THE GALLIPOLIAN

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GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



SS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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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)

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* Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook CB OBE DSO
VICE-PRESIDENTS	Vice-Admiral Sir Peverill B R W William-Powlett KCB KCMG CBE DSO Major G B Horridge TD Captain E W Bush DSO**DSC RN
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VICE-ADMIRAL ERIC WILLIAM LONGLEY-COOK

Our late President who had had to resign the presidency through increasing illness died on the 20th April, four days before our annual reunion.

His death was announced at the A G M and as it was being held at the second battalion Scots Guards quarters at Chelsea Barracks it was possible for a piper to march around in slow time piping a lament while we all stood in silence. On the 28th three of us joined the Memorial service for him.

With other midshipman members of his time he was educated at Osborne and Dartmouth as a naval cadet. At the Dardanelles he served as a midshipman in H M S Prince of Wales at the landings in 1915.

In the second war he commanded the cruiser Argonaut at the Normandy landings and with a sister ship the Orion helped the Allied grip on Bayeux. He also served on the Murmansk run and in the Mediterranean at Salerno, the East Indies and Okinawa.

He was chief of staff, Home Fleet in 1947 and Director of Naval Intelligence from 1949 to 1951 when he retired.

He became Managing Director of the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company in 1952, and a Director of the Lithgow Group.

He was president of the Gallipoli Association from 1981 until late in 1982 and he was well known and liked by members when he met at reunions.

He was awarded a D S O in 1945 and appointed a C B E in 1943 and the C B in 1950.

* * *

At his request no flowers were sent but a donation was made by the Association to the Cancer Research fund.

His photograph was shown with others in The Gallipolian, number 41 on page 4.



THREE STALWARTS IN 1981

A happy picture of three well-known members taken on the 25th April 1981

From viewer's left:

Malcolm Hancock — President
Lieutenant-Colonel M C
1/4 Northamptonshire Regiment

Jeremy Bentham
Wing-Commander
(Sub Lieutenant at Gallipoli
Royal Naval Division, Hood Battalion)

Eric Bush — Vice-President
Captain Royal Navy, H M S Bacchante
D S O and two bars, D S C

(Photograph by courtesy of N Anthony 796 AM)

* * * *

ANZAC DAY, LONDON 1983

A Personal Account by F J Orton M B E (743)

Approaching my 91st birthday I dearly wished to be present at this year's Parade at the Cenotaph as it may well be the last opportunity I may have.

My home, in Nottingham, is just too far from London for British Rail to get a train there in time for me to get to Whitehall by 10.45. However, thanks to the Gentlemen of the City of Nottingham Round Table, a car was made available for me to both get me there on time, and to bring me home again. I owe them a deep debt of gratitude, for the occasion was, to me, one of great satisfaction.

It enabled me to participate in the ceremony at the Cenotaph, to join in the service of remembrance at Westminster Abbey, to mingle with my fellow-members of our Association, and to be present at the A G M which followed the highly satisfactory lunch in the Officers' Mess of the Scots Guards in Chelsea Barracks.

I am sorry, however, to record that I and many others, were rather dismayed by the lack of organization at the Cenotaph. We roughly formed two lines with other people mixed up with us. It was a trifle humiliating too that our wreath was not laid until after the Official Party of Anzacs had left the scene. And we were probably the only Gallipoli veterans present.

Another thing that displeased some of us was that the wreath-laying began and continued during the silence. We feel that the silence is a sacred act of remembrance and, as such, should be strictly observed.

(EDITOR: This is an Anzac parade and we are present only by invitation)

From Whitehall to the Abbey is not far and we had ample time to take our reserved seats. I am not a churchman but the service impressed me, firstly by the size of the congregation and secondly by its simplicity and sincerity.

By army coach then to Chelsea Barracks. But where was the coach? It did eventually turn up, twenty minutes late and we were greatly amused to see it labelled 'Jallipoli Association'. I learned later that the coach had been well on time but the police would not let it wait, needing a second trip.

Arrived at the Barracks, liquid refreshment restored our morale. The Scots Guards had put their Officers' Mess at our service for lunch and the A G M afterwards. Their cooks had laid on a very acceptable menu to which we all did full justice.

At length our President Lt-Col M E Hancock called us to order and the business of the A G M began. Began, unfortunately, sorrowfully by the President speaking of the recent passing of his predecessor as President Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook. A toast was drunk to his memory and a sergeant-piper of the Scots Guards played the lament 'Flowers of the Forest', reminding me, painfully, of times when the Scottish Brigade R G A, to which I was attached in Salonika buried one of their casualties to that lament.

An apology for his inability to be present was received from our first President, Brigadier B B Rackham, with regret. A telegram was read out from Jim Orton (my son 847 A M) in Australia, giving good wishes from members and friends 'down under'.

The President then told us that, in recognition of his untiring work for the Assocation, it had been decided that Major E H W Banner should become a Vice-President and his wife Mrs. Edgar Banner our first Lady Honorary Member. This was received with hearty acclamation.

Our Honorary Treasurer Donald Bland was then asked to make his report. The statement of accounts having been previously circulated, was accepted without question. Mr.Bland spoke of his concern for the future finances of the Association saying that he expected a deficit of upwards of £200 for 1983. He appealed to members to be prompt in paying their subscriptions.

The President, on behalf of the meeting, expressed our grateful thanks to Mr.Bland for his valued work. Thanks were also accorded to Mr. W B Chapman for his auditing of the accounts, free of charge to us.

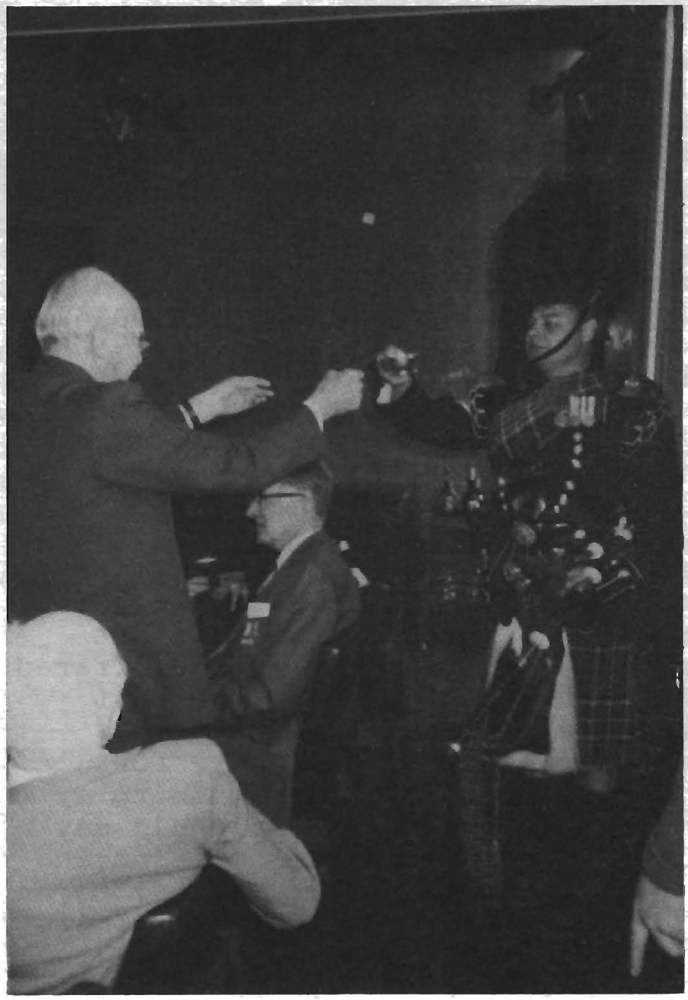
Major Banner then spoke of his work and asked members to continue to send him articles for The Gallipolian.

