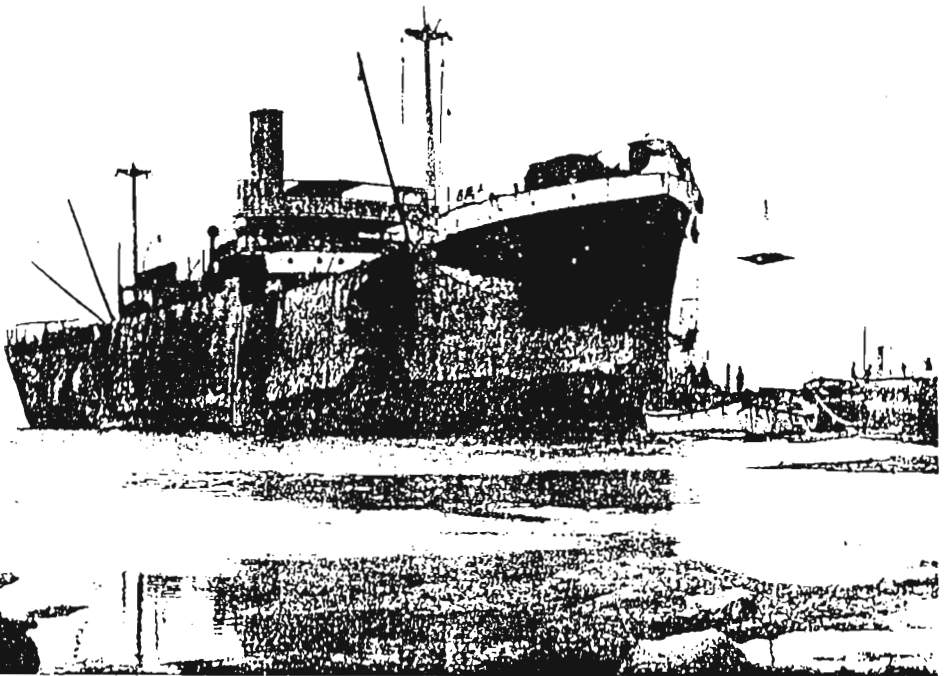


THE GALLIPOLIAN

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THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

No. 66
AUTUMN 1991

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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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Gallipoli Association will be held on Tuesday 29 October in the Cavalry and Guards Club, 127 Piccadilly, commencing at 11.15am.

AGENDA

- 1 Apologies for absence
- 2 Minutes of the AGM held on 22 October 1990 and printed on the next page.
- 3 Chairman's Report.
- 4 Treasurer's Report. The accounts for the year ending 31 December 1990 were circulated with the Spring Gallipolian.
- 5 Secretary's Report.
- 6 Election of Officers.
- 7 Election of Committee.
- 8 Any other business. Members wishing to raise any item should do so in writing to the Secretary at least 21 days before the date of the AGM.

AUTUMN LUNCH

The Autumn Lunch will follow the AGM, see separate booking form for details.

The guest will be Nigel Steel a Member of the Association, whose talk is entitled V Beach and the River Clyde: the epitome of Gallipoli.

Nigel Steel works in the Department of Documents at the Imperial War Museum and is the author of The Battlefields of Gallipoli Then and Now. He is currently working on another book on the campaign which should be published in 1993.

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING HELD AT THE CAVALRY
AND GUARDS CLUB 127 PICCADILLY, LONDON, 22 OCTOBER 1990.

The Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer, Membership Secretary and 14 members were present.

The Minutes of the AGM held on 11 October 1989 were approved and signed.

The Chairman presented his Report which was adopted, and thanked the Officers and Committee for all their hard work.

The Treasurer presented his Report which, together with the Annual Accounts, was adopted. Thanks were expressed to both the Treasurer and the Auditor.

The Secretary, in presenting his Report, drew attention to the current membership totals of 62 Veterans, 257 Members and 15 Honorary Members, a grand total of 334. No fewer than 73 members had joined during the year, including 2 Veterans. This healthy state of affairs was at least partly due to the 75th Anniversary of the Campaign.

The following Officers were elected for the year:

Chairman	Captain C.T.F. Fagan
Treasurer	D.F. Bland
Secretary	J.C. Watson Smith
Membership Secretary	N. Pollitt
Editor	D.R. Saunders

The following were elected to serve on the Committee in addition to the Officers:

Major J.F. Ford	R.M.S. Hancock
N. Anthony	Sir Arthur Hockaday
F.J. Dooley	L. Jones
	Captain J.R.H. Stopford

Reference was made to the resignation of Major General A.J. Trythall from the Committee and his assistance as a representative of the Gallipoli Memorial Lecture Trust. Sir Arthur Hockaday, Chairman of the Trust, was welcomed to the Committee.

During a short period of discussion Commander H.J.A. Brooke drew the attention of the members to the book The Battlefields of Gallipoli Then and Now by member N. Steel and went on to tell the meeting of his trip to Gallipoli as part of the 75th Anniversary celebrations.

ANZAC DAY CEREMONIES

The Veterans present on 25 April were E.J.B. Adams BEM, W. Burdon, R.C. Chadwick, F.H. Ching, Major J.F. Ford, J.W. Gearing, S.H. Gyton MM, L. Heath, A.D. Scudamore OBE and A.F. Thompson, being joined on parade by Turkish veteran Huseyin Kacmaz.

Major J.F. Ford laid the wreath of the Association during the ceremony at the Cenotaph.

At Westminster Abbey the Lessons were read by the Hon. Don McKinnon MP, Deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand, and His Excellency Mr. R.J. Smith, High Commissioner for Australia. The Turkish Ambassador, His Excellency Mr. Nurver Nures read the words of Kemal Attaturk 'Those heroes that shed their blood and lost their lives

Once again the Coldstream Guards made some 76 veterans, members and guests welcome at Wellington Barracks where Lieutenant Colonel Ian McNeil and his staff ensured that our Lunch was a most successful and enjoyable occasion.

After the Lunch each of the veterans, introduced by the Chairman, Captain C.T.F. Fagan, said a few words, including, through his interpreter, Nilgun Karsan, our Turkish guest, and then it was time to depart. Was it really a year ago that we were last together at the Barracks?

And if any place where soldiers gather and tell old tales there are two men who can say to each other 'I, too, was at Helles on such a date,' there is a great bond between them.

The Secret Battle A.P.Herbert

A TURKISH VETERAN

The Gallipoli Association was pleased to welcome a Turkish veteran of the Campaign to the commemoration on 25 April. Hüseyin Kaçmaz, aged 103, had flown to Great Britain on 24 April to be with us. Accompanied by his son Turgut Kaçmaz, his doctor Cemalettin Tanrıöver and Miss Nilgün Karsan, an interpreter from Turkish Embassy in London, Mr. Kaçmaz marched to the Cenotaph. He then travelled with the other veterans by mini-bus to Westminster Abbey and then to Wellington Barracks for lunch where he shared a table which included veterans Ben Adams BEM and SH Gyton MM.

