THE GALLIPOLIAN

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GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



SS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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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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ANNUAL DINNER 1984

Thursday the 20th September at the
Royal Air Force Club

Our Guest of Honour is to be
The High Commissioner for Australia
His Excellency Mr A R Parsons

REUNION: LUNCHEON AND GENERAL MEETING 25 APRIL

By kind permission we are again being accommodated at Chelsea Barracks as last year. Access is from Chelsea Bridge Road. Bus number 11 from Victoria or bus number 11 or 137 from Sloane Square underground station. Or direct from Whitehall after the Abbey service at the Cenotaph.

Members are asked to wear medals and the usual name tab for ready identification. Male guests are cordially welcome but should not be present at the A G M to follow the luncheon.

PRICE: £3 Members: £5 AM and guests. Pay at table.

Wine served at the table (only) is included. The bar will open at 12 noon for luncheon at 2pm.

APPLICATIONS: Please write to the Hon Sec if you intend to be present at (1) The Cenotaph (2) The Abbey (3) The luncheon. To be received by 18 April.

A G M

The minutes of the meeting in 1983 having been circulated will be taken as read. Members (both classes) may raise any relevant points. The accounts for 1983 are sent herewith.

ANZAC DAY CEREMONIES

As usual we are kindly invited to join the Anzacs at the Cenotaph and at the Abbey. Our wreath will be laid at the Cenotaph by the President.

THE CENOTAPH: The drill this year will be more precise than in the past. In addition to the military band there will be a Royal Naval Guard at the Cenotaph.

Our party should assemble at the kerbside before 10.45 under the command of Major Verschoyle (a Vice-President) who will give the order to march the short distance to the Cenotaph.

This will be when the Guard takes up position and the band strikes up.

It is hoped for a smart turn-out in order to distinguish the veterans from the bystanders.

THE ABBEY: The service is due to commence at 12 noon. Tickets for the reserved seats should be collected from Keith Tranmer if they have been booked. A mini-bus is expected and it must be boarded straight away as it is not allowed to wait.

HONORARY TREASURER'S REPORT

From the print of the Balance Sheet and Accounts which accompanies this issue of the Gallipolian, it will be seen that a surplus of £81 was achieved in 1983. Our finances would have shown a very different picture however had it not been for the generosity of those members who made donations totalling £247, and the receipt of £195 from certain charitable bodies contacted by our President. Our sincere gratitude is due to the members concerned and in particular to the President for his unflagging industry.

Whilst you may regard the Accounts as sufficiently detailed, I shall be pleased to answer any queries either at the Annual General Meeting on 25th April or by letter should any member, unable to attend the Meeting, require further information.

Finally we must thank Mr. W.B. Chapman who again gratuitously audited and provided prints of the Accounts

DFB

HONORARY SECRETARY'S REPORT

After sixty-nine years there are still sufficient Gallipoli veterans to keep the Association in being.

Associate Members are joining at a satisfactory rate with the nucleus of a working committee after all the old soldiers have faded away, Members now number about 150 with about that number of Associate Members. Accurate numbers are not known as many delay their subscriptions and in other cases their demise is not notified and can only be inferred.

Attendance at our reunions is all that can be expected in these days of our diminishing activity and the cost of travel.

To many Members The Gallipolian is the contact and thanks are accorded to all those who have kindly submitted accounts, and continue to do so.

EHWB

NEW MEMBERS (At 27 February 1984)

In the original printed journal, this page contains names and full addresses of new members. A small section of page 33 also carries address amendments.

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

LOST ENDEAVOUR

The Cross and the Crescent

By Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus 42 Div (167)

The first few weeks of painful initiation over, we had settled down to a routine that varied little day by day. Mentally we had come to terms with our new way of life - patiently, stoically and hopefully. The war we had once planned to finish by Xmas 1914 we now put back to Xmas 1915. Or say, in about six months time. For sure, by then we'd have driven the Turks off the Peninsula and be home in England in time for Christmas.

I even came to love this two-bit piece of land that Fate had decreed should be so sanguinary a battlefield. I'd waken in the morning, greet the warm sun with pleasure, hug a secret joy in being a participant in this technicolour saga of adventure - stifle the little misgiving that I might not see the sun set the same day, and cast my eye with a proprietory air over what I now considered to be my own private domain - a domain reaching from the heights of Achi Baba, right back to the jagged beaches, off which lay the comforting line of the light grey ships of the Mediterranean Fleet. Watching those beautiful ships gave me the same pleasure as a kid gloating over a box of new shiny toy soldiers. The flagship held the stage - its big guns visible and menacing, and in respectful attendance were the light cruisers and destroyers, all of them motionless and still on that calm sea. As the poem says -

'As idle as a painted ship, upon a painted ocean'

It was like watching a framed canvas in oils - these dead still ships on the calm waters of the Mediterranean lake, and the frame - the frame was the background of the blue sky. The only signs of life on the water were the ships' heliographs catching the sunlight in their mirrors as they winked out their mysterious

dot-dash messages to one another. The only signs of movement on the sea were the little minesweepers - keeping up their endless crawl up and down, and leaving behind them ripples of water that jostled and sparkled in the sunlight. You'd have to have the soul of a grocer - not to be able to appreciate the beauty of it all.

A phenomenom of our sure knowledge that all of us were only living on borrowed time, was our heightened awareness of everything - a certain wistfulness, too, that up to now, and for all these years we had never noticed the daily wonders of life. Things like being able to go to sleep at night - and awaken - still alive - the next day. Things like the beauty of a full moon on a calm sea. In whichever direction you looked out to sea, the darned old moon would be laying a shiny silver path across the water direct from your feet to the far horizon.

And the dawn! We saw a lot of dawns - whether we wanted to or not. There's lots of ideal ways of seeing the dawn break the sky. It could be from the top of a faery mountain, through the high window of a turreted castle. Or from the lesser thing of a casement window of a country cottage, and with the birds all around on the overhanging trees, busting out their little hearts in the melodious songs they were taught - and have never forgotten - oh! hundreds of thousands of years ago.