The President then told us of a very recent visit he and his son Michael (848 AM) had made to the Peninsula. This aroused considerable interest, all present being glad to hear of the good condition of our British Cemeteries and of the friendly help from the local Turks. Our President hoped that other members might make similar visits and offered the services of himself and his son on the best way to organize a private visit (See page 42

The meeting then dispersed, regretfully, for I would have liked more time to meet and talk to my fellow-members. I really did have a splendid day taking all in all. I had achieved an ambition and it had proved to be well worth while. It may be that I may never have another opportunity, but if not, I shall not repine, for I enjoyed the day to the full.

I find that I have inadvertently forgotten to say that the Piper later favoured us with a selection of Scottish airs and reels on the pipes, much to our pleasure, and for which he was rewarded with a libation, poured by the President's own hand, which the mighty sergeant downed at a draught and then marched out with a swing and a swagger that only a Highlander in kilts can achieve.

Our applause was loud and long.



LUNCHEON

and

A G M

25 April 1983

Concluding the proceedings the Scots Guards piper roused us with a march after which he was regaled in traditional style (according to the Scots) with a 'quench.'

(Photograph by courtesy of
R M S Hancock (848 AM)

THE ANNUAL DINNER : 29 SEPTEMBER 1983

The dinner will be held as usual at the Royal Air Force Club, 128 Piccadilly W1

The Club is between Hyde Park Corner Underground and Green Park stations. Car parking is free in nearby side-streets after 6.30

TIME:	7 for 7.30, ending 10 plus
DRESS:	Dinner jacket with miniatures or dark suit with medals
NAME TAB:	A small card showing name and old unit worn above the medals
GUESTS:	Male guests are welcome. Named.
PRICE:	MEMBERS £8 Others £9
APPLICATIONS:	To be received not later than first post on Friday 23 September Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for your place-card which will form a receipt. Note: the place-card is NOT the name tab
ON ARRIVAL:	Leave coats in the cloakroom on the ground floor before going upstairs to the ante-room.
PLACE-CARDS:	Take your place-card to the dining room and place it at a table where you would like to sit, where free.
DRINKS:	Payable at the bar and at the table
WELCOME:	Do make yourself known to others. You may be new but so were they not long ago. Will all dining for the first time kindly make themselves known to me (Banner)

JOINT GUESTS OF HONOUR

The High Commissioner for Australia:

His Excellency The Honourable
Sir Victor Garland K B E

The High Commissioner for New Zealand:
His Excellency the Honourable W L Young

NEW MEMBERS (at 7 July 1983)

In the original printed journal, a section of this page, a section of the following page and also a section of page 16 contains the names and full addresses of new members, and also address amendments and updates to the members list.

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

NEW VICE-PRESIDENT

Major T Verschoyle M C (21) has become a Vice-President. He has been associated with the Association from before its formation, having been on an exploratory tour to Gallipoli in 1957 as well as an Association tour in 1971.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS WHO HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO BECOME MEMBERS OF A FUTURE COMMITTEE

R M S Hancock	(848)
A Standley	(776)
N Anthony	(796)
M E Occleshaw	(844)
D J King	(845)

OBITUARY (At 7 July 1983)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

J H McCarron (1 Border R)	(850)
Major P D Mulholland MC (9 R Warwicks R)	(498)
H F Pepper (5 Suffolk R)	(750)
G F Burtoft (HMS Queen)	(556)
Wing/C V C T Lane (3 Scottish Horse)	(326)
E F Linane (RE Signals attd 8 Corps HQ)	(699)
Lt-Col D G P M Shewen (2/10 Ghurkas)	(683)
Capt G Taylor (2 Lt RND Engrs)	(183)
Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook (see p3)	(545)
E G Jarrett (2/4 R West Kent R)	(773)
C Evans (Sgt 8 Welch R)	(414)
Lt-Col C F Mayne (RND 2 Fld Amb)	(739)
R M Gale (Spr RND 2 Naval Bde)	(113)
Capt R B Gillett (2 Hants R 29 Div)	(121)
Brig G P Crampton OBE MC (5 Northants R)	(655)

* * * * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

THE ANZAC

This is reproduced from The Gallipolian Number 1, now long out of print and which few present members will have seen.

Born in England, went to South Africa and served in the Boer War, joined the Australian army early in World War I and became one of the immortal band of Anzacs, the name given to the troops of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. This was the early life of one Anzac.

After completion of training in Egypt the Anzacs were destined to make history at Gallipoli in Turkey, where on April 25th 1915 they, with regular UK troops and some Marines and French troops made epic landings against heavy opposition with considerable losses on both sides, but the Allies did make their precarious landings.

The Anzacs made up in physique and enthusiasm for their short military training - the many headstones in the Anzac military cemeteries testify this.

Naturally, after it was over all wanted to forget about it, but as usual, after the passage of years the wish to revisit the scene became a longing with many; in fact in some cases an obsession which cannot be understood by many of the present generation. Our Anzac was one of these. Over the years he had recalled the Gallipoli peninsula and longed to revisit his old gunpit - if it was still to be found. When he found a pilgrimage party being organized in England he joined enthusiastically with his wife. This was fifty years on, and he was at this stage over eighty; a very gallant gentleman, living in England.

The pilgrimage party was primarily for UK veterans who had served there, but we welcomed our Anzac, and another one, making up representatives from all Divisions, including the Royal Naval Division, but without any French veterans. The party duly set off and the first contact with the old Mediterranean Expeditionary Force was a short call at Mudros, the bay where the whole of the Allied fleet assembled in the week before the Landing. From there we steamed toward the Dardanelles; near the entrance we stood on deck or wherever we might be for a minute, in memory of those who lost their lives at sea in the action. Up the Dardanelles by night and a stay of two days in Istanbul where a parade was held and a wreath laid at a Turkish war memorial.

Next down the Dardanelles to the Narrows, staying at Chanakkale on the Asian coast. In the morning we crossed to the Gallipoli peninsula near old V Beach and landed for the first parade, at the Turkish war memorial where a wreath was laid. Then down to Cape Helles where wreaths were laid at the British war memorial by the pilgrims as a whole, then by individual regiments etc. After this we broke up for our individual sightseeing for those who had been in the Cape Helles area, roaming as far afield as Krithia, where we found their local war museum of great interest, seeing our equipment etc. from the former enemy's point of view.

For our second day on the Peninsula we were first to visit Anzac Cove, then on to Suvla Bay for those who had served in these places.

The Anzac, a very friendly, wise and much-travelled Anzac, had in the intervening years seen life in many parts of the world. Although serving in the Anzac forces in 1915 he had long left the continent. At this time of his life his

main ambition was to revisit Anzac Cove, and especially his old gunpit, or traces of it. He was a philosopher and would discount the modern bustle of life by saying that we worry too much over trifles, such as just missing a bus, or if the electricity fails, or something transient, always ending with: 'It's not a matter of life and death.' Earlier that morning I had joined him in a walk around Chanakkale: he had said that he hadn't a care in the world and he enjoyed life to the full.

We crossed the Narrows to Eceabat, the old Maidos, and went by coaches across to Anzac Cove. It was noticed by those in his coach that the Anzac became more and more excited as we approached. The guide with the first coach, in which was the Anzac arranged for the stop to be a little beyond the Cove for traffic reasons. Friends noted that the Anzac worried over this; he would rather have stopped right at the Cove. But it was only a short walk back to the Cove and the party left the coach at the Anzac cemetery by the roadside. The Anzac stepped forward too but fell immediately.

Later on, when we had time to adjust ourselves to the situation, it was agreed that this was a fine way to go out. Up to that moment a long and happy life with no worries; now, attaining a half-century wish and being at last once again where he had spent an eventful and exciting time in his younger days. To us of course it was a tragedy, but for the Anzac, an octogenarian who knew that his circulation was such that he might expire at any moment, what more would he have asked?

I had known that at an Anzac pilgrimage two weeks earlier one of their veterans had fallen in almost exactly similar circumstances. We were accompanied by a most helpful representative of the War Graves Commission who had also been present at the previous tragedy. Because of this he

was able to expedite the proceedings by arranging for burial that day at the Christian cemetery at Chanakkale. At sunset that day the whole of our party of veterans, one hundred strong, medals worn, marched with the Anzac for the last time, leaving him in company with his fellow Anzac from the earlier pilgrimage.

