THE GALLIPOLIAN

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GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



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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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CHAIRMAN & HON SEC & EDITOR of THE GALLIPOLIAN	Major E H W Banner TD**MSc Delphi Maresfield Park UCKFIELD East Sussex TN22 2HB (Uckfield) 0825 4949
HON TREASURER	D F Bland (AM) Torview 4 Ridgeway Close DORKING Surrey RH4 3AS (Dorking) 0306 885360
COMMITTEE	Captain D M Penrose TD S Parker Bird Major J F Ford Major A G Coulson MA LLB (AM) Keith Tranmer (AM) D A Pollard (AM) Captain C T F Fagan (AM)

HEARTY CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO ALL



PEACE OFFERING

THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION 1983

The dinner was held on the 29th September at the Royal Air Force Club, Picadilly, On entering the dining room members were presented to the Guest of Honour, His Excellency The Honourable W.L. Young, High Commissioner for New Zealand. The other official guest was Colonel A T W Duncan MVO OBE commanding Grenadier Guards.

At the start of the dinner the President, Lt-Col M E Hancock MC read out apologies for absence which had been received from His Excellency The Honourable Sir Victor Garland KBE the High Commissioner for Australia but who, unfortunately had been prevented from attending due to an official duty; Mr Winston Churchill MP; Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC, Past President; Captain Eric Bush DSO DSC RN, Vice President.

The President read out a message of Loyal Greetings that had been sent to H M the Queen, and read Her Majesty's gracious reply.

At the end of the dinner Major General J H A Thompson CB OBE accompanied by Colonel N A Ward-Jones VRD MA (823 AM) came straight from a Royal Marine function held earlier that evening. Major General Thompson had been invited to attend as a new Honorary Member. Colonel Ward-Jones handsomely provided a round of port after the coffee.

After the Loyal Toast had been drunk the President invited the Guest of Honour to speak. His Excellency said he had always been fascinated by the ANZAC story and although the main objective of the Dardanelles campaign had not been achieved, indeed the campaign had ended in a withdrawal, the courage of our men had not failed and the same indomitable courage of our men had been seen again and again in the Retreat from Dunkirk which was followed in due course by the North African landings in 1942. Again in recent times we witnessed the heroic campaign in the recapture of the

Falkland Islands - through sheer 'guts', dedication and skill of our troops - all these events epitomised the spirit of Gallipoli. We would always 'come again' - we were never defeated, and he was proud to be connected with the Gallipoli Association. His Excellency was loudly applauded, and our Chairman presented him with an Association tie.

Colonel Duncan then spoke and said he was pleased the Guards' Officers' Mess at Chelsea Barracks had been able to help in some small way. (See The Gallipolian No 42, page 5).

Major General Thompson (Major General commanding Training and Reserve Forces, Royal Marines) had a few words to say. He recalled that his uncle - a New Zealander - had been a trooper in the Wellington Mounted Rifles at the Anzac landing. He then read out the historic Order of the Day that had been sent out by General Sir Ian Hamilton to those taking part in the 25th April landings. He went on to say that the Gallipoli landings had been studied in detail and lessons learnt there had been applied in subsequent amphibious operations - in North Africa, Sicilly and the Normandy landings in World War II and, again, more recently in the Falklands campaign, in which, it will be recalled, Major General (then Brigadier) Thompson had been described as the 'man of the match' by Major General Sir Jeremy Moore (see The Gallipolian No.41, pages 5 and 15) General Thompson was then presented with a tie by Major Banner.

The President then gave the Chairman a bouquet as a presentation to Mrs Edgar Banner, the first Lady Honorary Member of the Association (see The Gallipolian No.42 page 17) to which Major Banner made a reply with an appropriate bouquet story.

The President then went on to thank the Chairman and Honorary Secretary and the Committee for all their hard work during the year.

Finally the President thanked the R A F Club for providing such an excellent dinner, the main course of which was Roast Turkey, and ended with the traditional Turkish Delight, and to the staff

for the way in which the meal had been served.

It was particularly nice that the President's son, Michael Hancock (848 AM) was present with his father, and it was interesting to hear about their recent visit to the Peninsula 'Galipoli 68 years later'. (see The Gallipolian No.42, pages 42-47).

Members were pleased to have Joe Murray (242) with them (see Thames TV item in The Gallipolian No.42 page 36). It was also interesting to meet Nevin Anthony (796 AM) who had been making a TV film of the Gallipoli battlefields (see No.42, pages 30 and 31.)

And so a happy reunion came to an end and it was nice in the way in which Members made us Associate Members feel 'as one' with them.

H J A Brooke (588 AM)

* * * * * *

Two tired but happy Gallipolians arrived back from their Annual Dinner, clutching a beautiful bouquet of roses and carnations, having spent an enjoyable evening with a lot of old comrades.

Ho! Ho! I thought, a peace offering, I wonder...? No, they were quite sober, John Ford having driven back from the R A F Club with Edgar as passenger and still with some way to go back to his own home.

As black coffee was not called for we made do with the usual cocoa, but on being told that the flowers were for me from members of the Association the cocoa tasted like champagne, or nearly!

Thank you all so much for your kindness, and as the first Lady Honorary Member I would like you to know how greatly I appreciate the honour of sharing in such gallant company and that I take great pleasure in the continuing success of the Association.

