

The Gallipolian

The Journal of the Gallipoli Association

No. 152 - Spring 2020



Die Mondsüchtigen auf Gallipoli
'The Lunatics on the Gallipoli Peninsula'

THE GALLIPOLIAN

No 152, Spring 2020

The Journal of the Gallipoli Association
founded by Major E H W Banner in 1969 on the Campaign of 1915

The Gallipoli Association

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This edition's covers depict ‘The Lunatics on the Gallipoli Peninsula’ (Die Mondsüchtigen auf Gallipoli), a 1916 bronze satirical medallion by German engraver Karl Goetz (1875 - 1950).

Obverse (front cover): British soldier (Scotsman in kilt and glengarry) holding a ship with funnel and sails and a French soldier kneeling with rifle, encircled by the Turkish crescent moon.

Reverse (back cover): Two skeletons between barbed wire and the sea; the Turkish star and crescent above. ‘1915’ and ‘1916’ on either side. The initials ‘K’ and ‘G’ are impressed beneath 1915 and 1916 respectively.

The English translation is often ‘The Sleepwalkers on the Gallipoli Peninsula’. It seems clear, however, that the allies (represented by the soldiers) are ‘moonstruck’ ; literally, ‘lunatics’ - by Turkey’s crescent moon.

ANZAC / GALLIPOLI DAY, SATURDAY 25 APRIL 2020

London Commemorations

For Your Information

5.00 am: Dawn Service, New Zealand Memorial, Hyde Park Corner

The main service will take place in front of the New Zealand Memorial at Hyde Park Corner. At the conclusion of the service wreaths will then also be laid at the Australian War Memorial. The service lasts approximately 45 minutes and is a non-ticketed event open to the public.

As security checks will be in place, we request that you keep bags to a minimum and, to avoid delays, do not bring any large bags. Please check back on www.mfat.govt.nz/en/countries-and-regions/europe/united-kingdom/new-zealand-high-commission/ closer to the time for further information on the location of the entry point to the site, and suggested arrival timings.

9.30 am: Gallipoli Association Service, St Paul's Cathedral

A short service and wreath laying ceremony will take place at the Gallipoli Memorial in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral at 9.15am for 9.30am on 25 April. Wreaths will be laid by representatives of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, the Royal Navy and the Army; the High Commissions of New Zealand and Australia, and other high-ranking officials from France and Turkey. Tickets are not required. Please note this service is not organised by the High Commission, but by the Gallipoli Association – enquires can be made to: secretary@gallipoli-association.org

11.00 am: Wreath Laying Ceremony and Parade, The Cenotaph, Whitehall

Following a march onto Whitehall, the High Commissioners for New Zealand and Australia lay the first wreaths at 11 am. They are followed by representatives of the UK government, high commissioners and ambassadors, as well as representatives from various service and ex-service organisations. Arrival should be prior to 10.30am; the service will conclude at approximately 11.20am, allowing time for the short walk to Westminster Abbey for the Anzac Commemorative Service. **The Deadline To Apply Has Now Passed.**

12 noon: Service of Commemoration and Thanksgiving, Westminster Abbey

On completion of the Wreath Laying Ceremony at the Cenotaph, there is a Service of Commemoration and Thanksgiving to mark Anzac Day at Westminster Abbey at 12.00 noon. Guests need to be seated at the Abbey by 11.45 am. The service is approximately one hour. **The Deadline To Apply Has Now Passed.**

1.45 pm: Gallipoli Association Lunch at The Admiralty

The Admiralty Public House, 66 Trafalgar Square, St. James's, London WC2N 5DS. **The Deadline To Apply Has Now Passed.**

VICTORY AT GALLIPOLI, 1915 BOOK LAUNCH

The German-Ottoman Alliance In The First World War

London:

The Gallipoli Association is pleased to announce the launch on 25 April 2020, of the book: *Victory at Gallipoli, 1915 – The German-Ottoman Alliance in the First World War* by Klaus Wolf, translated by Thomas P Iredale, at Hatchards Bookshop, 187 Piccadilly, London, W1J 9LE. The Association sponsored both the translation and publication. Published by Pen & Sword Military ISBN 9781526768162. Contact historian@gallipoli-association.org for registration and details.

Istanbul:

The Gallipoli Association, in cooperation with the German Consulate-General Istanbul, is pleased to announce the launch, coupled with talks by British, German, Turkish, Australian and French descendants of soldiers who fought in the campaign, of the book: *Victory at Gallipoli, 1915 – The German-Ottoman Alliance in the First World War* by Klaus Wolf, translated by Thomas P Iredale, at the German Consulate-General in Taksim on 14 May 2020. The Association sponsored both the translation and publication. Published by Pen & Sword Military ISBN 9781526768162. Contact historian@gallipoli-association.org for registration and details.

ANZAC / GALLIPOLI DAY 2020, GREECE

Jim Claven

Lemnos, Greece

Gallipoli campaign commemorations will be held on 20th and 21st April 2020. These are two full-day programmed commemorations, with services and wreath laying at both East Mudros and Portianos Military Cemeteries, as well as presentations and events.

These commemorate the role of Lemnos as the advanced base for the Gallipoli campaign, including the over 1,300 Allied service personnel buried in the island's war graves. These events are organised by the local authorities on Lemnos, in conjunction with the Australian embassy in Athens. All welcome to attend. For more information please contact Gallipoli Association member Jim Claven at jimclaven@yahoo.com.au

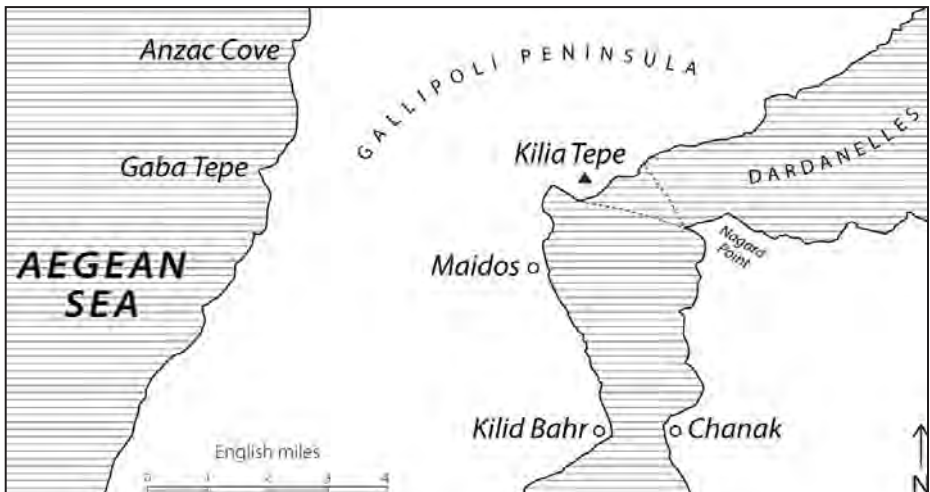
Athens, Greece

The official Anzac Day service in Greece will be held on 25th April 2020 at Phaleron War Cemetery in Athens. The commemoration is scheduled to commence at 11am. All welcome to attend. For more information contact the Australian embassy in Athens - <https://greece.embassy.gov.au/athn/home.html>

A GERMAN DOCTOR AT GALLIPOLI

Bernard de Broglio and R W Filla

Eduard Hiltmann¹ was a medical officer (*Marine-Hilfsassistentenarzt*) with the Imperial German Navy's Mediterranean squadron (*Mittelmeerdivision*). At Gallipoli, Hiltmann was assigned to the Naval Shore Detachment or *Landungsabteilung* (literally 'landing party') that comprised men from the battle-cruiser *Yavuz Sultan Selim* (ex-SMS *Goeben*) and light cruiser *Midilli* (ex-SMS *Breslau*). The sailors were formed into machine gun crews that fought alongside the Ottoman army at all points on the peninsula, from Helles to Anzac and Suvla.



Hiltmann's account of his time at Gallipoli was published in 1935 as part of a collection of First World War memoirs by German medical officers titled *Vor 20 Jahren* (20 years ago).² Like other medicos who wrote of their Great War experience, Hiltmann was an acute observer of life behind the lines, and this translation aims to benefit modern readers who seek a more complete picture of the campaign. Importantly, there are details of the German camp at Kilia Tepe—the promontory just north of Maidos (Eceabat) on the European shore of the Dardanelles—which

1 Born 1893. Gained doctoral degree 1907–1908 from University of Jena, where he was active in promoting the health benefits of sport and physical activity. When he wrote this piece, Hiltmann was a district medical practitioner in the Baltic port of Tilsit, East Prussia (now Sovetsk in Kaliningrad Oblast, Russia). A 1939 directory for Tilsit shows him still resident of that city, and head of the state health department (*Leiter Staatliches Gesundheitsamt*). We are not sure when and where he died. This was not Hiltmann's only Gallipoli text. In 1923 he contributed to a book by Eugen Bentmann titled *Kriegsärztliche Erfahrungen in Anatolien* (Military medicine in Anatolia).

2 'Mit Den Maschinengewehren Der Mittelmeerdivision an Der Front Auf Gallipoli', in *Vor 20 Jahren. Von Den Dardanellen Zum Sues. Mit Marineärzten Im Weltkrieg Durch Die Türkei.*, (Leipzig: Georg Thieme, 1935), ii.

grew to become the principal base and headquarters of the Naval Shore Detachment. Hiltmann recalls the field hospital at Kilia Tepe and the cemetery laid out for naval personnel. He describes structures still found on the hill, like a subterranean cellar that served as a food store and a cistern where wine was kept (see photos page 30).

Klaus Wolf, who has written about the German-Turkish military alliance in WWI, is not convinced that the bodies of all the German sailors who were buried in the cemetery on Kilia Tepe have been re-interred in the German Military Cemetery in Tarabya (Istanbul). He is investigating the possibility of examining the cemetery site on Kilia Tepe, and hopes to secure the approval of both the German and Turkish authorities to undertake this task. At present there is no memorial on the peninsula to commemorate the German combatants, about 130 in number, who fell in the campaign.



Funeral service at the German cemetery on Kilia Tepe, believed to be 1916. Opposite is Nagara Point (Naraburnu) with the buoys supporting the anti-submarine nets visible in the straits. (Serpil and Bill Sellars collection)

A detailed account of the work of the Naval Shore Detachment is available in the English translation of Klaus Wolf's book, *Victory at Gallipoli, 1915: The German-Ottoman Alliance in World War I*, but a short summary may be helpful. The machine gun crews were formed in the critical period after the landings of 25 April 1915 when General Liman von Sanders, commander of the Ottoman Fifth Army, asked Admiral Wilhelm Souchon, Commander-in-Chief of the Ottoman Navy, for support in the form of a *Landungsabteilung*. A machine gun company comprising 44 men and eight machine guns arrived on 3 May 1915 on the southern front. Thrown into

desperate fighting at Kereveş Dere, the detachment lost one machine gun and most of its strength. A reinforcement party was assigned to the Ottoman right flank, where they fought against Allied troops at Gully Ravine, sustaining heavy losses in June. At first, the personnel were all German, but reinforcements in July included 80 Ottoman sailors, giving the Naval Shore Detachment, at that time, a strength of 3 officers, 150 men and 12 machine guns. The unit again proved effective in the successful defence of the Suvla landings although it suffered heavily. From January 1916, with the peninsula secured, the sailors manned coastal observation posts and guided German submarines through the Dardanelles minefields. During the Gallipoli campaign, the Naval Shore Detachment comprised some 300 men in total.

WITH THE MACHINE GUNS OF THE *MITTELMEERDIVISION* ON THE GALLIPOLI FRONT

Dr Eduard Hiltmann

Field medicine and the health of the army fighting at Gallipoli was conditioned by the nature of that dreadful struggle. Here, on the fringe of Asia, land, climate and race collided in a form of warfare incomparable to Europe, which affected all aspects of medical care.

From the confines of a narrow peninsula, Ottoman forces defended their country and capital by closing off the Dardanelles. Constantinople became staging post and lines of communication, with supply almost exclusively across the Sea of Marmara. A great massing of troops faced off within the tightest of perimeters, their backs to the sea or the straits. The British made three landings, in April 1915 at the southern tip near Sedd-ul-Bahr and a little further north at *Ariburnu* (Anzac Cove), then, in early August, from the Gulf of Saros, against the midpoint of the peninsula. Each landing incurred heavy losses, as much for the Ottoman defenders as the attackers, and fighting quickly devolved into trench warfare.

When fighting began, German forces had only a few heavy batteries at Gallipoli, commanded by officers of the military mission, along with naval artillery, and the headquarters of Marshal Liman von Sanders and some other command posts. In early May, the navy sent out a small machine gun unit, initially comprising 30 men with eight guns. Until November, when the route through Serbia became available, German forces could be strengthened only gradually.

