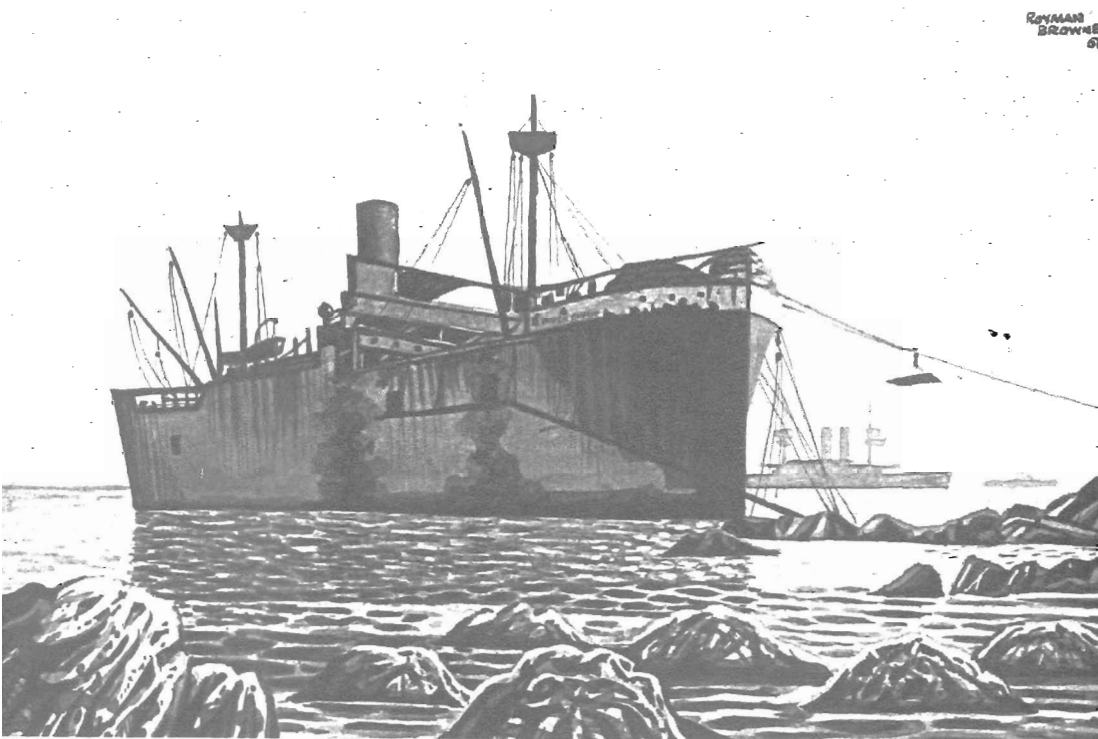


The Gallipolian

*The Journal of the
Gallipoli Association*

No. 80
SPRING 1996



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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RIVER CLYDE

The painting of the *River Clyde* on the cover was kindly made available to the Association by Lella Raymond (0999), to whom we are most grateful, before being donated to the National Army Museum. It was given about 1961 to her father, Ernest Raymond, who had served at Gallipoli as a Padre attached with the 42nd (East Lancashire) Division, and whose books *Tell England* and *A Quiet Shore* provide classic accounts of the campaign. The painting was to remain on his mantelpiece until his death in 1974. The artist is Royman Browne, though nothing is known of him.

GALLIPOLI DAY CEREMONIES

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

It is hoped that a short service and wreath laying will take place at the Gallipoli Memorial in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral early on Thursday 25 April. The timing will allow subsequent travel to the Cenotaph by 1030. More details on booking form.

THE CENTOTAPH

A wreath will be laid at the Cenotaph on behalf of the Association. Members and guests should assemble at the entrance to King Charles Street, which is just to the south of the Cenotaph, by 1030. Members are encouraged to join with us to march to the Cenotaph behind the Veterans, Hugh Jenner will act as Marshal. Wheelchairs will be available for those who require them.

THE ABBEY

We have been invited to join the Anzacs at Westminster Abbey. Please complete the enclosed booking form if you intend to be present. Please be seated by 1140 for the Service which will commence at 1200. Tickets will be handed out by the Secretary at the entrance to King Charles Street before the Cenotaph wreath laying and at the Abbey door prior to the service. Please ensure that on arrival at the North or South Transept you are directed by the usher to the seats reserved for the Association.

THE LUNCH

The Gallipoli Day Lunch commencing at 1315 for 1345 will be held at Chelsea Barracks by kind permission of the Officer Commanding 1st Battalion Irish Guards. A separate booking form with costs, VETERANS ARE FREE, is included with this copy of *The Gallipolian*.

Cars may be parked at the Barracks from 0900 onwards, but occupants must be booked for lunch and be able to provide means of identity. Members and guests may gather at the Barracks from 1230 onwards. Veterans are asked to wear medals. Other members may wear medals at the Cenotaph and at the Abbey.

SPECIAL NOTE FOR VETERANS

Veterans are reminded that the Association has a fund to assist with costs in connection with attending on Gallipoli Day and should not hesitate in contacting the Secretary concerning this when booking.

OTHER GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL SERVICES

EDINBURGH CASTLE

Gavin Richardson (1077) will lay a wreath on behalf of the Association at the Service at 1200 on Thursday 25 April at the Scottish War Memorial, Edinburgh Castle.

BROCKENHURST

The annual Service at the New Zealand Memorial, St Nicholas's Churchyard will commence at 1500 on Sunday 28 April when a wreath will be laid on behalf of the Gallipoli Association. A special feature of the Service is the participation of local Youth Organisations who will assemble from 1430 onwards. Tea will be available afterwards in the Parish Hall.

BURY

The Gallipoli Sunday Commemoration Service will commence at 1040 on 28 April when the Parade will form up at the Drill Hall before marching to the Church for the Service at 1130. Wreaths will be laid at the War Memorial followed by the March Past at 1245.

CANNOCK CHASE

The Anzac Commemorative Service will be held in the British War Cemetery, Brocton, Cannock Chase at 1030 for 1100, Sunday 28 April at what is the largest Anzac Day Commemoration outside Australia. Members wishing to attend should contact M.G. Morris, The Hollies, 18 Larches Lane, Wolverhampton, WV3 9PX.

HAREFIELD

A moving ceremony takes place on the afternoon of Gallipoli Day in Harefield Parish Church, near Ruislip, involving the local community, and the Australian authorities.

SHAFTESBURY

Thanks to one of our members, John Freeman (1422) who last year arranged for the Shaftesbury Branch, Royal British Legion, to hold a Gallipoli Commemorative Service, the Royal British Legion has agreed to host a similar event each Gallipoli Day. A service and wreath laying will take place at the cenotaph in Park Walk, Shaftesbury at 1500 on 25 April

STAPLEFORD

A service organised by the Royal Marines Association will take place at the grave of Walter Parker VC, Stapleford Parish Church, Nottingham on Sunday 28 April commencing at 1130.

GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL

Although it had been intended to publish a full account with photographs in this issue of the Journal, the Committee on reflection, and in view of the importance of the Memorial, have decided to publish a separate illustrated booklet. This is now in preparation and will be mailed to Members later in the Spring.

GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL LECTURE

The twelfth Gallipoli Memorial Lecture will be given in Holy Trinity Church, Southend Crescent, Eltham, SE9 at 2000 on Tuesday 23 April 1996 by Professor Jean-Charles Jauffret, Professor of Modern History at Universite Paul Valery, Montpellier, and Professor of Military History at the St Cyr Military Academy. His subject will be Gallipoli: A French Perspective.

The lecture, which is followed by a short service and a modest buffet supper, is restricted to holders of tickets which can be obtained in advance and free of charge from the Trust Secretary, Wing Commander J.V.Towey, OBE RAF (retd), Gallipoli Memorial Lecture Trust, 242 Avery Hill Road, Eltham, London, SE9 2JL. 0181 859 2952.

COLLINGWOOD DAY

The Annual Service at the Collingwood Memorial on the downs just east of Pimperne, will take place on Tuesday 4 June at 1500. Those wishing to attend should meet from noon onwards at the Anvil Hotel, Pimperne for introductions and to meet old friends. Further information from Roy Adam, Canveere House, Portman Road, Pimperne, Blandford, DT11 7DG. 01258 453797.

AUTUMN LUNCH 1996

The Autumn Lunch will take place as previously announced on Wednesday 23 October at the Naval Club, Hill Street, London. Full details in the Autumn *Gallipolian*.

PERSONAL NOTE

FROM

MAJOR-GENERAL AYLMER HUNTER-WESTON, C.B., D.S.O.,

TO EACH MAN OF THE 29th DIVISION

ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR FIRST

GOING INTO ACTION TOGETHER

The Major-General Commanding congratulates the Division on being selected for an enterprise the success of which will have a decisive effect on the War.

The eyes of the World are upon us and your deeds will live in history.

To us now is given an opportunity of avenging our friends and relatives who have fallen in France and Flanders. Our comrades there willingly gave their lives in thousands and tens of thousands for our King and Country, and by their glorious courage and dogged tenacity they defeated the invaders and broke the German offensive.

We must also be prepared to suffer hardships, privations, thirst, and heavy losses, by bullets, by shells, by mines, by drowning. But if each man feels, as is true, that on him individually, however small or however great his task, rests the success or failure of the Expedition, and therefore the honour of the Empire and the welfare of his own folk at home, we are certain to win through to a glorious victory.

In Nelson's time it was England, now it is the whole British Empire, which expects that each man of us will do his duty.

A. H-W.

OBITUARIES

BEN ADAMS (0969V)

Ben Adams died after a short illness on the morning of 10 October, at the very moment that Association Members gathered in London for the Annual General Meeting and Autumn Lunch. Ben Adams was one of the youngest Veterans, having been born in Arbor Hill Barracks, Dublin, where his father was stationed with the Lancashire Fusiliers, on 21 June 1900, and was often referred to as "Baby" Ben by his friends in the Association.

He, and his wife Sally, who survives him, regularly attended the ceremonies in London on Gallipoli Day, and later in the year the Autumn Lunch. To be with us they would leave their home in Gorton in the early hours to catch the first long distance coach from Manchester to London. Then, would often return at the end of the same day, their commitment and fortitude admired by all.

Those at Chelsea Barracks on Gallipoli Day 1992, will always remember how Ben Adams quietly moved across to the quartet which had entertained us throughout lunch, took the place of the drummer, and then proceeded to give a virtuoso performance. At the end, the loud and prolonged acclamation from Members and Guests was proof of his success, moving moments which will always remain in the memory of those present.

The family eventually returned to this country and Ben Adams went to school in Gorton, Manchester, leaving, with the support of his father in 1914 and giving a false age so as to join the Territorials. He became a drummer and was soon sent to the Middle East, and eventually Gallipoli, following which he served in Egypt and Palestine before being sent to India. On his return to civilian life he still served with the Territorials.

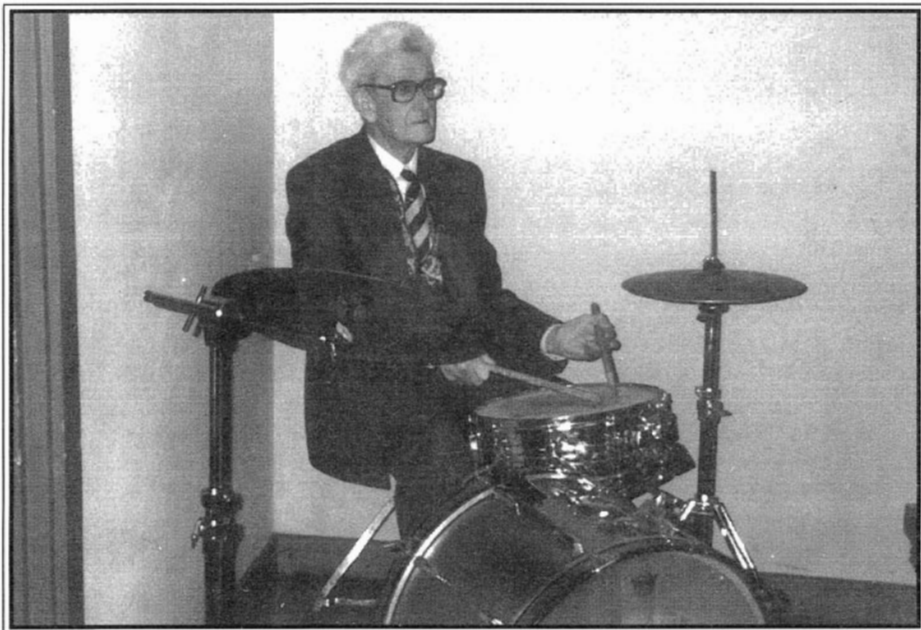
The outbreak of war in 1939 brought Ben Adams back into the services, this time with the Royal Inniskillings. He was among those taken off the Dunkirk beaches in 1940, subsequently serving in North Africa, Sicily in "Operation Husky" and then the long campaign through Italy, during which with five of his comrades he had an audience with the Pope.

