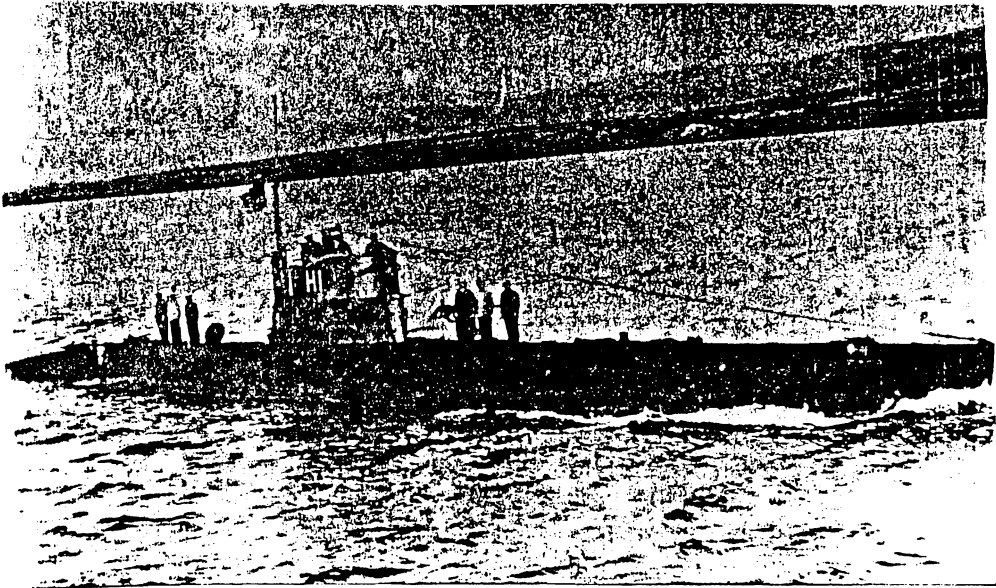


THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



H1 SOME TIME AFTER HER SEA OF MARMARA PATROL

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS
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No. 53
SPRING 1987

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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ANZAC DAY CEREMONIES

We have been kindly invited to join the Anzacs at the Cenotaph and at Westminster Abbey on 25 April. Our wreath will be laid at the Cenotaph by the President.

THE CENOTAPH:

Our party should assemble at the kerbside opposite the north (Trafalgar Square) side of the Cenotaph before 10.45 under the direction of a representative of the Association who will give the order to march the short distance to the Cenotaph.

THE ABBEY:

Please write to the Secretary, J. Watson-Smith, if you intend to be present at the service which will commence at 1200. Tickets for the reserved seats may be collected from the Secretary, at the Cenotaph, or in the Abbey porchway. It is hoped that a bus will be available to travel from the Cenotaph to the Abbey but must be boarded straight away as it is not allowed to wait.

THE LUNCH:

The lunch will be held at the Officers' Mess, Chelsea Barracks by kind permission of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Wilson, Officer Commanding 1st Battalion Irish Guards. It is hoped that a bus will be available for the journey from the Abbey, and anyone wishing to take advantage of it should keep a careful look out for the party by the main entrance to the Abbey. Members are asked to wear medals and the usual name tab for ready identification. Guests are cordially welcome.

Price: Veteran Members £7.00

Associate Members and Guests £10.00

PLEASE NOTE THAT PAYMENT FOR TICKETS MUST BE MADE
IN ADVANCE TOGETHER WITH A SAE TO THE SECRETARY,
BEFORE 15 APRIL. NUMBERS LIMITED TO 50

A cash bar will be available in the ante room at the Officers' Mess from 1200 onwards. Members not travelling by bus from the Abbey should report to the sentry at the gate in Chelsea Bridge Road and be prepared to identify themselves. Lunch will start promptly at 13.30.

GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL LECTURE

The Third Gallipoli Memorial Lecture will be held in Holy Trinity Church, Eltham, SE9, at 8.00 p.m. on Thursday 7 May 1987. The Lecture will be given by the Duke of Edinburgh and will be followed by a short memorial service.

Any member of the Association who would like to attend is requested to write to the Reverend Christopher Lowson, The Vicarage, 59 Southend Crescent, Eltham, London, SE9 2SD, enclosing a sae, as soon as possible.

LAST OF THE CAMBRIDGE OLD CONTEMPTIBLES

Arthur Brown (586), 93 years, who served at Gallipoli with the Royal Field Artillery, 66 Bde HQ, 13 Division, is the last of the Old Contemptibles living in Cambridge. He has kindly sent a newspaper report of the Remembrance Day Parade 1986, at which in driving rain he quietly spoke the words of the Exhortation 'They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old'.

VETERANS ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY

Members are pleased to record their congratulations to Captain F. C. Mason MC (325) who celebrated his 100th birthday in August 1986. He served as a Sergeant with the Middlesex Yeomanry, landing at Suvla Bay on 15 August. After some two months he was evacuated suffering from boils due to bad food. He was later awarded the Military Cross in Mesopotamia for the successful capture of a Turkish strongpoint. In a recent letter he refers to his friend Lieut. Colonel C.C. Todd MC (18) as 'a youngster of 93'.

NEW MEMBERS

In the original printed journal, this page and that following 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.

RESIGNATIONS .

AM963 MISS N B FALLON

OBITUARY (at 10 March 1987)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

- 249 E J CHARD, Cpl 2/1 City of London, Royal Fusiliers.
430 S PARKER BIRD, L/Cpl RAMC San Sect 29 Division.
500 H G CARTER, Sgt Surrey Y QMR 29 Division
700 J H BRISTOW, Pte 1/4 Royal Sussex Regiment,
53 Division.
716 C G WARREN, Pte ASC 245 Ammn Col 29 Division.
728 A J BONNEY, Pte 2 South Wales Borderers, 29 Division.

STANLEY PARKER BIRD, FRICS, FRVA

Stanley Parker Bird (430), a member of the Committee since 1977 and more recently Vice Chairman, died peacefully in early February after a short illness. A Corporal in the Royal Army Medical Corps he went first to France, and then to Gallipoli with the 29th Division, then via Egypt he returned to the Western Front serving on the Somme and at Ypres. At one stage he regularly climbed the rickety iron staircase of Ypres Cathedral for observation duties, later as a surveyor he was to recall with some relief never having a task quite like that. He obtained great pleasure from the comradeship of the Gallipoli Association where his wise counsel, reliable attendance and good humour were always much appreciated.