The Naval Shore Detachment was always to be found at decisive points in the fighting. When first deployed, hurriedly, at a critical moment, the unit was unprepared for months of trench warfare, and had no medical support. Later, when sections were deployed across different parts of the front, the medical and first aid personnel were also reinforced. After the opening of the route through Serbia, the army increased its intake of doctors. Field hygiene began to improve and much more substantial medical care was available.

To give you an overview of operations, I must start with a brief description of the region and its climate. A desiccated, sunbaked land, sand dunes, some creek valleys, their sides fringed by a few trees, otherwise grass plains only, thorn bush and sandstone. To the north, sheer slopes. On top sat the Turk, below the Brit with his compatriots from Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Just a few villages were to be found, bombed to pieces and abandoned, home only to vast numbers of half-starved cats. Roads and tracks were poor, hardly developed at all, their repair keeping thousands of soldiers busy. Resupply was slow and difficult. Transports across the Sea of Marmara and the straits were constantly disrupted or wrecked by British submarines. Vast numbers of pack animals—water buffaloes with two-wheeled carts as in Homer's day, caravans of camels, donkeys and mules—passed in dust and scorching heat. A subtropical climate, cloudless blue skies every day, glorious heat from the sun, cooled each night by sea breezes, until late September. In November, heavy rainfall with temperatures falling close to freezing. Fortifications were partly flooded, the dug-outs full of water. Weakened and undernourished, Turk and Arab soldiers from southern climes, unaccustomed to the weather, drowned in their trenches. In some places, Ottoman sappers dammed and diverted the water into British trenches so that the enemy could share in our blessing. Later we heard from captured soldiers how severely it affected them.



Germans in Ottoman service, at Kilia Tepe.

The beer is Bomonti, still a popular drop with visitors to the peninsula. (Serpil and Bill Sellars collection)

At the southern tip, a front line about five kilometres long spanned the peninsula, running north-west to south-east. On the west coast, at roughly the middle of the

peninsula, a front line of about 12 to 14 kilometres curved from south to north. The enemy held a coastal strip just two to three kilometres deep. The two armies faced each other across these improbably short sections of front. In some places I came across trenches only four metres apart. Bitter fighting raged here without break or let-up.



The German cemetery and memorial on Kilia Tepe. The memorial was demolished by the Nazi regime in the 1930s and all bodies were supposedly re-interred in the German Military Cemetery in Tarabya, İstanbul. (Gunter Hartnagel collection)

No point on the peninsula or along the straits was safe from bombardment by land or sea. The British flotilla, with its countless auxiliaries, lay off shore until the 25th and 27th of May, 1915, when Hersing with *U-21* sank *Triumph* and *Majestic* and caused all capital ships to disappear. On our side were but a few Ottoman torpedo boats and some German submarines that proved quite successful. The enemy was always technically better equipped. With us, everything was makeshift, but the primitive means at our disposal only made our achievement greater. The Ottoman forces, hardened in the Balkan wars—Turks, Arabs, the best sons of Anatolian country folk, fighting heroically, enduring untold losses and privations—were leavened by specialist forces from Germany, and led by a German field marshal.

Britain lost about 300,000 men through death, wounds and disease. The expedition to the Dardanelles, costing billions, foundered on the staunch resistance of the Turk. Here the dauntless soldier triumphed over technology and materiel.

In that blood-drenched hell, the German navy often proved decisive in fighting at

sea and on land. As doctors, our primary responsibility was to minimise the loss of men from these small, highly-skilled units through sickness and disease. The nature of the struggle, and the distance from home, meant they were irreplaceable. We prevented infectious disease by fighting epidemics and helping the men adapt to the conditions. We too were challenged to achieve the best of results with the most inadequate of means. Our ministry, although difficult, was not without variety, and always rewarding, for we saw our efforts culminate in a great victory. Knowing the significance of our stand at this distant outpost made it possible to overcome every hardship.

The Ottoman field hospitals - very primitive - proved inadequate for our sailors. Seriously ill were transferred to the German hospital at Constantinople by torpedo boats that plied to and from the capital. Less serious cases were accommodated in tents at the makeshift field hospital on Kilia Tepe, although the transport of men from the front was always difficult. There were almost always infectious diseases. A succession of typhus cases characterised the summer months. One sailor succumbed to typhus at Kilia Tepe before he could reach the German hospital. Later, in Constantinople, a sub-lieutenant died as a result of intestinal perforation. Dysentery was common, and few men of the Shore Detachment did not suffer from diarrhoea. The usual protective measures were taken - treatment and burial of excreta, and care with diet and personal hygiene - but in hard times, these procedures would fall by the wayside. Close contact with the highly infected Ottoman personnel was unavoidable. Malaria was also a real problem. The usual prophylaxis, one gramme of quinine administered twice weekly, was not always possible due to intestinal disease that proscribed quinine intake. Mosquito nets were not particularly effective, most arrived torn after many transshipment.

The medical teams made long rides on horseback, often at night, to care for personnel at even the smallest and most remote of signal and observation posts. We did not escape the effects of the debilitating heat. Frequent bouts of malaria made my work very difficult, but never stopped me. I experienced for myself how the body, sustained by its own vigour, can deal with these attacks of fever. Violent shivering fits for one to two hours, often pauses out in the open—the trusty Arab stallion waiting patiently—then building up one's strength to carry on. That happened dozens of times. Each man had to give his all—and so he did. I saw many of our officers and men afflicted by dysentery, malaria or both, and they did their duty just the same until the last remnant of physical strength had been expended.

Alongside the fight against infectious disease, the distinctive character of this theatre of war demanded that unremitting care was paid to hygiene in general. The supply of water, for drinking and general use, was essential for troops fighting in almost tropical conditions, and that supply was in most places sufficient, and in some places excellent. Gallipoli is a tract of land with many sources of good spring water, in the mountains and on the plain. Those in use were almost always controlled. The Turk keeps his wells clean and carefully protected wherever possible. The custom

probably dates from his desert origin, when people learned to fear the dangers of polluted water sources. In many places Ottoman troops had sunk new wells that met all modern standards for hygiene. A stone or clay pool, clean pipes, sometimes complemented by architectonic features that rendered even the exterior inviting. Behind the front lines and along busy access roads, these much-visited wells and springs were under constant guard by military personnel, and animal troughs were well separated from water sources designated for humans.

Everywhere the water was fresh, clean and very palatable. At times, due to sandstorms, the water became somewhat turbid. Later, especially in autumn and winter, after heavy downpours, the water became very loamy, but it continued to be used for drinking and cooking. Transport of water from its source to points of consumption was carried out by horses and donkeys carrying two barrels of 20 litres each. Scrupulous attention was paid at all times to the cleanliness of these barrels. Generally, water was boiled before drinking, and when the consumption of cool, fresh water was curbed, cold tea or coffee was given instead.

So far as drinking water is concerned, the Ottoman forces had an advantage over the British who suffered considerably from a shortage of water, especially at Suvla Bay. There, a so-called salt lake spreads inland, in summer a large, dry, flat subsidence with a crust of white salt, in winter a bitter lake. There were only a few good water sources in the sandy, dune-like terrain behind the British front lines. Most were saline and undrinkable. During the summer months I witnessed on several occasions British soldiers going over to the Turk or allowing themselves to be taken prisoner because they could not bear the tormenting thirst. After the British withdrew, we found near the landing sites large structures with huge distillation units and extensive pipelines. Obviously all these facilities had been rendered unusable before their departure.

We had no difficulties getting rid of human waste material in the sandy terrain. However, we were powerless to prevent the fouling of ground in the vicinity of Ottoman units. The Turkish soldier could not accustom himself to the use of latrines because he relieves himself in a squatting position. At night in particular, the soldiers simply defecated over the parapet. This caused, especially in summer, considerable stench, and the fly pest worsened. Roadsides, too, suffered from this kind of fouling. In areas with large deployments of troops, whole sectors of trenches had been soiled. Our small units in their camps and dug-outs took great care of their hygiene, but there was simply no way to avoid the fouling close by.

The burying of dead bodies was often difficult. After the British landings and the huge pitched battles that followed, thousands of dead lay between the opposing trenches. The incessant barrages made burial impossible, and the stench of decomposition during the heat was at times unbearable. When possible, the Ottoman soldiers retrieved their dead immediately, whereas the British—and the French on the southern tip especially—made less of an effort to bury their fallen. Occasionally, at night, piles of corpses were doused with petrol and set alight. Even after the

evacuation we found many bodies between the trenches—left from battles during the summer—which had to be covered with soil or buried by Ottoman soldiers. At *Ariburnu* a six-hour cease fire had to be concluded in June in order to bury or cremate the dead in no-man's-land.

On the Turkish side, there was no great hindrance with regards to burials. Sites were well chosen and interments took place as soon as possible after death. Nearly all the dead of the Naval Shore Detachment were fetched from the trenches to the camps and, if possible, transferred to Kilia Tepe where we had laid out a cemetery for naval personnel. Many of those killed in the May battles on the southern tip of the peninsula, and at Suvla in August, could not be found. They had either been buried with their machine guns by the shells of the Royal Navy or they had been buried on the spot by Ottoman soldiers. We never found out. Very often entire machine gun crews failed to return.



A machine gun crew with a German officer. (Gunter Hartnagel collection)

The dryness of the ground accelerated the decomposition of corpses. In January 1916, I made a number of exhumations on the front line to bring the remains of fallen sailors and a fallen officer back to Kilia Tepe. These were comrades who had died in August and September 1915. The bodies lay wrapped in tarpaulins 75 centimetres deep in loamy soil, interspersed with gravel, on a hillside. Only the bones remained, and some dried-out and odourless soft tissue remnants of the scalp

and pelvic musculature. Despite the relatively high humidity, the unburied British dead that I saw in January 1916 were, due to the constant flow of air and the bright sunlight, completely mummified.



Another view of the camp at Kilia Tepe. (Gunter Hartnagel collection)

The diet of the Naval Shore Detachment was always good and plentiful, and appropriate to the local conditions, despite the difficulty in obtaining supplies. The Ottoman commissariat provided bread and meat. The former, with hefty maize flour added, was not especially palatable, but quite acceptable. Meat consisted of mutton and butcher's beef, the latter arrived slaughtered and dressed, the sheep on the hoof. Each unit had a skilled butcher, and where possible, meat was subject to medical inspection. Because of a cattle plague, there was no beef available for weeks in the autumn, and we had to subsist on small and undernourished sheep. The monotony of mutton, characteristic of the Eastern diet, was eased by a variety of vegetables, potatoes, pasta, rice and dried fruit. When there was a dearth of fresh meat, canned meat had to suffice. During bread shortages, the hard baked bread common on board ship was issued. Stock cubes and granulated meat extracts, kindly donated by the Maggi company, helped vary our diet, and allowed for the quick preparation of hot broths, somewhat bland but still palatable. These were always sufficiently at our disposal as a special diet for patients with intestinal diseases. The Ottoman soldiers enjoyed plenty of dried olives, to which they were accustomed. The crews manning the trenches by day took cold rations with them because no cooking was allowed in the dug-outs.

Food supplies procured by the fleet were distributed from Kilia Tepe. Regular transports took supplies out to individual units. The provisioning of the Naval Shore Detachment was supervised by its medical officers, who could exert the necessary influence on food and diet. There was no difference in catering for officers and other ranks.

In the front lines, food was generally stored in designated tents or small dug-outs. Wooden boxes and sacks were sufficient protection against flies. Perishable food had to be consumed immediately. Meat hung in the open would be nibbled at, or pilfered, by the half-wild dogs that roamed the night. We tried to remedy this situation with ruthless culls, but incurred the Turks' disapproval. The Koran strictly forbids the killing of animals not destined for human consumption. Theft by Ottoman soldiers was not a problem thanks to guards placed by the divisional commanders.

In order to maintain discipline, the consumption of alcohol was only allowed with the permission of the divisional commander and the approval of the medical officer. Thus, morale could be maintained but excesses avoided. Even when, after the British retreat, large amounts of booty came into our troops' possession, the rum—fairly good, old Jamaica rum, in numerous vats and stone jars—was promptly confiscated, then appropriately distributed.

The great quantity of foodstuffs seized after the evacuation made a valuable contribution to our catering, in particular the enormous sides of bacon and the excellent tinned meats. In spite of British efforts to render their supplies unusable, a considerable amount could be recovered. We were able to secure large quantities for our naval comrades in Constantinople.

The Ottoman soldiers, starved for months, sought also their share. But on several occasions I saw them, desperate with hunger, stuffing themselves in any old order with tinned meat, cheese, jams and marmalades, and other food, so that some succumbed to a fatal failure of bowel function. Several cases of meteorism occurred, resulting in gastrointestinal perforation. We envied the enemy his excellent and ample supplies of food, and that at a time when Turkey was beginning to suffer famine, and food was scarce at home.

The Naval Shore Detachment, though, had no cause for complaint with regards to food. In the beginning the machine gun units endured many privations, but these were alleviated as logistics improved.