Ben Adams was a great servant to his local community, a volunteer in many capacities, though his great love was the Army Cadet Force. He served in the Corps of Commissionaires until he was 90, and was awarded the British Empire Medal for his work in the community, this he received at Buckingham Palace.

Some measure of the great affection with which Ben Adams was held can be gained from the very large congregation at his funeral, many representing the numerous organisations which he had served. No fewer than ten Standards were paraded including those of The King's Regiment Comrades Association, The 8th Battalion The Manchester Regiment Comrades Association and the Dunkirk Veterans Association.



A young Ben Adams with his proud father



Gallipoli Day 1992 with Ben Adams on the drums. Photo : Eve Essex.



*Gallipoli Day 1994. Ben Adams leading the Veterans for the last time.
Left to right: Major John Ford, Francis Ching, William Lunn MM, Jack Gearing.
Photo : Shirley Saunders.*



*Gallipoli Parade at Bury 1993
with George Peake on right, Ben Adams on left
and Bob Spencer in wheelchair.
Photo : Roy Peake.*

GEORGE PEAKE (0924V)

The last survivor of the Lancashire Fusiliers who served at Gallipoli, George Peake of Salford, died on 22 October shortly before receiving his invitation to join with other Veterans at the service of dedication of the Gallipoli Memorial at St Paul's Cathedral.

George Peake was born in Salford in May 1896, the eldest of three sons. His father, also George, was a journeyman clogger and he was followed in the trade by the second son Joe who died in his mid-fifties, while George worked in an iron foundry after leaving school. The third son, John, recently celebrated his 90th birthday. The brothers remained a close knit family, and played several musical instruments between them, including piano, banjo mandoline, violin and drums.

He joined No 1 Section A Company, 1/8th Battalion, Lancashire Fusiliers based at Cross Lane Barracks, Salford, in February 1914, and was called up on 5 August, initially sleeping and eating at home. Later he was at Turton Camp and on not being given any leave, but wanting to see his family, he hid under a ladies skirts on a tramcar to avoid detection by the Military Police. By 9 September he and his comrades were on board the *Neuralia* bound for Egypt where he was to remain until 1 May 1915.

George Peake landed at W Beach, Cape Helles on 5 May, and shortly afterwards



George Peake in Egypt late 1914

took part in operations in the Gully Ravine - Fusilier Bluff sector. He subsequently remained at Krithia Nullah until mid-July when he was wounded in the head by a sniper, and was evacuated to Malta for a month. Following his return to the Peninsula he remained there until the start of evacuation in December.

After further service in Egypt he moved to the Western Front from February 1917 at first on the Somme, later at Ypres, where in the Zonnebeke sector in early September he received a serious shrapnel wound in the thigh which resulted in evacuation to Hanworth Park Hospital in England. He did not return to active front-line service and after the war resumed his job as a moulder in the iron-foundry. When this closed he found work as a chargehand in the CWS Flour Mills in Salford from where he retired at the age of 65.

In December 1924 George Peake married Mary Hodgson, they had one son, Roy, one grandchild, and one great grandchild. In recent years George Peake had been one of the trio of veterans who had paraded each April at the Gallipoli Day Parade in Bury, the others being Bob Spencer who died in 1993, and Ben Adams, see Obituary on previous pages.

We are most grateful to Roy Peake for providing so much information about his father, and for the loan of precious photographs, not all of which could be used.



George Peake (second left) wearing an Australian slouch hat, Mustapha Barracks, Alexandria late 1914.

JAMES PAGE (1185V)

James Page, Jimmy to all his friends, and the oldest resident in the Royal Star and Garter Home at Richmond, died on 20 November 1995, just 25 days short of his 100th birthday. He had been so looking forward to the unveiling of the Gallipoli Memorial at St Paul's Cathedral, alas, his funeral took place the day before.

He was born on 15 December 1895 in Kennington, London, the eldest of five brothers and sisters. On leaving school he worked for Siemen's Electrical and was on holiday when war broke out on 4 August 1914. His father threw a glass of water he was holding at him on hearing the news that he had enlisted, for he was required to stay at home to look after his mother. Instead he joined the Royal Field Artillery, and after initial training at Woolwich, later in East Anglia, went with the 29th Division to Egypt.



Jimmy Page with his brother John, August 1919.

Jimmy Page landed at Cape Helles on 25 April where he was to remain until he was evacuated suffering from dysentery and jaundice. After treatment and recuperation in Alexandria he returned to the Peninsula, this time to Suvla, where he remained until the evacuation in December. He was nearly killed twice - once a bullet just missed him, and on another occasion he was knocked over by two runaway horses pulling a gun.

He would later describe Gallipoli as just one battle, "an almighty cock-up, it started on 25 April and finished in January. Nobody knew what was happening. You were in the frontline the moment you landed. On top of everything else you were hit by the heat, the flies, the lice, and the food was terrible. The Turks were the least of our troubles. There aren't sufficient words to describe what it was like."

On leaving the Peninsula he subsequently saw action in Macedonia, later in Egypt where under Field Marshal Allenby he was at the battles of Gaza, Beersheba and in Palestine. At the end of the war he was on the road to Damascus engaged in removing equipment left by the Turkish army, before completing his service in Egypt prior to demobilisation in August 1919.



Jimmy Page meeting Mrs Thatcher at Gallipoli during the 1990 Commemoration Service. The other veterans are Frederick Wray and Francis Ching to left of Mrs Thatcher, and Walter Tobin closest to camera in right foreground. Photo : MOD Copyright.

He returned to Siemens, and until he was 70 was employed as a representative for electrical fittings manufacturing companies. During the Second World War he served as a civilian employee in the Royal Navy Electrical Supply Division at Haselmere.

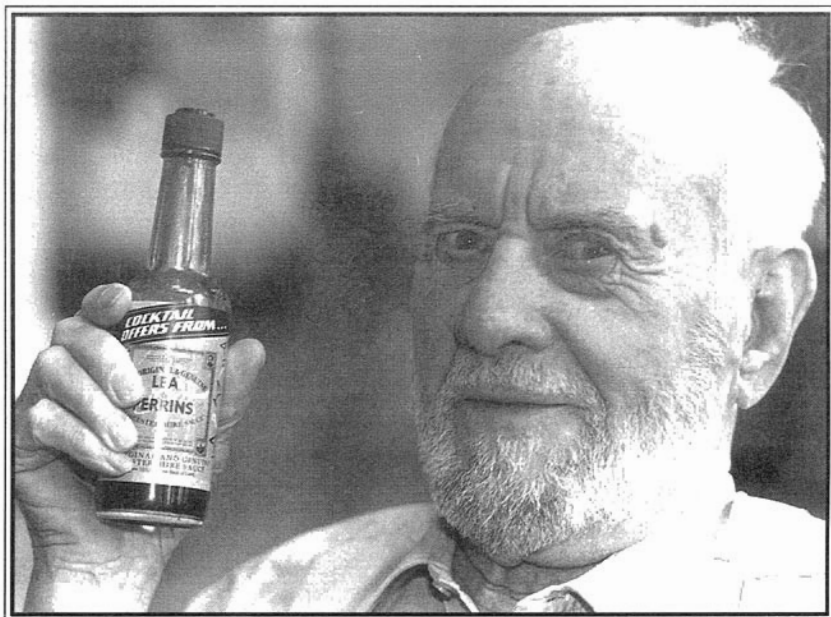
In 1925 he married Gladys Hardy who died of a tragic illness during the Second World War, subsequently he married again though his second wife predeceased him. There was a son from the first marriage who emigrated to Southern Rhodesia and later moved to South Africa, where there are now three grandchildren and six great grandchildren. He made several extended visits to South Africa, once remarking that he would live there "if I earned as much as the footballers do these days."

On retirement Jimmy Page lived in New Malden until he moved to the Royal Star and Garter Home in October 1987. He said, when referring to his age, "I couldn't imagine a better place for someone in my condition. If it wasn't for the Royal Star and Garter I would be in Oxford Street holding my hands out for money." Fiercely patriotic, his quick mind, witty tongue and mischievous twinkle in his eye were renowned, both in the Home and at the Gallipoli lunches which he always faithfully attended including that in October just a few short weeks before his death.

In 1990 Jimmy Page was, in his own words "privileged to return" to Gallipoli for the 75th anniversary where along with other veterans he was honoured to meet the then Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, Bob Hawke Prime Minister of Australia and other notables. The Turkish Government presented him with a medal which he greatly treasured, for a matter which caused him much regret was the decision by the British Government not to institute the Gallipoli Star. Another veteran present on that occasion was Francis Ching, and their verbal jousting often brought much merriment at Gallipoli Association lunches. If they meet in the hereafter no doubt they will still continue their rivalry.

Jimmy Page was an articulate and intelligent man, with a sharp sense of humour, who enjoyed a tot of whisky to start the day. Members will recall the feature in *The Gallipolian* Winter 1994 which described how he amazed sauce makers Lee & Perrins by taking them up on an advertisement dating from 1915. In this, they offered to send a dozen bottles of their famous Worcester sauce to soldiers serving on the Western Front, the cost just five shillings. He asked what they would charge at today's prices, and was promptly provided with his dozen bottles as a gift.

We are most grateful to his nephew John May, and to Patsy Willis, Fund Raising and Public Relations Manager at the Royal Star and Garter Home, for much assistance with this Obituary, and for the provision of the photographs.



Jimmy Page with one of the bottles of Worcester Sauce.

Photo : Royal Star & Garter Home.

OLIVER FORD MBE (0973)

Oliver Stanley Ford MBE, who died on 11 November 1995 was the younger brother by four years of Major John Ford, a veteran of the Gallipoli campaign and for many years a member of the Gallipoli Association Committee (see Obituary in *The Gallipolian* No 77 Spring 1995.)

Oliver Ford was born in 1903 in Gibraltar, where his father, who served in the Royal Army Medical Corps, was stationed with his family. Subsequently they moved to Folkestone where he was educated at the Harvey Grammar School, and subsequently at London University. In 1924 he was appointed master in charge of Physical Education at Gillingham Grammar School for Boys, a post he held until his retirement in 1968.

In his younger days Oliver Ford was a sportsman: he was Captain of the Medway Rowing Club from 1930 to 1933, and Captain of Rochester Hockey Club from 1934 to 1950. After his playing days were ended he became an administrator, and worked for interschool sports at both county and national level. Among his offices were those of President of the Kent School's Athletics Association, Vice-President of the Kent Schools Rugby Football Union, Vice-President of the Kent Society of Rugby Football Union Referees, and Vice-President of the Kent Hockey Association. He was Honorary Treasurer of the England Schools Rugby Football Union for many years, and in that capacity served as a committee member of the senior English

Rugby Football Union. In recognition of his services to school sports he was awarded an MBE in 1985.

Oliver was married to Gwendolen for fifty three years, and they had a daughter, Mary who now lives in Whitley Bay, Tyne and Wear. He was the proud grandfather of Jonathan and Katherine, and was delighted when he became a great-grandfather to William, who was born in October 1994.

He and his brother John, became close companions after their wives died. They enjoyed meeting regularly at the RAMC Mess at Millbank, and attended many Gallipoli Association events together. Their cheerful good humour and enjoyment of life will always be an example and an inspiration to family and friends.

Members of the Gallipoli Association Committee owe a special debt of gratitude to Oliver Ford, for it was he, who after brother John could not attend meetings, made all the arrangements for the Committee to meet at Millbank, and joined members for lunch afterwards.

We are especially grateful to Oliver Ford's daughter, Mrs Mary Pinkney (1677) for providing this Obituary.

COMMEMORATIVE POSTAL COVER

We are still holding stocks of the Commemorative Postal Covers issued to mark the occasion of the 80th Anniversary of the Gallipoli Campaign. All profits from the sale of the Covers are designated to the Memorial Appeal Fund. Regretfully, our stock of Covers signed by John Major have all been sold, and we have very few left of those signed by Lady Thatcher and by Tony Blair. Stocks of the covers signed by Veterans and celebrities vary, but we would hope to supply those required, or to offer an acceptable alternative. Prices remain at £6.50 each or five for £30.00 including post & packing, with remittance made out to the Gallipoli Association. Further details from and orders to Jim Fallon, 2 Sunnyfield, The Ryde, Hatfield, Herts, AL9 5DX.

GALLIPOLIAN BINDERS

We have received an excellent response to the announcement in the Winter *Gallipolian* of Binders which will take 12 copies of the journal. The price per Binder is £4.75, or £5.70 overseas. A further order will shortly be placed with the supplier so that hopefully we shall be able to fulfil any request from Members for Binders with the minimum of delay. Orders with remittance made out to the Gallipoli Association to Jim Fallon, The Gallipoli Association, 2 Sunnyfield, The Ryde, Hatfield, Herts, AL9 5DX.

LIEUTENANT DUCKWORTH'S LAST HOME

Second Lieutenant Eric Duckworth, B Company 1/6 Lancashire Fusiliers was killed on 7 August 1915 in front of Krithia during the battle of 6/7 August. The Official History describes how small parties of the 1/6th and 1/7th Battalions under Major J.W. Law, succeeded in reaching the Turkish second line. Fierce counter-attacks eventually forced them back save at the Vineyard where H.W. Nevinston in *The Dardanelles Campaign* 1918 describes how "All that day and through the night they clung to it, in spite of a massed counter-attack at night the 6th and 7th Battalions, Lancashire Fusiliers, showing the finest endurance."