The pre-dawn noise of the chattering sparrow, - the first to dare to break the holy hush left by the nightingale, as fast-dying dark night enfolds his last melodious song; the shy cheep of chaffinch; the challenging call of the missel-thrush - his sharp notes cutting the cool air like a whip-lash; the complaining cooing of the wood-pigeon, and the never-ending love-talk of the doves.

Denied the blessed gift of song, the wood-pecker taps discreetly on the hollow elm tree - to waken the Sun God from slumber. 'Time to get up' hammers the wood-pecker impatiently. 'Time

to get up and show thy face'. And if you've ever heard a dawn-break in the country, you'll all be familiar with the sudden quietening of their voices just before the sun shows its face, and you'll have heard them burst into even louder song as light streams o'er the world once more. In the meadow just beyond the woods the skylark at the first hint of dawn ascends vertically skywards, his trilling hymn of praise piercing the fast folding night. He hovers there and from his high vantage point, determined to be the very first to see the Sun sweep over the horizon.

Only the birds have still remembered their traditional homage as they await the arrival of the great Sun God. Only the birds begin their laudatory anthem of praise and welcome before he arrives in full splendour. Only the birds .... and the hawking, coughing, spitting soldiery wakened from fitful sleep an hour before his arrival. And their greeting is not the joyous song of praise but a loud clatter of steel upon steel as they 'fix bayonets' . . . and wait.

The most poignant way to greet the dawn is at the compulsory 'Stand-To' readiness every day one hour before dawn. And when the sleep-sodden, weary, unshaven, unkempt and bloodshot-eyed soldiers gratefully sip a tin of scalding, milkless, sugarless tea while they await the first glimmer of light to brighten the sky. We'd stand around, quiet and hushed, hardly making a sound. NOT that we were listening for any signs of enemy attack. The presence of the enemy lines facing us a hundred yards or so away meant not a thing. Our front trench ran due East-West across this little Peninsula, with the Turkish lines to the North or us. But it was not to the North we faced, but East to the unknown enemy - Dawn. If ever we thought about the Turks at all at such times it'd be probably when a gust of dawn wind might bring in its wake a whiff of the stench of death from the blokes rotting out there in No-Mans-Land.

This pre-dawn hush was something more overpowering - the epoch-making, Cosmic Event of the

birth of a new day. It overawed us. The first streak of light would arouse us out of our satuesque immobility and the day's bustle would begin. We'd unfix the murderous-looking bayonets that we'd stuck on the end of our rifles an hour before to greet the dawn. In what is traditionally and poetically the darkest hour of the night, Dawn was the dreaded enemy to come stealing up on us. But when Dawn came, you'd 'unfix bayonets' - there'd be a noisy clatter of steel and you'd greet joyfully the dread foe, Dawn, that you'd braced up and tensed up to meet an hour before.

'Sergeant, can I nip for a quick shit - me guts is bursting?' and the Sergeant's reluctant acquiescence - 'Orlright, but look sharp' 'An' take thi bloody rifle wi' thee, in case....'

In case, soldier, in case Dawn itself catches up with you. This mysterious enemy Dawn.

'Ee, but Ah Doan't know', 'This bloody Stand-To' 'Ah reckon it's a lot o' balls' 'Doesn't tha' think so, Sarge?'

But the Sarge is a 'Company-man' Such heresy from one of the 'workers' horrifies him. 'Nay, it must be reet, else we should'nt be doin' it, should we?'

'Greater faith have I not found - nay, not in all Israel' - said Somebody, once. Or maybe the Sergeant comes from a long line of Druids. Maybe he still retains a race-memory of Stonehenge Dawns!

Magically enough, when Dawn arrives, it's transformed into our beloved friend. Dawn is always enthralling, but never more magical than in the Med.

> Lo! the Dawn. Lo! in the East
> Flame the first fires of beauteous day,
> poured forth through fleeting folds of
> Night's black drapery.
> High in the widening blue the herald-star
> Fades to pale silver as there shoots
> Brighter and brighter bars of rosy gleam
> Across the sky.
> Far off the shadowy hills

See the great Sun, before the world's
aware, and don their crowns of crimson;
flower by flower
Feel the warm breath of Morn, begin
unfold their tender lids.
O'er the spangled grass
Sweeps the swift footsteps of lovely
light,
Turning the tears of Night to joyous
gems.

'It's bloody lovely here, mate, ain't it?' 'Y' know - when the sun comes up' 'All silver and gold, like, ain't it.' 'Bloody lovely, it is' 'Makes yer feel 'appy, like, doan't it, mate?'

Well - merely a different way of saying the same thing, I guess.

Springtime and early Summer in the Med. is great - but especially on this little strip of the Peninsula of Gallipoli. All around, except where the trenches had scarred the terrain, there was a rash of Spring flowers to remind you of what would be happening back home at this time of year. Especially those little blue flowers that grew there in such profusion - never could find out the name of these flowers - but a bit like our English bluebells.

This was the time of the year back home when the kids all over the country would be carrying home huge untidy armfuls of bluebells - those heavenly flowers that oft - methinks - Nature made especially for children. The maddeningly sweet smell of these flowers is something you never forget. They'd be stowing these flowers - the kids - in jam jars all over the house. These blue jewels - robbed with such impunity from the green carpet of England, would be in every room - on the tables - on the kitchen dressers - and crowding every window-sill of the house, and you'd come downstairs in the morning to be assailed with a wave of fragrance that - if you're a bit of a nut like me - floods you with joy. In my own particular part of the world the kids had a custom too, of paying ceremonial visits to

the local cemetery to put a jar of bluebells on the graves of their grandmothers - an old local superstition that if you did this you were sure of a seat in Heaven sometime. Occasionally the kids cheated a bit - if they didn't happen to have a grandmother of their own in the cemetery, they'd 'adopt' one - stick a jar of these blessed fragrances on the grave of someone else's grandmother. Grandmother identification was not of first importance - what was important was booking your seat in Heaven!