During the summer months, we adopted the style of accommodation practiced by the Ottoman army. Simple huts—brushwood walls supported by a few wooden posts, covered by tarpaulins camouflaged with foliage—met the requirements entirely during the hot, rainless season. Where steep escarpments could serve as protection, bell-tents were erected. Later, when the units had to be moved close to the front lines, makeshift dug-outs were built. Wood and other building materials were extremely scarce. Bringing them up to the front proved arduous and time-

consuming. The army command occasionally put men from Ottoman sapper units at our disposal to build dug-outs.

On Kilia Tepe, where the Shore Detachment stayed longest, were two dilapidated stone buildings, remnants of an old fort, that were converted into weatherproof lodgings without too much effort. A deep stone vault was used to store food supplies for the ever increasing number of fighting men. As Kiliza Tepe developed into the principal base and headquarters of the Naval Shore Detachment, great care was taken to blend into the landscape to avoid detection by enemy airmen and the shelling that would result. Low, narrow stone barracks were built that offered good accommodation during the winter months. But the dug-outs and primitive shelters used by the smaller units and observation posts during the fighting offered little protection against the weather and the dreadful flies and mosquitoes. The men and their officers, tenacious in their duty, defied all rigours until, one by one, they were smitten by dysentery, malaria and typhoid fever, and had to be replaced.

The importance of properly siting camps, to ensure the health of the men, was shown on the northern front. There, on the basis of medical advice, a camp established in a fusty valley cut off from any sea breeze was moved at the German commander's initiative to higher ground and accommodated in brick shelters.

The insect plague was the cause of much anguish. First and foremost were the flies. They are probably abundant here at all times but during the summer of 1915 their numbers were beyond compare, even with tropical climates. A relatively small expanse, crowded by people and animals, fouled by their excreta, and, between emplacements, unburied corpses; all these factors proved favourable for flies. Molestation was worst in the trenches. Down in the deep, narrow ditches, men were crammed close together with barely a breath of air. Camps, especially those alongside stables or large storage areas for food, were also cursed by plagues of flies. Even places open to the sea breeze, like Kilia Tepe, were home to an enormous number of these insects until late in the autumn.

At night, the insides of tents and dug outs were sometimes black with flies, the ubiquitous pest making food intake difficult. A piece of sugar, placed on the table, would be finished off by flies in no time at all. Sleep by day proved impossible for most. Besides the nervous strain imposed by their constant molestation, there is no doubt that many cases of typhoid fever and dysentery were due to transmission by flies. Every attempt to control this pest was doomed from the start. Only in November, when the cold rains began, did the last flies, which had lingered indoors, disappear.

Mosquitoes were certainly present on the peninsula, but not considered a significant nuisance. Cases of malaria occurred at the front and in the camps. Mosquito nets were of limited use. At Kilia Tepe and on the plain of Anafarta, I found both the *Anopheles* and *Culex* mosquito, albeit nowhere in great numbers. Bed bugs were not seen. On the other hand, innumerable sand-fleas made life very difficult for

our sailors, and were the cause of many a sleepless night for the exhausted men. At night, those sleeping on the ground were attacked in swarms. Their bite was much worse than the common flea. I often found parts of the body completely covered in bites, the skin punctured and bleeding. Clothing, woollen blankets and kit bags were almost always infested with them.

Lice were everywhere. Close co-existence with Ottoman soldiers, unavoidable in the trenches, made the spread of lice inevitable. I did not detect any real cases of typhus amongst the crews. But when the fighting had come to an end, there was a suspected outbreak of typhus, whereby an officer of the Naval Shore Detachment, returning from the front, collapsed when reporting to the commander-in-chief of the fleet. He was infested with lice, and it turned out to be an acute case of typhus.

The utmost attention was given to the removal of lice. Facilities to disinfect clothing were not available. Good personal hygiene, airing clothes and blankets in the sun, and combing for insects and nits was sufficient. Slipping along the seams with a hot knife blade worked well. Even during the fighting, neither German nor Ottoman relaxed his vigilance.

On several occasions I detected tiny, pea-sized scorpions that had latched on to the skin of men at sleep. These were easily removed with forceps, especially when aided by cigarette smoke. They left only an insignificant weal that disappeared after a few hours.

A considerable danger to our troops was the frequent appearance of venomous snakes. One resembled by its markings the common adder found at home. The larger reptiles had a painful bite with an effect similar to that of our adder. Where the ground had been churned up by trenches, snakes were common, and our men were often endangered by snakes falling from the parapet into the trench. Even in the camps they were often caught, and sometimes they came into the tents. The crews were frequently informed of the danger of snakebite, but there was only one incident. The bite was treated promptly and successfully.

Despite all the strain and sacrifice, the troops maintained a sprightly eagerness. The first months of dreadful toil, and an army life so unfamiliar to sailors, certainly left their mark, and few escaped sickness. Nevertheless, each man pushed himself to his limit. Willpower never flagged, and it was remarkable to see how far determination could take one. The heat might sap their energy but it never affected their resolve. Each man knew that his contribution was critical, and that success depended on teamwork.

It should be noted that the officers of the Detachment did everything they could to make life easier for their crews, giving them every comfort possible. Front-line troops were rotated often, and 48 hours in the trenches were followed by a 48 hour relief. But soon inadequacies to the catering situation emerged. The men did not get hot meals often enough, and rest periods were not enough in the long run, thus a daily relief was introduced everywhere. It had to take place after dusk as the approaches

were visible to the enemy, but this made it possible for troops rotating in and out of the front line to be fed at an appropriate time.

As far as possible, care was taken to ensure that days in camp were indeed days of rest and recuperation. Some light duties followed the morning inspection, enough to maintain the camp and our weapons, then most of the day was free for washing, sleeping, reading and writing. The crews, being properly rested and refreshed, could then take up their positions. This schedule proved to be a success during the hot summer months, but later, in autumn, when the construction of winter quarters became a necessity, off-duty crew members had to be pressed into service. As the stifling heat eased, so did intestinal disease. Some of those affected could be sent to Constantinople for a while, others took home leave. And there were many in poor health who could be relieved, and replaced by reinforcements, some coming from Germany. In this way, energy and drive was maintained, the troops kept fresh and efficient until the end of the campaign.

To ease the daily grind of trench warfare, musical instruments and song-books were distributed for entertainment. Reading matter was freely available, for use in camp and during the many monotonous, lonely hours in the machine gun posts. Military bulletins were also issued. Such things were important for the mental and thus the physical well-being of the troops.

There was no shortage of comforts from home. At the beginning, admittedly, some odd, superfluous items were sent to us. When it was hottest, we received large quantities of heavy woollens, another time a staggering amount of clothes brushes. The desire for reading matter should have been satisfied by several boxes of an illustrated magazine; alas all were of the same number. Matters improved when the Fleet Association of German Women (*Flottenbund deutscher Frauen*), through the auspices of the mother of one of our officers, sent us a sizeable consignment, and we were also delighted at a very substantial donation on the initiative of the princess, the wife of Prince Heinrich. The Germans living in Constantinople, headed by the ambassador's wife Mrs Von Wangenheim, also sent plenty of food, tobacco and items of practical use.

We will never forget what the city of Jena did for us. There, in university circles, I had drawn attention to our men's need for suitable reading matter, and whole mailbags arrived full of books. Such an abundance of gifts arrived for Christmas that we could pass some on to neighbouring German units less fortunate than ourselves. City and university circles competed with each other to make us happy. We were particularly delighted with four silver pocket-watches donated by the composer Max Reger.

It goes without saying that the Ottoman sailors in the unit were always considered when gifts and donations were distributed. As a principle, no difference was made between German and Ottoman sailors. The catering for our Turkish comrades was equal to that of the German and so too was accommodation. The fact that the

Ottoman sleeping quarters were set apart from the German was only to ensure a friendly co-existence. The differences were too great between us for communal life to be entirely integrated. The measures we took were proved correct. The brotherhood in arms stood every trial, during struggle and peril, and in camp.

The Ottoman personnel suffered like their German comrades and bore the same privations. The sickness and disease endemic to the region afflicted them too. With regards to field hygiene and the Shore Detachment, no distinction was made between German and Ottoman sailors.

It must be acknowledged that, at the beginning, due to the nature of the campaign and the climate, field hygiene was makeshift at best. Gradually, as the military situation developed in favour of the Turks, improvements could be made, shortcomings corrected and the spread of infectious diseases controlled. When the fighting came to an end, the troops stood strong and firm. Only insightful cooperation between doctors and officers of the Naval Shore Detachment, and the care shown to us from the start by fleet command, made this possible.

WHO LANDED FIRST?

Mr G. B. Abraham (Allansford) writes:

My brother, Private A. S. Abraham, 9th Battalion, 3rd Brigade, says in a letter to his mother: "I was the first Australian Private ashore at Gaba Tepe. A lieutenant and a sergeant were before me.

Our boat was the first ashore, and was the only one unloaded before the Turks fired a shot." I am writing to my brother for the name of the lieutenant and sergeant he mentions in his letter, and more particulars. (*Herald* (Melbourne) 21 August 1915 p4).

1028 Sergeant (temp) Albert Stanley ('Bert') Abraham, 9th Battalion AIF, was wounded 25 April 1915 and evacuated to Egypt. He rejoined the battalion at Anzac on 28 June. He reported ill on 29 September and died of enteric fever in the 21st General hospital, Alexandria, on 18 October 1915.

His older brother, 744 Private William Strong Abraham, 11th Battalion AIF, was twice wounded at Gallipoli and was killed in action at Pozieres, 22-25 July 1916.

Disclaimer

Readers are reminded that the observations and opinions expressed in articles and letters published in *The Gallipolian* are those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editor, or those of the Association.

THE HEROIC SOLDIER SEYYID

Paul Ridgway

In the entrance yard of the Turkish Military Museum (Askeri Müze) in Harbiye, Istanbul, (located in a former military academy where Mustafa Kemal Atatürk studied) stands a huge German artillery piece with a statue of the hero Seyyid, otherwise known as Seyit Onbaşı or Corporal Seyit.

He was born in Havran in 1889 and enlisted at the age of 20 serving in the Balkan Wars of 1912/1913, after which he was posted to defend the Dardanelles. During an action against the Allied fleet on 18 March 1915 the ammunition winch for the gun failed and Seyyid carried the projectile weighing 276kg to the gun showing great heroic devotion and after which he was known as 'Hero Seyyid.'

The cannon was made by Krupp during the reign of Sultan Abdulhamid II (1876 to 1909) for the fortifications of the Dardanelles. Construction of this artillery piece enabled it to move on a circular railway.

This example at the Army museum, known as the 'Cannon of the Heroic Private Soldier Seyyid' is proudly displayed as the last available from the Turkish defence of the Dardanelles.

Krupp's cannon was built in 1889 and has a barrel length of 11.37 metres, a diameter of 35cm and weight of 85 tons. The total weight of the cannon with its railway carriage and so forth is 170 tons.

Length of the 276kg projectile was 1.72metres and the total height of the cannon on its rolling stock is 8.4 metres. The cannon sits on a set of rails providing a circular traverse of 15.2 metres diameter.

The photographs shown on page 31 were taken in 2012.

Seyyid, who is commemorated with a statue at Gallipoli, has his name perpetuated with the Directorate-General of Coastal Safety, Turkey, which operates the aids to navigation / pollution control vessel *Seyit Onbaşı*.



THE 'GHOST': TERRORS

Mr. Len Barrett, formerly of the 2nd Bn (AIF), in this story tells how a 'ghost' myth was exploded; though there still remains a shiver about it - the taut hand of a dead Turk plucking the cap off the head of a terrified Digger.

During the war one often read 'Activities at 'so and so' had quietened, and the units concerned had settled down to trench warfare.'

Reads something like a holiday this 'settling down,' but to the troops it meant hard work — improving trenches and roads; carrying supplies; artillery or engineers' fatigues: taking their turn in the ceaseless observation of enemy trenches and movements from the fire steps and observation posts, and last, and by no means the least, underground trenching or tunnelling towards the enemy's lines, with a view of mining and eventually blowing up his strong points or portions of his front line systems.

The 'B5' Sap was much the same as other saps along the line — the same dull striking of the pick on the face and scraping of boots on the floor of the trench; bulky figures emerging from the pitch black darkness into the star-lit trench; and thinner figures re-entering its forbidding looking mouth. It was a silent job, for only 75 yards separated the enemy's front line from ours.

We three on post in the fire trench adjoining the sap entrance, considered ourselves fortunate, for our long duty through the night was not so monotonous as other posts in No.10 Platoon. We occasionally had a whispered word with one of the carriers, who, on their way to the dump, often met ration and other fatigue parties returning from the beach 'where news leaked out.'