Eric Duckworth's body was never found and he is commemorated on the Cape Helles memorial to the Missing. In addition an oak sapling was transported to Gallipoli by his parents in 1922, and planted in their son's memory in Redoubt Cemetery where it still flourishes, see *The Gallipolitan* 56: 15, Spring 1988. Shortly before his death he had sent home a drawing of his dugout, which we are pleased to reproduce. This together with the letter from Private Howarth which is also reproduced, were kindly made available for publication by Eric Duckworth's nephew, Eric Peter Duckworth (1067).

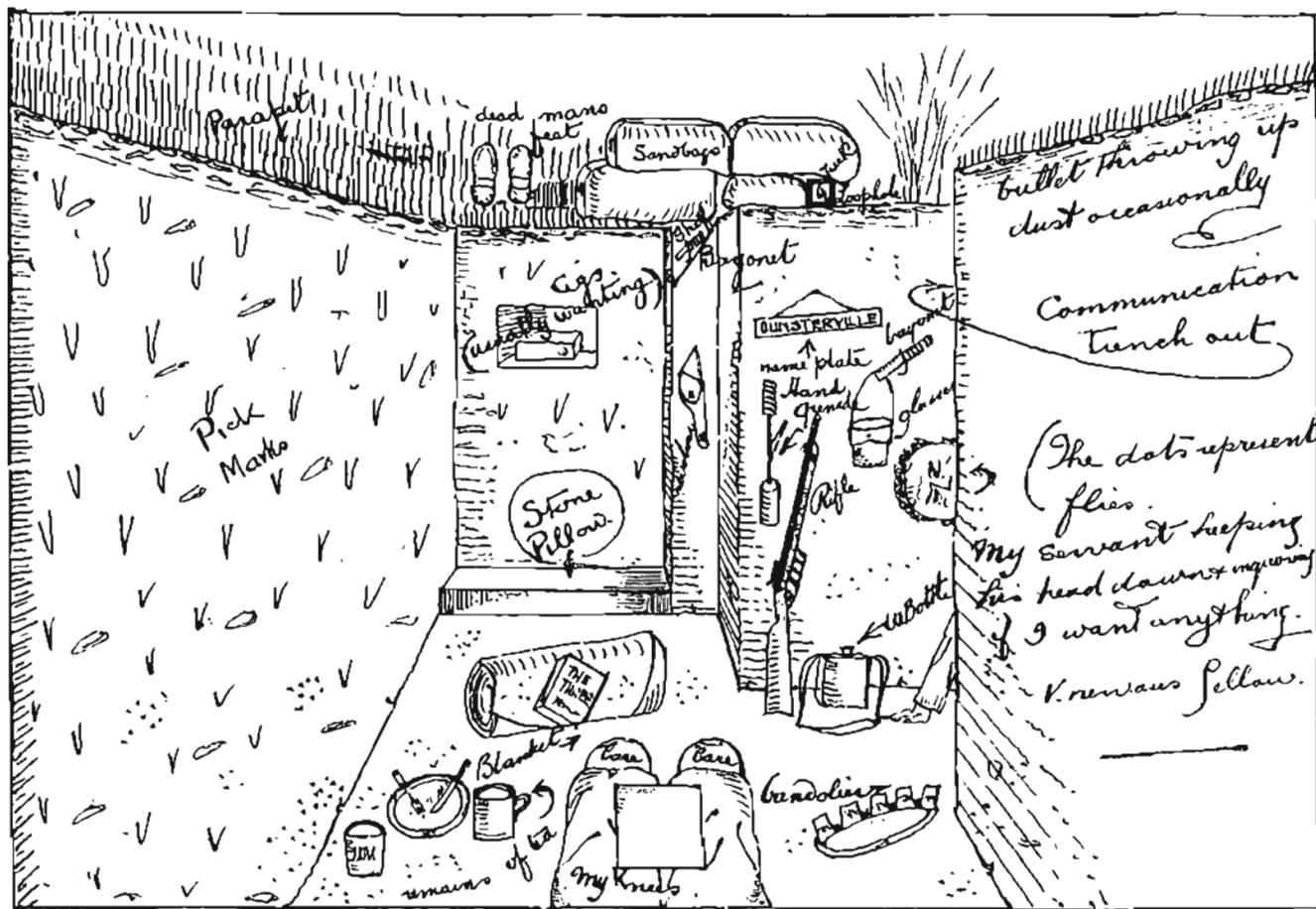
On 4 October 1915 Private Norman A. Howarth of the 1/6 Lancashire Fusiliers wrote the following letter from Rodden Court, Red Cross Hospital, Latchford, Warrington, to Eric Duckworth's father, James Duckworth.

Dear Sir,

I think I can answer your questions better if I tell my story from beginning to end

At 0945 our platoon charged for the second Turkish trench, each man was told beforehand that he was to jump over the first Turkish trench and take the second trench, but many from our platoon were just out from home and they halted at the first Turkish trench and took up a firing position behind the parapet alongside the men of A Company who had charged the first trench at 0930 whilst the men of the original 6th charged over the first line. I could see about 20 men charging but we kept on, but only 3 reached the parapet of the second Turkish line, these were your son, Private Porter and myself. Private Porter was about 10 yards to my left and he and I were busy shooting any Turks who were near us. Private Porter crawled nearer to me and told me Lieutenant Duckworth had been shot in the chest just as he reached the parapet of the second Turkish trench. When the dust and smoke lifted I saw your son about 30 or 40 yards to our left and he was sat on the parapet with

NOTE: The plaque "Dunsterville" hanging on the dugout wall was the name of Eric Duckworth's parents house in Rochdale, now an office of the Inland Revenue.



his head on his chest and in a dead looking position. All the time the Turks were shelling us and things were looking bad for us. We had not been in the trench very long before Porter & I saw a large force of Turks crawling down a communication trench intending to take our fellers in the rear. It was impossible for those holding the first captured line to see these Turks, so Porter and I determined to risk crossing the open again to warn them. We both ran towards the first trench, but Porter had only gone about 20 yds. when he was killed, but I managed to be missed until within 5 yds of the first line, when I got hit in the abdomen and hip and fell into the trench. I thought our fellows were in the trench and was much surprised to find several Turks in the trench, one Turk clubbed me on the head with his rifle but a sandbag broke the blow whilst some other Turks rammed a bayonet into my neck. All this seemed to happen in a few seconds. When I recovered my senses I discovered that our fellows had jumped into the trench and killed the Turks. I told the Lance Corporal what I had seen and word was passed down to some officer. They had not been in the trench five minutes when word was passed down that they must leave the trench as it was mined, whilst the Turks were enfilading them from the left. I had to be left and the Turks came down the trench. At this time I was robbed and trodden on until my senses left me. I was in this trench until 5.30pm when the Turks rushed out of the trench - ten minutes afterwards the bomb throwing party belonging to the 8th Lancs Fusiliers came upon me and carried me to our original firing line. I laid in the firing line until late at night. The 8th Lancs Fus. had sapped into this trench from our original firing line. Whilst I was lying there I received shrapnel wounds in the head and arms. A rescue party was sent for me and I was carried into the support trenches.

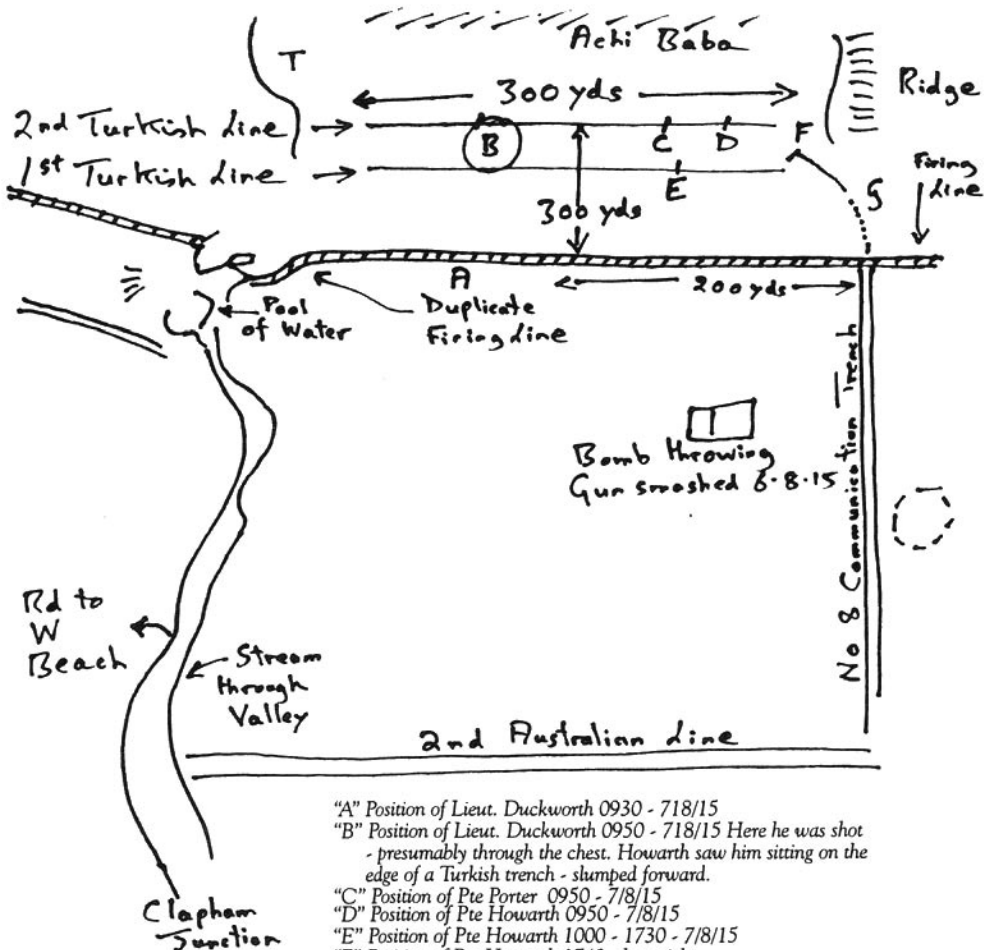
Lieutenant Duckworth could not be reached because he was in such a bad position and on the Turkish parapet. Our forces were only just able to keep the Turks back but I think we kept the trench. I last saw your son at 9.55am and he was still in the same position as I have before described but I cannot tell what happened to him after that time, but he was right in the middle of the Turkish fire from machine guns and their big field guns. Nobody could live in such a position because he was a target due to his officer's clothes.

Lieutenant Duckworth was well liked by his men in Egypt, but when he went on active service, he became one of us because he thought alot about his men and his men thought alot about him. He proved himself on the battlefield as a brave officer and the men had the fullest confidence in his leadership. I am speaking for myself and for the men under his command when I say your son Lieutenant was all that an English officer was expected to be, and you have need to be proud of him as the men of the 6th are. His loss will be greatly felt by all but he died like a man.

Private Norman A. Howarth 1/6th Lancs Fus.

Additional info.

- 1 When we charge a trench we always line the parapet because of mines, and if all is clear we occupy the trench.
- 2 No wounded men must be attended to by the men when advancing, this is a hard rule but it must be carried out.
- 3 A & D Companies charged the first Turkish line at 9.30am and lined the parapet. B and C Companies charged the second line at 9.45am. No 8 platoon was on the left of B Company and Lieutenant Duckworth was on the left of his platoon.
- 4 The rough sketch may help you to understand my story better.



"A" Position of Lieut. Duckworth 0930 - 7/8/15

"B" Position of Lieut. Duckworth 0950 - 7/8/15 Here he was shot - presumably through the chest. Howarth saw him sitting on the edge of a Turkish trench - slumped forward.

"C" Position of Pte Porter 0950 - 7/8/15

"D" Position of Pte Howarth 0950 - 7/8/15

"E" Position of Pte Howarth 1000 - 1730 - 7/8/15

"F" Position of Pte Howarth 1740 - late night

"G" Sap made by 8th Lancs Fusiliers

"T" Turkish trenches

THE FIRST NAVAL KITE-BALLOON

JOHN MACKWORTH

First published in Blackwoods Magazine April 1927

During the war dwellers by the coast began to be perplexed by the appearance of queer-looking objects in the sky, which hung above certain ships and followed their movements with great exactness. Seen from a distance they resembled (to the uninitiated) airships, but as a rule were too far out to sea for their details to be made out with any exactness. They were, as a matter of fact, balloons; but why they were attached to ships, and how they came to be used at all, is a matter not generally known even now, those who felt any curiosity on the subject having mostly satisfied themselves with the vague but comfortable word "blimps".

These balloons were used for very definite purposes. They certainly were not ornamental, and their artistic demerits were even such as to weigh against their practical advantages; for no one could possibly claim that the appearance of a battleship was improved by having one of these monsters attached to it, while to some captains who loved every line of their ships they remained to the end an abomination and a hissing. Lesser men might have quailed at the task of presenting themselves before these master mariners with the information "balloon for you to-day, sir," as fell to the lot of the recently commissioned officers (civilians but a short time before) who were in charge of the balloon ships or depots on shore; and it speaks volumes both for their tact and the progressive spirit of the Navy that no lives were lost in the process.