I sometimes think of the quirk of fate, which, with the Anzac's exhortation: 'Why worry, it isn't a matter of life and death' finally found in the excitement of the return to Anzac once again, that just missing the actual landing place at Anzac Cove, did prove to be a matter of life and death.

So passed a very fine gentleman, the Anzac.

(Mr William Bourne) E H W B

GALLIPOLI TOUR: 1983

The tour, holiday only and not including a pilgrimage due for May was insufficiently supported and had to be abandoned, although several members had written of their interest. The position is that next year, in May, and in May of succeeding years personally conducted tours may still be arranged if enough members, with wives, etc. call for them. At present the price is in the region of £595 for each of four or more persons and up to eleven. A discount is possible with a larger party. For less than four in the party the cost could be £1050 each. The tour would be of ten days duration, including travel time. Members insterested should write direct to Keith Tranmer by the 1st of January for that year.

NEW HONORARY MEMBERS

In view of the close connexion between the Gallipoli campaign and the Anzacs it seems fitting that there should be a direct link, apart from that between individual Members and Associate Members who are Anzacs, Accordingly it was decided to offer Honorary Membership to the Senior representatives of Australia and New Zealand in London, to apply in succession, or ex officio.

The present holders of the office of High Commissioner in London are:

His Excellency The Honourable Sir Victor Garland K B E, for Australia and

His Excellency The Honourable W L Young for New Zealand

We welcome them during their term of office.

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AMENDMENTS TO MEMBERSHIP LIST (1983)

(Additions, corrections, restorations, etc.)

* * * *

FIRST LADY HONORARY MEMBER

At the Annual General Meeting held on the 25th April the President announced that, with great enthusiasm, Mrs. Edgar Banner had been elected the first Honorary Lady Member, thus creating a precedent.

The President also stated that with equal approbation Edgar Banner had been elected a Vice-President.

ROYAL VISIT TO GALLIPOLI

His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, who is the President of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission made a tour of the cemetery and memorial sites on the Gallipoli Peninsula on the 22nd to the 24th May this year. The party spent the night of the 23rd at what is now called 'Anzac Village' and the tour embraced practically the whole peninsula from Cape Helles to Green Hill. The party were very impressed by the way the cemeteries and memorials are preserved.

EASTBOURNE TEA-PARTY 24 May 1983

The president of the Women's Section of the Royal British Legion, Eastbourne Branch, again most kindly entertained to tea our members living in the Eastbourne district on the 24th May. This year only five members were able to turn out, plus the chairman who went from Maresfield by invitation. The Eastbourne Gazette for the 1st of June re-produced a photograph of the six, whose average age was 87. Some were over 90, as last year. The six shown were: Major A Fuller; D Kempton; Major Edgar Banner; Mrs. E.Willis; A Garrison; H Avis and D Swinnerton. A cake raffle brought in £1.50 which was passed to our funds.

E H W B



ANZAC DAY 1983 Lone Pine (See facing page)



ANZAC DAY Museum at Alcitepe(See facing page)

ANZAC DAY - GALLIPOLI - 1983

Anzac Day 1983 was preceded by a highly successful and enjoyable battlefield tour and campaign study. Attended by some thirty Service personnel and their families from Izmir and Ankara, it was conducted over two days in glorious sunshine. The party assembled in Canakkale on the evening of Friday the 22nd April and a warm welcome was extended by Colonel Rodney Harms - the organizer and Gallipoli expert. He then outlined the forthcoming programme and gave a resume of the campaign.

Bright and early next morning I had the privilege of giving the opening presentation on the naval operations, covering roughly the period from the conception of the campaign to the naval attack on 18th March.

The presentation took place at the fortress at Canakkale, with the Narrows as a backdrop. (What more could a keen student of the campaign wish for?) It was based on an essay I had researched and written in 1982 as an entry for the Naval History Price (Entitled: 'The Royal Navy's Contribution to the Gallipoli Campaign of 1915', it examines primarily the roles played by Churchill and Fisher, and has subsequently won First Prize in the Open Competition).

Following a lively discussion, a tour of the splendid Gallipoli Museum was made before a delicious lunch after which we crossed the Dardanelles by ferry to Eceabat for the military study.

Lieutenant-Colonal Tarr discussed the Helles landings and the battles for Krithia (now Alcitepe) with his audience sitting in a Turkish trench overlooking V Beach and the crumbling fortress of Sedd-el-Bahr. An opportunity was taken to walk down to the beach itself (past Beach Cemetery), where one is able quite easily to visualise the River Clyde and the troops gallantly attempting to effect a landing on that all too narrow stretch of

sand. The party then moved across the Peninsula to Anzac Cove, where Major Mathews told us of the Anzac landings.

Sunday the 24th April was spent in presentations of the battles at Anzac (Colonel Harms at Quinn's Post) and Major Mathews discussing the Suvla operations. We were joined by General Tekim Ariburun, whose father was killed fighting alongside Mustapha Kemal (Ataturk) at Anzac (Ariburnu) in June 1915. (The name Ariburnu was given to the family by Ataturk as an honour after the campaign).

The General is a keen student of the campaign and I was fortunate indeed to have been able to discuss many aspects of the campaign with him (and Admiral Gurcan) while conducting research last year. General Ariburun has spent many years erecting a monument to his father's memory at the exact spot where he was killed on the Turkish side opposite Quinn's Post.

The party had been afforded the honour of joining the Australian and British Ambassadors and their wives for the Anzac Day ceremonies.

Following a rendezvous at Eceabat, in the company of John Harris, the newly-appointed Commonwealth War Graves Local Supervisor and his wife we proceeded to lay the first wreath at the new Turkish memorial overlooking the waters of the Dardanelles. From there we made the short journey to the Cape Helles Memorial, where the British Ambassador laid a wreath. We then drove across the Peninsula to Anzac and wreaths were laid at the New Zealand Memorial (at the Nek), and at the Australian Memorial at Lone Pine. The weather afforded magnificent views of Suvla Bay and the Salt Lake.

A delightful picnic lunch was taken at the Anzac Rest House, situated at Anzac Cove. This marked the completion of the ceremonies and of our short campaign study. Thanks must go to Colonel Harms and his team for the excellent arrangements and for a most enjoyable and beneficial weekend.

Allan Burgin
C P O Royal Navy
(873 AM)

LOST ENDEAVOUR
THE 'COBBERS'

By Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus 2 Div (167)

(Continued from number 41)

Some two hours later three friends of the dead Staff Sergeant came to carry his body away. As I'd finished my two hours sniping duty, and feeling a bit responsible for the whole business, I offered to make the fourth man, and between us we carted him away with the laudable intention of carrying him to an improvised cemetery that had just been started, about a mile away. It was a very hot afternoon and after some 200 yards or so over this rough and broken country, one of the Aussies who had been the Staff Sergeant's closest friend back home, decided ' one place is as good as another once you're gorn' - so in a tuck of the ground sheltered from rifle fire we laid our burden down and scratched out a shallow grave. A good hour's sweating work it was too, punctuated all the time by homely Aussie expressions of grief and regret and maledictions on the hot sun that scorched our labouring bodies. Alongside us and indifferent to the proceedings, the cause of all our labours lay stiffly, his wide-open eyes coldly watching us with the baleful malevolence of the dead. Whenever I looked at him I seemed to detect in those immobile marble eyes, a frightening malignity.

'An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on High
But oh! more horrible than that
is the curse in a dead man's eye'

In between his labours of digging, the dead man's pal continued with his lamentations. 'How I'm going to face old Jack's Mum back in Sydney, I just don't know'. 'Her last words to me, Tommy, afore we left, were 'Keep an eye on him, wont you' 'He's a bit headstrong. Promise me you'll keep an eye on him'. He gave a deep sigh and rested from

his digging for a time , squatting on his haunches and regarding his dead pal.'You was always a cocky bastard wasn't you, Jack' he said kindly and wagged his head reproachfully.