Mr. Kaçmaz served in the Turkish Navy for 11 years, being a gunner on board the battleship Turgut Reis during the Gallipoli campaign. Later, during the Independence War of 1922, he served with a naval detachment on land in the Bursa area. He has five children and seven grandchildren and lives in Zonguldak, Karadeniz, Ereğlisi, on the shores of the Black Sea. Following the commemorations on the 25th he spent several days in London before returning to Turkey on 29 April.

GALLIPOLI PLAQUE IN HOUSE OF COMMONS

On page 11 of the Spring Gallipollian 1991, reference was made to the Gallipoli plaque presented to the House of Commons on 20 December 1990. Members can now make arrangements to see the plaque, which is situated close to the Terrace Entrance, by writing to the Deputy Assistant Sergeant at Arms, Mr P.A.J. Wright, House of Commons, London, SW1 0AA. Special arrangements can be made for those in wheelchairs.

NEW MEMBERS

In the original printed journal, this page and a section of that following contain names and full addresses of new members, as well as address changes for existing members.

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

OBITUARIES

With regret the following names are recorded:

- 0659V R C BIRD
(Capt's Groom RFA 10th Battery, 29th Division).
- 1150V J CAHILL
(1st Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers).
- 0809V W/Cdr M H JENKS
(7 Glosters).
- 0319V Capt E TYSALL
(Sapper R.E. Signals, attached 1st Australian
Division).

DIARY DATE

The Eighth Gallipoli Memorial Lecture will take place at Holy Trinity Church, Eltham, on 30 April 1992. It will be given by Field-Marshal Sir Nigel Bagnall GCB, CVO, MC, formerly Chief of the General Staff.

R.C. BIRD

R.C. Bird [0659V] died on the day following Anzac Day, 1991. He was born at Islip, Oxfordshire on 24 May 1894 but spent most of his childhood at Cricklewood. On leaving school his first job was an errand boy for a firm of West End jewellers. Later he was apprenticed in the printing trade, at which he worked until nearly 70, including a short spell in Africa.

He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery on 3 September 1914 with six of his football chums, spending his first days under canvas and short of food on Woolwich Common, before moving to Ipswich. In March 1915 he joined 368 Battery, part of the 29th Division, at Leamington Spa, and shortly afterwards travelled to Avonmouth to join the transport ship Manitou. In addition to the men the ship carried some 650 horses.

On arrival in Egypt the Field Artillery were stationed close to the sea some four miles from Alexandria and where R.C. Bird had the task of driving the water cart.

On 16 April the reloaded Manitou, one of the last of the 29 Division transports, was passing Skyros when she was attacked by the Turkish gun-boat Demir Hissar. This same vessel had, about a month previously, torpedoed the seaplane carrier Anne Rickmers. Her German captain ordered the Manitou to be abandoned and while this was proceeding fired two torpedoes which fortunately missed. The lifeboat in which R.C. Bird found himself, broke free as it was being lowered, and capsized, throwing him into the water from where he was rescued by a naval boat and eventually transferred back on board the Manitou. The Official History records that some 51 lives were lost as the result of this attack, while the Demir Hissar, cornered by British warships which were quickly on the scene, beached herself on a Greek island.

R.C. Bird landed at W Beach on 2 May, and spent his 21st birthday sheltering in Gully Ravine. He recalled that 'some days everything was peaceful & not a shot or shell being heard so we managed to get a swim in the sea and

wash our clothes and also take our horses for a bathe, at the same time keeping our ears alert for any shells coming from the Asiatic side of the Narrows. We also managed to play around and kick a football, which was enjoyable'.

On 12 June he became a groom, 'quite a nice change from awkward mules', looking after the officers' horses. His diary recalls many other incidents during the long hot summer and then the miserable autumn weather, though even so, he managed a dip in the sea on Christmas Day at the mouth of Gully Ravine. R.C. Bird left the Peninsula on 8 January 1916 after he had found a sheltered place for the battery water donkey who was about to have a foal, his horses being shot.

After several months in Egypt he was posted to the Western Front where he remained until December 1918 save for two short periods of leave. He finally arrived home to much rejoicing on Boxing Day, being discharged from the Army at Wimbledon in early January, and later recalled the comradeship of the men he served with, and his good fortune at surviving the four years of war. His love of football is exemplified by one of the last entries in his war diary where he recalls receiving a friendly letter from his commanding officer, Captain Hart, and the receipt of his football medal, 'having played for my Battery & Brigade in Egypt, Gallipoli and France.'

R.C. Bird had one son by his first marriage, there being one grandson and three great-grand children, and in 1948 married Caroline Davis who survives him. He was a very keen musician and in his spare time was for many years a violinist in a small orchestra.

Editor's Note: I am most grateful to Mrs Caroline P. Bird for assisting with the preparation of this Obituary and for kindly loaning a copy of her husband's war diary.

ARTHUR BROWN

Arthur Brown [0586V], who was born at Erdington, Birmingham, on Christmas Day 1893, died on 3 February 1991. He joined the Royal Field Artillery, enlisting for three years on 12 April 1912, and, with the 24th Battery, was sent to Fermoy in County Cork, Ireland. At the outbreak of war the Battery, commanded by Major A.G. Arbuthnot, moved to France.

His 21st birthday coincided with the Christmas truce at Armentieres. Six months later he was wounded in the leg at Hooze, after three days of heavy bombardment during the Second Battle of Ypres. Sent first of all to Poperinge, and then by way of Boulogne to England, he completed his convalescence at Eastbourne during August. A month later he was en route to Gallipoli on board the cruiser Terrible, built in 1895, and now pressed into service as a troopship, a far cry from the years when under the command of Captain Percy Scott she was the crack gunnery ship in the Royal Navy.

Arthur Brown landed at Cape Helles on 16 September 1915 to reinforce the 66th Brigade and remained on the Peninsula until evacuation in January. He well remembered his time there as a signaller with an officer in an advanced observation post. His diary records the grimness of the evacuation in January 1916.

'We at Cape Helles were the last to leave - had to scramble on a raft which would be towed by a naval tug out to a troopship anchored about a mile from the beach. The sea was very rough and shells fell among us smashing the tow ropes several times. Some of the troops were washed overboard by the waves but after a great struggle we managed to crawl up the rope ladders to the troopship with very few casualties. About 3am we saw a tremendous explosion on the beach just as we were sailing away. The Engineers had set a time-fuse to blow up the ammunition dump and all the guns and equipment and food left behind - a spectacular finish to a most critical campaign. We were truly glad to see the back of the Dardanelles campaign, our only trouble was plodding through heavy seas in an old



Arthur Brown
and
K Tolliday at
the Cenotaph
25 April 1990

cattle-boat with the hope of reaching port as soon as possible, practically everybody was sick on board for several days.'

After Gallipoli he served in Mesopotamia, eventually reaching northern Persia in 1918. Here he suffered heat stroke and malaria and was invalided home by way of India and then to Port Said. Arthur Brown was scheduled to join the Leasowe Castle, but she was overcrowded and with 27 others he transferred to another ship. This was most fortunate, as the Leasowe Castle was torpedoed and sunk by an enemy submarine 104 miles off Alexandria. Eventually he reached Woolwich where, at the Royal Hospital, he was discharged as medically unfit.

Back in civilian life he worked largely in insurance until retirement due to ill-health when he was 57. He was married with a son and daughter, five grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. His wife died in 1968.

