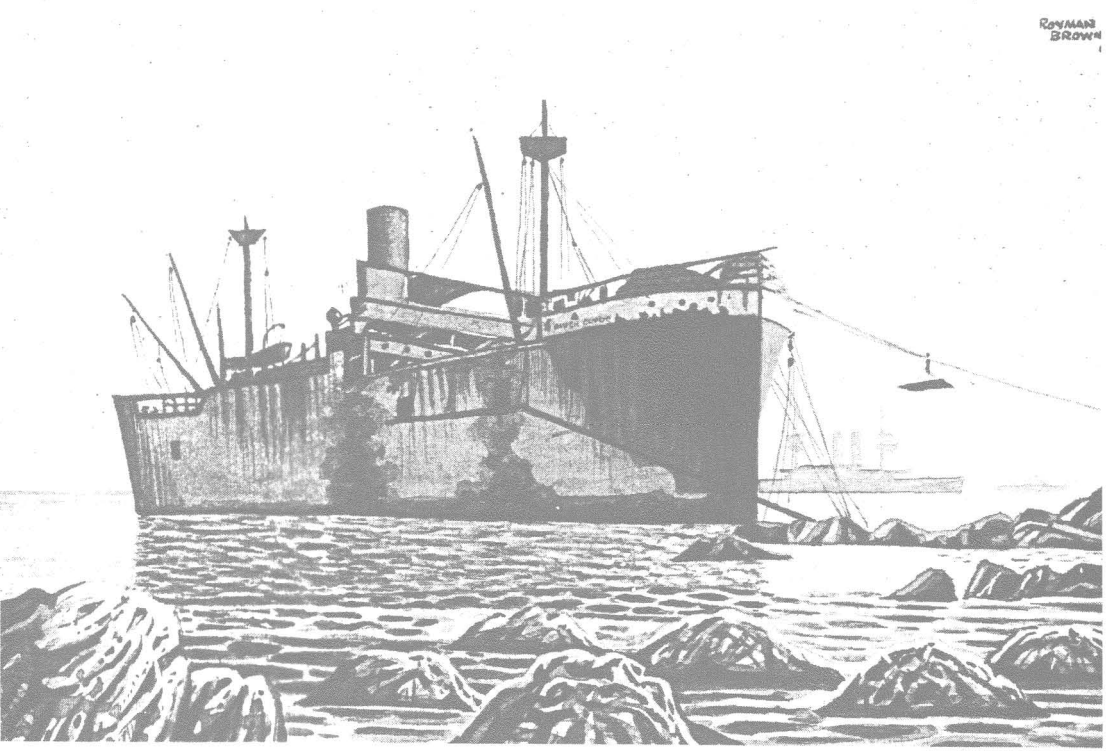
The Gallipolian

The Journal of the Gallipoli Association

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THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

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CONTENTS

Page 2–5	Obituaries: Albert Matthews, Les Leach, Albert White, Admiral of the Fleet Sir William Staveley
Page 5	Subscriptions – Important
Page 6–9	Chairman's Report
Page 10–16	Sir Ian Hamilton and the Pressures of High Command
Page 17	Treasurer's Adieu, Are You the Missing Member? Southern Irish Regiments
Page 18	Windsor Victoria Cross Exhibition
Page 19–41	Gallipoli 1915 21 (Kohat) Mountain Battery
Page 41	Visiting Gallipoli
Page 42–44	Canakkle (Gallipoli)
Page 45	Gallipoli Grove at the National Memorial Arboretum
Page 46–48	Arthur Douglas Scudamore OBE
Page 49	Who Said This?
Page 50	Gallipoli Memorial Lecture, Gurkha Memorial Garden, Public Relations Officer
Page 51–53	Book Reviews
Page 53	Disbanded Irish Regiments Book Offer
Page 54	War Memorial Clock

DIARY DATES

12 May	Memorial Bursary Lecture in London
14 October	Annual General Meeting and Autumn Lunch

Details in Spring *Gallipolian.*

MEMBERSHIP CARDS

With this issue of *The Gallipolian* you will find your Membership Card for 1998. Please check your envelope carefully, and *The Gallipolian*, if the card is not immediately apparent, and in the event of one not being present please contact the Membership Secretary.

OBITUARIES
ALBERT EDWARD MATTHEWS

A NATION MOURNS

The last of the Diggers who stormed ashore on that first dawn at Gallipoli has left us. Indeed possibly the last Gallipoli veteran of any nation who had landed on the 25th.

Albert Edward "Ted" Matthews died peacefully in his sleep on 8 December 1997, aged 101, the last original Australian ANZAC.

Ted was bright and cheerful to the end, alert, wise and direct. A true son of Australia. He was born on 11 November 1896, a date full of future meaning, in Sydney, one of six children. He was brought up in a Methodist home and after his primary education worked as one of his uncle's apprentice printers. However carpentry always fascinated him.

When he enlisted in the AIF in September 1914, he professed a hastily acquired love of Morse Code and became part of a signals section of the 1st Australian Division. In later life he was often to comment that "He was no hero. The boys of the infantry were the heroes." Ted was struck by shrapnel as he waded ashore. A thick pocket book, a gift from his mother, prevented serious injury. "I always meant to keep that pocket book, but at the time, I had other things on my mind." He was to serve continuously from the first day until the evacuation in December. Subsequently he served in France and Flanders as a signaller, including the last battle of Villers Bretonnuex, an action with which he was always proud to be associated.

Returning to Australia he set about rebuilding his life. He became a carpenter and married Stella Brodrick, they had two daughters. Later he set up a travelling library, and also made soft drinks. After Stella died he married Freda Corlett, and after her death he lived in Florida for 17 years, both his daughters having married American servicemen, but eventually he returned home.

A kind and gentle man, he cared and supported his wives through their illnesses with a strength and courage that epitomised his life. Ted volunteered for service, unsuccessfully, in 1940 and after a long and loving life returned to Gallipoli in 1990 as part of the official Australian delegation on the occasion of the 75th Anniversary. He became somewhat of a media personality, speaking at schools and sought out by the Prime Minister. His message was simple "Never, never, never, romanticise war, with all its horror and waste."

A full State Funeral for Ted Matthews was held at St Stephen's Uniting Church,

Sydney, on 15 December and televised throughout Australia. The chief mourners, in addition to his family, included the Governor General of Australia, the Governor of New South Wales and the Prime Minister and cabinet. Representing the Leader of the Opposition was the Opposition Leader in the Senate. The Defence Chief's of Staff were present as were representatives of ex-service organisations, clergy and the public. The 3rd Battalion and 5th/7th Battalion of the Royal Australian Regiment provided the bearer party, honour guard, pipes and drums. The Governor General led the eulogies and the Prime Minister spoke as did Ted's nephew on behalf of the family.



The late Manning Clark, Australia's foremost social historian said:

"ANZAC is something too deep for words."

The portent of this simple statement gives a clue to the reason for profound sadness today in this country. The last tangible link with a part of every Australian's psyche has been broken. The first ANZACs are no more.

As the Governor General so eloquently stated:

"We see him as a symbol of those to whom we owe so much and for whom we are all so proud – The ANZACs."

Alan Box 1285

We are grateful to members who sent newspaper reports concerning Ted Matthews, including Donald Buchanan (832), Jenny Nairn (1676) and Ray Martin (1009).

LES LEACH

One of the last two New Zealand veterans of Gallipoli, Les Leach, died in Sydney, Australia on 30 September 1997, just three months short of his 100th birthday. Born in Greymouth, New Zealand, he had worked in a butchers shop before putting his age up two years and enlisting with the Canterbury Battalion. He later recalled how with his first shilling he bought his first beer.

After service in Gallipoli, where a water-container deflecting a Turkish bullet saved him from injury or worse, he went to the Western Front, here he was not so fortunate, a shell burst causing a serious head wound. He bore no malice towards the Turks and often said "They were not a bad lot. They were quite friendly. There were no ill feelings. We used to swap cigarettes." Returning to New Zealand he did an engineering degree and worked for the government as a civil engineer. On retirement he bought two hotels and aged 70 married Beth Adcock from Australia. They went to live in Port Macquarie New South Wales, and on her death in 1996 he moved to Sydney.

LATE INFORMATION: Just as *The Gallipolian* was going to the printers we learned of the death of the last New Zealand Veteran – Doug Dibley – on 18 December. An Obituary will be published in the Spring *Gallipolian.*

ALBERT WHITE

When the 17 year old sports-mad Albert White was shot in the leg at Gallipoli he was frightened he would never be able to play again for a Brisbane team. Indeed he had dreamed of playing professionally in England, for he had been born in London in 1895. Emigrating to Australia, where he worked as a house painter, he immediately joined a football team becoming a leading scorer, the whole team joined up at the outbreak of war.

After Gallipoli he served on the Western Front where at Pozieres he was blown up – "we went up like angels. I kept thinking I didn't want to lose my leg because I still wanted to be a professional footballer." On returning to Australia after the war his girl friend Eileen Campbell stepped from the crowd and kissed him as the returning soldiers marched through Brisbane. They were married in 1922 and had two children. He continued painting until, aged 80 he couldn't climb a ladder, and remained fiercely independent, saying "Epsom salts every day keeps the doctor away" and "if I get crook I'll just drink more Scotch." Alas, Albert White eventually fell and broke his thigh and was carried to hospital where "he couldn't get a decent cup of tea." Aged 102, he died on 23 September 1997, the last Queenslander veteran of Gallipoli.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR WILLIAM STAVELEY

Admiral of the Fleet Sir William Staveley KCB, DL, died in October 1997 aged 68. He had kindly been one of the Patrons of the Gallipoli 80th Anniversary Memorial Appeal. His father, Admiral Cecil Minot Staveley, was the Principal Beachmaster, first at Anzac and subsequently Cape Helles, during the evacuations of late 1915 early 1916. Earlier in his career he had commanded a gunboat on the Nile, and helped hoist the British flag over General Gordon's palace after the fall of Khartoum in 1898. A feat recorded in an early photograph, and one which helped avenge the death of Gordon during the siege twelve years earlier.

Admiral Staveley's grandfather, Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, was the victor over the German squadron of Graf von Spee at the Battle of the Falklands in 1914. With such a lineage it is not surprising he should also follow a naval career, one which commenced on the cruiser Ajax in the Mediterranean and culminated as First Sea Lord from 1985 to 1989. He was described "as a hard taskmaster and exacting critic, who expected of others the same high standards he set himself. The sight of his rosy, cheerful features coming up a gangway or emerging from a helicopter set the alarm bells ringing all over the ship."

SUBSCRIPTIONS – IMPORTANT

Members are reminded that subscriptions became due on 1 January. Payments, unless made by Bankers Order, should be sent to the Treasurer, W. Marsh, address inside the front cover. Cheques to be made payable to the Gallipoli Association. Prompt payment will be appreciated and avoid the cost to the Association of sending reminders.

Current rates are:	Veterans	No Charge
	Single UK	£10.00
	Joint UK	£15.00
	Single Overseas	£15.00
	Joint Overseas	£20.00

Note: Overseas subscription includes *The Gallipolian* by Air Mail.

AGM 22 OCTOBER 1997

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Your Committee have met four times in the last twelve months including a meeting this morning The fact that we have met four times rather than three reflects the increasing amount of business we have to deal with in an expanding Association. There have also been several meetings of the Marketing and Managing Sub-committee which reports directly to the Committee.

The Autumn Lunch

This was held at the Naval Club on the 23 October 1996 after the AGM. The lunch was well attended and we were honoured to receive his Excellency Mr John Collinge, High Commissioner for New Zealand, as our guest. We were privileged to be given an excellent talk by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Benjamin Bathurst GCB, DL. Under current circumstances there will be no further appointments to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet, Field Marshall, or Marshall of the RAF, and he therefore bears the sad distinction of being the last Admiral of the Fleet to be appointed.

We are most greatful to the Naval Club for once again making such excellent arrangements for us.

The Gallipoli Memorial Fund and Bursary

As at the 31 December last year the fund stood at £22,360.79. Earlier this year a bursary of £1,000 was granted to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst who sent two cadets to the Peninsula to study their own choice of aspects of the Campaign. These two cadets then produced a paper which they submitted as their contribution to the Commandant's War Studies prize and they gave an excellent presentation to members of the Association at Sandhurst on the evening of 19 June.

Next year the bursary is being given to two Royal Navy cadets at Dartmouth and it is hoped that they also will give a presentation which members can attend.

Gallipoli Day 25 April 1997

The wreath laying ceremony by the Gallipoli Memorial in the crypt in St. Paul's Cathedral has now become an annual event. This year it took place at 09.30 hours and the service was again kindly lead by the Reverend Canon John Haliburton. Wreaths were laid by the Right Hon. Earl Howe, Parliamentary Under-secretary of State for Defence representing Her Majesty's Government, Rear Admiral Sir Nigel Essenhigh and Major General Philip Trousdell representing the Royal Navy and the Army, H. E. the Hon. Neal Blewett, Australian High Commissioner, H. E. Mr Ozdem Sanberk, Turkish Ambassador, Mr. Michael Chiltern, Acting High

Commissioner for New Zealand, and Contre Amilal Yves de Kersauson, French Defence Attache, and by myself on behalf of the Association. There was a large attendance of both members of the Association and of the public, which was most gratifying and created a wonderful atmosphere.

Later on, by kind invitation of the Australian and New Zealand High Commissions, we took part in the ceremony at the Cenotaph with a contingent of Merchant Taylor's School CCF leading the Association on to Whitehall. This is sadly the first year that we have not had a veteran present to lay our wreath. Last year this was undertaken by Jack Gearing when he was 102. This year the privilege was undertaken by myself, more than forty years his junior.

This was followed by the service in Westminster Abbey from which we went on to our lunch, held this year at the RAMC Officers Mess at Millbank. It was a great success and our thanks are due to Colonel Tredget and all the staff for laying everything on so well. We were delighted to have the Turkish Naval Attache with us, Captain Ahmet Erdogan, who kindly addressed us as reported in *The Gallipolian*. We are also extremely grateful to the Major General commanding the Household Division for giving permission for the Welsh Guards Brass Quintet under Sergeant Convey to play throughout lunch. They were excellent and we very much hope they may be able to come again.

Tke Gallipoli Memorial Lecture Trust

The annual lecture took place at Holy Trinity Church, Eltham on Thursday 24 April and was given by Professor Michael Howard During the service that followed a wreath was laid in the 29 Division chapel. This was also the first time that there had been no veteran present and the wreath was laid by Commander Henry Brooke MBE, DSC, RN whose father was killed at Gallipoli.