It was a macabre scene - this bare-headed big live Aussie - his sun-browned torso glistening with sweat, squatting alongside his indifferent dead pal and carrying on a reminiscent monologue of old times together. 'Remember that sheep farmer, Jack, who tried to gyp us of the week's pay he owed us for shearing and the way you held him upside down to empty his pockets. And then the way you chucked him into the sheep-dip trough after. I thought I'd a'died laughing'. Chuckling reminiscences like this went on for a few minutes - and I sat and watched 'em - an interested spectator of these two Aussies - the live and the dead - in comradely communion. Somehow, death doesn't seem to have the same dreadful sad finality among the irreligious soldiery as it does with their more religious brethren. It's more as if one of their gang had been posted away on detached duty. Maybe it's this attitude that enables them to survive, while still keeping their sanity, the daily harvest of the Grim Reaper. Or maybe it is that in the blind ignorance of the teachings of religion itself, they've stumbled accidently on the real truth of the matter. I dunno.

Then I blurted out what I considered to be my own share of responsibility for this tragedy.But the dead man's pal laughed this aside 'You don't think, do you Tommy, that an Austry-lian boy is going to let any Pommie bastard stop him doing what he wants to do?" Switching suddenly to serious and solemn vein - 'Well, I guess we'd better do old Jack the honours' and we laid him in his shallow grave.

Then the Aussie unstrapped his wide-brimmed feathered slouch hat from the top of his pack, straightened out some of the creases and knocked a cloud of dust off it before solemnly donning it - stood alongside the grave for a few seconds,then

just as solemnly doffed it. The proprieties of interrment thus duly observed and completed to his satisfaction, he said 'I suppose someone should say a bit of a prayer'.'Any of you blokes know any - I've forgotten all mine' There was a shuffle of denial from the other two Aussies, so I volunteered the Lord's Prayer, wondering at the time how many others from this place had gone to meet 'Him, which art in Heaven' - and armed with no more letters of introduction than this brief prayer. Then we filled in the space above the dead Aussie, and yet another hump appeared on this sacred ground of lost endeavour.

The other two Aussies were mostly silent and didn't say much except for an occasional interjection of the soldier's favourite obituary - 'Poor Bastard'.

The dead man's pal raised the point of marking the grave with something - 'a bit of a cross or something'. I thought of all the other 'little bits of crosses' scattered all over the Peninsula, in all sorts of odd places - little packets of soldier bones clamouring for immortality by means of little wooden crosses, crudely fashioned from pieces of biscuit-box wood, and with their identities scrawled in indelible pencil that the rains had by now smeared into indecipherable smudges and said 'Did it matter much?'.

But this great big hunk of sunburnt Australian manhood was genuinely and sentimentally shocked. 'Did it matter much? There's a little lady back in Sydney, Tommy, I've got to face when I get back. How can I tell her her boy's in an unmarked grave?' He seemed appalled at my callousness. One of the other Aussies begged a bit of wood from a cookhouse some distance away and returned in triumph, and with our bayonets we cut some sticks of wood and with the aid of a spare bootlace, fashioned a rough cross and pegged out our dead man's claim to immortality. With much licking of the stub of an indelible pencil he recorded the name of the dead

Staff Sergeant and stood back to admire his handiwork. 'That's better, old-timer - now I can tell yer Ma you're all tucked up nice and comfy'. 'How many 'ls.' in killed, Tommy?' I told him, also told him how to spell 'action'. As regards the date, we hazarded a guess, but the Aussie thought accuracy was of first importance, and after canvassing the opinion of a few chaps idly watching, we split the difference and settled for July 10th 1915. Even now, the Aussie wasn't completely satisfied. He'd still got some more of the stub of the pencil left and the urge for registering immortality was strong upon him. 'Shouldn't there be some other words after the name, Tommy? A sort of good wish? - 'Requiescat in Pace' I suggested. 'Come again, Tommy?' said the Aussie, puzzled. What's them letters they put after a bloke's name when he's dead?'- 'R.I.P.?' 'Yes, that's it Tommy, what's it mean?' - 'Oh! about the same I guess'.

So Staff Sergeant Ballantyne, through an unfortunate error in calligraphy became Staff Sergeant BALLANTYNE-RIP- which could cause all sorts of passport delays at the Final Frontier. Fortunately, the Feathered Frontier Guards in Shining White are well used to the vagaries of the Anglo-Saxon race, and no doubt all would be put right eventually.

One of the Aussies had some fags and we sat around a bit and smoked. Oh! blessed and mighty rare weed - how it mellowed us. Discussions ranged about the future life of Staff Sergeant Ballantyne-Rip. 'Wonder what it's like up there' said the talkative Aussie, waving an arm vaguely skywards.

'Rum sort of place, from all I gather' one of the others said. 'Sitting around all day singing bleeding hymns and playing harps', 'praising God and all that mush'. 'What do you think Tommy?' the talkative one asked me. Startled, I had to admit that I didn't know much about it, but Sunday

School teaching memories seemed to corroborate the description already given. 'Much about like your mate says' I opined.

The Aussie appeared troubled. 'No Sheilas?' he asked. 'Sheilas?', 'Girls, bints' the Aussie explained impatiently. 'Ain't there none there?' And what about booze and fags, Ain't there none there too?' I said I didn't know but I thought not. Memories of childhood Band of Hope Temperance Meetings were still strongly with me, with drink as the Devil's Handmaiden.

The Aussie was pensive for a bit, then gave a long low chuckle. 'No Sheilas, no booze and no fags. Cor! I can just see old Jack's face when he finds out'. Then he corrected his unseemly merriment and said piously 'Poor old Jack, and as nice a bloke as ever you could wish to meet'.

(To be continued)

* * *

FURTHER THOUGHTS ON MY 'HOLIDAY IN LIEU'

(See number 40, page 19)

I recall that at one stage the surgeon told me that I was 'dead on schedule'. This called for thought, until I realized that it was meant to be reassuring.

The ranking of the operation is complicated by the nature of the job, which called for a general anaesthetic but ended with my departure from the nursing home and becoming a left tenant.

It is possible that some might consider there is a mis-spelt word in the title, bearing in mind the nature of the complaint.

E H W B

The 'know-all' on the town council, at a meeting to approve a suggestion that there should be a gondola on the lake in the local park. 'Well, if we must have a gondola, let's have two so that they can breed.'

LETTERS FROM THE LATE REV W F SCOTT Chaplain R N

Serving aboard H M S Agamemnon

(Continued from No 41 page 21)

My dear Father, March 28, 1915

We have been bombarding for about 2½ hours this afternoon, so I hope honour is satisfied for the time being and that Captain Tyler will let us have a little rest. (He has given us none at all since March 20th). Not that I can complain personally as I slept soundly through this afternoon's performance - after my night watches this morning and the morning before, particularly. It was a very dull affair, but no doubt it is all part of the war and in any case it is much better than Portland. We are really seeing a proper hard campaign and I daresay when we get the English papers we shall find that since our effort of a week ago (March 18th) the British Public has woken to the fact that however 'picturesque' our Expedition may be it is very far from being a picnic - nor is it likely to be finished in a few weeks - as one would infer from the accounts in the papers - I gather from a signal made by the Vice Admiral withdrawing the restriction which we were originally placed under with regard to references to the events of the 18th, in our own letters home, that the Admiralty have given the main details to the public, so here is my contribution to the literature of the moment.