Arthur Brown was one of the Old Contemptibles who took part in the Parade to celebrate the Queen Mother's 90th Birthday, in 1990. He was one of our Veterans who participated in the opening of the Gallipoli Exhibition at the Barbican Library on 9 January 1991 and the reception later the same evening at the Turkish Ambassador's Residence, and was a regular attender at the Gallipoli Association lunches.

Editor's Note: I am most grateful to Miss Helen Freestone for providing this Obituary.

JIM JOHNSON

On 25 July Carmarthen's last surviving Gallipoli veteran passed peacefully away, just 58 days short of his 100th birthday. Jim Johnson [0781V] was born in Plymouth and orphaned at an early age. Through the Bristol Muller Orphanage he was apprenticed to a Carmarthen carpenter and so came to live in West Wales.

In March 1914 with the threat of war looming Jim joined a Territorial Unit, the Welsh Field Company, Royal Engineers, and was mobilized with the Army number 444 in July. he landed at Suvla Bay with 53 [Welsh] Division in August 1915 but also served at Anzac and at Helles, mostly on trench digging and burial duties. Although loath to talk about his Gallipoli experiences he did write and record his memories of the Campaign some years ago. Following the evacuation he served both in Egypt and in Palestine being twice Mentioned in Despatches.

A founder-member of the Carmarthen Royal Engineers Branch he became their first Secretary and Treasurer, posts he held until failing eyesight forced him to give up at the age of 97. A year previously Jim made his first flight, to Canada, to visit the family of his brother with whom he had been parted at the death of their parents in 1895.

Proudly wearing his Gallipoli Association tie Jim was a respected figure around Carmarthen, and up to two years ago regularly attended with us at the Cenotaph on 25 April.

Eighteen months ago he was devastated when his flat was broken into and, along with a large sum of money, all his personal papers, including his birth certificate, were stolen. His health steadily deteriorated after this and although looking forward so much to his 100th birthday and a Civic Reception, this was, alas, not to be.

Nevin Anthony [0796]

CHARLES J. MINTER

Charles J. Minter [0566V] has died aged 94 in a York nursing home. He joined the Royal Navy at Chatham early in 1915, and served as a Stoker from June that same year until March 1918 on board HMS Hibernia, a King Edward Class battleship launched in 1905, and which at the end of the Dardanelles campaign was Admiral Freemantle's flagship. Having transferred to the destroyer HMS Warwick he participated in the Zeebrugge raid, St George's Day 1918, and the blocking of Ostend on 10 May when Warwick was mined though managed to return to Dover. He then served in the icebreaker HMS Alexander in Arctic waters from September 1918 to June 1919 during the North Russian campaign, followed by HMS Emperor of India in the Mediterranean and Black Seas. Tuberculosis, contracted during Far Eastern service in the cruiser HMS Hawkins flagship on the China Station, brought his naval career to an end.

Now married, his wife worked during a long period of recuperation, during which he studied civil engineering. In his new career he reached the top of his profession, becoming City Engineer at York where his skilful handling of committees, his charm and his wit, made him a much-loved person.

Editor's Notes: I am most grateful to DR A.J. Peacock MA, JP, and Nigel Steel, Department of Documents, Imperial War Museum, for providing information for this Obituary.

TOM WILLIAMSON

T.E.M. [Tom] Williamson [093V] was born on 7 June 1894, the youngest of 11 children, near Melton Constable, Norfolk, where his father was a railwayman. About 1911 he joined the 1/5th Norfolk Regiment [Territorials] and was to serve with them throughout the 1914-18 war, including Gallipoli where he was wounded.

After the war he returned to East Anglia to live in Lowestoft, and in 1922 married his wife Edith. They had two children. For many years he worked for the Eastern Counties Coachmakers but in the Second World War moved to work in Oxford where he was a Sergeant in the Home Guard, later returning to Lowestoft and his former employers.

Tom Williamson retired in 1959 and enjoyed a long and happy retirement with hobbies which included painting and gardening, for which he won many awards. His wife Edith died in 1977 and he married Olive in 1979 who survived him.

He carefully researched the much-discussed disappearance of the Kings Company [Sandringham] Royal Norfolk Regiment, and in 1979 published a book The Day the Hills Caught Fire. This created much interest and as a result Tom had an extensive correspondence with many others interested in the Gallipoli campaign.

Following a minor stroke in 1988 he and Olive moved to a retirement home at Beccles, where he died on 17 July 1990 after a short illness, aged 96, to be remembered as a fine man, gentle, kind, resilient and full of fun.

I am grateful to Adrian Williamson for kindly providing this information on his grandfather.

MISS ROSE COOMBS MBE

Miss Rose Coombs MBE, who passed away on 7 January 1991, was universally recognised as the leading authority on the First World War. Author of the best-selling guide to the 1914-18 French and Belgium battlefields Before Endeavours Fade, Rose's unquenchable and bubbling personality endured her to all.

Although Rose did not suffer fools gladly her courtesy and friendly help whether to a Field Marshal or to a lone person looking for a relative's grave was legendary. Arriving in a wheelchair at last year's Armistice Service at the Menin Gate, Ypres, she was greeted with a standing ovation, the applause led by a 96-year-old veteran.

She was the daughter of a schoolmaster who had served as a despatch rider on the Western Front and was later a bomb-disposal expert. In 1940 she volunteered for the WAAF and served as a radar operator in Fighter Command's Nos 10 and 11 Groups.

Almost by accident she was to apply for a post at the Imperial War Museum and never looked back. Passing her Civil Service and Librarian examinations she became Special Collections Officer and Librarian at the Museum.

On her frequent visits to Belgium and France, Rose covered every yard of the old battlefields and she became as well-known in Albert and Ypres as she was in London. Her dedication was recognised by the people of her beloved Ypres who bestowed on her the Freedom of the town. An MBE followed in 1984.

Both in 1985 and in 1988 I had the pleasure of acting as guide to Rose on tours of the Gallipoli battlefields, and even on those far-off shores her reputation had preceeded her. She was a member of the Gallipoli Association.

On 21 March 1991 I attended a memorial service to Rose at St Bride's Church, London where a packed congregation included a number of 1914-18 veterans paid their tribute and the lessons were read by Rear-Admiral B.C.G. Place VC

CB DSO and Warrant Officer B. Johnson GC.

Nevin Anthony [0796]

OTHER OBITUARIES

It is sad to report the death of Charles Garratt occurred on 11 May, as his son said 'but that's still 76 years better than most of the people he was with.' An extract from his book Charley's Tale having been reproduced in the Spring 1991 Gallipollian.

Lieutenant-Colonel C.E. 'Peanut' Mackellar, who was 19 when he landed at Gallipoli with the Royal Field Artillery, died in June aged 94. Known as 'Peanut' because of his diminutive stature he was captured in Singapore and spent the rest of WWII in prisoner-of-war camps.

Vice-Admiral Sir Aubrey Mansergh, who died in August 1990, served on the pre-Dreadnought battleship Queen at Gallipoli where, like other Midshipmen, he commanded a picket-boat towing lines of boats ashore at Anzac. Although on active service the Admiralty was still demanding his Dartmouth fees, causing his father to write to Winston Churchill who replied that he would look into it but , meanwhile, 'was pleased to inform you that your son has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for service at the Dardanelles.'

