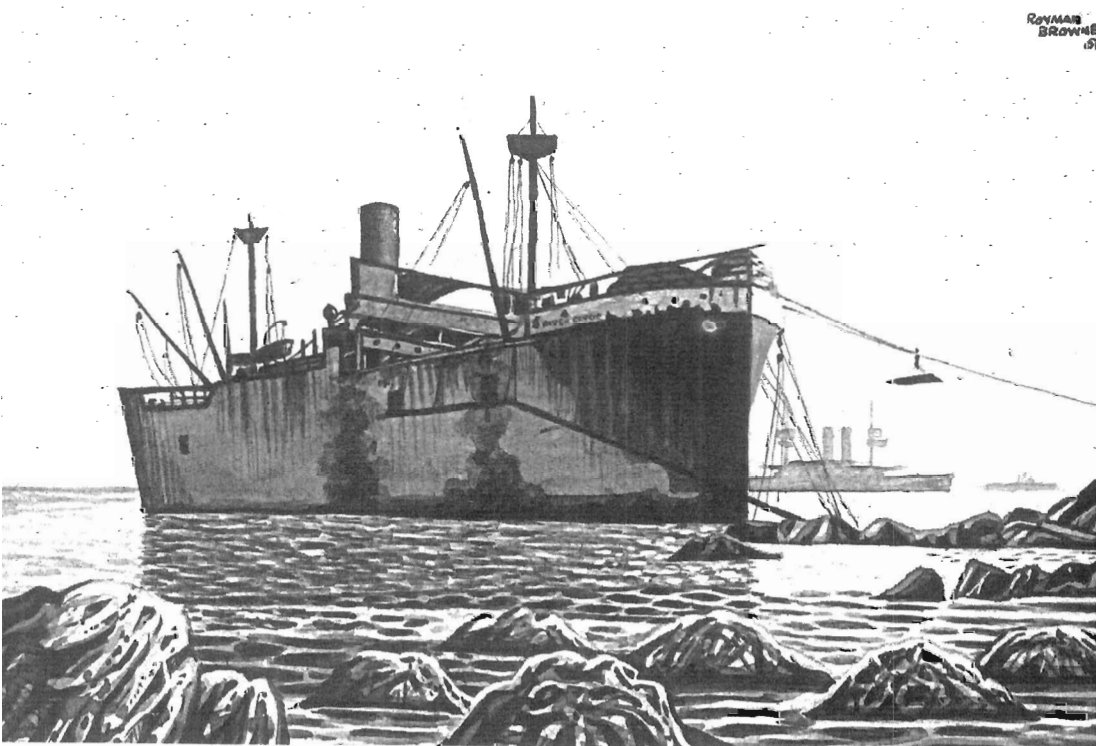


The Gallipolian

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Gallipoli Association*

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THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION
FOUNDED BY MAJOR E. H. W. BANNER IN 1969
ON THE CAMPAIGN OF 1915

The Gallipoli Association
PO Box 26907, London, SE21 8WB
WEB SITE <http://www.gallipoli-association.org>

PATRON
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SECRETARY J. C. Watson-Smith
Earleydene Orchard, Earleydene, Ascot, Berkshire SL5 9JY
[01344 626523]

TREASURER & MEMBERSHIP W. J. Marsh
Nowhelan, The Common, Wonersh, Guildford, Surrey
GU5 0PH [01483 892749]

PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER Major Hugh Jenner
73 Pymers Mead, London SE21 8NJ
[0208 670 7691]

COMMITTEE Sir Arthur Hockaday KCB CMG A. Mullen
Colonel Michael Hickey Major J.R.H. Stopford

EDITOR D. R. Saunders
Woosung, Pointfields, Hakin, Milford Haven, Pembrokeshire
SA73 3EB [01646 692316] e-mail DavidGallip15@tesco.net

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MEMORIAL SERVICES

This year, as you will see, we are publishing the full Programme of Memorial Services separately from *The Gallipolian* itself. If you would like extra copies of the Programme please contact the Editor. Hopefully there will be members at each and every event so gentlemen please wear your Association tie as a means of identification and do not neglect to make yourself known to the organisers. One small request if we may? Reports, service sheets and photographs of the Services, including wreath-laying and people present will always be welcomed by the Editor.

GALLIPOLI DAY CEREMONIES

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE

Each year an increasing number of those attending wear a sprig of Rosemary.

“There’s rosemary, that’s for remembrance; pray, love, remember.”

Thus the words of Ophelia to the King and Queen of Denmark and Laertes, son of the Lord Chamberlain, in Hamlet, Act 4, Scene 5.

Medals should be worn at St Paul’s Cathedral, also at the Cenotaph and in Westminster Abbey

THURSDAY 25 APRIL

ST PAUL’S CATHEDRAL

A short Service and Wreath laying ceremony will take place at the Gallipoli Memorial in the crypt of St Paul’s Cathedral at 0915 for 0930. Wreaths will be laid by a representative of Her Majesty’s Britannic Government, by senior representatives of the Royal Navy, the Army and by the High Commissioners of Australia and New Zealand and other high ranking officials from France and Turkey.

Members and friends are particularly asked and encouraged to attend this Service arranged by the Association.

It concludes with ample time to travel to Whitehall and the Cenotaph.

THE CENOTAPH

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 1025. Members are encouraged to join with us to march to the Cenotaph, Major Hugh Jenner will act as our Marshal

THE ABBEY

We have as in previous years been invited to join the Anzacs at Westminster Abbey. Please complete the enclosed booking form. Tickets will be handed out by the Secretary at the entrance to King Charles Street before the Cenotaph service and subsequently at the Abbey door. Members should be seated by 1140 for the Service which commences at 1200. Please ensure that on arrival you are directed by the usher to the seats reserved for the Association in the North or the South Transept.

GALLIPOLI DAY LUNCH

The Gallipoli Day Lunch, commencing at 1315 for 1345, will be held in the Union Jack Club, Sandell Street, beside Waterloo Station. The Lunch is held in the Gascoigne Room the entrance to which is in Waterloo Road and directly opposite the station. Anzac biscuits will be available prior to the Lunch. A separate booking form with costs is included with *The Gallipolian*. Parking at the Club is not possible. Cars should be parked in the car park in nearby York Road. Members and guests booked for Lunch may use the Club facilities throughout the day, providing means of identity on their arrival.

OTHER CEREMONIES

See note on Contents page and the separate programme enclosed with the *Gallipolian* for details of other Gallipoli Day ceremonies, those on the Sunday 21 & 28 April, the Collingwood Memorial, Combined Irish Regiments and Hawick Callants commemorations. Additional copies of the Programme are available from the Editor.

AUTUMN LUNCH 2002

The Annual General Meeting and Autumn Lunch will take place at the Naval Club on 16 October. Full information in the autumn edition of *The Gallipolian*.

ASSOCIATION NATIONALE POUR LE SOUVENIR DES DARDANELLES ET FRONTS D' ORIENT

Wreaths will be laid at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe 1830 on 25 April when representatives from Australia, Great Britain and New Zealand will be among those present. Further information from the Association Nationale, 137 Boulevard Saint-Michel, 75005 Paris.

ASSOCIATION TOUR

A last chance to join the Gallipoli Association tour to Gallipoli with Michael Hickey, 11-19 May with just three places remaining to be filled. A marvellous opportunity if you have not previously visited the Peninsula; while if you are returning we can guarantee there will be many new discoveries to be made. Further information from the Treasurer or Secretary (see inside front cover).

TRANSFER OF OLDEST FLAG AT ARC DE TRIOMPHE

JEAN-CLAUDE LIS

During a solemn ceremony on 16 November 2001 in the large museum room of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, in presence of the Defence Secretary of State and of various personalities, Mrs M. Stocanne, president of the Association Nationale pour le Souvenir des Dardanelles et Fronts d'Orient – the French Gallipoli Association – handed its oldest flag to the president of the Fédération Nationale des Anciens des Missions Extérieures (FNAM).

This ceremony was very symbolic of the transmission of memory between generations. The FNAM members are former French soldiers having participated recently in various operations, principally on behalf of the United Nations in the Near East including Lebanon, the Gulf & Bosnia, i.e. in an area basically similar to the one encompassed by the Association Nationale pour le Souvenir des Dardanelles et Fronts d'Orient and the memory of those who served there during the First World War.

When she handed the flag to Mr Attar-Bayrou, president of FNAM, Mrs Stocanne declared:

“This flag is the oldest of the four flags of our Association Nationale pour le Souvenir des Dardanelles et Fronts d'Orient . It dates back to 1920, and was the first flag of the Association of our veterans. It reproduces the colours of the “Dardanelles medal”, the first of the Near East campaigns of the First World War.

“Our association entrust it to the Fédération Nationale des Anciens des Missions Extérieures, the youngest among veterans, in order for them to be witnesses of the permanence of memory as well as of our common will that it be transferred to future generations”.

ARE YOU MISSING?

Are you one of the missing? Surely not, but if you have not paid your subscription for 2002 the Treasurer will be very pleased to hear from you. He is at Nowhelan, The Common, Womersley, Guildford, GU5 0PH.

The rates are £10.00 Member; £15.00 Husband & Wife; £15.00 Overseas Member; £20.00 Overseas Husband and Wife.

Thank you for your continued support.

WHAT IF'S AT GALLIPOLI

SPEECH AT AUTUMN LUNCH 2001

FIELD MARSHAL LORD CARVER GCB CBE DSO* MC

Last year I reviewed a book called *What If*. Chapters by distinguished historians, mostly British discussed what would have happened if certain decisions and their actions had gone differently from the way they did? For example, there was a chapter from John Keegan; “what if Hitler had not invaded Russia and had taken the advice of Raeder, maintained the non-aggression pact with the Soviet Union and had put all his efforts into driving through the Middle East and into the Persian Gulf?” So I thought I’d apply the same method to Gallipoli. And the first “what if” is – What if Turkey hadn’t joined Germany in the First World War? It was not by any means certain that she would. Even the Young Turk committee of Union and Progress; were not in favour of it, not even to an extent Enver himself.

The crucial day was the 28 July 1914. On that day, Austria declared war on Serbia and Winston Churchill decided to raise the question of the two Turkish battleships the *Messudieh* and *Sultan Osman I*. The *Messudieh* was being readied for August but *Sultan Osman I* was complete and ready to sail. In fact the previous day, 27 July, Admiral Limpus, who was head of the British Naval Mission to Turkey, had set off from Constantinople with the Turkish Fleet to go and meet the *Sultan Osman I* somewhere in the Mediterranean and escort it back to Constantinople for an ecstatic welcome. On that same day, there was a secret meeting between Enver, Talaat and the Grand Vizier with the German Ambassador Wangenheim

Now way back in 1911, the young Turks had approached Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, who had visited Constantinople as President of the Board of Trade for a permanent alliance with Britain. Churchill had been in favour but Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, had turned it down. In 1914, Enver approached the Germans but they initially turned it down.

The Kaiser on the 24 July told Wangenheim to reconsider it. On the 28th, there was an important meeting at the beginning of negotiations between Talaat, Enver and Wangenheim acting on the Kaiser’s instructions. Enver knew though he hadn’t been told and was not going to be until the 3 August that the British Government on the 31 July had decided to seize those ships. But nothing was going to be done until the 3 August. Enver offered to sell those ships to the Germans and that made the Germans change their mind.

Enver persuaded his colleagues that if the Germans paid them two million Turkish pounds to support their armed forces they would join a purely defensive alliance with Germany. Germany would have to protect them but they didn’t have to fight

alongside Germany. They would not fight alongside Bulgarians anyway. The offer of the ships clearly changed their mind and on that day they agreed to an Alliance. On the 2 August, Turkey mobilised but declared she was neutral.

The money was paid in two instalments by 17 October. Talat then said, now we have got the money, lets renege on the alliance but Enver would not agree and secretly he colluded with Wangenheim and Admiral Souchon the German Admiral who had brought the *Goeben & Breslau* up to Constantinople. It was agreed that they would go into the Black Sea but the Turks only intended them to sink some Russian ships whilst pretending that the Russians had opened fire first. Souchon was determined to get the Turks in and so he went and bombarded Russian ports; Sebastopol, Theodosia, Novorossik and Odessa. That committed Turkey and came on top of long arguments over the *Goeben* and *Breslau*. The Turks had insisted that they had 'bought' them to replace the two battleships.

Britain, Russia and France said "if you remove the German crew, then we'll guarantee your neutrality. But it was Enver, almost solely, who brought them into the war. So it's a perfectly valid question to ask; what if they had not come in?

Now a second question, what if the Government had not seized those two battleships? Would that have made a crucial difference? I think it might have done and could have done. If you look at the balance, we had seven dreadnought battleships and Turkey was going to have two. If they had not been added to ours well I think there's a jolly good chance that the Turks might not have come in.

That leads on to the next question. If the Turks had remained neutral as they did in the Second World War, what would the Middle East's history have been like since 1918? You can speculate endlessly. There is a good chance that there would not have been a state of Israel. If Turkey had hung on would there have been an Arab Revolt? I think there would of some kind. If Turkey had hung on to its territories of the Ottoman Empire that were owned and which it exercised suzerainty over, she would have become far and away the richest oil nation in the world. Think about that.

The next interesting question is "what if, in February and March 1915, the Fleet had actually got through? So this is before we had any troops on the ground. First of all, would they have got through? There are distinguished naval historians who think they could have done if they had pushed on the day. But if they had, would it have achieved the aim of frightening Turkey from being on Germany's side? From accounts of the time of all the panic going on in Constantinople, senior members of the committee of union and progress were pushing off. I think, although not certain by any means, that if we had got through and sunk the *Goeben* for instance, it might have had the effect of making the Turks think again. After all, nothing had much had until that stage. But it might not. If it did not what would the Fleet do? Bombard Constantinople? That sort of thing was beginning to become rather out of

date. And there was a chance that if the Turks were pushed by the Germans, they might shut the Straits behind us. So would have the Fleet achieved its aim had they pushed on?

The next question. What if the Australians and New Zealanders had reached the Kilid Bahr plateau on the first or second day? They obviously intended to go beyond, but could they have held it? I'm doubtful about that myself even if they had got there. Would it have led to a withdrawal of Turkish troops facing Helles? It might have done but I have doubts there too. If they had gone onto their first objective and held on to it would they have been able to advance further to the narrow line between Gaba Tepe and Maidos? And if all that had been achieved, would the Fleet had been able to get through? I think perhaps that they might.

If they had got through, then would they have been able to achieve detaching Turkey from Germany? Much less likely, it seems to me. The Germans were well installed and the Turks were better organised. I think the Fleet may have found itself then in a rather more embarrassing position. So that's another question.

Next, after the Second Battle of Krithia, there was much pressure from Winston Churchill and backed by Kitchener and Asquith to have a second go at pushing through with the Fleet. Even the Second Battle of Krithia had moved us nowhere. All three Admirals at the Admiralty; Fisher, Jackson and Wilson backed De Robeck in saying no as the risks to the ships was too great. A distinguished naval historian I was sitting next to the other night was asked this same question. He said that he thought they could have got through. Asquith wasn't prepared to overrule the Admirals and I do not think the Fleet would have got through.

Again I ask the same question. If they had, bearing in mind at this stage that the troops on the ground had not advanced from where reached early on in May, what could the Fleet have done having got through? Could it have swayed the Turks? I don't think so for a minute. And then they would have been in a very dangerous position trying to get back with the Turks holding both sides of the Narrows.

Two more questions. What if Byng or Rawlinson rather than 'stick in the mud' old Stopford been appointed, as Hamilton had asked, as Commander of the IX Corps landing at Suvla? Would that have had a significantly different result? Would they have advanced quite quickly up onto the Tekke Tepe Ridge? If they had, would it have made a critical difference to the ANZAC attack on Chunuk Bair on their right? And then would that have led to an occupation of the Peninsula above the Narrows?

I think Rawlinson would have produced better results than Stopford. I mean, no one could have produced worse ones than Stopford. I've not been impressed by the state of training of the troops when you read the accounts, as I've been doing, of the people taking part. I think though that they could have taken the Tekke Tepe Ridge.

I have grave doubts about whether the whole attack would have finished with an occupation of the peninsula at that point. I cast even more doubt than that even if it had, and the Fleet had gone through at that stage, it could have achieved any strategic objective of importance.

So finally, what if we had in fact withdrawn early on, as I think Lord Birdwood had suggested at one stage? What if, having seen that we could not quickly achieve the aims we had originally been sent there for, that we had withdrawn?