Finance

The Treasurer will report in more detail. You will remember that this year we were obliged, for the first time in ten years, to raise the subscription from £6 to £10. Having done so I am glad to say that the finances remain in a healthy state. Sadly Denis Pollard has announced that he is to retire as Treasurer at the end of this year, having been kind enough to give us a year's grace in which to find a successor. There was a Treasurer before Donald Bland for some five years, and Denis is only the third Treasurer that the Association has had in its twenty eight year history. Moreover he has served on the Committee for over twenty years. When he took over as Treasurer, the pace had already begun to hot up, but one could not have realised just how much the membership was going to expand. Denis has had an enormous task to fulfil which he has done in a tremendously conscientious and thoroughly competent way and we owe him a huge debt of gratitude. I doubt if anyone realises just how much work is involved. Subject to approval at this meeting, Denis' place

will be filled by Mr. Bill Marsh who is retiring from the Department of the Environment next month. Unfortunately he is unable to be with us today but we are all most grateful to him for offering his services.

The Gallipolian

I am sure you all appreciate receiving your *Gallipolian* three times a year. Its production is due to the tireless efforts of David Saunders, another person to whom we all owe such a great deal. We are all immensely grateful to him for the huge amount of work which he so cheerfully undertakes for us.

Membership

As at 31 August the Association now has 793 members of whom 10 are veterans, and 88 are overseas.

Lord Granville of Eve

Our President is in a Nursing Home at present and once he has got over some minor ailments he looks forward to returning to the House of Lords to attend debates. Otherwise both he and Lady Granville are well and send their good wishes to this Association.

Jim Fallon – Public Relations

Jim Fallon has unfortunately been obliged to let us know that he cannot carry on with the public relations responsibilities of the Association. Jim has been responsible, more than any other individual, for the huge success in the expansion of membership and public awareness of the Association. He has been in constant contact with countless Regimental associations, museums, television, radio and newspapers, and has carried on a formidable correspondence with people who write to him about Gallipoli matters. He has organised many outings all of which have been enjoyable and successful, and his work on our behalf has been tireless. Behind every man like that there is of course a wonderful supportive wife, and Clariss has so perfectly fulfilled this role. Sadly Clariss now has little sight left and Jim has lost most of the use of his right arm after having had a stroke. He still types his letters to people with his left hand and how he has been able to carry on doing this we cannot imagine, but of course we must remember that he was a Marine. This Association achieved lift off largely because of his efforts and no words of ours can properly express our thanks to him and Clariss, or adequately describe this achievement.

It goes without saying that we are therefore looking for someone to help us with our public relations and if anyone would be interested, even with part of it, please would you let myself or the Secretary know.

Marketing and Management Sub-committee

This is the Association's 'think-tank' run by Malachi Doyle and Hugh Jenner. They meet to consider the practical ways the Association can run its affairs expand its

membership and promote itself generally to carry us forward into the next Century. They have put many hours of hard work into this. Together with Andy Mullen they are also looking at the ways computerisation might help us, plus the possibilities offered by the Internet. Our grateful thanks are therefore due to Malachi Doyle and Hugh Jenner for all the work they are doing and to Andy Mullen also.

Jack Gearing

It has not been our practice to mark the death of Veterans, preferring instead to believe that old soldiers (and sailors) never die but simply fade away. However Jack was such a prominent member of the Association that I feel moved and compelled to do so. He died at the age of 102 still in good order, and never having missed an Association gathering. To us he became a symbol of that amazing patriotic and solid British generation whose standards and example we would do so well to heed today. I was very privileged to give the address at his funeral and we will all miss him greatly.

Fred Dooley

Fred served on the committee for some ten years and his sudden death came as a great shock to us all. He was always a most loyal and helpful member of the committee and was a pillar of strength when it came to organising wheelchairs and lining veterans up for the parade at the Cenotaph. Our deep sympathy goes to his family and we will miss his presence very much.

Conclusion

We need more practical help with our task and I urge anybody who can give some of their time to come forward and let us know. It is rewarding work for a thoroughly worthwhile objective. The history is fascinating, the Association is a success story and its finances are in good shape. It needs people to make it continue.

Finally, in addition to those I have already mentioned, I hope you will appreciate how much work has been put into our affairs by Norman Pollitt (Membership Secretaly) and James Watson Smith (Secretary) both of whom have spent endless hours of dedicated work at their respective tasks which they have both been fulfilling for a considerable time. Together they have also had to field the workload associated with our successful expansion and they are owed our very special thanks. Other members of the Committee are Nevin Anthony, Colonel Michael Hickey, Sir Arthur Hockaday, Major James Stopford and John Rae and we are most grateful to them all for all they have done for us during the year.

SIR IAN HAMILTON AND THE PRESSURES OF HIGH COMMAND

JOHN LEE (1243)

In 1914, before the outbreak of the war in August, an article in the journal produced by Germany's Great General Staff described Sir Ian Hamilton as "the most experienced soldier alive in the world today". Nobody living could match his record of both combat command and his tenure of all the great staff positions (but one) Quartermaster General, Adjutant General, Inspector General, and he had been a Chief of Staff (to Lord Kitchener in South Africa).

Through the good offices of my friend, Dr Gary Sheffield of the Royal Military Academy, I was recently able to read one of the 'Occasional' papers produced by the Staff College at Camberley – written by two psychologists (Breakwell & Spaice) on "Pressures Facing Commanders" – the public version of a classified study they have done for the MOD on the performance of our officers in the Gulf War and Bosnia. It occurred to me that this would be an interesting way to look at Sir Ian's command in the Dardanelles in 1915.

We all suffer stress, more or less all the time. Stress at work; stress when travelling; stress in our personal relationships. Imagine how much greater stress becomes in wartime – the ultimate test it puts your career on the line and affects, quite literally, the lives of those serving under you and, possibly, the entire future of your country. Now we are really talking **stress.**

These two authors identify four kinds of stress- organisational stress, physical stress, interpersonal stress and psychological stress. For them identifying the causes of stress is a step towards doing something to alleviate it. Failure to alleviate it leads to a diminution, a decay in performance – to emotional and behavioural disturbance; perhaps even to physical or mental illness; invariably to a reduction in clarity of thought and boldness of decision-making; you are more likely to make mistakes. All these are serious problems in a commanding general, I am sure we all agree.

ORGANISATIONAL FACTORS

All army officers operate in a clearly-defined hierarchical structure, quite comforting in its dayto-day certainties. Equally obviously all levels of command carry duties and responsibilities, which can be stressful even in peacetime; much more so in war. The more senior the rank, the more pressure; the more autonomous the command, the more pressure. Being the Commanderin-Chief of an expeditionary force at some distance from the home base and the main theatre of the war certainly made Hamilton's command a particularly onerous one.

Note: This is the address given at the Galllpoli Association Lunch on 22 October 1997. John Lee is currently working on a biography of the General who died on 12 October 1947.

The military culture in which he operated was one that assumed that most problems faced had a clear-cut military solution; we know from detailed study that this is rarely the case. It is this inability to satisfy the demands being made that puts the greatest pressure on a commander. The problem is compounded because the prevailing culture is thoroughly masculine – we might call it in today's jargon – 'macho', and denies that stress can or should be a problem. Stress is for wimps! But we know that denying stress is, in itself, very stressful!! How much more would that have been true in 1915 than in these 'caring nineties' today.

What are called the cross-cultural aspects of organisation feature very much in Hamilton's story. Many British commanders in the past had been dependent on the Royal Navy for transportation and supply, but the size and intensity of these combined operations were of a different order to anything that had gone before. No British army had been asked to assault a defended beach since 1801 (when we landed at Alexandria against musket and cannon fire). Hamilton's small and hastily assembled staff had to learn very quickly to work with the Senior Service, with its different organisational style and approach to problems, to plan an operation that had never been attempted before in the history of the world – landing in the face of machine-guns and quickfiring artillery.

Working with foreign allies always adds to command pressures, and the French – dare I say it could be particularly difficult in this respect. But here Hamilton had the advantage of being absolutely fluent in French (thanks to a Swiss maid who made him bi-lingual from childhood) and his Gallic, romantic charm made him a great favourite with all the French commanders he served with.

If we accept that mission drift adds greatly to a commander's difficulties, then Hamilton faced the biggest 'drift' of all time. He set off from London as the commander of an auxiliary follow on force to assist the Navy once it had battered its way through the Narrows, and within a week is charged with the task of clearing the Gallipoli Peninsula of Turkish troops and guns and then letting the ships through into the Sea of Marmora. This was the biggest single pressure facing Hamilton in 1915 the lack of clarity concerning the origins of the campaign and the purpose of sending troops; the lack of resources committed for the completion of the great task set before him.

In modern warfare our generals have to cope with the tremendous pressure of media and public interest – the daily live news coverage has developed a fierce momentum of its own. This was clearly not a problem in 1915, when things were much more restrictive. As it happens Hamilton was one of those progressive generals who greatly appreciated the work of good war correspondents in keeping the nation 'on side' in the war effort. Most of the correspondents he assisted were very grateful to him. It is a cruel stroke of fate that he was rewarded by the vile attentions of the vindictive Ashmead-Bartlett, and later Keith Murdoch, ultimately fatal to his command.

What are called training deficits add to a general's problems, as does working with ad hoc formations and insufficient equipment. Ian Hamilton had his fill of all these pressures. As I have already said, the task before him had never been attempted in war. None of his troops had been trained for amphibious warfare – not even the Royal Naval Division. No body of practical experience was there to be called upon. As it happened Ian Hamilton had as much theoretical knowledge as anyone, based on the exercises he organised when in command at Malta as GOC Mediterranean 1910-1914.

But his soldiers had only a few weeks to practice getting in and out of ship's boats in an orderly fashion before they were hurled into the maelstrom of the real thing. And all the formations available – the ANZACs, the RND, the French composite divisions, even the magnificent 29th were all new – barely six months in existence when they were committed to this most unusual and hazardous operation of war, to be carried out without the special training or equipment that we would normally expect to see for an amphibious assault. The lack of military equipment is legendary; remember an entire division of infantry was sent out with not a single piece of artillery to its name.



General Braithwaite, Sir Ian Hamilton and General Maitland. From Gallipoli Diary.

Political considerations, usually referred to as political interference – but war is a political act and the politicians do have an ultimate responsibility here, invariably add to the pressure of high command. The commander in the field always takes full responsibility – and being defeated in the field is about as stressful as you can get – but how heavy the burden when you are asked to achieve great and decisive objectives for your country and its Empire, and when the resources allocated are so inadequate in the first place, and when reinforcement is always too little and too late. The difficulty of communication with the higher authority plays its part in the story. Today the excess of close communication is probably a bigger stress factor; in 1915 Hamilton was at the end of a telegraph cable link that went dead for days or weeks on end as the War Cabinet went through another of its periodic crises, during which time he was under the general instruction to keep up the offensive and the particular goading of Kitchener not to give the Turks too long a breathing space between attacks.

PHYSICAL FACTORS

Climate, cramped working conditions, lack of exercise or sleep, changes in diet, sheer volume of workload – these are all physical factors that can affect the well-being and hence the efficiency of the commander.

Ian Hamilton was 62 years old in 1915 – that sounds a bit 'senior' for high command, but he was, to put it bluntly, a tough old bird. He was perfectly used to operating in the hot days and cold nights of the Middle East – years of service in India, Africa and the Mediterranean had prepared him for that, though like most old India hands he did have recurring bouts of feverish illness from time to time. He was very lean and wiry he did, of course, live with all his faculties intact to be 94 – not much wrong with him there. As Commander in Chief he would not have the same deprivations to suffer as most divisional or regimental officers. Once he moved his HQ from the *Queen Elizabeth* to Imbros he did actually insist that conditions there be kept more Spartan than would have been possible, out of respect for the ordeal of his soldiers ashore.

The idea that physical danger might have impaired his effectiveness is unlikely to have applied to Ian Hamilton. This is a man twice recommended for the Victoria Cross – in 1881 at Majuba he was turned down as being too junior; in 1899 at Elandslaagte he was too senior! At least twice in South Africa, when he was a substantive colonel doing the work of a brigadier general, he was engaged in hand to hand fighting with the enemy. He was an archetypal Highland warrior who thrived on fighting!

INTERPERSONAL FACTORS

When we come to look at the relationship between the commander and his subordinates, we see that the need to build trust and confidence is of the highest importance. Without it there is increased friction in both operational and

organisational matters; more friction – more stress more pressure. The hurried nature of the start of the expedition and the ad hoc nature of all the formations made this more difficult for Hamilton but he was an experienced leader of men and the sheer scale of this war,compared to anything we had seen before, made this a problem for all generals at this time, including the Western Front in its early days. For generations our soldiers had swanned off on various expeditions at very short notice and had overcome all sorts of difficulties with hastily organised forces. That we thought we could do this in 1915 against the not highly- regarded Turks was an error in the higher direction of war for which we would pay dearly.

Hamilton was denied his first choice of Chief of Staff. He had asked for Gerald Ellison, his companion of several years, but Kitchener insisted he take Walter Braithwaite. I am now, like Sir Ian always was, a strong defender of Braithwaite against his detractors but again he had to cope with working with a wholly unfamiliar staff without even the one consolation of Ellison by his side. Given that a commander is supposed to build an effective command team, every difficulty was thrown in Hamilton's path. He asked specifically for vigorous and proven young commanders for the Suvla corps and got the complete opposite. It has to be admitted that Hamilton lost the support of some of the younger staff officers that served him later in the campaign and their influence in London, when added to the machinations of Lloyd George, Murdoch and Ashmead-Bartlett, ended his active military career.

A commander is expected to understand the difficulties faced by his subordinates and to assist them in achieving their tasks – to help them cope with their own particular stresses. Hamilton is greatly criticised for being over-sympathetic to his commanders, and he seems incredibly unlucky in number of his subordinates who found the shock of battle too much for them to take, both in the Helles fighting and at Anzac and Suvla in August. For a man who was supposed to be too gentle, there was a ferocious culling of commanding officers throughout the campaign. One of the reinforcing Territorial divisions lost something like eleven of its thirteen colonels within a few weeks of arriving. More typical is how Hamilton dealt with Major-General Egerton of 52nd (Lowland) Division – an old friend from Malta days – who admitted that he wasn't up to active command in the field and Sir Ian, who could have sent him home forthwith, arranged for him to take over a base camp in Egypt where he performed a brilliant administrative task.