In his own inimitable way, Angus Scott, an artist friend, gives his impression of our two veterans arriving home after the Dinner. (See page 3)

Vicky Banner

ANNUAL DINNER
OTHER OFFICIALS INVITED BUT UNABLE TO ATTEND

Lt-Colonel M I E Scott D S O cmdg 2 Scots Guards
Sir Arthur Hockaday K C B Director-General
British Commonwealth War Graves Commission
Mr T H Gee H M Consul General Istanbul
Vice-Admiral Mosneron Dupin French Naval Attaché

OLD FRIENDS

Shortly before the Dinner I telephoned to some members I know but have not seen for some time to ask if they would be coming along. One call was answered by the member's wife or daughter, saying that he was lying down; could she help? On stating my object she said rather doubtfully: 'He doesn't go out much these days, and even less at night' ending almost apologetically: 'He is ninety-seven.'



Major Banner receives the bouquet on behalf of Mrs Banner
(Photograph by Cdr H J A Brooke (588 AM)

NEW MEMBERS (At 9 November 1983)

In the original printed journal, this section of page 8 and a section of page 21 contain names and full addresses of new members, and also address amendments.

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

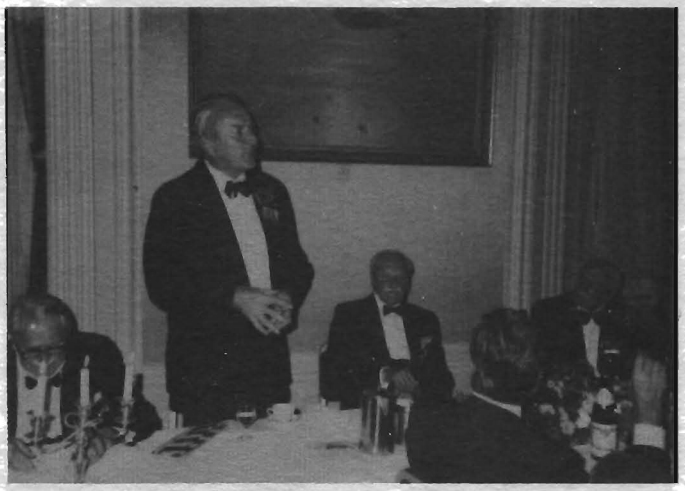
OBITUARY (At 9 November 1983)

With deep regret the following names are recorded

D R Kempton (2 RF London R)	(660)
Cdr C Drage RN (HMS London)	(25)
F G Holvey (RND Plymouth Div)	(551)
A Meadowcroft (RND 63 Medical Unit)	(224)
Major P D Mullholland MC (D of WellingtonR	(498)
W A J Parnham (RM attd 29 Div)	(116)
A W Hall (6 S Lancs R 13 Div)	(746)
W E Young OBE (15 ASC 2 Australia Div)	(810)
Capt Stuart Hibberd MBE BA (5 Dorset R)	(549)

WALTER (WALLY) YOUNG OBE (810)

An Anzac who served at Gallipoli has died aged 91 at his home in Australia. He was mayor of Newcastle from 1940-42 and had served on the Council for many years. He began a motor firm in 1932 which became the General Motors dealership Young and Green Pty Ltd. For eight years he was the President of the Newcastle Branch of the Royal Empire Society and he was a life member and patron of the district Bowling Association. He was a personal friend of Sidney Blythman (657) who has sent this information from an Australian newspaper.



H E The High Commissioner for New Zealand
The Honourable W L Young speaks
(Photograph by R M S Hancock (848 AM)



Major General J H A Thompson speaks
(Photograph by R M S Hancock (848 AM)



Major General J H A Thompson receives a tie
(Photograph by R M S Hancock (848 AM)



His Excellency speaks
(Photograph by R M S Hancock (848 AM)

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

by Charles Watkins (6 Lan Fus 42 Div) (167)

If Gallipoli had never happened I'd never have had the good fortune to be a member of this special Gallipoli Brotherhood of ours. And I'd never have met this tinker chap - this rabid lover of the English countryside - and of the Kentish countryside in particular. In my conceit - the insufferable conceit of the very young - I had thought I was the only person specially selected by God to really appreciate this Kentish countryside. That was, until I'd met this tinker chap.

I think it was Sir Walter Scott who best said it - about the love of one's own country:

> 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said
> This is my home - my native land' ... etc.,

This love of the countryside - it's something you've got - or you haven't got. If you've got it, it's a bit like first falling in love except that this Love of the countryside persists with increasing intensity, making everything else seem of secondary importance. All Nature seems to combine to produce a masterpiece of perfect harmony - the sweet smell of the grass and flowers, the hum of the bees, the tinkling notes of hidden streams, bird songs, the incredible and artless beauty of the trees, the gentle breeze rustling the ripening corn fields into rolling waves of gold. All this, and more, I learned from this tinker. Not that he was very articulate - but some chaps don't seem to need the gift of words - he breathed and exuded his passionate love of England in every pore of his skin. I guess that some of you yourselves have met chaps like this - men who don't need to say a lot - or can't - but who in some mysterious way seem to convey everything they feel by some magic telepathy.