There is always been this tremendous argument that any withdrawal would affect Muslim opinion throughout the Middle East and India and so there would be great revolts in the regions. The fact that there were none when we did shows it was a greatly exaggerated fear. But there would have been one interesting fact I think. I do not think Lord Kitchener would have been sent off in the *Hampshire* to Russia just to get him out of the way as they did. Now what effect on the rest of the war would there have been if Lord Kitchener had remained the Secretary of State for War at that stage. I don't think it would have been a very good thing.

So they are my questions. You can produce the answers. At this point the Chairman invited questions from the floor.

Q What if Turkey had been our ally? How would it have affected Palestine and the situation in the Middle East?

A Well I think it would have been the same, as I said, if Turkey had remained neutral. There would not have been any campaigns there. And that poses the question what would the Middle East have been like in 1918 if she'd been neutral or our ally? I do not think she would have been our ally. We would not have gone and occupied those places and certainly no state of Israel would exist.

Q Colonel Cunliffe-Owen who I believe was the Military Attache to Turkey before the war knew the Peninsula very well. Why wasn't he consulted prior to action of the landing at Gallipoli? And if so what difference might it have made to the various arrangements regarding the landing there?

A I do not know about Cunliffe-Owen but I know there was an important chap called Windreth Deans, a journalist, who was very expert on Turkey but not consulted. But do not forget the official War Office advice when it was first raised was that it would be a very difficult operation requiring at least 60,000 men. And General Callwell gave this advice and was quite correct.

Q What was the motivation of Winston Churchill to promote the ill-advised advance through the Dardanelles? Was it to prevent the collapse of the Imperial Russian Empire as the revolution had already begun there? I think this to be the fact as recent comment that

when Churchill was First Sea Lord of the Admiralty in the Second World War he wished to encourage an invasion of British troops into the Baltic at a time of war between Finland and the Soviet Union.

A I think Churchill had all sorts of motives. He was a rather contradictory chap. He, of course, had been pro-Turk before the war and wanted to pursue the traditional British foreign policy of supporting the sick man of Europe. But changed his mind when he saw them turning towards the Germans. I think it was a combination of facts; of the feeling that the Western Front was not going to get anywhere and this romantic idea that somehow you could win the war through the back door ie Turkey. And he was infected by the school that Kitchener belonged to, regarding the Bosphorus and access to Russia for export of her grain. Don't forget that he was First Lord of the Admiralty and he wanted the Navy to win the war rather than the Army. That is the sort of thing that happens of course in Whitehall.

Q Suppose the various 'what ifs' that you've discussed and others had all come off and we had "won" and gone to Constantinople knocking Turkey out of the war. How far would this have gone to advance progress in the real war against Germany? Or was it a classic example of us taking the eye off the ball?

A I think it was a classic example of us taking the eye off the ball but I didn't agree with Churchill, Lloyd George and the view of the Easterners. If you think the Germans at the start did not want the Turks to join, it shows you what they thought of it.

Q If had reached Constantinople, who do you think would have been put in as the patriarch of St Sophia? The Russian or Greek Orthodox? And what can of worms would thereafter have been opened?

A Cans and cans of worms (to much laughter). But who would've been Caliph? Not at that stage but later on, we had been almost promising Sherif Hussain There was a chap called Ibn Saud who did not agree with that. And the Indian Government would not have agreed for a moment. So they wouldd have looked around but it would not have been the Archbishop of Canterbury (more laughter).

Note: Members were greatly saddened to hear of the death of Field Marshal Lord Carver from a heart attack at his home at Wickham, Hampshire on 9 December 2001. His book – *The National Army Museum Book of the War Against the Ottoman Empire* will be published early in 2003.

Acknowledgement: We are indebted to Andy Mullen for arranging a video to be made of Lord Carver delivering his speech and for subsequently producing a typescript copy.

GALLIPOLI DAFFODIL

SOME SUCCESS BUT NOT QUITE

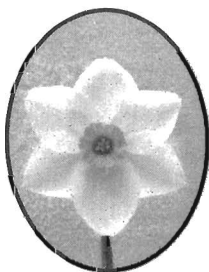
In the Spring *Gallipolian* 2001 we brought members up to date with the so far unsuccessful search for a long lost daffodil named "Gallipoli". This was one of some 403 narcissus cultivars raised by the Brodie of Brodie (1868-1943) one of the great daffodil hybridists of the 20th century. The Brodie who had previously served in the Scots Guards and the Lovat Scouts was on the staff at Gallipoli in 1915, later in Egypt and Palestine, being awarded the Military Cross and Mentioned in Despatches.

Although "Gallipoli" has not been re-discovered, hopefully it will eventually come to light, we can announce that the 2002 catalogue of Ringhaddy Bulbs amongst their new introductions has two cultivars with a Gallipoli connection, the parentage being shown in brackets:

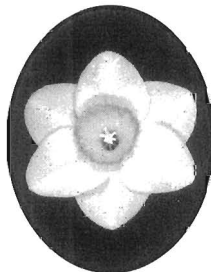
"Cape Helles" (Amboseli x Burning Bush) is a very large distinctive flower up to 117mm (5 inches) in diameter being warm mid-yellow and having a striking orange-red fluted cup so adding to the dramatic effect.

"Dardanelles" (Cauldron x Liverpool Festival) slightly smaller than "Cape Helles" is a bright consistent show flower with deep yellow petals with a round cup of deep orange darkening to red at the rim.

As with any new specialist bulb the initial price is high, but "Gallipoli" bulbs sold for 12/6d in 1929 or £25.21 in today's terms. "Cape Helles" is available at £25.00 per bulb and "Dardanelles" at £30.00 per bulb from Ringhaddy Bulbs, 60 Ringhaddy Road, Killinchy, Co Down, BT23 6TU. Their catalogue with its fine colour photographs is available at £2.50 including postage with £2.00 redeemable against a first order.



CAPE HELLES 3Y-R



DARDANELLES 2Y-R

29 DIVISION MEMORIAL

Approaching 30 members, friends and supporters, some having travelled a considerable distance, gathered in very blustery conditions on 10 March for the annual wreath-laying ceremony at the memorial to the 29th Division at Stretton-on-Dunsmore. Wreaths were laid on behalf of the Gallipoli Association, Royal Dublin Fusiliers Association, Royal Munster Fusiliers Association and the Coventry Standard Bearers Association. We are indebted to David Ray, a member of the Gallipoli Association from nearby Rugby who welcomed everyone and gave a short address, and to Geoff Wells and his eight Standard Bearers for their stoicism in the most adverse of conditions.

See *The Gallipolian* 97 pages 2-3 for a report on the re-dedication of the Memorial.

WAR MEMORIALS HANDBOOK

In November 2001 the Imperial War Museum launched its database, the result of the National Inventory of War Memorials which commenced in 1988 and now has records of some 45,000 memorials – those to individuals and communities. The database on which this is based consists of about 50,000 completed survey forms together with photographs, postcards and other ephemera, mostly contributed by volunteers including members of the Gallipoli Association. A truly dynamic national resource, and still growing.

Recently available is the *War Memorials Handbook*, a superbly illustrated guide with much useful information about war memorials, their history, their conservation, even suggestions for those setting out to create a new memorial. The Handbook is worth purchasing for the pictures alone though from an Association point of view a pity none has a direct reference to Gallipoli. However I was pleased to see the memorial I admire most occupying a whole page, that to the Imperial Camel Corps in the Victoria Embankment Gardens.

The War Memorials Handbook is available from the Imperial War Museum Shop, Lambeth Road, London, SE1 6HZ. Price £5.99 including £1.00 postage. Orders using major credit cards by phone 01223 499353, or fax 01223 837267.

The National Inventory of War Memorials is at
<http://www.iwm.org.uk/collections/niwm/index.htm>

TURKISH HAND GRENADE IN SOUTH AFRICA

GAVIN PINAR

After having agreed the initial details of his and his wife's Gallipoli tour, Mr Kim Ash from Cape Town once more e-mailed me about his particular desire for "No 3 Post & Aghyl Dere" to be included in the itinerary. It was not something extraordinary for me as I was used to similar wishes during the planning phase of the tour programmes of my many foreign customers. However, as No 3 Post & Aghyl Dere were not included in my regular tours and as I never been asked to guide anybody there I immediately made a feasibility study about its access.

Finally Kim & Jinny Ash arrived and we started touring the battlegrounds stopping our car a few kilometers north of Anzac Cove, at a point on the road to Anafarta Village, nearest to our target. At this point Kim took out of his bag a coloured photo of a cigarette-lighter and showed it to me. It was a spherical object, looking as if made of silver, polished, brilliant and shining, but with many irregular scratches on, a modern lighter module in gold colour mounted in and a metal medallion attached in front, indeed it was a table cigarette-lighter.

In the first instance I was a bit confused as to the connection between a cigarette-lighter and the Anzac battlegrounds, but after looking carefully I was astonished by the clearly legible words:

**TURKISH HAND GRENADE
ARGHYLDERE-GALLIPOLI 1915
72nd FIELD Co.RE
LIEUT S.H.ASH R.F.**

Then came the very moving explanation:

"My father was a Lieutenant in the 72nd Field Company, Royal Engineers. He landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula within the August offensive and served for three months until he was evacuated almost dead with dysentery and scurvy, by hospital ship first to Malta, then via Alexandria to England. A Turkish hand grenade he collected at No 3 Post around Aghyl Dere was his solo possession to accompany him during all these disastrous months, all the way to home. Always on his desk the rest of his life, it was more than a memento – it was both an icon and a talisman of that time in his life, but he never, ever told us any single word about it. After his death, I had it polished and turned to a table lighter. I am not a smoker, but the hand grenade has a special place in my study, and will eventually pass to my son and then

to his son, and so on, as a symbol of a tragic, poignant but uniquely stirring episode in history and in the lives of many people.

That's why I insistently requested you to take me to No 3 Post and Aghyl Dere, in order to see where my father lived and fought, and at last breathe the air that he did so 85 years ago."



MORE ON THE RESERVOIRS AND A QUESTION

HENRY HIGGS

Steve Chambers (see *The Gallipolian* 97: 50 -51) has given us a splendid article upon the W Beach Reservoirs, if only because so little appears in print – anywhere – about logistics. The building of the reservoirs was exactly concurrent with an awareness at home that some improvement was overdue in the supply of water.

In mid-July 1915, fourteen X-lighters were ear-marked to become Water Carriers. Unfortunately their construction as standard Motor Lighters was either far-advanced or complete. However, it seems that they were converted by the end of August or beginning of September. The cubic capacity allowed for some 200 tons of freshwater, which required a mean draft of say six feet nine inches with nine inches of freeboard. Each 30,000 gallons shore reservoir would amount to 134 tons.

It would be interesting to know what type of Worthington pump was used, and its capacity – whether it was a portable unit, or a rig-up with a scrounged pump.

I have never been clear about the supply of water from Egypt – over 600 miles; and what carried it, exactly. The converted Motor Lighters cannot have reached Mudros before about the end of September. Incidentally, upon arrival, they were designated L.1 to L.14, rather than their original x numbers: rather as the standard Motor Lighters changed to K designations.

GALLIPOLI CASUALTIES AT BWLCH

A short article by our member and well known bookseller, Ray Westlake, in the February *Bulletin of the Military Historical Society* describes the War Memorial at Bwlch, a village on the “pass”, for bwlch means pass, on the road between Abergavenny and Brecon. Two of the fifteen men remembered here fell at Gallipoli. Sergeant T Charles Hadley, South Wales Borderers, on 4 September is buried in Azmak Cemetery while Driver John Jones of the Royal Field Artillery, 30 December is listed on the Helles Memorial. We reviewed Ray Westlake’s *First World War Graves and Memorials in Gwent* Volume I in *The Gallipolian* 96: 65-66; Volume II is about to be published.

JOHN HENRY CODE DCM

In a splendid manner last December Tameside Council honoured one of its heroes, John Henry Code DCM by placing a "Blue Plaque" at his former family home at 122 Droylsden Road, Audenshaw. This was unveiled by Colonel Michael Hickey seen here with WOII Rockcliffe of The King's Regiment, the photograph provided by Captain Robert Bonner.



John Code born in 1869 married Elizabeth Marsden in 1896 and lived with their two sons and two daughters at 122 Droylsden Road up until 1910. He worked locally as a carpenter for the Clayton Gas Works. His service with the 5th (Ardwick) Volunteer Battalion, Manchester Regiment commenced in 1886 and he was promoted to Sergeant in 1890. During the Boer War he served with the Imperial Yeomanry and was promoted Colour Sergeant in 1910. Throughout this whole period he gained continual recognition as a noted marksman, often winning trophies.

When the Battalion sailed for Egypt in the autumn of 1914 John Code was appointed Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant and during the time on Gallipoli proved a constant inspiration to his comrades. His Distinguished Conduct Medal was gazetted for "Conspicuous gallantry, devotion to duty and continuing good services, his courage and skill have been most marked." Later he served in France. His son Harold followed in his footsteps and they are seen together at the 1909 Summer Camp in Colwyn Bay, North Wales in the picture on page 17. Commissioned into the 12th Battalion Manchester Regiment Harold was killed, aged 21 on the Thiepval Ridge on 25 August 1918.

After the War John Code rejoined his former employer and remained with them until his retirement in 1934. Less than a week later, on 27 February he died.

Note: For the information leaflet about John Henry Code DCM and details of some 60 other blue plaques featured around Tameside please contact: Tameside Tourist Information Centre, County Offices, Wellington Road, Ashton-under-Lyne, OL6 6DL. 0161 343 4343.

FAMILY HISTORY MONTHLY

The February edition of *Family History Monthly* contains an article *The Anzacs 1914-1920* – a brief history with more importantly for members of the Association the sources for both Australian and New Zealand servicemen records. Our thanks to Jennie Stringer for bringing the article to our attention.

SIR IAN HAMILTON & THE DARDANELLES COMMISSION

The title of a paper by Dr Jenny Macleod published in *War in History* 8: 418-441 (2001) tracing some aspects of the story behind-the-scenes at the Dardanelles Commission which account for the bland nature of its reports. It focuses in particular upon clandestine attempts by General Sir Ian Hamilton to influence the verdict of this, the first official assessment of his defeat at Gallipoli. The paper is based on Dr Macleod's PhD thesis University of Cambridge, 2000 – *The Gallipoli Campaign as Assessed by some British and Australian Participants 1915-1939*.

LE MAGAZINE DE LA GRANDE GUERRE

A new French military history magazine devoted to the First World War has in the second issue an illustrated article *Les Dardanelles: Operation Amphibie* by Phillippe Mason, a member of l'Academie de marine. Further information concerning the magazine from SOTECA, 48/50 Bld Senard, 92210 St Cloud, France.

A Tribute to RQMS John Henry Code DCM



[www. !\[\]\(41034d0756eb325b49f9c2da00394e36_img.jpg\) Tameside.gov.uk](http://www. Tameside.gov.uk)

Education and Cultural Services

GEORGE BEADLES – SOME QUESTIONS

STANLEY BEADLES

My Father George Harold Beadles sometimes known as Beedles was born on 28 September 1898 at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, one of seven children. Having lied about his age when two months short of his 15th birthday, he joined the 7th Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers as a bugle boy. His service number was LG 854 later changed to 290157. He fought at Gallipoli alongside his two brothers, Ernie who was shot in the foot, later died at home of blood poisoning in 1918, whilst his brother Ewart, who subsequently won the Military Medal at Gaza survived the war. My Fathers uncle, Richard Pierce, was killed at Suvla Bay on 22 August.

My Father was awarded the Serbian Gold Medal for rescuing a Serbian officer from “No mans land” under heavy Turkish fire at Suvla. However my enquiries at the Royal Welch Fusiliers Museum at Caernarfon Castle have drawn a blank, they do not appear to hold any records of this award or details of Serbian involvement at Gallipoli. I am somewhat perplexed by this apparent mystery as this award was mentioned in the *London Gazette* 15 February 1917 and detailed on his discharge papers of the 8 August 1919.

My Father was a modest man and did not want any fuss over the medal even though, in the course of the action, his uniform was badly holed with bullet holes, though he did not even receive a scratch. A fortuneteller in Alexandria in fact, told him in 1915 that he was a very lucky boy, because there was not a bullet on earth that would harm him, as it turned out, it was correct.

My Father was very close to his Mother, who one day in the autumn of 1915 became inconsolable saying Harold was in trouble. It later came to light that on this very same day, during the evacuation from Suvla, my Father, who by that time, was suffering from frostbite and exposure, fell into the water and was fortunately, seen by his comrades and pulled out of the water and plied with rum. He was sent to Malta to recover, from frostbite, before re-joining his regiment in Palestine.