It was just after midnight when our alert ears caught the sound of a stumble and a curse. A lanky figure emerged from B5, dropped his sandbag, shook his head, adjusted his cap, picked up his load and padded along to the dump. Ten minutes later exactly the same procedure was gone through again by the same figure. We couldn't mistake the figure this time, it was L. G. — known to all as 'Long 'Un.'

The same interval again, and 'Long 'Un' shot out of the sap into the trench in a heap. "What's wrong?" from us in hoarse whispers. "Ghosts," from the muttering and cursing 'Long 'Un.' "Every time I pass a certain part of the tunnel me 'at's pulled 'orf," he said.

"Don't be balmy," from Jimmy H., and shaking himself like a dog, 'Long 'Un' and what was left in the sandbag were moving dumpwards.

We were amused and were able to pick out his figure as he re-entered the sap. A few minutes passed, and then a smothered yell and a thumping of size 10 boots. We tightened our grips on rifles. Out shot 'Long 'Un.' "Not going in that blasted place again," he babbled.

We thought he'd had someone else's rum issue as well as his own. An officer ran along to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. The 'cause' collected himself a little and was advised not to make an idiot of himself and 'carry on.'

Before moving on he explained in a cracked and quaking voice that when he entered the sap and proceeded along to the face nothing unusual happened, but on coming out his cap was clawed off at a certain spot half-way out. We grinned at this and later on saw him make his way into the sap once more.

We waited expectantly, and not for long, for a babbling figure shot into the trench. "It was a ghost, I tell yer. I struck a match and saw it." Obeying an order from the officer to "come along," I entered the sap in his wake. We penetrated 30 or 40 feet and stumbled on a sharp rise in the floor. On striking a match we found it was a heap of earth dislodged from the roof, and overhead we saw 'Long 'Un's Ghost' — a bent arm hanging down, exposed by the dislodgement of earth.

When brushed by anything from the entrance end, the arm gave no resistance — it just swung forward, but when brushed from the digging end the arm remained rigid; a clawing hand belonging to the remains of a Turk who had received a hasty shell hole burial during the armistice on May 24.

Others who were carrying, being of shorter stature, were not troubled by the 'ghost.' That was 'Long 'Un's' hard luck. He was six feet three!

(*Reveille* 30 June 1930 p24).

FRENCH DOCUMENTARY SEEKING INTERVIEWEES

The French production company IMAGISSIME is currently producing a documentary on the history of the Battle of the Dardanelles, which will be broadcast in October 2020 on the French channel Planète +. As part of this project, we are looking for descendants of British and Australian soldiers who took part in this battle in order to collect their testimonies on this subject in a filmed interview.

If you wish to participate in this project, we can interview you in Gallipoli during our filming which will take place from 12 to 21 May 2020, or in London afterwards, at a date that suits you best.

If you would like to know more, you can contact me at the following email address: sarah.micollet@lagardere-studios.com

Thank you for your attention.

Yours sincerely,

Sarah Micollet, Journalist"

THE CAPTURE OF THE FIRST GUN

Private G. Vaughan, of the 12th (Victorian) Battalion, A.I.F., writes:— “Though the landing of the Australasian troops and the subsequent engagement presented many stirring and picturesque incidents, demonstrating both individual and collective courage, few are more worthy of description than the capture at the bayonet’s point of the first Turkish Maxim gun. More wonderful than the courage which prompted and executed the attack is the fact that, though attended by considerable loss, it was entirely successful.

Some of the covering force had already landed and stormed the steep ridge opposing them, when, less than half a mile to the left, two boats were seen approaching the beach, carrying, as was afterwards discovered, the fourth platoon of the battalion, commanded by Lieutenant —. When about 150 yards from the beach they encountered a murderous fire from rifles and a Maxim gun strongly entrenched on the brow of a steep spur, rising, at a distance of 200 yards from the shore, to a height of upwards of 150 ft.

“With every available hand to the oars the heavily-laden boats raced for the shore. Together they reached it. Immediately every unwounded man, wading waist deep in water, lined the beach, lying prone to gain some little protection from the sand beyond the tide mark. Hastily they discarded packs, filled magazines, and fixed bayonets. Then, with a cheer, they rose together to the charge. But over half their original force lay dead or wounded in the boats or on the shore, and it was little over 20 men who started on that headlong dash against superior numbers and against almost every other disadvantage an attacking force can be called to face. In open order, but well in line, they raced across the intervening stretch of perfectly open ground, losing but slightly, until they lay down to regain their breath before attacking the almost perpendicular height before them.

But immediately the enemy’s fire forced them to move. Forward they went again, forward with a new determination born of the knowledge that they left eight of their comrades to mark the resting-place. Reaching the foot of the steep incline, they began to climb, grasping at every root, branch, and tuft of grass, in a wild race for the top. The Maxim gun could no longer be brought to bear, but they still had to face a murderous fire from the rifles above them at point blank range. Some dropped their rifles, and rolled limply down the slope, but the remainder continued their race for the crest, never stopping even to return the fire of the enemy. Their bayonets were fixed, and the bayonet was to be the deciding factor. With it they would avenge those who lay behind, marking the route of their advance. With his apparently deep-rooted dread of the bayonet, the enemy did not wait to receive them, but fled along the spur to join the main force on the hills to the rear, abandoning their gun and large quantities of ammunition.

At one time the Turk was considered one of the best hand-to-hand fighters in

Europe, but that distinction is no longer his — far from it. In the late Balkan war the same reluctance to fight at close quarters was often commented upon by war correspondents. The Turk of to-day is not like the Turk who successfully defied Christendom during the crusades, or who became the terror of eastern Europe, and fought his way to the walls of Vienna. It was a small but enthusiastic party which gathered round its wounded leader to examine the prize, the first gun captured by the Australians, captured intact and with a large supply of ammunition. But much had yet to be done before troops, artillery, and stores could be landed safely, so they returned to the beach with their trophy and joined the ever-increasing force which was pressing forward to occupy the main ridge dominating the landing-place.

The attacking of this position, though imposing great loss on the attacking force, was amply justified, its capture being most essential since, from its commanding height, it could dominate and enfilade the whole beach, and, while even in the uncertain light of early morning its effect was great, the losses it would inflict on each successive boatload when the dawn gave place to day-light, would be disastrous. Thus was the first gun taken by a handful of men from an enemy who had every material advantage on his side.

There were many stirring incidents during the day, many, perhaps, of equal daring, and well might the survivors be proud of their achievements, and well might the dying' almost in the words of Virgil, exclaim:— 'Hic nictor arma in-tamque repono.' 'Here, victorious, I lay down my weapons with my life.'" (*Chronicle* (Adelaide, South Australia), Saturday 3 July 1915 p14).

EX-OFFICIAL OF THE DOVER TOWN COUNCIL LOST

News has been received that Sergeant H. James, of the Middlesex Regiment, has been missing over a month, and there is little hope that he is alive.

Mr. James was the assistant to the Town Clerk of Dover previous to Mr. Vosper. He left Dover to become assistant solicitor to the Halifax Corporation, a post he was occupying when he joined the Army.

His three brothers have already lost their lives in the War, and recently the Bishop of Liverpool, Dr. Chavasse, dedicated at the Parish Church of Haigh a new baptistry to the three fallen sons of the Rev. C. H. James, the Vicar.

The splendid trinity were : —

Corporal Charles Edward James. Middlesex Regiment, killed in action in France, September 28th, 1915, aged 31 years;

Captain Francis Arthur James, Manchester Regiment (T.F.), who died of wounds in Gallipoli, September 18th, 1915, aged 29 years; and

Lieut. George Sydney James, Manchester Regiment (T.F.), killed in action in Gallipoli, June 4th, 1915, aged 22 years. (*Dover Express* 22 Sept 1916 p5).

LOST AT LONE PINE

My journey to Gallipoli and the search for my grandfather

Carole Sach

When I was growing up I knew that my paternal grandfather had died in the First World War. My father was completely unapproachable on the subject, so it was down to my mother to tell me, 'Your grandfather was killed at the Somme; he joined the Australian army, and dad and my grandmother received a pension from Australia after he was killed. He has no grave as he was blown to pieces.'

'Oh', I would say, 'perhaps one day we could visit the Somme and see granddad's memorial plaque.' She would shake her head, 'No, it is out of the question, your father would not want to go.' As I was growing up, the retort from my mother when I misbehaved would be, 'Well, I don't know where you get your ideas from, certainly not my side of the family; you must get them from your father's side.' I wondered who my father's side of the family was, so once again questions were asked and my mother would reply, 'Oh, there was a family row between your nanny and your great grandparents, and your father never saw his father's family again. Your dad was very small at the time and was very scared so went and hid,' and that was that!

All I knew was that he had to have lived in the East End of London, as nanny came from that area. She did tell me once that when my father was small he said that he used to think that perhaps his father had suffered from 'shell shock' and in error gone back to live in Australia, and one day he would remember them and come back and find them and everything would be all right.

The years went by, my father died in 1983; my life continued as lives do, but sometimes I would ask myself, who was my grandfather? I knew his name, William Pritchard – the same name as my father – but that was it, just a name.

Then along came the internet and with it the ability to search First World War records, so off I started with my research. First, I tried the Commonwealth War Graves Commission's 'Debt of Honour' web site. There were lots of Pritchards, but none killed on the Somme. There was one killed at Gallipoli, but the next of kin was wrong; I was looking for my grandmother, Ada Pritchard. Many long nights followed, coffee made by my husband Steve left to go cold, and then I would give up for a few months.

When I looked at my father's family tree, it was just my father, his half-sisters and my grandmother. His mother (my grandmother) had remarried in the 1930s but there was no father for my father. I would start searching again, sit down at my computer and say, 'Right, granddad, tonight I am going to find you,' but then nothing.

The search went on in this way for five years. I emailed the Australian authorities, but they said they had no record of the pension. I even started to wonder did this man ever exist? — but he had to have. Talking to the family, no one knew anything;

my three aunts in Australia knew nothing, but I never gave up hope of finding him.

I tried birth records, but there was the problem of trying to find someone with the name of William Pritchard when you are not quite sure when or where they were born, and there were a great many people with the same name.

I also looked for the record of his marriage to my grandmother, but found nothing. I was actually starting to feel quite down, but always in the back of my head was the war pension from Australia, so they had to have been married.

Then one night I was sitting there staring at the census records yet again, and I realised that I was looking at things the wrong way round. I should be looking for my grandmother marrying my grandfather, and 'bingo' the first search came up with the record of their marriage. Overjoyed, I immediately sent away for the marriage certificate and waited. It seemed to take ages to arrive!

When it arrived I found that my great grandfather was 'James', and where my grandfather lived before his marriage — Quins Buildings, Russia Lane, Bethnal Green, London. If I said it once I must have said it a hundred times that night to my husband, 'Did you know that my great grandfather was called James?' He would just smile and nod.

I was getting so frustrated I emailed everyone on a web site who had a William Pritchard born in London, hoping that I may not have the fully story, but perhaps they might have information. Most people responded, but of course it was all negative, so when I had the wedding certificate and knew who my great grandfather was, I started emailing everyone again, and that is when I got the reply back from one lady who explained that I needed my grandfather's birth certificate and, as I now had my great grandfather's name, I could send for this.

There were four William Pritchards born around the right time, so I was able to fill in 'Father's name'. Emails came back negative but then finally an email to say your certificate is on its way. It arrived and gave my great grandmother's name as Ellen Bret and that my grandfather was born in Brick Lane, London. I emailed back this lady and within about half an hour she came back and said, 'Hello, cousin.' I was over the moon; she said she had wondered because my father's full name was William Joseph Pritchard and she was descended from granddad's youngest brother, Joseph.

I then explained to her about my grandfather but she did not have any information either. She said she would try to help me as I had made her curious.

So in the space of two to three weeks I knew the names of my great grandfather and my great grandmother, I knew where my grandparents had married, I knew where they both lived before they were married, and from this relation I found all of the names of my grandfather's brothers and sisters — James, Lilly, my granddad William, Joseph and finally Rose Pritchard. My father's side of the tree was now filling, but there was still the question of grandfather's death in the First World War.

Later that day the family member that I had found emailed with a link to the Australian Service records and said, 'Look at page 10'. When I did I found the next of kin 'James Pritchard' crossed out and in red ink 'Ada Pritchard' added. I then went through the documents that she had found on line for me and on page 25, there it was, Widow Ada Pritchard, dependant William Joseph Pritchard (my father).

It even told me how much pension they received, which was £1 every other week for my father and £2 every other week for my grandmother. So why did she tell my mother that my grandfather was killed at the Somme?

I just sat looking at the screen. It had been there all the time, but of course how was I to know? I must be honest; I cried, really cried tears of joy. I had done it, I had found him, but I knew very little about Gallipoli. But before I go any further I would like to introduce you to my grandfather.

He was 5ft 4in tall (not very tall, but one must remember that a lot of people were malnourished in those days), he weighed 10 stone 6lb, he had a dark complexion, his hair was dark, his eyes were brown and he had tattoos on both forearms and right upper arm as well (Oh dear, sorry but tattoos, how could you granddad!)