We were nattering about these things, and home, during a lust of 'Home thoughts from Abroad' when the urge came to climb out of the trench and pick a few of these local blue flowers. Some blokes never grow up - especially nuts like me and my mates. We got quite a sizeable bunch, too, of these flowers. Then some damned Turk sprayed a lot of machine-gun bullets around us. The bullets sprayed all around us in a fairly tight circle, but leaving us practically unscathed. If you know 'owt' at all about machine-gunning, you'll know it's a thousand-to-one chance against this being accidental. I prefer to think that the machine-gunner was some middle-aged Turk with lads of his own at the front, getting a quiet chuckle at putting the wind up us, but careful not to hit us, and following in a practical sort of way, the precepts of his own religion - 'Allah, the All-Merciful, the All-Compassionate' sort of stuff, tha' knows! Maybe I kid myself. I dunno. But Johnny Turk was not only a stout fighter - he was always a chivalrous one. And the Mohammedan, by the very tenets of his Faith, is forever mindful of his obligation towards 'Allah's Afflicted' - which included silly young sods like us.

Except for one of our chaps getting a slight flesh wound in the arm, no one was seriously hurt. No bones broken - all that was broken was the 200 yards speed record as we dodged back to the shelter of the trench. The moral of this incident - and there's got to be a moral, hasn't there? - the moral is that boy soldiers like us are

always daft young bastards!

What for all this digression? I'm damned if I know - except that it's a relief from the eternal sordid surrounding picture of mutilating death - the scent and memory of these flowers transporting us on its magic carpet away from all this. This place could be a paradise if we weren't all so busy trying to knock hell our of one another. Balmy sea breezes, light morning mists that disperse quickly in the hot sun and unfolding to the view the magic beauty of the countryside. 'Just like England on a hot Summer's day' 'Except for the bloody Turks' - said one of our chaps despondently. 'A good place for growing tobacco' says Abdul the Turk -'I could be happy here with a little of this land - but for those damned British - may Allah the All-Seeing, the All-Knowing, the All-Compassionate, use their guts for garters.'

Me - I really loved the place. The early morning was usually quiet. Maybe the Turks had a 'thing' about starting any rough stuff before breakfast. 'Or maybe they're having an early morning session on their prayer mats, the heathen bastards' said the young Irish boy of our company, with a line of blasphemy all his own that was a source of constant envy to us. A devout Catholic, he crosses himself reverently - 'Blessed be God, and Blessed be His Holy Name - may He strike these bloody heathens dead' he says, combining due reverence and ill-wishing with native Irish ingenuity.

Seawards - there's the view of the minesweepers - the only sign of life on the water, the slow crawl - up and down the still blue sea - of these little boats, assiduous in their search for Turkish mines. It all looks so peaceful - these minesweepers - watching 'em move lazily along. One of our gang had a brother in the Navy and he explained the technical workings of these deadly mines. 'They're sort of round things' - he expounded - 'summat like a round dust-bin, and wi' little horns wot sticks out of 'em.' 'And when they 'its the bottom of the

ship, they blows you to bloody hell' he said cheerfully.

The lone monitor with its 17" gun sends an occasional outsize shell to go slowly droning over our heads, over to the Turkish forts at Kum Kale, and we'd wait, and you could count almost up to ten after seeing the flash of the explosion and before the noise itself reached us. Our usual comment, uttered like a prayer, invariably accompanied the noise of these explosions - 'Hold that, you bastards.' Without a trace of malice in our hearts, we would mouth the incantation like a ritual response - as if it had been the response in a religious ceremony.

The sweet smell of little wood fires being lighted to brew the little mess tin of tea to start the day. The sun climbs higher and hotter and there is a hum and a song in the air - the song of Summer. Shirts come off to expose sun-tanned torsos. The pre-natural quiet of the early day tricks us into an illusion of safety and we climb out of the trenches to lark about a bit and for exercise. A spray of shrapnel materialized magically and malignantly as the shell bursts with a wicked snarl above our heads, and we know that playtime is over for the day and dodge to the security of the trench. The now old-familiar cry 'Stretcher-bearers' is taken up along the line and yet another of these larking young soldiers is carried off to the nearest First-Aid Post, or to a place where First Aid is quite superfluous.

'But for those bloody Infidels out there' says the Platoon Officer, shaving with difficulty and finding the polished base of his mess tin lid quite distorting as a shaving mirror - 'But for those bastards, a man could have a damn good holiday here.' 'Grand place it'd be for a honeymoon, don't you think?' and wonders privately why his fiancee back in England doesn't reply to his letters properly, instead of keep harping in her own letters recently about Jack Barclay. 'Ever so smart he looks in his Captain's uniform and all those gold tabs, now he's been put on the

staff at the War Office' - she says.

'Damn and blast Barclay - bloody War Office wallah - and damn all women too,' 'Do some of those armchair warriors at the War Office a bit of good, to spend a week-end out here.' he mutters.

'Eh?'

'Oh! - nothing. I was just thinking.' 'Bloody women.'

His friend regards him curiously, opens his mouth to say something, then changes his mind. 'Ah, why worry' he says soothingly 'plenty more fish in the sea' - and grins. 'Little Turkish fish, too - charming when they're young.' 'When we get to Constantinople, if ever we do, I think I'll find myself a little Turkish virgin - about 15 or so - yashmak and all, with her big eyes peeking over the yashmak and promising me what I don't get enough of.' 'Yeah! and maybe I'll settle down with a fez and baggy trousers and a hookah - might even get myself a harem.' 'I could do worse, I think.' 'Anyway, it'd be better than going back to the smoke and grime of Lancashire again.'

'You know what you are, old man?'

'Yes I'm Lt. Johnson, handsomest man on the Peninsula - the darling of all the little bints in Cairo.'

'You're just a lecherous and lustful old bastard.'

'Yes, I am' agrees Johnson complacently - smirking and grinning like a satyr about to set off for a dirty week-end.

'But for those cross-eyed Christian dogs - May Allah look sideways on them - but for those unholy worshippers of the Cross, I could be back now in my little village in the hills and aid-in my father in the fields.' 'It's going to be a good year for the crops, the ancient ones say, and he could do with my help now that his joints begin to creak and his legs getting stiff.' 'Ai! Ai! - but what would I give just to be back' 'And in the evening and the labour in the fields

ended for the day, I would bathe and put on a clean shirt and go and sit with my little Yasmini - may Allah the All-Merciful, the All-Compassionate protect her from the Evil One.' 'And we'd sit there in the house of her mother, opposite one another at the ends of the table and not talking a word because of her mother sat between us.' ' 'But our feet would meet under the table and they'd talk together, and embrace and entwine together, and her eyes would promise me all the delights of Paradise once we are married. Bismallah! but how I wish that Allah would smite these Christian dogs with a poisoned dagger.' 'Blessed be Allah, the All-Merciful, the All-Compassionate - may he crucify these Christian dogs on their own idolatrous Cross.'