During the battles in the desert he was cut off behind enemy lines for about a week. Almost dying from lack of water, he was rescued by some Bedouins on camels and taken to the nearest British unit, which was the Gurkhas, with whom he stayed for about two weeks, before rejoining his unit.

He remained in Palestine being involved in various actions until the end of the war. While waiting to return home, his battalion, the 7th Royal Welch Fusiliers, won the Allied military Services Cup Final in Alexandria, beating the Royal Irish Fusiliers 3-0. The team being coached by Captain George Lathom. A civilian at last my

Father, known now as Harry Beadles, pursued a career as a professional footballer, playing for Liverpool, Cardiff City where the coach was the same George Lathom, with whom he remained a close friend. Subsequently he joined Sheffield Wednesday, later captained Southport and also played for his country, Wales, winning two caps in 1925 before finishing his career as player coach at Dundalk, Ireland. He then became a licensed victualler in Liverpool where for almost 20 years his easy manner and natural wit made him a genial host. My Father died in Mold, North Wales, 1958, aged 60.

Having provided members with this short account of my Father's life perhaps some one can tell me more about the Serbian Gold Medal and what a Serbian officer was doing at Gallipoli. I am most anxious that some of the gaps are filled and will be most grateful for any information that can be provided. I believe that the Gold Medal my Father received was the only one awarded to a British soldier at Gallipoli. Can anyone verify this?

Please reply to me Stan Beadles, 10 Hunters Hill, Weaverham, Northwich, Cheshire, CW8 3PF or by E mail stanbeadles@thefreeinternet.co.uk



*7th Royal Welch Fusiliers Winners Cup Final, Alexandria, February 1919
George Beadles with dog on lap and George Lathom third left front row.*

THE 1901 CENSUS – AN INTRODUCTION

NORMAN POLLITT

Few of us can be unaware of the publicity surrounding the release of the contents of the 1901 Census at the beginning of the year. The 1901 Census was carried out on the 31 March 1901 and listed over 32 million people resident in England and Wales. Such civil census returns have been undertaken every 10 years since 1801. Their contents cannot be released into the public domain until a period of 100 years has elapsed, although in practical terms the period is actually 101 years.

What makes the 1901 Census so important? One, it is the first time a census has been fully indexed by the government and two, it is the first time the results have been released on the Internet. Admittedly, the 1881 Census has been indexed but this was a private venture organised between the Federation of Family History Societies and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. A few of the 1851 Census Returns were also indexed by local Family History Societies.

I can also add a third reason for the intense interest in the 1901 Census. It will be obvious to members of the Gallipoli Association that we have now reached a period when we can research the background of the men who fought in the Great War. Admittedly, most of them would have been very young, my own father would have been nine years old, never the less we can study their families, finding out where they were born, where they were living, the occupation of their father, names of their siblings etc.

How do we obtain this information for I mentioned earlier the Census becoming available on the Internet. It was assumed, perhaps rather naively, that come the 2 January 2002 we would be able to sit in our warm homes, log on to the Net and there in front of us would be the details of Great Uncle Fred and his family. Unfortunately, expectations – as is often the case – were not realised and the website crashed after one week. The Public Record Office (PRO) and QinetQ who devised the site had estimated one million visits per day, in the event over 20 times this number tried to access the site. However, by the time this edition of *The Gallipolian* reaches you I hope and expect the web-site will be back on line, although the PRO decline to give a firm date.

Having studied the worked example now available on the PRO website – www.pro.gov.uk – I cannot foresee any difficulties in using this popular means of communication once the site is accessible again. As we all know nothing is free in this world and there is a modest cost involved in accessing the Census, 50p for a single person plus a further 75p to access the whole family. Payment is by Credit/Debit Card or by Voucher obtained from the Public Record Office, Ruskin Avenue, Kew, TW9 4DU.

However, if universal access is still denied to the public or if you do not possess a computer, all is not lost and electronic access can still be obtained at PRO, Kew: The Family Record Centre at Myddleton Street, London, EC1R 1UW and a number of other Service Centres. One can also make use of the normal microfilm service at local Record Offices and Reference Libraries.

Members researching Scottish connections may be interested to learn that Origins.net in association with the General Register Office for Scotland (GROS), have launched a new and improved Scots Origins (<http://www.origins.net/GRO/>), which now includes the 1901 Scottish census. The new service went live on 22 January. Access costs £6 for 30 'page credits' valid for 24 hours.

THE DUBS AT GALLIPOLI 2001

In late August early September 2001 a small representative "recce" group from The Royal Dublin Fusiliers Association visited Gallipoli. It was the first official visit organised by the Association. The party of eleven was led by our Chairman Tom Burke, and guided by Murat Toprak.

All but two of the party had never before visited the Peninsula and the excitement was very evident in the early hours at Dublin airport before taking our flight to London Heathrow and onwards to Istanbul where we overnighted at the Akgun Hotel. From there we travelled by bus down the Peninsula to visit Lone Pine, Johnsons Jolly, Quinns Post, the Turkish cemetery, memorial to the 57th Regiment, and The Nek before proceeding to Eceabat. Then the ferry to Canakkale and the Hotel Tusan, at Guzelyah, which was our very comfortable base for the week.

Early the following day we travelled down the east coast of the Peninsula viewing the Turkish forts and defences which had figured in the Allied navies attempt to break through the Narrows. On to Alcitepe (Krithia) to visit the small museum, and then to the massive Turkish Canakkale Martyrs memorial. The museum beneath the memorial held many artefacts from the battlefield including insignia and cap badges of the Dublin and Munster Fusiliers. We then visited the French Cemetery and a little later the Helles Memorial where we spent some time at the Dublin Fusiliers panels on searching for names and remembering them, and linking some of these with the stories told by descendants of those who had lost their lives. At "V" Beach we were honoured to have an officer of the Turkish Army and local government representatives led by the sub-Governor of Eceabat Mr. Avni Mutlu join us in tribute to the fallen with a wreath laying ceremony in the cemetery.

In the days that followed we visited Anzac Cove and the new commemoration area, where a wreath was placed on behalf of the Ireland-Australia Association by Nick

Broughall. We recalled the activities of the 10th (Irish) Division when we visited Suvla Bay, Nibrunesi Point, The Cut, on to Green Hill and Chocolate Hill. A wreath was placed at Greenhill Cemetery and each member of the party read out the name of one of the fallen.

Some of the “hardier” members of our party tackled Kirech Tepe Sirt and walked the ridge noting Jephson’s Post and what remained of the HQ. Later in the week we revisited Suvla, the Helles area, some swam at V Beach and other redoubtable souls took to a hired boat to survey the area from the sea and recapture, at a safe distance in time and history, the events of 25th April 1915! Before leaving “V” Beach we felt it appropriate to join hands together for just a few rousing bars of “Tipperary”!

On our final day in the area we visited Troy and some of the gun emplacements overlooking the Dardanelles on the Asian side. The afternoon was free but, following a little shopping and visits to military museums at Canakkale, most of the party opted to return to the Peninsula to pay a final farewell to the Helles area.

The journey back then on Sunday up the Peninsula to the Akgun Hotel and a visit to a night club to sample to the delights of Istanbul and have a modest celebration of what we all agreed was a very successful first visit of the RDFA to Gallipoli. Early Monday morning our excellent guide Murat Toprak and driver Ahmed took us to the Topkapi Palace, the Blue Mosque, St. Sophia and some shopping in the Grand Bazaar. Afternoon to the airport to begin our journey, via Heathrow, back to Dublin where we arrived, tired and happy, but with a reminder to the trials of modern travel – sans luggage!

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM NORTH

In July the Imperial War Museum North in Manchester will open to the public. Situated on the banks of the Manchester Ship Canal opposite the Lowry Centre and not far from Old Trafford the building is a radical design by architect Daniel Libeskind. Gallipoli will feature at two points. In the Commonwealth area explaining the significance of Gallipoli and Anzac for both Australia and New Zealand. In the Timeline within a wider examination of the war against Turkey there will be a number of artefacts from Helles. Admission will be free.

TWO BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

A splendid initiative from the ANZAC Day Commemoration Committee (Queensland) Incorporated was the publication in 2001 of two, well illustrated books, for younger readers. *Simpson and Duff* by Mary Small illustrated by Ester Kasepuu is adapted from *Not Only a Hero* by Tom Curran published in 1998.

Still with a strong animal theme, though less Gallipoli is that by Vashti Farrer, illustrated by Sue O'Loughlin *Walers Go to War*, the story of Australian horses in war. Why Walers – well the first ones came from New South Wales and the name stuck. This and the Simpson book cost AUS\$10.95 each plus postage

Both are available from the ANZAC Day Commemoration Committee, PO Box 391, Aspley, Queensland 4034. E mail anzacday@anzacday.org.au Web site www.anzacday.org.au



SARAJEVO TO GALLIPOLI

LYNNE MERRIN

“Bottom’, the bowman reported. One ping. Stop engines. ‘Slip the tows’. Three pings and we went astern. One cutter was riddled by bullet fire and sank. On returning with more troops from the following trawlers we could see her on the bottom, sunk by the weight of the men’s equipment. Later, our second cutter, apparently empty, was seen drifting northward. Picking her up, I found her coxwain, Leading Seaman Herbert Merrin, badly wounded in the groin, his crew dead and his oars smashed. He had been getting men ashore by making them paddle with the bottom boards until he himself collapsed. He received the Distinguished Service Medal and much later, somewhat to my embarrassment, christened his son with my name.” From *A Sail to Gallipoli* by Douglas Dixon published in 1965.

It was the autumn of 1999. *A Sail to Gallipoli* was in the cabinet of my mother’s living room but I had never seen it before, although she said that it had been there for many years. According to the foreword, Mary Dixon had sensitively and painstakingly completed the manuscript after her husband’s death in 1964 a few years after that of my grandfather. I later discovered a letter that she had sent to my father with the copy of the book. The closing of a chapter perhaps? In 1965 my father, Commander Douglas Herbert Dixon Merrin, was serving in the Royal Navy as his father had done before him. I had broken the Merrin tradition of male and female members of the family serving in the Royal Navy and by the autumn of 1965 been commissioned into the Women’s Royal Army Corps and was serving in Singapore. This during the dark years of confrontation with Indonesia whilst the whole of South East Asia was in the shadow of the Vietnam War. Such events meant I had completely missed the arrival of the book.

Sometime during my childhood I absorbed the knowledge that Douglas Dixon had saved the life of my grandfather at Gallipoli. Where or what Gallipoli was or, indeed, what role it played in the Great War was a mystery to me. There were many other things to occupy and demand my interest in those early years. That my grandfather had lost his leg at Gallipoli was all I knew. My childhood memories were of the leg hanging by its leather straps on the back of the bedroom door during those infrequent visits he made to where we lived in whatever Royal Naval establishment that my father was serving with at the time.

The leg disturbed me. It would knock against the door when I passed through to take his tea in the morning. I would try not to look at the leg and did not speak of it to my parents, although I found it hard to imagine how the leather straps attached the leg to my grandfather’s body, and would have liked to have known. I sensed that the leg represented something momentous. My grandfather played cricket and drove

a car. My memory was of a special car. A car adapted for a man with one leg. In my childhood mind these small pieces of knowledge gave me a curious feeling of pride.

In the autumn 1999 I was spending a few days with my mother before returning to Sarajevo where my husband, Chris, had been posted the previous year and I had gone with him having left the United Nations following our marriage the year before. We were to visit the Imperial War Museum the following day to see the Second World War exhibitions. My mother told me that I was just over four months old when the first V 2 Rocket hit Courtland Avenue in Ilford at 2200 on 26 October 1944. My father had been away at sea. Valentine Dyall was playing "The Man in Black" on the radio. Courtland Avenue was one street away from the flat where my mother and I were living. She says that if it had not been for Valentine Dyall I would no longer be in this world. In order to listen to the programme she had brought me downstairs early for my feed. The destruction to the flat was just one more Blitz experience for her. Tomorrow she wanted to revisit those experiences at the Imperial War Museum.

That night I read most of *A Sail to Gallipoli* and found myself transported to moments and places in time that contained fragments of my own, as well as my family's memories. As I read I became aware that the book contained a hint of answers to questions that were deeply embedded in my psyche. It told of a journey, as well as places that I had also come to know over the years. Malta, the island which, four centuries previously, had withstood a Siege and saved Western Christendom from the Turk. Split with its Palace of Diocletian. Dubrovnik, the Pearl of the Adriatic. Mostar and Sarajevo. Places that had known the power of the Ottoman Empire and been subjugated by it until the Austro-Hungarian Empire pushed back the "sick man of Europe" in the years prior to the Great War.

A Sail to Gallipoli was an account of this extraordinary journey, a pilgrimage that began in September 1956 and lasted over three years. The boat, *Daisy*, had been built for the Blackwater oyster trade in Brightlingsea in 1884. She was converted into a yacht in 1933 and re-christened *Dusmarie* with a combination of the names of the newly married couple. Douglas Dixon, with his wife Mary and daughter Astrid, sailed from Harwich harbour to try and work through "the Dardanelles" a tricky tidal cut through the mud of Horsey Island in the backwaters behind Walton on the Naze. It was a name that stirred old memories for Dixon, as well as old long-suppressed hopes of returning to the Gallipoli Peninsula "where his youth had been proved and spent." The undeclared end to the journey was Gallipoli. By the second page of the book I had, at last, learned how my grandfather had "lost" his leg. As the story unfolded I realised that the return to Gallipoli had initially been the unspoken purpose of the journey.

Dixon was a 15 year old Midshipman in HMS *Bacchante* at the time of the landings at Anzac Cove on 25 April 1915. My grandfather had been twenty-four with almost

ten years service behind him, having joined the Royal Navy as a boy of fifteen. The purpose of the journey was, in Dixon's words, disguised in a four-stranded rope. "An awkward blighter to splice." Two of the strands were Astrid's qualification for cadet membership of the Royal Ocean Racing Club followed by the completion of her education with a "Grand Tour" of southern Europe. This essential "right of passage" for Astrid included an education for life in the sources of European culture. Spain, Italy, Greece and Yugoslavia, with its beautiful Dalmatian Coast, were places to be visited on this voyage. The third strand was to take *Dusmarie* to find the sun after many years cruising in the Baltic. The fourth strand was the ship. She was the heroine of the story who was to take Dixon back to this place that, I was much later to learn, was the anvil on which new nations had been forged, as well as the place where the youth of many had been proved and spent, Gallipoli.

It was during the course of their journey that, as a 12 year-old child, I met the Dixons for the first time. Astrid was six years older than me and was everything I aspired to. I had a heroine at last and later named my first daughter for her. In October of 1956 *Dusmarie* sailed into Valetta Harbour where my father's ship was berthed. HMS *Woodbridge Haven*, the minesweeper depot ship which would soon sail for Port Said, ready to sweep the Canal, following the anticipated success of the planned military operation. It was shortly after *Woodbridge Haven's* return to Valetta Harbour, following the failure of that campaign, that Douglas Dixon was to meet his godson, Lieutenant Commander Douglas Herbert Dixon Merrin, for the first time. My father read about *Dusmarie* and his godfather in the *Malta Times*. Dixon was not aware that his godson was in Malta. The meeting between the two of them ensured that the whole of the fourth strand of the rope was at last revealed. As Dixon wrote: "Douglas Merrin's arrival brought all thought of a return to Anzac bubbling to the surface, no longer to be hidden as a dream, so at last my underlying purpose in our voyage was out in the open and, of course, encouraged by our ships company." In May 1957 *Dusmarie* left Malta for Gallipoli. It was the Dixons' intention to spend time en route to Gallipoli taking Astrid to Venice and then re-visiting Dalmatia before trying their luck in Greece. Turkey for Christmas 1957 became their new hope. My father never saw his godfather again.

As I read the account of the Dixon's journey, Gallipoli was no longer just the leg hanging on the back of the door by its leather straps. I knew that I was going to make the journey to Gallipoli. Living in Sarajevo I frequently passed by the place of the assassination, the event that, one is taught as a child, sparked the First World War. Sometimes I would stop and look at the spot and wonder. Now it was time for me to go to Gallipoli. My father had been hopeful of making the journey and combining the trip with a visit to islands in the Aegean that he had known from his own war of 1939 to 1945. His failing health had been against him when the luxury of time was, at last, available to him.

