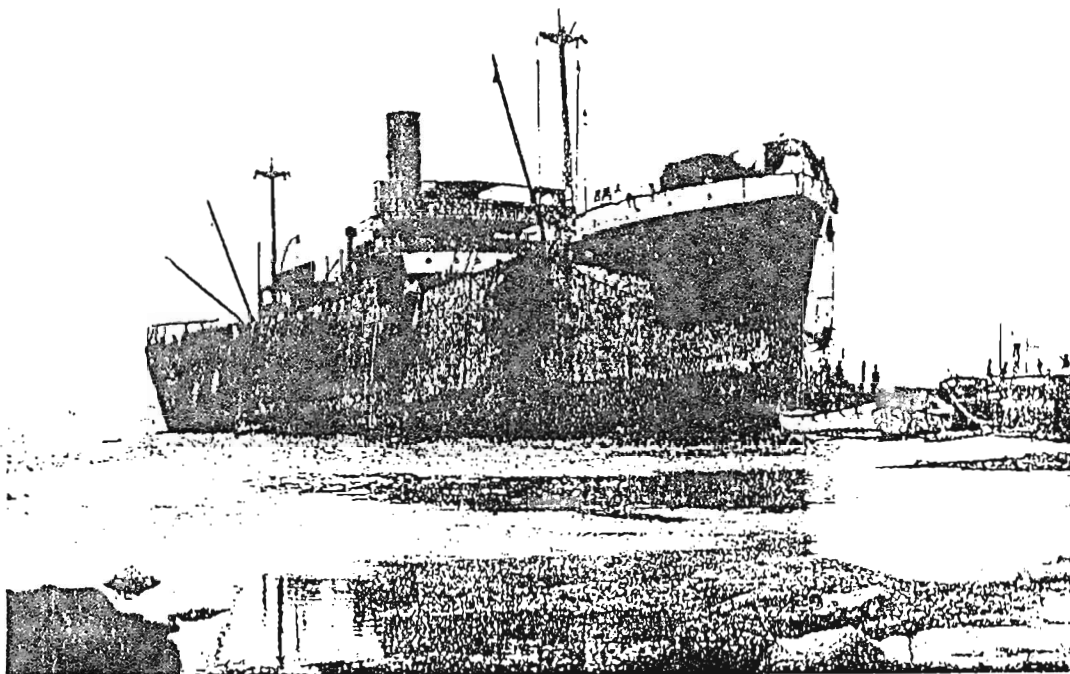


THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

No. 65

SPRING 1991

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ANZAC DAY CEREMONIES

1915

76th ANNIVERSARY

1991

We have kindly been invited to join the Anzacs at the Cenotaph and at Westminster Abbey on 25 April. A wreath will be laid at the Cenotaph on behalf of the Association.

THE CENOTAPH

Members should assemble at the kerbside opposite the north[Trafalgar Square] side of the Cenotaph between 1030 and 1045 under the direction of a representative of the Association. Wheelchairs will be available for those veterans who require them.

THE ABBEY

Please complete the details on the enclosed booking form if you intend to be present at the service which will commence at 1200. Tickets will then be sent to you or made available at the Cenotaph or the door of the Abbey. A minibus will be available to transport veterans from the Cenotaph to the Abbey.

On arrival at the Abbey door please ensure that you are directed by the usher to the block of seats beyond the choir stalls which have been reserved for the Association.

THE LUNCH

The Lunch, commencing at 1400, will be held at Wellington Barracks by kind permission of Lieutenant Colonel Ian McNeil.

Price: Veterans of the Campaign FREE

Members and Guests £16.00 [including wine]

PLEASE NOTE THAT PAYMENT FOR TICKETS MUST BE MADE IN

ADVANCE TO THE SECRETARY BY 17 APRIL. PLEASE ENCLOSE A SAE IF YOU REQUIRE AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. TICKETS WILL BE AVAILABLE ON THE DAY FROM THE SECRETARY TO THOSE WHO HAVE BOOKED.

A minibus will be available to take Veterans from the Abbey to the Barracks. Other Members and Guests must make their own way the short distance to the gate in Petty France. Members may arrive at any time from 1200 onwards BUT MUST bring some means of identification with them. Drinks at a cash bar will be available in the Corporal's Mess which is directly above the Mess where lunch will be taken. There is a lift in addition to the stairs.

Veterans are asked to wear medals. Other Members may wear medals at the Cenotaph and at the Abbey.

SPECIAL NOTE FOR VETERANS

Veterans are reminded that the Association has a small fund to assist with Veterans' travelling costs in connection with attending the ceremonies and lunch on 25 April. Veterans should contact the Secretary when booking concerning this.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

See page 11 for details of Gallipoli Commemorative Plaques and in particular that given to the House of Commons. The Speaker has arranged that Members and Guests may view the Plaque near the entrance to the Terrace of the House of Commons in the late afternoon of 25 April. Details will be available at the Lunch for those wishing to take this opportunity.

NEW MEMBERS

In the original printed journal, this page and a section of that following contain names and full addresses of new members.

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

OBITUARIES

With regret the following are recorded:

0586V A BROWN
(Corporal RFA 66th Brigade HQ 13th Division)

1064 Miss R E B COOMBS MBE

0833V J GUTHRIE MM
(Sgt 162 MG Coy & Finsbury Rifles)

0325V Capt F C MASON
(Sgt Middlesex Yeomanry London Mounted Brigade)

0677V H S WATTS
(Sgt 1/6 Essex R 54 Div)

0930V T WILLIAMSON TEM
(Sgt 1/5 Norfolk Regiment, 54th Division)

h F HOCKING
Hon Sec The Gallipoli Legion of ANZACs

CAPTAIN F.C. MASON MC

Captain Mason MC [0325V], oldest member of the Association, died peacefully in his sleep on 17 December at the age of 104. Born on 15 August 1886 at Sutton, Surrey, and educated at Tonbridge School, he trained first as an architect and then joined the family timber importers founded in 1797. In 1908 he enlisted in the Middlesex Yeomanry and in 1914, as a Corporal, volunteered for active service. Indeed, he was Corporal of the Guard in the Yeomanry camp at Streatley-on-Thames on the night before hostilities commenced and later recalled that they packed up camp by 0300 and marched to London. Disappointed at not being sent to France the Yeomanry were instead posted to Norfolk where his billet was a vine greenhouse, affectionately known as the Crystal Palace.

In March 1915 he sailed from Avonmouth on board the steamship Nile, the horses and the Camberwell Borough Council water-cart, which had been requisitioned before they left for Norfolk, travelling in the Crispin. They remained in Egypt until August when, without the horses or the water-cart, they were taken on board a cruiser to the Suvla landings on the 18th. Now a Sergeant he was present with his Regiment at the Chocolate Hill action, later vividly remembering the absence of shelter from the Turkish fire, while even in reserve there was no safety from snipers. Their kit had been left on the beach and he was not able to shave until the post arrived. Then he was able to share the contents of his parcel with another bearded Sergeant.