The action of the 18th was the biggest thing of the war we have had yet. It was such a hot and dashing affair, as our own effort with the Lord Nelson - on the 7th of which you may have heard - but it was on a much bigger scale and lasted much longer, and was really far more trying; practically the whole fleet was engaged, it being, I believe, the biggest fleet (British) engaged since Trafalgar - No, I believe Algiers in 1816 was the biggest or at least as big. The general idea was that the first sea division - i.e. the Queen

Elizabeth, Inflexible. Agamemnon and Lord Nelson were to engage the nearer forts at the Narrows, with direct fire, and when they were more or less silenced the second division, consisting of the French squadron, Suffren, Gaulois and Bouvet were to close in at short range and finish them off. These were to be silenced after a couple of hours by a second British squadron, consisting as far as I remember, Vengeance, Irresistible, Ocean and Prince George, while they cleared the channel on the Asiatic side, through which we were afterwards to pass into Kephez Bay and there to engage the further forts of the Narrows.

A regular system of relief was arranged for the older ships - e g the Triumph, Swiftsure, Canopus. Albion, Majestic and Cornwallis were to take their turn after the second division. This was more or less necessary because the action was expected to begin about 9 a m (GMT) and continue until 7 p m or possibly later and also again at 4 a m on the following day. This meant that we were to be at it more or less consecutively from 9 a m to 7 p m and therefore had to be under 'armour'(?) the whole day - we taking our food with us, a la picnic. We got under way at about 7 a m (GMT). Ships have had a comparatively peaceful time for the first two hours. During that time we had prayers on the Quarter Deck and I read part of XCI Psalm. I stopped at the verse 'A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee! It seemed to me rather over-drawing it at the time to read it. During the day it was almost literally fulfilled in our case. We entered the Strait at about 10.30 a m, ships in line ahead Agamemnon leading, followed by Lord Nelson, Queen Elizabeth and Inflexible. We had an advance guard of four destroyers about a mile ahead of us and the other divisions of the Battle Fleet were disposed on either beam - slightly astern of us. About this time we were piped to our action stations under cover, but I stayed on deck a few minutes to make sure everyone was all serene

and then went below.

In addition to the advance force of destroyers we had a picket boat patrol - one for each ship with us whose business it was to spot and sink or explode floating mines that might come along. I suppose we went below about 10.45 ship's time and shortly after we were fired upon by howitzers from the shore, but I didn't think they hit us at all. However, howitzer's fire is never pleasant as there is no adequate protection against it from the armoured deck and my billet is above it. Lord knows why, but I felt in quite a funk for about five minutes, which is contrary to my usual custom, but I soon got over it, as I thought how much the chances were against this particular spot where I was being shot rather than any other - and also if it was, I reflected, it wouldn't matter much so I pulled myself together and went about my job and soon felt as cheery as possible - My job! I may explain, is of course, to look after and succour the wounded if there are any, and go about and encourage the men in various parts of the ship. The latter work is very interesting and rather essential. A large number of men are in reserve doing nothing. These include fire parties, working parties, blacksmiths, carpenters and a watch of stokers. These are all kept under protection as much as possible, but having nothing to do unless their particular job crops up, and seeing nothing, is rather trying to the nerves, so at the Commander's suggestion I go about from place to place, talking to them and giving them the news, which I get from the transmitting room or the director tower, and generally passing the time of day.

Most of us are quite cheery and happy but occasionally one finds a man or boy who feels the strain rather. A few have to be on the mess deck where there is practically no protection whatever from plunging fire, and I find they appreciate my being with them and going about. The Commander does the same. He is absolutely fearless and is splendid the way he goes about in action.

We had hardly arrived there before the news came that Irresistible had also been mined or torpedoed. I was rather inclined to think from what I had seen on deck that it must have been a mistake, reporting (Censored) as she seemed so little the worse for it- but it was not so at all. The Inflexible was struck I suppose, by a floating mine, I think on the port side forrard, by the torpedo flat, which was at the time full of stokers off duty who were put there for safety; forty-one in number and all killed. The (Censored) got off under her own steam but passed through some very critical times (Censored). However, I am glad to say that she is now patched up again and we shall soon be on our way to Malta to be properly docked.

(To be continued)

INFORMATION REQUIRED ON AUSTRALIAN NURSES

A lady in Australia writes asking if any members or others can assist her in connexion with a book she is writing on the Australian Nursing Service in the 1914-18 war. She writes: 'If you have any members who may know the addresses of these ladies to whom I may write, or the whereabouts of any papers (letters, diaries etc) to which I might have access, I would be most grateful to hear from them. As well, I am trying to contact any officers or men who may have been wounded or sick and were cared for by nurses (Australian and British) in the hospital ships or at Lemnos island, Malta, Alexandria or other places' and continues: 'This would include those who received Blighty tickets from France and Belgium. . . in fact the experiences of anyone wounded or sick.

Of course I would be glad to reimburse postage costs on any documents sent, and to ensure their safe and speedy return.' Please write DIRECT to Mrs M C Barker 'Owl's Dene' 69 Warrangi Street, TURRAMURRA 2074 NEW SOUTH WALES AUSTRALIA.

FILMING AT GALLIPOLI

Letter from N Anthony (796 AM)

I have recently returned from a filming trip of the Gallipoli battlefields. The following report might be of interest to readers of The Gallipolian.

Although I have visited the Gallipoli battlefields on previous occasions this visit was something of a novelty as the purpose was to make a 'TV This is your life' type of documentary.

With a producer, an interpreter, a lovely lady interviewer and a T V crew with their equipment the journey from Istanbul to Canakkale, where we made our base, was made by a hired minibus and it was here in Canakkale that we encountered our first taste of red tape.

Although he had been assured by the Turkish Embassy in London that everything was in order, the producer on arriving at Canakkale found that various official stamps were needed on various documents before filming could commence.

Although everybody from the governor down to the lowest official were charming, very near a whole day went before everything was cleared. After the interesting hour in the Officers' Mess at the Marine Barracks at Eceabat, where a major after piling us with cups of 'Ca' explained where we were allowed to film, we were turned loose on the Peninsula.

By this time we had acquired a Marine sergeant, a security guard and a member of the Turkish Conservation Board; as these were to travel with us daily an additional vehicle was hired. We started filming at Anzac but were surprised to find permission refused to film in the famous cove; indeed the whole Anzac coastline apart from a section in front of the Rest House was a no-go area as far as filming was concerned.

On the ridges no restrictions were placed in our way as long as the cameras were kept off the shore line. Monash, Quinns, The Nek, the Chessboard and Chunuk Bahr were filmed .

Some changes had occurred since my last visit.

The Turkish Memorial at Chunuk Bahr is now completed along with a picnic area by its side. More trenches have been cleared while in Anzac Cove some sand shifting work was in progress.

We had no difficulty in Morto Bay and no objections were placed in our way at V Beach apart from keeping our cameras off the old fort. At V Beach I found some disturbing changes taking place; building work is being carried out just above the beach while the cannon that lay on the shoreline has been removed. What a tragedy it would be if V were to lose its quiet dignity and character.

X and Y along with Gully Beach and Pink Farm were out of bounds as far as filming but we did trace the 'Daisypatch' and filmed it.

On my previous visits I had made friends in the village of Krithia and it was intended to film me drinking 'Ca' with them. Although there were no objections to the 'Ca' drinking, the people forming the background were hand-picked, all young and neatly dressed. No filming of the village, the museum or the schoolchildren who had gathered around was allowed and the whole scene lost a great deal of its character. I can only surmise that Krithia is not the image of Turkey that the Tourist Board wants to spread abroad.

We did not meet Mr. John Harris of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission but were given a great deal of help by his assistant Mr Vokan Suslouglo. How pleasing to see the Gallipoli Association shield on the wall of their new offices.

As on previous visits I found the people extremely friendly and always ready to help although of course, the language barrier presents some difficulty which one can get through with a little patience.

As always the Cemeteries left a deep impression so many men, so far from home, dare one say for what? (Krithia is now called Alcitepe.)



AT RED CLIFFS AUSTRALIA

At the annual service on Remembrance Day 1982 service at Anzac is remembered

One Anzac who marched that day was
BILL CARROLL
aged 91.

He is marked with an arrow.