Diplomat Sir Clifford Norton died in December last. He had served in the Suffolk Regiment in Gallipoli and Palestine before joining the Foreign Office, being in Warsaw as Counsellor at the British Embassy when the Germans invaded at the outbreak of war.

ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION ROLL OF HONOUR - HOOD BATTALION

The Imperial War Museum is embarking on a series of publications covering the war dead of the Royal Naval Division. The first, just published, is for the Hood Battalion, the next will be for the Nelson Battalion.

The Roll is based on the collection of casualty slips and lists originally held by the Division's own record office, then by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, before being passed to the Imperial War Museum. Nowhere else is there an accessible form of the Royal Naval Division casualties and the Museum offers the Roll as the missing volume of Soldiers Died in the Great War. We are indebted to the Museum for bringing this information together, and look forward to seeing Lists for the other Battalions in due course.

Some 224 Gallipoli casualties are recorded for the Hood Battalion, the majority in May and June. These can be allocated to six categories:

Killed in Action	109	Died of Disease	19
Missing subs reported KIA	50	Died of Injuries	1
Died of Wounds	44	Unknown Cause	1

The first Hood Battalion Gallipoli casualty recorded is that of Rupert Brooke on Skyros on 23 April, the last being AB George Suddes of Quebec, Co Durham, who died of disease on 24 February 1916. Most of those recorded were lost during the great attacks of May and June but the actions of the Battalion continued to the end of the campaign as indicated by some 15 killed during December and January compared to 16 from July to November. Among those recorded in these final days are Robert Burn AB killed on 25 December and David Gibb AB [Bugler] on 31 December, while the last Hood Battalion casualty on the Peninsula was Thomas Rowland AB killed on 7 January.

The Roll is 56 pages plus two introductory pages, A4 format, and costs £12.00 including post and packing, from Department of Printed Books, Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Road, London, SE1 6HZ.

GALLIPOLI REMEMBERED

B.W. Gill

In 1915 Winston Churchill, then the First Lord of the Admiralty, devised a plan which would shorten the war that had begun the previous August and bring it to a victorious conclusion. Briefly, the idea was for the fleet to force a passage through the Dardanelles into the Sea of Marmora, take Constantinople and advance through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea. This operation would ensure a free passage for Allied ships from the Aegean to the great Russian ports of Odessa and Sebastopol. It would break Turkey's hold on Europe; divert a large Turkish army from operations against Russia; make possible the sending of arms and ammunition to Russia in exchange for her large stores of wheat and discourage Bulgaria from throwing in her lot with the Turks and Germans. The naval attack failed, and it was decided to land an Allied army on the tip and western shores of the Gallipoli Peninsula to overpower the Turkish defenders. Landings were effected on several beaches at great cost in men and materials, but the fierce fighting ended in stalemate. It was to replace casualties in the three field ambulances of the 13th Division that a party of mixed reinforcements, of whom I was one, landed on Beach A at Suvla Bay just before dawn on November 8, 1915.

The promontories that bound Suvla Bay are about two miles apart, and the sweep of the shore between them is an almost perfect semicircle. We disembarked on a beach near the north point, under a hillock that we came to know as Ghazi Baba; our destination was near the south point, close to the twin hillock of Lala Baba. The beach is of silvery sand backed by dunes. It was hard going, walking on ground soft as foam-rubber, burdened as we were with kit-bags and accoutrements. The stiff, prickly leaves of sea-holly tore at our puttees and kept our eyes down when we wanted to look around and take stock of our surroundings. On the landward side of the dunes a wide scrubby plain stretched back for three or four miles to the encircling hills of the Anafarta

range. In the middle distance, where a narrow valley cut back into the hills, we could see the ruined houses of a village glaming white on the terraced slopes. That was the only sign of human habitation.

The ambulance tents, pitched on slightly rising ground between the shore and an extensive salt marsh, were now in sight and, strung out in a ragged line, we sat down for a breather. Almost immediately an angry sergeant-major came hurrying towards us, shouting hoarse commands. 'Fall in there,' he barked, 'and come in. You'll draw their fire, sure as hell.' Struggling to our feet we looked about us with bewilderment. There was no one in sight. The plain lay seemingly empty under the blue sky; the hills dreamed in the autumn sunshine; silence enveloped the land. 'They're up there,' he went on, jerking his head towards the ridge to the east. 'Thousands of 'em in their trenches, with stacks of shrapnel and high explosive. They've got some guns trained on you already - you can bet your bottom dollar on that. Get under cover, quick.'

What he didn't tell us, because he didn't know, was that a man of destiny was up there too. Mustapha Kemal Bey, better known as Kemal Ataturk. On the first day of the first landing he happened to be out on a field exercise with his division. Map in hand, he led his troops on foot, and within an hour or two had all his reserves in action against the invaders.

Our detachment of reinforcements was divided between the three ambulances of the 13th Division. Some of us shared existing dugouts, others set to work to excavate new ones. I took up my quarters in the dispensary tent along with another sergeant and an orderly. Most of the space was occupied by panniers, baskets containing stocks of medicaments, dressings and surgical instruments, designed to be slung in pairs across the back of a mule for transportation. The newcomers were not welcomed at first; in fact we were given the cold shoulder. The staff of the 40th Field Ambulance had been trained together in Torquay and resented the coming of untried recruits to their ranks. We hoped they would

be more friendly as they got to know us better, and that we, for our part, would not let them down.

At first we had little to do apart from attending the morning sick parade, dispensing the remedies prescribed for the patients and taking our share of the routine work of the camp. For a week or two, while stocks lasted, a rasher of prime smoked bacon was issued to each man with his breakfast rations. At dawn dozens of small fires glowed and flamed between the rows of dugouts, and the delicious smell of fried bacon floated on the breeze. Our primus stove (part of the dispensary equipment) gave us a good start in the race to get the sizzling fat into our mouths. We made good use of our leisure: usually it was possible to have a swim some time during the day. The beach, still littered with gruesome relics of the August landings, was only a few yards from the camp. Splintered boats and pinnaces lay with broken ribs, and bathers had to be on the alert for collis of barbed wire on the bottom, along with jagged fragments of shell cases, empty cartridges and broken bayonets.

From early boyhood I had been interested in the birds and other wild life of the English countryside, and the habit of observation so acquired now stood me in good stead. Wandering and climbing on the rough rocky slopes behind Suvla Point I was able to forget for an hour the stress of war and enjoy peace of mind. With a few exceptions the bird life on this fabled shore was familiar. Magpies perched among the branches of the dwarf oaks; whinchats scolded from the tops of juniper bushes; redbreasts flitted in the undergrowth. Shells in flight became part of the fauna - winged creatures of the air. I learnt to recognise their varying sounds as I had learnt the call notes of birds, to estimate their height and trajectory, and to act accordingly. Sometimes they could be ignored; at other times it was necessary for me to throw myself instantly to the ground and seek cover. The birds themselves sometimes suffered casualties, especially from bursting shrapnel. One day a lark, standing on a hillock with crest erect and singing the less exuberant song of the perching bird, instead of

taking to the air when I approached, ran to the shelter of a low bush. I had no difficulty in catching him and found that a wounded wing made of him a groundling instead of an aspirant at Heaven's gate. He lay in my hand unresisting but with palpitating heart, and when gently lowered to the ground made off at a great pace.