All command is in some sense lonely; high command can be very lonely. The necessary isolation Hamilton had to endure from his troops, and from the War Office in London, must have weighed heavily upon him. Unlike the commanders in France, he couldn't pop back to town for talks in Whitehall and Westminster and a bit of rest and relaxation with the wife! I could here mention that separation from the family is an added pressure that all commanders face but I can reassure you Hamilton had mighty rock of support in his wife, Jean. Still I am sure, on those

lonely nights on Imbros, he would have greatly appreciated her company. He talked through all his problems with her.

There is always, in most professions, the pressure from ones peer group. Like most human beings Hamilton could attract both adoration and loyalty, and animosity and jealousy. Men following a lifetime career have to climb a 'greasy pole' with not too many jobs available at the top. Of course, a nice, big war does take up a lot of the slack. One is reminded of the toast of Roman officers – to a deadly plague or a bloody war! Hamilton was certainly desperate for active command in the war – he had offered himself for service in France in 1914. He accepted command in 1915 despite the many difficulties he could see; it was his last big chance for active service. Like 'the goalkeeper's fear of the penalty kick', the commander must face the fear of failure in the harsh glare of history's limelight.

PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTORS

In the privacy of his own mind a commander might have doubts about his own knowledge or skill to carry out the task set before him. When this is combined with the normal drive of ambition, the importance of one's reputation, what the French call amour propre and we might call self-esteem, and the fear of failure, there is plenty of scope here for highly stressful pressure. An early warning sign is loss of memory, or an increased difficulty in recalling important information. Problems in properly delegating authority – trying to do too much as a sort of overcompensation – can also arise.

From what I know of Ian Hamilton I can only say that I find him to be a very robust individual. His wealth of military experience made him capable of fitting into any campaign at short notice; his recall of detail from memory I have often thought astounding. He readily delegated tasks to his Staff, and took the earliest opportunity to divide his swelling forces into three, and later four, army corps. He is then criticised for being too distant from the executive level of command but this is nonsense, even when it comes from the Official Historian – as if he could retain personal command over a force that rises to over fifteen divisions.

I have already alluded to Hamilton's lack of fear in battle, but this study ends with a suggestion that a moral repugnance to losses in war, not just of acquaintances but of increasing numbers of men under command, might affect the performance of the commander. Hamilton was too tough an individual to let this affect his conduct of operations at the time. To illustrate his sanguine nature, after we had inflicted two massive defeats on Turkish counter-attacks in May – one at Helles, one at Anzac Hamilton began to develop a sort of theory of attritional warfare wherein we would seize battlefield features of tactical importance and encourage the enemy to try and retake them. This sounds just like Plumer's brutally successful conduct of the Third Ypres battles in September and October of 1917. But it is true that after the war the wearisome task of dedicating a memorial to the fallen every week for over two years did make him an enemy of war and a very strong advocate of peace with Germany.



Sir Ian Hamilton with Admiral Sir Roger Keyes at RNVR Reunion June 1938.
Daily Mirror

CONCLUSION

How to sum up Sir Ian Hamilton and the pressures that face a commander?

Where he faced those pressures that faced all commanders all the time, Hamilton had all the experience and sufficient flexibility to cope with most difficulties. He was a born fighter; he often admitted that he hated war, but loved fighting! But in the magnitude of the task he was set, and in the inadequate resources made available to him, he faced special problems. The extraordinary, lackadaisical manner in which the expedition was launched, and the consistent failure to recognise that, if a decisive result was desired, then a serious focusing of national effort was required, all added enormously to his difficulties. We tried to fight a 20th Century campaign in the style of a 19th century colonial expedition. I would argue strongly that our defeat at Gallipoli was a 'systems failure' rather than a failure of individuals. Pity the poor commander as this harsh reality must have made itself known as events unfolded.

He loyally strived to achieve what was asked of him. He never considered the task impossible, and for the rest of his life vigorously defended the achievement of his soldiers. After all, we were not driven from the Gallipoli peninsula; we left it when the politicians directing the war decided there were other, more important war aims to be pursued.

TREASURER'S ADIEU

The Annual Accounts and Balance Sheet for 1997 will be presented to Members with the Autumn *Gallipolian* but it is with some regret that I have to say this will be the last occasion when I shall be reporting to you.

Members will now be aware that at the AGM last October my resignation as Treasurer was announced - a difficult decision which I felt bound to make in view of personal circumstances. During the five years of my tenure of office the Gallipoli Association has grown very considerably in membership and in stature to the extent that the increasing responsibilities of my work as Treasurer have seriously conflicted with my other interests and activities. For this reason I have found it necessary to stand down.

I will take this opportunity to thank Committee members who have given me every support during my term of office and to thank also the many members who have written with kind words of encouragement and appreciation.

The Association must be indebted to Bill Marsh who has volunteered his services to become my successor. I am sure all members will join me in wishing Bill every success in his appointment which became effective on 1 January.

Denis A. Pollard

ARE YOU THE MISSING MEMBER?

Is your Bank, First Direct, Millshaw Park Lane, Leeds, LS98 1FD? If so you are probably our "Missing Member."

A Banker's Order to the Gallipoli Association was received by the Bank in September, but alas, the Member has omitted to provide their name or account number so the Order cannot be activated. If you recognise the Bank and think you might be the "Missing Member" the Treasurer will be pleased to hear from you.

SOUTHERN IRISH REGIMENTS

On 14 June 1997 a parade organised by the Royal British Legion was held at the Limerick War Memorial to commemorate the disbandment of the Southern Irish Regiments in 1922. The deeds of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers and the Royal Munster Fusiliers during the landings from the River *Clyde* on 25 April 1915 will be cherished for all time.

> "—— 18th Royal Irish, Rangers from Connaught, Leinsters, Munster Fusiliers and Dublin Fusiliers, you are now but a memory, but your gallant exploits will be handed down to posterity as the proudest records of the Irish race."

WINDSOR VICTORIA CROSS EXHIBITION

Victoria Cross enthusiasts will be interested to know of a forthcoming exhibition commemorating the Victoria Cross winners connected with Windsor.

One of these heroes, Alexander Hore-Ruthen, later the 1st Earl of Gowrie, was born at The Hermitage, Windsor in July 1872. He joined the Highland Light Infantry and was attached to the Egyptian Army during the Sudan campaign. Here, as a Captain, he commanded a Camel Corps detachment during an attack on the last Dervish stronghold at Gedarif in September 1898. Seeing a wounded Egyptian officer lying in front of the Dervishes he picked him up and carried him to safety, stopping several times to fire at the advancing enemy, an act of bravery for which he was awarded the Victoria Cross.

In 1915 he was appointed second in command of the newly formed Welsh Guards, then went to Gallipoli as a staff officer attached to GHQ. On a visit in August to the front line in Suvla, Major Hore-Ruthen had not been impressed by the state of readiness of the forward position, and reported that a "general air of inaction appeared to exist." Later that month he was severely wounded and returned to England, *The Times* reporting him as the first casualty among the officers of the Welsh Guards.

He left the Army in 1928 as a Brigadier-General after a long and distinguished career. From 1936 to 1944 he was Governor-General of Australia and in the following year was created the 1st Earl of Gowrie. He was subsequently Deputy Constable and Lieutenant Governor of Windsor Castle. A plaque was unveiled at his birthplace in March 1997 by his grandson, the present Lord Gowrie.

The Windor Victoria Cross Exhibition will be held in the Maidenhead Room, The Guildhall, Windsor from 16 to 31 May between 1000 and 1600 daily. Admission £1.00, concessions 50p to cover costs all profits being donated to a number of service charities.

We are grateful to Colin Hague (1573) for providing information on Earl Gowrie VC and the exhibition.

GALLIPOLI 1915

MAJOR A. C. FERGUSSON

On February 22nd Lieutenant-Colonel J.L.Parker very mysteriously told me to be sure everything was ready for a long march at a moment's notice and on March 2nd, we got definite orders to prepare to move to Alexandria for embarkation for some destination unknown with the Australians and New Zealanders. After two false starts, for one of which we were actually on the train, we finally entrained at Moascar on April 3rd and embarked next day, (Easter Sunday) at Alexandria in the P & O ship *Pera.*

During the embarkation Bruce, whose 26 Mountain Battery was embarking in the *Hessen* just ahead of us at the wharf told me where we were going and all about it. "Naval Division land at Bulair, 29th Division at Cape Helles, and we about half way between, with the Frenchmen on the Asiatic shore." This is what actually happened, and was apparently commonly known three weeks before the landing. I said "If you know all that I am prepared to bet we are for Alexandretta or Mersina." We left that evening under sealed orders not to be opened until we dropped the pilot, and I sat up to see them opened. When they said Mudros, I still was sceptical and thought we would turn round one day and make a dash somewhere else.

The journey to Mudros was uneventful, we had on board besides ourselves a section of 137 Combined Field Ambulance under Captain Carey Evans, and were very comfortable, the ship's officers, Captain Finch and First Mate Smith etc all playing up to do all in their power in every way. On arrival at Mudros we found only 3rd Australian Brigade under General Maclagan. This helped to confirm my opinion that the main push would be somewhere else, but gradually HQ and other troops arrived and we knew for certain we were to land on Gallipoli.

The three weeks waiting at Mudros were expended in teaching the men to row and sling animals, we only got horse boats to actually practice landing on one occasion and then for the morning only. Our great anxiety was keeping the mules fit, three weeks on board ship followed, as it was certain to be, by a strenuous time ashore was trying us pretty high. We arranged brows etc so that the animals could get quite a

Note: This previously unpublished account was written early in 1916 by the late Colonel A.C.Fergusson, known to his troops as "Percussion Sahib", who commanded 21 (Kohat) Mountain Battery during the Gallipoli campaign. It has been made available to us by his son Colonel Kenneth Fergusson to who we are most grateful.

The Battery, together with 26 (Jacob's) Mountain Battery under Major J.E.I.Bruce, who was killed on 19 May, landed on 25 April and was evacuated from Anzac on the last day, 19 December 1915. It is remarkable that the Batteries, comprising Punjabi Musselmans and Sikhs should have been included in the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, otherwise consisting entirely of Australians and New Zealanders, except for the Commander, General Birdwood of the Indian Army. The two batteries have continued to serve alongside and are today in the Pakistan Army.

good combined march and hill parade round the whole ship, and the men were made to run obstacle races. Every mule was slung and taken off its feet by means of a tackle daily so that they came to look upon it as an ordinary event. We received many visits from Australians and New Zealanders to look at the Indians and there commenced an entente which afterwards became most remarkable. There was an Australian gunner called Meyer, son of an Indian Missionary who talked Urdu fluently, who I later tried hard to get hold of to fill a vacancy, but the 14th Sikhs had roped him in and would not part.

During our wait Trenchard was ordered to join the balloon ship as he had passed a course, luckily that very morning I had a note from Hoskyn, who had been RGA liaison officer from Malta to the Navy during the bombardment on the Dardanelles and was just going back to Malta. I went straight aboard the *Minniewaska,* the HQ ship, and got him recalled in Trenchard's place. He returned just in time for the landing and as Trenchard was not wanted after all, the Brigade landed with a spare officer, which proved most useful.

I was called frequently to conferences at the HQ ship working out what we could carry in various tows which were always changing. At last all was fixed up, and the men selected for the various echelons in which they were landing. Campbell had to remain behind and see the men off, having fixed up every man with an arm band of one of three colours according to the echelon in which he was going.

At noon on 24 April the *Pera* left Mudros for a secret rendezvous – Purnea Bay on the north of Lemnos. As we were almost the first to leave and our mooring had been well inside the harbour we had to pass through the whole fleet of assembled troopships. It was most thrilling with all the troops on both our ship and others cheering, but it was sad to think that for many of them it would be their last cheer, though of course we never guessed then what we were really up against. At midnight, 24/25 April we left Purnea Bay for the landing.

The landing orders were very explicit and had been drawn up with infinite care. According to them 26 Mountain Battery were to land first at about 6 a.m. and their boats were to come back for us. Firing batteries only were to be landed the first day. We were to expect our tow at 8 a.m. and it was anticipated that by the time we got ashore there would be 12 guns and 6,000 men ashore. As a matter of fact the tow did not arrive for 26 Battery till past 8, owing it is alleged, to a disinclination to come under fire on the part of the Captain of the ship carrying the horse boats, and no tow arrived for us until 4 p.m. This again is alleged to be because the Navy broke off for dinner in the middle of operations. I personally can vouch for the truth or falsehood of neither of these allegations.

Birdwood issued a stirring Order of the Day, before we left Mudros, commencing with the now familiar "Boys" and ending with "now remember three things, covering

fire always, husband your ammunition and rations, and Dig, Dig, Dig." By the light of events, he should as will be seen have added "Stick to your Pals."

We had six battleships, besides smaller fry, covering us, and I was awakened at about 4 a.m. 25 April by the firing of big guns. I made myself lie in bed as I knew we were in for a long day, but about 6 a.m. could stick there no longer and got up. It was a wonderful sight, the whole sea full of ships with picquet boats, towing barges, and every type of boat everywhere. I forget exactly when the Turks began to shell back but it was pretty early in the proceedings. When they did we were told to sheer off till wanted, so we took a good offing. The Turkish fire was pretty good, I remember one shell which we thought had hit the *Queen Elizabeth* or a destroyer alongside her, but I believe it did not, anyway the shells were too near to be pleasant.

We got a splendid view of the proceedings ashore through glasses, but things seemed very mixed up as in fact they were. The first toops got ashore almost untouched, Colonel Parker, Kenyon and Thom as Forward Observation Officer, FOO went ashore in the second tow and the boats which came for them had only one casualty in their first trip.

The casualties began when Gaba Tepe battery woke up. This was on a promontory and enfiladed the whole beach and was very deadly. One after another the battleships stood in and appeared to blast the whole promontory into the sea, but the battery always came up smiling again. Then the *Bacchante* did a wonderfully fine thing, she stood right in till her bows were practically on the rocks, it was fairly rough, about 600 yards on the beach side of Gaba Tepe and stayed there till dark firing broadsides. If it had not been for her , I do not think we could have accomplished the landing. The *Bacchante* and the *Triumph* were also the only two ships that appeared to take any interest in altering their fire according to observations from the shore. None of the others answered the helm of the FOO at all. The *Triumph* was subsequently sunk by a submarine and the *Bacchante* spoilt the attack on Sari Bair by loosing off a very effective salvo into our own troops.