HORRIE MARTYR DCM

We have recently been informed by M Irwin (AM871) of the death of R S M Horrie Martyr DCM, a non-member veteran about whom an article Gallipoli's First Anzac Hero was published in The Gallipollian (1963) No 43: 32-33. Mike Irwin continues 'Horrie Martyr was probably one of Australia's least known heroes of WWI, and his passing was not widely known. I am very proud to have known him, and can tell you that he was one of nature's gentlemen.' He was the first A.I.F. man to be decorated during the Kaiser's War, his citation for the Distinguished Conduct Medal reads:

At a time when you could not show a finger above the trench without having it shot off, I could see, about 180 yards out (on Plugges Plateau) one of my men carrying in a wounded officer. When he had almost reached the trench, he was shot in the back and both fell. They were brought to safety and I found that the soldier was Private Martyr.
Lieut.Colonel W K Bolton, 25 April 1915.

CHANGE OF EDITOR

At a meeting on 21 January the Committee unanimously accepted the resignation of Dr M E Occleshaw (AM844) from the post of Editor and from the Committee, and thanked him for the service which he has rendered the Association in the past.

The Committee are pleased to announce the appointment of Mr David Saunders (AM928) as Editor of The Gallipolian. Mr Saunders, who has been interested in the Gallipoli campaign for some thirty years, joined the Association in 1984 and spent three weeks in April/May 1985 on the Peninsula exploring the battlefields. He is the Director of a nature conservation trust, author of seven bird books, and has edited other publications in the past. We all send him our best wishes in his new appointment.

EDITOR'S NOTE

I was pleased to take up the post of Editor on 6 February and straight away collected various items from my predecessor Dr M E Occleshaw, to whom my grateful thanks are due for his assistance then, and during subsequent correspondence. He had been Editor since the autumn of 1984, and his industry and endeavour on behalf of our Association is greatly appreciated.

With The Gallipolian No 53 now in your hands I am already seeking items for publication in No 54 and beyond. Do you have a contribution to make? Perhaps a veteran with some reminiscences to impart, a view on an aspect of the campaign, extracts from a treasured diary, or letters home. Associate members also, do not hesitate in submitting short articles and notes, and please don't hesitate in drawing my attention to items of Gallipoli interest which you may see in newspapers or magazines, or hear about in other ways. We are a small Association and our strength, and that of our journal, depends on the contributions received. I look forward to your help which will enable me as Editor to ensure The Gallipolian continues to flourish and serve us all.

David Saunders (AM928)

HONORARY TREASURER'S REPORT

The Audited Accounts for the year ended 31 December 1986 accompany this issue of the journal.

An item of expenditure appearing for the first time is that of "Computer Software"; thanks to Committee Member Mr Norman Pollitt, who owns a small computer; we hope to avoid the recurring expense of typing labels for the dispatch of The Gallipolian by producing them by computerised means. The possibility of producing a new Members List with the help of the computer is also under investigation.

The optimism regarding our finances foreshadowed a year ago has been justified and I am pleased to report that as usual three issues of The Gallipolian will be published in 1987. I am most grateful to those members who, by their donations, have helped to make this possible.

The subscriptions, due on 1st January, of a number of members are still outstanding and I would ask that these be paid without need of further reminder. The annual rates of subscription remain unchanged at £3 for veteran members and £6 for associates.

Our thanks are due to Mr W. B. Chapman for, once again, undertaking the audit of the Accounts.

D. F. BLAND

WANTED - BACK NUMBERS OF THE GALLIPOLIAN

Some issues of The Gallipolian are no longer available and members having spare copies of the following are asked to inform the Secretary or the Editor.

Numbers 2 to 7; 9; 11 to 14; 16; 18 and 19; 23; 26; 36.

The Editor himself is particularly anxious to obtain copies of all these numbers in order to complete his own reference set.

GALLIPOLI VICTORIA CROSSES

Some 40 Victoria Crosses were awarded for bravery during the Gallipoli Campaign, and it is intended to include short accounts of these in future issues. An article concerning Lieutenant Colonel W. Doughty Wylie VC has already been published, see The Gallipollian (1985) No 49: 21-25. With the kind permission of the Royal Marine Museum we are pleased to reproduce from the recently published booklet The Royal Marines Victoria Crosses the section concerning Lance Corporal W.R. Parker VC. The 47 page booklet contains short accounts of the ten Royal Marines Victoria Crosses from that awarded Corporal J. Prettyjohn at the Battle of Inkerman, to Corporal T.P. Hunter whilst serving with 43 Commando at the Battle of Lake Commachio, April 1945. The book costs £1.25 by post from the Royal Marines Museum, Eastney, Southsea, Hants, PO4 9PX.

LANCE CORPORAL WALTER RICHARD PARKER

Walter Richard Parker was born on 20 September 1881, at 5 Agnes Street, Grantham, Lincolnshire. He was educated at Kentish Town, London and then began work at Stanton Ironworks new factory, as a Coremaker.

He enlisted in the Royal Marines as a short service recruit on 9 September 1914 at Nottingham, and was appointed to the Portsmouth Division. After a period of training, a Portsmouth Battalion was formed, as one of three from the Royal Marines Divisions, to become part of the Royal Naval Division destined to take part in the Gallipoli campaign. Prior to embarkation in the SS Gloucester Castle they were reviewed by King George V and Winston Churchill (then First Lord of The Admiralty). They sailed on the last day of February 1915 calling at Malta, Lenmos, Alexandria and Port Said, and later they took part in the great review held in the Egyptian desert by General Sir Ian Hamilton, along with the Australian and New Zealand troops, just prior to the embarkation of the Dardanelles landing forces.

The initial landings at Gallipoli took place on 25 and 26 April 1915 with the Royal Naval Division being deployed at 'Anzac Cove' on the 28th. The Portsmouth Battalion were positioned at 'Lonesome Pine Plateau' Gaba Tepe.

The following is a report resulting from interviews and enquiries by the officers of the Portsmouth Battalion concerning the event, recommending Lance-Corporal Parker for the Victoria Cross:

CASE OF LANCE CORPORAL W. R. PARKER RMLI (PO.S/229)

On the night of 30 April 1915, Lieutenant Empson, RMLI (since killed in action) who was in command of an isolated fire trench at Gaba Tepe sent a message asking for ammunition, water and medical stores; in the trench there were also 40 men and a number of wounded.

The message was received by Captain Syson, RMLI Officer Commanding 'C' Company, Portsmouth Battalion, who detailed a party of Non Commissioned Officers and men to carry water and ammunition and called for a volunteer among the stretcher bearers.

Lance Corporal Parker of the same battalion at once volunteered to go.

There were no communication trenches, and in attempting to emerge from the nearest trench one of the party was wounded. Lance Corporal Parker thereupon organised a stretcher party to take this man back and then started off for the trench which Lieutenant Empson occupied.

It was now daylight. The intervening space was at least 400 yards and was completely exposed and swept by Turkish rifle fire; several Australians had already been killed while endeavouring to convey ammunition to Lieutenant Empson.