In a short memoir of his service written many years later for his family he described what happened next:

'There were masses of flies and lice and I was now suffering from dysentery, and abscesses as large as walnuts under both arms from bad food, and after a further two or three weeks was obliged to go back to the beach, where my abscesses were opened with a blunt knife and no anaesthetic. I was taken off by hospital ship and the first bowl of tea was the best I ever tasted'.

After some six months convalescence in Egypt and Cyprus he

returned home in April 1916 to learn that his greatest friend, Gilbert Morris, had been killed on the Somme. Commissioned into the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, he went to India where he was attached to the Royal West Kent Regiment and posted to Mesopotamia and later to the 2nd Leicestershire Regiment [The Tigers]. In December 1917 the Regiment moved to Palestine and he was appointed Intelligence Officer. It was in December 1917, whilst leading a night patrol near Arsuf, north of Jaffa, that he penetrated the Turkish lines and caused so much panic and confusion that an important hill position was captured. For this he was immediately awarded the Military Cross 'in the field', hearing of this whilst 'resting after a lovely bathe in the sea'.

In October 1918 he was wounded in the shoulder and celebrated Armistice Day with champagne in Nasrieh Hospital, Cairo, where his cousin, Amy Mason, was a nurse. After three months he returned to his regiment and, in March 1919, won a 'cold poker' hand to decide which officer was to proceed home first to be demobilized.

Captain Mason married Ethel Slater of Purley in 1923 and had a daughter and two sons. Ethel died in 1933 and in 1947 he married Barbara Howlett, a widow, nee Powell, with three daughters. Scouting was his passion. With Gilbert Morris he had founded the 1st Farnborough [Kent] Troop in 1911, and retired as a Commissioner in 1951, having been an inspiration to all who came into contact with him. In 1921 he became a Freeman of the Worshipful Company of Drapers and was Master of the Company in Coronation Year.

Editor's Note: I am most grateful to Captain Mason's wife, Mrs. Barbara Mason, who so kindly provided the information for the Obituary and also informed me that his mothers-in-law lived to be 100 and 103 respectively.

JOSEPH GUTHRIE MM

Joseph Guthrie MM [0833V] died on 29 January aged 101. Hailing from Clerkenwell where he was born in July 1889, the son of a compositor, he first went to work as a messenger boy in the War Office, where he met both Lord Roberts VC and Baden Powell.

He joined the Territorials in 1908, becoming a machine-gunner in the Finsbury Rifles and was on his way to Aldershot for summer camp on the day that war was declared. The Rifles later travelled to Mudros on board the liner Aquitania. From here they transferred to small craft to be landed at Suvla Bay. Mr Guthrie always retained vivid memories of the landing, recalling, many years later, of how 'in the lee of a damn great battleship' they boarded small boats to be pulled inshore by a pinnace.

At first the Rifles were on the Kiretch Tepe ridge, later in the Aghyl Dere, too hot in what remained of summer, in the winter too cold. Now a sergeant with four Vicker's 303 machine-guns in his charge, six men to each gun, he served under a number of officers including the future Field Marshal Lord Harding who, he was later to recall, 'a first class bloke, a damn good sport'. Another officer he was to recall with affection was Lieutenant Jim Maxwell who, together with a fellow officer, was killed by a sniper on 21 August and is buried in Hill 10 Cemetery.

He remembered a short altercation between Jim Maxwell and the war correspondent Ashmead-Bartlett who was walking at the rear of the line smoking a cigarette. Having refused to put this out when requested, Maxwell said 'If you don't put that light out I'll put your light out! Now you know, don't you?' And he did. He would have done too, there is no doubt about that, of that Mr Guthrie was certain.

On being evacuated to Egypt he was greeted, on reaching Alexandria, for delousing by an RAMC Corporal yelling 'Come on boys! Come and 'ave a nice hot bath.' He

recalled taking off all his clothes which were disposed of, then standing naked while a bucket of cold carbolic was thrown over him.

He served throughout the Palestine campaign being awarded the Military Medal [London Gazette 2 April 1918, page 4018].

On leaving the Army at the end of the War he was first a typewriter mechanic, then ran a bicycle business, Referee Bicycles, in High Holborn, until his retirement in the late 1950's. In 1965 he made the pilgrimage to Gallipoli, while the year previously at the 33rd annual dinner of the Finsbury Rifles Old Comrades Association, it gave him particular pleasure to greet his old officer, now Field Marshall Lord Harding. His later years were spent with his daughter and son-in-law in Cuffley, Herts, and more recently in a residential home.

Editor' Note: I am most grateful to Mr Guthrie' son-in-law, W P Jackson, for kindly providing the information for the Obituary.

COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUES AN UPDATE

In the spring 1990 issue of The Gallipolian [No 62, pages 13-18] the text of ten large commemorative plaques to be positioned on the Anzac part of the Gallipoli battlefield was reported. Dr Ross J. Bastiaan [1134], at whose instigation the project was launched, has provided information on its completion.

The plaques were unveiled on 25 April 1990 by the Rt Hon Robert Hawke AC MP, Prime Minister of Australia, at Lone Pine and at Chunuk Bair by Sir Paul Reeves, Governor General of New Zealand. Each plaque, cast in bronze and weighing some 120 pounds, carries details of the surrounding area of the battlefield in four languages.

At Dr Bastiaan's persuasion, later in the year Air New Zealand provided funds, which have enabled a bronze relief map of Anzac to be cast. Measuring 35 by 22 inches and weighing 150 pounds the map shows all the National Memorials, plaque locations, roads and tourist spots with the wording in English and Turkish. The old front line of August 1915 is marked and Suvla Bay is in the distance as viewed from above Gaba Tepe.

The design and text were provided by Dr Bastiaan whilst Ray Ewers, Australia's most famous sculptor, shaped the hills of Anzac over four months. The maps, situated at Chunuk Bair and at the Gaba Tepe Information Centre, were unveiled on 20 December, the 75th anniversary of the evacuation from Anzac.

Other copies have been presented to the Australian War Memorial, Canberra, the Queen Elizabeth II National Army Museum, New Zealand, and the Shrine of Remembrance, Melbourne. The fourth was presented to the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Bernard Weatherill, by the Australian High Commissioner The Honourable Douglas McClelland AC on 20 December 1990 before a representative group of dignitaries including Robert Rhodes James MP.

HONORARY TREASURER'S REPORT - 1990.

I am pleased to submit, with this issue of the journal, the Audited Accounts for the year ended 31 December 1990, which I hope you will regard as very satisfactory.

Despite the cost of the revised Members List, £236, and that of providing an initial stock of Lapel Pins, £366, we were able to finish the year with a surplus of £572, a position due mainly to increased subscription revenue following a continuing rise in our numbers and a higher figure for the interest on our Building Society investment.