The day wore on, I was continually trying to make officers and men sit down, so as not to start dead tired. We went down to every meal very early and ate hugely. Troops were ordered to land with three days' rations, first day "in the stomach" and we tried to comply. At last about 4 p.m. our tow arrived, we set to work and got men and animals on board in very quick time and without incident. The men had to climb down rope ladders to the boats with bare feet and carrying all the various side arms of the guns, signalling equipment etc. We had practised this a lot in Mudros, but by this time it was quite rough and none too easy to get from the ladder into the boat. The Captain said he would never have allowed it in peace time, or allowed anyone to travel in flatbottomed boats in that sea.

We then had to sit for two hours waiting for someone to tow us, all the men being

very sea-sick and in constant fear of being stove against the shipg side. At last about 6 p.m. we persuaded someone to give us a tow and finally landed about 6.30 p.m. The delay was alleged to be partly because of casualties to boats and partly because the Navy broke off for dinner. I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but am certain that if the battery had been ashore by 8.30 a.m. as intended, and able to bring, with 26 Mountain Battery a cross fire on the Turks, it would have helped our men a lot, and they possibly would not have had to come back as they did.

As we got near the shore the sea got smoother but we came under fire and I felt more helpless than at any other time during the war, sitting in an open boat, whose sides were not bullet proof with shell bursting all round is far from pleasant, but thanks to the *Bacchante* we received no casualties. It was getting dark as we landed and the fire was slackening, gun fire anyway, and though the beach was a shambles and casualties were still occuring we got away without any casualties ourselves.

I was ordered to send a section away at once with a guide to show the way, and sent Trenchard, who was taken to what was afterwards known as Plugge's Plateau. He had a fairly excitinq night under shell fire and rejoined us next day, having been relieved by a section of 26 Mountain Battery.

I was shown a place for the rest of the battery for the night, afterwards called Queensland Ridge where we dug ourselves in and kept a sharp lookout all night, in case the Australians came back. There was a tremendous fusilade and lots of bullets flying overhead, but the Australians stuck it like men. We heard that 26 Mountain Battery had done good work but had met some unlucky shrapnel, which had wounded Chapman (died of wounds) and Kirby and done a lot of damage. They had to be reinforced by Australians for a few days till their own reinforcements could arrive. Three of the Australian signallers – Sherer, Smith and I think Nye – liked us so much they stuck with us throughout and we found the greatest difficulty in persuading them to return to their own units from Suez after the evacuation.

One gathered from the conversations that one of the main reasons for the Australians coming back that day was that they were all out in little parties doing VC stunts, and did not stick to their own units. A party of three or four would leave their unit and go off on their own, they met shrapnel which wounded a couple, who were tied up and escorted to the beach by a third. The single man left looked around and saw no one he knew, said to himself "These men wont look after me if I stop one" so started back to look for his pals, others on his right and left seeing him going back thought it was time to go back too.

Of course there were other reasons too. Germans shouting orders in English to retire etc. but if the men had stuck to their officers I dont think there would have been so much retiring. All the Australians were very anxious to know if they had done well and I used to say "Yes, but if the 29th Division had landed here they would have got

across" telling them the above reason and they mostly agreed with me. This losing of their units also assisted snipers within our lines in Australian uniform. Men could spend the day in the firing line, pretending to be looking out or anything, they were not put on night duty as they did not belong to the unit in that part, so were free to sally forth and snipe at us in our own lines. After a bit regular drives for snipers were organised and many were caught but it went on for quite a long time.

After we had been ashore quite a long time and were well dug in at "Pifferpore" we always had at least one casualty per night which always occurred in the same place, just opposite our Mess. One night at dusk just after our Doctor had been talking about it, I noticed something white beside the road, just where the casualties occurred. I sent a man to see what it was and he came back with a piece of white cloth. That night there were no casualties at that spot, but next night there was a piece of white paper there. I had this taken away, again no casualties. After that it was the Mess Orderly's job to look out for and clear away marks from there every evening at dusk and casualties ceased. The *modus operandi* apparently was, the sniper laid his rifle on or a little to one side of the mark. When he saw it obscured he pulled the trigger, if the target was going one way he missed, if the other, he hit. There was so much rifle fire going on all round, he was not likely to be spotted from his firing within our lines.

While our headquarters were on Queensland Ridge many battalions came and settled down near us to refit, they always said there were only 150 or 200 of them left, but after a day or two of search parties round the trenches they would go up to the line 400 or 500 strong without having received any freshly landed reinforcements.

Next morning, 26 April, I was up about 4 a.m. and was ordered to report to O.C.Covering Troops (Brig.Gen. MacLagan). I had a rather parlous journey there, as no one knew where he was. I might have strolled into the Turks at any moment. I found him at last plumb in the firing line and asked where he wanted artillery support, he got up, waved his arm through a semi-circle and said everywhere round there. He was then on what was afterwards called Braunds Hill, and after discussion we decided that fire was most wanted on what afterwards became the Chessboard.

I selected a gun position pretty high up and ordered up the Battery. After a long interval a very heated subaltern arrived with a couple of gunners carrying wheels and said all the loads would have to be carried up as the ground was very steep, and sodden with rain and the mules weak, and that we could not possibly have four guns in action under an hour. I then selected a new position lower down, keeping my original high O.P. We got into action at last and began shelling movement on the Chessboard, while two guns began shelling us. After a lot of searching I managed to shut up these when about 50% of shell were graze on a certain small saddle at the top of the Chessboard. After the Suvla push we got to where we could see where the guns must have been, but I never could spot any suitable gun position near. We

eventually settled down to two guns shelling the saddle and two the Cheeseboard and hope we did some good. The Australians were very polite about our assistance that day, as always.

Sometime in the morning Trenchard rejoined. His mules and men were very done, there was no room for his guns in line with the others, so I told them to get under cover, all gunners to be organised in reliefs so that all could get some rest, and Trenchard came up to me as my opposite number. He got a good sleep, but of course, as soon as it was my turn the Turks got lively and I could not spare myself. The O.P. was very much worried by snipers, they got my telephonist who was lying taking cover behind Trenchard and myself. Gunner Sher Singh, he died of wounds, our first death, (Driver Havildar Saidullah was actually our first casualty on Gallipoli) but how he got hit without the bullet passing through one of us is a mystery.

About noon on 26 April a man of the Naval Division arrived and said he heard we were being worried by snipers and had been sent to help, can't imagine who by as absolutely no one had been near our O.P. However we in our turn waved our arms airily round and said "All round. Carry on." He was a top hole shot, had shot at Bisley, one heard occasional ejaculations of "Got him," and certainly we rapidly got much more comfortable. He packed up his tracks at dusk and pushed off. I never knew his name.

From time to time during the day I went to General MacLagan to ask the situation, but was always told to carry on. I went up at dusk, and was told I could pull out to the beach at dark. While I was there a lot of Australians began to come back. The General dashed out to organise something to stop them, and I dashed off to the O.P. in case the whole line came back and we had to push off in a hurry. We saw first a lot of wounded Australians coming back, then others not wounded, and finally a party who we could not identify. They looked very like Australians who had cut their hats into fancy shapes, a very common thing with them. They came and settled in an old trench at our backs about 200 yards off, and started firing into us. It was now very nearly dark, and we thought they were Australians who had lost their sense of direction, so we waved our arms and shouted but they took no notice, so I told the Naval sniper to have at them. Just as he was going to fire I stopped him, but I am now convinced I let off Turks, as their officer was wearing a sword and none of our officers landed with swords, but I did not know this till later.

We pulled out without casualties from this source and settled down for the night on Queensland Ridge again, but not quite the same place. I found the Battery had some casualties, both Thom and Rawson had been hit by spent bullets but neither badly enough to report. After another rather jumpy night, I was off betimes for orders and was this time sent to General McCoy further south than yesterday. He did not know where he wanted fire, no one did in those days, all round was equally necessary.

I went up to the front trenches, a rather parlous business, communication trenches were only about a foot deep, and any Australian one met, always lay down at the bottom and allowed one to crawl over him, full in view of the Turks at a few yards range. I got up there all right and was asked to step along the trench to identify or otherwise some alleged Gurkhas. I knew there were none about, but the Australians would not be satisfied till I went. I did not like it as the trench was only about two feet deep. On my way back a polite Australian got up a little to let me pass and promptly got a bullet through his head, and I received many bits of his skull in my face and pagri, but not enough to report myself wounded.

The great difficulty was to get positions for guns, Gallipoli was pre-eminently a Howitzer country, but England in those days posessed no Mountain Howitzer though the specifications for them had been out for years. While I was away the Battery had been improving yesterdays position and on my return I was told that Queensland Ridge was the safest place in Anzac, the Turkish guns evidently could not clear the ridges to their front at a short range to hit it. We therefore decided to make that our HQ for the guns and to dig in the mules just inland of it. We did very well there for about a week when Beachy Bill opened up and got us plumb in enfilade, causing many casualties. By this time all the sections were scattered about, so the small remaining HQ moved to the mule lines which was also the hospital and there we remained until the Suvla push.

Exactly 96 hours after landing Trenchard got the diaphragm of a shrapnel on his head, not very bad, but our Doctor Carey Evans who had then landed insisted on reporting him wounded. He would have done the same with the others if he had been there. It had taken exactly four days for 100% of my officers ashore to be hit. Luckily all mildly.

The sections gradually settled down to trench warfare, their positions on the map were:

	Map Gallipoli 1/40,000	Map Gallipoli 1/20,000
Right Section (Rawson)	Sq. 224.M.8-9	Sq. 64.B.4
Left Section (Thom)	Sq. 224.M.9	Sq. 68.B.1
Centre Section (Trenchard)	Sq. 224.M.1 (O.P.M.5)	Sq. 80.V.5-8

On Sunday May 2nd we did our first attack to gain ground. We had a pretty bad time getting gun positions to cover the attack, digging in the open within easy rifle range of the Turks, but by utlising some old Turk funk pits, we had very few casualties. The attack was not a success as the directing Battalion was late and did not advance as soon as our barrage stopped, the barrage with all the ships chipping in was a wonderful sight. After this we settled down to trench warfare, hoping the Helles crowd would some day fight its way up to us, with the occasional small attacks by us or the Turks.

A few of the outstanding incidents were Rawson's "Open position on the parapet" stunts, the grand Turkish attack on May 19th etc. Rawson and his Right Section did extraordinary good work to the south of our line. He was really FOO for the Navy and an Australian Field Artillery Brigade in addition to his own job, as he taught two young Australian Gunner Officers how to do these jobs. They had a joint OP. Owing to lack of Hows, the Right Section on no less than five occasions put their gun on the parapet to blow up MG nests etc. He usually selected about 2 p.m. to do it, the Turk siesta time, arranged for a lot of covering fire, and usually had the job he wanted done before the Turk woke up. The Battery did eight or nine of these in all and were wonderfully lucky having only one man actually killed during one, but it was not fair to ask men to do it, when a How could have done it better and without risk.

After a bit we made our own How, first by cutting down full charges for the gun, and later by using the Star Shell charges. Of course we had no Range Tables for this and it was all guess work, and like so many makeshifts at the commencement of the War a disgrace to the nation to send men to do jobs improperly equipped. Another disgrace was that our shrapnel shell broke up so badly that we had to boil them before using. This to my personal knowledge had been represented frequently since the Tirah Show in 1897, but nothing had been done.

Another of our troubles was the erosion of the vents with all the firing we had to do. We used to send them away to the *Minniewaska* at Mudros to be repaired, but they could not repair them fast enough to keep us supplied. When we knew a strafe was coming off anywhere we used to collect all the spare breech blocks in the battery and send them to the Section firing, but we could not always anticipate Turkish demonstrations or our people getting the wind up. I remember one night while the Doctor and I were at dinner and Campbell with the Centre Section firing furiously a very keen fire-eating Lance Naik, Prem Singh, dashed into the Mess, chucked a breech block on the table and said what being broadly translated was "What the devil is the use of supplying things like this, the other gun is getting off many more rounds than us because our breech blocks are bad." We also had to always have a mistri with any section firing to extract the jammed tubes.

Rawson's Section did excellent work against the Gaba Tepe guns which enfiladed the beach. They lived in tunnels and were pulled round a corner to fire. Rawson always had a gun laid on their holes when not actually firing at something else and a man always looking for them. As soon as the Look-out saw them appearing, he gave a shout and by the time they were just ready our shell arrived. They tried new emplacements without success and finally shut up altogether, but we got Beachy Bill instead. There were four Beachy Bills, long range 18 pdrs, who lived in the Azmak Dere and had any number, at least 20, alternative emplacements.

Beachy Bill did enormous damage on the beach, and was never knocked out. Some 6" Hows. arrived and Trenchard was put in charge of them on May 19th. I told him

the only way to knock him out was the old Siege Artillery exact method of observation, he tried all sorts of other methods first, and just as he had come round to my way of thinking I had to reclaim him for his Section, owing to casualties. His successor an Australian did not know the exact method, and it was never tried and Beachy Bill was a thorn in our side till the evacuation. When he was commanded by a German he could hold up all work on the beach for hours. The beach and piers were strongly traversed with piles of biscuit boxes, bhoosa bales etc and it was quite amusing to watch when Beachy Bill was shelling, exactly like musical chairs reversed, everyone dashing into a gap when they heard the shell coming.

One of Beachy Bill's first efforts was to clear us off Queensland Ridge; he caused a lot of casualties and it was not good enough so we moved. One day I was just sitting down to breakfast and my bearer Hussain Khan was bringing a plate of porridge when a shell burst at the Mess. It got my bearer in the head and also the Doctor's servant. When we had tied them up I sat down to breakfast again, found a plate full of porridge and blood in front of me and that I was looking down the hole made by the head of a shell at about three foot range. As I was sitting in exactly the same place as I had been when the shell burst I can't think how I was not hit.

I think it was the same day that Beachy Bill sent a shell obviously badly laid from his point of view, as it was badly out of line, but it fell among our mules rather crowded into their dugouts after watering. It killed the Salutri (Indian Farrier) wounded five Drivers and four horses (including my two) and 14 mules either killed outright or had to be destroyed. Real bad luck.

Till the Suvla push there was another gun that enfiladed the beach from the north, it had a rather rude name, but it was never so dangerous as Beachy Bill. I am absolutely certain that there were a certain number, about three German officers, who used to visit the various batteries in turn to command; it was so noticeable, one battery would fire extremely well for a few days and then fall off, while another which had been firing badly suddenly bucked up. Every day I used to watch the early morning hate very carefully and arrange my route around the Sections so as to avoid as far as possible areas shelled by German BCs.