(Photograph by courtesy of Mike Irwin)
(871 AM)

MIKE IRWIN (871 AM) writes:

Here in Red Cliffs (Victoria, Australia) I have just finished the grape harvest and we had the hottest season since about 1915; it was well over 80 degrees for all of February except for two days. Now it has rained for two days, the first decent rain since about 1981 so I still have about a quarter of my crop on the drying rack. The rain has been well received by the wheat farmers in this area as they did not sow a crop last year owing to the drought. It has not rained for five years in some areas just north of here until this week.

The Red Cliffs area was originally a W W 1 soldiers' settlement and about five hundred diggers took up grape growing blocks in about 1923 after clearing the scrub which took them two years. So in the early stages everybody was more or less related, many being Gallipoli veterans. It is probably safe to say that in the overall population of this district there are more Gallipoli men than in any other town in Australia. Now, all but about three of the originals have either moved or died. At present the community is about forty percent non-English speaking migrants, quite a lot being Turks of all people! Its ironic that from my back door, about half a mile away, is a bright blue house, now owned by a Turk. What would the old Light Horseman who lived there originally say?

There are about eighty thousand people of Turkish origin in Australia.

The Counsellor of the Turkish Embassy in Canberra said that when he was eleven he asked his father who were the best soldiers in the world. He was told, very proudly 'The Turks.' Asked who were the second best the answer was 'The Anzacs.'

(EDITOR: The author would like to correspond with U K members, possibly exchanging badges, books, etc. He knows little of <u>our</u> Gallipoli)

WITH THE ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION ENGINEERS
(Letters from Corporal David Gilbert,1st Field Coy)
(continued from number 39)

(To his mother, David Gilbert writes on May 23 1915)

We are getting a good lot of time to ourselves just now. The first fortnight we were very busy both day and night, but this week our work has been carried out mostly at night and we have the day to ourselves, during which we sleep, eat, read and dodge shells. The dug-out is very secure. To be out under shrapnel fire is about the worst thing I have experienced, and I hope I shall be as fortunate in the future as I have been up to the present. Almost the first experience we had under fire was the bursting of four shells over us, one after the other, as we were advancing over a field. It is a marvel to me that the whole company was not wiped out. The predominating feeling with me after each burst was one of amazement to find myself still standing. Since then, I have experienced several more doses, and the last one laid me on my back. That was last Monday. It is only a very slight injury and, except for the spot where the skin is broken, I am OK.

In spite of the Turks being in a strong position they will undoubtedly be driven out and beaten. It is a matter of patience.

The other afternoon we had a bathe in the Dardenelles (I only paddled because of my shoulder) Altogether we are having a good time, except of course, for the horrible business in which we are occupied.

(A week later May 30th,David writes to his mother;)

Last Tuesday our trenches were swamped with rain and we lay in our wet clothes all night. I caught a chill and have been suffering from it ever since. Last night my temperature was 101 but today it is down to 99 and I feel ever so much better, though I still ache a bit and feel pretty limp. How I longed for a soft bed you can well imagine.

My companions were sporty and made my bed as soft as possible, lending me spare blankets and even a mail bag was pressed into service.

You can imagine how I am looking forward to something tasty when I have only had 3 or 4 slices of bread and jam during the past two days. However, I am now well on the way to normal health, I am thankful to say and I hope that by the time I have got over the chill, my shoulder will be well enough to enable me to go on full duty.

Last Sunday a chaplain came up and we had a service in the trenches. He told us that he had only just been able to find us but now he had found us he hoped to come up every week. So that will be OK. He isn't my sort you know, but it's better than having nothing. One thing I must say, that he was absolutely a hero. For some reason or other the enemy seemed to make a mark of our camp to shell while the service was on and, while he made us all keep down in the dug-outs, he stood right up in a white surplice and never flinched, and some of the shells must have gone within 10ft of his head, to say nothing of stray bullets. He held a communion service and with the same courage he took the bread and wine round to each man, in his own trench, who wished to partake. We had an exhibition of bravery there.

During my indisposition you will be able to understand that my sleep was somewhat fitful and, being feverish, generally crowded with dreams. Most of these dreams were associated with home, and one in particular was the very limit of disappointment, for I woke up with the impression that I was lying in my bed at 5 Orchard Road and I turned over and saw the moonshine on my dug-out wall, and that was the end. (The following day he was sent to a rest camp and on Sunday June 6, embarked for Cairo, where he arrived on the 10th. Next day he writes from the Citadel Hospital:-)

I came on a hospital ship which was crowded with wounded as all last weekend there was terrific fighting going on and our losses are tremendous.

I had an awful time on the ship not being able to to get proper food or treatment, the doctors working 12 hour shifts.

My chief trouble was the responsibility of having to look after a fellow who came from the same temporary hospital with the same complaint, although much worse - he could scarcely stand. We landed at Alexandria yesterday and came on here by hospital train. Luckily the matron on the train noticed this other chap and took his temperature. It was nearly 105. She took him off my hands.

It is a treat to be between sheets, but I dream so at night-time. Last night I woke at least 20 times, I should think. Please excuse shortness of note, but I don't feel up to much.

(This was the last letter he sent, though he wrote one more, which remained unfinished on his writing pad. He died on Monday June 21,1915)

THAMES TELEVISION

Members will be interested to know that our Joe Murray (242) is programmed in the T V series: 'I simply can't see.' to be shown in the London area on the 1st September and in the Regions on the 15th September.

GALLIPOLI DAY PARADE AT BURY

The usual church Parade and march-past took place at Bury on Sunday the 24th April. In the parade Major George Horridge led for the veterans, followed by three others (non-members).

CHARLES ARTHUR BERESFORD

Would anyone with information on the above, Private, number 15174, of the 2nd South Wales Borderers, who enlisted at Newport, Wales and died on August 21st 1915, at the Battle of Scimitar Hill, Suvla please contact his grandson Professor Malcolm STEVENS, 10 Minister Brook Drive, Weatogue, Connecticut 06089 U S A Professor Stevens is 867 A M

THE GALLIPOLIAN BRINGS BACK MEMORIES

A good example of the way items in The Gallipolian evoke personal memories among members. A new Member, A J Bull (875) joined and received his Gallipolian number 41 in which the late (then) Trooper Godrich described how he had been court-martialed in the field. He, Bull had known of the incident at the time but this was the first reminder he had had of the occurrence, sixty-eight years ago.

OUR 'REPRESENTATIVE' IN AUSTRALIA

Sid Blythman (5th Wiltshire Regiment in 1915) may well be considered as our unofficial representative down under - he writes frequently and at nearly ninety-one he is a stalwart member (657).

He now writes about the recent (April 1983) annual ANZAC DINNER held on the 22nd April of the GALLIPOLI LEGION CLUB, NEWCASTLE LIMITED at which he was present. Of three Anzac veterans present he was the only Gallipoli veteran - the others served respectively in France and Egypt. The old veterans of the Club have given over to the WW2 veterans.

On occasions Sid is called upon to talk to school-children who ask him all sorts of questions and- he writes that he enjoys it all.

Sid has a connexion with A Standley (776AM) as the latter's father served in the same battalion (the 5th Wiltshire Regiment) as Sid at Gallipoli.

Members with long memories will remember seeing Sid's photograph, with an Anzac, in number 41, the Spring of this year, on page 33.

NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM

Reference was made in number 41 to the new permanent gallery at the above, on page 9. It is located in Royal Hospital Road, Chelsea and near the Royal Hospital (Chelsea Pensioners)

There was an invited pre-view on the 30th June and two of our members were able to attend as they live in London. They were: Stanley Parker Bird (Committee) 249 and Lt-Col Sir Joseph Napier (855). The Museum is now open to the public daily.

* * * *

GALLIPOLI 1915

By the late Lt-Col R F E Laidlaw - Royal Munster Fusiliers (518)

(Continued from Number 40)

A little later we were in the line again and Murphy, now again Sergeant, was put in charge of a sap, running about forty yards in front of the line at right angles to it. He had five men with him, with instructions to lie low during the day, but to bomb any advancing Turks, or Turkish patrols during the night and to stay until he was relieved.