Parker alone succeeded in reaching the trench: all the remaining Non Commissioned Officers and men in his party were either killed or wounded. After his arrival he rendered assistance to the wounded, displaying extreme courage and remaining cool and collected in very trying circumstances.

In the early morning of the following day the trench had to be evacuated and Parker helped to remove and attend to the wounded, although during this operation he was himself seriously wounded.



**LANCE CORPORAL WALTER RICHARD
PARKER**

Parker had during the three previous days displayed consistent bravery and energy whilst in charge of the battalion stretcher bearers during a very trying time, as in nearly every case the wounded had to be evacuated over exposed ground and under fire.

Owing to the fact that the Commanding Officer, Adjutant, Sergeant Major and the Company Commander were all wounded at this juncture the recommendations for gallantry etc for the Portsmouth battalion were much delayed. The Brigadier General Commanding the Royal Navy Division at the time, however, considers that this man should be awarded the Victoria Cross.

This report was used as a basis for London Gazette, 22 June 1917. Parker was shot in the groin and right leg, and sustained injuries to his right knee and shin as well as his chest; he was ultimately carried to safety, in an exhausted state, by stretcher-bearers of his own division. He was awarded a certificate for courageous and gallant conduct in the field by the general officer commanding, and sent back to be embarked in the hospital ship Gondola bound for Alexandria. From there he was transferred to another ship, which, whilst proceeding through the Mediterranean, collided with an Italian ship in fog. Eventually he reached Southampton and was sent to Netley Hospital.

After recovery he was sent to serve at Command Headquarters in Ireland on 26 April 1916, but on becoming sick resulting in ...'brain fever which left his sight badly affected...' he returned to England on 14 May, and one month later was discharged 'Invalided'. About that time he was presented with a marble and gilt clock inscribed by the officers and men of the division, along with a war gratuity of £10; his wife, Olive, was presented with a brooch. Parker was not well enough to speak so Brigadier-General Trotham expressed his thanks on his behalf. He saw the rest of the war out in a munition factory, but never fully recovered and died at Stapleford, Nottingham on 28 November 1936 aged 55, being buried in the local cemetery on 1 December.

As well as the Victoria Cross, he was awarded the 1914-15 Star, British War and Victory Medal.

SUBMARINES IN THE SEA OF MARMARA

The activities of our submarines in forcing the Dardanelles passage, and their subsequent successes in the Sea of Marmara certainly merited the paragraph by Winston Churchill in The World Crisis which commenced 'The Naval History of Britain contains no page more wonderful than that which records the prowess of her submarines at the Dardanelles'. We are indebted to Mr Lindsay Pirie DSC for drawing attention to the account of one operation written by Petty Officer Robert Oscar Moth, coxswain of H1, smallest of our submarines to enter the Sea of Marmara. Thanks are also due to the Royal Navy Submarine Museum, Gosport for allowing us to reproduce from the account, and to Gus Britton, Assistant Director, for background information and the loan of photographs from the Museum collection. Mr Pirie's two brothers also received the DSC during WWII, while their father Lieut. Wilfrid B. Pirie DSO was commander of H1 during her cruise in the Sea of Marmara. Is this a unique family record for gallantry awards?

Petty Officer Moth, always known as Oscar, had a long and adventurous service in submarines, first as an Able Seaman in A5, then as coxswain in both A12 and C24. After service in H1 for which he was awarded the DSM he was appointed to K13 and was coxswain when she crash dived to the bottom of the Gareloch. An account of the accident by Percy Hillhouse, a naval architect who was on board, refers to Moth saying while the submarine was on the bottom that he wouldn't have minded losing his life in a fair fight with the enemy, but this was a rotten way to die. Fortunately he survived, as he did when K6, by then recommissioned as K22, was rammed by the battlecruiser Inflexible in the Forth on the night of 31 January 1917. Her sister ships K4 and K17 were lost due to collisions in the darkness during the same Flotilla exercise that became known as the Battle of May Island. Petty Officer Moth left submarines in 1920 and retired from the Royal Navy in 1924.

His account of the cruise of H1 in the Sea of Marmara extends for some 19 close typed pages covering the period 2 to 31 October 1915, during which four steamships and seven sailing vessels were sunk. Here we reproduce the

sections concerning the forcing of the 'Narrows, the most hazardous part of the whole operation, together with several extracts from events in the Marmara.

Editor

A MONTH IN THE SEA OF MARMARA

By Petty Officer R. O. Moth

Now commences the story of the most exciting time of my life. A whole month, and our nerves on edge the whole of the time. I don't want to make too much of it, as I have a long way to go yet, so I will be as brief as I can and stick to the facts which were outlined in the official report which our Captain sent to the Admiralty.

At 02.45 on 2 October we cast off from the Cornwall after receiving the best wishes of the whole of her ships company. We ran on our engines until we got Cape Helles abeam which was at 04.35. We now stopped our engines and ran on our electric motors keeping a good look out. At 04.50 we observed a collision between one of our T.B.D's and a collier, but as we were working on time we could not stop to see the amount of damage done. At 05.15 we commenced our dive and shaped our course up the Dardanelles, our speed being six knots. At 06.10 we altered our course to pass Kilid Bahr, and found our compass was showing a difference of six degrees to the adjustments that were made the day before. This was very bad for us as we were absolutely dependant on our magnetic compass, and I might here point out that we were the only boat who had tackled this job, without having a gyro compass fitted. These compasses are electrically driven and it is impossible for them to be affected by electricity or metals as ours had been. This in a great measure was responsible for us grounding which nearly proved our undoing. We now dived to 80 feet, this was to enable us to pass the mine fields and also so that no trace of us could be seen. We remained at this depth until 07.20 when we came up for an observation. We found that we had Kilid Bahr abeam, so we altered course and dived again to 80 feet.

Soon after altering course we grounded very heavily, and we were thrown up right out of the water our depth gauge only reading 15 feet. This meant that the top of our conning tower was out of water, and that we were really in a very serious plight. There was a great deal of excitement, but our Captain grasped the situation very coolly and calmly. 'Hard a port', 'Stop Port' and 'Full Speed Starboard' were his orders, and luck being on our side, we gradually slipped off into deep water. This was certainly a very bad start, for we had absolutely given ourselves away. Why the Turks didn't fire at us while we were grounded I don't know, my opinion is that they thought they had captured us, anyhow they knew we were there, and we were continually harassed by a motor boat, who followed us long after we were in the Sea of Marmara.