Bathing on Beachy Bill's bad days was quite a sporting effort. One selected a pier alongside of which a full barge was lying, undressed behind a pile of bhoosa or something, waited till a shell had just gone over and then dashed out, took a header, turned round sharp and got under the lee of the barge before the next came along. That was fairly easy, but coming back which included climbing onto the pier instead of taking a header was not so easy to do between shells.

Perhaps our worst day on the Peninsula was the grand Turkish attack under Enver Pasha on May 19th. It began about 4 a.m. At earliest dawn I went to the nearest Section, Centre Section Campbell, his guns were being badly shelled but his OP was

all right. That Section was in action in one place from about May 29th till the evacuation on December 19th (for the last few months one gun only) and though it was shelled badly and had many casualties from both shell and rifle fire no emplacement was ever hit. Its OP was alongside the OP of an Australian battery commanded by an Australian regular called Phillips, a real good gunner. The Turks never began to guess where the OP was till just before the Suvla push another Australian came to build an OP there and gave the show away, with the result that the wretched Trenchard and his telephonist were buried by a shell in their own OP.

After breakfast I went up to Rawson and Thom. Quite a lively trip as Shell Green, Shrapnel Valley, Hell Spit etc were all living up to their names. One progressed in a series of dashes from one funk pit to another between shells, as often as not taking a flying leap into a hole to avoid a shell and landing on someone else already there.

Beachy Bill was on this occasion doing Battery Fire 5" on Rawson's OP and had got the range to a foot. Rawson had had his hair singed off one side of his head, one of the Australian FOO's had gone away wounded and the other had his head bound up with a slight wound. One just had about half a second to duck when one heard the shell coming. They were both pretty done so I said I would hold the fort while they had breakfast, luckily Beachy Bill also broke off for breakfast about the same time, so I did not get much of him.

In the early dawn Rawson had been called to blow up a wagon which the Turks were dragging up a salient in our lines, we never discovered what it was. He put a gun on the parapet under heavy fire and did it in. While this was going on, Subedar Mit Singh with the other gun engaged from another open position a 4-gun Turkish field battery at 2,000 yards and made it move off. Not a very bad effort for a very old pattern Mountain Gun. The section got a DSO, an Order of British India and two IOM's for this days work.

Lance Naik Karm Singh was passing orders from Rawson to the guns when he got blinded in both eyes by a shrapnel. A gunner passing along the trench saw him leaning against the side covered with blood and asked "what is the matter?" Karm Singh said "Never mind about me I can carry on." During a lull the Subedar, who was himself wounded but said nothing about it, went to see what was the matter, and found him stone blind. Karm Singh was absolutely wonderful about it, and kept on saying "Bilkul Taqrah, Sahib" (quite fit), and I am told was always wonderfully cheery in hospital. No one knows how long he carried on passing orders after he was hit. The other IOM was awarded to Hospital Assistant Daulat Singh for staying in the open with a man who was badly wounded. The whole section did wonderfully well and every man deserved something for that day's work, but of course there are limits to the recommendations one can send in. One of the gun shields had four direct hits from shell and 50 shrapnel bullets on it. The Section had seven men

reported wounded, one died of wounds, but there were a good many other slight wounds unreported.

After leaving Rawson I went round to Thom's section, I found him with a bullet through his helmet, and a good many casualties, chiefly due to "Overs" at Rawson, (the two Sections were back to back about 40 yards apart) but very cheery. They had done a lot of good sound work but had no chance of anything spectacular like the Right Section. Their usual job was supporting Quinn's Post where our firing lines practically touched the Turks, and no one could tell from his OP which was which. He had done his job with particular success that day. Campbell I had seen before, his Section chiefly fired between Quinn's and Pope's Posts, and between Pope's and Walker' 5 Ridge, in both of these intervals our line was never continuous, so it was a pretty responsible position. The battery on this day May 19th fired 613 rounds, heavy going for a slow firing gun.

The Doctor told me the Drivers were also wonderful. The senior Havildar sat in the telephone room and when a message was received, would come out and shout "Three mule loads of ammn. for the Right Section" and the next Drivers for duty started off straight away. Now leading a mule was very different from proceeding by bounds which I did. A mule does not take cover when it hears a shell but on the contrary probably stops to bray, or whatever a mule's song is called, yet not a man jibbed and not a mule broke loose from its driver. Altogether if the battery has never done another good thing, they had earned my eternal gratitude for their work that day.

Our hospital needs a word of praise. We had a Section of an Indian Combined Field Ambulance to ourselves, being the only Indians at Anzac, at any rate at first. It was commanded by Carey Evans, who, under providence was responsible that we did not have an appalling epidemic of cholera or something, as he taught the Australian Doctors how clean and sanitary trenches could be kept. He ran a wonderfully good show, assisted by two priceless Hospital Assistants, Adjudhia Pershad and Daulet Singh. We lived at the bottom of Shrapnel Valley which fully deserves its name, and was being constantly crumped. When this was going on these Hospital Assistants kept a look out and whenever they saw a man hit, gave a shout of "Chello Bhai" to the stretcher bearers and dashed out to bring in the casualty, no matter how heavy the shelling was. The Australians used to come to Evans in preference to their own hospitals, especially with stomach troubles, and our men used to feed them on dhal and chapatties when their insides refused bully beef.

One Australian stretcher bearer in particular attached himself to us permanently from the very first. We called him Murphy because that is what he called all his donkeys. He always had a donkey with which he used to work Shrapnel Valley bringing down men wounded in the legs or any cases which could ride but not walk. He had many donkeys and wounded men killed beside him but led a charmed life till May 19th when he was killed and we found his name was Simpson. We treasured his last

donkey and evacuated it safely at the end with a view to presenting it to Australia with a short history of Simpson, but it was stolen from our mule lines in Mudros and we never could get trace of it again.

Evans kept our percentage of sick down in a wonderful way. In spite of dysentry which was pretty bad the percentage of men invalided per month for our eight months on Gallipoli was on average only 3.6 per month for the Battery and 5.5 for the whole Brigade. A truely wonderful result when it is remembered that these figures include re-inforcements, many of whom were sent off straight away, ought never to have been sent. The men of course played up well, but to show how weak they were, I wore out three orderlies in about as many weeks simply following me around. The Punjabi is usually an indefatigable walker, but GHQ refused to give them a milk ration for a long time. After defeating the above three, I am not certain it was not four orderlies, I kept two going, one for morning and one for afternoon tours.

When we settled down my usual routine was, up before sunrise and a dip in the sea before Johnny Turk woke up, came back probably as the first shell came over. Chota Hazri, followed by inspection of mules, who were always out at night carrying ammn. water, rations etc for ourselves and the Australians, also any drafts which might have arrived. Breakfast. Tour round the sections which lasted till lunch. After lunch usually an afternoon on the beach collecting stores required for the Sections, or if there was nothing in that line do a trip to some part of the firing line that I could not cover in my morning round. In the evening usually went to Corps or Brigade HQ to pick up the latest news and so to dinner and bed quite pleasantly tired.

On May 24th we had an armistice to bury the dead between the lines, not before it was wanted. It was reckoned that we handed over 5,000 Turks from our half of No Man's Land. Of course we all took the opportunity to climb on the parapets and have a good look round, but no one not on duty was allowed beyond our firing line. I asked a Doctor going out on duty to have a good look at that wagon Rawson did in on the 19th, but he said there was no trace of it.

Shortly after the armistice both Rawson and Thom got seedy, chiefly through living in the ghastly smell of the firing line. The Infantry got periodical reliefs, and I had arranged for the men to get down for a day or two at a time for a good wash and rest, but the officers never got away except for an hour or so dip in the sea. I took Thom's Section myself and roped in Kenyon the Adjutant for Rawson's Section, while the Battery HQ looked after itself.

At a later period when Thom and Rawson were both wounded by one shell, I had to get an Australian Gunner Officer to run Thom's Section, which he did with great success though he knew no word of Hindustani. Of course all words of command are

always given in English. I told him he had only to stick absolutely to the drill book orders and he would be all right. By the third day he was taking on unregistered targets of his own, and before he left I had to give him a very close shooting job about 10 yards from our firing line in enfilade, which he carried out with conspicuous success. His name was Jopp or Jupp.

Thom's Section had only one chance of a spectacular job. Two little Turkish Mountain guns in a placed called German Officer's Trench used to knock Quinn's Post about a lot and I was asked to do something about it. I went and selected a place for a tunnel emplacement in Quinn's Post and got it made so that the front would only be opened at the moment of firing. While selecting the site I noticed a pack lying about marked Kaiser, and suggested that the owner be removed till the stunt was over, but was assured that he was absolutely all right.

Thom waited till he was sure the guns were in their placements before he opened out. He told the gunlayer, Jan Mahomed, to carry on plumping shell into one or other of the guns till he was told to stop, the range was only 350 yards. Before the second round could be got off an HE came straight at Thom's OP and knocked him out. Jan Mohomed carried on in spite of part of the emplacement being knocked down by HE and had loosed off 22 rounds, 17 of which went onto one or other of the enemy gun ports before Thom came round again. Jan Mohomed got an IOM for this and the enemy guns never spoke again. There is no doubt in my mind that the tunnel emplacement was given away by a spy. The Centre Section under Campbell and Trenchard never got a chance of doing anything spectacular, but did sterling good work and were crumped more than either of the others. The Australians said they could never have stopped in Quinn's Post if it had not been for them and I quite agree.

On May 25th the *Triumph* was sunk by a submarine; she selected the one spot in the ocean where she could be seen by the whole Battery, and the a day or two after was the only time I ever saw the battery despondent. They had all been over her sister ship the *Swiftsure* at Port Said, and also knew that she was one of the two ships that really helped us, and they really thought we were going to lose the war for a bit.

The following day both Thom and Rawson were wounded by the same shell, so we were a bit up a tree. I reclaimed Trenchard from the 6" Hows and collected Jopp, and carried on till Salvin and Taylor arrived. We feared Rawson had been blinded but luckily he was not. Thom reported the occurrence on the phone and said he was all right. Next morning the Doctor came on my rounds with me to see him and found he had a considerable bit of shrapnel in his temple. He had been pretty dicky for some time so we sent him off to a hospital ship to rest.

The entente between our men and Australians was simply perfect. I only mention the Australians as we were living in the Australian Division area, 26 Mountain

Battery were with the Australian & New Zealand Division and their entente was equally good. They were always hanging round chatting to our fellows, though how they communicated was a marvel. They were a nuisance at times sitting in the open when the guns were firing and giving the show away and we had on occasion to have armed sentries to keep them out.

Our shell fuzing depot on the beach was exactly like a bunnia's shop in the Indian bazaar. During the first three months our men were out every night and all night carrying up stores for the Anzacs and only once did I have a complaint of one being hit or ill-treated and that was by a man who had too much rum on the beach and who got six months for it. I have many a time seen a driver who I knew had been up all night start off again up the hill to show an Australian the way to his unit. I have also seen our followers quite on their own initiative carrying water etc up the hill for Australians who looked done. In fact I never realised before what perfect nature's gentlemen the average Sepoys were. The Australians treated our men absolutely as equals and would take orders from our NCO's probably better than their own.

The story of Satr Mohomed and the well is a good illustration of this. We were in the early days given a well near Pifferpore to ourselves and Satr Mohomed was put in charge of it. After a bit water began to get scarce, so I put my men on a strict ration and told Satr Mohomed to give any surplus to Australians. They soon got to know of this and came by the dozen to get water. They used to arrive long before opening time and stand about in the open. The well was in full view of the Turks, so Satr Mohomed would go out and make them get in a communication trench in a queue. He then went off to fetch his pump and came back with our own men. When they had nearly finished the Anzacs would start to get up, but Satr Mohomed would wave to them to sit down again and shout across the valley to any of our men who had not drawn water. When they were supplied he signalled the Anzacs up. After a bit he would hold open the trap to see how much water was left and hold up his fingers to show how many more he could supply, then the tail of the queue would fade away, not knowing where they could get a drink. When all was over he unshipped his pump and said "Goodaitt' and pushed off. This went on twice a day for three months and never a complaint of an Anzac trying to force him to give more than he wanted to, or not doing as he was told, and yet people say the Australians have no discipline. Satar Mohomed was only a Lance Naik.

Exactly the same went at our mule well but that was run by a Havildar. This mule well was one of the great successes at Anzac. When water began to get scarce the water expert told me I could in future only water my mules once a day. I said if that was so they would not be fit to hump up stores for the Australians. He said if you want more water you had better dig your own well. I went to Corps and got a promise that if I found water I could have as much of it as I wanted for the mules. That morning I left Havildar Major Parkhar Singh, to look for water instead of coming round with me. When I came back he had started a well which watered an

average of 200 animals twice a day till November in spite of the water expert doing his best to tap our source by digging wells all round it. Of course it was only a fluke, but it riled the expert, I forget his name, but he came from Western Australia and was one of the spot water finders there.

The only other point worth mentioning before the Suvla push is the communications. Owing to losses among signallers, and the Battery being split into three bits, each with a distant OP, we were very soon reduced to one signaller per phone who was on duty day and night, always sleeping with his instrument in his ear. The headquarter phone was run by the Mess Orderly Piyara Singh in addition to his other duties. We had one linesman only who managed to keep alive during the whole war in some wonderful way. He was always out repairing lines in dangerous places and two or three times brought back chits from Australian officers to say they had seen him repairing lines under heavy fire. His name was Narain Singh and he got the IDSM.

Yet one more yarn about our own shell being fired at us. In the very early days we were often told we were firing at our own troops. Sometimes these allegations were wrong but investigation proved bodies of our own 10 pounder shell sometimes in places where our own guns could have put them, but also in places where they could not possibly have put them.

One day Campbell was walking along a trench when an Australian told him to hurry as Turks were shelling it, and pointed to the body of a shell which had just fallen. Campbell went and looked at it and found a shell with marks to show that it had been made at Cossipore and filled at Rawul Pindi, and the scoop of the shell showed that it had come from right outside our line. He phoned down to me and I went and satisfied myself that it could not possibly be ours. I then went and asked Corps to wire and ask if Helles had lost any MN, guns. The answer came back "No" so the matter remained a mystery, but the Australians were still suspicious that we were doing it.