The next morning at the Imperial War Museum my mother and I wandered through



Midshipman Dixon aged 15½ years.

the World War Two exhibits. We sat in the small room and experienced the 'Blitz'. When we had seen much and my mother had dealt with her memories we went to find what there was on Gallipoli. The display case was large and very full. In the centre was a stand with a logbook open at the 24 April 1915, the logbook of HMS *Bacchante*. I realised that I had almost stopped breathing as I read the account of the day before the landings. *Bacchante* was the ship in which my grandfather had served. With an extraordinary sense of urgency we headed strait for the Information Desk to ask if we could see the next page. Within ten minutes we were in the Archive Reading Room. A courteous and interested man, who introduced himself to us as Roderick Suddaby, Keeper of Archives, asked what our interest was in the Gallipoli landings. In a rush of words that must have surprised him I told him of the rescue of my grandfather by a Midshipman Douglas Dixon of HMS *Bacchante*, asking him if it would be possible to see the next page of the logbook displayed in the cabinet of the exhibition.

He looked a little puzzled and then said "But, don't you want to see Dixon's logbook?"

It was as though some unseen hand of fate had guided us into the Archive Reading Room. My emotions became something of a blur as my mother and I sat and read the account in Dixon's logbook of the landings of 25 April. The account, written by this fifteen year-old boy, forced to become a man before his time, described how, at 1230 that Sunday, the boats were hoisted out from HMS *Bacchante* and he took his tow to HMS *Prince of Wales* and embarked the troops. The account continued:

'Then the Squadron steamed until they were about about three miles off in two lines ahead. The tows then went ahead and formed line abreast as well as possible. About halfway we got an order to a/c 2 points to the North. About half a mile off the dawn began to show over the ridges. About 50 yards off the shore the enemy opened fire with rifles and quick firers and bullets were everywhere. The boats opened fire with maxims for about half a minute until we landed. I was the third boat to land my tow but in some boats only about a dozen troops landed the rest being killed or wounded and dead men were hanging over the gunwales. I kept my boats crew well under cover and none were hit, although the boat was being hit everywhere; one soldier had a bullet through his head behind his eyes and blinded him but did not kill him. They opened fire with shrapnel from over the ridge and on the South and this did most damage after we had collected and driven them up the first ridge. The destroyers came up and I towed a launch to one of them and picked up a launch and 2 cutters including L.S. Merrin who got all his troops ashore and his boat off though only one of his crew was unwounded and all his oars had been broken by shrapnel except one. He had a bad wound in his groin and collapsed when he got his boat in tow. In the first landing we landed them on a very exposed point and the beach was strewn with wounded and dead, but afterwards we landed them 200 yards to the South where it was more sheltered. I took 3 tows from a transport in No2 billet and

while I was waiting to collect a fourth tow a boat got a shell in her below the waterline and sank immediately. She was full of troops and I put my boat alongside and picked them all up. I was backing out when shrapnel burst over the boat and killed one of the soldiers just near me and a bullet went through the boat's side and holed the aux feed pipe just missing the stoker's head. I just managed to get back to the transport and then dropped astern and anchored while the transport went to a hospital ship. The main feed pumps would not take their suction so we had to run the boiler down and draw fires. HMT '49' took us in tow to HMS *Queen* where we began to start repairs. Meanwhile HMS *Bacchante* had gone in close to the shore and successfully put the forts out of action on the point to the South. 6 inch Howitzers opened fire from over the ridge and one shell fell 6 feet away from the destroyer. The *Queen* got underweigh and I went alongside the *Prince of Wales* and watered while she was underweigh. I got underweigh at 10.15 am and went in shore. To the North two boats had been ambushed and every man killed. I towed the *Triumph's* PB to the *Prince of Wales* as she had lost her rudder. I then towed two large lighters full of wounded to a hospital ship and towed in a horse boat with ammunition. About 12.30 pm HMS *Queen Elizabeth* came up and fired a few salvos and went South again. HMS *Canopus* and *Majestic* took up a position to the North of HMS *Minerva* south of the *Bacchante*. I went on with the wounded till dark putting them aboard the first transport that would take them. I had to tow two large lighters to four transports before I could find one that was not full up"

The account continued but I had read what I was looking for. I now knew how my Grandfather had lost his leg at Gallipoli.

In June 1996, following my father's death, it was necessary for me to go through all of his papers for the first time. Unlike my grandfather's career that began in 1906 and abruptly ended in 1915, the Royal Navy career of my father was a full term. He defied his father and joined as a boy seaman in 1936. I had not understood why this choice was so against his father's wishes. But there was much I had not understood. However, later I was to discover that my grandfather had only wanted to consider Dartmouth for his son. Unfortunately, Dartmouth was beyond his means and he had hoped that an education at Brentwood School would prepare his son for a useful and secure career in law. His son was hell bent on the Royal Navy, by whatever means, eventually defying his father and going to St Vincent when he was just fifteen.

It was whilst dealing with this painful task that I came across the papers of my grandfather. They included his Royal Navy records, as well as personal letters related to his efforts to find a job when he had recovered from the amputation of his leg. There was also a little red notebook in which he had recorded his experiences, thoughts and feelings in the early months of the war in the North Sea. The notebook also contained accounts of actions against the Turks in HMS *Bacchante*, prior to the Gallipoli campaign. A Certificate of Wounds and Hurts confirmed that he was 'wounded by an enemy bullet' on the 25 April 1915. At the time I gave these papers



Joseph Herbert Merrin, a photograph taken in 1906

little attention, other than to register their existence. My concerns were far more with my father's affairs in the brief time I had for such matters before returning to my post in the United Nations Peacekeeping Mission in the former Yugoslavia where I had been for nearly three years. Now, remembering the existence of these papers, I knew that it was time to revisit them. Because of what I read in Dixon's Midshipman's Logbook, I mentioned the existence of the documents to Roderick Suddaby who said that he would welcome the opportunity to review the documents. He also agreed to forward a card from me to the last address that he had for Astrid Dixon and, in due course, Astrid and I were in touch with each other. A few months later all of the documents would be deposited with the Imperial War Museum, along with those of my father from World War Two. My mother and I were provided with copies.

As I was due to return to Sarajevo the next day, when we got home my mother lifted the old red file box from its secret hiding place and we began to go through the documents of my grandfather. The little red book was there with its accounts of various Naval actions in the early months of the First World War up to a day or so before the landings, along with his Royal Navy records and various letters and certificates. The only document from the landings was a hand written list of instructions to my grandfather as Coxwain of 'B' Boat, No 11. The form is entitled S.-1320c Naval Signal. The instructions include his Position in Tow as astern of 1st cutter. The 7th and last instruction on the list reads: (For information only: 7. When the troops are landed the pulling boats will, if necessary, assist to land troops from T.B.D. and then reform the Tow to return to P of W).

The handwriting of the "Naval Signal" to my grandfather matches the handwriting of a letter to my grandfather dated 8 February 1916. The letter is from Commander Washington of HMS *Bacchante* and testifies to my grandfather's good character in his support of his quest to find suitable employment. It also states that my grandfather was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for gallantry at Gallipoli.

From my grandfather's notes I now know that, following his injury during the landings he arrived, on board a Hospital Ship, at Alexandria on 29 April 1915 where he was taken to the 15th General Hospital (Abessia School). He had written in the little red notebook:

"....the weather grew hotter and hotter and day succeeded day. Unable to leave my bed I used to dream of dreary, foggy, muggy, rain-bespattered London, and oh how I used to wish I was back in the Strand in a good shower of rain, or walking through a country lane after a good shower. I could picture the green hedges and could feel the cool fresh breeze play around my temples, could smell the sweet life giving aroma that is the country's glory and English country's alone. Those are dark days for me, yet glorious days, for I was spared to enjoy my dreams, and am today, thank God, a very lucky fellow indeed to have lived as I have done."

He underwent his first operation for tying the artery in his leg on 24 May (my birthday). The leg died and gangrene set in. On 9 June the leg was amputated above the knee. In the notebook he wrote: "Gangrene having set in it was amputated on June 9th. Was I afraid? Did I regret anything? No, not for a moment. I have had my run and the doctors have done everything possible for me." It was the final entry.

On the 17 July he left Alexandria for England on board HMS *Astureus* where he arrived on the 27th and admitted to Haslar Hospital where he stayed until December. He underwent a further operation at London Hospital on 24 March 1916 and was finally discharged from Roehampton Hospital on 22 October with a fitted leg. My grandfather was one of the fortunate.

In the early spring of 2001 circumstance at last made it possible to plan for the trip to Gallipoli. Chris, who had watched me become increasingly obsessed by the Gallipoli story, was now as enthusiastic about the intended trip as I was. Given the lateness of our decision, we had given up on the idea of being there for the anniversary and our intention was to arrive a couple of days later. But a chance telephone conversation with the Defence Attaché at the British Embassy in Ankara saw us with a room at Hotel Akol. It turned out that the room had been booked by the Embassy but the occupant would no longer have need of it, What better use of it than to give it to someone on a family pilgrimage. We decide to drive rather than fly and left Sarajevo on the 20 April. The first night was spent in Belgrade and the second in Sophia. Yugoslavia and Bulgaria still had evidence of their Ottoman occupation. We crossed the border into Turkey in the afternoon of the 22nd and drove down the beautiful Gallipoli Peninsula as the sun was going down. Just before Eceabat we saw the turn to Gaba Tepe and swung right, chasing the setting sun, arriving at the museum crossroads in time to rush from the car to stand high above Anzac Cove and North Beach and watch the sun disappearing over the horizon. I am not sure what I felt, but the sensation was strange and had a feeling of completion about it.

We arrived at Canakkale in the dark, but the weather was clear and I could look out of our room on the third floor of the hotel and gaze across to the Peninsula. David Saunders, Editor of *The Gallipolian*, had provided me with a number of very good contacts, all of whom were very helpful and put up with my endless e-mails as I tried to understand more about this place and event known as Gallipoli. Among them Turkish TV producer, Savas Karakas, who was deeply committed to presenting Gallipoli through the medium of film and had already produced a fine documentary *History in the Depths*. I was to learn that his grandfather had also been injured in the campaign and that we had much in common. A constant exchange of e-mails was the forerunner to our meeting, which took place on the morning of the 23rd in Eceabat. After lunch at Kum Motel we joined a party of Australians on a tour of the Peninsula with Savas and the distinguished guide for the day, Kenan Celik of Onsekiz Mart University, Faculty of Science of Letters. Gallipoli, at last, was no longer just my readings on the subject and a memory of a leg hanging from a hook

on a door. It was taking on a dimension, vitality and complexity that previously I could not have even imagined. Kenan Celik made us work for our newly gained knowledge and experiences. As we stood precariously on the side of what sometimes seemed like near vertical escarpments, Kenan Celik expanded our minds with new knowledge and perspective.

The next morning we met again with Savas and set off for Anzac Cove and North Beach. I was armed with photocopied pages of Douglas Dixon's Midshipman's Logbook, marked up pages from *A Sail to Gallipoli* and the photocopied pages of my grandfather's little red notebook. The quest was to identify the place, as close as was possible, where Dixon had taken my grandfather's cutter in tow.

I knew from *A Sail to Gallipoli* that Douglas Dixon eventually returned to the Gallipoli in the late spring of 1958. He was in Istanbul on Friday, the 25 April waiting for the special clearances required in order to visit the Peninsula. Even Major Millington, who had been in charge of the war graves of Gallipoli ever since the cemeteries were constructed, was not permitted to live or even spend a night on the Peninsula, such was its secrecy.

In his final chapter having recorded how Millington was building some yards from the sea at Ocean Beach. Dixon went with his assistant, Mr Clements of Public Works, to the site. They had some food and Clements went to work, advising Dixon not to wander far. Dixon had a picture taken from somewhere near Russell's Top when the Anzacs had joined up with the new Army of Suvla at Ocean Beach. The centrepiece of the picture is the YMCA marquee with the YMCA shield most conspicuous. He wrote:

"Fifty yards above this site was a pimple on which a sentry sat with a rifle and a telephone under an awning of leaves. I thought I might pass the time of day but he waved me away with the muzzle of his gun and my escort, never more than a yard away, plucked my sleeve. So I wandered to the shore and started to undress. He stayed disconsolate by the water's edge while I swam to the spot as far as was possible to judge it, where we had picked up Bacchante's second cutter and her wounded Cox'n Merrin all those years ago. How I wished the young soldier could have seen, as I saw, all that stretch of warm sand peopled by masses of naked invaders trying to get relief in the sea from the blood and the flies and the stench. He was still disconcerted when I waded ashore from the clean and blue and empty water and only relieved when I was inside the hedge surrounding Clements buildings. There, among some beehives there was, to my astonishment, a large tin YMCA shield, battered of course, but surprisingly unweathered and indeed the same one that had sat on the YMCA marquee in 1915."

Three days later Dixon returned with Mr Dilman, Millington's own clerk and interpreter. Dilman assured him that as a young soldier he must have fired at Dixon

and his colleagues at Anzac on 25 April 1915. He went on to write how Dilman had proved to be as knowledgeable as a guide as he was sympathetic as a friend and old fellow-in arms.

Savas, with photocopied pages from *A Sail to Gallipoli*, Dixon's Midshipman's logbook and my grandfather's notebook clasped in his hand, led Chris and I up the steep climb of MacLaggan's Ridge and Plugge's Plateau from where we could look across at the Sphinx and down onto North Beach (Ocean Beach). Below us were the Commonwealth War Graves Commission houses, although not the ones that Dixon had seen being built in 1957. Savas was confident from the descriptions in the book, as well as his own historical knowledge of North Beach that the current site was the same one as in 1958.

After we had gazed our fill we returned to the car and drove the few hundred yards to the parking place below Fisherman's Hut. Savas said that the same family had been living in the hut for three generations. The beach was empty as we walked along the sand until we arrived at the stretch between the Commonwealth War Graves Commission Houses and the sea. I estimated that it must have been in the water not far from here that Douglas Dixon had picked up my grandfather. Savas walked further along the beach, sensitive to my desire to be alone for a while. Chris was several hundred yards back, keeping his distance in order to let me find my piece of the past. I sat on a sand dune surrounded by poppies and looked out into the beautiful clear gentle waves. The day was clear, bright and warm.

Nobody else was on the beach but us three. Hard as I tried I could not transport myself back to that morning of 1915. I could not imagine what hell it must have been. All my experience and knowledge of conflict between nations and peoples could not help me imagine the sights, sounds, smells, emotions and horror of that morning and its aftermath. I picked a poppy and took a photograph of the beach and the sea to send to Astrid. I wanted her to know that I had found the spot as close as possible. Later, when I downloaded the image into my computer, there was a burred image of a bird in flight in the middle of the picture over the sea. It seemed like confirmation that this was the spot and that all was well. Savas judged that I had had long enough with my own thoughts and returned to where I was sitting. I got up from the sand dune and began to walk back along the beach with him to meet Chris. On the way I collected pebbles for Astrid and myself.

On the ferry back to Canakkale, by coincidence, we found ourselves parked next to the Defence Attaché from Ankara and discovered we were to be included in the official party the following morning. We had already worked out that attending the Dawn Service was going to require great determination on our part. This invitation was therefore most welcome. That night we attended the official party and learned more about the Commonwealth War Graves Commission houses at North Beach from John Price of the Commission.

Next morning, at 0400, we boarded the ferry at Canakkale and arrived well in time for the Dawn Service. Whilst disembarking from the cars, Chris and I both got detached from the official part, as well as each other, in the mass of people. Later we were to discover that there had been over 10,000. I found myself standing on the right hand side of the crowd, high up on the road and facing the sea. The light from the arc lights was playing on the waves and I could hear the movement of the water. The service began as the dawn started to come up behind us. I was happy that I was alone among this huge crowd of people. It felt good and gave me the opportunity to absorb all that had happened. I felt a surge of emotion as I watched the dawn come up behind me. The Sphinx was stark and almost a silhouette. As the gentle and strengthening light of the dawn spread across the water I could almost see the boats coming out of the gloom towards the beach. It was the sea that drew my attention, not the land. But then I was a daughter and grand-daughter of the Royal Navy.

Most of the 10,000 present were from Australia and New Zealand. I thought of Dixon's words from his visit in 1958 when he had observed:

"It is sad that so few British and Australians kin can make the journey to see for themselves. There may be few today for whom these memorials can have actual personal meaning, and yet, perhaps for generations, these peaceful graves will have a message for the descendants of the men who fought and died here."

He would have known that Mustafa Kemal had risen like a phoenix from the ashes of the "sick man of Europe", but he may not have realised that Gallipoli was the event, above all others, that was to forge the nationhood of Australia. Later that afternoon this fact was to be confirmed when we gave a lift to two young Australian women who had no direct link with Gallipoli but had felt compelled to make the journey. One declared that two days earlier she would not have had such strong republican feelings but now, after her experience in Gallipoli, she felt very different. Had not the Mother Country, in cold blood, sacrificed Australia's young manhood on the beaches and battle sites of the Gallipoli Peninsula all those years ago? Sadly that is what she and her friend believed.