We now dived to 80 feet again but we could distinctly hear the swish of the motor boat's propellor and we knew we were being followed. At 08.30 we came up to see if we could get an observation of the net, and we found we were in a very good position. A lighter was moored over the net and men could be seen distinctly working. Our Captain decided to dive under the lighter, so we set our course and then dived to 80 feet. When we reached this depth our motors were put full speed ahead, and we crashed into the net at a speed of about eleven knots. It was at 08.44 we struck the net and it certainly did seem to hold us for a bit, but we pushed through and heard a terrible grating noise as we tore it. Eventually it dropped clear of our stern and we knew we had got through the worst part of our journey up. We remained down at 80 feet until 09.00 when we had to come up for an observation, but as soon as our periscope broke surface we were fired at. We could plainly hear the noise of bursting shell, so after getting a very quick observation, we dived to 50 feet and as we could hear the propellor of the motor boat and also the noise of bursting shell we deemed it advisable to remain at this depth for some time.

At 09.30 we stopped and turned out our forward hydroplane, as up to the present we had been diving with our after rudders only. This was to enable us to make as small



Crew of H 1 in the Sea of Marmara, Petty Officer
Moth marked with an X, October 1915
Photo: Royal Navy Submarine Museum.

resistance as possible. It was far easier to tear our way through the net, only having to make a small hole at first. Of course it is far more difficult to dive a boat with only one set of rudders, but as I had experience in A class of submarines which only have the after rudders, I managed quite well.

I suppose the motor boat could follow our trail for sometimes we could hear her quite plainly, at other times only faintly. Anyhow she made things very awkward for us, for it was impossible to come up to get a decent observation. At last we knew we must be somewhere near Gallipoli, so eased down and listened. We could not hear the boat so came up rapidly to get a look. Immediately we heard the boat again but managed to obtain a rough observation before we dived to 50 feet. In this short interval we found out that Gallipoli was abeam, and it only remained for us to shake off our pursuer and we should be able to come to the surface. At 16.20 having not heard the motor boat for some time we came up, but this time an enemy T.B.D. was waiting. This was worse than ever and we quickly got down to 80 feet. Our Captain then decided to dive on and we set our course to pass Marmara Island.

At 17.00 we came up and found everything clear, so we decided to charge our batteries. We blew our tanks to enable us to get on the upper deck and then we mounted our gun. We also put our clocks on 1½ hours so it will be seen that we started 'Daylight Savings' a long while before the country decided to have 'Summer Time'. We also made a signal by wireless to our Flag Ship to let her know we had got through. This signal was never received and in our parent ship, the Adamant, they gave us up for lost. They got no news of us until a week or so later and then E12 communicated by wireless in a code we had taken up with us, so then they presumed we were safe. The signal put on the notice board was: 'As a signal has been received from E12 in a code taken to the Sea of Marmara by H1, it is presumed that the latter boat is safe'.

It will be seen by comparing our time of diving and our time of coming to the surface, that our trip had lasted nearly twelve hours. It was a very strenuous time for us,

for our nerves were strained to the utmost the whole of the time, knowing full well that we were forcing the Dardanelles which was one of the most, if not the most difficult task ever undertaken by a submarine of any nation. This will easily be verified if we remember that this task was undertaken by as many French submarines as English submarines, and yet only one, the Turquoise, was successful in getting up, and even then she was captured on the way back.⁺

Our batteries were nearly run down on the voyage, so it took us nearly four hours to charge them up. At 21.00 we dived and set our course up the Sea of Marmara, not breaking surface again until 07.00 the next day. We already had one boat, E12, up here, and we had orders to work in conjunction with her. She was doing good work up here and we were very eager to meet her, for we had decided ourselves that she was to be our 'Chummy Boat'. Accordingly we set our course for the rendezvous where on arrival we waited on the surface for her. We remained on the surface until 21.15 and then as there was no sign of E12 decided to dive for the night. I want here to explain that the Sea of Marmara was a very convenient place for diving. A strong flow of less saline water runs through the Bosphorous from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmara, this gives us what we in the submarine service call a 'patch', where the layer of less saline water lies above the denser salt water. What we used to do was simply trim our boat carefully and just let her sink until she came to rest on the later of salt water, just as if she was on the bottom.

+ Note: In addition to the Turquoise which was captured intact on her return through the Narrows, three other French submarines were lost attempting to break through to the Marmara. British submarines, together with the Australian AE2 reached the Marmara on a total of 15 occasions. There were four losses during 1915 - AE2 and E20 in the Sea of Marmara, and E7 and E15 lost in the Narrows.

Our depth gauge generally told us we were somewhere near 60 feet, although once I remember we went down to over 100 feet and couldn't find the patch, this of course was after some very rough weather, and that night we simply kept underway on one motor, diving in a circle, but to get on with my story.

We remained submerged until 07.00 the next morning (4 October) but still there was no sign of E12, so sooner than waste time our Captain decided to dive into Pandërma Harbour. This we did and sighted a small steamer but she took jolly good care to hug the coast and keep under the cover of the guns, so of course we could not get a pop at her. We dived right into the harbour but as there was nothing came out and surfaced at 13.30. Soon after we sighted a small Dhow, and made her heave to. She was a very small thing and carried no boat, so after examining her, our Captain decided to let her go. She had two Turks aboard and I can picture them now calling down blessings on us for letting them go.

At 07.30 we sighted a submarine which proved to be E12, and she told us afterwards that she had a round in her gun, all ready for us, as she thought we were an enemy. She told us that she had been expecting us for days, and had given us up for lost. Anyhow we were very pleased to see each other and at 20.00 we dived for the night.

We came to the surface at 07.00 the next morning and parted company with E12. At about 08.00 we sighted two lots of smoke, so dived and went toward it. The smoke proved to be two T.B.D's but they were too far away for us to get a shot at them, and I believe they went into Pandërma. That afternoon we chased two dhows and drove them ashore and afterwards we destroyed two more by gunfire. At 20.00 we dived for the night.

We now move to 9 October.

The next day we broke surface at 07.00 and immediately saw a dhow. We gave chase on our engines and when close enough, put a shot across her bows. She immediately hove to and we ran up along with her. On examination we found her to have a crew of eight and no boat, but as she was empty we decided to let her go as we dare not risk having

so many prisoners on board. At 08.20 we met El2, she had had no luck since we last met, so was going to dive into Mudania. We waited outside on the surface and at 15.30 she returned and informed us that there was nothing at all inside. Soon after this we sighted a sail so set a course to head her off. She appeared to be a very large yacht, so we dived to approach her without being seen. When we at last got close enough to make her out we found she was flying the Red Cross, so not wishing to reveal ourselves we moved away. Soon after we came up to charge our batteries and at 20.00 dived for the night.

The next morning we came up at 08.00 but found it very rough indeed and by 11.00 it was so bad that we dived to dodge the weather. There was a good motion at 30 feet so we set a course for Chekmejeh and dived to 50 feet where we found it quite comfortable. It was 16.30 before we got very near and then found several dhows. At 19.00 we sighted a big sail and surfaced quite close; she was a two master and carried two boats, so we put a shot across her bow and made her heave to. We made the crew take to their boats, and to make certain there was no-one left we put a round into her. The weather was too bad for us to go alongside without damaging ourselves so we rammed her on both sides. By now she was nearly cut in half and we gave her four rounds from the six-pounder to polish her off. We then ran out a bit and charged our batteries and at 21.00 dived for the night.