Two other items of expenditure, apart from those already mentioned, which may require explanation are the increase of £136 in the cost of the postage of The Gallipolian reflecting a rise in postal rates and the distribution - included under this heading - of the new Members List. The rise in 'sundries' of £236 is largely attributable to £80 in donations and wreaths and to £120 spent on publicity in the Press. Your Committee has decided that in future expenditure in the latter connection should be limited to an insertion in the Memorial Column on 25 April.

May I appeal to the many members who have yet to pay their subscriptions for 1991 to do so without the need for any further reminder.

D F Bland.

THE GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL LECTURE

This is an annual event which commemorates, in a manner which draws significance for the modern world, those of all nationalities and from both sides who gave their lives in the Gallipoli campaign 1915.

The lecture takes place in Holy Trinity Church, London SE9 where a Gallipoli Memorial Chapel was established in 1917.

The 1991 lecture will be delivered by His Excellency Mr Osman Olcay, a distinguished Turkish diplomat and former Foreign Minister, on Wednesday 24 April at 8 p.m. Tickets are available from the Rev'd C Lowson, Holy Trinity Church, The Vicarage, 59 Southend Crescent, London, SE9 2SD.

GALLIPOLI PILGRIMAGE. DACRE SMITH. Published by the author 1990. 95 pages, 42 colour plates, end paper maps. \$29.95 [Australian].

The book records in paintings with short accompanying texts, the 75th anniversary of the Allied Landings at Gallipoli, the sights of that commemoration and some of the scenery of Turkey. There is HMS Sydney at Istanbul, the poignant scene of wreath laying for the submarine AE2, the author's wife being the daughter of Lieutenant Geoffrey Haggard DSC, second in command of the submarine. Other plates include the Dawn Service at Anzac Cove, the Sphinx, Courtney's and Steele's Post and the wreath laying at Lone Pine.

The author is a retired naval officer whose father, Major-General Sir Nevill Smyth VC KCB, commanded the 1st Brigade of the AIF at Gallipoli. This is his eighth book of paintings, poetry and prose.

Available from the author, 22 Douglas Street, Toorak 3142.

CHARLEY'S TALE *

Charles Ambrose Garratt

We had not been at Cairo long when one morning I was called to the orderly room and paraded before the Adjutant. On the way I tried to think what I had done wrong but I was soon put at ease when the Adjutant questioned me about my gentleman's service pre-war. My answers must have satisfied him as he told me that I had been recommended to be first servant to General Kenna, VC, and told me to report to GHQ that day. This I did, the General gave me a good drilling, my answers were well-received and I was appointed his servant as from that time. I was duly installed with him in the well-known Shepherd's Hotel. One of the General's horses was allocated to me, a thoroughbred gelding, a lop-eared animal, but what a horse. When on parade he appeared to know all the bugle calls and 'barks' from the drill sergeant. Oh yes, I had to drill with the troops once per week but was released from other duties so life took on a more leisurely pattern.

One night on manoeuvres we had progressed so far into the desert when the General called me to him and said 'Garratt, can you find your way back to the hotel?' I said 'Yes, sir' (not daring to say no) and he said 'Off you go then and bring me my map case, you know where it is.'

As a matter of fact I did not but chanced my luck, turned Lippy round, looked at the stars but of course, I need not have bothered as I knew nothing about the guiding stars. However, Lippy did. I let him have his head and he led me straight back to the hotel. Did I find the map case? Of course not, it wasn't there. As to the return trip once again I had to rely on Lippy. I

* This item is reproduced with the author's permission from the book Charley's Tale 'the story of the first ninety years in the life of Charles Ambrose Garratt. Available from the author at Ashwell, East Street, Bovey Tracey, Devon, TQ13 9EJ. Price £3.45 incl p&p

roughly knew the direction we had come from but all one could see was sand , sand and yet more sand, but Loppy took me right back to the regiment, or at least scattered parts of it and eventually I found the General, hardly daring to tell him I had failed to find his map case, but to my surprise he said, 'I'm sorry, Garratt, I had it with me all the time.' I did not say anything at the time but swore like anything under my breath. A squadron sergeant major said to me afterwards 'I know of all the circumstances when the General sent you back to the hotel the other night and my guess is that he did it with the full intention of testing your ability.' I wonder if that was so: I never asked.

Life went on sweetly until early August when we heard rumours of the bad time the troops were having at Gallipoli and it was not long before this became a reality to us. I think it was about the second week in August we all received instructions to hand in our cavalry equipment and don infantry gear. Gone were the leather bandoliers and belts, to be replaced with webbing tackle. When ready for the fray all we had was backpack for light clothing, etc., canvas bandoliers containing fifty rounds of ammunition, rifle with bayonet, haversack with iron rations, mess tins and bits and bobs, and a hell of a lot of luck. The General's kit was very light too and for this, of course, I was responsible.

I do remember the night before we left Egypt. I went to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home in the Esbakiben Gardens (near our hotel) and wrote a long letter to my mother. This was a most private and personal letter telling Mother and Dad what I should like them to do in the event of my non-return.

The following day we went by train to Alexandria Docks, leaving our horses with a skeleton staff at Giza (near the Pyramids). We embarked on the troopship S S Haverford. Whilst on that voyage we were given talks about what to expect on landing at our destination and that some of us 'might not come back'. A cheerful

thought. A day before we finally landed I remember Dan Canty and I had a long talk and promised each other that should one of us not reach home the lucky one was to inform the respective parents. This, unfortunately, was my lot, for dear Dan died of dysentery and was laid to rest in a military cemetery near Alexandria.

As we approached the fighting zone the Haverford dropped anchor way offshore but well within range of the enemy's big guns. Shells were bursting all around us and our own navy guns were replying in like manner. Navy picket boats drew alongside and soon filled up with troops and made for the shore. Enemy shells were dropping on the sea all around us and it was dreadful to see some of those small boats catching the brunt of the enemy's wrath. When our picket boats were close to the shore (Suvla Bay) orders were given to jump into the sea and wade ashore. This was no easy matter with the gear we had to carry. However, most of us made it, but not all. The date of the landing at Suvla Bay was August 15th or 16th. I forget which. We were kept busy training in infantry tactics until the morning of 21st August when orders were given to 'stand to' fully equipped for battle. When the final orders were given that we were moving forward, our tummies began to churn.

We left Lala Baba by devious routes and assembled on a flat plain named Salt Lake, where we formed up in lines of extended order, five yards distance between each man, our objective being Chocolate Hill, approximately one-and-a-half to two miles distant. When we were on the move towards this hill the General leading the troops, the Turkish troops and the German troops opened fire with everything they had, or so it seemed: small rifle fire, high explosives and shells which exploded on reaching the ground. Our naval ships responded with a very heavy bombardment. The enemy, however, had the advantage all the time as he was entrenched in the mountainous hills opposite and we were at his mercy. The only encouraging sound was that of our own naval guns behind us pouncing the enemy's hill positions. I shall never forget that first baptism of fire and the resultant carnage. Was I scared? Of course I was.