Thus Abdul relieves his feelings, and bitterly. Alongside him in the trench, Mustapha listens, opens his mouth to say somethin, but wisely changes his mind. 'Best let him find out for himself.' he thinks 'Too-hot-tempered, and too quick with his dagger, my little Abdul.' 'Let someone else tell him, or let him find out for himself.' 'As Allah wills.'

But in the last seven days that he, Mustapha had had to help his own father plant out the new season tobacco seedlings it was whispered discreetly in all the little cafes in the village. 'Eating too much over-ripe melon' they excused it indulgently - this swollen belly of little Yasmini. Some blamed one from a neighbouring village, others said it was one of those German officers now coming into Turkey in such numbers to aid us in the fight against these British.' 'May Allah, the All-Merciful, the All-Compassionate, throw the genitals of these British soldiers to the dogs'.

And Mustapha allows his eye to travel speculatively on his friend Abdul, and muses further.

'But Yasmini's a clever little girl.' 'If only she can get delivered of the little one before my little Abdul goes home on leave, and take the fatherless one to one of her many cousins who live in the hills, then maybe we'll have a happy wedding

after all, and after the marriage ceremony, and as is the custom of our country we'll all go running behind the wedding cab with its blinds drawn tight down on Abdul and his little Yasmini, and wait for him to throw up the blind and lean out of the window and wave the little red-stained handkerchief.' 'And then we'll all cheer like mad because Abdul has shown us he's married a virgin' 'For Yasmini's a clever little girl, and the trick's been done before.'

'And the truth of the matter will never be spoken by the men of our village, for all men know that women the world over are as frail as are our tobacco seedlings in the first two weeks of planting. And the women of the village will never even give a hint to Abdul, for who knows, it might come to pass - and which may Allah forbid - that one of their own daughters may have to take a hurried trip to a distant cousin - what with men being what they are and the madness that comes over young girls at the full of the moon.'

'Poor Abdul - and poor little Yasmini - and to think that the whole business might never have happened but for the coming of these Christian dogs - may Allah, the All-Merciful, the All-Compassionate, burn them in a fire of dung.'

(To be continued)

P H Liddle (426 AM) writes that a book of his will be published this year by Michael Russell on the Helles Evacuation in 1916 with a further book due in the autumn by Blandford Press called: 'The Sailor's War 1914-1918'. He adds that there may be a conference at Sunderland Polytechnic in September. Details will be published later as available.

THE WAPPLE LEAGUE

Does any member know anything of the above, believed to be connected with Australia?

If so will they kindly write to:
Mrs CLAYDON 37 Salvington Hill
High Salvington WORTHING West Sussex

'MY FATHER ON GALLIPOLI'
By John Lewis (849 AM)

One of the last things my father and I did together before his death, was to go on the 1967 pilgrimage to the Gallipoli battlefields. He had always had an urge to return to the scenes of 'might have been', an urge which I find over the years he shared with other Gallipoli veterans.

Most soldiers wish to go back to the scenes of their old battles, but in the case of Gallipoli the wish appears to have been stronger than has been the case with other veterans and other campaigns. I think the reason for this fixation - for want of a better word - must be sought in the spirit of crusading euphoria in which the expedition set out.

'I suddenly realise', wrote Rupert Brook, 'the ambition of my life has been to go on a military expedition to Constantinople, there to loot mosaics from St. Sophia, Turkish delight and carpets. Oh God I have never been quite so happy in my life'

This romanticism of Rupert Brooke's was I feel shared by the majority of those who set out on the campaign. Certainly by those who had had no previous experience of battle and looked upon war as a great glorious adventure, having yet to learn of the accompanying horrors of death and mutilation. Over the years the romanticism has stuck and succeeding generations, unborn at the time of the campaign, have become infected and are carrying on the wish to keep the Gallipoli spirit and memory alive.

At first sight the reasons for this attitude are difficult to understand. Having got to the place, certainly a high proportion of the participants appear to have been quickly disillusioned and looked forward to getting away again at the earliest possible opportunity.

My father, a trooper in the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Yeomanry, landed at 'A' beach Suvla on August the 17th and moved into bivouac on the slopes of Lala Baba. For want of any other means of doing so they had to transport

the Regimental machine guns on stretchers, the handles of which were too thick to wrap your hands round.

On August 21st the 2nd Mounted Division, of which the yeomanry was a part, moved in support of the 29th Division across the Salt Lake to Chocolate Hill. The gilt must have to some extent worn off the gingerbread even at this early stage, because years later one yeoman commented that his thoughts, as they prepared to advance, were that they should have been watching cricket at the Gloucestershire County Cricket Festival, which always took place at around that time. My father's thoughts were in a different vein because his officer Lieut Viscount Quenington chose that moment to engage him in a heated argument because father, who was a farmer, sold his milk to the local dairy instead of some co-operative concern favoured by his Lordship.

Father afterwards commented what a daft sort of job that was, there we were both likely to be blown to blazes at any moment and we couldn't think of anything better than to be squabbling over milk marketing. Typically British and typical Yeomanry.

Anyway they both survived Salt Lake, although what father first thought to be an insect sting on his throat turned out to be a passing bullet. They reached Chocolate Hill and after a pause advanced on Green Hill. As they ran across the saddle connecting the two hills they came under heavy fire and retired on Chocolate Hill. 'The fellow next to me went down and pitched over and over like a shot rabbit', said father, 'I thought He's had it, but he was alright, he'd got his entrenching tool tangled up between his legs.'

So they settled down to a life of trench warfare and stalemate, dirt, boredom and frustration.