The functions of the balloons all turned on one single fact: that they could provide a reasonably steady observation post two or three thousand feet above the deck of the ship, and in direct telephonic communication with its control positions. The advantages of this are too obvious to need enumeration – improved fire control, immensely extended field of vision, power to see over smoke screens and low-lying fog, and of spotting submarines and the tracks of torpedoes being some of the most important; every factor, in short, that the Fleet most sadly lacked in the various actions that culminated in the battle of Jutland. Had balloon observation been available at that engagement, it is arguable that the result might have been different, for from first to last it was mainly a matter of visibility. To the man on deck the action was a series of flashes in the mist, but to the observer in the sky the movements of both fleets would have been perfectly clear.

At the time of the battle the naval balloon was still in its infancy, and was not yet capable of towing with fast ships except in calm weather. There was only one ship fitted to carry a balloon, and that, by force of circumstances, was prevented from taking part. Later, with progressive improvements, balloons were carried by the warships themselves, and became capable of keeping the air for days at a time, and of withstanding the tremendous wind pressures encountered when towing head on against a stiff breeze.

Failing a fleet action, their main work was directed against submarines, a favourite method being for four destroyers, each carrying a balloon, to work together, and if a submarine were sighted to hunt it down to exhaustion. It is a significant fact that in proportion to the cost, balloons were concerned with the sinking of more submarines than any other form of aircraft. Another is that during the entire war no ship carrying a balloon was ever itself sunk. In view of these results an interest may attach to the tale of how balloons came to be employed with the Navy. The trials which led to their adoption were curious and in some ways amusing, and had the additional peculiarity that they were carried out on active service.

Before the war the kite-balloon was unknown in England except as an object that occasionally disfigured the photographs of the German army on manoeuvres. For some reason it was never taken seriously, but dismissed as a species of vast bumble-bee in the Teutonic bonnet, too unwieldy and complicated to have any practical value. All that we had for the purpose of stationary observation was a flight of man-lifting kites that served no object but to raise the hair and harden the stomach, and an old spherical equipment as used in the South Africa War. The former was immediately (and properly) discarded, but the latter did service on the Belgian coast against the right wing of the German drive. In this region it did good work, but its chief value lay in opening the eyes of the unfortunates condemned to operate it to the immense superiority of the German "Drachen".

One of these was stationed opposite the spherical, and when the latter was pitching and rolling in a moderate wind, its *vis-à-vis* was hanging motionless in the sky, thousands of feet higher and steady as a rock. Naturally this set the sufferers thinking, and an exchange of compliments with the French (who had also been thinking, though to rather better effect) resulted in the Royal Naval Air Service being presented with two very creditable imitations of the Parseval-Sigsfeld kite-balloon.

These were intended for the instruction of manufacturers at home and for the training of personnel; but a kindly destiny allotted them a more inspiring career. At the time when they were being ferried across the Channel, the first naval attack on the Dardanelles was in full swing, and the moment of their arrival corresponded exactly with that of a telegram from the Vice-Admiral, imploring the despatch of a "kite-balloon" to enable to locate the enemy's guns.

The officer who brought the balloons was attached to the Admiralty; he found his superior contemplating the telegram, and having read it, thus addressed him —

"Sir," he said, "is not this the very job for those sausage?"

The other, who was a man of sympathy and foresight, pondered for a time. "It looks like it," he replied, "except that the entire Peninsula is occupied by the Turks. Which being so, will you kindly tell me where the damn things are going to be put up?"

Then his junior made a further suggestion. "If," he said, "one could have a ship,

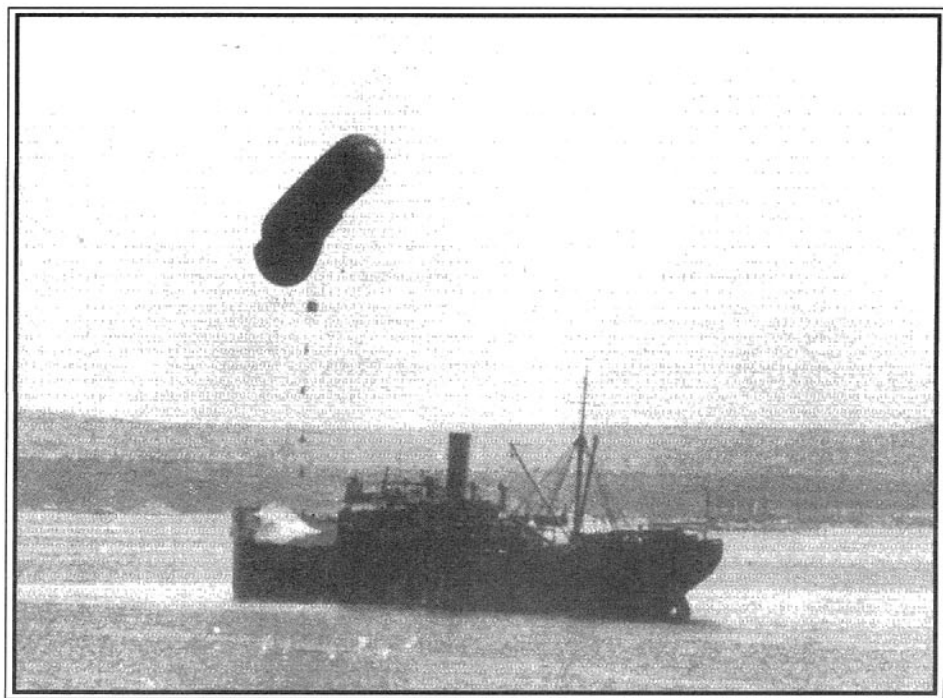
what about putting them up from that?" He was really a military officer, and knew little of the sea.

"H'm," said the man of sympathy, "and who would run this quaint outfit?"

"Me," said the military officer.

In three weeks from that date the balloon ship *Manica* sailed. She was a tramp steamer of some 3500 tons, a sister of the notorious *Barralong*, and at the time of the conversation just recorded was unloading manure in the Manchester canal.

Having once given his decision, the man of sympathy acted with amazing promptness; and, abetted by the military officer, had the enterprise sanctioned and plans prepared in less time than it takes an average docket to pass through the Registry. As the manure came out, the foremast followed it over the side; the fore-deck was cleared to provide a balloon platform, wind screens were rigged, high pressure gas cylinders put aboard and coupled up with a machine like a huge coffee-pot for the making of hydrogen. Simultaneously the after-holds were gutted and converted into troop decks, the whole of this work being carried out with great energy by the firm of Grayson at Birkenhead.



Balloon-ship "Manica" at the Dardanelles. Photo : Captain L. A. K. Boswell RN,
Liddle Collection, University of Leeds.

Meanwhile a site for a training station had been found at Roehampton Polo Club, and there the first balloon was unpacked and dubiously inspected. At a casual glance it looked hideously complicated, an affair of huge air-funnels and balloonets, automatic valves, parachutes, and sails, and a wonderful tangle of cordage. But gradually, with the help of a French sergeant, its mysteries were revealed, and, fed with gas and carefully held, it arose and sat erect, looking owlsh but reasonably docile, and slowly flapping its side sails like a pair of vast foolish ears.

From the hedges and highrows of life streamed in a band of adventurers destined to snatch what smatterings of training they could in the time available, and take the field as the 1st Kite-Balloon Section.

Some were artists, some tutors, some men of letters, and these stood shoulder to shoulder with metropolitan policemen, Oxford "scouts," and naval stokers. The fact that not one of them had ever seen a balloon before made no difference whatever; they hurled themselves into the task with a fine enthusiasm, and in a week were speaking of air scoops, bridles, and handling guys as though they had known them all their lives. Better material no man could want, while the officers, consisting of a newly joined sub-lieutenant, a surveyor, a stockbroker, and a gentleman of means, proved so quick of comprehension that in a few days the military officer (now C.O. No. 1 Kite-Balloon Section) had taught them what little he knew, and was free, with the help of the surveyor and the stockbroker, to attend to the collection of material.

This gave more trouble than might have been supposed, for odd kind of things were wanted; and even wives had to be pressed into the service before the equipment was complete. However, it was done, and late one night the section left Roehampton for foreign service, pursued by a consignment of tropical helmets which had arrived too late for inclusion in the baggage.

They beat the ship by a day, for the *Manica*, though nominally finished, was still swarming with fitters and dock-yard hands and clanging like a vast gong. Into the din marched the 1st Kite-Balloon Section, and resolutely took possession of the troop decks, driving the maties gradually over the side. Stores, transport, and technical gear were swung on board, and the ballooning arrangements carefully scrutinised by the more mellow light of experience. As a matter of fact, no one had a precise idea as to what was wanted. A balloon is a large object, and up till now nobody had attempted to manipulate one from a ship. The thing was an experiment, and the arrangements had to be planned by imagination. It says something for the confidence of the section that they were prepared to sail without making a single trial. It says a great deal more for the man of sympathy that he was prepared to let them; for had the *Manica* proved a failure, the wrath of Their Lordships at the Admiralty would have descended on his single head.

In spite of the urgency it was impossible to sail that night, and the men were withdrawn into billets and a guard mounted over the ship. Sentrygo had formed no part of the curriculum, so men of determined aspect were chosen at random, and placed in position with verbal instructions for the prevention of espionage. Though ignorant of detail, these men had a fine grasp of principle. The C.O. passed one

later. He stood rigidly, feet together, and rifle, with fixed bayonet, at the slope. In his mouth was a pipe, and as the officer approached, his free hand hovered between this and his cap. He realised that a salute was desirable, but was uncertain as to the form it should take when carrying a rifle. Moreover, the pipe was an embarrassment. Should one's free hand be used to salute or to remove the pipe? Or should it co-operate with the other in the ceremony of presenting (or was it porting) arms? The solution was simple and effective. The pipe remained in his mouth, and with his free hand he lifted his cap: a gesture of great politeness, more impressive than the "slap-bang" of any guardsman. The C.O. was delighted: with such to help him he had little doubt that they would get the balloon into the air and keep it there.

The following day saw everything finished, and *Manica* was wraped out into the stream to await the midnight tide. The ship's officers were full of questions: ignorant of what was afoot, bewildered by the removal of their foremast, and knowing only that they were bound for the Dardanelles. The captain was inclined to resent the mutilation of his ship, and complained that he had been engaged to carry cargo and not to navigate a floating mine (this had reference to the hydrogen cylinders). However, an appointment to the Royal Naval Reserve partially mollified him, and by the time the ship was running down the Irish Channel, he was regarding the affair with a lugubrious tolerance. As for the other officers, they were no sooner enlightened than they became fired with the same enthusiasm as the Kite-Balloon Section itself.

Of the voyage to Gibraltar there is but little to record, except that the men suffered considerably from sea-sickness. Many of them had never been in a ship before, and their discomforts were not lessened by the fact that nearly all the meat supplied turned out to be rotten. As many as could be spared were allowed on shore at the Rock, and the C.O. went to make his presence known to the Admiral. His reception was mixed, and, for a military man, not altogether reassuring. There was a bluntness about the Admiral's first question; he said –

"What the devil are you?"

The C.O. realised he was nothing that an Admiral would ever be likely to have heard of before, and replied modestly that he was a special unit proceeding to the Dardanelles. The Admiral's eye hardened.

"I want to know," he demanded, "what you mean by waving that infernal thing under my window?"

His finger was pointing at the *Manica's* stern. The military officer made a great effort to remember. A glance at the other ships convinced him that *Manica's* flag was in the right place. But it appeared to be the flag that was causing offence. The Admiral rose and led him to the window.

"That blue atrocity," he said; "take it away, sir; take it away and burn it. Don't you read my orders?"

"I'm sorry," replied the C.O., "I've never seen your orders."

The Admiral swallowed once or twice, and studied the offender more closely. During that time his expression gradually changed. He remembered, perhaps, that he was dealing with an ignorant soldier, who by some freak of fate had acquired command of the strange craft which was causing him annoyance. And so, with a few fulminations, he explained. The C.O. was not absolutely clear at the end, but he gathered that in carrying a blue ensign the *Manica* had committed a great enormity. The blue ensign was obsolete, it exposed one to unimaginable risks, it annoyed those responsible for one's protection, and benefitted no one. The Admiral had very properly drawn attention to it in a recent order, and any ship entering the bay with one would be instantly – well, at any rate, its use was entirely forbidden.

The C.O. said he was very sorry, but it was on his – er – mast when he started, and he had left it there; and presently the Admiral, somewhat mollified, announced that, provided a white or red ensign were substituted for it, nothing punitive would be done. Thereafter he became interested, and when the C.O. told him that he was about to lay out his balloon and inflate it with air to see that all was well, he said that he would inspect it, and in due course arrived with his personal staff, much gratified at being received by a guard with fixed bayonets.

Standing before them he lifted his nose, turning it cautiously from side to side. "What's that smell?" he demanded.