A simple, unassuming sort of bloke - this tinker chap. They're a dying race today - in fact probably quite extinct now, for who wants to have a kettle or pan mended, or scissors ground and

sharpened when you can buy these darned things so cheaply in the stores. But years ago tinkers were a fairly common sight - picturesque, untidy little men, fiercely independent, who carried on their trade quietly, giving offence to no one. Ex some Lancashire regiment, he'd served on Gallipoli until he 'bought' one in the August offensive, but he stuck it out in other Middle East theatres of war until the end, when he was finally invalided out and with the usual miserly pension for his disability of a few shillings a week. Before the war he worked in some dim and unhealthy trade connected with tinning - close confined work in a badly lit and badly ventilated backroom. The war over, he decided not to go back to that life again. Like he said, 'Well mate, after all that fresh air and Middle East sunshine - well, y'know yerself, mate, how a man feels when he gets back to Blighty.' So he decided to roam around for a bit, finally coming down to Kent where he stayed, getting his living as a travelling tinker, mending kettles and pans, etc., a craft for which his previous trade training had given him a certain dexterity - canvassing the housewives in the villages in his own particular 'pitch'. 'Love every minute of it, I does, mate. England's a bloody good place to see when yer travels around - the countryside - and all that - bloody lovely it is. Beats me why other folk don't wander round more and see it. I guess they must be bleedin' blind.'

I'm glad I met him. I met him quite by chance when I was living in Canterbury just after the First War. This tinker chap wasn't the only one who had fled, appalled from his previous occupation. The muck and grime of old Lancashire and after some 4½ years of the Middle East, shocked me, so I moved on to Kent and settled in Canterbury. Why Canterbury? Oh! It was just pure chance - a flying visit to an old wartime chum in Tunbridge Wells - an invitation to see a bit of Kent before settling down again in Lancashire. Not that I got much chance of seeing Kent in that short week-end, especially as it poured with rain the whole time. That didn't worry us too much - it's always fine weather in the

Saloon Bar. But before leaving for home, he pressed me to have a look at Canterbury - told me I'd find it a bit different from looking at factory chimneys. It was still raining hard when I arrived rather late in Canterbury in the evening, and I was fortunate enough to find good digs - just under the shadow of the ancient and historic Westgate Towers, but the next day and for the following fortnight the kindly gods - and with sly humour, must have conspired together to bring about my complete undoing - faultless sunny days, soft balmy nights heavy with the scent of blossom and the green, green grass of England. There's no scent in all the world like it. Those of you who know Kent need no eulogy from me to extol its unbelievable charm just after the First War - and especially to an ex-Lancashire mill-hand. I couldn't believe it was real. All counties have their own especial appeal but it so happened I had stumbled on the Kentish countryside - and Canterbury - about Maytime - the blossom laden orchards, the bronzed faced land girls training the hop vines around the hop poles - oh! there's no end to the catalogue of enticing charms of this countryside. For me it was a case of total seduction by this corner of Paradise and I never tired of exploring its charms. It was one evening later in June that I'd met this tinker chap just on the outskirts of the city, attracted by the makeshift little tent and the glow of his little bivouac fire. There's no need for me to tell any other old soldier how a little camp fire pulls you towards it like a magnet - or maybe it's a hangover from the cave days. So I stopped and we chatted. Those were the days - before TV and radio had battered us into a state of moronic imbecility - they were the days when men found their pleasure in talking to their fellow men. So we talked, and smoked, and talked and talked till the stars came out and all the time his wife - or woman - brooded anxiously over him like a hen over a sick chick - especially when he got an extra bad fit of coughing. It seems a bit of Turkish shrapnel had done his lung a bit of no good but he shrugged it off as of no importance - this persistent cough of his. In an indiscreet moment I remember asking

him didn't he want something better than what he was doing, but his reply silenced me. It was one of those soft balmy June nights where everything seemed to hang quivering halfway between heaven and earth - the sort of nights you only get in an English summer. The chimes from the distant Cathedral bell Harry tower echoed on the night air, soft as a Gregorian chant, and emphasising still more the ecclesiastical tone of this ancient and beautiful city of Canterbury. He drew a deep sigh and after a time said solemnly, 'Can there be owt better in the world than this?' Then he gave a merry laugh and added, 'I reckon God Himself spends his annual holidays round these parts.'

So I 'hushed my big mouf' and listened while he talked, and talked. All about his every day roaming the lanes and by-ways, soaking up the beauty of England like a sponge. Occasionally his talking would be interrupted by that goddamned cough of his and the woman moved to put some more wood on the fire. 'What the hell did you do to him out there?' she said to me angrily. 'A right strong young fellah he was afore he went out there, and now...' And she gave a deep sigh that seemed to come up right from the bottom of her battered and worn shoes.

'Wanted to live all his days' the tinker told me, 'doing nothing else but what he was doing now.' And when he died, he said, he wanted to die - not in a hospital bed, but where he could see his beloved land for the last time. I try to recapture his sentiments in the following poem(!) - (and may God and my fellow Gallipolians forgive me !!)

Just take off my coat and fold it
And prop it high under my head
And sit by me there, and wi' your hand in mine,
Just sit by me there...till I'm dead.
Nay don't fret yerself, lass,
And don't pipe yer eye.
This way I wanted to die.
A'top of this hill, and under a tree,
Where all around me I can see

This dear, dear land of England.
The hedges an' farms and fields by the score
An' the long winding roads, an' the woods and the streams,
The parks an' the manors - the Gentry's abodes.
An' see the white smoke curl up from cottage and inn...The littler dwellings o' men and their kin.
I've roamed every by-way and lane to the end
Wi' my scissors to sharpen and kettles to mend.
..All this 'as bin my 'pitch'..as far as yer eye can see,
An' belongs only to England...an' me.
What! crying, lass? Nay - don't weaken like that.
It's bin a good life .. an' I've bin kinda lucky wi' you as a wife.
I've 'ad ups and downs .. and a good share of fun,
Tho' I've done many things I didn't oughter 'ave done.
But I've learnt on my 'pitch' all the Rules of the Road,
Like... 'elping a bloke when he's down.
An' learnin' to carry my share of the load.
...that a frown and a scowl ain't worth not the half of the worth of a smile
In helping a bloke to do the Last Mile.
An' I've learnt that these things, an' some more now an' then,
Are part o' the strong golden friendship of men.