Long afterwards the mystery was cleared up. The BGRA New Zealand had long before the war ordered a battery of "new mountain guns" for New Zealand. England sent our old 10 pdrs and BGRA refused to accept delivery. After a lot of correspondence England told him to sell them and credit them with the proceeds. New Zealand sold them to Turkey and here they were being used against us.

About August 1st I developed a poisoned foot which laid me up at the time of the Suvla landing. I was officially on the sick list, but remained at HQ and ran the administration. Every wound in Gallipoli went bad, and bar the first few days I cannot remember a time when some part of me, usually a hand, was not tied up.

The Anzac part in the Suvla push was an extraordinary one, a long night march and

an attack in extremely difficult country and practically unreconnoitred. The sole mobile artillery moving out were eight Mountain Guns, four from each Mountain Battery, the other two guns being left in their old positions. 26 Mountain Battery were with the right attack and 21 Mountain Battery with the left. As 26 Mountain Battery was taken right to the top of Rhododendron Spur by their GOC where their scope was very limited, four guns of 21 Mountain Battery were actually the only guns to cover the attempt to take Sari Bair. They were most ably commanded by Thom, assisted by Rawson and Tyler.

The night march of August 6/7th was late in starting owing apparently to want of bandopast at the starting point, and was very slow, with the result that the place appointed was not reached by dawn. The Battery came into action in the open and took on several targets but only fired 72 rounds all day. The Centre Section from its old position had some good targets at Turks reinforcing, and claim to have done much damage. Considering that Trenchard and his telephonist had been buried by a shell at 6 a.m. it was not a bad effort.

During the night of August 7/8th the four guns dug themselves in and next day took on various targets firing 594 rounds. The Centre Section also carried on as before. On August 9th the Battery supported the great attack on Sari Bair, which got up but was shelled out by the *Bacchante* firing after time. On August 10th was the great Turkish counter-attack, which drove us off Hill 161. The Battery assisted to stop the Turks with great success, though under extreme difficulties, at one critical time only one gun was in action owing to the damaged vents referred to before. They fired 685 rounds in spite of this. There was a gully near Rhododendron Spur filled with Turks killed by Thom on this occasion. We used to call it "Thom's Fork" but I don't think the name was ever officially recognised.

The Centre Section also did great execution this day taking away many of the attacking troops in enfilade. Three signallers with the Centre Section had kept two stations going night and day for four days and never missed a single fleeting oportunity by failure of communications.

Meanwhile Turkish machine guns on Baby 600 were playing the deuce with our communications along the beach and Trenchard was sent with one gun to No 2 Post to stop them. In the course of a few days he claims, and the Colonel upheld many of the claims, to have blown up 14 machine guns. Anyway he stopped the nuisance entirely. This gun stopped at No 2 Post till the end and did excellent work though it was very inaccurate owing to wear. When Trenchard went sick it was taken on by the Adjutant. When he had to go to the OP it was run by the Colonel or Doctor if present, if not by the Havildar, originally Dost Mohomed, and later Sharif Ali. The Turks tried hard to blow it up with 8.2's but failed. It shot straight at Battleship Hill, Baby 600 etc, direct laying from a tunnel emplacement.

On August 21st I was allowed off the sick list and went up to the Battery finding en route that there was an attack on Hill 60 about which the Battery knew nothing. We chipped in as best we could but not as well as we might have done. The strafe went on for a day or two, then died down to blaze up again on the 27th. On the afternoon of the 26th I was ordered to select a position from which two guns could fire point blank at Hill 60. I got a position on Hill 100 where I got a plunging fire as well at 600 yards.

I left the men digging in while I went to a pow-pow about the attack with General Cox who said my position would not do and that he wanted the guns "Here" pointing to a certain place on the map. After the pow-pow I said I am afraid I cannot find "Here" now, so he sent me a guide who took me to a spot which I was convinced would not satisfy the requirements. However he was the official guide so we dug ourselves in there.

Next morning Hoskyn and I went up early and as we expected found we could not do our job from the positions dug. There was nothing for it but to move at least one gun. After a lot of fairly dangerous reconnoitring we found a place the only approach to was across the open and we had been sniped at getting there and when there. I left Hoskyn and a party with many fears to carry on.

The attack was at 4.30 p.m. and the emplacement was only just ready in time but they had done the job without a casualty, starting from plum in the open 450 yards from the enemy's firing line. A really good feat.

The position was well away from any of the other guns of the Battery, in fact the Battery was now split up in six different places and only three officers were available to command, Hoskyn, Rawson and myself. Both Thom and Tyler had gone sick. I commanded one of these firing line guns during the attack and Hoskyn the other.

During the preliminary bombardment I had the luck to knock down a bit of parapet which enabled me to see into and enfilade the main Turkish communication trench. If I had a quick-firing gun I could have stopped all reinforcements coming up. As it was when I started in on it I could only see the men's heads and when I finished I could see down to their knees, presumably because they were walking over their dead, but too many got past between rounds. The men at the gun were wonderfully steady in spite of being under accurate enfilade fire from Sari Bair and the gun was excellently laid.

The Right Section concentrated at 92.X.1 at the end of the month which thereafter became the subsidary HQ of the Battery. The guns of the Battery were now, and remained till the end, as under:- Right Section 92.X.1, No 3 gun 80.V.5-8, No 4 gun. No 2 Post 80.B.7, No 5 gun 92.N.5-8, No 6 gun 92.N.6. All reference map Gallipoli 1/20,000.

After this effort and watching the failure of several stunts by the Suvla Corps, some of which we could have helped much more if we had been warned, and had known exactly what their dispositions were, and what they were out to get, I made up my mind to a winter on the Peninsula. I started by ordering the I.O.'s to see that every dug-out was really waterproof. This was not completed when I went to command the Brigade on September 21st. I asked Hoskyn to carry on making arrangements for winter which he did to such good effect that 92.X..1 became a by-word and a thorn in the flesh for all Anzacs, as Birdie made them all go and see what could be done and told them to do likewise.

We started by collecting Turkish clothing left about in unfrequented and dangerous gullies. One Phumman Singh, a real bad hat but priceless at that sort of thing was the "chief acquirer of stolen goods and chattels" – Hoskyn's expression. He worked up to two greatcoats and four blankets per man, all Turkish greatcoats of course never to be worn out of our lines, but it ensured every man having something dry to put on when he got back after a wet outing.

He also made a tunnel drying room through which every man had to pass and be inspected by the Havildar Major for dry clothes before he was allowed to turn in at night. It had two stoves made of paint drums with the flues running along the top of the tunnel and a real good heat used to be generated. This with the tunnel funk pits for shelling, tunnels for keeping rations and firewood dry etc made the place a regular rabbit warren.

I, at HQ made a tunnel bathing room, really Brigade Havildar Major Amar Singh made it. It was a work of art. beautifully sloped towards the longitudinal axis and towards the door. A thick sacking purdah under the door with a Soyer stove inside for hot water, and recesses for clothes when water was being chucked about made it very popular. Days were allotted so that every man could have one hot bath a week. I happened to pass this in the middle of the cold snap when it was really too cold for words and saw a crowd waiting their turns to go in. I asked if they were doing it on their own or by order, and they said on their own, they would not lose their weekly bath for anything. We also had a private Serbian Barrel where their clothes were disinfected about once in three weeks which was also much appreciated.

On September 21st as stated above, Colonel Parker went to be Brigadier RA to a Division at Suvla and I got command of the Brigade, but not without a struggle. MGRA Medforce wanted to put in a Colonel but he knew nothing of Mountain Artillery work nor any Hindustani. As I knew the Brigade would not do itself justice under him I persuaded Corps to wire Birdie about it; he had become GOC Dardanelles Army and he got me put in.

26 Mountain Battery wanted a lot of bucking up. They had bad luck in losing all their pre-war officers and many IO's and were going sick at an excessive rate. The

first thing I did was to send off the Adjutant to do a job of work in the OP's. He and Parker made a great song and dance about all the work there was at HQ and practically never came round the batteries. In the course of a very few days I satisfied myself that I could easily do all the office work and yet get round part of the Brigade daily, so off went the Adjutant. Absolute routine work used to take me about 20 minutes before breakfast and an hour after dinner. Sergeant Batt who ran our private Ordnance Depot used to make out the returns and do filing for me.

The Doctor and I had a very comfortable little Mess to ourselves and now for the first time since the landing I dared sleep in a bed. Previously I had been frightened that I might be so comfortable in one that I would not wake up in a hurry in case of a sudden alarm. I think we always lived better than most on the Peninsula, anyone who came for a casual meal always said so. General Fuller who was the original MGRA said we lived better than GHQ when they moved to Imbros.

New officers began to arrive and also to go sick at a rapid rate. We took the greatest care of them, like a mother with a beautiful daughter, made them lie down before and after nights in the OP, watched their feeding etc but still they went sick. Armitage, Armstrong, Draper, O'Leary were some of their names. The old stagers also began to suffer from the long continued life in OP's but I am thankful to say I kept absolutely fit the whole time, bar that one poisoned foot.

Towards the end of October I got permission to send half the Brigade at a time to Mudros. The first half left on the 24th and at that time there were the following men in the Brigade who had never left the Peninsula for any cause whatsoever since the landing:

21 Mountain Battery – IO's – 3, R & F – 149, Followers – 17
26 Mountain Battery – IO's – 4, R & F – 76, Followers – 18

The establishment in each case being: IO's – 4 (including the HA) R & F – 276, Followers – 25. This speaks well for the grit of the men who have not been wounded or only slightly so and not evacuated, especially as the rate for invaliding to India from Lemnos was Rs.10 bribe. About the same time the weather began to break up, and landing stores became a difficulty. I see an entry in the War Diary "Potatoes were issued today for the first time for 10 days."

During November Lord Kitchener visited Anzac, I did not see him myself, but General (now Lord) Horne came round my part of the line. As a result of this visit we began to train the Turks to be evacuated, though we did not know it at the time. The method was that every part of the firing line refused to fire during certain portions of every 24 hours. Sometimes half an hour by day, next two hours at dawn, next an hour at midnight and so on. We also had two complete days cease fire for the whole of Anzac. I remember utilising these days to visit my old haunts of the

early days which were out of my beat now. Many Australians also came over to see their old pals of the early days in 21 Mountain Battery. It was at least five miles through trenches and they could not see us very often. We were now in the 54th Territorial Division area.

At the end of November we had the famous cold snap which caused an enormous amount of casualties in the firing lines and elsewhere, but thanks to our drying arrangements the Brigade had none at all, and as mentioned continued their bathing through it all.

The evacuation was an exceptionally well run and well camoulflaged show. At first it was given out that Anzac would be held during the winter by a minimum garrison. I have mentioned that we began training the Turks to be evacuated long before. I actually only knew for certain that it was "evacuation" exactly a week before the last day. On December 15th the firing line guns overlooking Hill 60 moved to relieve and take over the targets of New Zealand Field Battery on Damajelik Bair (92.M.5) and the Centre Section guns from No 2 Post and 80.v.5 were withdrawn and evacuated. The latter had been in that one position since about April 28th.

The Hospital also left on the 15th. We had great difficulty in persuading one of the stretcher bearers, Rangasammy, who had been doing cook for our Mess to go and leave me; he thought I was certain to die of hunger. On the 16th one of 21 Mountain Batteries guns at 92.x.1 and five guns of 26 Mountain Battery were evacuated, also all the mules bar eight for draught, they actually left the shore on the night 18/19th. This left four guns and 36 all ranks to carry on till the end.

For the last few days there were only about 3,000 men in the area I was interested in, about five miles of trenches. I had arranged for each gun to have 300 rounds in case the Turks attacked. Only 400 were expended, the remaining 800 had to be destroyed. We had deep pits filled with sea water ready to receive them, shell in one and fuzes in another. This was absolutely the only loss the Brigade suffered in the evacuation, except Campbell's shaving kit and one sepoy's bedding. There was a considerable avoidable loss on the part of units who did not worry about such things.

We had a scare about our mules, an order arrived that only S & T mules and carts were to leave the shore. As soon as I heard this I got Corps to wire direct to Birdie for confirmation, and in return got an order that no animals were to leave until all Mountain Artillery mules had gone. I was out when this arrived but by the time I returned, about two hours later, Sultan Ali, had got them all off. I had them all waiting by the pier in case I could wangle them off.

Sultan Ali, Pay Havidar of 21st Mountain Battery, did wonderful work these days. He sat at the beach near a pier with all our heavy kit, with orders to shove the stuff

on any old barge he could get permission for. He did this with such success, sending a few men with each consignment that as stated above we lost nothing.

I saw Birdie ashore the last day, and thanked him for saving our mules, and he told me that the order had been given by an exMountain Gunner of his staff, because mules of an Ordnance stamp were more easily procurable in Egypt than those of an S & T stamp. No thought of training required. A typical instance of how soon a Staff Officer forgets the troubles of the Regimental Officer.

People say that we paid the Turks not to attack us during the evacuation, but I am certain that the troops against us knew nothing about it. On the very last day, December 19th, in my area they opened with two new batteries that had never been fired before and fired quite heavily.

I had three alternative telephone lines to each of my remaining guns on the last day as there was no-one to repair lines. At 4 p.m. one of the lines to the furthest guns was reported "diss", at 5 p.m. the other, and when I wanted to tell them to pull out for good the third had gone, all by shell fire. Luckily I had told Armstrong, the Section Commandant, to carry on and pull out if he did not hear from me and there was no strafe on, which he did.

All the guns had to pass my place en route to the pier and after they had gone I went and had a quiet dinner with the Australian & New Zealand Division where I had had been living since Rangasammy left. During dinner I began to buck, I had not liked to do so before, having landed the first day and never been off the Peninsula since. A New Zealand Sapper produced a Corporal of his who, on comparing notes had landed a few hours before me and was leaving by the 2 a.m. boat while I was leaving by the 11 p.m. A good effort.

The actual finish was just like going to Waterloo to catch the last train. I strolled down, found my little lot under cover in a nullah, went and asked which was the 11 p.m. boat and if we could embark now. Having got permission we all got on board and kept warm. I was asleep when the remainder of the passengers arrived, and also when we got alongside the *Hazel* which took us to Mudros. We there transferred to the *Falaba,* where they did us very well, good wash and the first civilised meal bar one for eight months. Later in the day we were transferred to the *Knight of the Garter* where we stayed and spent our time trying to collect our scattered Brigade.

The officers who actually left Anzac on the last night were:Self, Campbell, Rawson, Armstrong, Subadars Hem Singh and Chanda, and Jemada Puran Singh.