Two days later I had occasion to visit an orderly's dugout when my attention was drawn to a tapping sound that came from a biscuit tin with a perforated lid. My lark a prisoner! " 'E's 'ammering fer 'is grub", I was told. " I soak a bit of 'ard tack in tinned milk and crumble it up." I pointed out that he would prefer a few maggots from the carcase of a nearby stinking mule, and suggested that if the wing healed in a few days it would be a kindness to let him use it.

This incident of a wounded bird set me thinking about the haphazard way in which missiles find or do not find a target. At night, when all was quiet except for the cries of "Housey, housey - who sez a card?" coming from the candlelit tents, the whine of nearly-spent bullets was often heard, but we gave it no more attention than we would have given to the hum of mosquitoes. Now and then, however, one of them did find a billet. One night a card-player leapt up with a bullet sticking in the cheek of his backside. On another occasion, when I accompanied the ration party to the stores beyond Lala Baba, which was usually an effective barrier between us and the enemy rifleman, one of the men suddenly staggered and cried out that he was hit. We were incredulous.

'Hit? Where?'

'Here,' he gasped, indicating his chest. There was no sight of blood but we opened his tunic to investigate. In a breast pocket over his heart was a silver cigarette-case, and embedded in the middle was a rifle bullet. Its tip had just touched a rib and inflicted a painful bruise.

Another incident comes to mind, of missiles finding a

target with more serious consequences, both to body and soul. The dispensary staff were taking stock of dressings. It was a misty November morning. Suddenly a salvo of shrapnel, intended perhaps for the adjoining battery, burst over the hospital tents. The walls of our tent were riddled with bullets and my colleague, Sgt Smith, collapsed with a lump of lead embedded in the humerus of his right arm. Tommy, the orderly, and I were slitting up the sleeve of his tunic when there was another shattering explosion directly overhead. More holes in the canvas, and a yell from Smith, hit this time in the ankle. Grabbing some dressings we all three made a dive for the nearest dugout. Presently the orderly officer came to have a look at the casualty.

'Alexandria for you, my boy,' was his verdict. He turned to me as he went up the steps and said 'It's only a bruise on the ankle, better bathe it with lotio plumbi.'

'Very good, Sir. I'll make some as soon as the firing stops.'

Without a word, little Tommy got up, walked out, and a few minutes came back carrying a bowl of lead lotion. In fact, the shelling had ended but he could not have known that the danger was over. For days afterwards I was ashamed of my cowardly shrinking from death and wounds. An opportunity to be fearless - and I had not taken it.

Later in the day the Turkish battery commander signalled by heliograph his regret at inadvertently shelled ambulances. Today that apology seems incredible, but the Gallipoli campaign was the last of the 'old style' wars, in which hand-to-hand fighting, man against man in naked combat with bayonet or rifle-butt, decided the issue of the battle. Hostilities took place in a wilderness remote from cities. Women, children and the aged were not directly involved. The 'laws of war', drawn up by professional military men, and comparable with the rules that regulate sports such as polo, were still valid and were usually respected by the opposing

forces. Sick and wounded combatants, under the aegis of the Red Cross, were immune from further injury. Our hospital ships rode at anchor in Suvla Bay ablaze with lights, safe from destruction by shell, torpedo or bomb.

Although we didn't know it at the time, the last battle had been fought. The combatants had settled down to trench warfare. As far away as ever from Constantinople, we were at least holding large reserves of enemy troops and preventing them from doing mischief elsewhere. Rumours of evacuation began to circulate around the camps and beaches. They were discounted as delusive dreams of the politicians at home. Then Nature took a hand - or rather a foot, and gave us a terrific kick in the pants. A blizzard, raging for three days, disabled about a tenth of our whole army.

November 26th dawned cold and grey with a bitter wind blowing. During the course of the day thunderstorms broke out and the wind increased to gale force. The rain came down like a cataract; in a few minutes dry gullies became foaming torrents, and every trench a deep ditch. The rain stiffened to sleet and the mud froze as darkness fell. We wrestled with pegs and guy ropes, trying to keep the tents standing. Men came limping into camp with frostbitten hands and feet. They reported that when the storm broke they were trapped so suddenly that many sentries had been drowned at their posts. Those who escaped abandoned everything and leapt for their lives. The Turks, higher up the slopes and not totally overwhelmed, opened heavy fire with rifles and shrapnel, and flying lead was mingled with heavy sleet. All night long the gale increased in violence, the temperature continued to fall and the sleet thickened to snow. Our dugouts became pits filled with ice, in which small articles of kit were embedded like flies in amber. The hospital tents were now packed with wounded men encased in an armour of frozen mud, their legs and arms black with frostbite. It was impossible to evacuate them to the hospital ships: giant waves smashed the jetties and were still pounding on the beaches: the ships' boats lay wrecked and splintered. The stretcher-bearers, scouring the plain, brought in

yet more victims and those we laid in rows on the frozen ground under improvised tarpaulin shelters. The only rations we had were bully and biscuit obtained from a cache in the dunes. The blizzard reached its climax on 28 November and the following morning broke calm and sunny, though still frosty. For the first and last time the mountains of Samothrace were visible. Their peaks, baseless white pinnacles, rose up like a mirage suspended in the blue sky. For a brief interval the mantle of snow which covered the Peninsula hid every trace of man's violence and folly. In this scene of inconceivable suffering, heroism and misery, the beauty of the world had penetrated to give us hope. In the ambulance unit, for patients and staff alike, the life-preserving properties in times of stress of rum and hot water had again been proved beyond a shadow of doubt.

Among the results of the blizzard were two that turned out to be of vital importance to the survivors. First, it killed the flies that had spread dysentery among all ranks. Sooner or later every private, N.C.O. and commissioned officer was compelled to enter for the 'Gallipoli gallop' - winning post the nearest latrine. Secondly, it put an end to the vacillation in high places concerning withdrawal. The evacuation of Suvla Bay and Anzac was ordered to begin on 8 December. I was at first among the men assigned to the skeleton force that was to act as rearguard when the last trenches were finally abandoned. 'Force of skeletons' would have been a more suitable designation, for there was little flesh left on our bones by this time. The R.A.M.C. contingent was to pick up the wounded, assist the walking cases and carry the totally disabled on stretchers to the beaches where they would be embarked on the waiting boats. We considered that our chances of getting away were extremely thin. Death by shelling or drowning, or, worse, capture by the enemy and incarceration in a prisoner-of-war camp seemed to be our fate. We reflected gloomily that these December days, calm now and sunny, and passing so quickly, were to be our last on earth.

Then suddenly the clouds were lifted from our minds.

The withdrawal of personnel was to be staggered: small groups of men were to be smuggled away every night under cover of darkness, and by one of those inexplicable rulings of the powers that be which move men to and fro like pawns on a chessboard, I was detailed to join such a party leaving a week before the final embarkation date, 20 December. Our orders were to pitch camp and prepare to receive casualties at Mudros East, sixty miles away from the scene of war. Needlessly I had counted myself among the dead men. In future I would not let myself be frightened too soon. As things turned out there was no cause for anyone to get the wind up: the evacuation was accomplished almost without loss of life. The rearguards had little more difficulty than the earlier detachments in getting away. Our own comrades of the 40th rejoined us at Mudros a few days before Christmas, pale and shaken by nervous exhaustion, but otherwise unharmed.