The C.O. enlightened him. "That's our meat, sir; I should be glad of a fresh supply."

With considerable briskness the Admiral said "Approved." And later on in the day, half a ton of meat was removed and carefully buried.

On the fore-deck the balloon was laid out and quickly filled with air. Gas was too precious to use till the last moment, the C.O. reckoned to make his one and only trial just before arriving at Mudros. But even a "dumb" balloon was sufficiently striking to interest the Admiral, and he inspected everything down to the smallest detail, promising any help that lay in his power. Encouraged by his attitude, the C.O. asked whether he would subscribe a gun for the defence of the balloon if attacked by aeroplanes. Unhappily, a gun was the one thing the Admiral had not got – at least, not one that he could spare. All he could say was that if the C.O. could find a gun, he could have it.

In this matter fate was kind. The *Manica* lay close to the battleship *Caesar*, from which there presently issued an invitation to the Kite-Balloon Section to dine. The *Caesar's* fare was good, and the evening ended in confidential mood. The C.O. sought his bunk at one in the morning, pleased, but fatigued by a long conversation with the battleship's gunnery officer. Very early he was awakened by one with a message.

"Sir, the gun's come."

"Gun?" said the C.O., who was feeling a little dazed; "what gun?"

"Gun from the *Caesar*, sir; and Lieutenant G—'s compliments, and might he have the camera you spoke about?"

Then the C.O. remembered, and blessed the good fortune which had led him to boast of the marvels of a certain camera, and to say that he would swap this, and fifty more such if he had them, for one gun capable of firing at aeroplanes. He scrambled out of bed, and summoning a storeman, had the camera dredged up from the hold, and sent it to Lieutenant G— with many expressions of friendship, while on the *Manica's* forecastle head the gun was swung into place. Ammunition and a suitable mounting he reckoned on getting at Malta (and duly did), and having secured a fresh supply of meat, requested the Admiral's permission to sail, which was courteously accorded. It was only as the Rock vanished in the westward distance that he noticed that, by an oversight, the Blue Ensign was still flying. He removed it as a mark of respect and gratitude, and substituted a White Ensign in its place.

After coaling at Malta the *Manica* headed for the Aegean, and to the southward of Cape Matapan, entered a region which seemed more suitable than any other for carrying out the flying trials with the balloon. Favoured with a mild following wind and an empty sea, the C.O. gave the order to inflate with gas.

The main difficulty that was anticipated lay in the behaviour of the balloon when close down to the ship. Once away and riding to its cable there would be little difference between working on land or at sea; but while on shore there is plenty of space for the actual landing, at sea this has to be accomplished on a deck space of some 90 by 30 feet; and as the balloon is over 80 feet long there is not much space for contingencies. Moreover, at low altitudes the air is very disturbed, behaving, in fact, like surf on the shore, so that the manoeuvres of the last hundred feet may be compared to beaching a boat through the breakers; dives, plunges, and very violent swings having all to be reckoned with.

It was therefore with some anxiety that the *Manica's* crew began their first trial. Every available man stood round the balloon, and when full of gas it was allowed to rise by the nose till it reached its normal flying angle, and held fast by the guys while the basket was toggled on. The ship was kept stern on to the wind, steaming about five knots. The first part of the experiment was entirely successful. The C.O. and another officer entered the basket, and when sure that every one was ready, gave the order to let go and veer quickly. The lift of the gas carried the balloon clear before any unpleasant things could happen, and two minutes later the ship had become a beetle, crawling on the limitless blue plate, and the observers were looking down a long shining curve of steel cable, while the wind of the Aegean blew softly in their faces.

Up the telephone wire came a thin voice inquiring how they did. The C.O. replied that they did very well, and being satisfied that all was in order, proposed that they should forthwith attempt the more ticklish business of return. From the winch below issued a tiny plume of smoke, and a gentle lurch told them that they were already

being wound in. Overhead, the balloon dipped its nose condescendingly, and the sails on its flanks began to flap in the ascending stream of air. Beneath its belly gaped a funnel, swallowing the breeze to compensate for the contracting gas, while from the tail-bridle the steadying parachutes stood out in a stiff unyielding line, like a row of overturned umbrellas.

These last caused trouble, for they resisted all efforts to haul them in, and, the telephone failing at the critical moment (as telephones do), the order to stop miscarried. A moment later the lowest of the parachutes struck the water, filled, and began to tow the balloon towards the stern of the ship. It reared upright, and the basket was thrown against its belly, while the men jumped in vain for the handling guys as they swept the deck. The C.O. recovered from the swoop, to find himself looking straight down the funnel, and it seemed but a matter of seconds before the balloon would be either ripped to pieces against the bridge, or set on fire by the smoke-stack. Fortunately the first officer of the *Manica* was a man of action, and had already banged the telegraph over to full astern. Just in time the propeller sent a whirl of white water forward, which carried the parachute with it, and released the pull. The balloon surged upward, and the landing party secured the guys. Once held, it was brought panting to the deck with little further trouble.

Five minutes later it was up again with a different arrangement of trip line on the parachutes. This time it was a complete success, and before dusk every necessary trial had been completed. *Manica* arrived in Mudros harbour with her balloon ready for immediate service.

As the ship threaded her way through the extraordinary collection of vessels that represented the Allied fleets, a signal was received for the officer commanding to report on board the *Queen Elizabeth* at once. Admiral de Robeck knew exactly what he wanted, and after putting a number of penetrating questions, explained the situation. The Gallipoli Peninsula was high and broken. From sea-level very little of it could be seen; and while the Turks could fire comfortably at the Fleet, the Fleet found it very difficult to fire back at the Turks, for the reason that it could not see them. He welcomed the balloon as a possible way out of the difficulty, and required only one brief trial to convince him that it was a working proposition, and to devise the most convenient means of communication. This trial was carried out at once in conjunction with the cruiser *Bacchante*. Everything worked perfectly, and it was found that if *Manica* kept close to the firing ship on the opposite side to the target, the signals from the balloon could be very quickly repeated by semaphore.

Admiral de Robeck then proceeded to test under war conditions, after which, if successful, he proposed to keep the balloon till the actual landing of troops took place.

Manica and *Bacchante* were ordered to leave Mudros at night, and to creep up to the Peninsula just before dawn, and engage any suitable target that might be found. The chief interest of this trial lay in its unexpectedness. The enemy were not aware of the presence of a balloon-ship, and had taken no special precautions against being overlooked. The consequence was that when *Manica* put up her balloon, the first

sight which greeted the observers was a sleeping camp, neatly arranged in a dip in the ground, out of sight of *Bacchante* but within easy range of her guns. Through their excellent field-glasses they could see an occasional dot moving about, but for the most part the camp was not yet astir. If there were sentries, they doubtless regarded the distant balloon hanging in the sky as a harmless form of amusement for the jaded British, and saw no connection between it and the long guns of the *Bacchante* which were nuzzling round toward them.

But the boom of the cruiser's forward turret opened their eyes, and a rude awakening followed when the top of a hillock some hundred yards beyond the camp was hurled into the air. No *reveille* ever blown commanded so instant a response. Every tent burst into life, and the ground was soon swarming with running specks. A second shot burst on the northernmost fringe of the camp and third right in the midst of the tents. *Bacchante* had the range to a nicety, and began to fire salvoes of 6-inch.

A scene of indescribable confusion followed. Tents were rent to pieces and flung into the air, dust spouted in huge fans and columns, and brightly through the reek could be seen the flashes of the bursting shells. Like ants from an overturned nest, the little brown dots swarmed and scattered. Across the plain galloped a few terrified mules, and in an incredibly short time the wreckage was complete.

Of the once orderly camp nothing remained but torn earth and twisted canvas, and when the smoke cleared away, no movement was to be seen. The trial was simple but convincing. *Manica* signalled "Cease fire", and lumbered home behind her consort, metaphorically wagging her tail.

After this ensued a period of waiting. The Admiral was well satisfied, and did not wish to risk the balloon in any minor enterprise. *Manica* was given permission to exercise off Mudros, and a naval officer was detailed to assist in training the spotters – a man of active brain and temperament, whose services were invaluable. A signalman was lent from the *Queen Elizabeth*, and the Lascar members of *Manica's* crew, whose reliability was considered doubtful, were removed, and stout British seamen substituted in their place. The C.O. was glad: the Lascar's ideas on the subject of food were a nuisance. They fed on ling fish, and insisted on slaughtering live sheep.

More and more ships kept arriving, till at last the concentration was complete, and secret orders were issued that the landing was about to take place. Detailed instructions were circulated, and on the evening of the 23rd April an apparently endless line of warships and transports stole out from Mudros, and in total darkness felt their way towards the Peninsula, to take up their allotted positions in readiness for the attack on the beaches at dawn.

Manica's post was on the right of the northern force, opposite what was afterwards known as Anzac Cove. With the first grey of the morning the balloon was in the air, and while waiting for the light, the observers had a glorious view of the island of Samothrace in the distance, its topmost pinnacles lit up by the unseen sun, glowing like some rose-tinted opal suspended in space.

In the dusk below them the ships lay in a long crescent, mere smudges in the dimness; and already a great force of troops was pouring from their sides into picket and pulling boats, and making for the shore as fast as engine and oar could drive them. The silence was uncanny, and it was not till they were close to the beach that the enemy realised their presence. Then a few single shots spat out, followed by a crackle of musketry. More and more troops streamed from the ships, and small craft hurled them on shore and returned for yet others. The patter of rifle-fire grew, and was joined by the drumming of maxims; and presently from the southward came the boom of heavy guns, where the 29th Division was storming the defences of Sed-el-Bahr.

The light came all too slowly, but at length, as the darkness dissolved, it was possible to make out what was happening. That the Australians had got ashore was obvious, but their actual positions were less easy to ascertain, for the ground was a mass of small nullahs and covered with scrub, and the movements of individuals difficult to follow. However, an occasional glint of steel revealed that our troops were nearing the summit of the shoreward ridge.

Perhaps the most arresting thing about this section of the battle was its apparent quietness. Actually it was both fierce and bloody, but of the struggle and carnage among the scrub little could be seen; while the disembarkation on the beach might have been a peace-time manœuvre, but for the occasional figure that suddenly crumpled up and sank down on the sand. By comparison the scene to the southward was an inferno, the difference being due to the presence of big guns in that sector.

At Anzac there was as yet hardly any gun-fire. The Turks had not had time to bring up their artillery, while for the covering ships to fire unless certain of their target was not to be thought of. In the present fluid state of the battle, it was easy to mistake friend for foe, and *Manica's* observers let several tempting targets go by, judging it better to leave a Turkish company unmolested than to risk sending a salvo into their own men. At a range of several miles mistakes are terribly easy to make, and it is to be hoped that their caution was justified, for from this moment to the end of the campaign no British lives were lost through a misdirection from the balloon.

While one observer watched for movements of troops, the other turned his attention farther afield. In the Narrows, which were plainly visible, great activity was going on; small craft were plying backwards and forwards, and from the Asiatic shore strings of barges, obviously carrying reinforcements, were being towed to the hither side. Southward of Chanak a great column of water suddenly spouted, while of the mouth of the Straits prowled our own destroyers, with the bigger warships behind.

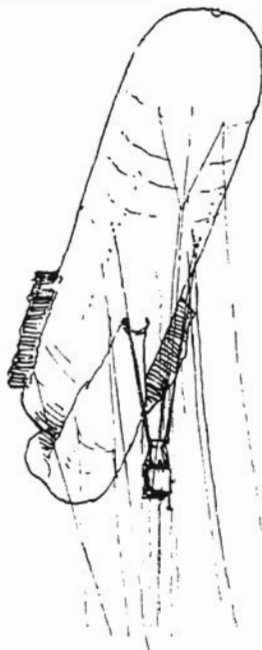
But of all the objects in view, the most interesting was comparatively near at hand. Opposite the balloon the narrow Peninsula might be likened to a wall; the observer in the basket to a man looking over it. Close under this wall, and apparently oblivious of her dangerous position, lay a large enemy battleship, snugly anchored in the Bay of Kilia Liman. From where she lay she was within easy reach not only of the *Triumph* (the ship detailed to work with *Manica*) but of the 12-inch guns of at

least five other British capital ships, while a little farther off, but still within striking distance, cruised the monster battleship *Queen Elizabeth*.

It was a rare occasion for a spectacular blow, and the fact that it was not seized can hardly be laid to any one's blame. The covering ships were occupied first and foremost with protecting the landing, and in principle were bound to consider any other object, however important, as secondary. Consequently the *Manica's* signal was not acted on till too late, and the observers had the curious experience of watching the enemy warship slowly disengage herself and prepare to escape, well knowing that at any moment she could have been blown to pieces by the British Fleet. This is no idle claim, for a few days later the *Queen Elizabeth* fired across the Peninsula and sank a Turkish transport at the third shot, though the range was nearly twice as great.

The enemy battleship was already under way when *Triumph* at length opened fire, and after sending over a few shots in reply, she made her escape to the north, pursued by *Triumph's* shells, one of which burst unpleasantly close to her stern.