He was born in Brick Lane London in 1890. He was 25 years old when he joined the 4th Battalion, AIF (yes, this was the battalion that went on the rampage in Cairo!) and served in 'D' Company. He enlisted at Liverpool Camp, New South Wales on 6 November 1914 and left Sydney on the HMAT *Seang Bee* for Egypt, as a 2nd Reinforcement, on 11 February 1915. This was the day before my father's 1st birthday. He left Alexandria on 5 April 1915 on TSS *Lake Michigan* for Gallipoli.

He was killed between 6 - 9 August 1915 during the attack on Lone Pine, and is commemorated on the Lone Pine Memorial. There was a Court of Inquiry at a place called Fleurbaix, France, which confirmed his death in action, but when I asked the Australian government if they had the papers, they said unfortunately they have no other papers on my grandfather.

I have no pictures of him at all, no diaries - nothing. All I had was a name. The attestation form gives his occupation as a farm labourer, but on the marriage certificate to my grandmother he is what we today would call a French Polisher. In fact according to my relative all the men in that family work with wood, and still do today.

It is unclear whether my grandfather travelled to Australia to enlist. Certainly I was told this by my mother; 'He joined the Australian Army because they paid better than the British Army, and if he was killed, then my grandmother also got a better pension', and one must remember that £6 a month in 1915/16 was a lot of money. However, he could have gone to Australia in 1914 to seek a new life and employment on the land, but war upset his plans. My feeling is that he intended that my grandmother and my father would settle in Australia with him. I suppose the thought of a bright new future in Australia was very appealing. The family

row? That was because his father, James Pritchard, wanted some of the pension money! It is unclear why my grandfather listed his father, James, as next of kin on the attestation form. Perhaps in case the Australian army would not take married men from England. But that is something else for me to look up.

My grandfather's death in the period 6 - 9 August occurred when the 4th Battalion were engaged in bitter fighting at Lone Pine - seven VCs were awarded. The attack is well chronicled. Charles Bean devotes no fewer than 40 pages to it in the *Official History*. He records that the attack began at 5.30pm on 6 August, on a narrow front with the first troops filing into tunnels, which extended some 50 yards beyond the front line. The attacking troops reached the Turkish front line, roofed over with heavy logs, which the Australians tried to remove while others went forward then worked their way back along the communication trenches. Much of the fighting took place in semi-darkness with attacks and counter-attacks that lasted until 9 August.

Another author, Alan Moorehead, comments in his book *Gallipoli* '... it is really not possible to comprehend what happened. All dissolves into a confused impression of a riot, of a vicious street fight in the back alleys of a city, and the metaphor of the stirred-up ant heap persists ...'

What we do know is that the Australian Division lost over 2,000 men during the action. The 4th Battalion went in with 20 officers and 722 other ranks and lost 15 officers and 459 other ranks killed, wounded or missing (63% of those engaged).

After years of wondering and searching I now have my answers to my questions, but sometimes I can't believe that I found him, and I now have several second cousins into the bargain and loads more as well. But unfortunately I have never been able to track down the descendants of Lilly or Rose Pritchard. It is all so overwhelming - not only to have found my grandfather, but some of his family as well.

So I have now arrived at Gallipoli, a different journey to my grandfather, but we both arrived at the same place. Just a footnote: my grandmother emigrated to Sydney in 1973. I wonder, as she walked down those roads and streets, did she think of her first husband, my grandfather?

To bring this story up to date, I was able to travel to Gallipoli and was there on the 25th April 2015 (although not allowed to visit him until the next day), the same day my granddad had landed there, albeit 100 years later.

William Pritchard
No 1422 4th Battalion, 2nd Reinforcement
Killed Gallipoli 6th—9th August 1915

Granddad, you have lain forgotten for many years, but not by me.

Now I have found you and you are forgotten no more.

Your granddaughter, Carole Sach

Editor's note: This article appeared in the *London Legacy Newsletter* of December 2019. My thanks to Association member Alan Fenwick for providing me with a copy.

'DEAD' ANZAC CELEBRATES RESCUE FROM GRAVE

When Anzacs get together on this day, the experiences they swap of those memorable days are naturally many and varied; but few can equal in drama the experience of a Brisbane man who was placed in a grave for burial at Quinn's Post in 1915, and was 'resurrected' only because the officiating padre saw his leg move.

The man's name is Leo Casey, then Lieutenant Casey, a member of the 15th Battalion. On May 10, 1915, he received 37 wounds from Turkish bombs and was believed to be dead. With others he was placed in a grave for burial, and padres commenced the reading of the service over those of their own faith. Suddenly Father Power, who was reading the service over Lieutenant Casey, saw the 'body' move, and gave orders for its immediate removal from the grave. The 'dead' man was immediately handed over to a doctor, and with careful nursing he recovered and lives to tell the tale today among his Brisbane comrades. In spite of his last minute resurrection Lieutenant Casey was officially reported killed in action, and a solemn requiem mass was observed for him at St Stephen's Cathedral, Brisbane. But in the meantime doctors and nurses were working day and night in an effort to save him.



After many operations he was considered well enough to be transferred to the London General Hospital. Twice a day nurses wheeled him into the theatre for dressings. Each trip occupied two and a half hours.

In due course after his arrival in London, Lieutenant Casey felt well enough to think about drawing his pay. However, when he made application the Army shook its head and informed him that he was dead. The records said so. Lieutenant Casey insisted otherwise, and the Army suggested that he should cable to his relatives in Australia for identification, at his own expense. In the end one of his fellow officers vouched for him, and the Army put through an amended casualty return. Once a year, on the anniversary of his 'resurrection,' Lieutenant Casey and a handful of the men who were with him on that momentous day at Quinn's Post celebrate the occasion at the Anzac Club. (adapted from Brisbane *Telegraph* 25 April 1946 p6).

Lieutenant Leo George Casey, 15th Battalion AIF.

Sustained multiple bomb wounds to scalp, lower jaw, left hand, left elbow (smashed), groin, left leg, back and right hand (shattered, finger blown off).

Lieutenant Casey lived to the age of 67, dying on 16 May 1961. He is buried in Lutwyche cemetery in the northern suburbs of Brisbane, Queensland.

OSWALD CARVER

David Saunders

The death of the 2nd Viscount Montgomery on 21 January 2020 provides a reminder of a Gallipoli connection previously reported in *The Gallipolian* (No 116), when reporting the death of Colonel Richard Carver OBE in July 2007. The 2nd Viscount was the only child of the marriage in 1927 of the then Lieutenant Colonel Montgomery to Betty Carver, whose husband, with whom she had two children, Oswald Armitage Carver died of wounds at Gallipoli on 7 June, aged 28.

Born on 2 February 1887, the son of William Oswald Carver, cotton goods merchant, and his wife Katherine, the family were then living at Cranage Hall near Holmes Chapel, Cheshire. Young Oswald was educated at Charterhouse School and subsequently at Trinity College, Cambridge from which he rowed in the Boat Race of 1908 which Cambridge claimed as their third successive victory. The same year the crew won a bronze medal rowing in the eights on the Thames during the Summer Olympics, two members of the crew, in addition to Carver, being killed, both on the Western Front. Following university Carver became a director of the family business which had a mill at Marple and offices and warehouses in Manchester's 'cotton district.'

Carver served with the 1/2nd East Lancashire Field Company Royal Engineers, the East Lancashire Division being the first complete Territorial Division to be despatched overseas sailing from Southampton for Egypt in early September 1914. Carver was not among them as a medical board just several days before departure had reported he was suffering from deafness. His hearing passed examination a month later and he subsequently followed to Egypt and by 31 December had been promoted to captain.

The 1/2nd East Lancashire Field Company sailed for Gallipoli early in May 1915. For the Third Battle of Krithia on the 4 June they were tasked to follow the Manchester Regiment in their attack on the Turkish positions and quickly dig communication trenches for what was hoped would be a new forward line. During this Carver was badly wounded in the back and evacuated to the 11th Casualty Clearing Station where he died three days later. He rests in Lancashire Landing Cemetery.

His younger brother Basil, having obtained his commission a few weeks before his eighteenth birthday, was killed on the Western Front on 21 August 1916 while serving with the 6th Battalion (Inniskilling) Dragoons, 2nd Cavalry Division. He had gone into a mine shaft to rescue men overcome by gas and was overcome himself, dying of the fumes.



East Mudros Military Cemetery, Lemnos, Greece during the 2018 commemorations. See page 3.
Photograph by Jim Claven.



Anzac Day 2016 at Phaleron War Cemetery, Athens, Greece. See page 3. Photograph by Jim Claven.



A view of the Dardanelles from Kilia Tepe by Georg Wagenführ, published in a German monthly journal, 1916.
On the right is Nagara Point (Naraburnu) with two lines of anti-submarine nets stretching across the straits.
See pages



Current image of the entrance to the underground cellar used to store food, Kilia Tepe. See pages
(Thomas P Iredale collection).



Entrance yard of the Turkish Military Museum (Askeri Müze) in Harbiye, Istanbul; statue of the hero Seyyid, otherwise known as Seyit Onbaşı or Corporal Seyit. See page



Entrance yard of the Turkish Military Museum (Askeri Müze) in Harbiye, Istanbul. German artillery piece with a statue of the hero Seyyid, otherwise known as Seyit Onbaşı or Corporal Seyit. See page

Looking S from near KIRATCH TEPE
Advance of 5th R.I.F. shown

GR N HILL (50)
YILGHIN BURNU (53)
CHOCOLATE HILL

SALT LAKE

ACHA BABA

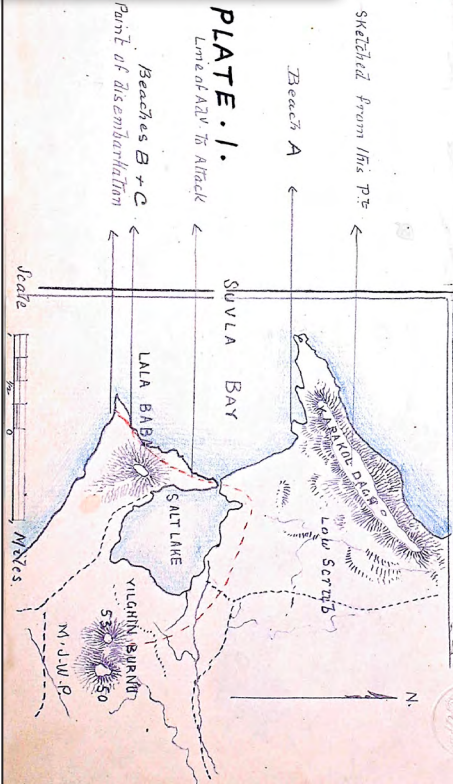
LALA BABA

SUVLA Bay

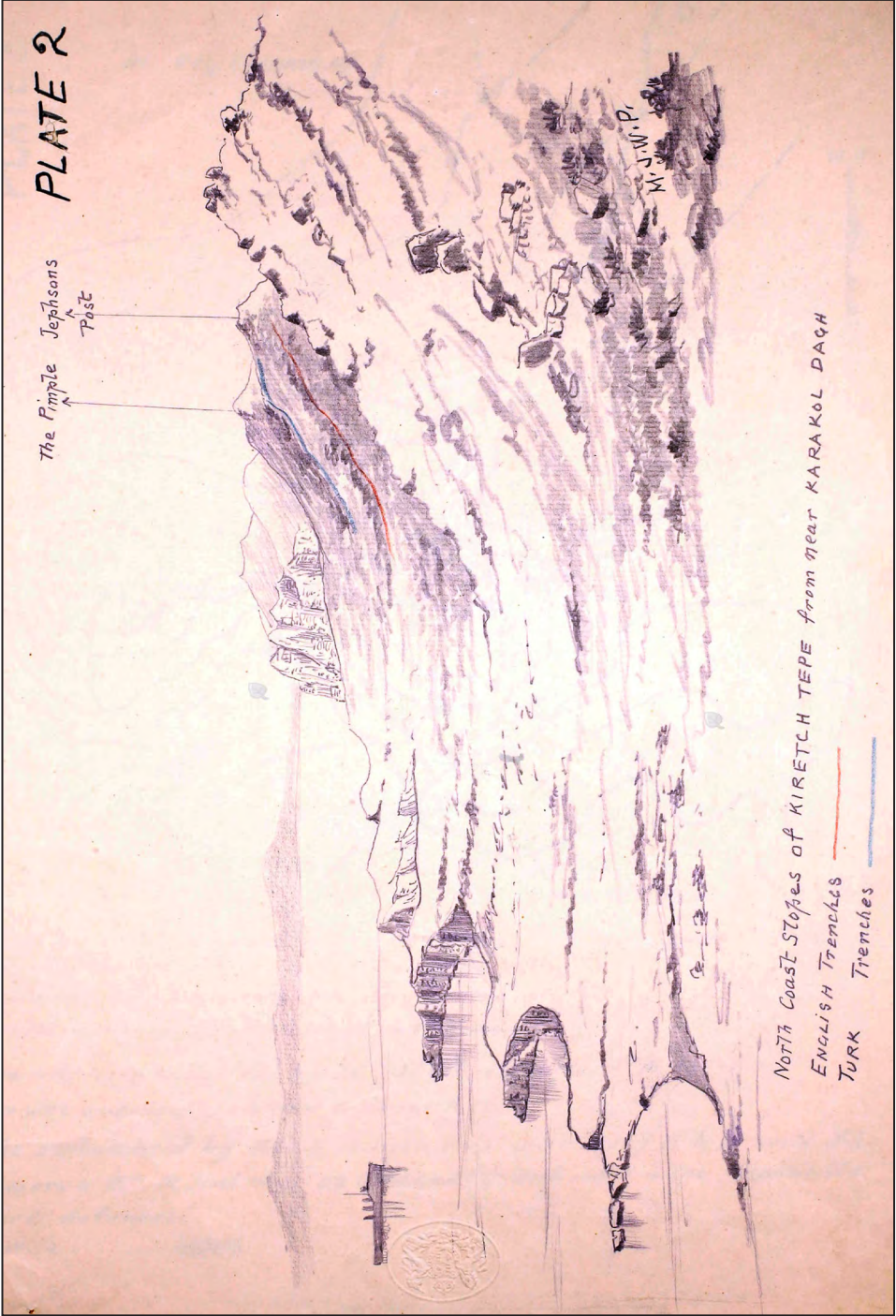
Landing Place
(other side of cliff)