The next day was a day of ill luck, for on coming to the surface at 06.00 we heard water moving in the Forward Battery Tank. We immediately got busy to find out what this was and on examination found about three feet of salt water in our Battery Tank which must have leaked from No 2 Main Ballast Tank. This was very bad news for it meant continual work or salt water would reach our batteries, the resulting chlorine gas would mean a disaster for us. We decided to run out into the centre of the Marmara and make a thorough examination. Our Chief ERA got inside No 2 Ballast Tank and found that one of the seams was leaking badly, this he managed to overcome to a certain extent, but the leak continued so we had to have the pump on this tank each day. The leak had been caused by pressure

being so long on the tank when we dived with our Kingston valves open, we now always closed them as soon as our tanks were full.

Our next misfortune was our Main Fresh Water Tank, for our Captain gave me orders to try the water in it. On examination we found out that the Kingston valve had leaked and the water in the tank was as salt as the water over the side. This was a very serious blow to us for we had only half a ton of water in our ready use tank, and we yet had another twenty day trip to do. Our Captain was very disappointed and he worked out the amount of water per man he could allow. He told us that we could have three cups of water a day but that must be for cooking as well as drinking, and we could have no water at all to wash with. He asked us if we would stick this as he wanted to make our trip successful and every man Jack readily assented. Three cups of water a day may seem a good allowance, but when you take cooking water out of it, it doesn't leave over much and I can assure you there was a good many times when I felt downright thirsty as well as filthy. This happened on 11 October and we came back on the 31st so you can guess we were all in a decent pickle when we did get back. The weather now came on very bad so at 19.00 we dived for the night.

We now move to 17 October.

At 07.00 we signalled E12 on the submarine sounder and both came to the surface. Our Captains had a short conference and decided to steam toward Constantinople. At 09.00 smoke was reported on the horizon and soon we could discern two distinct lots of smoke. Soon we could make out two ships and after a few minutes could see through our glasses a large steamer being escorted by a gunboat. We immediately dived and cut the gunboat off; but the steamer was too swift for us and she turned and ran for Constantinople. E12 was now on the surface and we were trying hard to get an attack in so that we might be able to fire a torpedo at the gunboat. She was zig-zagging a great deal but at 09.20 we got within range and fired a torpedo at her. She must have seen the torpedo fired for she altered her course immediately and it missed. E12 now started to chase her on the surface, she had a four inch gun and of



Lieut. W. Pirie, Commanding Officer H 1 (centre),
Lieut. Robinson (right), Midshipman Bethel (left),
in the Sea of Marmara, October 1915.
Photo: Royal Navy Submarine Museum.

course was more of a match for the gunboat than we were with our little six pounder. Anyhow, not to be outdone we came to the surface and joined in the chase. At about 10.00 E12 opened fire and those of us who were on our bridge saw her get a couple of good hits. This of course made the gunboat turn and she made direct for us, so thinking that discretion was the better part of valour we immediately made ourselves scarce and dived to 30 feet. We heard the swish of her propellers and knew she had gone nearly over the top of us, so soon after came up to look through our periscope. Now our Captain could see E12 in action with the gun boat which was soon badly on fire and running toward Mudania. She ran in on one side of the island of Kalolimno but we came up and ran in the other side to try and cut her off. As soon as we sighted her again we altered in close to the land, but immediately two guns opened fire from the shore. This caused us to open out again but for all that we were successful in cutting her off, for she turned again and started to run for Panderma. We had not seen E12 for some time now so thought she must be diving and decided to signal the gunboats position on the submarine sounder. We were quite right for E12 received our signal and started to fire as soon as she was in range. The gunboat was now burning very badly and both E12 and ourselves tried hard to cut her off from Panderma, but in this we were unsuccessful for she got inside, and ran herself high and dry on the beach. E12 remained outside but we dived right into Panderma but couldn't get anywhere near the gunboat. We saw a very large steamer that we found was moored on the inside of a stone jetty but it was almost an impossibility to get at her, anyhow the light was getting very bad so we dived out. We could not see E12 so at 21.30 we dived for the night.

We now move to 20 October.

We broke surface at 07.00 and found that the weather was rather rough, and decided to run into Shar Keui to see if there was anything worth having a pop at. We dived well inside and found a glorious chance waiting for us, for there were three steamers lying at anchor close into the shore and near the town. We only had one torpedo ready so

our Captain selected the biggest of the three ships for our first shot. She was a pretty big ship of about three thousand tons and was quite a good target. She had three masts and from each there flew a Turkish flag, so we concluded that she must have had someone belonging to the Staff aboard her, anyhow we took it that the flags meant she was carrying someone pretty big. We got in a splendid attack on her and as we were not fired at until we had fired our torpedo, I should say that we weren't seen.

At 11.40 we fired the torpedo, it ran straight and registered a hit amidships. Then followed a tremendous explosion, which blew us right up out of the water, and shook the boat from stern to stern. As I have already said, we had already had a hit when we fired a torpedo in Mudania but the explosion was nothing to compare with this. What made it worse was that we were not prepared for this tremendous upheaval, but anyhow we soon got the boat down to 30 feet and commenced to dive out. Our Captain's idea was that the ship must have been full up with explosives and that they were detonated by our torpedo. Anyhow she settled straight down and we were very busy getting another torpedo ready.

At 12.40 we returned, all ready for another splash and this time our Captain selected the next biggest ship. This ship was about two thousand tons and was quite a good target, but the attack was much more difficult, for every time our periscope came out of the water we were fired at from the shore. At 13.30 being in a good position we fired another torpedo and this also registered a hit. This time we were more prepared for the shock of the explosion, but although this was a very heavy one it was nothing to compare with the first. We believe that this ship as well must have had a tremendous amount of explosive aboard, as the explosion was also very much heavier than at Mudania. The shore batteries were continually firing at us now, but our Captain gave everyone a chance to see through the periscope the amount of damage we had done. We could see the second ship settling down very rapidly, while all we could see of the first was the tops of her mast from which still flew the Turkish flag.

We now dived out and prepared another torpedo, after which we came in to look for more blood.

The third ship was much smaller than either of the others and our Captain said he thought she was a very doubtful shot, as she must be very shallow draughted and hardly worth a torpedo. I don't think he would have fired only for the prompting of Second Officer who said that three hits in one day would be worth blowing about. Anyhow we got a good attack in and fired from about six hundred yards range. Again the torpedo ran straight, but this time there was no explosion, so we knew it was as the Captain had said, she was very shallow draughted and our torpedo had run underneath her. Things were getting very hot now, and we were continually fired at so now we decided to dive clear of Shar Keui. Later we came to the surface and charged our batteries and at 19.30 we dived for the night. It was a far different crew that dived that night than that which dived the night before. Everyone seemed contented, and we really were on jolly good terms with ourselves for our percentage of hits had gone up with a bang. We had a bit of a sing song that night and we came to the surface at 7.30 the next morning.