It ain't much, I agree, but it('ll 'elp me, mebbe
When I goes up aloft and I stands before ..Him.
..When I stands, cap in hand.. an' a shufflin' my feet ...and remembring my sins,
An' his welcome won't seem half so grim.
He'll frown .. maybe clout me a bit ...
Then He'll gimme His hand.
And say 'Damme, yer naught but a tinker,
Yer didn't understand.'

YOUR EDITOR IS IN NEED
of your short accounts for these pages. What did really happen when . . ? Why did the RSM. . ? and how did that . . ? For one or two pages.

SUBSCRIPTIONS 1984
AND
(for the fifty or so Members who have not yet paid ---1983)

The Annual rate due on 1st January is £3 for Members and Associate Members.

Thanks to the efforts of the President we have been fortunate in receiving support from outside sources during the year. Had it not been for this transfusion and for the generosity of certain members in making donations, issues of The Gallipolian could well have been reduced to two, so PLEASE make prompt payment to the Treasurer (see page 2) and if you have given a Bankers Order please check to see that it is for the right amount.

DFB

The treasurer's work is not always appreciated. While the basic work is more or less routine and carried out with pleasure, a lot of wasteful time is taken up in chasing members who are in arrear with their subscriptions. All such work is not only non-productive but is wasteful of postage. Members can help in a practical way by seeing that their subscriptions are paid promptly. A Bankers' Order form is available on request.

EHWB

One of our non-European allied troops was ill and went to see the M O at the transit camp. He was asked: 'Which doctor?' as there were always two on duty, a physician for illness and a surgeon for accidents. The patient became very alarmed and yelled in some terror: 'No, No, not witch doctor. Me want real doctor.'

SUVLA

By the late Sgt E V Godrich (Worcs Yeomanry (122)
Concluded from number 41.

Jack Goodson was our first sick man, he fell ill with fever and filed away to the beach. I heard afterwards from him that he went straight on to the Aquitania and was in 'Blighty' in five days! Some luck, that. George Field followed; he had dysentery and went to Malta. Philip Everitt next got shipped to Egypt. Shorty fell ill with jaundice and was taken off and my turn soon came. I had a horrible attack of typhoid, I fought against it for five days and never left my dugout but had to give in, feeling more dead than alive. I am sure I should never have made it, it was about two and a half miles to the hospital, if it had not been for my good friend George Smith who half carried me there, after going before a doctor and having a label stuck on me. I went on board a barge with about twenty other men, all like myself, unable to stand. We were towed out to a hospital ship the Neuralia which was lying about half a mile from the beach. The first thing we did was to go below and get into a warm bath. I stripped and pushed all my clothes through a port-hole to make sure I should never wear them again, for after six weeks in those filthy trenches everyone was covered with vermin. An orderly gave me a suit of pyjamas and soon I was between some beautiful white sheets which seemed to me to be as near to heaven as I had ever been before.

So ended my stay on that slaughter ground, Gallipoli. Although it is now many years since I was there the memory will never fade.

TIES AS PRESENTS FOR GALLIPOLIANS

THE ROYAL NAVY AND GALLIPOLI

By CPO A Burgin (873 AM)

At the outbreak of war in August 1914 the British fleet was at its zenith. The transformation from complacent slumber-effectively since Trafalgar - into intense activity and rethinking was largely due to Admiral Lord Fisher of Kilverstone. His first tenure as First Sea Lord (1904-10) witnessed many major reforms. The highlight (in 1905) was the completion of H M S Dreadnought and, in 1906, the Invincible class of battlecruiser. The relationship between Fisher and the First Lord of the Admiralty, Winston Churchill, is critical to the understanding of what was to become known as 'forcing the Dardanelles'. The two had first met in 1907, and from this meeting started a remarkable love-hate friendship. Fisher was, at the age of 73, still 'bubbling over with ideas', and this clearly greatly influenced Churchill in his decision to restore Fisher as First Sea Lord in October 1914, following the disagreeable resignation of Lord Louis Battenburg. But Fisher was in many ways an impossible colleague; the two were both bent on an autocracy, and eventually proved to be totally incompatible under the same Admiralty roof.

Initially, the war at sea was a series of setbacks for the Royal Navy. With Admiral Cradock's defeat by Von Spee off Coronel, and the sinking of three British cruisers (in broad daylight in the North Sea by a single German submarine with great loss of life) the nation became at first disconcerted and then angered. Churchill had at his disposal the mightiest weapon of war - apart from the German army - in the world. The prospect of it being inadequately employed was alien to his restless temperament.

By the end of 1914, the British army had suffered horrifying losses on the Western Front, and it became clear that an alternative strategy to a war of attrition in France was required. Fisher, Lord George, Hankey and Churchill were the most

prominent exponents of attack elsewhere than in France or Flanders. Churchill was thinking of using British strength (and particularly sea power) in another, more decisive manner than 'to chew barbed wire in Flanders'. This shift of opinion in the War Council coincided with a plea for assistance from the Russian Grand Duke Nicholas, calling for a British 'demonstration' to relieve the pressure of Turkish forces in the Caucasus. Kitchener, after abandoning his first choice of an attack on Alexandretta (ironically because of inadequate harbour facilities) suggested that the Dardanelles would be ideal for such a demonstration.