After the battleship's departure, the observers were occupied in locating the enemy's artillery. By this time the Turks had begun to bring up guns, and the flashes of these were clearly visible from the balloon. Once detected, the light field guns had little chance against the terrific naval ordnance, and if a ship could be got on to them they were seldom able to continue in action.



A Kite Balloon. Sketch by Norman Wilkinson, R.I. reproduced from his book
The Dardanelles.

As long as the light held, the balloon was kept busy, and by the end of the first day it had become pretty clear to the Turks that to use their artillery from any place where it could be seen was to invite a swift and crushing retort. In later days this became more and more apparent, the guns usually ceasing fire whenever the balloon ascended. Our own troops on shore, coming to recognise this, used to ask for the balloon to go up so as to give them a chance to get their washing done in peace.

The Vice-Admiral had seen enough to convince him of the *Manica's* value. Indeed, from this moment until the end of the war, he never ceased to urge the employment of kite-balloons on every occasion possible, and it was largely due to his personal influence that they came to be carried by the actual ships of the Grand Fleet. The consequence was that for several weeks after the landing, the *Manica's* existence was a kind of observer's heaven, for hardly an important firing operation was undertaken without her help. The *Queen Elizabeth* made especial use of her, and she was generally to be seen lumbering behind the huge warship like a faithful dog.

The accuracy of the great battleship's shooting was uncanny. Nine times out of ten it sufficed to give the error of the first two shots for the third one to find the target, though the latter was scarcely ever visible from the ship. What the Turks thought of her fearful projectiles can hardly be imagined. The 15-inch shells each weighed as much as a lorry, and even at ten miles' distance seemed to burst with the force of a volcano, causing two great horns of flame to spout hundreds of feet into the air, and reducing everything around to cosmic dust. The enemy evidently laid their troubles at the door of the balloon, for day after day their one serviceable aeroplane came over to attack it, while if *Manica* came within range of their guns (which, to be truthful, she very seldom did) they belched away their slender stock of ammunition at her without regard to any other target.

Only once was she in serious danger. This was when working with the *Prince George* at the mouth of the Straits, *Manica* lay within range of the Asiatic shore, and was anchored, for greater steadiness, as the current was considerable. During a lull in the firing the observers noticed two howitzers being dragged into position opposite the ship, but being occupied with the affairs of the *Prince George*, were unable to protest. The situation was not entirely to their liking, for, apart from the balloon itself, the ship was full of high-pressure hydrogen tubes, and if hit, would probably go off like a gigantic bomb. They viewed the preparations on shore with a doubtful eye.

The next item was provided by the usual aeroplane, which seized the occasion to pay its daily visit, and deposited five bombs, which straddled the balloon, but fortunately did no damage. *Manica* replied with the *Caesar's* gun, and missed by several thousand yards. Shortly afterwards the first howitzer opened fire, and the shell passed over the ship, to be followed by a second one which fell short, establishing a "bracket", which, as most people know, is all that a gunner desires.

Under these circumstances a message from *Prince George* that she had finished her practice was more than welcome, and *Manica* prepared to weigh anchor, only to find that one of the flukes was caught in a submarine cable, which was dragged to the surface but obstinately refused to part. The howitzers lobbed their shells closer,

while the ship, her engines full astern, tugged at the wire cable like a dog at a lead. Evidently it was but a question of moments till something happened. The anchor stood out taut from the bows, and the cable, tense as a bow-string, strained against it.

The only escape seemed to be for some one to climb out along the anchore chain and cut the hawser, but this would have involved fairly certain destruction, for when the cable parted, the 10-ton anchor would crash back against the bows of the ship and mangle its rider. Still, it would have had to be tried but for the resourcefulness of the spotting officer. The latter seized a rifle, and, spreading himself out on the forecastle head, deliberately shot the cable away in seven successive rounds. As the last strand parted, the anchor smashed back against the ship with a reverberating clang, and *Manica* was free. Released from her dangerous position, she lost no time in backing away, and gained the open water, pursued by the shells of the disappointed howitzers.

Of the many operations in which the ship subsequently took part it is hard to say which was the more interesting. There were several expeditions – generally with the *Lord Nelson* – to the Gulf of Xeros, for the purpose of bombarding the docks at Gallipoli across the isthmus. An ominous quiet hung over this region, and in the grey of dawn the experience was always rather ghostly, for there was seldom any reply. More satisfactory was the destruction of Maidos, for this was known to contain troops. It burnt bravely for three whole days. Certain smaller villages and hamlets suspected of harbouring the enemy were also obliterated. One hopes the suspicion was well-founded, for a single well-placed shell would do most of the business, and there cannot have been many survivors.

Manica worked with many ships, from the *Queen Elizabeth* to the little cruiser *Talbot*. This last was her especial friend. Her captain was particularly keen on the balloon observation, and took great pains to bring the arrangements to perfection, with the result that the fire of his 6-inch guns was amazing in its swiftness and effect. *Talbot's* gunnery officer also had a genius for the game, and would bunch his salvoes on a difficult target as though fired point-blank from a single gun. His shooting far surpassed that of many larger and more modern ships.

Undoubtedly the most satisfying results were obtained when working with the *Queen Elizabeth*. She was crammed with experts, and equipped with every device for fire control, and translated the spotters' corrections with such quickness and accuracy that the effect was almost as though the guns were sighted from the balloon itself. One is led to wonder what would have happened in a stand-up fight with a fort.

The argument ships *v.* forts is an old one, and has almost always been decided in favour of the forts; but this is simply and solely because the fort can conceal its guns, while the ship is in full view. It is doubtful whether a balloon could wholly neutralise this disadvantage, for even if the guns could be accurately located, it would not be easy to get at them, since well-planned earthworks are a better defence than any armour. But at least the contest would be more equal. *Manica* was present at several long-range shellings of forts, but at no pitched battle, so that it is impossible to quote actual experience.

On the other hand, she was able to gather a good deal of information as to the effect of ships' guns against mobile artillery, and this, under favourable conditions, could be appalling.

A ship may be compared to several brigades of the heaviest artillery, perfectly controlled and more mobile than cavalry, and if the enemy is within sight and reach the odds are overwhelming. This was very clearly demonstrated during a big attack in the Helles sector on 28th April. The Turks were badly hustled, and despite the presence of *Queen Elizabeth* with *Manica* in attendance on their right flank, brought up some batteries of field guns, and disposing them in a crescent, began to shell our troops furiously.

From sea-level nothing could be seen save the line of cliffs above the beach, but from the balloon the whole disposition of the guns was plainly visible. The *Queen Elizabeth's* secondary armament was brought to bear, but the guns were cleverly placed, and though one or two of them were put out of action, the batteries as a whole continued to fire. The hour was critical, and the observers suggested that the main armament should be used. Nothing loth, *Queen Elizabeth* brought her turrets to bear, and what her 6-inch guns were doing bit by bit, the 15-inch monsters finished in half a dozen rounds. She simply blew the Turkish artillery off the face of the map, and in five minutes not a gun was firing. That it was done by direct hits is highly improbable. One of these enormous shells had but to pitch within fifty yards of its target and nothing was left; a more hopelessly one-sided contest it is difficult to conceive.

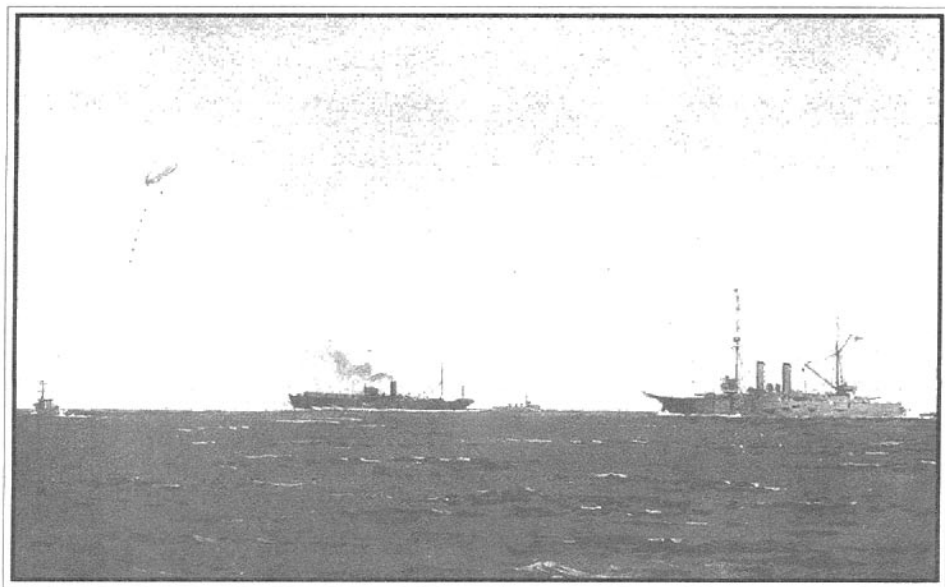
The balloon made a laconic signal: "O.K. Cease fire," and waited to see if any one would resume. But the business was complete, and during the remainder of the action not another shot came from those batteries. The troops on shore, in their own version of the affair, added a last signal from the balloon (not officially confirmed):

"Give them one more salvo; there's a man crawling away."

For the first part of the operations the Fleet had matters more or less its own way. It lay off the Peninsula and blazed at targets when and where it could find them. But later on the inevitable happened, and the Central Powers, disturbed at the gradual progress of the Allies, sent a couple of submarines to run the gauntlet of the Mediterranean and attack. Rumour preceded them, and significant reports began to circulate. One day the *Queen Elizabeth* swiftly and silently vanished. Every one knew what that meant. The submarines had arrived, and the most valuable ship in the British Navy could no longer be risked. The day after her departure a "submarine with four periscopes" was reported off Gaba Tepe, and violently engaged with gunfire. On this occasion the shooting was not of the best, and the submarine continued to cruise placidly towards the Fleet with the wind behind it. It was a dead horse.

But a few mornings later the real article appeared, and after firing a torpedo, which passed under *Manica's* midship section but failed to hit, sank the *Triumph*, who was lying near at hand with her nets out. These nets proved to be a death-trap, for a number of the crew were caught in them as the ship turned turtle, and dragged down with her as she went under.

The presence of submarines altered the whole position for the Fleet. The ships were compelled to remain in Imbros harbour, only issuing out for specified tasks and returning when their firing was completed. *Manica's* work passed from experiment to routine, and, technically, the interest shifted to England, where, as a result of the reports on her trials, other developments with sea-balloons were already taking place. About this time a second balloon-ship, the *Hector*, arrived at Imbros, while the *Manica's* C.O. was recalled to put his experience into practice at the Admiralty. The venture had been a success in so far that it had supplied a want that was badly needed. Without the mobility of the aeroplane or airship, the balloon yet had the vast advantage of continuous and reliable communications, and had it been present in Gallipoli in greater numbers or in anything like the stage of efficiency it attained by the end of the war, its uses might have been extended a hundredfold. With a sufficiency of balloons the Turkish gun-fire could have been kept almost entirely under, while instead of avoiding submarines, the balloon ships could have been used to hunt them. Perhaps the chief disadvantage was the long range at which it was usually necessary to work, owing to the impossibility of replacement if the ship or balloon were damaged. But this was less serious than might have been supposed, for in the clear sunshine of those parts observation was good even at very long distance. A rather curious instance occurred in connection with this, and may be fittingly used to close this account.



The Balloon-ship "Hector" with Kite Balloon up "spotting" off the left flank.
Reproduced from a colour painting by Norman Wilkinson, R.I. from his book "The Dardanelles"

On one occasion the *Lord Nelson* was firing across the Peninsula at the main fort of Chanak, and the observer clearly saw a shell hit the main wall of the fort but fail to explode. After the practice he went to make the usual report on board, and came in for a certain amount of good-humoured chaff.

"We know," said the *Lord Nelson*'s officers, "that you can see a good deal, but you surely don't tell us you can spot a dud shell at 18,000 yards!" That was exactly what the observer did tell them, but having no confirmation he was unable to prove it.

Proof came four years later. The observer met a member of the Dardanelles Commission, who described to him his visit to the fort at Chanak. There the Turks had shown him a 12-inch shell beautifully polished and mounted in one of the main passages. They mentioned that it represented the biggest let-off they had ever had. At this point a flash of memory smote the observer, and he asked whence the shell had come. The member of the Commission told him.

"They said it had been sent over by the *Lord Nelson*, observed by your balloon. It passed between the main magazines of the fort, but failed to explode!"

INFORMATION PLEASE

The Dardanelles Driveller: One of our members, Maurice Johnson, was recently in the Public Record Office undertaking research on 10 Division when he came across a copy of a newspaper *The Dardanelles Driveller* dated 17 May 1915.

Has any membr information concerning the publication of the *Driveller*? Who edited and published it, which unit was involved, how many issues appeared, and most important of all the location of other copies. Members with information should contact the Public Relations Officer, Jim Fallon, 2 Sunnyfield, The Ryde, Hatfield, Herts, AL9 5DX. 01707 265812.