We marched away silently at dusk, looking our last on the tents where we had lived and slept, played Bingo (we called it 'Housey'), aired our views on women and sang our bawdy songs. The canvas was to be left standing at the end, with lamps burning as usual, a present for Johnny Turk when, probing for the cause of the unwonted silence and inactivity, he discovered that the invaders had faded away. It was, fortunately, a quiet evening, the sea dead calm. The isle of Imbros lay, a violet silhouette against the primrose of the sunset. The beach was crowded with troops and transport, moving silently over the loose sand. When our feet came to the firmer surface of the sea-washed shore beyond Lala Baba we halted and fell out. Now the sky was bright with stars. The bulky shape of the Peninsula, resembling a loaded camel lying down with head upraised, loomed on our left; the sea was dark and smooth, its small waves making a soft murmur. We talked in subdued tones, feeling far from happy. Our thoughts were confused: relief and guilt jostled together in our minds. We had come as invaders, fouled this legendary shore with blood and excrement and filled it with graves. Our object unattained, we were now slipping away. About 10pm came

the order to fall in. We picked up our impedimenta and marched down to the nearest pier where an armour-plated lighter, known as a 'beetle', lay bows on. A single plank, set at a steep angle, led from the jetty head to her deck. We filed along it, balanced precariously between sky and water, and were hustled down a broad companionway into the hold.

A single oil-lamp, hanging from a beam, burned with a smokey flame, revealing a wooden floor and barks of timber set against curved steel walls. Men came crowding in with their rifles, equipment and kit-bags, and we compressed ourselves until we were packed as tight as bottles in a crate. There was no moving arm or foot. A clattering of hobnailed boots on the steel roof close above our heads told us that the deck, too, was crammed with troops. A hoarse voice shouted a command; the screw began to lash the water and the craft swayed slightly from side to side but did not move an inch. Our beetle was aground. Our discomfort increased. We sweated and swore. A cynical voice shouted 'Thank God We've got a navy!' The irrepressible jester was among our company. He quickly set us laughing with his jokes and patter, and led us in singing the popular songs of the period. This variety entertainment came to an end when the beetle gave a sudden lurch, rolled violently and floated free on the rising tide. The motor began to hum steadily and the noise of water rippling against the steel sides of our prison informed us that at last we were under way. Never was water music more sweet.

After an hour's steady progress we slowed down and bumped gently against some obstruction. The hatches were taken off and the order was passed down to disembark. The tall side of a steamer rose above us like a cliff, and stumbling blindly through an aperture in the darkness we found ourselves on the bottom deck. A voice overhead shouted 'Look out below, there!' and a shower of lifebelts came cascading down. I grabbed one, lay with my head pillowed on its padding, and instantly fell asleep. I awoke to see the stars fading out and

the dawn glow flushing the sky. Our ship was pounding along, trailing a wake of foam, full speed for Lemnos. The Peninsula crouched low on the horizon like a cloud that would presently vanish away. Already we were far beyond range of the Turkish artillery.

Breakfast brought a welcome change from our usual diet of dry hard tack - white bread freshly baked and spread with butter. Should we ever again, I wondered, eat our daily bread in peace and security with our own families? For me the answer was in the affirmative, but long years were to pass in Egypt, Mesopotamia and India before that time came.

Note: This article was first published in The Pharmaceutical Journal 1965, Vol 195,634 to the Editor which we are grateful for permission to include it in The Gallipollian.

We are also indebted to Mrs Mary Hubble, a daughter of Bernard Gill, for bringing the article to our attention and providing information on her father.

Bernard William Gill was born in Nottingham in 1891. His father kept a chemist's shop on the Radford Road, which young William eventually inherited. From an early age he loved to study birds and wild flowers, and in his spare time wrote articles about them for local and national journals. He enlisted in the RAMC in 1915, and, apart from Gallipoli, served in Mesopotamia and a war hospital near Bombay. After the war he wanted to stay in India to work in forestry, but his parents begged him to return to Nottingham to help in the shop, so this he did. He died aged 92, alert and lively to the end, always willing to tell his children and grandchildren about his experiences of long ago.

PRISONERS OF THE TURKS (Continued)

By J. Douglas Stott (0993)

BAGHDAD
(North Gte)
MIL.CEM.

<u>NUMBER</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>COMPANY</u>	<u>DIED</u>
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2nd HAMPSHIRE 29th DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

17165	Albert Bellfield	Z	09.02.17 Angora Mem.
14338	Frank Gritt	Z	
17112	George H. Knibbs	Z	08.11.16 Plot XXI
17162	John H. Stanton	Z	
4755	Albert H. Stickland	Z	

Constantinople Internment Camp

7140	J. Charles Jones	L/Cpl	Z
15974	Richard T. Lee		

1st ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS 29th DIVISION

Afion Kara Hissar Internment Camp

11263	John Kelly	Z	
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1st ESSEX REGT. 29th DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

8357	Claude James Baker	Y	
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6th EAST LANCS. 13th DIVISION

Constantinople Internment Camp

14390	George Knott	L/Cpl	D	08.10.16 Angora Mem.
11154	William Mason			

6th LOYAL NORTH LANCS. 13th DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

15001	Jack Synter	C	
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9th ROYAL WARWICKS 13th DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

3728	William J. Parker	Sgt.	A
6792	Henry Simpson		A
3624	Ernest Field		A

7th GLOUCESTERS 13th DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

11690	Frederick S.Hogg	Cpl	B
8939	Andrew Cannon		B

Constantinople Internment Camp

1153 Richard L. Dix C

5th WILTSHIRES 13th DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

11615 Albert Henry Cox D

Constantinople Internment Camp

8915 Thomas Diss Sgt. D 07.07.16 Angora Mem.

11369 A. Bevan L/Cpl D

4th SOUTH WALES BORDERERS 13th DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

13839 James Morgan C 10.02.17 Angora Mem.

Unverified

2114 H.J. Plevy

8th ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS 13th DIVISION

Constantinople Internment Camp

12117 Robert T. Griffiths 14.11.16 Angora Mem.

8th WELCH REGIMENT 13th DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

33037 Albert Ryder Cpl

6th ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS 10th DIVISION

Afion Kara Hissar

22002 Thomas Drum

5th ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS 10th DIVISION

Constantinople Internment Camp

287 Daniel Walsh A

5th CONNAUGHT RANGERS 10th DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

3314 John Boardman A

3786 Thomas Byrne A

3880 John Cavannagh A

3291 Martin Clinton A

114 John Cloherty A 12.01.17 Angora Mem.

3189 Henry Crampton C

200 James McSherry A

3226 James Morgan C

104 John Regan A 26.01.17 Angora Mem.

2983 Joseph L. Limnett A

FIELD AMBULANCE R.A.M.C. 10th DIVISION

Kiangri internment Camp

46780	Valentine Flood	32	21.12.16	Angora Mem.
32234	Alexander C. James	32	29.01.17	Plot XXI
32815	Robert Long			

Constantinople Internment Camp

32890	G. Vivian	32
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Unverified

1664	Donald J. Maclean	32
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COLLINGWOOD MEMORIAL

On the early afternoon of 4 June distinguished representatives, guests and friends gathered beside the memorial to the Collingwood Battalion of the Royal Naval Division high on the Downs east of Blandford, Dorset, and close to the spot where the Battalion had been reviewed before departure for Gallipoli in 1915.