The next order was to dig in, and all we had for this job was the entrenching tool formerly issued to us. It was impossible to make any sort of cover as the terrain was rock hard. Whether Jerry was sorry and had sympathetic leanings towards us I do not know, but his shelling almost stopped, giving us time to pull ourselves together. My first priority was to look after the General. This duty was not a hard task. He did most of the essentials himself: I suppose this was because he was a veteran of the Boer War, where he had earned his Victoria Cross. He was a very good soldier and a gentleman. We remained hidden until after dark, then moved under cover of darkness to the basin. How we ever reached our objective I do not know to this day. It seemed as though we would never get there. I remember the lance corporal of our platoon, about ten to fifteen yards on my left, yelling out encouragement and his last words on this earth were 'Come on lads, these buggers won't hurt you.' A high explosive shell burst overhead and he received a fatal wound. I shall always believe that it was the power of prayer that took me safely across that Salt Lake carnage. All one could hear whilst crossing was the sad call of 'Stretcher bearers! Stretcher bearers!' Chocolate Hill was well and truly in our hands, having been captured by our infantry at an earlier date. The hill did form some protection from enemy fire, high explosives being the greatest danger, as I learned before long.

We were ordered to eat part of our iron rations and save what water we could from our bottles. I was sitting with two other officers' servants when a shell burst overhead and a piece of shrapnel pierced the right hand of the lad sitting on my left. Blood spurted from his wrist. I whipped a towel from my haversack, tightly bound up what was left of his hand and called for stretcher bearers, leaving the casualty in their capable hands. I never saw him again and often wondered what became of him.

We remained under this hill until nightfall when we learned that we were to go forward to relieve troops in the front line trenches but told to take rest until such order was given. Rest. What a laugh! Fright and

fatigue had taken their tolls and I was not immune. What did I do? I lay down behind a bush and, believe it or not, I slept, waking up with a start to find the regiment had gone. Panic stations. Where and which way had they gone, I asked myself? Rifle fire was coming left, right and centre. I knew I had to find the regiment because I was responsible for the General's haversack. There was only one thing to do so I went towards the front line and, to my immense relief, found my own regiment and troop. At this particular moment I was more scared of what the General would say if he found out I was missing but he did not. I expect he was too busy trying to sort out the mess we were in. The engagement was not going at all as planned but we fired away with our rifles towards the enemy trenches throughout the night.

What casualties we suffered I never learned but the engagement was to no avail and just before dawn we withdrew back to our own lines, our HQ having been set up in a river bed behind the lines. There I made the General as comfortable as possible in a rough dug-trout where he was housed until the sad day of his death which, if I remember rightly, was 29th August. He met his death whilst looking over some forward communications trenches which our lads had dug out. I won't go into the painful details, but Lord Hartington, the General's aide (who later became the Duke of Devonshire of Chatsworth House) consoled me in a very comforting and human way. I packed up the General's belongings and saw them safely to base. It was days before I could get over our sad loss. I kept wondering why it had happened to such a fine, brave soldier and truly gallant gentleman. May his soul forever rest in peace.

I returned to my troop in the firing line, sharing their duties, until a few days later I was called to the HQ of the London Mounted Brigade. The General of this unit was taking over the responsibility of our brigade. There I saw the orderly officer who was in charge of signals and who asked me if I would like to be taken on as his batman, and to this I readily agreed and so

became yet another officer's servant.

At this stage in the hostilities we were almost at starvation point as rations and water were scarce, the transport being held back with the heavy bombardment by the enemy's big guns. However, we managed to survive, but only just. The morale of the troops was good but the physical strain on the body was ever present. The routes from the front lines back to base passed near our HQ and night after night as the weeks went by one could witness lads passing from front line to base, all passed medically unfit for duty, and on one such sick parade I saw my village friend Dan Canty. I was shocked and grieved at his appearance as he looked so white and ill. I asked him what his trouble was and he replied in a very distressing voice, 'I've got dysentery and jaundice and they are sending me back'. As I said earlier, dear Dan passed away and was interred in a military cemetery in Alexandria which I visited on my return to Egypt later.

After witnessing Dan's departure I went back to our own dug-out which I shared with a Cockney lad named Barnes. He was a real character and kept me alive with his Cockney chirpiness. He was, incidentally, a very good cook and was often wishing he had an oven so that he could make the General and staff a decent meal. I said 'What out of, Barnes?' and he replied 'Bully beef and bloody biscuits, what else?' I said 'Well, I will build you an oven'. He thought I was off my rocker, but after I explained what could be done he fell in with the idea, so at night we went back into no man's land and recovered odd pieces of iron wire, wood and a round metal drum which I then and there thought would make my oven. We carted these articles back to the dug-out and built our stove, but first of all we burned out the inside of the drum as one never knew what it might have contained. Then came the question as to how we were going to eliminate the smoke from the enemy's view. We overcame this by tunnelling under the crest of the little hill. It was then all systems go with Barnie. The stove proved to be a success and he made some wonderful meals in it. The menu being bully beef and

crushed-up biscuits one day, and the next crushed-up biscuits and bully beef! All washed down with tea. Then one day the transports got through and brought a rare treat: Machonochie's rations. Our stove did pay dividends then. The officers we served were very grateful, our reward being a tot of rum. The weeks passed and stalemate was the order of the day, but dysentery struck and we were reporting sick with this miserable disease daily. Later in October I had a serious bout of the complaint and had to report sick.

I was trotting back and forth to the latrines and one night, just before dusk, I made such a trip without my rifle, which was, of course, an offence. Near the latrines I was confronted by an officer (in our own officers' uniform) who asked me 'Whose trenches are these Tommy?' I felt so rotten and ill I replied 'The HQ of the Mounted Brigade.' With that he sauntered off down the trench. I returned to our dug-out and told Barnie of my experience. He seemed shocked and said 'Didn't you read Orders tonight?' I said 'No, why?' and he replied 'My God, we have been warned of a German spy knocking about, dressed in officer's uniform.' I duly reported this encounter and I did get a rollicking, but owing to my condition I was let off.

But, oh dear, the following day we all paid for my encounter with the German spy and the foolish reply I had given to him. As dawn broke we had a real pasting from the enemy's guns. Salvo after salvo rained down upon us most of the morning and we were huddled like rats in a trap until Jerry decided to give us a break. Barnie crawled out of our hole-in-the-wall, looked around and said, in true Cockney slang, 'Never mind, Charley, the bastards have filled the trenches with muck (I think that is the word he used), but thank God they have left us our bloody oven intact.' So they had, and our larder, which we felt sure had gone too, was also safe as we found when we removed all the rubble. At that time it contained bread, jam, marching rations and butter in tins. By this time our officers were crying out for breakfast and Barnie soon conjured up something for them. Jerry was still sending over the odd shell

just to annoy us but I am happy to say that during the whole of that engagement only one soldier was slightly injured and, strangely enough, my visits to the latrines were somewhat neutralised, so Jerry did me a good service, but only for the time being I'm afraid. During the days that followed we were all kept busy digging out trenches and fresh latrines as Jerry had kindly filled in the old ones. So the war dragged on, the incessant small-arms fire continued both day and night, neither side giving way. We just seemed to keep on firing at an invisible target. It was a case of popping up and having a quick pot shot then bobbing down again beneath the rim of the trench. When your head appeared above the trench, then you were a prime target. To minimise this you could hear a non-com shouting 'Keep your bloody heads down.' Some didn't and paid the penalty. The padre of our brigade was a Roman Catholic, namely Father Day, and almost every night he would walk down the front line of trenches trying to boost morale by shouting amidst all the rifle fire 'Stick it out lads, I hear there is to be a cessation of hostilities tomorrow.' Of course we all knew that it was a fairy tale but the encouraging words did give us hope.