GURKHA EXHIBITION

A Gallipoli Exhibition will be held at the Gurkha Museum, Peninsula Barracks, Romsey Road, Winchester, from 13 to 25 August. This will embrace the whole Gallipoli campaign from the first attempt to force the Narrows, to the final moments at Cape Helles in January 1916, with the role of the Gurkha regiments being given appropriate prominence.

WHO SAID THIS?

In the Winter *Gallipolian* we asked who said:

“Down the Aghyl Dere where the gallant Overton rests under the shade of the Turkish trees; out to Hill 60 where the white bones lie in heaps; along to Ari Burnu where the graves are thickly crowded; and so to Anzac Cove itself. Here, pathetic beyond words, were the skeletons of old barges and boats rotting in the smooth white sand once pock-marked by thousands of scurrying feet; here on the sandy beaches the Turk paid the men of Anzac the greatest compliment, for they wired the beach against another landing! Did not the daredevils say they would come back? Was it not wise to prepare for possibilities? But the soldiers who went so quietly away in December, 1915, chose to come another way as victors.”

The answer: Major Fred Waite DSO in *New Zealanders at Gallipoli* 1921.

Now another WHO SAID THIS?

Reasons how and why we failed stand outside the scope of our account. We can only say, as is known to all the world, that the enterprise was undertaken without due regard to the difficulties in the way, that the warnings of neutrals were ignored, and the known defensive fighting powers of the Turks minimized. The expedition was a gamble, a gamble undertaken with insufficient forces—and when such forces did arrive they were always just too late. Just as every defeat is a victory, so every failure is a step to success, and the Saga of the Straits will be sung by our people long years after all who gave it orchestration are dead and turned to dust. It will be chanted in notes of triumph; the masterspirit of heroism displayed will uplift it above all thought of disappointment. No greater feat of arms has been writ in our history; no more wonderful story of indomitable courage.

IN DIRE STRAITS

Colonel Michael Hickey (1319) author of *Gallipoli*, see review in Winter *Gallipolian*, is the lecturer at a History Evening on 17 April organised at the Imperial War Museum, his subject The Dardanelles and Gallipoli 1914-1916. The lecture will commence at 1830 and be followed by a private view of the newly opened exhibition about the Commonwealth in War.

Tickets at £4.50 includes a glass of wine, and may be obtained from the History Evenings Box Office on 0171 416 5311.

BOOK REVIEWS

AN ANZAC DIARY

J. L. TRELOAR

ZZZ Group (PO Box 187, Armidale, New South Wales 2350 Australia) 1993.
377 pages, 32 illustrations, 7 maps. A\$119.00. Postage in Australia add \$9.95,
overseas add A\$41.00 Air Mail, A\$29.00 Economy Air or A\$19.00 Sea

This sumptuous large format book, spans the author's services from 21 October 1914 until March 1917, save for a period between September 1915 when he was evacuated from Gallipoli dangerously ill with enteric fever, and December 1915, and again from January to mid-March 1916 during which he convalesced in Australia. John Linton Treloar had joined as a Staff-sergeant the General Staff of the 1st Australian Division in August 1914 and embarked for the Middle East on board the transport *Orvieto*. His detailed diary which commences with the departure from Melbourne in October, forms the bulk of the book. He landed at Gallipoli early on 25 April like the rest of the diary the entries are for the most part full of detail as he describes his experiences day by day, not just of the great events taking place around him, but the personal details such as "shaving without a mirror and luckily have not met with any accidents" and how Christmas cake turned up in someone's mail, such was the delay in the postal service from Australia "quite a pleasant change after all our hard biscuit rations of late" and how rain made these same biscuits "just a bit softer." Of how "It is strange how we can distinguish the sounds different projectiles make as they rush through the air. In this way we know when to go out into the open to see a starshell burst. It is quite a delightful display of "fireworks", and the troops value them very much."

After his Gallipoli service John Treloar was commissioned and appointed an original officer in the 1st Squadron of the Australian Flying Corps in Egypt. Later he was recalled to serve on the staff of General White with 1st Anzac Corps HQ in France. The diary ceases on 23 March 1917, the final entry: "These are very sketchy notes on such a great event, but I am tired and have worked hard during the past few days. These notes will, however, recall much in later days when these present times are but a memory."

In 1917 John Treloar was chosen by Generals Birdwood and White to marshal the war records of the Australian Imperial Force, and in 1919 became Secretary of the Australian War Memorial and in 1920 its Director, a post he held until his death in 1952. Despite this, the diary did not come to light until a sealed packet was handed over to his son, Alan, who had no previous knowledge of its existence, in 1959. The diary is written in a mixture of longhand and the authors own version of shorthand, and only on his own retirement in 1984 was Alan Treloar able to proceed towards the eventual publication. The result is quite splendid, a tribute both to the diarist, and to the son, who has ensured that his father's record is now available in such an elegant manner.

THE 1ST/4TH BATTALION THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT. AUGUST 1914-DECEMBER 1915.

MARTIN KENDER (1240)

The 4th (Territorial) Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel S. L. Barry D.S.O. went to its annual camp on 26 July 1914 at Ashridge Park, Berkhamstead. On the following Sunday the Colonel was ordered to join Sir John French's staff, and was subsequently replaced by Lieutenant Colonel E. G. Curtis of the Bedfordshire Regiment. The next morning the battalion left camp for the training area, but shortly after starting out were ordered to return, pack and disperse to their homes. They reassembled next morning at Clare street barracks in Northampton and received orders to mobilise, and over the next week marched in stages to Romford, where the 54th (East Anglian) Division was concentrating.

Some Companies were detached for duties around London. Lieutenant Pendered and twenty men were detailed to guard the Wharnecliffe Viaduct at Hanwell and spent several pleasant weeks encamped in the Brent Valley before rejoining the Battalion, which after completing mobilisation had marched to Suffolk where training began. Those who were too young or too old went to form the nucleus of a second line battalion and the 1st/4th as they were now called were brought up to strength with new recruits. Pendered was told to rejoin the Battalion in Bury St. Edmunds, where he and his men arrived by train. The men stayed in The Black Boy and The Scaracens Head and the officers were put up in The Bell. However, they found that the expanded battalion had not yet arrived being billeted in the villages of Lavenham and Long Melford, with men also occupying the Long Melford Malt House and officers sleeping in railway carriages drawn up in sidings. Naturally, the battalion was quick to respond to the offer of the nearby Kentwell Hall. The officers stayed in the Hall as the guests of Sir John Aird, the engineer and builder of the first Aswan Dam, while the men were accommodated in a tented camp in the grounds. It was here that all of the detached men were finally reunited with the Battalion, and orders for a further move were received. After a brief stay in Bury St. Edmunds, where they billeted in Northgate Street School, the Athenaeum and in the Guild Hall, they were moved to the villages of Beyton, Tostock, Woolpit and Elmswell. The officers stayed in the village inns, and the men were billeted in private houses. Training consisted of drill, fieldcraft and rifle practice. On 4 November a move was made to Thetford, where the adjutant, Capt. S. H. J. Thunder left to return to the 1st battalion now in France. Capt. J. Brown was appointed to replace him. The battalion was in billets in the Guild Hall and in Market Street. Exercises were held in Euston Park and rifle practice took place on the ranges at Ixworth. On 4th April 1915, the Division was moved to the Norfolk Coast, and the battalion was based in Norwich.

In May they proceeded to St. Albans to fit out for overseas service, here the officers stayed at the White Hart Hotel and the men were accommodated in the streets of terraced houses nearby. Webbing equipment was withdrawn and replaced with leather, and in mid July Khaki drill and pith helmets were issued. Only six men were

declared unfit in the final medical examination and on 29 July the battalion marched to London Road station to be given an enthusiastic and emotional send off. They travelled to Watford, where the whole Division was paraded for inspection in Cassiobury Park before the journey continued through the night in two trains. With a short break at Exeter, they arrived at Devonport and boarded the verminous former cattle boat *Royal George* for the voyage to the Mediterranean.

The *Royal George* sailed on the morning of 30 July, passing a Canadian Troopship inbound which gave them three cheers. The first of the two escorting destroyers returned during the morning, the second in the evening. A system of guards and U boat watches was maintained around the clock, although the only things seen were whales, porpoises and flying fish. It was generally believed that the first stop would be at Gibraltar, and many men wrote letters home which they expected to post there. However, because of reports U boat activity the Straits of Gibraltar were cleared during the night and the ship kept close to the North African coast until Malta was reached on 5 August. On entering Malta Harbour, all manner of small craft came to meet the ship, diving boys yelled for money to be thrown into the water, and although some officers threw in quite a lot, very little was allowed to sink. Tradesmen in 'dicers', propelled by a single oar over the stern, came out with fruit, cigarettes and chocolate. Captain Pendered noted in his diary that the many colours of the boats and traders made a remarkable sight on the bright blue water. The ship was tugged to its place on the Sliema trots and anchored as a customs officer came on board, meanwhile the medical officer arranged for the removal of two men who had reported sick on the outbound voyage, and had his diagnosis of appendicitis for 2nd Lt. Fay confirmed. Lt. Col. Curtis ordered that officers and warrant officers might go ashore provided that one per company always remained on board. When it was discovered that the ship would remain in harbour for the next day, arrangements were made for the men to go ashore in detachments of 250 at a time.

The officers and men divided into small parties for the journey to Valletta by dicer. On landing they were greeted by small boys begging and cabmen who pestered them to take a carriage up the hill. Pendered's party walked around the main streets before taking dinner in the Union Club in Valletta. Afterwards, they took a carriage around the harbour to St. Anne's Square Sliema where they visited the Alhambra cabaret club. Others following a similar route found the Majestic Theatre equally attractive. The next day the officers went ashore again, and Pendered's diary records a day shopping and following the tourist itinerary of Guard Room, Governor's Palace, Cathedral and City Walls. They then took a tour by boat around the Grand Harbour and marvelled at the huge size and number of British and French Warships at anchor.

At dawn on 8 August, the *Royal George* was escorted from harbour by a pilot boat and set sail for Alexandria. The hot weather made drill exhausting and the routine was varied to include instruction in basic French and Turkish. The machine gunners got some practice at a barrel towed astern, while training was also given in first aid and in gas precautions. Lt. Searle, the medical officer, was particularly critical of certain gas masks, and it was afterwards discovered that these were the very pattern which the battalion were due to receive.

The next stop was Alexandria, here the *Royal Goerge* was guided between rows of sailing ships which the pilot said were prize ships, and tugged to berth at the quayside. The battalion was disembarked and paraded around the city behind the band, while on the next day orders were received to disembark all the baggage, vehicles and machine guns. This, together with coaling took the greater part of the day, but officers not on duty were able to spend a few hours ashore sightseeing and shopping. "C" Company were disembarked and transferred to Ras-el-Tin where they were to wait as a cadre. The sister ship *Royal Edward* joined them in harbour in the afternoon.

Early on 11 August they were piloted out of harbour and made for Mudros Bay, on the island of Lemnos. For many this was the most interesting part of the voyage, as the route lay between many islands of the Aegean. A warning of German submarine activity was received and the engines were stopped for several hours before making a dash for Lemnos. Two submarines being sighted on the surface caused some alarm before they were identified as British.

In the late afternoon of Friday 13 August they entered Mudros Bay where they heard that the *Royal Edward* had been torpedoed and sunk with the loss of 800 lives. On Saturday a briefing was held ashore, but most of the officers and all of the men remained on board being told that next morning they would be landed at Suvla. Iron rations consisting of corned beef, biscuit, tea, sugar and oxo cubes were issued for two days. This took until late into the evening, and at 04:00 the next day the men were roused and breakfast was served. The remainder of the days ration was issued to be taken in the haversacks. At 08:00 the destroyers HMS *Scourge* and HMS *Foxhound* came alongside and the men crowded onto the decks for the three hour crossing to Suvla. The officers were given beer, sandwiches and cigars by the ship's officers who thoughtfully provided each with a box of matches.

The landing at the improvised jetty on "A" Beach was made from the ships' boats and covered by the fire of two monitors. The disembarkation of nearly a thousand men began at noon, but took well into the afternoon to complete. The men were collected by company about half a mile inland where they piled arms and were allowed to take off their equipment. Sea bathing was permitted, and several men were incapacitated by treading on the small black sea urchins which infested the shallow water. Work began on clearing the assembly point in the expectation of an overnight bivouac, but at 16:00 orders came to fall in and at 17:00 the battalion was moved towards Kiretch Tepe in support of the Bedfordshire regiment who had taken heavy casualties in their opening action. The move involved an advance under small arms and shrapnel fire over country covered with rocks and thorn scrub which impeded progress without offering cover. The first casualty was Captain H.L. Wright, a Daventry solicitor in command of "B" Company who was wounded by a stray bullet. He was not seriously hurt and remained at his post.

After a night in the open amongst the rocks, the battalion moved forward at first light to Kidney Hill, and although under continuous fire, could not locate the enemy positions. "A" Company were in the lead when the Lance Corporal of Number 2 platoon was seriously wounded in the back. The platoon commander, Lieutenant M.