'Trench very smelly, found four dead Turks buried in a corner - living on bully and biscuit - one fellow lost his false teeth and had to go

to hospital because he couldn't chew the biscuit - swarms of flies over everything - everybody going down with dysentery - Horlicks malted milk tablets keep us going - Hospital ship all white with green stripe, looks lovely lit up at night - best part of the week is to go down to the post office on the beach, have a swim and pick up the mail.

In another incident father recalled that he was on sentry go one night when an officer they called 'Mad Charles' came round, looking over the parapet he saw some wiring posts and mistaking them for advancing Turks he accused father of being asleep on duty.

'You know the penalty for being asleep on duty, its to be shot at dawn', said Mad Charles, 'go and fetch the sergeant'. Father went off and with some difficulty aroused the sergeant from his slumbers. 'Sergeant you better come quick Mad Charles wants to have me shot at dawn'. Sergeant - 'what's the flamin' 'urry it aint dawn yet.'

At last on October 31st the Regiment, or what was left of it, some eighty-one officers and other ranks out of 320 at the original landing embarked for Lemnos leaving behind twenty three killed. The remainder had already been evacuated either through wounds or dysentery.

When the evacuation took place and they had got away and could view the whole thing with a certain amount of detachment, the wish to return first emerged and became stronger with the passage of time. Was the wish to return a desire to lay a ghost of the past, or was it an unconscious wish to do the whole thing again and get it right?

One would think that the natural reaction would be to quickly forget the whole crazy cock-up of muddle, bad planning, lack of plans and bad generalship. But this was far from being the case.. Heaven and earth were moved and father got back to Suvla and we poked around Salt Lake, Chocolate Hill and Green Hill cemetery and I could see that for him something was missing, he wasn't

satisfied, he couldn't relate where he was to the Gallipoli he knew fifty odd years before.

I knew what his problem was, it was very simple, at the time he was there it was a case of keeping your head down or getting it blown off. Consequently his memories of Gallipoli were of a bit of smelly trench, the comradeship and an occasional moment of bliss when he could get a swim in the sea, all mixed in with thoughts of the delights of Constantinople, when they got there!

It was not until we sat in the Anzac cemetery on the heights of Chunuk Bair with the whole Suvla battlefield spread out before us, that he correlated his memories with the reality. At this particular spot, as anyone who has been there will know, the whole strategy of 'might have been', so close but unreachable is set out for all to see.

Would world history have taken a different course if there had been a few 'walkie talkies' at Anzac and a ruthless and determined General in the early days at Suvla?

Of course there was such a General, but he wasn't on our side!

THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM LONDON

Mr P M Hart of the Department of Sound Records is actively collecting records of men who served in the Gallipoli campaign and I have sent him a list of those Members who I think could help by recording there experiences verbally. Some Members have been to the Museum and others visited in their homes. The taped recordings will form a library for posterity.

TIES

Fresh stock just received - no increase in price.

SONS, GRANDSONS . . .

Did anyone in the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force in 1915 envisage a Gallipoli Association? Some might have done so, with great foresight, but Sons? and Grandsons? No, surely not.

But times change and most of us (veterans) are now in our eighties - the rest are in their nineties - again unless we have a few unknown centenarians. The latter case is by no means far-fetched. Only a few years ago we had Major G R Mott, Mentioned in Dispatches, who served in the 6th South Lancashire Regiment at Suvla with 13th Division. He reached the age of one hundred and three. His son has been an Associate Member for some years.

At our Dinner in 1975 with H R H The Duke of Edinburgh present we had two cases of three generations present although only the senior was a veteran (Member). They are not now active and so it is good to relate that as the result of my exhortation in number 43 a venerable Member has followed up by introducing his son and his son.

Stanley Parker Bird (249) of Twenty-ninth Division has put forward his son Derek John Parker Bird as 892 (AM) and his grandson David Carlo Richard Bird 893 (AM).

As youngsters didn't we learn about the early bird?

Using a bit of imagination (?) surely there could be still more generations with us. Take the case of a member now aged ninety-one. He could have a son of 70 who could have a son of say 49 who could have a son of 28. However, his son would have to wait a little before joining. And so four generations are quite feasible.

The first Great-great Grandson to be put up will be credited with his first subscription as one very helpful member has put up the £3 quoted on the slip sent out with number 43 with the idea of bringing in more Associate Members - soon to become Members.

E H W B

SONS AND FATHERS

The sequence is intentional. It refers to sons who are Members who also had their father at Gallipoli. Those known are two: Major John Ford (653) who was in the 15th Stationary Hospital on Lemnos while his father was in the adjacent 16th Stationary Hospital.

The other is Lt-Col Sir Joseph Napier Bt OBE (855) who was a 2/Lt in the same battalion as his father. The story of this most interesting case follows.

'LEST WE FORGET'

Lennox Napier: Killed in Action Gallipoli
13 August 1915

(Sent by his son Lt-Col Sir Joseph Napier Bt OBE 855)

Pater, my father as he was known to all his family, was 46 years old when on the outbreak of W W 1 and would have been 47 the following December.

He had been ruptured when at Uppingham School and as a result wore a truss, a thing unheard of these days; this prevented him from indulging in most forms of active sports and above all from joining the army as a Regular Soldier, which had always been his great ambition.

On leaving Cambridge he qualified as a Barrister and later on as a Solicitor and as such up to the outbreak of W W 1. He earned, I would think, a meagre income from the single room he rented from a Solicitor friend in Norfolk Street just off the Strand. However, his heart was still in the army and advised and encouraged by his Welsh friends from Cambridge days, the Price Jones family, he early on joined the Volunteer unit of the South Wales Borderers and spent many happy days at annual camps and attending other military occasions.

He rose eventually to command the 7th Royal Welsh Fusiliers (Territorials), from which he retired shortly before the war.

Despite the rupture and the liability of a

wife and five children he applied at once to the War Office for employment in the New Armies then being formed and after a short delay was gazetted as Major (Coy Commander) to the 4th (Service) Battn. of the South Wales Borderers then being formed as part of what became known as Kitchener's Army, the early units of which were often referred to as the 'first hundred thousand'; and this despite the rupture, which had it been known would certainly have disqualified him from active service.