Later that day after having attended the ceremonies at the Turkish, French and British Memorials, Chris and I drove again to North Beach. A few people were looking at the ANZAC Memorial, but the beach was completely empty and quiet. It did not seem possible that only a few hours earlier over 10,000 people had been there. We parked the car close to the beach this time. The Fisherman's Hut was behind us. We set up our two chairs and little table under a tree and began to make some tea. A young man came to us carrying a rusty bayonet. We had noticed several people with small trowels over the previous two days. They appeared to be searching for souvenirs of battle whilst visiting the memorial sites. The young man, whose English was very little, indicated that he lived in the hut and that the bayonet had come from the sea at North Beach. He invited us to come and see his "museum". I

think that it was because Savas had told us of the three generations of Fisherman's Hut, coupled with the significance of the landmark on every battle map, that Chris and I agreed to go with him.

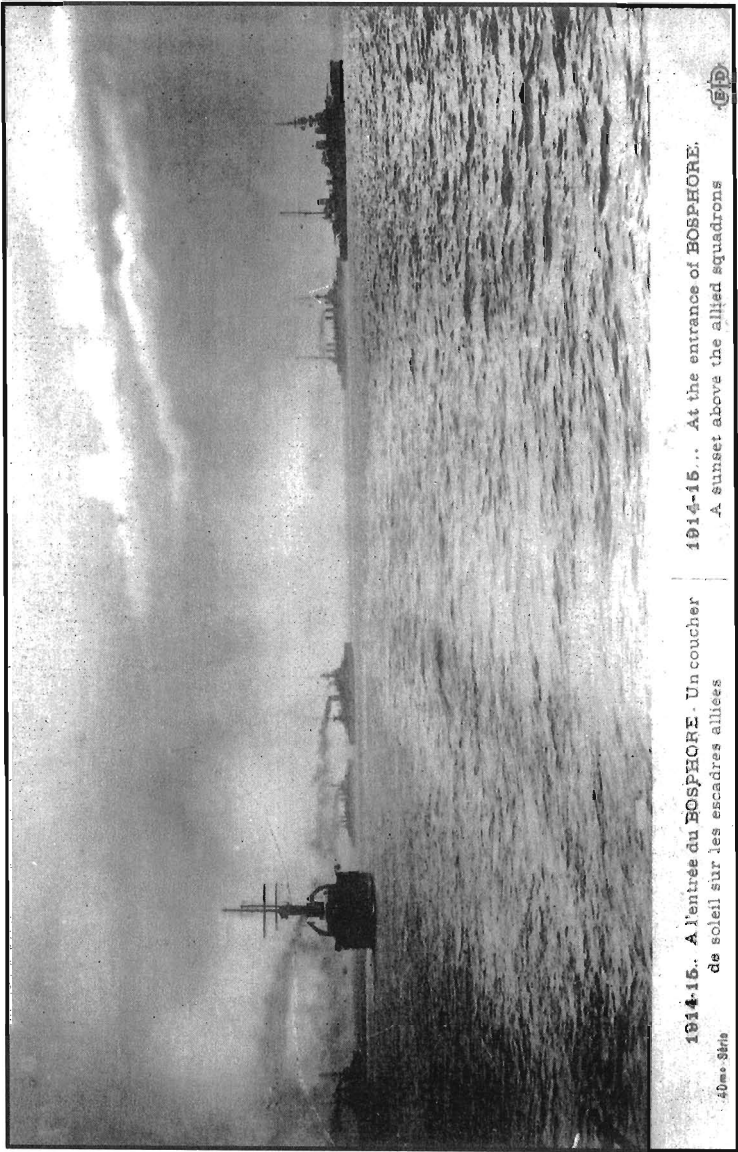
The young man met us with his father and invited us to sit down on little old chairs on the makeshift veranda. We tried to explain that we were here because of my grandfather and this very beach. I believe that both understood. The son showed us photos of himself in the Turkish Army, much to his father's pride. I was reminded that soldiers from the armies of Turkey and Germany, serving with the NATO lead force in Bosnia, can frequently be seen in Sarajevo sightseeing. Indeed one senior Turkish NCO had spent an afternoon at the SFOR HQ in Sarajevo showing me his collection of digital photographs of Gallipoli a few weeks before our trip to the Peninsula. Such are the circles of history.

On a makeshift table in front of the hut was a collection of shells, unfired bullets that had spent many years under the sea, as well as the rusty bayonet and a metal uniform button, green with age but free from corrosion. There was also a human skull. We admired the collection and Chris asked if he could take a photograph of the hut and the father, a small man, nut brown and gnarled like a tree from a long life spent in the open. We took an address and promised to send them a copy of the photographs. Suddenly, after a rapid conversation between father and son, the son began to wrap up the bayonet, the button and some unfired bullets in an old newspaper. It was not something that we had sought, but found it difficult to refuse. We gave them some money and bid father and son farewell. The next day we left Gallipoli. Since our return to Sarajevo a wooden box in which to keep this little collection of artefacts has been made by Fehim, the caretaker and gardener of our house in Sarajevo and a soldier of the recent war in Bosnia. The box has been made with great care and the items in it treated with even greater reverence. For the time being, at least, Gallipoli has come to Sarajevo for a while and Astrid has two pebbles from the beach at Gallipoli. Maybe next time we will make the journey together.

Not long after our return to Sarajevo, Chris and I once again walked across the Latin Bridge, otherwise known as the Princip Bridge, named after Gavrilo Princip, the young man whose actions had catapulted Europe into the First World War. Currently there is no longer a memorial or sign anywhere on the corner close to the bridge where the infamous assassination took place, but there is a rumour that a memorial will, once again, be erected on the site of the event. I wonder what my grandfather and Douglas Dixon would think?

GALLIPOLI POSTCARDS

A card here, kindly provided by John Welch, showing part of the Allied naval deployment at the Dardanelles. The loan of other Gallipoli postcards for publication in *The Gallipolian* will be welcomed by the Editor.

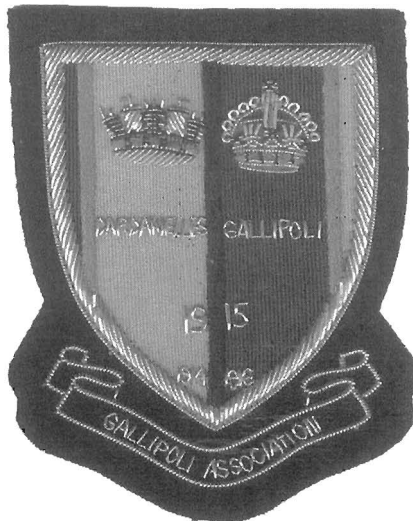


QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

★ NEW ITEMS ★

Silk Ties – silk, non-crease ties in the Gallipoli Association colours are now available at £16.75 including postage.

Blazer Badge – hand embroidered wire and silk blazer badges are now available (see illustration) at £5.50 including postage.



OTHER TIES, BADGES & GALLIPOLIAN BINDERS

The **Association Tie** which comprises wide green bands for the land of Gallipoli and blue-grey for the waters of the Dardanelles, with narrow stripes of navy-blue and scarlet for the services is available price £5.00 including post.

A **Lapel Badge** in the same colours is available price £5.50 including post.

Binders, which hold 12 copies of The Gallipolian are available finished in an attractive simulated leather, coloured maroon, with the title blocked in gold on the spine. Price per Binder is £5.25 including post in the United Kingdom and £6.25 including post for overseas.

Orders with payment, cheques and postal orders made out to The Gallipoli Association, to the Secretary, James Watson-Smith, Earleydene Orchard, Earleydene, Ascot, Berkshire, SL5 9JY.

SIMPSON & SLOUCH HAT BADGES

The Gallipoli Association holds a small stock of these most attractive badges produced by the ANZAC Day Commemoration Committee of Queensland. The Simpson Badge is an oval design (three-quarters on an inch) showing Simpson in classic pose with his donkey, while the Slouch Hat measuring about an inch across is exactly that. Each badge costs £2.50 plus an sae, orders please to The Treasurer, Nowhelan, The Common, Wonersh, Guildford, GU5 0PH.

SIMPSON IN THE GARDEN

Jenny Nairn writing from Australia informs us that a limited edition model in fibreglass and resin of Simpson and his donkey is on offer in Australia. Made by the brilliant sculptor Chip Orff it retails for \$45,000.

NEW HONOUR FOR THE LAST ANZAC

Reg Clements writing from Western Australia informs us that the last veteran of Gallipoli, Alec Campbell of Hobart, Tasmania, aged 103 is the first person to receive the Centenary Medal which honours people who have contributed to Australian society and government. Alec Campbell, aged 16, joined the Australian Army in June 1915 and served with the 15th Battalion at Gallipoli, later in Egypt, Prime Minister John Howard saying:

“Alec Campbell and others of his generation have lived through all of Australia’s federal history and played their part in establishing Australia as a modern, prosperous and independent country.”

We were also pleased to receive from Malcolm Orchard the very full report from *The Age* regarding Alec Campbell’s recent birthday, an occasion celebrated by no fewer than 56 of his descendants and where he was heard to remark “I’m getting on a bit, aren’t I?”

CORRECTION TO REVIEW

The Editor’s apologies for the incorrect spelling of the author’s name in the review on page 63 of the Winter *Gallipolitan* which should read Dan van der Vat and any confusion this may have caused.

WALTER PARKER VC

Derek Hunt has very kindly provided this First Day Cover issued by the Royal Naval Air Station, Yeovilton to mark the 70th Anniversary in 1985 of the action of Walter Parker, Royal Marine Light Infantry at Gaba Tepe.



A SOLDIER'S TALE IN THE DARDANELLES

WILLIAM GEORGE MCHUGH¹

INTRODUCTION

In noting down the following account of my experiences during the Great War and of the places I have visited I do so for the benefit of my several friends at home, not for any wish to thrust myself before their notice as one who tried to do their bit in bringing about the successful termination of this awful war, but rather to give them just a rough idea of what I have seen during my period of service. I trust therefore that whatever hands this production falls into, they will not look for a high standard of literary talent, but if I can manage to hold their interest to the end I consider that my object will be accomplished, and will leave my effort in their hands trusting that they will not deal too harshly with me when we meet.

At the outbreak of war between Germany and England in August 1914 I was on my holidays at Douglas, Isle of Man, and as the reservists were called up from that island I well remember the rousing send off we gave them that first Sunday night in that historic month. The day following being August Bank holiday, my leave ended, and with many others I left that cheerful spot to resume on the following morning the ordinary humdrum duties of everyday life. Not that in any way was I unsatisfied with my station in life, or the business in which I am engaged, for I am glad to say I like my work and took a pleasure in executing it to the best of my ability.

On entering my office on the Tuesday morning I found everybody in a great state of excitement amongst whom I was not the least moved with the seriousness of the peril threatening our beloved country. I found that some of the staff of the company (The Royal Insurance Co Ltd) who at that time were members of the then Territorial Forces had been called up or were at present in training so that we were short-handed, both on account of this and to the holiday season being then at its height. Naturally after returning from leave I was very busy bringing my work up to date, but still I noticed that first one, then another were responding to Kitchener's

¹ William George McHugh, commonly known as Billy, was of Irish extraction and both before and after the War worked for the Royal Insurance Company, first in Dublin and later in Manchester. He had two brothers, Eddie, aged 30 dying just before the end of the War during the influenza epidemic. William, a gentle giant of a man, he stood six foot two and half inches, was a keen rugby player, once having a trial for Ireland. He was a noted oarsman winning many trophies on Irish rivers. He died young, in 1926, from Bright's disease of the kidneys due to lack of water and nourishment during the Gallipoli campaign. In 1918 he married Lily Storey and they had a daughter Joyce in 1923, now Mrs Ward, to whom we are indebted for providing this unedited typescript from the original diaries.

Thanks are also due in no small measure to our member Walter Beetham who first drew attention to the existence of the diary after Mrs Ward had contacted the Blackpool Branch of the Fylde Fusiliers.

call for men and every fresh one leaving was like giving me a slap in the face, or as somebody saying to me, it is your turn next.

About this time I had joined up with the Rugby Football Corps, more I think as a salve to my troubled conscience than with any idea of 'doing my bit', but the more I read the papers, and of how sorely we were being pressed by the hated Huns the more miserable I became, so that in the middle of October I finally decided to enlist.

With a few chums we tried various cavalry units but all to no effect, until we finally decided to proceed to Scotland and join up with the Black Watch Highlanders. Just as we had decided on this course we learned that the North Irish Horse was still open for recruiting but that all intending to join would have to pass in riding. Previous to this I had been upon a horse's back about three times in my life, and even then did not feel any too secure, and the same could be said of my chums. One of them however, S.P. Mercier, who was rather a perisistent fellow, wrote on being refused, to the Colonel of the Regiment (Col. Mande) saying to him that we were all athletic fellows and it seemed queer having regard to the want of men judging by the recruiting posters that because we were not horsemen we should not be allowed to join. This letter had the desired effect with the result he obtained an answer to say that if we presented ourselves for enlistment within 10 days and could pass the medical examination we would be accepted, and asking us to bring the letter along with us by way of introduction.

On the 26th October 1914 we therefore presented ourselves for enlistment at the Head Quarters of the Regiment then at Shegoneil Avenue, Belfast and the same morning passed the medical examination and took the Oath of Allegiance, and that same evening proceeded to the Show Ground at Antrim where recruits were in training. There were four of us in all from Dublin. S.P. Mercier of Goodbody Co. Jute Manufacturers, A.E. Dallas, Sun Insurance Co. Matthews Union Insurance Co, W. G. McHugh Royal Insurance Co, so you can see that the Insurance companies were doing their share as far as this lot was concerned. I was the seventh which had enlisted from the Dublin staff of my Company.

We arrived in Antrim on a pouring wet night and floundered through the mud nearly knee deep up into the Camp where we were shown our tent and given two blankets each, and what a merry night we spent. The place was in a terrible state with mud, and our tent and flooring boards were wringing wet, and we certainly spent a very miserable night. I am sure we all felt very sorry to have left our comfortable homes and beds, but after a few days we began to get accustomed to the life and the mud and actually to enjoy it.

At first we could not eat the rough and ready meals served up in very rough and ready methods, which consisted in forming up in a long line and passing by the orderlies who 'dished out the grub'. As the men received their allowance they

proceeded up into an old grandstand liberally covered with a thick coating of mud from the hundreds of pairs of heavy army boots, and sitting down wherever you could find a space proceeded with the meal. I said, at first we could not do justice to the fare, but after rising a few mornings in October at about 5.30 a.m. and doing a good couple of hours work, cleaning stables, watering and grooming your horse, or perhaps two or three, well, one gets a trifle hungry by breakfast time, and by degrees your allowance which at first appeared so liberal began to assume very small dimensions in your eyes. The meals were good but plain, as a soldier's fare should be, but by degrees I found I had put on nearly half a stone in weight, until I found myself turning the scales at nearly 14½ stones. During civil life I seldom reach more than 13 stone in weight.

For the first six or eight days we were sent to look after the sick horses, and although at first we naturally were a little timid in going near strange horses, especially as one gets frequent bites, still one gets very quickly used to being amongst the animals and in no time get really fond of them. All the same I must admit I was glad to get away from amongst those sick horses, as it was really a disgusting job looking after them as most of them at the time I was there were suffering from colds and ringworm.

One afternoon I was told to report with my chums at the Quarter Masters Stores C. Squadron to draw our saddles and bridles. We were kept very busy for a couple of days after this burnishing our steels and washing and cleaning our saddlery. Anybody who knows the condition steel or leather work of any kind gets into after being packed in a damp tent for a few months can readily imagine the amount of work entailed if we wished to turn out at all presentable on our first parade, and as is usual at first for new recruits we were not behind hand in wishing to have a fairly good turnout. By degrees our gear began to assume a better appearance, although the state of our hands and nails after a couple of days of such work left much to be desired, but then we are soldiers now so we need not care about showing the traces of honest toil on the hands, and I can assure you it takes a great amount of work and sore fingers to bring steel back to a brilliancy of silver plate after being allowed to rust for a few months. I must say that I was very much surprised to find we were not put into the Riding School at once but I dare say that was on account of most of the boys being already fairly good horsemen, and perhaps our NCOs thought that we also could sit on a horse.