Among those who laid wreaths were Rear Admiral B.C.G. Place VC CB DSC and Captain R.W. Annand VC DL whose father was adjutant of the Battalion and one of the 16 officers killed on 4 June 1915.

After the ceremony tea was taken in the Officers' Mess at Blandford Camp by kind permission of Group Captain Ian Dorritt RAF, Commandant DADPTC, which was followed by a visit to the Royal Signals Museum.

For information about next year's ceremony Members are invited to write to the organiser Roy Adam, Camveere House, Portman Road, Pimperne, Blandford, Dorset, DT11 7DG.

ANZAC AND EMPIRE: THE TRAGEDY & GLORY OF GALLIPOLI.
JOHN ROBERTSON. Leo Cooper 1990, 318 pages, 20 colour
plates, 80 black & white photographs, 3 maps, end paper
maps. £17.95.

Anzac and Empire by the late Professor John Robertson of the Australian Defence Force Academy is a fine book and an exemplary work of scholarship which I would recommend to anyone seriously interested in Gallipoli. However, I would temper this recommendation with the warning that it describes most exclusively the significance of the Australian experience of Gallipoli, even to the point of barely mentioning the New Zealanders who did, after all, put the NZ into ANZAC. To be fair, in his preface, Professor Robertson explains that he has done this and gives his reasons for doing so. But, nevertheless, there is a danger that such a quiet and reasonable explanation might easily be overlooked by someone not already familiar with the deeper history of the campaign. As a result I fear they would inevitably conclude that it was only the Australian soldiers who were magnificent and only they who suffered as a result of the unique conditions of Gallipoli. This is a danger that other authors, such as Christopher Pugsley Gallipoli: The New Zealand Story and Bill Gammage The Broken Years: Australian Soldiers in the Great War, have avoided by the clear statements of their titles. But by choosing the word 'Anzac' instead of Australia and implying that the book is concerned with 'The Tragedy and Glory of Gallipoli' in general, Professor Robertson confuses the very specific, limited issues that he discusses so well with the wider ones that he ignores. Yet, within the narrow confines of his approach, the book is excellent. He includes a wealth of material from both public and private sources housed in archives across Australia and Great Britain and there are many high-quality pictures, including a number of colour plates of paintings by Horace Moore-Jones and George Lambert. The depth and quality of his research is immediately apparent and the resulting endnotes provide a very useful, overall guide to the location of unpublished sources concerned with Gallipoli, particularly in Great Britain at the Public Record

Office, the Imperial War Museum and the Liddle Archive. But above all, the great strength of the book is that it places the Australian experience of Gallipoli in a national social context and helps to explain why it is that the Anzac legend has evolved as it has in Australia.

Nigel Steel [1036]

LEMNOS 1915

Clement Attlee *

Many a time I've longed these ways to go,
To wander where each little rugged isle
Lifts from the blue Aegean's sparkling smile
Its golden rocks or peaks of silent snow.
The land of magic tales of long ago,
Ulysses' wanderings and Circe's wile,
Achilles and his armour, Helen's smile,
Dear-won delight that set tall Troy aglow.

Happy the traveller whose eye may range
O'er Lemnos, Samothrace and Helles' strait,
Who smells the sweet thyme-scented breezes. Nay,
How willingly all these I would exchange
To see the buses throng by Mile End Gate
And smell the fried fish shops down Limehouse way.

* Clement Attlee, later leader of the Labour Party, Deputy Prime Minister 1940-45, Prime Minister 1945-51 and created Earl Attlee in 1955, sailed as a Captain with the 6th Battalion The South Lancashire Regiment for Gallipoli in June 1915. He was later evacuated from the Peninsula with dysentery but returned in November to Suvla where he remained until the evacuation.

Note: The Gallipoli Association is most grateful to the 2nd Earl Attlee for kind permission to reproduce his father's poem in The Gallipolitan. This permission was given shortly before his death after a short illness in late July.

WAR DIARY - JACOB'S MOUNTAIN BATTERY

Jacob's Mountain Battery, Royal Artillery, landed at Anzac Cove on 25 April and remained on the Peninsula until evacuation on 19 December when it was down to one gun and 221 rounds. This extract from the Battery War Diary for 12 to 14 June is reproduced with acknowledgement to the Public Records Office.

ANZAC COVE 12.6.15. At 1130 the Anafarta gun Sq 250.0 started shelling the beach as usual. It then suddenly switched its fire inwards and started shelling the battery lines heavily. Fortunately all ranks had been warned what to do in such case & where mules were to be taken temporarily. The mules were therefore quickly got away but not before considerable casualties had occurred. It seems probable that the enemy's observation officer had moved nearer in to a position from which the lines were visible, for up to this time, although the gun fired daily, it did so along the beach only. Casualties were 1 Driver [Pahleran Khan] killed whilst getting his mule away, 1 Public Follower [Sweeper Guji] killed and 7 Drivers wounded. Lieutenant Rossiter's charger and 8 mules were killed outright. Two more mules had to be shot the same evening, 19 others were wounded, some of them severely. The enemy's fire was very accurate. The remainder of the day was spent in digging in the mules in a fresh position. New position very cramped at present.

ANZAC COVE 13.6.15.b RX [Kirby] fired 14 rounds, the Anafarta gun Sq 250.0 having again started, at enemy's trenches Sq 237 S5 where the observer for this gun was most likely to be. Also searched in likely places. CX [Whitting] 4.50am Enemy's gun in 224 N5 opened and was silenced with 9 shrapnel & 4 common. Range 1325x.

9am. Observed movement in embrasure of above gun. Fired 2 rounds, movement ceased. 12.15pm. Fired at ANAFARTA gun in 250.0 but failed to reach it. Elevation 5700x fell short. 12.45pm. Enemy's 75mm gun on hill 971 shelled our emplacements & made several direct hits on parapet with HE shrapnel. Sandbags blown about, no

other damage. CX total rounds fired 17 shrapnel 8 common between 8am & 8am.

LX [Rossiter] No 6 gun emplacement heavily shelled by 75mm gun on 9771. Emplacement badly damaged and one wheel broken. Emplacement caught fire & presently ammunition boxes also. Capt WHITTING and No 2811 Gunner FAZL ELAHI proceeded to emplacement under heavy fire and poured all available water on to burning ammunition. After this WHITTING called away. Smouldering ammunition again burst into a blaze & LT ROSSITER with some men amongst whom Gr FAZL ELAHI was again conspicuous extinguished it. Whilst working 4 star shell exploded fortunately without damaging anyone. A report was forwarded to OC 7th IMA Bde calling attention to gallantry displayed by CAPT WHITTING, LT ROSSITER and 2811 FAZL ELAHI on this occasion. Casualties amongst men Nil. Chief damage done was as follows. One wheel destroyed, 5 boxes of ammuntion & 23 cartridges [shell except star did not explode], 1 small store box, 4 star shell & cartridges, 1 large paurlin, 6 small ditto, also mens clothing & blankets. Total Ammn Expended durin 24 hours 8am 13th - 8am 14th 29 shrapnel 5CS.