Here I might mention that his peace-time activities had consisted in his being a keen cyclist (at cambridge I believe he was known as the 'Little tin god on wheels')and a motor cyclist as soon as they were invented, combined with a love of camping out, often with some members of his family. This he enjoyed with all the lightweight paraphernalia then available. This, and a half share for a while in a small sailing boat with a friend of his provided him with all the exercise he seemed to need, apart from being a not very successful photographer, then a new invention. He was short, well-built and very strong, a great pipe smoker but a modest drinker.

From this, as can be imagined, he found no great strain in adapting himself to the rigorous training the battalion went through prior to sailing for the Dardanelles in June 1915, a bare couple of months after joining up.

It was midsummer on arrival and extremely hot, all the more so in the narrow fly-infested trenches in which we spent the next few weeks.

We moved to Anzac from Helles early in August for the great battles to be fought there and at Suvla Bay, in which the Borderers distinguished themselves though suffering heavy casualties; one of these was that of my father who in the early hours of the 13th August was mortally wounded commanding 'A' Company shortly after an action in which the battalion had driven the Turks from their trenches, and these being very shallow offered little protection to their new occupants.

Around dawn on that day a messenger came along the line of trenches to 'D' Company where I was

a 2nd Lieut Platoon Commander and told me my father had been hit: so I followed him back and found the C S M preparing a field dressing and my father lying beside him with a tunic over his head. Not prepared for anything serious I watched for a minute or two before asking Pater how he was: getting no reply I removed the tunic from his head and immediately recognised that he was dead.

You may well ask me what my immediate and subsequent reactions were, but I can only say that during our time on the Peninsula, especially atthe Helles end, we had seen so many dead bodies between the trenches and elsewhere that I can only assume that the experience had made such sights almost a normal event. I was then a few weeks past my 20th birthday. as I left him I remember that a feeling of great pride was uppermost in my thoughts, for a father who without thought of the consequences,had joined up at once and given his life for something he felt was worth fighting for.

So I returned to my own part of the trenches, only to be wounded myself a week or two later but lucky to be put on board a Hospital Ship returning direct to England as all the hospitals in Egypt and Malta were already full to overflowing with the very heavy casualties from those grim battles then being fought on the Peninsula.

My early return after my Father's death was,I think, a great comfort to my Mother and enabled me to give her details of events she was longing to hear about.

My Mother received telegrams informing her of my Father's death from the War Office and from H M the King, which I quote here:

FROM THE WAR OFFICE: 'Dear Lady Napier. Deeply regret to inform you that Major Sir Lennox Napier 4 South Wales Borderers was killed in action 13 August. Lord Kitchener expresses his sympathy.

FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE: 19 August The King and Queen deeply regret the loss of your husband in the service of his Country. Their Majesties truly sympathise with you in your sorrow.

KEEPER OF THE PRIVY PURSE.

The originals of these and all the telegrams my mother received during the war are in an album of mine.

MY GALLIPOLI STORY
By Sgt S Evans 1 Border R

I begin this short record of a small part in the Great War on 23rd May 1915.

The war has now dragged on for nine months and those of us who at first imagined that it would be short and sharp have been disappointed for it appears that it may drag on for many more months or even years.

Since that memorable day in August 1914 my duties have been with the Reserve Battalion of the Border Regiment in England, duties with plenty of monotony and little of excitement. Drafts of recruits have arrived from the Depot, have been trained and in their turn have been drafted to the Battalions at the front.

Beyond this routine most of the work has been on similar lines to the ordinary peace time military routine.

On the 23rd May however I am one of a draft of 232 who are proceeding to join the 1st Border Regiment which forms part of the Expeditionary Force at the Dardanelles.

At 6 pm on that day we paraded and after a short address by the Commanding Officer we are marched off to the station headed by the band. None of the enthusiasm of the early days of the war has evaporated and everybody is in high spirits and of course excited at the prospect of actually seeing something of the war.

We are soon entrained and after many handshakes with old comrades the train steams out of the station and we have commenced the long journey from which alas many will never return.

After a long night journey we arrived at Devonport where we are to embark. It is a brilliant morning and Whit Monday, a fact of which we are reminded by the crowds of holiday makers who are already astir in their best clothes. When one observes the holiday spirit which obviously animates them all it is difficult to believe that we are really in the midst of a great war and

the grimness of our destination is for the moment forgotten.

Towards evening we are embarked on the s/s. 'Runic' a newly converted White Star liner which is making its first trip as a troopship. Everything on board is very comfortable, the food is excellent and beyond the initial effort to sleep in hammocks no trouble is experienced. Some of the hammock efforts are rather amusing for until one gets used to them they have a nasty habit of tipping one right out.

As the sun sets our boat gets under weigh and, escorted by two British destroyers as a guard against submarine attacks, we steam slowly down Plymouth Sound.

It is a beautiful summer evening and the red sun reflected from a thousand windows in Plymouth town makes a splendid and peaceful picture. Thousands of holiday makers are watching from the promenades and waving us a last farewell. It is all rather saddening for there is scarcely one of us who does not realize that for some at least it will be their last look upon the shores of their native land.

We pass the famous Hoe and recollect the famous incident in which the chief actor was one of England's greatest seamen. The recollection steels ones nerves and perhaps it is fitting that the famous spot should be one of our last glimpses of England.

As darkness falls we are in the open sea and a few hours later we are gazing back over the ship's stern at the moonlit path of the sea through which we have passed. It is difficult to realize that at this very moment, under the same peaceful moon, thousands of men are fighting each other to the death. It all seems so fantastic and impossible.

The days that follow are uneventful enough. The routine is easy. A short spell of physical drill on deck each morning followed by lectures by the officers and the rest of the day is our own.

Some stroll about the decks, others indulge in mild gambling, nap or pontoon being the favourite games. In the evenings we foregather in the singing room which is provided with a piano and many pleasant evenings are filled in this manner.

On the third day of the voyage, late in the afternoon we come within sight of Gibraltar. By the time we reach the famous rock and enter the harbour it is dark. All we see are the twinkling points of light from the windows of the houses which are dotted about the base of the hill and to a point about half way up. It gives one the impression of a heavily jewelled crown sparkling in a setting of purple plush. The sight impressed me more than anything on the whole voyage.