However, one morning at early stables my Troop Sergeant informed me I should have to turn out on parade so immediately after breakfast I made over to the stables with saddle and bridle to find an animal for my first performance as a horseman. Of course I was, well, a trifle nervous and asked the corporal if he would be good enough to give me a quiet animal. In the course of a few minutes my wishes were fulfilled and I had saddled up a powerful black horse and was ready to turn out with my troop as soon as the 'Turn Out' sounded. Of my early experiences as a horseman

I do not intend to say too much, but I can well remember my first time out. On our way to Massereene Park where we manoeuvred we had to pass right through the town of Antrim which was always done at walking pace. Once however this was left behind and our pace was quickened to a smart trot, and as we had about one and a half miles to go I suffered severely before we reached our destination.

It is child's play to sit on a galloping horse, at least so I have found it, but what comes hardest on the beginner is trotting, as the novice not being used to rising in his saddle at the proper time according to the animal's gait is thrown up and down in the saddle for all the world like a sack of oats in a springless van, so one can imagine how uncomfortably sore I was at the finish of that, my first one and a half mile trot. Once in the Park however I hung on in every conceivable manner, but still I came to grief on a good many occasions, once careering across the front of my troop, nearly knocking the Troop Sergeant off his horse, to fall off once I reached the other side, much to the amusement of the troop and was then greeted with the words 'who told you to dismount'.

However, after a few days a riding troop was formed, and here I fared no better than my chums, in fact, as regards being thrown off, perhaps worse than all. Suffice it to say that I have fallen or been thrown off in every conceivable style, backwards, right, and left and worst of all clean over the animal's head, but then perhaps it has given me that sort of recklessness in which one does not care whether they are thrown off or not. Anyway I have now arrived at that stage when I can sit a horse fairly well and take my place amongst my regiment as a trained soldier.

At this time my Regiment came under the heading of mounted infantry, that is, we were only armed with rifle and bayonet. Generally when going into action dismounted one man in every Section four remains in the saddle and takes charge of the remainder of his Section's horses, and takes the animals under cover, which must be done in the shortest possible time for the safety of the animals, so that in most cases it is necessary that such a manoeuvre must be done at full gallop. It is a ticklish piece of work at first until the novice gets into the proper idea of leading horses, as if the animals are not properly handed over, immediately they start to gallop it is in any direction but the one required, with the result that they often break loose.

The result of this would be that the horses would be lost, and the chances of getting the men safety away, should the action turn in favour of the enemy, very remote. In other words the men would be shot down or taken prisoners. It must also be remembered that both horses and men going into action are generally under fire, and the necessity of the men dismounting and handing over their horses quickly, as well as getting the animals quickly under cover is very urgent. Of course it is unnecessary for me to add that this work is constantly practised until it can be executed like clockwork.

I well remember my first trial at such work, but in this case I had only one horse to lead, and it was quite sufficient. At the time I was minding a big bay mare, a fairly steady animal, but I was unlucky in the animal given me to lead. It was known to be one of the fastest horses in the troop, although a shade on the small side, resembling a polo pony, but was well known as a hard puller, or otherwise having a hard mouth. On this particular morning we had the horses under cover in a valley in a wood separated from where our troop were supposed to be in action, by a wide stretch of park intersected by numerous ditches or drains. Immediately on the signal to bring up the lead horses we emerged from the wood at full gallop, here I made my first mistake in taking the lead animal on too long a lead. All went well for the first couple of hundred yards, taking all the drains we met in true huntsman style, until the difference in speed began to tell, my lead horse gradually getting ahead of me and pulling me out of the saddle, although we still continued to take all the ditches we met. By degrees however I was being pulled further and further out of the saddle until I remember nearing the last jump, taking it sitting exactly between my mares ears, with my feet clinging lovingly around her nose. After this things are rather hazy, but I remember letting go the lead horse and slipping down over my animals head as she came to a full stop. Well, it did me good anyway because it made me careful to see that lead horses were handed to me properly after that.

As a rifle shot I proved rather a success as at my first test I had top score in the Squadron getting a total of 74 out of a possible 85. My shooting was as follows:-

100 yards 5 shots grasping test	200 yards 5 shots individual
200 yards 5 shots rapid	500 yards 5 shots individual
8 inch group 5 bulls and 1 inner	
5 bulls 3 bulls, 2 inners	

The standard of my shooting was always much the same, and I think it was due to this that I received my first stripe.

After serving about four months a number of transfers were made from 'C' to 'B' Squadron to fill up the vacancies created by the numerous drafts sent out to reinforce the Squadrons there in France, and my chums and myself were amongst the lucky ones to be transferred. I say lucky because 'B' Squadron was the senior of those in Antrim and therefore the drafts for France were selected from it, and as we were rather anxious to get out soon we hailed it with delight. I had been about six weeks in 'B' Squadron when I was notified one evening that my name was appearing in Orders that night as being appointed paid Lance Corporal. The difference in pay was only a matter of a few shillings, but I was highly pleased with myself, and at last I had my foot on the ladder of promotion. I was taken by surprise about two months later when I learned of my promotion to full Corporal, and yet again about six weeks later to paid Lance Sergeant. Certainly I consider my promotions came rather fast, but I can honestly say that I never shirked any work I was given to do. I know that

the horses in the section of stables of which I was in charge were always well groomed, and on more than one occasion the attention of our Major (Lord Farnham) had been called to them by our Troop Officer (2nd Lieutenant C.C. Smart) and perhaps this brought me into prominence.

About the middle of June 1915 our Squadron moved from Antrim to Bormoor, Hemel Hempstead, to form part of the 54th East Anglian Division – or otherwise to act as cavalry to the division. Here the horses were placed in lines in Lawn Park, bordering on the canal, whilst the men were placed in billets. Together with Mercier and Peters (another Clontarf man) we found very nice billets with a Mrs Smith, Hazel Brown, Belswains Road, Apsley End, Hemel Hempstead and we were very comfortable indeed, Mrs Smith looking after us as if we were her own children.

However, I was not allowed to remain long at Apsley End. In about a fortnight later as I was marching my troop to stables three Sergeants and myself were informed that we were to report for Mounted Military Police duties in St. Albans by six o'clock that night. Naturally, we were very disappointed at the thought of leaving our respective chums in the Squadron but decided we would say nothing until we had seen what sort of duty we had to perform and how we would like it. We found that (in soldiers language) we might consider we had 'struck it lucky', but we were split up again a few days later when 21 men from the Squadron joined us. I was sent to the village of Hatfield about 5 miles by road from St. Albans with three men where we only stayed for a week being recalled again to St. Albans for extra training before leaving for the Dardanelles. Here we were stationed for about a week getting all our extra equipment, being up generally half the night seeing troops safely entrained until eventually we were so treated ourselves, and left St. Albans with our horses by train late at night for Devonport. We arrived at the port of embarkation early the next morning and set about getting our horses on board the S.S. *Manitou*. She was a roomy old tub of the ordinary cattle boat type, but by the time all were on board, there was not much room to spare. We lay in the harbour for a day and a half, but eventually set sail in the afternoon escorted by a torpedo boat destroyer for that most looked forward to thing in a soldiers life 'Active Service'.

The *Manitou* was a ship of the ordinary cattle boat type being very slow and steady and so the voyage out was rather tedious, although as regards weather, we certainly seemed favoured. The destroyer, our escort, left us to proceed along just after entering the Bay of Biscay which we crossed in delightful weather and reached the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar late on the afternoon of our fourth day out. We were disappointed in not seeing the 'Rock' as we 'hove to' at the entrance, and did not steam into the Straits until after dark, where we were challenged by a destroyer, which dashed right alongside as if from nowhere, and after being detained about half an hour we proceeded on our way to Malta.

Malta was reached four days later and we lay in the harbour from early morning

until late at night but were not allowed on shore. We left Malta about 6 o'clock at night and sailed for Alexandria, where we arrived three and a half days later. We lay in dock here for three days, disembarked our horses which were left here, and unloading and reloading all the time. Whilst here I had an opportunity of looking round the town part of which would put most of our much fancied English or Irish towns in the shade as it is really very beautiful, the different coloured costumes of the people presenting a very pleasing contrast after the sombre colouring of an English town. The roads however are not anything like up to the standard of those at home, being made mostly of rough irregular sets thickly covered with sand, which makes walking anything but a pleasure. I also drove round part of the town in a cabriolet, it saved us from walking but as a comfortable means of locomotion. I have often been in better. It was very warm on the voyage out but it appeared more so on land, and only that we were to get a swim in the harbour, I do not know how we would have stood it.

We sailed from Alexandria just six hours behind the ill fated *Royal Edward* which was torpedoed in the Aegean Sea. The military mounted police did duty on board ship night and day, sleeping on the promenade deck with loaded rifle in case of submarine attacks. Our duty was to guard the promenade and boat deck, and to keep a look out, in case of an attack, and if there was any danger of the boats being rushed we had strict orders to fire. While passing through the Aegean Sea whether on or off duty, we slept fully dressed with our rifles loaded beside us ready to turn out at a moments notice if the alarm was given, but I am glad to say we arrived safe at Mudros late in the afternoon after about three days sailing.

We started on the last stage of our journey late that night, and next morning when we awoke we were at anchor at Suvla Bay, or practically opposite the narrows on the other side of the Gallipoli peninsula. I know I slept very late that night as we had been listening to the sound of firing practically all night, but what we thought when we saw the shells kicking up the dust at the place where we were to land can best be imagined.

Our Major informed us that we were to be the first to land at 9 a.m. and as the launch came alongside towing the lighters it was badly peppered by shrapnel which did not make us feel any the more comfortable. However, we landed safely and took up our abode a few hundred yards inland whilst enquiries were made as to where the Headquarters of our Division which had landed a week previously was situated. We had just begun to move to our 'Dumping Ground' when shells began to fall rather close to us so we quickly got out of the way looking back frequently to see if they were coming any closer. Of course I know now that such a thing is hopeless as if you hear a shell whistle close at hand it has struck before you hear that horrid whistling sound.

The landing at Suvla was made about a week before we arrived but already the place

was a busy hive of industry. Thousands of mules were there beside large stores of bully beef, biscuits and forage, and water lay all about the beach. Fatigue parties were working at high pressure from morning until late at night, heedless of the thousands of shells bursting around them during the day, but shells or no shells the work went forward from sunrise to dark. Whilst we were on board ship we always had a good supply of fresh bread but when we came on shore that was an unknown luxury, bully beef, biscuits, jam, tea and some sort of a dried vegetable stew was the usual run of our diet, with the result that many of our boys got bad attacks of diarrhoea and eventually dysentery and four had to go to hospital.

Three or four days after landing I got my first attack of dysentery but managed to throw it off. Although from this onwards through my time on the peninsula I generally got an attack about every ten days each time it being harder to shake off. I had a few narrow escapes whilst at Suvla. One day whilst out with our A. P.M. (Mr James) going the rounds of the various units dumping grounds a shell landed about four or five yards behind us, we had heard it coming and thrown ourselves flat on the ground, otherwise no doubt we should have been hit, as it was we were covered with sand, and hit with bits of flying stone. We had hardly gone 10 yards when I was thrown headlong into a prickly bush another shell having landed even closer than the previous one.

Some of our boys were at breakfast one morning, and one of them had his helmet sticking on a prop in the side of the dug-out, when a shell went clean through it burying and exploding itself at their feet, spoiling their breakfast, and half burying them with mud and stones, but luckily no one was hurt. Truly it was marvellous how we managed to live in such a place so liberally was the place strewn with shrapnel by the enemy, and still, after a few days one goes about as if shell dodging was a thing they were used to for years, getting under cover if you chance to hear them coming, and immediately they have burst move on. I have seen a shell land within a short distance of me and not explode, and inside half a minute half a dozen fellows were hard at it with pick and shovel digging it out, heedless of other shells dropping close at hand.

About a week after landing I was sent with my section to do duty on one of the numerous mountain tracks cut by our troops running into what was once a Turkish trench and whilst here was a spectator of a terrific bombardment by our navy and artillery of the hills occupied by the enemy. The bombardment lasted about two hours, the guns simply poured in a torrent of shot and shell, till the landscape became one mass of bursting shells and smoke, the heather and bushes catching fire in many places. Whenever the roar of the guns slackened one could hear the rattle of machine guns and rifles like thunder which lasted well into the morning hours.

Certainly from an onlookers point of view it was a magnificent yet awful sight. How a single Turk could have lived in such an inferno of fire passes comprehension. It is

estimated the Turks must have lost about 5,000 men that night, and to anyone looking on there could be little or no doubt of the accuracy of this statement. I may mention before I pass on the landing at Suvla was only made about eight days before we arrived, and when one comes to view the nature of the surrounding country, and the landing beach itself it is simply marvellous what our troops have accomplished in such a short space of time.

About 4 o'clock the next morning I had to proceed to a new place selected by our Headquarters, a distance over the mountains of about two miles up along the coast of the Gulf of Saros. We only stayed here about five days as owing to our position being found out by the Turkish gunners, it was deemed advisable to shift our quarters about a mile further back. As we were putting the packs on our mules the Turks evidently got news of our leaving, and shrapnel began to burst amongst and around us and one young engineer in our midst had half his foot and boot blown off, but we managed to get away without further injury.

We only stopped at our new position for about five or six days as our Division received orders to transfer across from where we were situated on the extreme left to our right centre somewhere near Anzac. Up to this time the police had been carrying the ordinary cavalry kit bag, but by the order of our Major, we were served out with the infantry pack and equipment. Next morning we were up with the lark and had everything packed up and breakfast taken at 8.00 a.m. Just as I left the first of the Turkish shrapnel was bursting in our midst. That morning we marched about six miles through loose sand about one foot deep to Lala Baba where we stopped for a few days, and for our first trip with the infantry pack it certainly was a bit trying as the sun was very warm.

We had to cross part of the Salt Lake with the convoy to get to Lala Baba and had rather a lively time with shrapnel from the Turks but luckily no one was hurt. Whilst here we had a visit from a German Taube which dropped a few bombs near at hand, one of which nearly hit General Inglefield's dug-out, but only killed a couple of horses. The explosion of one of these high power bombs is very violent and their passage through the air reminds one of the escape of steam from a railway engine. We were quartered dug into the cliffs bordering on the sea with a narrow strip of sandy dividing us from it. Our stay here lasted only about four days but it was very pleasant as we could get a swim morning and evening and I can assure you that in a climate such as at the Dardanelles it was simply delightful although frequently a shell would burst overhead and sprinkle the sea with shrapnel bullets and bits of shell cases.

Our next move had to be done by night as we had to cross a place known as the Salt Lake which during the day is continually swept by shrapnel, machine gun and rifle fire. The distance as the crow flies is only about five miles but owing to the nature of the country and the fact of having to pass through a large tract of low

bush country set on fire by the enemies guns it took us about six and a half hours to accomplish, and to add to the difficulties of the road I was very weak with dysentery.

As we neared our quarters passing through a deep gully between two hills Lieutenant Hales acting D.A.D.O.S. to Headquarters was struck in the forehead by a bullet, probably by a sniper and died next morning. We stopped here for a couple of days and were then drafted to the different Brigades of the Division which took me much nearer the firing line. Previous to this I had generally been out of range of rifle fire except when on special duty, but now rifle bullets are constantly singing around me all day long. We took the precaution of digging our dug-outs fairly deep, and having a good substantial wall of sacks filled with earth all round us as it is no uncommon thing to hear bullets whack into the sacks especially at night when the noise of bullets all around is rather trying on the nerves until one gets used to them. Night is perhaps the worst here for added to the crack of the rifles, and the whistling of bullets is the explosion of hundred of hand bombs.

Water is very scarce on the Peninsula so wells are sunk at likely places by the Engineers, a sentry being placed over each well, the water being issued only to properly regulated parties of men for the different units on production of a 'chit' or note from their respective commanding officers. On our arrival at the Brigade Headquarters a party was just leaving to obtain water and one young fellow very decently offered to fill our water bottles for us. It was very seldom we were able to obtain more than our usual ration (half a bottle per day). The bottles we distributed amongst the party but when they returned it was found one bottle was missing. In the morning it was reported this young fellow – Private Trivett – was not in camp and shortly afterwards he was found dead, shot through the breast about 60 yards from my dug-out.

There is a fine well about one and a half miles from this place down near the beach but it is very dangerous to go to for water in daylight. As soon as the watering party start to cross a level stretch of sandy ground the place which is commanded by the hills near at hand is swept by very heavy shrapnel and machine gun rifle fire. It is in such ways and places as this we lose three or four men every day. We had some very heavy rifle fire and handbombing quite close at hand last night. The air was full of whistling bullets and the explosion of hand bombs was something terrible to listen to. In fact so near that the firing seems that my companion thinking I was asleep shook me up and told me I had better put boots and tunic on (which is all that's necessary to completely dress us) and see to our rifles as he said judging by the firing the enemy were breaking through, but we were not disturbed during the night.