The idea of forcing the Dardanelles was first raised by Churchill at the end of August 1914, and on the 1st September he requested that the General Staff - in conjuction with two officers from the Admiralty - propose 'a plan for the seizure of the Gallipoli peninsula, by means of a Greek army of adequate strength, with a view to admitting a British fleet to the Sea of Marmora'. The report of the Director of Military Operations (Lt-General Callwell) was far from optimistic, but Churchill was eager to pursue the idea. But why should he now be considering forcing the Dardanelles with ships? (In March 1911, he had written in a Cabinet memorandum that the days of forcing the Dardanelles by warships were gone.' It should be remembered that it is no longer possible to force the Dardanelles, and nobody would expose a modern fleet to such a peril'). His subsequent evidence to the Dardanelles Commission in 1916 emphasizes the extent to which he, and in fairness many others, had been deeply impressed by the effect of modern artillery bombardment on the Belgian forts.

The Dardanelles fortifications, which extended on both shores from the Aegean to the Narrows, were based on three groups of defensive positions. The outer Defences consisted of batteries at and around Sedd-ul-Bahr and Kum Kale, with a total of 4 long-range and 20 medium-range guns. The inter-

mediate Defences were between the Entrance to the Dardanelles and Kephez Point, and at that stage comprised 7 medium-range guns in two batteries, and one or two field batteries.

The first mines were laid in the Dardanelles on the 3rd August 1914. The Inner Defences at the Narrows consisted of approximately 80 guns, of which only 8 were long-range. Before September 1914 the distribution of guns and batteries was poor, and the guns, groundand equipment were inadequate.

(to be continued)

OUR TURKISH FRIENDS

Captain Ekrem Akomer, now 91, came into our orbit in 1957, before the Association had been envisaged, while I was on a tour-holiday with some friends in Greece and Turkey. He was then a local celebrity with international contacts world-wide.

His position in the Turkish Veterans Union is that of Director of Protocol.

Our other friend, who died a few years ago, was General Aran whom I met when out there again in 1965. When the Association held a pilgrimage there in 1971 General Aran most kindly provided army transport for us; Colonel Hanci was put at my disposal, with a transport section and this made it possible for members to make direct visits to any place on the Peninsula, instead of the usual coach with everyone going in a bunch. He also laid on the Turkish ceremonial parade in Taxim Square when we laid our wreath at their Independence Memorial. Both these officers became Honorary Members of our Association.

When I knew that Lt-Col Hancock was going to visit the Peninsula and Istanbul earlier this year I suggested to him that he might usefully meet Captain Akomer, which he did (See number 42, page 47)

Unfortunately he has not yet been able to be our guest at dinner. Regretfully our prestige does not carry sufficient weight with British Airways to provide him with an air ticket, as he hopes.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS



THE LISTENING PATROL

Breathless and silently out in the night
  Treading their steps to the foe
Weary and worn with the day's madding fight
  Cover to seek as they go
Coolly and carefully scanning the ground
  Braving the enemy's fire
Should he advance in the darkness around
  Theirs but slight hope to retire
Watchful and listening now three men lie
  Ears of their comrades behind
Weary no more for a strength that is high
  Comes soul and body to bind
Shadows of fantasy enemies grow
  Bushes lurk death as they sway
Rustlings of sound seem the breath of the foe
  Stealthily creeping their way
Slowly and labouring Time in his gait
  Till with the dawning of the light
Three men win back to their comrades who wait
  Back from the long lonesome night

DON'T BE AWKWARD

By Harry Moody 5 Connaught Rangers (233)

Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top,
Who put her there, Mother or Pop.
T'was not very nice (between you and me)
To put a dear baby on top of a tree!
But You and I think, t'would be better all round
To leave darling baby - safe on the ground!

Little Miss Muffit thought she would snuff it!
When she spied the big spider beside her.
But tho' it sounds cruel, she emptied her gruel
On the spider, the beastly outsider!

Hi diddle diddle, 'twas only a fiddle
About cows jumping over the moon!
The dog may have laughed, but we think its daft
For how can a dish and spoon spoon!

Old Mother Midge went to the bridge
To get her poor dog some meat
But all that was there, was a lot of fresh air!
So the poor dog missed a treat!

When Jack and Jill went up the hill
They promised that neither would tell
With love so sublime, they were a long time
And they brought back some water as well!

SONS, GRANDSONS, NEPHEWS and others

Within the next ten years or so there will be no veteran members able to roll up for reunions. Now is the time for Members' relations to join in order that the spirit of the Association shall sustain.

In some cases such relations have joined in a burst of enthusiasm, then, alas, have fallen out. To date one hundred and twenty-four have joined and nearly one hundred are still in membership.

WHILE MEMORY LASTS

By Lt-Col M E Hancock M C (Northamptonshire R)
(Continued from number 41) (731))

After another short spell of sick leave I was posted, on light duty, to the training Battalion. It was stationed at Halton Camp near Aylesbury. Later, this camp was to become an important RAF Station, but at that time only a small sector of it was used by the Royal Flying Corps as it was then known. The Battalion's job was to train recruits up to the point when they were ready to be drafted to Battalions in the field, and in a way, this was rewarding work.

Except for not taking part in route marches I was now able to cope with this pretty well and after making a number of friends in the neighbourhood, the daily routine was good. Leopold de Rothschild owned a large estate, including a vast sun lounge, at the disposal of the officers. Cricket matches figured in some of our spare time occupations, and life was once more on a comparatively even keel. Then, without warning, I started having trouble with my leg again and had to go to the 1st Eastern General Hospital at Cambridge as that was the nearest place where suitable electrical treatment was available. It seems that in the course of various operations the circulation had got very bad. This was rather trying as I now began to feel too much of a passenger. Time was moving on and it was now well into 1917, the country was fighting for its life and the outlook was bleak.