The freehand sketches at the end of this portion of the War Diary include most of the ground of any importance in front of the position of the trenches held by the 5th R.I.F. BEE and one copy of these sketches is in the X 53 D.V. They were for the most part taken from the vicinity of the ARTY OBSERVING STN on CHOCOLATE HILL (marked X in map PLATE 5.) and were done with the aid of a telescope.

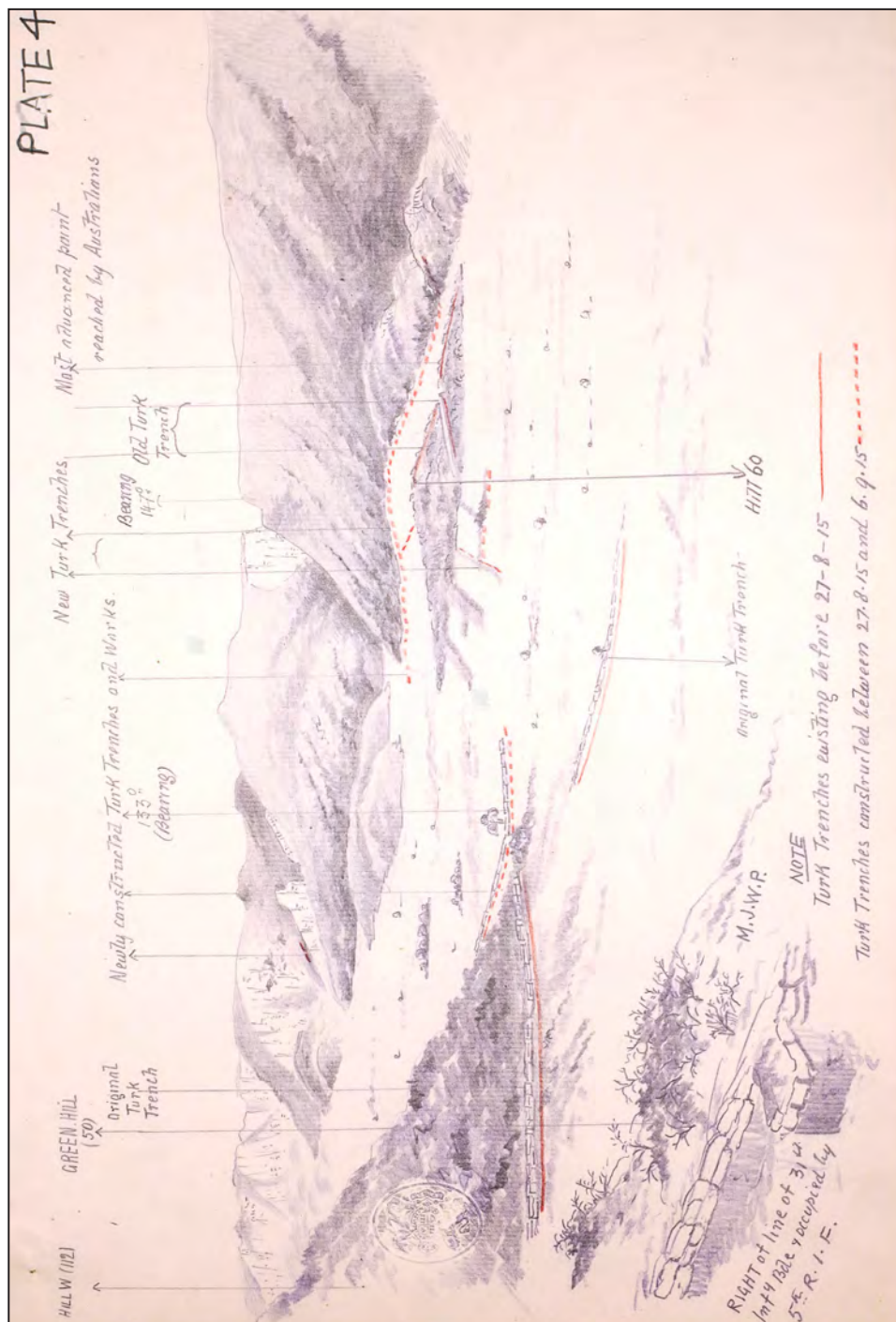
M. J. W. P.
Lt. Colonel
Command 5th Royal Irish Fusiliers



Sketch from War Diary, 5th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers



Sketch from War Diary, 5th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers



Sketch from War Diary, 5th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers

CONCERT

HELD ON BOARD

H.M.T. "ARABIC"

By kind permission of Commander A. Holme.

On SUNDAY, 7th OCTOBER, 1923,

At 8.30 p.m.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF

Lieut-Genl. SIR C. H. HARINGTON, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O.

Lady Harington, and Officers.

On the occasion of the Home-coming of the last British Troops
to leave Constantinople after the evacuation of Turkey.

G.O. Troops Col. Comdt. J. STEELE, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.



ON BOARD :

General Headquarters ; H.Q. 1st Guards Brigade ;
2nd Bn. Grenadier Guards ; 3rd Bn. Coldstream Guards ;
Colour Party (Irish Guards) ; Base Headquarters ;
Capt. Oloff de Wet, C.B.E., R.N., P.N.T.O., and Naval
Transport Staff ; Royal Army Chaplains Department ;
Details of the following : R.E., R.C.O.S., R.A.S.C., R.A.M.C.,
R.A.O.C., R.A.P.C., Corps of M.P., and Group Capt. P. F. M.
Fellowes, D.S.O., and Details R.A.F.

EXTRACTS FROM VOLUME 29, THE EAST ANGLIAN MAGAZINE

Richard W L Smith MVO

I own a complete run of the *East Anglian Magazine*, published between 1935 and 1979 (with the exception of 1940-45), bound into yearly volumes. At the turn of the year I was glancing through Volume 29 covering the numbers issued 50 years ago and came upon two items of interest to Gallipoli Association members.

Letters to the Editor, March 1970, page 213:

SOME OF YOUR READERS may be interested to know of the recently formed and rapidly growing Gallipoli Association, since the 54th Division, so prominent at Gallipoli, was formed solely of East Anglian units such as the Suffolk and Norfolk Regiments and the East Anglian Field Ambulance (H.Q. Ipswich).

We were all Territorials, all local men, with a special bond of friendship that lasted over the years. The G.A. gives us the opportunity to renew our friendships and although the passing of the years has inevitably thinned our ranks, I am sure that there are many like myself who would welcome the opportunity to get in touch again. The Association is shortly issuing a list of names and addresses of members to enable this to be done. The minimum subscription is 5s. a year and the Hon. Secretary is: Major E. H. W. Banner (T.D.), Claydene, Cowden, Edenbridge, Kent.

C. D. Selsby, 118 Oxhawth Crescent, Bromley, Kent BR2 8BW.

FOCUS ON FRAMLINGHAM by ERIC RAYNER, October 1970, pages 533-534:

THE S.S. 'RIVER CLYDE' was a Glasgow-built collier of 3,913 tons and a length of 344 feet 8 inches. On Friday 23rd April 1915, part of a great convoy, she steamed from the island of Lemnos towards the beaches and stony hills of Gallipoli. Her bridge had been fortified by steel plates. Casements had been built into her bows and the lower bridge where, amongst sand-bags, Navy men manned 12 Maxim guns.

The next morning she drove, not on the sand as intended but amongst some reefs, at Sedd el Bahr, and immediately came under a hail of machine-gun fire and shrapnel. Of the first 1000 men who poured through the doors in her side, 500 were almost instantly killed, wounded or drowned. The next 1000 men, kept cooped up until nightfall, landed without a shot being fired at them.

The next day the beach was cleared, and for nine months the River Clyde, with a mole built from her, served as a breakwater and harbour: until 3.35 a.m., 9th January 1916, when the last man of the Dardanelles army, being evacuated to Lemnos and other places, left her.

The connection of the S.S. River Clyde with Framlingham is one man; Mr. F. C. Smith of Framlingham who was one of the five volunteers who took her into the

beach at Sedd el Bahr, and the donor of her bell which hangs just within the door of the museum of the Framlingham and District Local History and Preservation Society in Double Street.

[Article continues on other attractions and businesses, Framlingham, East Suffolk.]

Notes:

The Museum is now located within Framlingham Castle, and payment of the entrance fee (to English Heritage) will give admission to the re-named Lanman Museum of Local History. I wrote about the bell in *The Gallipolian*, Number 115, Winter 2009. Both items are reproduced exactly as printed – facts, grammar and punctuation.

January 2020

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF LIEUTENANT ALLIES

8th Bn., The Royal Welch Fusiliers

Lieutenant Alfric Euan Allies was a BA of Oxford University. He disappeared on Rhododendron Ridge, Anzac.

15 August Moved up to APEX and took over post. Quiet night. Very little firing.

16 August 5 am. Found Turks had erected 3 loopholes on small knoll 30 yds from our crest line - a small party under command of Lieut. E. A. Allies was sent out, covered by our machine guns, to endeavour to destroy them. The party failed to carry out their object owing to fire being opened on them from CHUNUK BAIR

& were obliged to fall back. Lieut. Allies & 5 men were reported as 'missing.' (War Diary, Royal Welch Fusiliers, entry for 16 August 1915).



Killed in action 16th August 1915 near The Apex, Rhododendron Ridge, aged 24 years. No known grave. Name commemorated on the Helles Memorial.

'Lieut. Allies charged gallantly 15 yards in front of his men, but they immediately came under enfilade fire. He was the first to reach the loopholes and was seen to fire his revolver into the trench, but then fell over the ridge towards the Turks, evidently wounded. He was seen crawling back up the slope of the ridge, but was again fired on, rolled back out of sight, and has not been seen or heard of since.' (Tonbridge School biography).

SIX MONTHS IN THE DARDANELLES.

Blackwood's Magazine, February 1916

By Zachabona

I. THE PRELIMINARIES

There was snow on the ground when we mobilised at the Tower of London, and there were enemy submarines in the Bristol Channel when we groped out of Avonmouth in a slight fog. An officer told me confidentially that our address would be "British Expeditionary Force, Mediterranean," but it was not until we were almost in Biscay that some one started the whisper "Dardanelles." A corporal reported the matter (unofficially) to the ship's sergeant-major, the warrant-officers' mess masticated the idea with their late dinner, and next morning the blessed word was skilfully but casually dropped into the ship's adjutant's ear. He — the sceptic! — merely paused to say "Rot!" and went on dictating the order for the day. Personally, I recalled a green poster I had seen a night or two before outside Piccadilly Tube Station, which said, "British Fleet in Action in the Dardanelles," but at that particular moment, when everybody's mind was bent on the great spring offensive almost due in France, it seemed impossible and more that a fresh expeditionary force was setting out for a destination so far overseas, and that we were the advance-guard of that force. Could it be that we were going to swell the garrison in Egypt? Too many Generals and red tabs on board. Long before Malta we had exhausted most of the theories, and resigned ourselves with the reflection that "ours was not to reason why." But, impatient enough, we wished we knew a little more about the job in hand.