E. Hancock, dressed his wound and called for stretcher bearers. When they came, one, the 15 year old Private Rideout, was shot through both legs by a single bullet. The remaining bearers removed the Lance Corporal and Hancock carried Rideout to the rear on his back, in full view of the Turkish front line troops. This was observed by Captain Pendered and Hancock was subsequently awarded the Military Cross for his bravery.

On Sunday 22 August the battalion was at Green Hill when the second in command, Major A. C. Henson, RSM Hatton and Privates Craxton and Jones were all killed by a single shrapnel shell. That evening the battalion was relieved by the 1st/4th Worcestershire Regiment, and after a night march, returned to "A" Beach. Lt. A. Howard was evacuated with a hernia, and the rest of the battalion proceeded to a rest area. Their route lay over the highest part of Kiretch Tepe which was protected from Turkish view by covered trenches. Each company occupied dugouts in bush filled gullies running down to the sea. A party of one hundred men was provided each day to assist in the movement of stores at the beaches, and parties had to collect water at night, nevertheless, most of the men were able to rest.

After four days news of a move to Lala Baba was received, and the following night a march was made over Kiretch Tepe, around the beaches and through deep sand along the shore. The beach was eventually sheltered by a small cliff, under which, and in the sides of an adjacent gully, the battalion passed what remained of the night. The following morning the four company commanders reported to Brigade headquarters and were shown the trenches which they were to occupy. Those allocated to the battalion were the reserve trenches on the edge of the salt lake some 500 yards in the rear of Chocolate Hill. They had been very hastily prepared and most of the next three days were spent in repairing and preparing the positions. The weather was very hot and the blankets and waterproof sheets which were hung in the trenches could provide no shelter from the plague of flies. On the night of 29 August the battalion fell in quietly after dark and moved up to Aghyl Dere, here they remained as Brigade reserve and occupied dugouts in Farm Gully. Early the next morning, "B" Company provided a large party to assist in moving up stores. At one point the gully had a shallow side and was overlooked by the Turkish positions in the hills. The artillery had the range of this gap precisely and placed accurate shrapnel fire over it at the first sign of movement. As the party moved through the first shot killed Lieutenant Heywood and wounded several men. A few moments later a second shot killed Privates Cox and Watts. Lieutenant Searle attended the wounded under fire and was recommended for the Military Cross, the stores party continued its work under Lieutenant Hodges and the dead were buried that night. Local newspapers were received and were found to include an account of the landing and early days on the Peninsula based on an interview with Lieutenant Howard, who was now in England. This was thought by Lieutenant Hancock to overstate the amount of action which the Battalion had seen, but it was of little significance as the level of action was in any event increasing to exceed the interviewers exaggerations.

Over the night of 3/4 September a move was made to South Wales Borderers Valley. Many men were suffering from dehydration and dysentery so arrangements were made for the baggage to be transported by mule in a precarious journey over

open country. In spite of the guards posed by the battalion, many found that their kit failed to arrive or came without any contents of use or value. It was impossible to leave the valley in day light, and water became very scarce. The company commanders made an initial visit to the ring of trenches on the summit of Hill 60 which had been captured the week before.

On 5 September "A" and "D" companies moved up to Hill 60 under Captain Fisher. They found Australian and New Zealand troops in a state of exhausted debilitation. Large numbers of decomposing dead lay where they had fallen in the gruesome struggle. In places the dead simply filled the trenches which had been sealed off with sandbags. The next day the rest of the battalion was brought up under Capt. Pendered, and finding themselves now in sole occupancy of Hill 60 they set about increasing the depth of the trenches and improving the dugouts. The ring of trenches was roughly circular and about half a mile in circumference. The positions were overlooked from Turkish trenches which were between 25 and 60 yards away. Originally two communication trenches led out of The Ring towards the Turkish lines, these were rapidly sandbagged at each end and machine gun positions were installed in them. Working parties soon increased the depth of the ring to at least six feet, after which the defences were relatively secure and stable. A garrison rota was established with the battalion spending between three and ten days in the trenches alternated with similar periods in South Wales Borderers Valley. There was little military action and a stale routine developed of watching and harassing the enemy, nevertheless, casualties grew slowly as snipers and shrapnel took their toll. Between September and November the Battalion was in The Ring for 35 days during which time 35 men were killed and 129 wounded. Lieutenant Hancock recorded the fun which he had with a periscope rifle which he used to gradually split the sandbags of a machine gun post. It did not matter that it was rebuilt at night, that was part of the business of being a general nuisance to each other. Hancock was a bombing officer, and described three sorts of grenades. One was a cast iron "cricket ball", one was simply a slab of fused dynamite on a wooden handle that resembled a hairbrush, and the most common was the "jam tin", this was dynamite in a tin loaded with whatever fragments of metal and stone were available. All bombs were in short supply, and a major source of materials were Turkish "jam tins", 20%-30% of which failed to explode and were recovered at great risk by search parties at night.

The macabre became part of normal life. Half buried corpses acquired names as they became familiar features of the trenches, and a mummified hand protruding from a trench wall was to become a talisman to be shaken by men passing up to the firing line. There was now a permanent water shortage and a ration of a pint per man per day, which had to be fetched in petrol tins from the beach, and the water parties faced many long and arduous journeys in the dark over rough ground with the precious supplies. The position on Hill 60 was very crowded. It was impossible to rest without being disturbed by moving men, and disease spread rapidly in the fly infested heat. The Turkish trenches were so close that any attempt by artillery to register the locations could only be made after the partial evacuation of the front lines. The crowded and unsanitary conditions in full view of the enemy made it impossible to cook meals and ration parties brought up food twice a day. In the midday heat a "light meal" of boiled rice with jam or dried fruit was provided. In

the evening, dinner was invariably tinned meat with hard biscuit. Sometimes flour was issued, but in the absence of water this was generally wasted. The water position was eased by the discovery and enhancement of small springs on the hill and in the support valley behind, but these did not overcome the water supply problem. Shortage of water and food and the tropical heat of the first three months on the Peninsula all told on the health of the battalion. In September and October two attempts were made to mine the Turkish trenches, and although large craters were made, the hoped for breakthrough did not materialise and the sterile stalemate continued. In November the weather became bitterly cold and wet, adding exposure and frostbite to dysentery and typhoid. The battalion was due to leave the Peninsula for a months rest on Lemnos on 27 November. However, at about 18:00 a violent storm began and rain filled the trenches with waist deep water. It continued until next morning when a northerly wind froze everything hard with snow falling for the next few days making movement impossible. At the beginning of December they packed and prepared to move, but there was a further delay when it was realised that the relieving Gurkha troops were too short to use the fire steps and loopholes. The next few days were spent in trying to modify the defences, by which time it had been decided to abandon the Peninsula and the men were formed into parties to sort all the kit, equipment and stores. Everything not of immediate use was burned.

On 7 December the battalion proceeded to North Beach, where they embarked in darkness on the *Princess Ena*. This took most of the night, and at 06:30 on 8th December they finally left the Peninsula. At 12:30 they arrived in Mudros Bay and were disembarked by lighters at Mudros. They then marched to Portianos Camp where they arrived at 5:00 pm. Sixty-five other rank reinforcements joined the battalion and on 13 December the 18 officers and 427 other ranks left on foot for Mudros. They included only four officers and two hundred men of the original battalion. At 17:00 they embarked on HMT *Alaunia* via the launch *Waterwitch* and proceeded to Alexandria. On 15 December the ship called for three hours at Milos and at 07:00 on 18 December arrived at Alexandria where the men were disembarked and marched to Ramleh where they entrained for Sidi Bishr Camp.

*Officers of the 1st/4th Battalion The Northamptonshire Regiment. England 1915.
(see photograph on rear cover)*

Back Row

*2nd Lt. G. St. J. Rands, 2nd Lt. M. E. Hancock, Lt. A. J. Wright,
Lt. G. P. Crampton, Lt. G. P. Lankester, Lt. F. H. Preson, Lt. R. L. Murray,
Lt. A. G. A. Hodges, Lt. S. J. Marlow, 2nd Lt. H. Burditt.*

Third Row

*2nd Lt. G. C. Leadbitter, Lt. C. J. Crockett, Capt. R. D. Pendered,
Capt. H. L. Wright, Capt. L. P. Dorman, Capt. H. M. Wilson, Capt. F. A. Wright,
Capt. W. S. Fisher, Capt. C. G. Guy, Lt. J. G. C. Heywood.*

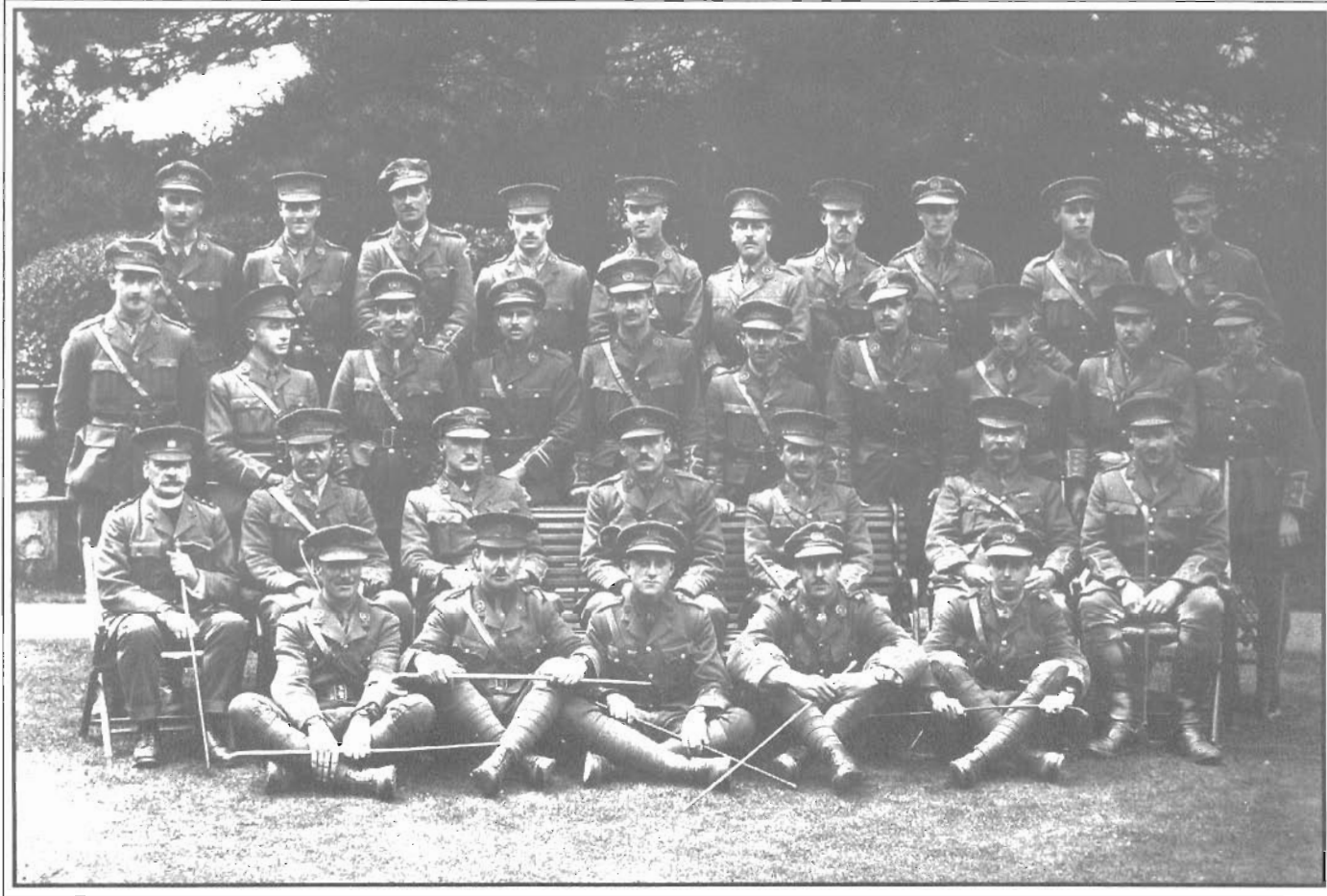
Second Row

*Rev. Clarke, Maj. A. C. Henson, Maj. G. Fuller, Lt. Col. Curtis, Capt. J. Brown, Hon.
Maj. R. Goacher, Lt. Searle (RAMC).*

First Row

*2nd Lt. F. H. Cronshey, 2nd Lt. A. Howard, 2nd Lt. J. R. Dawbarn, 2nd Lt. J. White,
2nd Lt. R. W. Fay.*

Note that Capt. Thunder is not present and Capt. Brown sits next to Lt. Col. Curtis. This suggests that the photograph is taken after Thetford, where Capt. Thunder left and Brown became adjutant. The chaplain in this photograph is the Rev. Clarke, who left the Battalion in St. Albans and was replaced by the Rev. Walkey who proceeded overseas with the Battalion. The flowering begonias in the planter and the new growth on the privet hedge suggest that the photograph was taken either shortly before the departure from Norwich, or shortly after the arrival at St. Albans. The bench is of a pattern once common in many areas but known to have been in use in Norwich. The Pine trees are rather scarce in Norwich open spaces, but they are found in the city's Waterloo Park.



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