It was a month or so before I got out of hospital once more, and was then posted to a Battalion of the Gloucester Regiment at Sittingbourne in charge of a Company of Pioneers. This looked like a real dead end but better things were to come. This period of duty with the Gloucesters taught me a lot about the Regular Army as, up till then my only experience of soldiering had been some six weeks training in a Territorial unit before going into action. Here at Sittingbourne I found the whole atmosphere of a Regular

Battalion a very different matter from what I had so far experienced, particularly in regard to discipline and the general outlook of Regular Officers. My job here was mainly to keep the Pioneers supplied with the clothing, tools and equipment they needed for their work. This meant very little active work for me or for the one Officer and Quartermaster-Sergeant under me, none of us being fit for full duty. It wasn't at all exciting but, I hoped, was something useful. There were compensations as I was able to get to London occasionally to meet friends and go to a theatre and life was quite pleasant. This lasted for few months until the Pioneers job was finished. My next posting was to take charge of the personnel at Stourton Barracks, Guildford, who were engaged that summer of 1917 in helping local farmers with their hay and corn crops.

All the men were in a low medical category and probably quite content to have been rated unfit for active service, Again, it was not a particularly exciting or exacting job but, in those dark days of enemy submarine warfare, when our food supply and very existence was threatened, it seemed to me very well worth while. I had the use of a car to get about from farm to farm organizing the work as well as I could. One of the few things I remember in any detail during that time was when I missed the last train from Waterloo to Guildford one evening and could only get as far as Woking. I didn't much fancy walking from there and asked the driver of my train if there was any way of getting to Guildford. He said he was taking the engine to the engine sheds there and said he would take me with him on the footplate. He obligingly stopped near the Barracks and all was well. Sometime later I told the Commandant about it, but I think he must have forgotten what it was like to be young as he didn't think it at all funny. In the Autumn this job came to an end and I was posted to my Training Battalion which was then at Crowborough..

It was a very good camp and there was plenty

to do as there had been at Halton. I was again amongst a friendly lot of officers of my own Regiment and felt myself to be doing a good job. However, I was anxious to be doing something more active and when a call came for volunteers to go to West Africa, another officer and myself applied and were accepted. This was something quite out of the ordinary run of military service for me and I set about getting the required uniform and equipment. After a short embarkation leave I sailed with my brother officer in the Windsor Castle liner for Sierra Leone, as we had been seconded to the West African Regiment. This was a Regiment with a fine tradition. It had been in action in German West Africa and since operations had ended there they were back at their base in Freetown and for all practical purposes were pursuing a peace-time role. We had been seconded to the Regiment for a 12-month tour of duty and I felt that this was better than near stagnation in England.

After an uneventful voyage the ship landed us at Freetown and we reported to the Headquarters at Wilberforce Barracks. The Battalion was on manoeuvres and we joined it the next day. It was engaged in what was called bush warfare, that is to say fighting an enemy - in this case an imaginary one - in wooded country. For some reason or other this was said to require very special training, but it looked to us, unskilled though we were at that time in that sort of country, to be very much what my brother officers and I had been taught for some years. However, our chief concern for the first few days in this very hot country was to try and avoid too much sunburn and to make ourselves useful. This period of training didn't last long and after a few days the Battalion returned to Wilberforce Barracks and settled down to normal work.

The Regiment was recruited from at least a dozen different tribes, but the majority were Timinis or Mendis. They were very smart on parade and took great pride in their drill.

Some of the older ones amongst the NCOs had been to England for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee of which they were naturally very proud. There were eight Companies, all the officers were British and each Company had a white Warrant Officer who looked after the Company accounts. There were a number of posts in Freetown which we manned in turn. The main recreation was tennis and there was marvellous bathing and canoeing.

In addition to Headquarters, the Regiment maintained two other stations up-country. One was at Lokko at the head of the Lokko river some 40 miles from Freetown and the other at Mabanta further inland. There had been another station even further away, at one time, but had been closed owing to difficulties of maintenance at that distance. The journey up the river, in a big open rowing boat took the oarsmen most of the night, having started in the evening. The Camp just outside Lokko consisted of well built mud and wattle huts and thatched. There were about a dozen officers in Mess and we were a very happy community with plenty to do and an occasional day's shooting or fishing. There was very good duck flighting not far away and local bush fowl were a slightly larger edition of the partridge.

I had one rather exciting experience when I was sent by my Company Commander to try and locate and capture one of the natives who was running amok and terrorising the district a few miles away.

I was allowed to pick an NCO and a few reliable men and went to investigate. He was very elusive as he hid in the bush during the day coming out at night to get food from the small farms in the neighbourhood. Starving him out seemed a possibility so I got the headman of the nearest village to give orders that all food must be brought in from the farms in the evenings. It worked, as he was forced to come out in the daylight to search for food, and after a struggle he was rounded up and killed, but not before he had savagely attacked some of the villagers. I still have the very nasty looking kind of dagger he used.

My tour of duty at Lokko lasted until after the Armistice on 11th November (we heard the news two days later when the mail was brought up from Freetown) and I returned to Wilberforce with a bad go of malaria. My 12 months tour of duty, in West Africa, which was the limit of time we were supposed to do in this country then known as the White Man's Grave, had now stretched to nearly 18 months and at last I was put under orders to return to England. Naturally I was more than delighted, but it had been a most interesting and instructive time for me.