Guided by two powerful searchlights from the harbour defences we are slowly escorted into the harbour by a tugboat which has been sent to pilot us.

In the harbour we drop anchor to await further instructions from the Admiralty. Small steam launches fuss up and down the harbour looking like small minnows in a pond compared with the larger vessels. We catch the faint snatches of talk in a foreign tongue from their crews for a large number of Spaniards are employed by the Harbour authorities.

Over the water floats faintly the notes of the 'first post' blown by the buglers at the barracks. The sudden roar of a signal gun, fired from the highest point of the rock, echoes and re-echoes across the bay. This gun is fired at 9.30 pm every night and is the signal for the closing of the inner harbour which, in the ordinary way, is not re-opened until 'Reveille'.

Our stay here is not a long one. Within the hour we are once more under weigh. Slowly the lights fade away and soon we are far out in the Mediterranean. A small armed merchantman is our escort for the rest of the journey.

As the days go by and we travel further East the days become considerably hotter. We now parade the decks in our bare feet and find shirt-sleeves more comfortable than being fully dressed.

A day or so later and in the early morning we approach Malta. The dull sandy looking island, studded with brilliant cream coloured houses with green shutters presented an enchanting picture in the early morning sunshine. As we steam slowly into the harbour one gets the impression of Venice for there are numerous little alleyways of water leading from the Grand Harbour. Across the main waterway and along these alleys, scores of small gondola shaped boats are passing and repassing laden with people on their way from one side of the island to the other.

The picturesque garb of the people only emphasises the comparison with Venice.

Quite soon our vessel is besieged by fruit and cigarette vendors in their gondolas anxious to improve the shining hour, and much good humoured banter is exchanged. For a penny one can buy delicious bunches of grapes. Twopence will buy a pound of fine tomatoes.

Again our stay is not a long one and before noon we are speeding on our way across the Eastern Mediterranean en route for Alexandria which will be our next port of call.

One day out from Malta we passed the U.S. Battleship 'Tennessee' and she excited a good deal of interest. We passed so closely that we were able to exchange some lively banter with our Yankee friends.

The rest of the voyage was uneventful and on the morning of June 7th we reach Alexandria - the city of contrasts - founded by Alexander the Great after whom it was named.

At a distance of some two or three miles from the port, Alexandria gives one the impression of Egypt as we would imagine it to be. All that can be seen is a low lying sandy shore dotted with a few palm trees and in the back

ground a few white houses with a mosque in their midst. In the hot morning sunshine one would not be surprised to see a brilliant retinue of one of the ancient Pharaohs rise up and wend its way slowly across the desert in the background.

Alas, as we enter the harbour itself we are disenchanted for within the space of half an hour we are transported from the glamour of ancient Egypt to the dirt and filth of a modern Thames side dockyard. Busy wharves and dirty coal lighters and suchlike in the harbour. Ragged and unwashed men and boys loaf about the quayside some of them fishing with long nets in the dirty water for any garbage which may have been thrown overboard from the vessels nearby. What they afterwards do with their catch is best left to the imagination. The whole scene is depressing in the extreme and we have no desire for our stay to be an extended one.

However, we are eventually disembarked and transferred to the Cunard liner 'Alaunia', a larger boat, where we are shortly joined by a draft of French troops including some black ones.

Our new quarters are not so good and we soon ascertain that our quarters are not as clean as they might be. The food too is horrible compared with that we have had on our other vessel.

On the following day we again set sail and after an uneventful passage across the Aegean Sea we put in at Mudros, a great natural harbour situated on the Greek island of Lemnos.

It is early evening as we enter this huge waterway and the cool evening breeze blowing from the land brings with it a strong sweet smell of English new mown hay. It immediately brings with it strong and perhaps sad memories of that England which we have so shortly left behind. Unconsciously one finds oneself wondering whether we shall ever smell that homely perfume in England again. Life is such an uncertain quantity in these days that such reflections come frequently to one's mind.

As we sail up the harbour we find it crowded with shipping. French and British battleships of

all sizes are anchored nearby in addition to several other troopships including the giant 'Aquitania'.

The crews of the warships give us an encouraging cheer as we slowly pass them and the sight of such an imposing Armada is re-assuring in the extreme. Never before had I seen such an imposing display of naval strength and it would be well of those at home who want to know what the Navy is doing could see it themselves.

We anchor for the night and the following afternoon we are transferred in small parties to several British destroyers and Cross-channel steamers for the last part of our voyage to Gallipoli which is now only 40 miles distant.

Before nightfall we are away again and are racing to out destination at 30 miles an hour. It is a unique experience this travelling on a destroyer. They sweep through the water at an incredible speed that it seems like a journey in an express train.

An hour later we slow down a little as we approach the entrance to the Dardanelles. As we slacken speed and the noise of the ship's machinery dies down we catch the sound of distant gunfire on the mainland and soon, peering through the darkness we can discern the flash of the guns and the orange stabs of light that indicates the burst of shrapnel shells.

Thus do we catch our first sight of the grim events of the Great War.

After a delay of some hours we are again transferred in parties to small mine-sweepers which are to take us to the shore.

It is now about 3 am and as we approach the landing place the first faint light of the dawn is appearing in the East.

We are all tired but there is an air of suppressed excitement as our sweeper draws up alongside the now stranded but famous 'River Clyde' the great ship which was run ashore to land the first troops on that memorable day of the 1st landing.

It looms up large and ghostly and we who have read the story of that tragic episode are enabled to conjure up a mental vision of all that happened. The narrow gangways down which our troops made for land are still to be seen. That some of them succeeded in reaching the shore under that fierce machine gun fire at such short range seems almost incredible, yet some did succeed.

But most of them were killed in the attempt and were slaughtered as they rushed down the gangways and those who were present and survived tell us later that the sea on that day literally was red with blood.

One can well believe it - and probably if the future history of the war can spare a few moments for the story of that deed in a small corner of the war - it will be recorded as one of the most heroic if tragic incidents of the whole campaign.

However, on this morning we make our landing peacefully and we are soon formed up into platoons on the narrow strip of beach and following the guide who has been sent to meet us we commence our march to join the 1st Border Regiment.