Time went on in the same ding-dong way and I wondered what had become of my other Elvaston village friend, Alf Sturgess. He was in a different squadron so one night I asked permission from the orderly officer of the day if I could try to find Alf. Permission was granted, so off I went, head down, along the trenches and after asking many questions I found Alf and wasn't he glad to see me. We hugged each other, yes, and cried, as we had no idea whether the other had survived our recent ordeals. I told him that I had seen Dan Canty going to base with the sick, but we did not know at that stage, of course, that Dan had died. We had a good natter about home and the events that followed. I asked him what had happened the night we had a brush with the Turks and he said that they were cut off from the rest of the regiment near the Turkish line and spent the night in a depression in no-man's-land. He was in a party of six or eight lads, Captain Winterbottom in charge. They were pinned down

all through the night having to endure the firing of both sides and when dawn broke decided to make a break back to our own trenches at intervals. Eventually Alf got back safely but one or two of the other lads were killed and Captain Winterbottom wounded.

After a good hour with Alf I had to return to our HQ for I had been instructed to be back before dusk before the nightly strafing began. I did not see my friend again until I met him in Salonika in January 1916. By that time he had been promoted to sergeant and a fine non-com he turned out to be. Getting well into 1915 I had a recurrence of dysentery. Dear old Barnie did all he could to relieve my suffering. I was attending daily sick parades until one night I passed out, but for how long I have no idea because when I came to my senses I found myself in a military hospital in Alexandria. After about a month I was transferred to a convalescent camp nearby, then in December I was passed fit and returned to my regiment, the Derbyshire Yeomanry, where I rejoined my old troop and found that the infantry equipment had been discarded and we were once again a cavalry unit. The camp was at Giza, near to the Pyramids.

1915 GALLIPOLI EXHIBITION 1915

As reported in the previous issue of The Gallipolian this most interesting exhibition of material from the Liddle Collection, now housed in the Edward Boyle Library, Leeds, will undertake a short tour as follows:

GLASGOW: 4 May to 15 June in the Mitchell Library

DERBY: 22 June to 31 July in the Derby Museum

MANSFIELD: 6 August to 30 September in the Mansfield Museum

Further venues and dates will be announced as soon as arranged.

The Trenches on the Crest of Chunuk

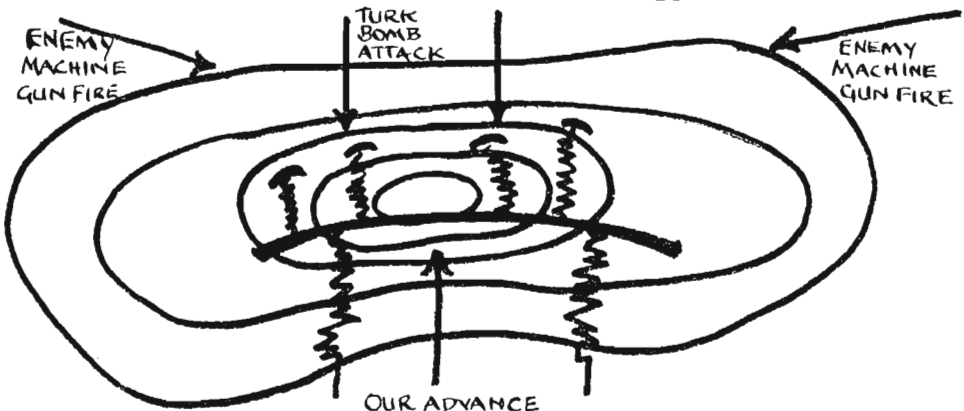
an extract from The New Zealanders at Gallipoli by
Major F. Waite DSO NZE published in 1920

There has been placed on record a statement that the trenches on the crest of Chunuk were badly sited. No soldier of experience would have made such a criticism if he understood the facts. Bare justice is due to Colonel Malone and those New Zealanders who took Chunuk and held it. It has been said that the trench line was the wrong side of the crest, and that there was not a good field of fire.

What would anyone else have done?

We all know that a trench should have the best field of fire. But one can easily get in a training manual what one seeks for in vain during a pitched battle! In the carefully prepared treatise, principles are laid down and their application is expounded. But the enemy is not firing bullets and hand grenades in the book. The ground in the book, too, is easy to dig.

Look for a moment at this sketch of a typical crest.



It is obvious that the trenchline we have gained is the best possible one under the circumstances. No one

contends that it is the best one theoretically, but at least one has a certain amount of protection. Anyone who goes forward on to the crest itself is killed by bomb or rifle fire; anyone who goes over the enemy's side of the crest to dig posts that have a good field of fire is also sure to be killed. This, however, does not deter determined soldiers from trying. The men who did try on Chunuk were buried long after by the Turks, and cannot reply to criticism - criticism which is cheap, and, in this case, futile.

The only thing to do is to dig deep zig-zag saps through the crest line, put T heads on each sap, and so get posts with a field of fire - posts that can be connected by sapping. A determined enemy - and the Turk was very determined - will not let attacking troops do exactly what they wish, otherwise war might be made safe, and the front line become more popular than it is!

The fact remains that the trenches on Chunuk Bair were the only possible ones for such a situation. Those of us who have found it necessary to entrench on a crest line in close proximity to a determined foe, know what was done on Chunuk could not have been done any better by anybody else; and there, for the present, the matter must stand.

I am most grateful to Colonel M.A. Nolan (1147) for drawing this item to my attention (Ed).

OLDEST ANZAC

Australia's oldest Gallipoli veteran John McCleary DCM has died in Perth at the age of 103. With the 11th Battalion he landed at Anzac on 25 April, his 28th birthday. He was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for leading an attack on a Turkish position, then wounded and evacuated to Cairo.

Mr McCleary was also the oldest veteran to undertake the pilgrimage to Gallipoli on the occasion of the 75th anniversary of the landings in 1990. On the Peninsula he was carried up the same slopes over which he had fought three quarters of a century previously.