The voyage home in a light cruiser, the High-flyer, due for the breaker's yard, was most enjoyable, one of the things I remember being that a young leopard was on board destined for the London Zoo as she had got too big for her owner. She was very tame, but it was a bit startling sometimes to find her stealing up behind one, in fun, as she had a great deal of freedom.

Thus came to an end my time in the Army, which had taken a chunk of five years out of my life almost straight from school. It left me with a certain amount of maturity but with no training of any kind to earn a living in civilian life, but this problem, luckily for me, was solved fairly quickly and very satisfactorily.

THE WESTERN FRONT ASSOCIATION (1914-1918)

The above Association was founded in 1980 and publishes a journal 'Stand To' and a 'Bulletin'. The Membership Secretary is: Kim Dopheide, 47 Hawthorne Avenue, LIVERPOOL L26 9XB

FUTURE COMMITTEE ADDITION

Lt-Col Dr John Laffin (718 AM) has kindly offered his services as Editor of THE GALLIPOLIAN

MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY OF GALLIPOLI

By John Fraser (ex Royal Marine) (827 AM)

I have been enthralled by the Gallipoli campaign ever since my grandfather, who served in the Royal Navy, told me about it over the years.

When I was called up for National Service in 1958 it was into the Royal Marines that I went. After training I was posted to the then major trouble spot - Cyprus. One day while on patrol in the Troodos mountains the wireless operator slipped and broke his ankle and smashing the wireless set at the same time. We were without contact with H Q so we made for the nearest mountain village carrying the injured Marine on a rough stretcher of rifles and slings.

The N C O in charge split the patrol in half, sending one half back to H Q for transport and the other half staying with the injured man. While we were waiting in the village a door opened and an old man of about sixty (EDITOR: Old Man? Sixty?) with black baggy pants appeared and invited us into his house for some food and drink. He spoke very good English. It was just one large square room with a bed in each corner and a table and stools in the centre.

However, dominating the room was a large photograph of a young Turkish soldier of about 18 or 19 years old - it was the old man who had made us welcome.

He told us many stories about the battles he had fought on the three fronts until taken prisoner in the August battles at Suvla, and only escaping during the freak snowstorm in the winter weather of the 25th and 26th November. He told us he was treated well by the British and he had a strong admiration for them. He also showed us a large collection of British army cap badges and never ended talking about it at the local 'British Legion' club.

LETTERS FROM THE LATE REV W F SCOTT Chaplain R N
Serving aboard H M S Agamemnon

Continued from No.41 page 21

Nothing particular happened for about three hours. We were all under a very heavy fire and were hit several times. Edith asks what it feels like to be hit - Well that depends where you are in relation to the projectile. I must say I enjoy it immensely when it isn't too near me; when it is anywhere near I don't enjoy it at all, unless it is on the armour. I love that, I only had one projectile at all near me that day - that was rather alarming, because it burst a water main, but the excitement counterbalances unpleasantness to a large extent. One shell shook the whole ship so violently that many people thought it was a mine. I think it must have been the one which landed on the centre capstan, smashing it to smithereens. We were very much knocked about, but no vital damage was done; one shell exploded a lot of 12-pdr.ammunition which or course, added to the excitement. Two shells pierced the upper deck and carried on to the main deck where I was. Another smashed the motor bollard, starboard side forward, the other hit one of the turrets (Starboard side) and did a lot of damage, another ripped off one side of the after funnel and goodness knows how many smaller shells hit us. All the upper deck afterwards showed signs of strife. A splinter of a shell got into my cabin and bedded itself in the door of my cupboard.

Well, while these things were going on I went and had lunch and I was honoured as the guest of the stokers, etc. in the P O's bathroom. I had a jolly good time of it - very picnicky of course, but they were all charming and cheery so that I enjoyed myself as I have anywhere.

At about 1.45 p m news came that our picket boat had been sunk so I left the Mess to see what could be done and if I could assist in any way, but I found on my arrival in the director tower that it

was the Inflexible's boat and not ours, and also that all had been saved for which I was devoutly thankful. I got quite a good view of things from the director tower; we were enjoying the forts somewhat after their style. (Here follows a plan which has been mutilated by the Censor) The general effect was excellent but I went about my business again.

I was visiting the fore transmitting room flat, where there were about sixty men, chiefly fire and working parties, when Bertilon, who was in charge of the transmitting room came and whispered to us that something had happened to one of the French ships. I went up to the Commander and informed him then went to the director tower again to see what I could see, but it was no good, the Bouvet had heeled over and sunk in a minute and a half. I believe about sixty-four were saved.. Our picket boat did good work in rescuing. We thought at the time it was a mine but I have since heard that it was a shell in one of their magazines. She was very old and hardly a good ship for the job - as are all the French ships. Well, the afternoon wore on, at about 6 p m ship's time there was a lull in the firing. I went on deck with the Commander; we appeared to have progressed ourselves, the Lord Nelson and the Suffren were lying abreast of one another in about the places marked on my plan (just outside the Kephez Bay area). I suppose the Q E was there too but I did not remember her. The French had of course, withdrawn but the 2nd division had also advanced; the Irresistible being in Kephez Bay, well under the Asiatic shore. She and the other ships were still firing nearby. We were having a bit of a respite, having silenced our particular forts so far as could be seen. The Suffren looked none the worse for her experiences of the forenoon.

I went below again and while there we suddenly heard that (Censored) had (Censored). I went on deck again but she seemed more or less all right and I felt rather sceptical. I went below again

and 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.