The day after we left Malta — where I lunched delightfully in two languages with a French sailor, and for my pains was shown the real inside of one of their battleships, from the wireless room below the water-line to the topmost gun-turret — we came in sight of a coast-line, low and apparently somewhat rugged. It could not be Africa, since it was on our port side, and as far as a small atlas could tell us, it could only be one other place, unless we had performed some remarkable evolutions in the night. Greatly daring (as I now see), I approached the Chief Engineer and asked him what cape it was I could see on our port bow. "That," said he, "is Cape Matapan." And the coast, of course, was Corinth. So then there was no more doubt in anybody's mind what was afoot, the Generals and "red tabs" unlocked their tongues a little, and the devil of unrest seized the rest of us, and made every shipboard day until the journey's end drearily long and unprofitable. We longed to be "getting on with it," whatever it was.

Tuesday of the first week in March saw us outside the island of Lemnos, one of the most northerly in the Archipelago. In the absence of any guiding buoys we sounded our way slowly up a channel between two long headlands. So narrow is the head of this channel that what lies beyond is withheld from you until you slip through and find yourself in one of the most perfect landlocked harbours you could well imagine,

ringed round with sheltering hills. And it held a surprise for us that morning.

“Is the whole British fleet here, then?” some one asked, in the first flush of astonishment.

“Yes, and the French!” said some one else.

Amongst other things we saw a wireless station already erected, and more ships of all sizes and purpose than we had the patience to count. I should think we steamed a mile and a half up the bay to our anchorage — which gives some idea of the capacity of what is now called Mudros harbour.

Having heard the anchor-chain rattle down, we looked at each other and at the fleet of warships and transports, and asked or thought, “Well, what next?” This, I must remind the reader, was early in March. The first thing to do was to get some news. It was a difficult matter, and we frequently grumbled that folk at home very likely knew all that was happening, while we, who were next door to being on the spot, knew nothing. The flagship at that time, if I remember right, was H.M.S. *Hussar*, and it will therefore be understood that there was no more popular daily caller at our gangway than the *Hussar*’s picket-boat. How we plied them with our questions — many of them seeming idiotic to the sailors, but we had been nigh a fortnight at sea — and how they trifled with our enthusiasms! And then, one great day, we heard that the *Hussar* was lending us a picket-boat, and that the crew would feed aboard our vessel and return to the flagship every night. Never was a crew more studiously looked after. For reward we had the privilege, after the early morning trip, of seating the cox-swain in a corner and squeezing him of his news. Alas! it was whiles doleful enough, such as the morning he brought us tidings of the *Ocean*’s fate and then the *Irresistible*’s. But he generally had a crumb of comfort.

“Any news of the forts, cox?” we would ask him.

“Yes, they’ve had another go at Sedd-el-Bahr, and Kum-Kale’s a lump o’ history by now, as ye might say. Narrows is next, but them blasted mines . . .”

“All very well, cox, but you Navy fellows are having all the fun here. Where do we come in?”

“Oh, you,” said the cox, drawing his hand slowly across his wizened mouth, to hide a smile, I believe,— “you’re a luxury out here, as it were. But I wouldn’t lose any sleep over it if I were you.”

Followed a spell of maddening inactivity. We knew so little, and so much was happening. Transports kept pouring in, and warships kept moving out — and coming back with the dawn. Though 40 miles from the mouth of the Dardanelles, we sometimes heard them at work, and if we did not — well, our cox did his best to fill in the blank. As well as we could, we had to content ourselves with the mild excitement of a pull to shore in the ship’s boats and a short route-march. One day two of us went exploring. There was a ridge of hills that had fascinated us, and we

longed to see beyond, so away we went in the picket-boat one fine Sunday morning, and landed at Port Mudros, which is on the east side of the bay.

The landing-stage, which at that time looked like a heap of decrepit fish-creels, was a scene of bustle and industry very puzzling to the natives. With something like bewilderment in their faces they stood around, some in goatskin jackets in addition to the peasant dress of bloomers and very elegant hose, watching the Australians and the French disembarking flour and running the sacks up the temporary tramway in trolleys to their respective camps. The French seemed never to take off their dove-blue greatcoats, even in the hottest noon, yet they worked hard and kept cheerful withal.

On our left, as we climbed the road to Port Mudros village, was the British camp, set amid some windmills. Passing the Consul's house, with its staring blue front, we entered the village, and at once encountered the usual enterprising native merchant. All the world over this is the type which believes that the soldier lives by milk chocolate and Sunlight soap, for he never by any accident has anything else to sell. We successfully overbore this attack, only to be invited, a few yards farther on, to get drunk on penny glasses of what the label said was "Koniao." Escape lay in the direction of the local church. As we passed in, we noticed an Australian tied up to a post: first taste of Field Punishment No. 1. Inside the church, which was a square building, and twice the size of any village kirk I know, we were permitted to light a taper. We first made our offerings, over which or some other trifle the two functionaries at the door (the beadle and the senior elder I took them to be) talked with quarrelsome voices all the time we were inside. For ten minutes we trod the tiled floor, noticed the marble etceteras, and looked with curiosity at the panels, which I took to be oleographs. Then we came outside into the squalor of the dwelling-houses, which seemed also to be hen-runs and pigsties combined. A group of frowsy women watched us from a mud doorstep. We took to the baked fields.

Rough-going for half a mile brought us to the beginning of our climb. We bent our backs to it, but not before remarking that neither bush nor tree broke the barren slope. Half-way up, a Greek shepherd lad was tootling an air, with the sheep-bells for a clangorous orchestra. Wrapt in his reedy solo, he let us past without a glance. I have rarely been rewarded with such a prospect as burst upon us at the top. Some scenes in the Galloway hills rivalled it in my mind's eye, but for range this view was wonderful. Naturally, our first search was for the Gallipoli peninsula, which, however, was ten miles too far away to be distinct. But we saw the Samothracian peaks with their snow-caps on, the mountains of Imbros, too, and in another direction the hill-spires of the Balkan mainland. It was a noble sight, like being in a balloon, especially when we looked down on the British Fleet in the bay below, lying like so many toy boats in a bath. We were loth to leave the spot, but a slightly higher hill beyond attracted us, and a nullah gave us easy passage. We found ourselves forestalled by a party of naval officers, and I

thought I recognised Rupert Brooke. In after days, when we talked of his lamented death, we liked to think that he had that view ere he quested for vaster prospects. May his soul sing for ever!

Coming down a bridle-path to the fields below, we chanced upon a little stone hut with open door. Inside we found a stone-flagged floor, a wooden bench, a tiny altar, and an ikon in the window. No habitation of any sort stood near it. It was less than a mile from the village. After much speculation we wrote it off as a dissenters' meeting-place. Passing through the village to the quay, a band of Zouaves, their arms linked, met us in the way. They broke off their "Carmen" song to give us a happy "B'jour, m'sieurs," which we as happily returned. They were singing again next moment. A glad sight on a glad day.

Late that night we had word that a large working-party we had sent ashore was marooned in a lighter on a sandbank, the picket boat towing it being also stuck fast. It looked like a night's lodging in the open for our eighty odd men, but we manned the ship's boats with soldier crews and set off to the rescue. My boat had four oars. It was a hard pull, for they were a goodish way out, the night as black as a tunnel, and the exercise was unusual to the scratch crew. By means of a variety of hails into the night, answered all too flippantly from the lighter, we located them at last and pulled alongside. It was plain what had happened. The picket-boat had grounded first, and then the lighter, with the way she had on her, ran out her tow-length and up the bank. We were greeted uproariously by the marooned military.

"Don't mind us," was one expression of Cockney ingratitude, "we was just gettin' aht to wade back." We cut their cackle for them, and ordered so many into each boat. It took us till midnight to get them off, and we were all dog-tired with rowing, but it was a pleasant little diversion at a time when "to do" was the prime need of all of us.

Another diversion was a three days' storm, with appropriate equinoctial gales, which gave us the chance of tasting some real Navy weather in the picket-boat. More than one of the gentlemen of the Staff, whose duties took them out and about in the harbour, paid toll to those heavy seas, which, land-locked though we were, raced funnel-high for the best part of a week. Ships' boats were smashed to matchwood against the side, lighters drifted ashore, and one Union Castle liner only escaped beaching at the head of the bay by the superb seamanship of her captain. The experience should have been a lesson in the treachery of the sea in those parts, yet similar storms long afterwards found us unprepared, and with how much more at stake! But that in its proper place.

Thus and thus we whiled away the weeks of waiting — a tedious, anxious, gnawing time, when nobody did any work to speak of, because nobody knew exactly what was required of him. Nobody knew that Sir Ian Hamilton had arrived at Tenedos (between us and the Peninsula), and made those fateful reconnaissances he afterwards so finely described. And so, too, nobody had the faintest idea why we all suddenly turned our bows towards Egypt and sailed away. It seemed the strangest proceeding.

It was also the wisest and boldest, as things were, if a humble observer may presume to say so. I have heard it said with bitterness that it ruined the ultimate success of the expedition. I venture to affirm that it was the salvation of the initial landing, which otherwise simply must have been an ignominious failure.

By a fortunate chance our boat put in at Port Said instead of Alexandria. This gave us an opportunity to see the Canal in a state of defence, for it was not long after the abortive Turkish attack, and although the trenches were empty, the men were not far away. Nine hours in the train across the delta land brought us to Alexandria, which was full of American sailors airing pro-German sentiments over their drinks. That sort of thing cost them more than one cracked skull in the ensuing weeks, when British and Australian soldiers were present to hear them. Of course, most of it was simply braggadocio, and the officers whom we met disclaimed the silly pranks of their men; but it caused a good deal of unpleasantness in the town, for our men were in no mood to stand that kind of “ragging.”

In Alexandria we settled down to the hard grind of final preparations — very exacting parades, inspections, administrative arrangements, and the thousand and one things that were necessary. The Great Day was at hand.

II. THE LANDING.

Alexandria was like an oven, and the swarm of “red tabs” did not add to the comfort of the place. (You have to be so mighty particular with the Staff about.) I was passing the Bourse one afternoon with a friend when we encountered two of the “brass hats.” Our salute was cordially acknowledged by the senior, a sparse-built man, whose jutting chin as he strode along at a great pace was almost the only feature of his face you noticed.

“About the first cheerful brass hat I’ve come across,” commented my friend. “A General, too.” Which seemed to surprise him the more.

“Yes,” I said ; “and if you’d been in the habit of improving your mind with the picture papers you’d have recognised the C.-in-C.”

“Say, my puttees even?” “You’re safe now,” I told him; “the C.-in-C. never looks back, they say.”

Which was to be corroborated.

Sir Ian Hamilton stayed about a week; and when the redistribution of troops to transports was complete he was off again to Lemnos, there to confer with the Navy on the how and the when. We who followed him at a week’s distance well remember the voyage for the *Manitou* incident, among other things. Our ship was not within sight of the affair, though we had a taste of it the same night; but I had the whole story from a Scots skipper I know. He was in it, and rather enjoyed it.

“Our rendezvous,” he told me, “was Skyros [S.W. of Lemnos], and we were nearly there when we picked up a wireless message saying that enemy torpedo craft was

about. I had an Armoured Car Squadron on board, so we were ready for anything that tackled us above water with machine guns ranged along the sides. The next message we got was that the *Royal George* had been attacked. Well, she was just up ahead of me, with part of the Naval Division on board. That message proved to be an error, though. The *Manitou* was meant, and three torpedoes were fired — every one of which, as you know, missed. There must have been a bit of a turn-up on board, because when we came up — and we had our boats slung out ready — there was any amount of flotsam about — boards, poles, empty petrol-drums, all things likely to float.

“Meanwhile the torpedo-boat (it wasn’t a submarine) had fled for the Asiatic side; but the *Kennet* and another of our destroyers were already racing to cut off the enemy’s retreat, which they succeeded in doing and finally forced her to run aground. The crew, I believe, were mostly Germans, though it was a Turkish destroyer.

“But we had a second surprise to come. When we got into Skyros harbour there was the *Canopus* and several others within ten miles of the affair. And, to crown all, it came out that the Turkish destroyer had been picked up by our signal station, and was seen to be flying the French or Russian flag,— I forget which. That was how she got so close to the *Manitou* — too close, as it happened, to fire her torpedoes accurately.”

This was the captain’s story. I suppose we shall never know exactly in what danger our fleet of transports stood during that critical time; but it can hardly be doubted that the destroyer which was so effectually put out of action had several submarine or other accomplices in the neighbourhood. Which brings me to the experience we had on board the *Southland* (formerly known to us as the *Vadderland*). The troops on board were the 1st Battalion King’s Own Scottish Borderers, destined for such great deeds before the moon waned, and various Staff details. It was our second night out from Alexandria, and we were in the channel a little to the N.W. of Patmos, which we had seen in passing that afternoon. We had not been out of sight of some island or other all day, and we had decided that every one of them was a glorious bolt-hole for a submarine. It would be about 9 P.M. when some strollers on the promenade deck noticed a small craft racing towards us from the lee of a group of islands on the port side. Somebody voiced the thought which was in all our minds, that it was very likely the marine apache we had all secretly expected. And with that the ship’s engines slowed and stopped. That looked serious, and I think our pulses throbbed a little faster, those of us who stood there by the rail, watching the approach of — what? In the ship itself there was now absolute stillness. Many had gone to bed. We — a dozen of us — waited in an agony. Yet it was only the agony of being kept in suspense, for if a torpedo had struck us then, I do not believe there would have been any panic, which is the highest compliment I can offer to the 1st Batt. K.O.S.B.’s, whose fine bearing and perfect discipline were to be relied on then as after when they led the way to the slopes of Achi Baba.