THE EVACUATION OF GALLIPOLI

The latest issue (Vol 3 No 2 February 1991) of The Great War contains a most interesting article which will be of great interest to members of the Association. This is Guy Dawnay and the Evacuation of Gallipoli by P. Scott (0980), written to mark the 75th anniversary of final evacuation of the Peninsula in January 1916. Dawnay, recalled to the Army on the outbreak of war, had been posted to General Sir Ian Hamilton's staff.

Concerned at the problems faced, Dawnay was sent back to London in early September 1915 to see Kitchener and other senior officers, as the King, Asquith and members of the War Cabinet. His first-hand knowledge was largely instrumental in the decision being reached to evacuate the Peninsula.

The Great War is available by subscription, £15.00 per annum Great Britain, overseas (sea-mail) £16.00 per annum, from Broadsword Publishing Limited, 6 Cranleigh Gardens, Sanderstead, South Croydon, Surrey, CR2 9LD.

PRISONERS OF THE TURKS (Continued)

By J. Douglas Scott (0993)

<u>Number</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>COMPANY</u>	<u>DIED</u>	BAGHDAD (NORTH Gate) <u>MIL. CEM.</u>
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1/5th LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS (42nd DIVISION)

Angora Internment Camp

	Harry Ridgeway	A		
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Kiangri Internment Camp

1298	William Holt	B		
19(200034)	Jonathan Walling	A	19.12.16	Plot. XXI

1/6th LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS (42nd DIVISION)

Kiangri Internment Camp

10341	David Smathers	B		
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1/7th LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS (42nd DIVISION)

Kiangri Internment Camp

2449	Joseph Booth	A		
2831	John Condon	A		
2782	Samuel Davis	B		
1869	William Horner	D		
3435(281001)	George B. Marshall	C	13.12.16	Angora Mem.
2771	Henry Patten	D		
1902	Victor Pounder	D		
1349(280673)	Robert Royds	A	17.02.18	Plot XXI

1/8th LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS (42nd DIVISION)

Kiangri Internment Camp

1140	Joseph Burgess	Cpl D		
1692	Frank Baxter	A		
1771	Thomas Marriot	D		
2497	William Moseley	D		
2398	Frederick Nelson	B		
2375	William Parkinson	D		
2371(305481)	Henry Rosevere	B	11.03.17	Angora Mem.

Constantinople Internment Camp

9631 Sam Sutcliffe A

Unverified (Supplementary List)

1495 Robert Eardley

1/6th MANCHESTERS (42nd DIVISION)

Kiangri Internment Camp

1997 Bernard J. Nobbs C 06.10.16 Plot XXI

1/7th MANCHESTERS (42nd DIVISION)

Afion Kara Hissar Internment Camp

Joseph Van Calstorn B

Kiangri Internment Camp

(2392) Edgar Granger Lieut. D

2323 Christopher Nealon D

1822 John Pearson B

1/4th EAST LANCS. (42nd DIVISION)

Unverified (Supplementary List)

2348 Nicholas Heap

1/5th NORFOLKS (54th DIVISION)

Angora Internment Camp

Cedric A.M. Coxon Capt.

William G.S. Fawkes

Kiangri Internment Camp

1870(240148) Alfred Allan Sgt. 22.01.17 Angora Mem.

2513 William Blott Cpl. C

1585(240074) Frank N. Fox L/Cpl C 04.04.17 Angora Mem.

3357 Arthur Edward Brown B

2860 Charles Ducker C

3043 Frederick Hooks A 18.10.16 Plot XXI

2468(240370) Harry Nobbs 22.04.17 Angora Mem.

2410 Alfred Reeve C

3155 Clifford R. Stairman B

2120 Donald Swan D

2558(240410) Robert Thompson A 21.10.16 Plot XXI

3363 Arthur Webber A

1/8th HAMPSHIRE (54th DIVISION)

Kiangri Internment Camp

106(330011)	Herbert Whittington	Sgt. B	22.02.17	Angora Mem.
504	Walter Arnold	Cpl. D		
1375	Thomas G. Oliver	Cpl D		
1376(330205)	Frank Cass	D	21.01.17	Angora Mem.
1362	Arthur Downer	B		
1343	Robert Hoyles	B		
1915	George H. Willings	D		

Constantinople Internment Camp

	J.A. Mabb	Cpl.		
2062	F.K. Cox	D		
1971	Sidney Arthur Porter	D		
1786	G. Reeves	C		
2034	A. Sheath	B		
1463	Alfred G. Thomas	D		

1/5th SUFFOLKS (54th DIVISION)

Kiangri Internment Camp

2211	Harry F. Durrant	A	17.09.16	Plot XXI
2492(240615)	Robert Nicholson	C	08.02.17	Angora Mem.
1690	Alfred Wales	D		

1/5th BEDFORDS (54th DIVISION)

Constantinople Internment Camp

3991	R. Payne
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HELP WANTED

Colonel M.A. Nolan (1147) is documenting survey and mapping activities at Gallipoli and is anxious to hear from anyone with information on the RE Printing Section, the Anzac Printing Section, or others involved. Information to Colonel Nolan, Joint Geographic Branch, HQ Northag, TWOATAF, BFPO 40.

INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

In March 1990 an International Symposium on the 75th Anniversary of the Dardanelles Campaign took place at the Middle East Technical University, Ankara, Turkey. A series of distinguished experts from many countries gave lectures, and we are pleased to reproduce here the opening remarks of Muzaffer Ecemis, Governor of Canakkale.

'Dear President of the Middle East Technical University, Deans, Academic Staff, Dear Attendants of the Symposium and Students. We are commemorating and celebrating the 75th Anniversary of the Gallipoli Campaign, and particularly the Gallipoli Naval Victory of March 18, 1915. I have the excitement, happiness and honour of being present at the opening of this Symposium on the Gallipoli Campaign. I would also like to extend my greetings to this esteemed gathering under such feelings. The ceremonies of commemoration will also be held at Canakkale in line with the significance, the grandeur and the meaningfulness of this exposure. The 75th Anniversary of the Gallipoli Victory will be celebrated between March 12-18 at Canakkale as a "Week for Victory", within the context of a broader program. This program is further enriched through several types of social and cultural activities along with "The International Symposium", under a close support and collaboration of our ministries.

Commemoration and celebration of the Gallipoli Campaign which is of a great significance in the Turkish history, and which might even be regarded as a turning point, may not suffice. It is also necessary to study and analyse various aspects of the Gallipoli Campaign and to have deeper insight into the subject by concentrating on its causes and consequences and to transmit messages for younger generations. It is impossible to make any predictions for the future without having any knowledge of the past. Thus, it is essential to make an analysis of episodes within a broader perspective of cause-effect relationships rather than a formal and superficial segregation. Only then, happenings of the past could add objectiveness to the future domain. In

this respect, research work carried out within METU deserves great appreciation. In addition to an International Symposium held within the University Campus, METU is also actively involved in the setting-up of an International Peace Research Center at Chanakkale with an aim of exploring the Dardanelles Straits and the sea peripheral to these straits, and also towards the learning process of various aspects of the Gallipoli Campaign under a close collaboration of the Governorship of Chanakkale I want to express my gratitude to your University, and its esteemed President for the enthusiasm which has been shown in this respect on my behalf.

