Australia
and Harold Paynter A I F 1982

(Courtesy of Newcastle Herald Picture Service)

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## ASSOCIATION TIES

Ties are available from the Honorary Secretary:

PRICE: £2.50 for inland postage

plus £1 for overseas air mail postage

## VICTORIA CROSSES AT GALLIPOLI

40 V Cs were awarded at Gallipol: 11 went to the Royal Navy, 9 to the Australians, 6 to the Lancashire Fusiliers and one each to the New Zealanders, R Munster Fusiliers, the Manchester R, the Worcestershire R, the Royal Scots, the Hampshire R, the Royal Marines, the Berkshire Yeomanry, the East Lancashire R, the Royal Welch Fusiliers and the Royal Artillery.

Out of these twenty-five survived the war.

Four were buried at W Beach cemetery,(Lancashire Landing), Pte W Kinnerly; V Beach cemetery, Captain G N Walford; 12-tree copse cemetery, 2/lt A V Smith. The fourth was Colonel C H M Doughty-Wylie who was buried where he fell above V Beach. His wife was the only woman allowed to land on the Peninsula, to lay a wreath on his grave.

(Sent by N Anthony (796 AM)

* * * *

One day in 1943 I had occasion to visit an A A static gunsite in Northern Ireland when the Brigadier was there to announce that the Unit was to be moved, after a long spell. He seemed surprised when the troops, including A T S girls, cheered the announcement but I say it showed that they were ecstatic.

Or do I mean ex-static? E H W B

## NOT TELEPHONICALLY SPEAKING

Exasperated telephone user, answering the telephone for the fourth time on the same wrong number, 'For heaven's sake, ask the operator to get your number.'

Resigned voice: 'I AM the operator'

( I know it is true.. It was me E H W B)



ANZAC MEMORIAL - MELBOURNE

The Shrine of Remembrance

(per T J Orton (743)

Extract from STRAY SHOTS FROM THE DARDANELLES

By Lance Corporal W F Rollo

DEDICATED to

The Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the 1st Battalion of the Border Regiment (34th Foot) who took part in the landing and subsequent operations on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

## A BROKEN MELODY FROM LEMNOS

Monsieur, I tink your name ees Tomi Atkins
You 'ave ze khaki figure magnifique
But vy I said 'Ze Eeenglis are not jolly'
YOU alvays make ze smile before you speak

Of co'rse I know ze name of 'Merree Eenglan"
But alvays ve 'ave said een la Belle France
'Ma Foi' ze eenglis are not merree - jamais
But how, you say? I see eet at ze glance

Vous comprehend? ve knew alone ze tourist
Ze gentilhomme MonsieurCook send to see
Ze Moulin Rouge, ze boulevards and cafes
And be ze 'grande noisette' in gay Paris

But NOW, I know ze ordinary Atkin
And leetle dog, or 'Terrier' you call
Zey are ze boys zat make old Eenglan' Merree
And help to make ze German canaille fail

A son of France salutes your countree, voila
So now ve drink good luck, un petit verre
Eet ees ver' long vay to Teep'rary -
Bon jour cher Tomi, Vive l'Angleterre !