The Turkish ship NOUSRET which laid the mines which sank the ships which stopped the fleet on the 18th February 1915 and led to the army's Gallipoli campaign on the 25th April

GALLIPOLI'S FIRST ANZAC HERO - HORACE MARTYR DCM, EM, C de G (as described by Mike Irwin from interviews with the Gallipoli Veteran)

'Clambering down from the Clan McGillvray to the waiting destroyer, I was beginning to wish that I was back home in Melbourne and not going in to this Gallipoli place. I could hear the growing sound of rifle and machine-gun fire as we neared the beach and when we got into the landing boats, a couple of the other men in the boat got hit, including one who had half his face shot away. When we got near the shore, the midshipman in the leading boat waved his hand and the little steamer made a half turn leaving us all side-on to the beach. Seeing that we were in for a wet landing I had at least the forethought to put my cigarettes and matches in the inside of my hat. Sure enough, the water was up to my chest and we all scrambled up the beach and crouched behind a small hill. Almost immediately, we were ordered to leave our packs and to get a shovel or pick each and to head up the ridge. (We had come in on the second wave at about 7.30 am.) We were being shelled by Beachy Bill from time to time. Some of our men were getting hit by snipers. We began to move inland and eventually scrambled up and down some very s steep ridges and were ordered to halt. Then Sgt. Bob Wallace came up and asked for some men, about six or eight to go with him and push inland to look for Turks putting up a resistance, particularly snipers. We went for some distance, and eventually reached a hill and could see a village which I now know to be Maidos. Bob then got out his binoculars and said, 'Well, we're right now, the Indian troops are ashore.' And I said,'No, Bob that can't be right, they weren't coming in after us from the ships yet.'
He gave me the binoculars, I looked and could see them coming down a track and said, 'They don't l look like Indians to me, I'll bet they are Turks.' Bob looked a bit worried and said 'Well, we must have overshot our objective so we'd better retire'. We started to make our way back and a couple of

our blokes got hit by snipers so Bob said for me to bring up the rear and to cover and see that we are not attacked on our way back.
Eventually, bit by bit they got further ahead of me until I lost sight of them in the gullies and scrub.
Making my way towards the firing line, I see this bloke staggering along with a bad head wound, I could see by his colour flash that he was one of ours but he was covered in blood so I said 'Who are you mate?' he answered 'Sergeant Pollock, A Company.' I knew him well and I said 'Yeah, I know you come on and I'll help you back.'
We made our way along Shrapnell Gully to the edge of Plugges Plateau and he said 'I can't go any further, I've had it' so I said 'You'll make it.'
Meanwhile, the Turks were putting over shells from two directions and a lot of rifle fire. I said to him that we would wait here until it quietens down a bit. I then got out my field dressing and bandaged his head.
He had been shot through under the left ear and out under the right eye. At this stage he lapsed into unconsciousness and I knew that I would have to carry him the rest of the way. After a while the fire slowed down a bit so I got him up in a fireman's lift as he was a big bloke and I couldn't carry him in my arms. I staggered off across the Plateau towards a trench I could see about 150 yards away and it seemed like 150 miles and just as I got to the edge I got hit through the back by a bullet. A couple of blokes dragged us both into the trench. I passed out then and lay for a long time in the trench. Later, a bloke dressed the wound in my guts and later in the day I made it down to the beach just along from where we landed. I lay there all night and to make matters worse it poured rain and we were wet through.
On the 26th, we were taken off to the Derflinger and then to Alexandria.'

RHYMES OF FOUR FRONTS

Extracts from the book by Thomas W Hutton
(1st Scottish Horse Brigade (1 Bn Black Watch)

Sent by J H Crosby TEM Scottish Horse 1912-1918
(320)

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

When your soldiering days are over and you practise arts of peace,
And the Great War but a haunting memory;
When the lass who was your pride is your happy little bride,
And when limping youngsters climb upon your knee;
There's a question they will ask you ere their nightly gambols cease,
A question asked from London to far distant Petrograd;
In their childish manner the big question will arise,
'What did you do in the Great War Dad?'

What did you do in the Great War, Dad,
When the boys were marching away?
What did you do in that riot so mad,
When the Hun-hounds were seeking prey?
Did you stay at home enjoying your ease
While blood of the innocents ran;
Or did you arise and cross o'er the seas
To take up your stand like a man?

When you're gathered round the festive board and it comes the children's hour,
And Yuletide bells are chiming mellow-sweet,
When the ghosts of stirring times stalk thro' their nursery rhymes,
They will come trooping headlong to your feet,
There's a question they will put to you that needn't turn you sour,
A question asked from Paris to far distant Petrograd;
In their coaxing little way they will turn to you and say:
'What did YOU do in the Great War, Dad?'



AT THE DINNER

Committee Member D A Pollard (636 AM)
and the President (facing)
(Photograph by R M S Hancock (848 AM)

FOR ENGLAND

The bugles of England were blowing o'er the sea,
as they had called a thousand years, calling now to me;
They woke me from dreaming in the dawning of the day,
The bugles of England - and how could I stay?

The banners of England, unfurled across the sea,
Floating upon the wind were beckoning to me;
Storm-rent and battle torn, smoke-stained and grey,
the banners of England and how could I stay?

O England, I heard the cry of those that died for thee,
Sounding like an organ voice across the winter sea;
They lived and died for England and gladly went their way,
England, O England - how could I stay?

J.D.Burns (1895-1915)
(21st Battalion Killed at Courtneys Post)