We now move to 25 October.

We came on the surface at 07.30 and had a good look round Artaki but there was nothing so decided to dive into Shar Keui again to see if there was any more luck. We arrived about 10.00 but there was nothing fresh, we could see the ships we had sunk on the 20th, the second ship having her funnels and superstructure showing, but the first ship only three masts. As there was nothing to do here, we dived out at noon and came to the surface when well clear of the land. At 13.30 smoke was reported, so we dived and steered towards it, soon we could make out a large steamer, but as she got closer we could distinguish by her markings that she was a hospital ship. She was a fine big ship, but we remained submerged until she was out of sight for we thought she might give us away. At 14.30 we sighted a tiny dhow and came to the surface very close to her. Her only occupants proved to be a grey headed old Turk and a small boy of about seven years. The old man was in a terrible panic and the boy cried pitifully. I can assure you I had a big lump in my throat when I saw the boy's tears and we did our best to quiet his fears. Of course we let them go, and the youngster soon dried his tears. The old man called down bles-

sings on us, and hoisting his sail waved his hand to us as he sailed away. We talked a great deal about this incident, for the best part of us were married and the youngster's tears had touched our hearts. We now ran on the surface toward the rendezvous but as there was no sign of E20 we dived for the night.

We came up at 07.30 the next morning and at about 10.00 sighted a sail. There was a good breeze and she was going very fast, and we had to go all out on both engines to get anywhere near her. Once within range we fired a round across her bow and she hove to, as we got close we could see there was a great deal of panic going on and saw that she carried a whole crowd of women. The only male aboard was an old man who was at the helm. We hailed her but the women absolutely got in a state of terror and our Captain decided not to go too close for he thought they would have jumped overboard. We did our best to quiet them and told the old man that he could get underway again. We took photos of her and I can picture those women blessing us now. They were a bit too previous with the blessings for just as they were getting underway, up bobbed the Turquoise. All the yelling and crying was now renewed, I think they must have thought that the sea was infested with submarines. We told the Turquoise to let her go, and they once more started to bless us. I believe that these women were refugees running from Constantinople. We now closed on the Turquoise who told us in broken English that E20 had been shelled by a sailing ship armed with two guns. We knew we must be very careful of these dhows and always gave them a round before we went alongside them. We left the Turquoise soon after, and dived inside Kalolimno, but nothing so we dived out and came to charge.

We now move to 30 October.

We came to the surface at 07.45 and ran on our engines towards the rendezvous to meet E20. At about 09.00 we sighted a sail and put on Full Speed to intercept her. When we got her within range we fired a shot across her bow and were surprised to see her crew lower a boat and abandon their ship without taking in sail. You can easily guess that we had some job to get alongside her and she

repeatedly ran off on different tacks as though there was someone at her helm. Eventually we managed to get our bow very near and a couple of our crew jumped aboard, cut the halyards so that the sails came with a run and we ran alongside her. She was a pretty large dhow loaded with a general cargo of merchandise. Her crew, as I have already said, had abandoned her so we set fire to her at both ends and she made a good bonfire. We were now employed in getting ready for the trip back, and at about 11.00 we met E20. We told her that we had expended all our 'tinfish' and proposed to go back, so she came with us to the Gallipoli end of the Sea of Marmara so that she could communicate with the Fleet and let them know we were coming down. On our westerly run we saw nothing as we stopped off Shar Keui and E20 raised her wireless mast and passed a message to our guard ship. She told our Admiral that we proposed coming down the next day, and we received an answer to say that E2 had a great deal of trouble and our best way back was 50 yards from the shore. This didn't appear to be right at all, so our Captain consulted his charts and said he would use his own discretion, as to the course he would follow. Soon after this we sighted an aeroplane coming straight for us, so not knowing whether she was a friend or enemy decided to dive. E20 didn't dive, but perhaps it was a good job that either she was not sighted, which wouldn't have been very probable, or else the plane was one of our own. Anyhow, as there was a good setting sun our Captain decided to swing our compass on the courses which we would be steering the next day on our passage through the Dardanelles.

While we were doing this we got about a couple of miles away from E20 so that when we came to the surface we didn't think it worth while to close her. Now we were very surprised to see E20 flashing to us by means of her cruiser arc lamp, and she made a signal to us which read 'Goodbye and Good Luck'. Our Captain was very angry about this for we were very near the shore, and he said that he gave the Turks enough common sense to have been able to read the signal as well as us. He also said that he wouldn't have gone down the next day only for the fact that the Fleet had been informed, and an escort would be bound to have been told off to meet us. That night we dived at 20.00.

We only came up for an half hour or so the next morning and then started our return dive shortly after 06.00. This trip did not prove quite so exciting as our trip up, but for all that it was exciting enough. At 07.20 we could see day breaking and it looked as though it was going to be ideal for our trip, as there was just a slight ripple on the water, and this is just what is required when coming up for a look through the periscope. Soon after this we sighted the Eski Fanar Burnii light and we eased our speed to four knots. At 07.20 we sighted a gunboat, but being that we were not out for blood this time avoided her, and at last we sighted Gallipoli. Lying close into the shore we could see another gunboat and also some small sailing ships but still were not seen. At 08.44 we got a good bearing of the Chardap Burnu light and saw three more sailing ships which we successfully avoided. Things now went on very nicely until 10.20 when we had trouble with our port motor, so we decided to stop it until we reached the net, when we would use it if required. Accordingly we continued the run on our starboard motor, but this made a lot of difference to our steering and sometimes we had to have our helm "Hard Over" to keep the boat on course. At 11.09 we came up for an observation and saw a large Hospital Steamer so dived very quickly to 40 feet. At 11.23 we came up again to fix our position and also to try and get an observation of the net, but as soon as our periscope came out of the water I received the order to dive as quickly as possible to 40 feet. What was the matter was that a T.B.D. waiting for us in a position where she knew we would have to come up for an observation, and it has always been in my mind that the reason she was there was because E20's goodbye signal had been read ashore. As soon as I received the order to dive quickly I gave the boat "Hard to Dux" helm and we simply shot down, but only just in time for the T.B.D. passed over us with only 25 feet showing on our depth gauge, so it is a dead cert that if she had passed directly over our Conning Tower that she would have hit us. This was a very bad stroke of luck for us for we didn't get the necessary observation and had to chance to luck, when and how, we were going to hit the net. Luck must have been with us this time for at 11.36 we struck the net at 80 feet and easily went through it.