Dear Listeners, Gallipoli Wars constitute a significant, critical and legendary part of the First World War. Its objectives and consequences are highly important. Entente powers had initially launched a naval attack against the Straits, which was later followed by a land attack, with an ultimate aim of establishing direct links with Russia, and also to accelerate the fall of the Ottoman Empire. The Straits were of special significance for the Entente powers, mainly for the reason that both military and other forms of assistance to Russia could only be delivered through the Straits.

Though Entente powers initiated a major offensive on March 18, 1915, subsequent to their earlier offensives on February 19-25 and March 12 respectively, their strong naval army was severely defeated in the wake of Turkish resistance and determination. The final attack of Entente powers with an aim to capture the Peninsula and to pass over the Straits, at Seddülbahir, Anafartalar and Ariburnu in April and August 1915 were again met with a strong opposition from Turkish forces, under the commandership of Mustafa Kemal, and eventually led to a permanent evacuation of the Entente powers from the Dardanelles.

The causes and consequences of the Gallipoli Wars will undoubtedly be thoroughly discussed by the academicians and scholars of various countries. Therefore, I will suffice with only a few words on the role and assessment

of the Gallipoli Campaign in the Turkish history. The Gallipoli Wars have once again demonstrated what the Turkish nation could do vis-a-vis the invading powers for the sake of her national independence and territorial integrity. The Wars were full of legends and miracles. It was, above all, a war of poverty against richness, of wood against iron and of belief and confidence against desires. The word "Canakkale" carries a great significance and meaning for every Turkish family and pictures the story of a land full of heroism and epic.

This carries a deep-rooted meaning and momentous for each and every fraction of the Turkish nation, and its citation brings back the spirit of heroism which is full of marvels and wonderful legends confronted by our country. Canakkale is a place which has urged Mehmet Akif Ersoy, the writer of our National Anthem, to compose a memorial poem, but it is also a place which became a cemetery for more than 250,000 Turkish soldiers, who longingly sacrificed their lives for this holy land of ours.

Another importance of the Gallipoli Wars originates from the emergence of our great national leader and the founder of The Republic of Turkey Mustafa Kemal as a military genius out of the Gallipoli Campaign.

From 1915 onwards with his glazing star-like personality he became the commander and hero of the movement for National Liberation within Anatolia, and later he laid the foundation of the young Republic of Turkey with a modern context.

I do not intend to take any more of your precious time, and wish the Symposium comes out as a great success. Hoping to meet the participants of the Symposium in Canakkale, I would like to extend my best regards once again.'

MONUMENTS OF WAR. COLIN MCINTYRE. Robert Hale 1990, 224 pages, 377 photographs. £18.95.

Sub-titled 'How to read a war memorial', the idea for the book came as a result of the author's search for his mother's brother, Flying Officer Colin Graham Sutherland RAF, killed in France while serving with 80 Squadron, 10 May 1918. Since locating his relative's name on the memorial at Beaconsfield he has made a life-long hobby of the study of war memorials. Now he is able to provide a wealth of information which will fascinate even those with only a passing interest in the subject, and will surely make most members stop and ponder, even investigate further, the next war memorial they pass.

From a Gallipoli point of view I was disappointed to find rather few references to the campaign. There is Midshipman Torquil Harry Lionel MacLeod, of Invergordon Castle, just 15½ when lost on HMS Goliath, and Lieutenant Colonel Douglas Edward Macbean Stewart, 1 Canterbury Regiment NZEF, killed at the Dardanelles on 25 April 1915 aged 37.

Especially interesting was the story of Frederick John Shepee born in London. He was in New Zealand when war broke out but being aged 41 was refused, as over-age. Moving to Australia and under the name Frederick Johnson he was able to join the 2nd [New South Wales] Battalion AIF. Wounded on the 25 April [his birthday] he spent some time in hospital in Egypt before returning to the Peninsula where he was killed in the second week of August.

One could do with more of such stories, there must be many of them. Scope here for assiduous members of the Association to make a contribution to our journal.

Proposed medal for the Dardanelles campaign of the 1914-1918 War

John E. Price (0952)

Reproduced with permission from Sabretache Vol XXXI - July/September 1990

Up until comparatively recently it was a frequent sight, in many parts of the British Commonwealth, to see ex-servicemen and women marching along at Anzac and/or Armistice Day proudly wearing the campaign medals of the Kaiser's War. But, unless the service background of these veterans was personally known, it was extremely difficult to define just who had served in the Dardanelles campaign, for the 1914-15 and, on rare occasions, the 1914 Stars, that preceded many contemporary medal groups has no device to identify the theatre-of-war in which the recipient served.

In an attempt to partly remedy this deficiency the Governments of Australia and New Zealand made representations to the Imperial Government for the issue of a Gallipoli Star to be issued to members of the contingents of the Australian Imperial Force and the New Zealand Expeditionary Force who had fought on the Gallipoli Peninsula and who had embarked in their countries on or before the 31st December 1914.

This medal was to have been a bronze eight-pointed star with a circular centre inscribed 'GALLIPOLI 1914-15' surmounted by a crown. It was to be hung from a rather striking coloured ribbon. The yellow represented the Australian wattle, red for the army, blue for the navy and grey for the New Zealand fern leaf. Sadly the award was never officially issued for, at the time, it was felt by Westminster to be somewhat unfair to the British, Indian, Newfoundland and other Empire troops who had fought at Gallipoli or in other war zones. The eventual result was the issue of the 1914-15 Star to all of those of the British Empire Forces, including the Navy, who had served in any theatre-of-war up until the 31st December

1915, and who had not been awarded the 1914 Star.

For a time all seemed lost for in 1919 the matter of Battle Clasps or Bars to be affixed to the British War Medal 1914-1920 was considered by two committees; one naval and one military. It was envisaged that the Navy had 68 Clasps and the Army 79. Both groups liaised fairly closely and forwarded details proposals.

Proposed Naval Clasps relevant to the Dardanelles Campaign:

'MEDITERRANEAN' "The whole of the Mediterranean within a line joining Cape Spartel and Cape Trafalgar, including the Black Sea, Sea of Marmora and Port Said harbour, but excluding the Suez Canal".

'MINESWEEPING' [b] "To each rank and rating who formed one of the crew of a vessel temporarily employed on minesweeping for clearing or ensuring a passage in the Dardanelles".

'MARMORA SUBMARINES' "To be awarded to the Officers and men of all submarines who penetrated through into the Sea of Marmora and operated there between midnight, 18th-19th February 1915 and 8th January 1916. The award to include Officers and men of Submarine B11 which torpedoed the Messudieh on the 31st December 1914, and Submarine E15 which made the pioneer attempt and was grounded on Kephez Point, in the Dardanelles, on 15th April 1915".