Generally the Turks start shelling us about daybreak for about an hour and then ease off for a while to start again at different times during the day. It is the same way

with rifle fire it suddenly bursts out and continues for from half an hour to an hour and continues to start again as they take the fancy. We find it safer when they start this game to get into our dugouts and stay there until it is over listening to the bullets striking all around us.

(14/9/15) The Turks are again favouring us with a fairly good supply of shrapnel for breakfast or as our boys term it 'iron rations'. About half a dozen shells have buried themselves in a bank of loose earth about 20 yards from my dug-out but did not explode. We would like to go and dig them out but dare not as we would be in full view of the sky line and perhaps might get more than we bargained for.

(20/9/15) I received orders to report with my section at Brigade Head Quarters at 2 o'clock and on reporting found that all the sections have been recalled to look after prisoners. Whilst with the brigade it was my duty to furnish an orderly escort for the Brigadier (General Ward) and he generally went the rounds of the front line trenches about three times a day at daybreak or before midday and just after after darkness had fallen. I detailed Corporal Johnston for this work as he is a well set up chap and of good appearance and can be relied on. The other night whilst going the round with the General by appointment the General met a Major of the Engineers who was to point out some work proposed to be carried out. It was quite dark and the Major got on to the parapet to point out to the Brigadier what was proposed to be done. Whilst he was bending down and marking out with a stick a proposed plan he was shot through the breast and fell on top of the parapet. Johnston without a moments hesitation climbed on to the parapet and lying down for cover proceeded to drag the Major to the parapet to lower him into the trench where the Brigadier assisted. During this time the air was full of flying bullets. He managed to return safely and took the officers tunic off and with his first field dressing bound out the wounded man but it was to no purpose and he expired in about 8 minutes. Just before he died he took out his gold watch and handed it to Johnston and told him to keep it but Johnston handed it to the Brigadier. It was only with difficulty I managed to get the story from him as when he returned covered with blood I questioned him and forwarded a report of the occurrence. Now that we are all together again we will be better off as we shall have our own cook and there is always more food where there are 20 men messing together than if there are only 5 or 6 together.

(23/9/15) A couple of us got down to the beach today and had a bathe. The water was very cold but it was grand and it is the first I have had for over a month, we have little enough water for cooking and drinking to waste any in washing, in fact I have shaved in tea and cocoa and had no water to wash in after. Whilst down we went and had a look at Anzac, the landing place of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. Certainly the men present at the landing have made history for when one comes to view the nature of the place, which is in itself a place very suited to repel any landing party. There is a very narrow strip of sand then the cliffs rise almost perpendicular to a height of from 80 to 150 feet, in many places no foothold

of any sort presents itself for man or beast. Numerous boats are lying around waterlogged, sunk, showing many marks of bullets and still in the face of what was a very strong natural fortress the Commonwealth Forces not only landed and stood their ground but took these awful positions at the point of the bayonet without hardly firing a shot. It is said the men started the attack on these cliffs with bayonet alone, the magazines of their rifles being emptied by order of their commanding officer.

(24/9/15) I had to superintend prisoners burying a dead Turkish pony which had been shot about six weeks previous. The smell from the carcass was something terrible, but what was worse it lay in full view of the Turkish trenches and well within range. We started at about 11.30 at night but the rattle of pick and shovel evidently gave us away for bullets were striking around us all the time but luckily no one was hit. The job took us about 2 hours and I was glad to get it finished.

Flies are a great pest out here, they simply swarm in millions, one gets no peace from them once the sun is up until it sets. There is no peace at meal times, if you cease to keep waving your hand backward and forward over your tea for one minute two or three dozen will be floating in it and they merely follow the food down ones throat. There is not the slightest bit of exaggeration here. Whilst I am on the subject of pests where flies are only one of them, I may as well tell you the rest although it may appear a bit out of place but if I do not give a full description of the exciting, pleasant, unpleasant things one comes across well I consider it is not a faithful record. A dug-out at any time is not a place one will choose for comfort but what shall you say when I state they were simply alive with lice. No matter how clean one's habits or how often clothes and underclothing were changed it was no use, most if not everyone out there, officers and ranks alike all fairly walking with this peculiar vermin. As I write I shudder to think of it and perhaps it will affect my readers in the same way so I had better say no more about it but I mention we used all the insect powders known without visible effect.

(4/10/15) I took the prisoners out in the ordinary course of duty this morning after breakfast, at 6.45 am. About 9.00 am. owing to the enemy making an attack I deemed it advisable to withdraw the prisoners down into the valley under cover. As we lie here maxim rifle bullets are singing overhead by the thousand whilst shrieking of shells overhead and the roar of the guns is simply deafening. It lasted only a short time but while it was on it was very fierce; it was an attack by the Turks which easily beaten off, but already the stretchers are passing by with the mangled remains of some of our poor fellows on them. When I first saw these sights it turned me fairly sick but now one gets so used to it one gets sort of hardened to it.

(7/10/15) I went on duty last night from 11 o'clock until 3.00 am. The prisoners were digging a sap called New Bedford Row. We were constantly annoyed by a sniper but I could not make out where he was firing from. However I kept the men well under cover and fortunately no one was hit. The other evening about 30 yards

from my dug-out a R.E. Sergeant and two men were busy laying a telephone wire. The sergeant was up in the tree and his two men on the ground underneath it. Suddenly a Turkish shell burst beside the tree knocking the sergeant to the ground but except for a bad face he was none the worse. The two men immediately ran to help him thinking he was wounded when another shell (shrapnel) burst beside them wounding the sergeant in the hips – the two men having a marvellous escape. The next morning I saw a shrapnel burst in the air near another R.E. chap one of the bullets slitting his cheek open. Certainly the gunnery of Johnny Turk on these occasions was very good but what shall I say of the deadly accurate shooting of our own artillery and naval gunners. No word of mine is necessary to any who have witnessed their powers in this respect. I have constantly sat and watched through glass the Turkish trenches on hill 971 and saw a line of trenches winding up and down the hills and have witnessed our gunners drop shells every 30 yards along the whole line; each shell as far as I could see dropping directly into the trench.

(9/10/15) Last night turned out very windy and wet and naturally very uncomfortable for us. It blew the roof off our dug-out and drenched us in a few seconds. We therefore gathered our blankets and great coats and made for a deserted covered Turkish trench a short distance away but when entering it a good portion of the roof fell in on me. As it was, we were soaked through so we just lay down on the ground and fell asleep and strange to say although my clothes were damp in the morning I have no ill effects so far. I must be getting hardened to it. The losses in our division between sickness and casualties has been something awful. We landed on the peninsula close on 14,000 strong and at the present the the total effectives is not more than 5,000. We see batches of between 30 and 50 going to hospital every day, most of them with dysentery, truly to see these men before they to hospital every day one would not think they were the same lot, so wasted do they look.

The war in Gallipoli is entirely different to that in France. In France the bases and supply depots are miles behind the firing line, out of reach of shot shell whereas here no place can be considered safe. Even the landing beaches are continually swept with very heavy shrapnel fire whilst all the division and brigade Head Quarters are well within rifle range of the enemy's trenches and practically every day someone is hit with an overshoot bullet besides which owing to the country abounding with snipers one never knows the minute he may be shot in the back.

(10/10/15) We were warned last night to have our gas helmets always handy as it is rumoured that the Turks have used or intend using gas against us. If this is so it looks as if they are getting desperate as they are looked upon as clean fighters so far. Today I was warned I would have to act as guide to the Suffolk Yeomanry (3 squadron) from Anzac where they were to land to their 'dumping ground' in 'New Bedford Gully'. They landed about 9.30pm but were not ready to move off until after 1.00am and owing to them constantly losing connection in the different saps through which they had to come I did not get finished with them until after 4.00am

and I have to turn out for usual duty with breakfast taken at 6.45 am. The officers and men were very nervous (no doubt quite like ourselves at first) and looked rather shaky when any bullets or shells passed close at hand.

(16/10/15). I have been feeling very poorly lately with an attack of dysentery and diarrhoea and feel so weak today I can hardly drag one leg after the other but trust it will pass over as the other attack had. I grew steadily worse however so bad in fact that I had to report sick as I could not carry out my duties.

(17/10/15) The doctor gave me an injection in the arm and some pills to take but this appeared to make me worse so that when I reported sick again on the Monday morning I was sent down to the 1/3rd Field Ambulance and that evening from there to the 16th Casualty Cleaning Station where I spent a most miserable night sleeping, or trying to on a stretcher. Next morning I was taken to Anzac and put on board the launch and taken to the hospital ship 'Soudan' where I was put to bed at once and put on a milk diet. I felt wretched for a few days especially as we got no food except the milk (tinned diluted with water) and lost a great deal of blood. After about five days I felt a bit better and the doctor ordered me beef tea and a small piece of bread and it never tasted sweeter to me before. That afternoon I was allowed up for a few hours and now I am sitting on deck taking the air. At present we are just passing Cape Matapan the most southerly point in Greece en route for Malta. I am going on full diet tomorrow and am looking forward to getting something to eat as after a week on milk only and watching others around you getting their fill well it makes one feel a little bit hungry. I am surprised to find how weak I am at present, I can hardly walk, my legs do not appear strong enough to keep me up and I have to hang on to railings or anything that will help me along. Truly it is wonderful how weak one can get into in a very short time. Just as I write my attention has been called to a sight one seldom sees at home – a large water spout about a mile distant from the ship. It is just a big tubular column of water rising from the sea to the clouds. A sailor to whom I was speaking informs me that at the base of the column the water looks as if in a boiling container on account of the swirling motion of the spout.

(22/10/15) I am feeling much better today and got up and went on deck after breakfast and had my first decent dinner since I left England last July and had some potatoes, the first since I left the old 'Manitou'. Darkness falls very fast in this climate, no sooner has the sun set than it is dark. I watched a lovely sunset today. The sun appearing as a big ball of fire sinking into the sea inside the space of a few minutes. One would nearly expect to hear the hissing sound as when red hot iron touches water. The hospital ships are lit around by green electric lights with a couple of big crosses in red lights and present a very pretty picture when looked at from a distance but what a difference to the inmates on board; men who a few days previous were hale and hearty a lot of them now just broken down wrecks. As I came on board one of the wounded lying on a stretcher bandaged about the head showed me the ring of a shrapnel shell which had simply smashed in his jaw and he

had been bound up in that condition over twelve hours waiting to get on board.

We have been lying at anchor alongside Somerset Quay at Malta surrounded on all sides by British and French, men of war ships. Shortly after breakfast on Sunday morning I was put on a motor transport lorry and after a ride of about 5 miles arrived at St George's hospital near Sliema when we were put to bed and served out with the hospital rig out, a blue suit and red necktie, so when I get up I will look a pretty picture. Nearly every fellow at Gallipoli if you ask what he would do the first time he reaches civilisation will tell you he is going to have a real good 'feed' and we were no exception I can assure you. The first night we slipped out of bed, dressed ourselves and made for the canteen. We had sausages and mash, minerals, tea and cakes and tinned fruit, with the result that my pal was very sick immediately he got outside. It would have been the best thing could have happened to me as I spent a miserable night but we did the same the next night also. It resulted in my being put back to bed after being allowed up and placed once again on milk diet so I shall be more careful next time. Patients in hospital are only paid 2/- a week – no more, no doubt to keep us from going to the canteens making ourselves sick once more. On account of some fellows stealing food out of the nurses room in our part of the hospital all our extras were scored off by the doctor. It certainly is a peculiar way of treating patients. I was on a diet of bread and butter, mutton broth and beef tea so tomorrow – I shall only get beef tea. The doctor today also appeared to be in a bad humour – he wants us to stand to attention when speaking to him. I certainly have no objection to paying respect to the King's Commission, as we do not salute the man, thank goodness, but it seems queer that men hardly fit to stand on their feet should be expected to stand to attention when the doctor comes on his daily rounds to see how they are, but we are soldiers now and must do as we are told. However, I should just like to have a few words with that gentleman after the war.

(6/11/15) We had a good concert last night in the recreation room given by members of our fleet. It was really excellent and did more good than all the medicine that can give us here.

(9/11/15) I was placed on ordinary diet today and have to leave for All Saints convalescent camp tonight at 5 o'clock. This camp's situated about 1½ miles from St George's hospital, my first night was rather memorable as our tent was simply alive with fleas. There is however a Sergeant's mess here for which a small amount is deducted from our pay each week so we should do fairly well. The position of the camp commands a great view of the sea and transports are constantly passing evidently going to Salonica or the Dardanelles. I attended a lecture in the YMCA tent on the south Pole given by Surgeon Major Levick, one of Captain Scott's party, it was illustrated by limelight views and was followed by a concert after.

Whilst in this camp I spent a couple of evenings in Valetta and Sliema and went through the armoury in the Governor's palace. There is a great collection of suits of

armour, some of them being very nicely engraved. Many of the breast plates show signs of conflict, bullet and spear marks on the steel. There is also a good collection of swords, spears, muskets and blunderbusses. I also visited the council chamber, the walls of which are covered with very valuable tapestry some specimens are at least 20 feet square, the colouring of the tapestries is simply superb. I had intended to visit St Paul's Bay supposed to be the scene of St Paul's shipwreck but as I have to leave for Gozo on Sunday will not get a chance to do so unless I get back to Malta.

(14/11/15) Breakfast at 5 o'clock in 'All Saints' camp, and fell in on parade at 5.30: after roll call we were conveyed by motor to the Grand Harbour Valetta where we boarded a small steamer running between Gozo and Malta. After a sail of about 2 hours duration we arrived at Migians landing place where we boarded fishing boats and were rowed to shore. From the landing place we had a stiff climb up into Fort Chambray where I am at present. We paraded on the square inside the fort which is of larger dimensions and were shown to our rooms. I am glad there is a sergeant's mess here judging by our dinner today we shall do alright here for a while. The only mode of conveyance here is a sort of broken down cabriolet called in Maltese "Gavozzi" We call them 'Gavy' for short. After dinner a few of us drove to Victoria, the capital of the island a distance of about 3½ miles. This place was formerly called 'Rabat' by the Arabs but changed into the present name on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, May 1887. We had a walk round the streets some of which resemble laneways and visited a fine cathedral there, being present for a short time whilst mass was celebrated. The 'Gavy' waited on us for about a couple of hours and then drove us back and only charging three of us for the journey there and back 3/-.

Since landing here I have not been feeling very well and now can hardly eat anything. So I reported sick and was informed I had jaundice – I cannot eat, read nor take any interest in anything. I suppose it is a case of 'all things look yellow to the jaundiced eye' so on the 22/11/15 I was admitted once more in hospital and placed once again on milk diet and soda water. I have not a bad record to show now. First dysentery, then enteritis, and now jaundice. I was eleven days on milk diet being allowed up and out of bed on the 2nd December and placed on full diet on 3rd inst. I was discharged on 5th December and now sitting in my bunk, my thoughts turn once again to the old folk at home and wish I could spend the coming festive season with them. That however being out of the question at present I trust to spend it somewhere on the Maltese island but it cannot hinder me from being with you all in spirit wishing you all a very happy Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year. Soon again it will be my turn to rejoin my comrades on the peninsula but I go not as one driven against his will but rather by my own wish. I did not enlist to keep out of it but wherever I go I know that many hearts in dear old Ireland think of me constantly and pray for my safe return when all is over.

Shall your brethren go to war and shall ye sit here? Numbers XXXII 6
Arise! for this matter belongeth unto thee. Ezra X 4.



War time pictures of William George McHugh

BOOK REVIEWS

THIRTEEN LEAGUE'S UNDER THE DARDANELLES

CENK AVCI

Nart Yayincilik 2002. 269 pages, 162 illustrations, maps. ISBN 97594008 4 7. £12.00*

A subject that needed to be covered – that of all the submarine activity – “no page more wonderful” in the words of Winston Churchill and here dedicated to the “heroic mariners who fought and served their respective navies in the Dardanelles campaign.

Note: Cenk Avci is willing to provide members of the Gallipoli Association with copies at £12.00 each including postage, payment by money order to his account at the Topagaci Branch 1113 of the Turkiye Is Bankasi, Istanbul. Account No 1113-169024. Orders, with payment having been made direct to the Bank, should be sent to Cenk Avci, Poyracik Sokak No 21/5, Nisantasi, Istanbul, Turkey e mail.