Our First Lieutenant was in the Conning Tower looking through the port holes and said he could see the net quite easily. His account of the net was that it was made of steel hawsers, those running up and down being six inches and those running across three inches. This you will see was a very formidable obstruction and being that we had only one motor and our speed was only seven knots I think we did very well to make such a light job of it. As soon as we were through we came up for a look knowing that the T.B.D. would be on the other side of the net. We fixed our position and dived to 80 feet again. We now dived at various depths, coming up occasionally to have a look, at other times diving deep to avoid the minefields, and also any other obstruction that may have been placed for us. At 14.30 we found Sedd el Bahr on our starboard bow and could easily make out our destroyer patrol which was kept at the mouth of the Dardanelles.

Soon afterwards we came to the surface very rapidly, blowing all our tanks and coming right up out of the water. We quickly hoisted the "White Ensign" and turned to round Cape Helles, being immediately sighted by a French T.B.D. who thinking we were an enemy came straight for us. She soon saw the "White Ensign" and we could hear orders being given on board her, and soon after the whole crew came on deck and cheered lustily.

We stopped quite close to the wreck of the Majestic but we were fired at by the enemy from the Asiatic side, so we shifted our position another half a mile away. We got tons of congratulations from our T.B.Ds on patrol, who were very anxious to know what our bag was. One of them lowered a boat and sent us some fresh bread and also a ham, which you can easily guess was very acceptable.

At 15.30 the destroyer Basilisk arrived to escort us to Kephalo, and it was about 16.00 when we arrived there. We had a very hearty welcome and every ship from the largest battleship to the smallest T.Bs and monitors gave us three (I think it must have been thirty-three) cheers. We now went alongside the Triad who was flying the flag of the Commander in Chief, Admiral de Robeck.

I believe every ship in the harbour sent signals of congratulations and also asked if they could in any possible way to anything for the comfort of our crew. To these signals we replied, thanking them but telling them also that the Triad was doing all the feeding and also the washing. As soon as our boat was secured we went on board the Triad and enjoyed a hot bath, and when it is remembered that we hadn't even washed for about three weeks, you will easily see it was a luxury. I must say when we went into the ship we looked an awful mob, but in a couple of hours, after the water and razors had been to work, there was a real transformation. We now sat down to a square meal and enjoyed it, for we had been on tinned food for over a month, and it was a real treat to get our teeth into something fresh, and you can bet it was even better to be able to drink as much as you wanted, and only think of the three cupfuls we had been having. Out of all the congratulations we received I think the crew appreciated the Admiral's most, for it was accompanied by a bottle of beer for each man.

Our return trip through the Dardanelles took place on Sunday 31st October 1915, by this you will see that we did practically the whole of the month of October in the Sea of Marmara, a worthy feat for such a small submarine.

AKENFIELD TO GALLIPOLI

Our President has kindly drawn to our attention the book by Ronald Blythe, Akenfield, Portrait of an English Village published in 1969 by Allen Lane and writes:

There is a ring of truth running through this book which is quite unique in my experience. The author has interviewed many of the inhabitants, of all ages, in this Suffolk village and has drawn from them rich and varied descriptions of their lives, their thoughts and reminiscences.

The first chapter, 'The Survivors', as related by Len Thompson, at the age of 71, brings home to us in stark, plain words, the Gallipoli fighting during some of its most bitter phases, and gives one an insight into the unquestioning loyalty to his pals and his courage as a machine-gunner. In a few words he reflects the sense of blind acceptance of the situation when he says, "We didn't feel indignation against the Government. We believed all they said. All the propaganda. We believed the fighting had got to be done. We were fighting for England". That sums up very well the intense patriotism that held good in those early days.

Other characters in the book come thick and fast with their individual stories, ranging from youths who now find village life and work on the land no longer the impelling occupation their fathers did, through to every other facet of life in this Suffolk village and we are left with a skilfully portrayed and revealing picture by a master of description.

Lt.-Col. M.E. Hancock MC (731

By K. Tranmer (AM381)

During a visit to Anzac following the fire which destroyed most of the trees and scrub some 10 years ago, a large party of Turkish women were put to work clearing and terracing particularly in Monash Valley. It was one of the rare opportunities to observe the landscape much as it must have been in the years immediately following the campaign, and made walking considerably easier and when the workers had departed each evening I would set off to explore because quite often they would unearth tunnels and dugouts from the terraces which lay behind Quinn's and Courtney's Posts.

In his book Gallipoli Mission, C.E.W. Bean records the discovery of a concrete loop-hole for a Turkish machine gun in the area then known as Bloody Angle which gave a good view down the valley until it was knocked out by a gun. In the clearing up operation parts of that loop-hole and trench were again revealed. It seems possible that it continued to be used for observation because of the excellent view the position gave down Monash Valley and the rear of the ANZAC front line. Photographs of the Valley taken during the campaign show sand bag walls which then afforded some protection from snipers in exposed positions in the hours of daylight, these were improved and extended as the weeks went by and the casualties indicated the need for more. I recently received one such photograph.

Line of dugouts protected from Turkish
view by shoulder of hill

Shoulder
of ridge
behind
front
line

Malone's
Terrace



Valley Floor, this side of valley in
view of Turks

Below Quinn's Post showing a deep communication trench and sand bag wall taken in September when the Essex Regiment were at Anzac. Part of the Malone's Terrace, named after the valiant New Zealander, can be clearly seen at the top and a chain of dug-outs leading up to them. An unusual photograph not seen before.

DECISION AT GALLIPOLI ⁺

By Noriar Dikran

The news travelled with the speed of light to the darkened Armenian sector of every town, to the quiet Armenian villages and to every seemingly lifeless Armenian farm throughout Turkey. The British have landed on Gallipoli!! At last somebody was going to stop the Turk! There was no doubt about it. The Sultan of Turkey was not going to get away with persecuting the Armenians who had been living in what was now Turkey since the dawn of history. No longer would what was going on in Turkey be kept a secret from the rest of the world. The conquering British would see to that! Perhaps Britain would extend autonomy to the Armenians. So thought the Armenians.

To the Allies, the capture of Gallipoli meant an opening of a warm water port for the Russians and a much-needed access to Russia for Allied supplies, not to mention the elimination of Turkey from the war.

To the Armenians in Turkey it meant virtually life or death!!

When the British forces at 04.30 on 25 April 1915 went ashore on that inhospitable and inconsequential sixty miles of land jutting into the Aegean Sea below Constantinople known as Gallipoli, the world took little note, but the Armenians in Turkey, who had already suffered so much at the hands of Abdul Hamid, the feeble-minded Sultan of Turkey, rejoiced quietly and took new heart. They, more than anyone, would benefit from a British victory at Gallipoli.