[Author's Note: No mention appears to have been made about Submarine AE2.]

'DARDANELLES' "To be awarded to the Officers and men of H.M. Ships which took part in the Dardanelles operations from midnight 18th-19th March 1915. Those eligible shall be the Officers and mens serving in the ships mentioned in the despatches of Vice-Admirals Carden and DeRoebeck, dated 17th March and 26th March 1915".

[London Gazette, 7th Supplement, 29th April 1919].

'GALLIPOLI LANDING' "To be awarded to all Naval ranks and ratings who left transports with a view to landing; to the Officers and crews of those small ships, vessels and boats which worked inshore or actually assisted in the disembarkation of troops; and to all ranks and ratings of the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine on board the River Clyde between midnight, 24th-25th April and midnight 26th-27th April 1915. Off-shore covering vessels, transport, etc., were not to be included. For this purpose Transports were held to mean all floating craft that carried troops".

'GALLIPOLI' "To be awarded to the Officers and men of all ships employed off the Gallipoli Peninsula within the area mentioned below from midnight March 18th-19th 1915, to the date of the final evacuation, 8th January 1916.

Area - To the eastward of a line drawn from Yukyeri Point [Lat. 39° 50'40"N., Long. 26°9'45"E. approx] through a point in Lat. 39°53'N., Long.26°0'E., thence direct to Cape Grenea [Lat. 40°35'N., Long. 26°6'E. approx]

Details of the proposed Land Force Clasps was, to the best of my belief, never published.

In 1923, after much consideration, the Clasp issue was abandoned on excessive cost grounds and it must be noted that none were ever issued. However, miniatures of the British War Medal 1914-20 bearing Clasps pertinent to Naval service may be frequently seen in private collections and, on odd occasions, such miniatures do appear in dealers' lists.

French Medals:

In June 1926 the French Government instituted two medals to be awarded to military and civilian personnel who had embarked before 11th November 1918 for one of the units or services of the Corps Expeditionnaire d'Orient. At the request of the Dardanelles ex-servicemen the ribbon of the Medaille des Dardanelles was white with five green stripes, whilst the Medaille d'Orient's ribbon was pale blue with a yellow central strip and narrow stripes near

the edges.

The medal was struck in a dull bronze metal. The obverse bears the head and upper shoulders of 'La Madeleine' wearing laurel wreath adorned helmet. Around the outside perimeter of the medal are the words 'REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE'.

The reverse depicts two unfurled flags over a trophy of arms. It is possible that the word DARDANELLES appears above the flags, but a photograph in my library is a very poor copy. The medal has a ring suspender which is partially hidden by a laurel wreath and a crescent moon; points uppermost.

Turkish Medals:

The medal issued by the Sultan's Government was a five pointed star, made of white metal and enamelled red. The officers' medal is of a much better quality to that of the other ranks but, oddly enough, the officers' star is usually found in dealers' lists. The centre is surrounded by a crescent inside of which is the Sultan's cypher, and characters representing 'ElGhazi' ['The Victorious']. Below is the date '1333' [which follows the Islamic reckoning of The Prophet's flight from Mecca, 1915 according to the Christian calendar].

The reverse is plain with a brooch pin to which a ribbon, red with white stripes, is attached.

In 1965-66, during two visits to Turkey, which included the Gallipoli Peninsula, Ron Kirk, sometime Victorian Branch Secretary, purchased a miniature ribbon bar in Istanbul's Covered Bazaar. One ribbon was that of the Iron Cross, affixed with a replica of the medal. The other ribbon was the Turkish Star for the Gallipoli Campaign; it also has a miniature device affixed. It would be virtually impossible to ascertain whether the wearer was German or Turkish but, nevertheless, it is a unique memento of a tragic campaign.

Author's Comments

This article deals only with contemporary items and does not discuss any Official medals plaques/badges issued by the Australian, New Zealand and Turkish Governments in recent years, or unofficial medals distributed by the commercial outlets to 'tie in' with the 75th Anniversary of the campaign.

SOURCES:

Ribbons and Medals Taprell Dorling (Taffrail). Reprinted edition in association with L.F.Guille. George Phillip & Son Ltd. 1970.

Ibid New Enlarged Edition in association with the late L.F.Guille.

R.F.Mason (edit) 1974.

British Battles and Medals Third Edition 1962, Major L.L. Gordon.

Naval and Military Despatches Volume I. H.M.S.O.
Reprinted 1920.

Additional Note

War Medal - Turkey

Much has been written about this decoration, which has been variously (but erroneously) described as the Turkish Star, the Gallipoli Star, the Eiserner Halbmond (Iron Crescent), etc. It has also been erroneously described as of two classes, one for officers, in enamelled silver, and one for other ranks, in painted base metal. We understand, from a letter from the Turkish Ministry of Defence and from other researches of Dr K.G. Klietmann (of Berlin), that the War Medal is a decoration (not a general service award) instituted on 1st March 1915, for distinguished war service, in a single class. Recipients of the Imtaiz Medal or Liakat Medal were entitled to receive it, and it could be awarded to personnel of the army, navy and nursing services, both of Turkey and its allies, for bravery and war merit.

The decoration as issued, is an iron, zinc or other base metal, five pointed star, point uppermost, approximately 55mm across with flattened ball finials, crudely enamelled or lacquered red. In the centre is an upturned crescent enclosing the toughra or Sultan's sign-manual, above the date, 1333 (1915 AD). The crescent, toughra, date and the narrow edges of the star are unpainted. The rev is plain with a poor pin fastener.

The badge was worn pinned to the left side, without ribbon, but from a photograph of Mustafa Kemal Pasha (Kemal Ataturk) it would appear that he wore his on the right side, owing, no doubt, to the large number of insignia on the left side. A ribbon was authorised for wear in the 2nd buttonhole (like that of the Prussian Iron Cross) or on a ribbon bar. This is 30mm wide, red with 5mm white side stripes, inset 2mm for combatants, and with the colours reversed for non-combatants.

GALLIPOLI MEMORIALS

Recently I had the good fortune to visit the delightful church of East Bergholt, Suffolk and to discover amongst the Memorials, one to a soldier killed at Gallipoli. It reads:

In Loving Memory of
John Gilderdale Jennings
Major 66th Punjabis attached
6th Royal Dublin Fusiliers
Who fell leading his men
to the attack on Chocolate
Hill, Suvla Bay Gallipoli
on August 9th 1915
Aged 39 Years

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

Editor.

BADGES

Gallipoli Association Lapel Badges are now available at £5.00 each including postage.

Measuring some one inch by three-quarters of an inch the Badge is in the Association colours with our name and the dates 1914-1916 and 1915.

TIES

Gallipoli Association ties are also available at £4.50 each including postage.

It comprises wide green bands for the land of Gallipoli and blue-grey for the waters of the Dardanelles, with narrow stripes of navy blue and scarlet for the services.

Orders with remittance to the Hon. Secretary.