GOLD, MUD ‘N’ GUTS

GREG CROWDEN

ABC BOOKS 2001. 234 pages, 49 illustrations. ISBN 0 7333 0976 3. £14.95*

This is a biography of an Australian rugby legend, Tom “Rusty” Richards, winner of a Gold Medal at the 1908 Olympics and the only man to play for both the Wallabies and the Lions; indeed his name is given to the trophy when these teams meet. The Gallipoli connection is strong, for Tom Richards serving with the 1st Field Ambulance, 1st Australian Division landed about 0900 on 25 April 1915. He remained on the Peninsula until August before being evacuated sick, though returned in November and remained until the final evacuation. Later he served on the Western Front where his courage under fire earned him the Military Cross. He died on 25 September 1935. The author, chief rugby union writer for *The Sydney Morning Herald* has provided a fine, well illustrated book, but sadly the publishers failed to insist on an index. Available via the ABC (Australian Broadcasting Corporation) Bookshop www.abcshop.com.au

DURHAM MEN IN THE GREAT WAR

JOHN DAVISON

History of Education Project, School of Education Durham 2001. 129 pages, maps & illustrations. ISBN 1 870268 26 1. £8.50*

An account of the men of Bowburn, a mining village about four miles south of Durham who were killed in the First World War. Four lie at Gallipoli, all remembered on the Helles Memorial. For only one is any information given – William Foster – though by the time of his death he had married and moved away so is not listed on the village War Memorial.

*By post for £9.20 from School of Education, Leazes Road, Durham, DH1 1TA.

THE GREAT ESCAPE

ANTON GILL

Review 2002. 270 pages, 34 illustrations, map. ISBN 0 7533 1037 3. £20.00.

Members may wonder why a book on the escape of 76 Allied prisoner's-of-war from Stalag Luft III in 1944 is noted in *The Gallipolian*. Well there is a strong connection in that one of those who escaped, and although recaptured and subsequently sent to Sachsenhausen concentration camp nevertheless survived the war. He was John Dodge, a remarkable man, who had served in the Royal Naval Division at Gallipoli, where he was awarded the DSC for his actions during the landings at V Beach.

THE FIRST WORLD WAR IN PHOTOGRAPHS

RICHARD HOLMES

Carlton Books 2001. 320 pages, numerous photographs. ISBN 1 84222 319 4. £25.00.

This mammoth book drawing on the vast archive of material at the Imperial War Museum is divided into seven main sections – The Build Up to War, Not Over by Christmas, The War Sets Hard, Impasse, Mud and Blood, Armistice and Aftermath each with a short introduction. Gallipoli features, albeit briefly, just 14 photographs, some familiar, others new like the great guns of HMS *Canopus* firing in March and French infantry in a trench.

THE LETTERS OF MAYO LIND

FRANCIS T LIND

Creative Book Publishing 2001. 159 pages, 9 illustration. ISBN 1 894294 30 0. \$12.95.

First published in 1919, these are the letters of Frank Lind who, aged 35, volunteered for service with the 1st Newfoundland Regiment and served with them at Gallipoli, later on the Western Front where he was killed at Beaumont Hamel on 1 July 1916. Why “Mayo” Lind, that is perhaps best left until you read the book, an excellent reproduction of a minor classic. Hopefully the publishers will see fit to make available that other great saga of the Newfoundlanders *Trenching at Gallipoli* by John Gallishaw.

DEAR MRS JONES

MARK POTTS & JOY BRATHERTON

Wonderworks Design Studio 2001. 219 pages, map and illustrations. ISBN 0 9528760 1 9.
£10.00.

Around 1,300 men from the Borough of Crew and Nantwich died or were killed

during the First World War, the book provides short biographical details of each, together with accounts of some of the actions in which they participated. For Gallipoli the casualties number 27.

WHEN HEROES DIE

SUE SMART

Breedon Books 2001. 176 pages, numerous illustrations. ISBN 1 85983 256 3. £16.99.

The author, who teaches history at Gresham's, the school at Holt, north Norfolk, has brought what commenced as a school project for her 13 year old pupils to a marvellous conclusion by this book. With the aid of two young assistants hours were spent in the school library searching through school magazines and other material. We quickly learn that of those who took the field when the Old Boys played the school 1st XI in July 1914 no fewer than 11 did not return from the War. Indeed the school lost 100 pupils and a master. Several served at Gallipoli, one of whom was Hans Busk RNAS did not return from his flight from Imbros in early January 1916. Perhaps other schools will be encouraged to produce such records, but if they do, please include at the very least the appendix list the date of when killed in action, and ideally where.

THE NAVAL VC'S

STEPHEN SNELLING

Sutton Publishing 2002. 280 pages, numerous illustrations. ISBN 0 7509 1395 9. £25.00.

The author, a member of the Gallipoli Association, will be remembered for his previous volume, that describing the Gallipoli VC's. A number of which naturally reappear in this his latest book, part of the admired series by Sutton Publishing concerning the VC's of the First World War. In all 11 Victoria Crosses were awarded for naval exploits at Gallipoli, commencing with Norman Holbrook's on 13 December 1914 and concluding with that to Geoffrey White of the ill-fated E-14 on 28 January 1918.

OF THOSE WHO LIE IN FOREIGN FIELDS

R L STANLEY MBE & JOY BRATHERTON

Ann Loader Publications 2001. 77 pages, 34 illustrations. ISBN 1 901253 03 1. £0.00.

A book remembering the men of Colton, near Rugeley, Staffordshire which lost 17 of its sons during the First World War. Two were at Gallipoli – Trooper Henry Hill of the 10th Light Horse was wounded in the attack at The Nek on 7 August and died on a hospital ship four days later. Harold Currin, aged 17, joined the North Staffordshire Regiment and was wounded in October. He also died at sea on a hospital ship. Short biographical details are provided of each of the fallen.

INFORMATION PLEASE

Do you have a question about some aspect of the Gallipoli campaign? Something perhaps you need to know about a regiment, a ship perhaps, an individual, but have so far failed to find the answer. Surely there is someone amongst the nearly 800 members who would be pleased to help? So please do not hesitate to send in your questions, long or short, share your enquiry with the membership, and hopefully someone will provide the answer, or if not the answer another avenue or two to be explored.

Who was Sergeant Beaton? On a visit to Gallipoli in October 2001 I was intrigued by the grave in Embarkation Pier Cemetery of Trooper G R S Johnston who died on 20 November 1915. The Commonwealth War Graves Commission register reveals he was the son of George and Frances Johnston of Hazelwood, Umbiram, Queensland. As readers can see on the photograph below there is an unusual reference – the words “Never mind me boys save Sergeant Beaton.”



Who, I am asking was Sergeant Beaton? Presumably he was wounded on the 20th but what happened to him subsequently? Was this just one more courageous but unrecorded act in battle, or is there a Regimental record, or recollection by a comrade who witnessed the circumstances? Clearly it was reported to Trooper Johnston's parents. Is there a member with the information I am seeking? If they do have this flame of knowledge I do hope they will let me “light my candle.” Don Bates, 1 The Retreat, Main Road, Taddington, Nr Buxton, SK17 9TU.

Stolen Medals: Bill Marsh, our Treasurer and Membership Secretary would be pleased to receive information regarding the military service and medals awarded to Private C Morton, 8th Battalion Manchester Regiment who served during the Gallipoli campaign. See his address inside front cover.

The Blue and Brown Diamond: The Blue and Brown were the colours of the 27th Battalion AIF cloth shoulder patch. Ken Ellis's grandfather served with the Battalion at Gallipoli and he is anxious to make contact with descendants of others who served with the Battalion there or elsewhere during the First World War. He is aware of the unit history *The Blue and Brown Diamond* by Walter Dollman and H M Skinner MM published in 1921 but would be pleased to receive other information. He is at 5 Steele's Mews, Off Steele's Road, London NW3 4SJ.

Animals at the Evacuation: Perhaps understandably the mules and donkeys at Gallipoli with very few exceptions receive little mention in the histories. It has been said they were shot – fullstop with no sympathy, another that they were shot but at least in good condition while a third that the soldiers disapproved. Any information, or suggestions on sources of information about the animals used at Gallipoli and their final end please to Ken Ellis, 5 Steele's News, Steele's Road, London, NW3 4SJ.

H.W.Leigh-Bennett Coldstream Guards: The fine book, one of the most remarkable collections of First World War letters, by Rowland Fielding *War Letters To A Wife* first published in 1929 by the Medici Society and re-published at £14.99 in 2001 by Spellmount (ISBN 1 86227 119 4) is about service on the Western Front. However there is an intriguing reference to Gallipoli, a letter dated 4 July 1916, on page 52 which reads:

Leigh-Bennett who was with me and who had been fighting in Gallipoli, when he saw this, his first view of a French battlefield, said "I see now, that what we thought was heavy shelling in Gallipoli, was mere child's play."

H.W.Leigh-Bennett was born in 1880. His brother, Arthur was killed on 3 October 1915 and is buried in Vermelles Cemetery, Pas de Calais, while cousin Oliphant died of wounds on 17 November 1918 and lies in Brighton. Both served in the Coldstream Guards.

The Editor would be pleased to hear from anyone with biographical information concerning H.W.Leigh-Bennett and especially his service at Gallipoli.

Joseph Conroy RAMC: This soldier was wounded and ill at Gallipoli and died on 27 December 1918 as a result. The report of his death in the *Jewish Chronicle* 10 January 1919 says he died in the French hospital in Tangier. His family had come from the Jewish community in Morocco but he was brought up in England where his father had been the Minister at the famous Bevis Marks Synagogue in the City of London. If the *Jewish Chronicle* item is correct then he must have returned to live with family his in Tangier. Extensive searches at the archives of the synagogue show he was not buried in Great

Britain, though he is on two war memorials in London synagogues. He is not on the Commonwealth War Graves Commission register as died of wounds and so has no war grave as he deserves. Neither have staff at the British Embassy in Rabat found a grave.

Nevertheless Joseph Conroy is listed, together with a photograph, in the *British Jewry Book of Honour*. An article in *The Jewish World* 8 September 1915 reports him as serving in Gallipoli and having been himself a Rabbi before 1914 in the town of Laraiche, Morroco, son of Rabbi Shalom Conquy. However he has no medal index card at the Public Record Office nor a death certificate at the Family Record Centre in Holborn. I have tried some cursory searches at the PRO under CCS's at Gallipoli with no luck, neither does the RAMC museum have information of his burial place.

Does anyone have any ideas or contacts in Tangier/Laraiche? Both the Embassy and the Commonwealth war Graves Commission would like to help and provide a war grave or at least a plaque as he is not commemorated at all, but need proof of an actual grave somewhere or sources other than newspaper reports. Suggestions and information to Martin Sugarman 16 Brenthouse Rd London E9 6QG (Archivist, AJEX Jewish Military Museum).

Captains Lockyer and Corry: Captain Hughes "Tubby" Lockyer CB who died in 1941 commanded the *Implacable* during the landings at Gallipoli. Save for an entry in *Who was Who* there seems a lack of biographical information. Although Captain Alvin Coote Corry RN may not have served at Gallipoli he was certainly at Mudros at the turn of the century.

The Editor would be pleased to receive information about either of these officers, this towards a short feature on Mudros in a future *Gallipolitan*.

Transport Ship *Caledonia*: Douglas Easton, 9 Glen Grove, Largs, Ayrshire, KA30 8RA seeks information concerning the Anchor Line transport ship *Caledonia* and her part in the Gallipoli campaign. His Grandfather served on board as Purser and later wrote a short piece in *The Red Anchor*, the Anchor Line magazine, April 1919, about his experiences from 1914 until she was sunk east of Malta by U-65 in December 1916.

EXCHANGE & WANTS

Help in Your Search? Is there something you require, that elusive book for instance. An obscure article published many years ago? Photographs, badges, books, artefacts, indeed anything to do with the Campaign of 1915. Then why not send details to the Editor to include in *The Gallipolitan*. You may be able to help another Member, or another Member may be able to help you.

GALLIPOLI – A POSTWAR EPIC

BULENT ECEVIT

In *The Gallipolian* No 85: 42-44 (1997) we carried this poem by the now Prime Minister of Turkey, Bulent Ecevit. Recently a new translation, this by Mr Ecevit himself, has been provided by Gavin Pinar to whom we are most grateful, and is reproduced below.

“What land were you torn away from,
 what makes you so sad having come
 here”
 Asked Mehmet, the soldier from
 Anatolia
 addressing the Anzac lying near
 “FROM THE UTTERMOST ENDS
 OF THE WORLD I come
 so it writes on my tombstone”
 answered the youthful Anzac “and here
 I am
 buried in a land that I had not even
 known”
 “do not be disheartened mate”
 Mehmet told him tenderly
 “you share with us the same fate
 in the bosom of our country
 you are not a stranger anymore
 you have become a Mehmet just like
 me”
 a paradise on earth Gallipoli
 is a burial under the ground
 those who lost their lives in fighting
 lie there mingled in friendly compound
 Mehmet then asked an English soldier
 who seemed to be at the playing age
 “how old are you little brother
 what brought you here at such an early
 stage”
 “I am fifteen forever” the English
 soldier said
 “in the village from where I come
 I used to play war with the children
 arousing them with my drum

then I found myself in the front
 was it real or a game before I could tell
 my drum fell silent
 as I was struck with a shell
 a place was dug for me in Gallipoli
 on my stone was inscribed
 “DRUMMER AGE FIFTEEN”
 thus ended my playful task and this is
 the record
 of what I have done and what I have
 been”
 A distant drum bereaved of its master
 was weeping somewhere around
 as drops of tear fell on it
 with the soft rainfall on the ground
 what winds had hurled
 all those youthful braves
 from four continents of the world
 to the Gallipoli graves
 Mehmet asked in wonder
 they were English or Scotch
 they were French or Senegalese
 they were Indians or Nepalese
 they were Anzacs
 from Australia and New Zealand
 shipfuls of soldiers who had landed
 on the lacy bays of Gallipoli not
 knowing why
 climbed the hills and slopes rising high
 digging trenches cutting the earth like
 wounds
 to shelter as graves those were to die
 Some were “BELIEVED TO BE
 BURIED”

in one cemetery or other
 some were in "GRAVES
 UNKNOWN"
 all had "ENTERED INTO REST"
 in the language of the tombstone
 at the age of sixteen or seventeen or
 eighteen
 under the soil of Gallipoli
 thus their short-lived stories were told
 as inscriptions on tablets of old
 buried there Mehmet of Anatolia
 without a stone to tell
 consoled them saying "brothers
 I understand you well
 for centuries I also had to die
 in distant lands not knowing why
 for the first time I gave my life not
 feeling sore
 for I gave it here for my own in a war
 thus the sultan's fief tilled for ages with
 my hand
 has now become for me a motherland
 you who died in this land you did not
 know
 are no more foreigner or foe
 for the land which you could not take
 has taken you to her bosom too
 you therefore belong here
 as much as I do"
 In Gallipoli a strange war was fought
 cooling off the feelings
 as fighting became hot
 it was a ruthless war
 yet breeding respect
 in heart-to-heart exchange
 as confronting trenches
 fell into closer range

turning foe to friend
 as the fighters reached their end
 the war came to a close
 those who survived
 returned to their lands and homes
 leaving the dead behind
 wild flowers wave after wave
 replaced the retiring soldiers
 wild roses and mountain tulips and
 daisies
 were spread as rugs on the ground
 covering trench-by-trench
 the wounds of fighting on the earth
 the sheep turned the bunkers into
 sheds
 the birds replaced the bullets in the sky
 nature with hands holding the plough
 instead of guns
 captured back the battlegrounds
 with its flowers and fruits and greenery
 and life returned to the soil
 as traces of blood were effaced
 turning the hell of the battlefield
 into a paradise on earth
 Gallipoli now abounds
 with gardensful
 with nationsful
 of burial grounds
 a paradise on earth Gallipoli
 is a burial under the ground
 those who lost their lives in fighting
 lie there mingled in friendly compound
 "lying side by side"
 as "friends in each other's arms"
 they may "sleep in comfort and peace"
 in the land for which they died

MEMORIAL GATES

In the Winter *Gallipolian* pages 29-30 we carried a report of the work now under way to build Memorial Gates on Constitution Hill to those from the Indian sub-continent, from Africa and the Caribbean who served during the First and Second World Wars. We are now pleased to reproduce an artists impression of the completed gates, while members requiring further information or wishing to make a donation towards the cost of the Memorial are asked to contact Sophie Renton, Secretary, Memorial Gates Trust, 6-7 Great Newport Street, London, WC2H 7JA. 020 7240 9987. E mail: srenton@mgt.demon.co.uk