Men were working all day improving & widening new mule standings. 1 mule wounded on 12th had to be shot.

ANZAC COVE 14.6.15. RX [Kirby] 7.30am Turks digging in open Sq 237.05 Range 1975x fired 8 rounds with effect. The gun previously at 250 02 has moved west towards Salt Lake & shelled our emplacements from new position not yet located. 7 shrapnel 1 CS.

CX [Whitting] 7.5am Enemy moving through communication trench on LONE PINE 4 rounds movement ceased.

10am Capt WHITTING went with GOC Bde to reconnoitre a new position for Section. OC Battery went to see it with Capt W same evening. 4 shrapnel LX [Lt Rossiter] Work done on emplacements. Did not fire.

Total Ammn 8am 14th - 8am 15th 7 shrapnel 1 CS.

One badly wounded mule again hit by rifle bullet on way to water.

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On 15 July 1915 the following appeared in General Routine Orders by General Sir Ian Hamilton GCB DSO ADC. Commander Mediterranean Expeditionary Force List No 8. and is entered in the Battery War Diary.

Military Cross

CAPTAIN E LeG WHITTING RA 26th JACOB'S Mn Battery. For consistent good and gallant work during operations near GABA TEPE from April 25th onwards and especailly on April 27th when directing fire of a war ship from a postion where he was exposed to heavy rifle fire; on April 28th when giving aid to a wounded gunner under fire and on the 13th June when his emplacement came under heavy fire. He withdrew the whole of his detachment remaining by himself as an observer. An enemy's high explosive shell set fire to his emplacement and ammunition boxes. Regardless of the heavy fire & the risk of injury from the explosion of his own ammunition he rushed into the emplacement and succeeded in putting the fire out; while he was doing this one shrapnel & one star shell burst in his ammunition boxes.

LIEUT F.N.C. ROSSITER RA 26th JACOB'S Mt By. For similar gallant action on June 13th in the same place. After CAPT WHITTING had extinguished the fire in the gun emplacement it was again set alight and Lt ROSSITER succeeded in extinguishing it. He was exposed not only to the enemy's fire but to the danger of being blown up by his own ammunition some of which actually exploded.

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Notes: Jacob's Mountain Battery was raised in 1843 as the 10th Company, Golandaz Battalion of the Bombay Foot Artillery. About 1870 most of the old Bombay Foot Artillery was disbanded and the Battery became No 2 Company and was at Aden in 1875 when it was recalled to India and sent to Jacobabad to take over the Jacobabad Mountain Artillery Train Artillery whose guns until then had been manned by Infantry Sepoys of Jacob's Rifles [later the 130th KGO Baluchis].

Jacob's Rifles were raised in 1858 by the distinguished soldier Brigadier General John Jacob [1812-1858] and armed with a rifle which he had invented. Commissioned in the the Bombay artillery of the East India Company in 1828 Jacob never returned to England from the time he first set foot in India. He took part in many notable actions, in particular from 1841 onwards in Sind with his squadrons of irregular horse, among the best horsemen in India. Jacob, from subaltern to colonel, remained commandant of the corps which usually went by his name, was assisted by only four other British officers. The tiny village of Kanghur in northern Sind which rose to a flourishing town was named in his honour Jacobabad - by Lord Dalhousie in 1851. It is said to be the hottest place in India. Taken ill in November 1858 he rode some 50 miles to Jacobabad where he died surrounded by his officers on 5 December, over 10,000 people attended the funeral the following day.

Of the two officers from Jacob's Mountain Battery who were awarded the Military Cross on 15 July 1915, Everard Whitting later served in France where he was awarded the DSO in 1918. He then returned to India to serve in Waziristan and as artillery advisor to the native princes. He died in 1953. Frederick Rossiter after Gallipoli served first in Egypt and then in East Africa. His service after the war was largely at the Shoeburyness Experiment Establishment. He lived until at least 1967.

A LOCATION FOR FRIENDSHIP

This article by Ilnur Cevick, reprinted from Istanbul's English-language newspaper of April 25 1990, gives a Turkish viewpoint on Gallipoli.

Today we mark the 75th anniversary of the Gallipoli campaign with a series of ceremonies at the location.

We see with great delight that the enemies of 75 years ago have become friends and brothers of today.

The younger generations hear about the heroic battles of the Gallipoli campaign and the stories of gentlemanly behaviour of the antagonists. Yet, it is still true that war is ugly and the blood-soaked ground of World War 1 should be a lesson to everyone that such a disaster should never be experienced again.

Half a million soldiers from Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and India fought on the peninsula and more than half became casualties, including 55,000 killed in battle, 10,000 listed as missing and 21,000 who died of disease, mainly dysentery. An equal number of Turks were sent into battle. Estimates are that half were killed.

The Gallipoli victory for the Turks has served to enhance the nationalist emotions in the country and helped to create the confidence that was later to become the driving force for the establishment of the Turkish Republic on the ashes of the Ottoman Empire.

Years have passed and now the Turks and Germans who fought side by side in World War 1 are allied with Britain and France and Australia has become a valued trading partner for Turkey.

Now we are hosting our foes of old and friends and brothers of new in an atmosphere of peace and tranquility in scenic Gallipoli. This time, love and affection will flow instead of blood, sweat and tears. The veterans will recall their often bitter memories of the time and once again remind us of the horrors of war.

This is why Ataturk appreciated the value of peace more than anyone and established the principle of "Peace at home, peace in the world" for the Turkish Republic, a principle which remains the pillar of our foreign policy.

GALLIPOLI MEMORIALS

Lieutenant John Harley

A stone in the Lady Chapel of Ludlow Parish Church, Shropshire.

Lieutenant John Harley 1880 - 1915

Fell 4th June at Battle of Crithia, Gallipoli

Note: Lieutenant Harley served with the 13th Bn The Worcestershire Regiment Attached 1st Bn. The King's Own Scottish Borderers. Married on 8 May, 1915, he sailed two days later for Gallipoli.

Contributed by Mrs Patricia Barber[1062]

Private Thomas Midwood

In Lezayne Churchyard, Ramsey, Isle of Man.

Thomas Goodwin Midwood
killed at Gallipoli
August 22nd 1915 age 27
Duty well done
Son of Thomas Horsfall Midwood JP
And Alice Jane Midwood

Note: Private Thomas Midwood 13337, who died of wounds received while serving with the 11th Manchesters, 11th Division, has no known grave and is commemorated on the Cape Helles Memorial to the Missing. Pte Midwood of 6 Mona Street, Ramsey is also commemorated in the Roll of Honour in Island at War by Margery West. Although there was no conscription on the island there was a higher ratio of service personnel per head of population than elsewhere in Great Britain.

Contributed by J. Douglas Stott [0993]

Members may well know of similar memorials and if so I would be pleased to receive details for publication in future issues of The Gallipolian

Editor