Higher up the Peninsula the sound of gun fire is growing in intensity. The distant crackle of rifle fire is unceasing and every now and again a shower of Very lights ascends into the sky and lights up the landscape in a sickly glare.

We pass the crumbled ruins of what was once the fortress of Seddul-Bahr - now nothing but a heap of ruined stone and brick.

It pays eloquent testimony to the efficiency of the guns of the Fleet and the accuracy of the naval bombardments.

Close by we observe a small plot of ground surrounded by wire and within the wire apparently countless rows of small wooden crosses. It is one of the many little cemeteries which alas are springing up like mushrooms in this desolate land and beneath the crosses lie the mortal remains of that gallant little band who made the great sacrifice at the first landing.

In the dim light of the dawn, lit now and again by the Very lights, the ruined fortress and the little cemetery look fantastic in the extreme.

As we march up the rough road to our position the day brightens and as the sun rises over the frowning peak of Achi Baba - the great hill which the Turks occupy and which commands a view of the whole Peninsula, it is evident that we have been observed by the enemy for following the distant boom of a big gun a great shell comes screaming over our heads to burst with an ear splitting crash about 80 yards behind us.

We realize that for the first time we are under fire and one's heart beats a little quicker. The bursting of a high explosive shell is not calculated to sooth one's nerves. Another and another follow in quick succession but as the aim of the gunners shows no sign of improvement we feel a little re-assured.

We soon descend a rough pathway to the shore again where we are sheltered both from the enemy's view and what is still better, from his shells as well. We then arrive at the entrance to a ravine which winds its way through the centre of the Peninsula and from which we can reach our position under cover. This ravine is known locally as the Saghir Dere but has been nicknamed by the troops 'The Valley of Death' presumably on account of the number of small cemeteries that have been laid out in it.

This is the main line of communication between the landing places and the line of the British trenches higher up the Peninsula.

The march up and down this ravine in marching order is trying in the extreme. It is covered with a fine dry sand which soon covers us from head to foot. It penetrates ones ears, nose and mouth till one is nearly choked with it. There is lettle sign of any vegetation with the exception of some fine withered-looking and scorched grass and sand seems to be the order of the day. On the whole we appear to have landed at a very inhospitable spot. (to be continued)



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OBITUARY (At 27 February 1984)

With deep regret the following names are recorded

H B Parsons (10 Middx R 53 Div)	(585)
Capt F M Matthews (Herts Y 29 Div)	(487)
J Common (4 KOSB 52 Div)	(409)
C Smith (Suffolk Y Eastern Mtd Bde)	(371)
L H W Pruce (5 Beds R 54 Div & MGC)	(735)
Major A S Croxton (City of Lon Y 2 Mtd Bde)	(300)
Wing Co J H Bentham (RND Hood Bn)	(594)
H E Crowder (ASC 266 Depot Unit)	(674)
G B Smith MSM TEM (RE West Riding 29 Div)	(495)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS



SONS AND GRANDSONS . . .

Following the exhortations in number 43 it is pleasing to note an immediate response by a Member (a Committee member) who has put forward his son's and his grandson's names. Their names will be found on page 5. The Member is Stanley Parker Bird.

. . . AND NEPHEWS

Again from the above start here are some very interesting cases. First A R Garrison (661) put forward his nephew who is now number 896 AM. Lt-Col Sir Joseph Napier has put forward his nephew Major General L A H Napier CB OBE MC commanding the Welsh Division (page 33)

The other is Ben Crowe who has the distinction of being listed in The Guiness Book of Records as being the tallest man ever enlisted in the British Army when he was called up for National Service after the war. He is 7 feet 2 inches tall and is number 900 AM. He is my nephew.

E H W B

EASTBOURNE TEA-PARTY

The Womens' Section of the Royal British Legion has again kindly invited local members, and any visitors, to a tea-party to be held at their HQ in Pevensey Road. This will be on Thursday the 21st June, starting at 2 pm. There will be a reminder in a local newspaper prior to the day.

Will those wishing to attend kindly notify Arthur Garrison about a week beforehand.

In recognition of the good work done for our Eastbourne members by Mrs Elizabeth Willis in organizing this pleasant function annually she has been created an Honorary Associate Member.

It is suggested that Members elsewhere might take the initiative in approaching R B L Branches in their areas.

On these lines the President and the Honorary Treasurer of the Men's Section, Eastbourne, have become Associate Members.

NEW HONORARY MEMBER

It is pleasing to report the addition of a new Honorary Member with an ANZAC association. He is the new High Commissioner for Australia in London, His Excellency Mr A R Parsons.

He is to be our Guest of Honour at Dinner this year.

FROM 'DOWN UNDER'



WAR MEMORIAL RED CLIFFS AUSTRALIA

At the rear of the Memorial is a tree grown from a cone at Lone Pine, Gallipoli

(Photograph by courtesy of Mike Irwin (871 AM) whose daughter is standing in front)

FROM THE NEWSLETTER OF THE GALLIPOLI LEGION OF ANZACS December 1983

A priest was walking along a country road after calling on one of his parishoners.

A passing motorist asked him whether he would like a ride into town. The priest accepted and when he was comfortably settled the driver said I'm getting married tomorrow, Father, how about doing the job?'

'Very pleased to do that for you, my son' said the priest.

The motorist put the priest down near his destination and said 'That'll be twenty-five shillings for the ride into town.'

'Oh, I say, that's a bit rough, isn't it?' said the priest, 'I understood you invited me to get in,'

'A man has to live' said the motorist, and after a heated argument he said. 'I don't suppose you will marry me now?'

'Of course I will' said the priest. 'What's more, if you bring your mother and father along I'll marry them too.'

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THE HEIGHT OF HOSPITALI TEA

Would you like a nice cup of tea? I've got some freshly made only yesterday, I think. I'll just warm it up for you.

HOWLERS

An admiral is a navel general

The doctor first felt his patient's purse

The concert ended with glees and mad wriggles

Excommunication means a telephone breakdown

A lawsuit is the uniform worn by policemen

Once taken on by the city corporation you become a stationary employee

A lady can have her face lifted by a drastic surgeon

A monkey has a reprehensible tale