During our stay in Anzac the batteries had been constantly in action for 238 days, and under fire all the time. The casualties were:



Colonel Arthur Charles Fergusson CMG, DSO.

	21st Mountain Battery			26th Mountain Battery		
	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Killed	Wounded	Missing
Men	11	134	–	12	144	–
Animals	35	119	1	27	93	–

Biographical Note: Arthur Fergusson was born on 2 July 1871, educated at Haileybury, and commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1891. A keen sportsman he played for the London Scottish 1st XV and for Kent as well as rowing successfully at Henley. In 1892 he sailed for India where his service included the Tirah Campaign and some 18 months at Chitral. He commanded the Kohat Mountain Battery (Frontier Force) for eleven years "and was one of the band of fine Indian Mountain Artillery commanders of that period whose names embellish the history of the Frontier."

The Battery went to Egypt in 1915 and helped repulse the Turks in Sinai before landing in Gallipoli. Here "his cheerful bearing and wise counsel are well remembered as an inspiration both to artillery and infantry alike. In 1916 he took the Indian Mountain Brigade to Mesopotamia, later returning to Palestine, and in 1919 participated in the Third Afghan War. He retired with the rank of Colonel in 1922 having gained the DSO in 1917, the CMG in 1918 and seven Mentions in Despatches.

Colonel Fergusson died in July 1958, the Appreciation in the R.A.Regimental News recalling that "Those of us who were fortunate to serve under him remember him as a well loved, just, and inspiring Commander, and a true friend. To the Indian ranks of the Kohat Mountain Battery whom he ruled for eleven years, and to whom he was known as "Percussion Sahib" owing to the difficulty of pronouncing his name, he was indeed their "mother and father" as the vernacular puts it."

Acknowledgements: In addition to Colonel Kenneth Fergusson who kindly made this account by his father available to the Association, we are pleased to record the kindness of the Royal Artillery Historical Trust who provided a copy of the Appreciation. Our thanks are also due to the photographic departments of the Imperial War Museum, India Office Library, National Army Museum and the Royal Artillery Historical Trust for their assistance, in what alas proved and unsuccessful search, for photographs of the Kohat Mountain Battery at Gallipoli.

VISITING GALLIPOLI?

M.Kemal Yilmaz (1157) has kindly offered his guidance and advice to any Members of the Association visiting Gallipoli. He can be contacted at Bahriye Ucok Cd. No. 7/10, Bahcelievler, Ankara. Tel 0090 312 222 3473, Fax 0090 312 427 4283.

CANAKKLE (GALLIPOLI)

BULENT ECEVIT

"Tell me, lad," asked Mehmet from Anatolia
To the Anzac soldier beside him
"Where have you come from,
Why are you so gloomy?"
"From the *other side of the world"* said young Anzac,
"So was written on my tombstone,
And the earth wrapping me is so alien to me."
"Don't be grieved, lad," said Mehmet,
"Hasn't your fate come together with that of ours,
And aren't you here forever in the bosom of my country
You are one of us,
You yourself are another Mehmet."

The surface of Gallipoli soil is heaven
The graves lie beneath the heaven
In the graves, the war is now over
Those who died have become brethren.

"How about you lad?" asked Mehmet
To the very young English soldier,
"How old are you?
How come you are here at such a young age?"
"I am forever fifteen"
Said the small English soldier
"I used to play around with the kids of my village
And excite my friends with my drum,
Then I found myself in the front line,
And without understanding whether it was a game or reality,
I was shot dead with a real bullet.
And the drum I used to play remained silent.
So I was fired from my playful job
A grave was dug for me in Gallipoli,
And inscribed on my tombstone
A *drummer at* the *age of fifteen*
So this is all about me and my story."

Rain was falling slowly onto the soil
As if it were the tears falling on earth
A drum was crying drop by drop in the distance
For its lost master.

"And how about you?" said Mehmet
To the soldiers in the graves
Who have come here from all over the world.
"Which wind has blown you here,
To this land which is totally alien to you?"
Some of them were English, and some Scots,
Some of them were French, and some Sengalese,
Some of them were from India, and some from Nepal,
Some of them were Anzacs from Australia and New Zealand,
Ships full of soldiers
Each of them was unaware why they were there
They penetrated through the crochet-like coves of Gallipoli
And climbed up the hills and the mountains
The ground which was dug as trenches
Became the graves for them after the war.

Some of them are *Thought to lie* here
And for some, *Name is known but not the grave*
And inscribed on some of the tombstones,
Passed over to eternity
At the age of sixteen, seventeen or eighteen in Gallipoli.
Each of their early finished stories
Inscribed on stones like ancient epitaphs.

"Don't I know how you feel, my brethren?" said Mehmet from Anatolia
A soldier, without a tombstone written to his name.
"For centuries, I, too, have died in alien lands
Without knowing what I die for.
However, for the first time here in Gallipoli,
I have got the taste of dying for my country.
Only then, the piece of land owned by the Sultan
And the piece of land I have cultivated for so long
Became my true country.
I know, you were not able to capture this land,
But, you are here forever, in the bosom of my country
So, Gallipoli may well be qualified as your Motherland, too.

The surface of Gallipoli soil is heaven
The graves lie beneath the heaven
In the graves, the war is over
Those who died have become brethren.

It was a strange war here in Gallipoli

The fiercer the war got, the calmer the soldiers became
Whenever there was a cease fire
The enemies turned into friends in this war
As the trenches came closer, the hearts became closer, too.
As the soldiers fell dead to the ground Their souls came together, too.

Now, the war is over,
The ones who died remained here, the survivors gone
To their beloved homes and villages.
Wild flowers came marching
To replace the retreating soldiers.
Wild roses, anemones, and daisies covered the ground
And spread over the trenches like kilims
Veiling the soil and pains of the war.
Sheep turned the war shelters into their home
Birds returned the skies to replace bullets
Mother nature re-captured the battlefields,
With its flowers, fruits and greens.
The soil regained its vitality as the blood stains were washed away
So, on the ground the hell turned into a heaven
Now Canakkale and Gallipoli
Are full of graves like gardens from countries all over the world.

The surface of Gallipoli soil is heaven
The graves lie beneath the heaven
In the graves, the war is now over
Those who have died have become brethren.

Note: The words in italics are taken from gravestone inscriptions.

Biographical Note: Bulent Ecevit, a Turkish politician, jouralist and poet was born in Istanbul in 1928. After graduating from the American Robert College in Istanbul he worked as Secretary to the Press Counsellor at the Turkish Embassy in London. He has also studied psychology and Middle East History at Harvard. Elected MP for Ankara in 1957 for the People's Republican Party (CHP) and a member of the Constitutional Assembly in 1961 he became Minister of Labour in the Cabinet headed by Ismet Inonu (1961-1965). Subsequently he became Secretary-General and later Chairman of the Party and has served three times as Prime Minister. Currently he is Chairman of the Leftist Democratic Party (DSP) and Deputy Prime Minister. Bulent Ecevit, who is married, has written six books in addition to his poems.

Acknowledgements: We are grateful to M. Kemal Yilmaz (1157), Secretary General of the Turkish Association of United Nations, for providing the translation by Selahattin Tumer of the poem, and for the biographical information and much other assistance.

THE GALLIPOLI GROVE AT THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL ARBORETUM

DAVID CHILDS – DIRECTOR NATIONAL MEMORIAL ARBORETUM

Members will be aware both of the creation of The National Memorial Arboretum and the desire to plant within it a living tribute to those who took part in the Gallipoli campaign.

The Association, largely through the generosity of one of its Members, has now been able to raise the funds to get the project underway and it is hoped that the Gallipoli Grove will be in place in time for the Millenium.

The Memorial Arboretum has just been awarded a grant of £1.8M by the Millenium Commission. This will enable work on the Visitor Centre and Chapel to begin early in 1998 with a completion target of November 1999. Other funding has reached £1.35M so is on track but has some way to go to match the Millenium grant.

Last year the project made steady progress. The size of the site has increased to 150 acres and it is being leased at the magnificent peppercorn, or should we say acorn, rent of £1.00 pa. for 999 years. The landscape and building design have been submitted to and approved by the Royal Fine Art Commission and work has started on the site with the first 22,000 trees now in the ground. These will form a matrix into which the individual memorial trees will start to be planted later in the year and early next.

The Gallipoli Grove will be based around a raised area on top of which will be planted a Lone Pine with a line of Cypresses along the ridge. The steep sides of the mound will be planted with Scrub Oak with one solitary Rhododendron. Plateaus at either end will have a mix of Oak, including *Quercus trojana*, a native of Gallipoli, and Poplar, while one flank will be planted with both Eucalyptus and Southern Beech. The aim is to have all nations which took part in the fighting represented by an appropriate tree or shrub.

Standing out from an otherwise level landscape The Gallipoli Grove should be an impressive feature on the site which, along with the Arboretum itself should be completed and open to visitors in 1999. Information on progress will be provided in a subsequent *Gallipolian.*

Further information concerning the National Memorial Arboretum from PO Box 10, Tilsbury, Wiltshire, SP3 6TH.

ARTHUR DOUGLAS SCUDAMORE OBE

"Scudy" was born at Bath, Somerset, on 10 November 1896, a twin, the last of six children, and the only childhood survivor. From this inauspicious begining he was to live almost 98 years, dying peacefully at home in Devonshire on 7 October, 1994 (see *The Gallipolian* 76: Winter 1994).

He attended King Edward's School in Bath, here he distinguished himself sufficiently to coach the Headmaster's son: he had hoped to fulfil his great interest in archaeology, but in 1914 world events prompted him to join the Army Cadets at the age of 17. Before the end of the year he had enlisted with the 2/10th Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment, intent on seeing military service before the First World War was over. He was billeted in Chiswick, West London, with a household that included his future wife.

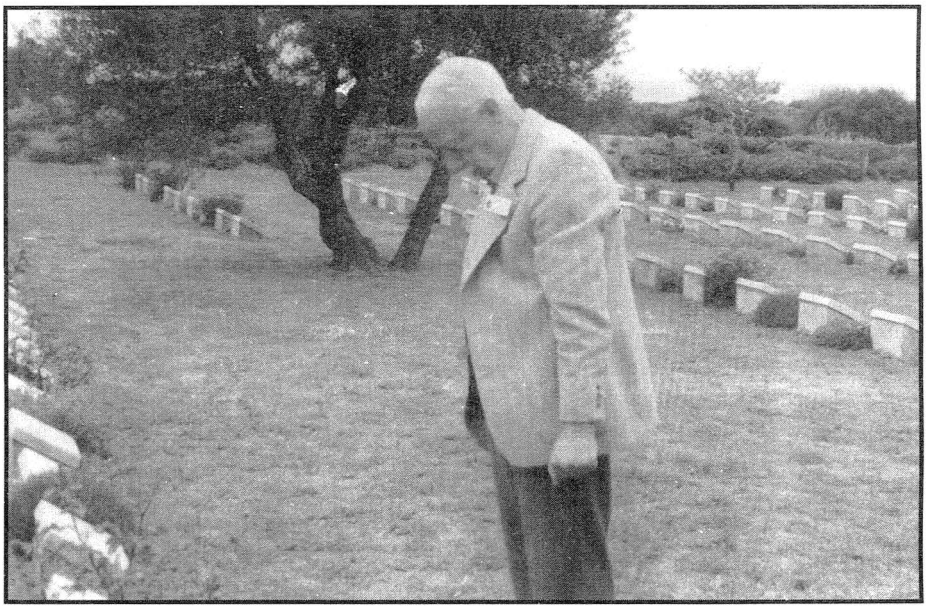
The 2/10th landed at Suvla on 8/9 August 1915 and he soon found himself under fire, showing an untrained volunteer how to handle his rifle. After Gallipoli he remained with the 2/10th during service in Egypt and Palestine until the end of the war.



Aged 21 in Cairo in 1917.

After the war he married Dorah Sarah Johnson in the Parish Church of St Nicholas with St Mary Magalene in Chiswick, where the Battalion colours had been laid up. He worked for the Ministry of Transport, spending several years at Ashford, Middlesex, and at Cambridge, former locations of his early Army training. He received the MBE in 1945 for his contribution to traffic organisation and anti-invasion measures in East Anglia during the Second World War. Later he transferred to London, and was awarded the OBE in 1954 for similar services in the capital. In peace time he was partly responsible for setting up helicopter transportation along the Thames.

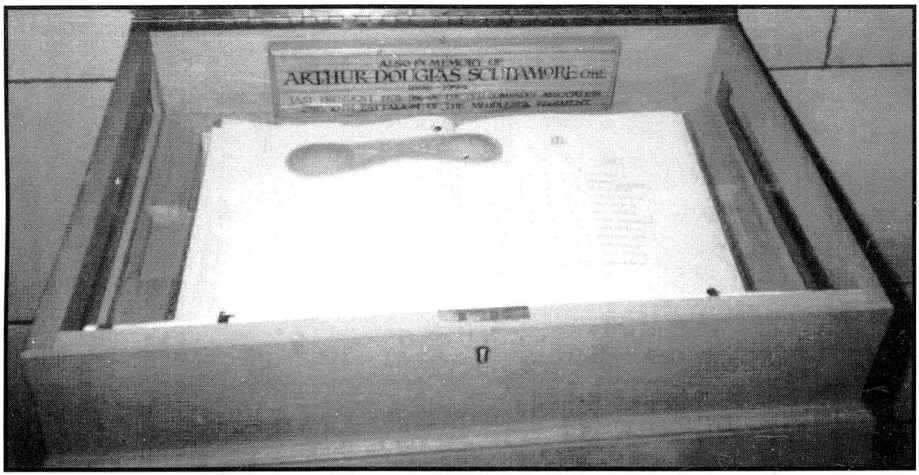
During his retirement he visited Canada, where his daughter June, author of this article was living, at least fifteen times. Throughout all, he had a never failing remembrance of his comrades-in-arms, and with two other "Die-Hards", set to work tracing the survivors, out of concern for their welfare. It was he who conceived the project of the Battalion Roll of Honour, a record of those fallen in battle, and with help from others, compiled and installed it in Chiswick Parish Church in 1966. Thus for 78 years he worked for 2/10th Old Comrades Association. In 1990 he was one of five Veterans of the Gallipoli Campaign who returned to the Peninsula on the 75th Anniversary (see *The Gallipolian* No 63 Autumn 1990). His memory of events was so acute, at the age of 93, that he was asked to give a running commentary to a bus load of pilgrims visiting the beaches and cemeteries. He had hoped to repeat the visit, but it was not to be.