Just before stand-to the following morning the Turks rushed us and, by sheer weight of numbers, got into the trench and forced us out. Most of the company got back to the support line and the flanks were held. The Turks were, therefore holding a bulge in our line. It was two days before we could muster the men for a counter attack. When we retook the trench, we heard some bombing in front and there was Sergeant Murphy with his five men, two of them now wounded, just where we had left him two days before. I had given them up for dead or prisoners, but he had carried out his orders exactly. He was relieved as soon as possible and brought in with his men. As he came in I said to him "Well done Sergeant Murphy'. 'Shure Sorr Johnny wasn't plazed wit me bombs' was all he said. When I had a look I saw, from the number of bodies lying round his post, that quite a large number of wretched Johnnies had not been pleased with his bombs. I have little doubt that had we been later Murphy and his men would have got out of it somehow, but they had no water left, precious few rations and their bombs and ammunition were low. That was the sort Murphy was and the whole battalion seemed to be men like him.

I spotted another fine man in the Company, he was foremost in any dangerous work going, volunteered for everything, was obviously educated and seemed to be well liked and looked up to by the men. I could not make out why he was only a

private and went to Nightingale, the Adjutant, to ask if he could be promoted. Nightingale said that he was afraid it was impossible, but would not tell me why. Later, he told the CO of my request and Geddes told me that the man, whom I will call X had been a Quartermaster Sergeant up to the Landing and had behaved well then and afterwards, but in early May, when the Turks had overwhelmed us in a counter attack, he had been found back on the beach, over a mile behind the line. Geddes was convinced that it was a moment's panic, following several days when they had no sleep or rest and were nearly all in but, of course, X had to be court martialled and was sentenced to death for cowardice in the face of the enemy. However, because of his previous good conduct and of the circumstances, his sentence was suspended and he was left to work out his own salvation if he could. Geddes was glad to have a good report on him, but it was too early yet to think of any promotion. I wondered that he had been left in his own battalion, but came to the conclusion that just as he obviously had Geddes' Sympathy and interest, so he had the sympathy of all those round him though nothing was ever said by anyone. The effect on him, however, must have been great and altogether helpful and I marvelled at the wisdom of an army which outsiders often looked on as quite soulless.

To finish X's story briefly. I lost sight of him when I left the battalion, but just before the war ended I met him at a Regimental reunion. He had quite recovered himself, had been commissioned and was then a temporary Captain and wore four very good decorations. I do not think he ever knew that I knew his history or what a fine one it was. I greatly admire a man who can make good as he did, after a bad start.

One of the saddest things I saw on the Peninsula concerned two platoons of the Royal Scots. The Royal Scots were the only territorial battalion in the 29th Division, the rest were all Regular battalions. Yet the Royal Scots were looked on as every bit as good as Regulars and were greatly admired by

the rest of the Division.

One day a week or two before I had arrived, two platoons of them, each about 30 strong, had been ordered to attack a part of the Turkish trenches in their front. The attack was to be on either side of a disused sap. The Turkish trench was only some 60 yards away. What was not known in the absence of aircraft, was that the part of the trench they had been ordered to take was a redoubt, with some eight or ten machine guns mounted in it. The Turks let them come forward some 20 yards and then opened up with all their machine guns at point blank range. Not a man in the two platoons escaped. When I arrived they were still out there in the open. two straight lines of dead, each platoon with its officer two paces ahead of it. They could not be brought in, it was death to go near them by night or day. Some of the bodies were lying, some kneeling bowed over, one or two miraculously standing. They slowly mouldered away, a monument to courage combined with good drill and discipline and to a senseless waste of young and good lives. But they died to save others for no other such blind attack was made.

Often, attacks had to be carried out without any artillery preparation, some times because of the short distances between the enemy's trenches and our own, sometimes because of the lack of ammunition for the guns. A battery of 4.5 or 6 inch Hows was dug in not far in front of Sedd-el-Bahr and didn't fire a shot for weeks as all its recoil springs had broken and there were not any spares. Artillery shortages in Gallipoli were unbelievable, even in those days, and that is where France scored over us heavily, there was no lack of artillery there. The Turkish guns, particularly their 'pip-squeaks' and the mobile guns on the Asiatic side, appeared to be well supplied with ammunition and never missed any chance. 'Slippery Sam' and 'Asiatic Annie' the two big guns on the Asiatic side which were mobile and were believed to be mounted on railway trucks, made themselves particularly obnoxious at all times. They were

very keen on shelling the foot of the Peninsula and all the dump camps and resting places there, and appeared to have great fun in shifting the supply vessels unloading off shore. They had very good observation and if a supply ship came in too close, Slippery Sam and/or Asiatic Annie would soon point out her mistake. Often we saw a long line of ten or a dozen ships busily unloading into lighters three or four miles off the western shore. Then Sam or Annie would wake up and start shelling systematically firing at the end ship in the line until she fussily steamed away out of range, and then shifting their aim to the next until she left hurriedly too, and so on right down the line. We never saw either gun actually hit a ship, but they made the landing of stores much more difficult and the lighters' trips far longer than they need have been. Our ships were constantly trying to hit both guns, but they never fired more than a few shots from the same place and, to get a shot at them, the ships had to sail into the mouth of the Dardanelles, or a little way up the channel and that gave the Turks' guns on both sides plenty of opportunity of shelling them.

One of the vessels which was constantly going in to shell these guns was the Russian cruiser 'Askold'. She was extremely daring and was a great favourite with the troops. She had five white funnels and so was nicknamed 'The packet of Woodbines'. When she was in the Straits the men looked at nothing else, and her every move and every shell fired, by or splashing near her, was reported by hundreds of voices all down the trenches. She seemed to bear a charmed life and was a great morale raiser as were all the ships in the Naval actions constantly going on round us.

(To be continued)

Householder, at the front door and finding two young children apparently about eight or nine, asking if there are any 'odd jobs' they can do. Looks at his watch very noticeably and says: 'Come back again in five years time.'

GALLIPOLI 68 YEARS LATER

By Lt-Col M E Hancock M C - President

Those of us who know the background of the Gallipoli campaign, are sometimes rather surprised when people say 'Well, why did we ever take on such an enterprise'. There were good reasons for this. In August 1914, we were at war with Germany and in November of that year, Turkey joined Germany. As she was by far the weakest of England's enemies, a plan was made to force the Dardanelles, then to capture Istanbul (then called Constantinople) and open up the Sea of Marmara. That would enable us to get arms to our Ally Russia, for us to get wheat from Russia and it could have encouraged some of the Balkan States to come in with us against their hated rivals Turkey. It might have shortened the war by years.

Such was the strategy but the way in which the campaign was conducted is known to all.

\- - -

Last April, my son Michael and I found an opportunity-through his generosity - to visit Gallipoli, a thing I had longed to do for many years.

We made plans and were greatly helped in this way by John Harris, the Supervisor of the War Graves Commission on the Peninsula. We flew to Istanbul on Monday 19th April, staying that night at the Gezi Hotel. Next morning, we took delivery of a hired car which we would use for the next three days and proceeded to drive the 340 kilometres to a little place called Eceabat. This was to be our base from which we would visit the battlefields and war cemeteries. The road was very good from Istanbul, once we had extricated ourselves from the dense traffic, but my navigation was not up to the same standard, as we took a wrong fork somewhere along the route that led us on to a road which, becoming increasingly worse, finally came to a dead-end. Eventually we made it

after a 6-hour instead of a 5-hour journey. John Harris met us that evening at our rather 'basic' Ece Hotel and helped us to plan our next two days. He most kindly offered to take us in his Landrover to Suvla as he said that, although there was a tarmac road for a good deal of the way, there were rough tracks to be negotiated which our car could not cope with.