⁺ This article, submitted to the Essay Competition by an author of Armenian descent, now resident in California, presents a different viewpoint of the Gallipoli campaign.

Ed.

There was not one Armenian alive in Turkey who doubted that the British would be victorious. Armenians in the Turkish forces on Gallipoli deserted to the British by the hundreds. They not only believed the Turkish Army had little or no chance of victory against the British, but they also did their best to contribute to the defeat of the Turks, thereby inviting the wrath and hatred of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, their Commander on Gallipoli. Kemal Pasha neither forgot nor forgave the Armenians for this, and later, during his revolt against the Ottoman Turks, Kemal Pasha made the Armenians pay.

At the same time, the Turks defending Gallipoli realized the importance of keeping the Allies from capturing the peninsula. The Turks were ready to die to protect it, and many did. Most important, there emerged from this campaign a Turkish hero of immense stature, who brought Turkey from one of the most backward people of the twentieth century into the modern world.

The eight month long battle of Gallipoli was probably as vicious a battle as any known. It was a battle in which, due to terrain and prevailing summer temperatures, the combatants had to call an occasional truce to bury the dead; neither side was able to stand the stench. After these short-lived truces, they resumed killing each other. After expending a vast amount of ammunition, as well as mountains of other supplies, not to mention a quarter million casualties, the Allies came to the decision to abandon the project.

When, on January 7, 1916, the British forces completed their evacuation of Gallipoli, a shock wave devastated the Armenians. No Armenian would ever have dreamed that such a thing could happen. How could the Turks, with poorly trained troops, no Navy to speak of, and woefully short of ammunition and supplies, defeat a mighty power such as England?

Although the British apparently did not consider Gallipoli of sufficient importance to use more than territorial and reserve formations, to Armenians in Turkey these formations represented a mighty military power on the face of this earth.

It was simply inconceivable that Britain could ever lose a military action against Turkey. This is not to imply that territorial and reserve formations did not fight a heroic battle under vicious and miserable conditions, but it is to wonder why the British high command gave up the battle! Did the British high command underestimate the importance and value of Gallipoli, not only to Armenians, but also to the world in general, and thus decide against putting forth an adequate effort? What, then, led to the decision to terminate the action? Certainly, it was not a lack of courage. The British have settled that question in many places and in many ways, not the least of which was during the Nazi bombing of London.

The defeat at Gallipoli was truly an indescribably disappointment to the Armenians in Turkey, yet Gallipoli was a cause for rejoicing and pride to the Turks. The Turkish population needed this uplift badly. The Turk on the street, who also considered Britain a mighty military power, had written off Gallipoli as a lost cause. Turks were, at that time, beginning to experience reactions from having joined Germany in the war. They were losing fathers and sons, brothers and husbands, who were fighting an unknown enemy, on unknown lands, for unknown reasons. In the end the Turk understood Gallipoli. He was fighting in his country for his country, where he proved how formidable he could be. He had a typical Islamic explanation for his victory on Gallipoli. He told his Christian neighbor that it was the story of David and Goliath all over again. Mustafa Kemal was the David who slew the British Goliath. To the Turk this proved that God was on his side; to the befuddled Armenian in Turkey this was as logical an explanation as any.

This author was much too young at the time to fully understand the ramifications of the Gallipoli action. During the many years since Gallipoli it has become progressively clear to me how pivotal a period Gallipoli represents.

As a child I realized, from the adult conversations and actions, that Gallipoli was of utmost importance. I clearly remember how close Gallipoli came to my family.

My uncle, a medical doctor educated in the United States, made an agreement with the Turks that he would serve as a physician in the Turkish Army in support of the Gallipoli campaign in exchange for his family being exempt from the massacres. During this time, for a short period, Mustafa Kemal was a patient of his. My father, who was attending Divinity School in Glasgow at the beginning of the Gallipoli campaign, graduated and returned to Turkey. For all the years thereafter I have wondered how he managed to travel between countries that were at war with each other. More importantly, why? Since he was not a blood relative of my uncle, according to the Turks my uncle's agreement did not apply to him and we lost him. This is the reason for my long-lasting interest in Gallipoli.

In retrospect, the imaginable ramifications of what might have been become fantastic!

Oh, yes! Seventy years later it is simple enough to imagine what might have been had the British been victorious at Gallipoli. Who would have guessed the coming Russian revolution with the Bolsheviks gaining control, or the manner in which it would impact the world?

The Armenians feared, but hardly visualized, the extent of the genocide they would suffer following Gallipoli.

A British victory at Gallipoli would have forced Turkey out of the war and, probably, would have ended the war much sooner, possibly before the Russian Revolution could have occurred as it did. Truly, a British victory at Gallipoli would have tended to hold off the genocide of the Armenians. Nor would it have been necessary for the Arabs to rebel against the Turks, thus the strong possibility of avoiding a great deal of political turmoil in the Near East.

I can imagine the world during the last seventy years without Communism. It is obvious now that a revolution was brewing in Russia, but, if the rest of the world had not been embroiled in a war at the same time, Russian politics, as they are today, may have had another form. It is also highly possible that Turkey would not have had

the audacity to carry out the wholesale massacre of the Armenians, nor the capacity to rape Gilicia, defeat the Greeks in Asia Minor and destroy Smyrna.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha became the Turkish hero of the Gallipoli victory, but it was five years later that his revolt against the Ottoman Turks overthrew the Sultan and placed Kemal at the head of the government of the Republic of Turkey, from where he introduced many modern innovations.

In the interim, he forced the French out of Gilicia in the middle of the night, leaving the Armenians, who had been promised military protection after having been driven out by the Turks in 1915, to the mercy of Kemal's troops. He also defeated the Greek Army in Asia Minor, destroyed Smyrna, and became the first President of Turkey.

Letting my imagination stray further I can dream of even greater differences to the history of the world had the British been victorious at Gallipoli. What would the world have been like without Communism? First, and most important, it would conceivably have been without Hitler. I cannot see Hitler coming to power in Germany had it not been for the pressure exerted by Communists upon German government and industry. Since, in my opinion, most of the world's troubles, including World War II, Korea, South-east Asia, Central Europe, the Near East, South and Central America and much of Africa, are agitated by world Communism, the concept of no Communism boggles the mind.

Therefore, in retrospect, it seems to me that a British victory at Gallipoli would have ended World War I sooner than it did with the subsequent saving of lives and material. It is conceivable that the Armenian Genocide of 1915-23 would not have happened and the Holocaust in Germany would not have occurred and the world may have avoided World War II, as well as the numerous smaller wars that have since plagued humanity.

In the final analysis, Gallipoli, which was so close to many of us, and vitally affected our lives, looms as an event that few, if any, realized would have such an influence on civilization.

Nevertheless, to future historians it will be only another moment in which England lost a battle while winning the war.