Laying a wreath at Hill 10 Cemetery, 24 April 1990. Captain David Hawkins, Middlesex Regiment.

On 12 October 1997, at Chiswick Parish Church, a plaque was dedicated in the presence of his family and friends to his honour: it was placed within the casket containing the Roll of Honour which he so cherished. It reads:

Also in memory of
Arthur Douglas Scudamore, OBE
1896 – 1994
Last President of the Old Comrades Association of the
2/10th Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment



Note: In addition to M. June Scudamore MB, BS, FRCOG, FIAC, the author of this article, we are indebted to "Scudy's" other daughters, Mary and Anne, both members of the Association, for much help, and to John Rae (1149) for first drawing the attention of the Editor to the dedication at Chiswick.

WHO SAID THIS?

In the Autumn *Gallipolian* we asked who said:

> "They tell us that we left behind many thousand wooden crosses in and around Gallipoli. Perhaps, in the future, the Turkish shepherd will pause as he passes, and try to read the names inscribed upon some of them. Will the day come when parents will climb the cliffs at Cape Helles and Anzac, which were stormed so gallantly from open boats on that ever-memorable April morning by their sons? Will they stand one day by the graves of their dear ones and pray that God will grant them perpetual light and eternal rest? Time alone will show."

The answer, the Reverend H.C. Foster Chaplain to the Second Royal Naval Brigade at the conclusion of his book *At Antwerp and the Dardanelles* published by Mills & Boon in 1918.

Now another WHO SAID THIS?

> "The New Zealand and Australian mounted brigades of my division also arrived, leaving their horses in Alexandria; and later, the Maori contingent, who were mad to serve alongside their "pakeha" comrades. Their advent gave rise to an amusing exchange of messages. The headquarters of our line of communications at Mudros, having, no doubt, the special requirements of Indian troops in mind, wired to ask if any special rations were to be provided for them. To this, after due consultation with my staff, among whom were several New Zealanders, I replied to the effect that no special arrangements were necessary, as we were expecting shortly to make an attack on the Turkish positions, and the result would doubtless supply the contingent with all the rations they would require! I believe that the recipients of this message were somewhat puzzled, and we had to give further explanations to the effect the Maoris had given up their cannabilistic habits for some sixty years."
>
> Note: Pakeha = white man.

GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL LECTURE

The 1998 Gallipoli Memorial Lecture will be given in Holy Trinity Church, Southend Crescent, Eltham, SE9 at 2000 on Thursday 23 April by Professor Michael Stuermer, the distinguished historian. He is the first German to give a lecture in the series and his theme will be The Middle East – Strategies and Agonies.

The Lecture, which is followed by a short Service with a collection, and a modest Buffet Supper, is restricted to ticket holders. Requests for tickets, which are free of charge, must be made before 24 March to Wing Commander J. V. Towey, OBE, RAF (retd), Gallipoli Memorial Lecture Trust, 242 Avery Hill Road, Eltham, London, SE9 2JL. Tel/Fax 0181 859 2952.

GURKHA MEMORIAL GARDEN

A memorial garden to the Gurkhas recently opened in Jermyn's Valley in the Sir Harold Hillier Gardens and Arboretum near Romsey, Hampshire. The idea was conceived by Association Member Major Tom Spring Smythe who was based in Nepal while serving with the Gurkhas and planted only with Nepalese plants, many which he collected.

A key feature is a traditional Nepalese resting place called a Chautara, a four-walled roofless structure common in the hills of central and western Nepal. The walls of the Chautara carry the badges of the fourteen Gurkha Regiments.

PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER

Unfortunately, Jim Fallon our Public Relations Officer, has through ill-health, been forced to tender his resignation. We are all extremely sorry that his health will not allow him to continue, for he has done so much to bring the Association to the attention of a wider audience, an achievement reflected in the great increase in our membership in recent years. The arranging of additional notable events in our annual calendar was also largely due to his efforts, and for this, and much more, we are extremely grateful.

The Association urgently seeks an equally energetic volunteer to take this work forward. Are you that person? If so please contact the Secretary with full particulars.

YOUR ASSOCIATION NEEDS YOU!

BOOK REVIEWS

VCs OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR – THE AIR VCs

PETER G. COOKSLEY

Sutton Publishing 1996. 204 pages, numerous illustrations. £19.99

In *The Gallipolian* No 77 Spring 1996 we carried a review of the book *Gallipoli VCs* by Stephen Snelling, one of our members. The *Air VCs* covers the same ground for one of the Gallipoli heroes by providing a chapter on Richard Bell-Davies, though despite the overlap includes four new illustrations. The whole series concerning the First World War is well worth pursuing, they deserve to be on all our bookshelves.

THEY SHALL NOT GROW OLD – IRISH SOLDIERS AND THE GREAT WAR

MYLES DUNGAN

Four Courts Press 1997. 218 pages. £17.95.

This book is a fine sequel to the authors *Irish* Voices. More than a quarter of a million Irishmen fought in the First World War, and here are extracts from letters, diaries, memoirs, books, interviews recalling their experiences, including some from Gallipoli linked by a comprehensive supporting text. One of the oldest to serve ashore, complete with his dog Paddy, at Anzac, was Colonel Joseph Beeston commanding the 4th Field Ambulance. He recorded in mid-May how a man was being carried on a stretcher when a shell came over. '~~One of the bearers lost his leg, and the other was wounded. The blighter who insisted on being carried, got up and ran for his miserable life, and has not been seen since."

On a lighter note is the story of Jack O'Donnell, a survivor of Gallipoli where he served with the Australian force, who while home on leave in Dublin fell in love with Esther Dunn. Returning after the war he tried, though without success, to persuade her to join him in Australia. Even the subsequent purchase of a farm was to no avail, so he did the only thing possible, sold up, returned to Ireland and married her in 1926.

1918 THE UNEXPECTED VICTORY

J. H. JOHNSON

Arms and Armour 1997. 208 pages, 17 illustrations, maps. £16.99.

This is a sequel to the authors *The Great Trench Warfare Battles of 1915-1917* and recalls the swift moving events of the final months of the war and how an 11 month battle became an 11 week victory, a victory in which not just a few who saw long service at Gallipoli took part.

STRAITS

GEOFFREY MILLER

The University of Hull Press 1997. 604 pages, 8 illustrations. Paperback £14.00.

This is the second, though not in chronological order, volume of a projected triology, concerning the history of the Royal Navy in the Mediterranean and British policy towards the Ottoman Empire from the turn of the century until the Dardanelles campaign. The first volume – *Superior Force* was reviewed in *The Gallipolian* No.81 Summer 1996 and covered the escape, in 458 pages, of the *Goeben* and *Breslau.*

Now we are treated to an even more commodious work, 604 pages no less, though what a pity the publishers have reduced the format so that it does not sit too comfortably with its predecessor on the library shelves. So much detail, so many references, appendices, and potted biographies of the players, greater and lesser, are provided that at times one seems almost overwhelmed with detail. A work which whets the appetite for volume three, and thus complete an unrivalled history of these tortuous events, best summed up by reproducing the final paragraph:

"Throughout the whole tangled and unhappy history of this period in Mediterranean and Near Eastern affairs petty pride and importance played a more substantial role than reasoned dipolomacy or strategical insight, signifigant though these factors undoubtedly were. Enver, Talaat, Djemal, Venizelos, Constantine, Isvolsky, Sazonov, Milne, Troubridge, Lowther, Mallet and Churchill – all proud men and all whose lives were affected to a greater or lesser degree by the struggle to control the narrow waterway separating Europe from Asia: the Straits."

GALLIPOLI

ALAN MOOREHEAD

Wordsworth Military Library 1997. 320 pages, 18 illustrations, maps. £3.99.

Many members were probably reared on the first edition of this classic work, a Book Society Choice when first published in 1956 and awarded the first Duff Cooper Prize for literature. Lord Freyberg VC when reviewing the first edition said of the book "It has enabled me to relive that drama of my youth, after a lapse of forty years, and given me the chance of looking back from a fresh angle and in the light of more mature experience." Nevertheless as another review pointed out "British readers may feel that Mr Moorehead has left quite a lot of history out."

Despite such faults and although *Gallipoli is* fairly frequently seen in secondhand bookshops the opportunity which this reprint provides is to be applauded, and hopefully a whole new generation will be captivated by the story it unfolds, some even to join the ranks of our Association.

THE GREAT WAR

JOHN TERRAINE

Wordsworth Military Library 1997. 195 pages, 3 maps. £3.99.

Another reprint of a classic work, perhaps the best single-volume history of the war, where in the chapter on Gallipoli headed "The Great If" – these words have a special ring – "The peculiarity of the whole Gallipoli story is the number of times that the Allies came within inches of success; it is this, as much as anything, that has made its memory so poignant."

MY DARLING MICK: THE LIFE OF GRANVILLE RYRIE

PHOEBE VINCENT

National Library of Australia 1997. 254 pages, numerous illustrations, maps.

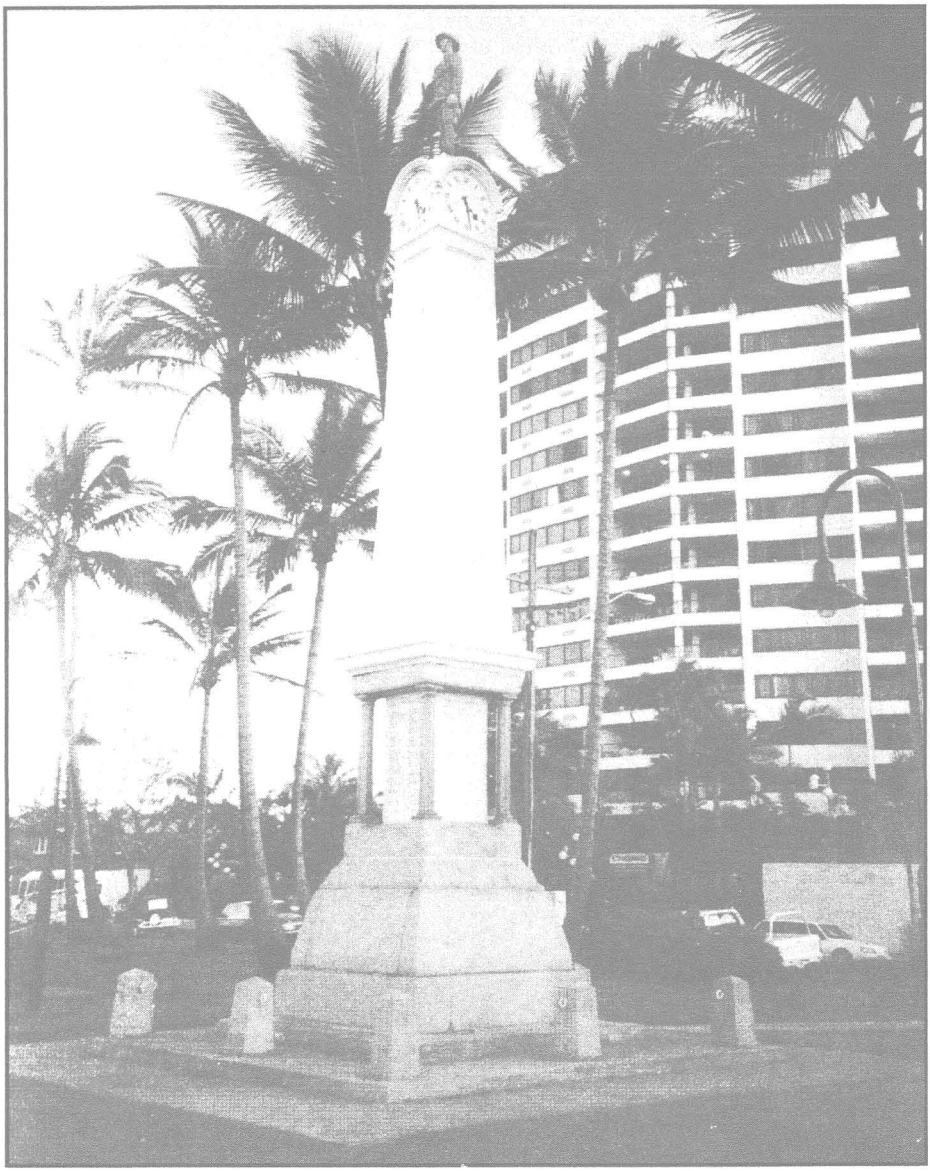
This biography of the colourful General Sir Granville Ryrie takes us from his youth in the sheep country of Monaro through two theatres of war "where he proved himself on the field of battle, through the stress and strain of the campaigns in Palestine and Egypt, a great fighting man, and a great General winning the hearts of his men by his unquenchable courage" and the rough and tumble of the political arena. The "Mick" of the title, and the many letters reproduced, was his wife Mary, who he alone addressed in this manner. His experience of Gallipoli commenced in late May, a letter on the 23rd commencing "Well here I am in Shrapnel Valley and there is much to tell you that I hardly know where to commence, however I am quite well and enjoying myself. I have just been up to within about 30 yards of the old Turks, it is about the safest place right up in the trenches." One officer at Anzac Cove later recalled that even under fire Ryrie would keep "all of us in fits of laughter with his quips and sallies". Injured in the neck by shrapnel at the end of September, and lucky to survive, he was evacuated to Egypt but returned to the Peninsula for the final weeks leading up to the evacuation.

DISBANDED IRISH REGIMENTS BOOK OFFER

The official histories of the Irish Regiments disbanded in 1922 have long been out of print but are now being reissued in limited editions, each a facsimile of the original. Published by Schull Books, who are members of the Association, the following are available to Association Members: *History of the Royal Munster Fusiliers* 2 volumes plus maps £110 (normal price £125), *Neil's Blue Caps - History of the 1st Bn Royal Dublin Fusiliers* 3 volumes plus maps £195 (normal price £220), *History of the Royal Irish Regiment* 2 volumes plus maps £125. Orders to Schull Books, Ballydehob, Skibbereen, Co. Cork, Ireland. Tel/Fax 353 028 37317.

WAR MEMORIAL CLOCK

Paul Cobb (1082) has kindly provided this photograph of the very striking War Memorial in Cairns, Queensland, which shows the hands set at 4.28 am, the time of the first landings at Gallipoli, those at Ari Burnu just before dawn on 25 April 1915.



E. L. Jones & Son, Printers, Cardigan. 01239 612251