Next morning, Wednesday, Michael and I went to Cape Helles and on the way, stopped at Krithia, where we visited a museum, kept by a Turk who, over the years, had amassed a very remarkable collection of every kind of war relic. He had had to enlarge his own house to accommodate it all. I was thrilled to see amongst the cap badges, one of my own regiment, the Northamptons.

Arriving at Sedd-el-Bahr, rather a scruffy little village, we went up to the magnificent Helles Memorial. It was an impressive start to our journey. We were proud to see how beautifully it was kept by the Turkish gardeners, four of which, from the total staff of twenty, were working there when we arrived.

Next, we went to the Lancashire Landing cemetery which again was very well cared for and had been so well laid out with trees and shrubs forming a lovely background to the monument. This was the pattern which we found applied to all the thirty-one cemeteries on Gallipoli and is a fine tribute to the original architecture of these dignified memorials, each of which has a quiet, restful air about them.

After seeing the other cemeteries of Cape Helles, Pink Farm, Twelve Tree Copse, Skewbridge, V Beach and Redoubt, we returned to Eceabat.

Our hotel, the only one there, provided no food, so we took the short ferry trip across the Narrows of the Dardanelles to Canakkale where we found quite a good restaurant.

The next day, Thursday, was a memorable one for me as, with John Harris taking us in his Landrover we were able to get down to A Beach at Suvla,

where my battalion, the 1/4th Northamptons, had landed in the early days of August, 1915. It was rather nostalgic, but at the same time satisfying to be there once more after that distance of time. Although all the lower ground near Suvla had been well cultivated, I was able to trace the movements of the battalion immediately after the landing, until we got down to trench warfare at Hill 60. On the way there we visited all the cemeteries in that neighbourhood; Azmac, Hill 10, Lala Baba and Greenhill. All were immaculately kept and all with the same peaceful atmosphere.

It was on Hill 60, in 1915, that I had spent some eight weeks in the system of trenches which had originally been captured in mid-August by the New Zealanders, after bitter fighting, and it was here, too, that my battalion suffered so many casualties.

The Hill itself has changed very much in appearance now that the trees, planted by the War Graves Commission, have grown up, where there were no trees before. By means of searching outside the cemetery, amongst the still very rough and scrubby ground, I found the crater of a mine which had been exploded by the Sappers under the front line of the Turks' trenches. By retracing my steps some twenty-five yards back, I was then able to find the faint indentations of our own front line and of a machine gun post. That was an exciting but at the same time sobering thought to be at the scene once more of a stern struggle for existence. The memory came back to me of leading those parties of men, night after night, down the dry river bed of the Aghyl Dere to the beach to bring back the precious water ration on which we had to subsist.

The whole day was a wonderful and moving experience.

The next day Friday, we were due to return to Istanbul and starting in good time we visited those cemeteries on the forbidding high ground above Anzac. Of them all, the one which, to my mind, stood out from the others, was at Chunuk Bair, the scene of the final outcome of the campaign, where our troops were at last forced

back by the repeated counter attacks of the Turks and the battle for the Dardanelles was lost. The other cemeteries, on those historic heights, all made their own appeal and were all in stark contrast we thought, to the vast, bare and apparently shapeless mass of concrete which the Turks had put up for their own troops. Good fighters they certainly were, but they fought fair as I had known on at least two occasions.

Now the time had come to leave the Peninsula and return to Istanbul. We had a much better run than when we came and covered the 212 or so miles in five hours after a leisurely lunch at a petrol station-cum-restaurant.

We had planned to spend Saturday the last day of our visit, in Istanbul. This turned out to be very interesting for me as I was able to meet Capt. Ekrem Akomer, a retired Army Officer of 91. He speaks good English and lives in a flat all the walls of which are completely covered with photographs, mementos, certificates and goodness knows what. He had been a notable athlete and had been given awards by several countries for life saving. (He is one of our Honorary Members)

It was an extraordinary meeting for me, to be speaking, on the most amiable terms with a man who at our first 'meeting' had been trying to kill me and I him. It turned out that he had been at Suvla at the time I landed there and could quite easily have been within rifle range of each other.

It was arranged that, the next day, we would all go and call on the Consul-General at the British Consulate, where we had been invited, and this we did, Capt. Akomer then took us to the very spacious Officers' Club for lunch which we much enjoyed and then it was time for us to make our way to the Airport. We had a very smooth and enjoyable flight to Heathrow but again, cloud and mist prevented us from seeing anything much of the country we were flying over.

It was pleasant to enjoy the comparative comfort of Heathrow after the decidedly scruffy appointments at Istanbul, but our satisfaction

was somewhat dampened by having to wait three-quarters of an hour for a bus to Victoria Station, owing to repairs. However, the luxury of a civilised bed and mod.cons. to match were adequate compensation and we were both very ready for bed.

The next day - Anzac Day - we were a little perturbed to find it raining but, thankfully the morning cleared, the sun came out and we left Michael's club to walk to the Cenotaph 'properly dressed on parade.' The ceremony was simple and impressive, as usual. Twentyfour wreaths were laid, but it was a little disappointing that, for the second year, there were no troops on parade.

We then walked to Westminster Abbey for a lovely Anzac Day Service and I was glad to see that members of the Association had been given seats together.

After the service we had a considerable wait for the army bus, but this eventually took us to the Scots Guards Officers' Mess at Chelsea Barracks. This had again been arranged by Capt. Fagan to whom we are much indebted.

We had an excellent lunch at the end of which a Scots Guards piper came in playing a 'Lament' for our late President, Vice-Admiral Longley-Cook. It was very impressive and the piper followed this by playing a more lively air and was then rewarded by a 'Quench'.

A full account of the lunch and our subsequent AGM are given on pages 5-7 and in the Minutes issued separately.

From Mike Irwin (871) down under

A Light Horseman waiting for a mate of his to turn up on the corner of a street in London in 1916 as two old dears walked past, one saying to the other: 'There's one of those Australians'. Second old dear: 'How can you tell?' First old dear: 'By the kangaroo feathers in his hat.'



MEETING IN ISTANBUL
April 1983

Lt-Colonel Michael Hancock, our President, took the opportunity of meeting Captain Ekrem Akomer on the occasion of his short visit to Gallipoli and Istanbul just prior to the A G M on the 25th April.

Captain Akomer, now over 90, served with the Turkish forces at the Suvla battles and the two of them recalled that they might even have tried to shoot each other.

(Photograph by courtesy of R M S Hancock)
(848 AM)

THE BIRDWOOD WHISKY STORY

This story was sent to the editor by Sir Joseph Napier (855) and relates of course to the famous Anzac commander-in-chief.

The scene was the Anzac beach at Gallipoli. For some days there had been a hue and cry for General Birdwood's whisky which was 'missing'. A very young officer named Thorne was approached by Corporal Honeysett.

H: 'I've got to be evacuated!'

Thorne: 'Evacuated? No-one is being evacuated.'

H: 'Well, Sir, I got ter be. Somebody's pinched me false teaf and I cant eat ver biscuits and I'm starving.'

Thorne: 'What bloody nonsense; your false teeth wouldn't fit anyone else anyway..... now come on and tell me the truth.'

H: 'Well, Sir, your a bit of a sportsman... and if I tells yer the trufe yer wont split on me will yer Sir?'

Thorne: 'No, I won't split on you ... but come on and tell me what happened.'

H: 'Well, Sir, it was the General's whisky!'

Thorne: 'I don't see what General Birdwood's whisky has got to do with your false teeth.'

H: 'Oh yes sir it has. Me and me mates was bringing yer stores ashore wading fru ver sea an ve was carrying vis ere case of whisky so we decided to tie some string round wiv some long bits wiv corks attached to act like floats see? and drop it on ver sea bed...ven when it got nearly dark we waded out and each of us dived in turn to lift ver case off ver bottom , but when my turn came I took a deep bref and dived but I couldn't hold me bref..and I blew out me bloody teef.'

Some years later the story was told to the General who was highly amused.