The first thing to break the stillness of the starry night was the click-y-click of the

signal lamp on the bridge. We saw it was signalling to something on our starboard side. Hurrying round we were all considerably astonished to see the lights and shape of a cruiser cutting across our bows. We went back to see the fun, but there was none, for as soon as the cruiser's lights came in sight, the mystery boat turned tail and ran. A hot pursuit began, and we left them to it and went to get particulars. Apparently, about the same time as we sighted the craft on the port side, H.M.S. *Dartmouth* had flashed us a signal saying, "Stand fast, I am crossing your bows to examine unknown vessel." That explained the sudden stoppage of the engines. The rest we had seen — our signal in acknowledgment and the beginning of the chase. So we filled our pipes and sat down to await events. It never occurred to us till long after that we made a fairish target for any other apache who might be about, lying there with hardly any way on us at all. It was two hours before the *Dartmouth* came back; and will it be believed that, though consumed with expectation of an exciting story, all we got out of her was "Proceed on your course!" We called it mean and a heap of other things, and went to bed.

Next day was Sunday, and we took part in a church parade that none of us still spared is likely to forget. The chaplain's words about the one thing certain in our uncertain future went straight to the heart of you somehow, and we all stood with tight lips. Exactly a week later, at the same hour, great bursts of shrapnel were spraying the majority of that congregation with bullets, and they were acquitting themselves like men, being strong, though I much doubt if a single company could now be raised out of what remains of that fine battalion.

Sunday, April 25, came to us in Mudros harbour in a dawn of liquid gold that gave a sparkle and a freshness to the air, very invigorating for the high adventure of the day. I had been awakened in my stuffy cabin by the deep booming of the gong which was our submarine alarm, and coming on deck clad in pyjamas and life-belt, had found the harbour nearly empty of craft and ourselves getting under way. The scene at the boat stations was in some respects amusing. Senior officers in charge of boats were taking the roll-call, uniform—pyjamas and topees; two or three Generals and Colonels, much swollen by their patent life-saving waistcoats, loitered near their allotted boats, disgusted with an adjutant who could conceive the idea of a sham alarm before breakfast; sergeant-majors and suchlike expeditiously did their jobs, and the rest of us chattered our teeth. We were now outside the island, and heading N.E. for the Peninsula. We were once more briefly coached in what to do if "anything happened" — it was so the submarine danger was always referred to — and then we all trooped off to breakfast as a dull rolling sound came down the wind. "Listen! they're off," said somebody. "Yes, and in an hour we're in it." "Meanwhile, what about porridge and marmalade?" We could see nothing as yet, so why get excited?

It was a pleasant morning, calm as to the sea and warm overhead. Dark wisps of smoke above the horizon ahead of us told of transports and warships on the move. And ever the angry mutterings in the air grew louder. The towering outline of Imbros

appeared on our port, and with that we began to see the flashes of the naval guns. It was now only a question of how near we should get, and as it was not our fortune to be of the actual landing-party, our chances seemed poor enough. But we need not have worried ourselves; it was to fall out that each and all got a fair share and more of the events of that fateful day.

Slowly now, but sure of her way, our ship steamed in among the other transports already at anchor off Cape Helles. Many of them were busy disgorging troops into small trawlers, lighters, horse-boats, and the like. Others were by now empty, with orders to "stand by." Nearer the shore than the transports were the battleships, and it was (to our great joy) actually in the battle line that our ship came to rest for the time being. We saw everything — the air roared, the land ahead seemed to be spouting great earth and gas clouds where our shells burst, and presently — could it be, that splash near by? — yes, we observed with much satisfaction that they were shelling us — WE WERE UNDER FIRE!

The novelty of the latter experience and of the noise generally wore off incredibly soon, and we settled down to mark the progress of the day. Our binoculars and our maps claimed us, and for the next ten hours of daylight we were never far away from either.

I made it my first concern to discover if and where a landing had been effected. It was a difficult matter. Towards Sedd-el-Bahr (where the forts were beginning to reek with bursting shells) I saw a transport with her nose well up the beach. This was the *River Clyde*, then in the act of letting loose out of her riven side those unspeakably gallant men of the Munster, Dublin, and other regiments, whom Col. Doughty-Wyllie (amongst us only the day before) afterwards led to the capture of a strong redoubt and to his death.

Between us and the *River Clyde*, in the lee of the low scrubby cliffs, I could make out a flag-pole and a dark cluster on the beach round about it. This was the point of assembly, "W" Beach, imperishably christened Lancashire Landing, to commemorate the daring of those Lancashire regiments which won through here. Gradually a movement became noticeable. The cluster spread out, took the nearest dunes at a run, disappeared — and a crackling undercurrent in the din of big guns bring was all that told of a fierce charge and the first trenches won. All the while the little trawlers, the tug-boats, and the lighters full of the finest soldiers, went agitatedly to and fro through a deluge of bullets, which splashed the water with a hiss like the rain that comes with thunder.

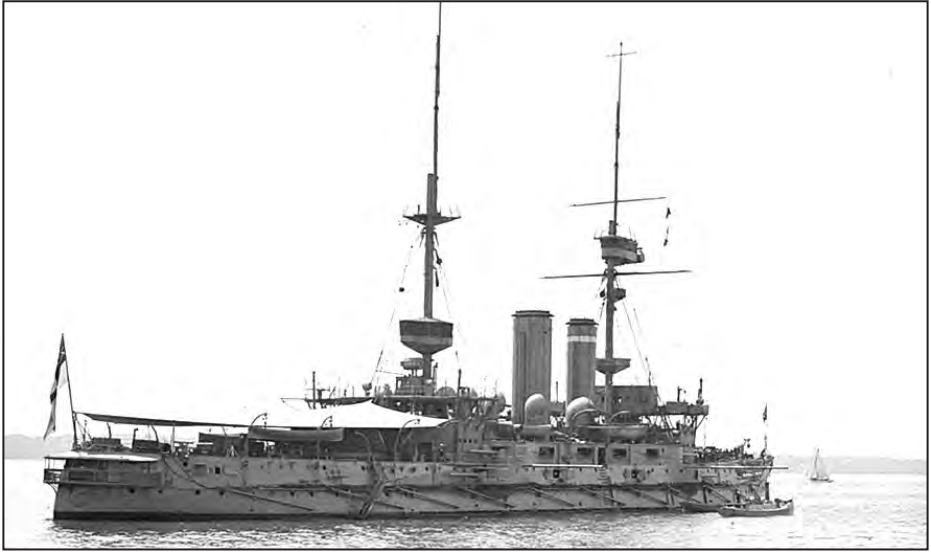
There was now the naval fire to note, and I never expect to see anything so enthralling as my half-hour's close observation of it. Just at first the *Implacable* had been firing with great accuracy quite close to us, but they had the misfortune of a "premature," which we heard had put one turret out of action and explained why this ship had to leave the line. The *Dublin*, standing a little out to sea, was playing great havoc with the town of Krithia, while on our other hand the *Triumph* (or it may have

been the *Swiftsure*, I could never tell the difference, with that high, arching crane across the middle of each of them), *Queen, London*, and *Euryalus* were raising earth-clouds on Achi Baba. Nearer the mouth of the Narrows the bulk of the Fleet had concentrated, which allowed them free fire on Kum-Kale (on the Asiatic side), Sedd-el-Bahr, or Achi Baba as necessity arose. Besides our own ships in this area, several French cruisers could be distinguished by the “cows” on the funnels, and also the Russian cruiser *Askold*, familiarly known to us as “the packet of Woodbines,” by reason of her five slim funnels!

Watching the *Dublin's* shots, one had a first impression of siege warfare. My view of the Peninsula off “W” Beach extended from the Sedd-el-Bahr forts along the coast to the higher cliffs at “Y” Beach, and inland as far as Achi Baba. I had therefore a clear view of Krithia, which I first noticed as a collection of whitewashed houses, with here and there a blue front and a red roof. The white dome of a small mosque could be made out, and behind that, on the rising ground of Achi Baba, some windmills. This, then, was the place the *Dublin* centred her attention upon. Her ranging shots were just beyond the town, but once she had corrected herself, she poured shell after shell for the next ninety minutes into the entrenched town. Sometimes it was a black cloud that spurted up where the shell burst, and sometimes a terracotta or yellow, but whatever the hue of the resultant explosion, every shell did its work, and I could see whole houses being disintegrated, gables coming down solid, and generally demolition everywhere. It gave an eerie feeling, this first glimpse of war's ravages. After a brief lull, which the observer filled in by imagining a wireless message, the *Dublin* roared out again with shrapnel, which burst over the stricken town with a flash and a puff of white, and indicated that Turkish troops must either be concentrating on or retreating through Krithia.

Meanwhile, from different points, a steady, heavy, unnerving fire was maintained on the hill and also on the forts at the cape. As far as we could see, the Turkish guns were not replying as they might have been expected to do. Shells were dropping in the water round about us certainly, perhaps one in fifteen minutes, but the fort guns seemed to be silent, so these were supposed to come from Achi Baba. Which was annoying, because if ever a position was literally battered out of recognition by shell fire, Achi Baba was that same; and how any gun emplacements could live through such a series of earthquakes as were made to happen all round the flat summit of that wholly unimposing hill quite nonplussed us. But they had, for messages began to come in that the fire from Achi Baba was worrying the right flank, and so on. As the warships started excavating again with high explosives, we said to each other: “It will be interesting when we get Achi Baba to see how they had the guns hidden.” After a lapse of six months, when I am still looking at Achi Baba from the wrong side, I repeat it will be interesting. We have a theory that the hill is honeycombed in tiers, and that the guns are loaded at the back, run through to the front and fired, and perhaps slid along a trolley into some new gallery to be loaded afresh! I shall hardly be saying anything more than the obvious when I state

that six months' intermittent bombardment has made absolutely no impression on the inscrutable face of Achi Baba.



HMS Implacable

It is no time to dwell on what might have been, but I cannot deny myself mention of the fact that we were actually on the slopes of Achi Baba that first day, thanks to the dauntless K.O.S.B.'s, who pushed through from "Y" Beach to Krithia almost unopposed, fought their way through the ruins on to the farther slopes, and then, owing to lack of supports, marched all the way back again under a devastating fire. In the advance the battalion's losses were small; coming back they were dreadfully punished, and eventually dug themselves in on the seaward side of Krithia to meet a force of at least five times their number. Here Colonel Koe was killed next morning, and with the Adjutant (Captain Marrow) and many other officers and hundreds of the men already casualties, the battalion was but a remnant of its former self when it re-embarked for "W" Beach, having, it was said, successfully diverted the attention of the Turks from the advance on the right flank.

"Could you have done anything else?" I asked a Scottish Borderer, as we sat in the scrub looking towards the hill long afterwards.

Very deliberately he took his pipe from his mouth, though he kept his dour eyes on the position under discussion.

"Ah believe," said he, "properly reinforced in the rear, we could 'a taken Achi Baba by 12 noon on the day o' the landin'."

This is the opinion of a serving soldier, one of the 80 odd men still alive who won to the gently-rising slopes of this formidable position, a bone in our throat these

six deadly months — and still there.

It would be shortly after midday, while the bombardment was still raging, that the hospital ship *Sicilia* came up and put close in near “W” Beach. Through the glasses I could see the sand near the landing-place speckled with dark objects. These were the first stretcher cases, and they had to be embarked on the ship. The difficulty of this task, with the beach under incessant fire, either from Achi Baba or the Asiatic hillside, may more easily be imagined than I can describe it. After a time the hospital ship put to sea with all speed, and we met her later in the day, lingering near Rabbit Island, like a thing disconsolate seeking solitude for her sorrow. Her flag was at half-mast, so we lowered ours as we passed on towards the Peninsula; and we learned afterwards that what we had saluted was the burial of Brig.-General Napier, one of the first out of the landing-boats.

The naval fire slackened a little towards mid-afternoon, when one or two facts emerged out of the general inferno of noise and effort, namely : (1) The landings at “V” and “W” Beaches by the 29th Division under Major-General Hunter Weston had been miraculously successful, in view of the elaborate defensive measures prepared for our reception. These latter included, besides the usual barbed-wire contraptions — but such barbed-wire as nobody had ever seen before! — beach traps and contact mines where our men had to leave the boats and wade ashore. Also, the Turkish trenches along the cliff-top were the most finished articles that any army could have turned out, being 10 ft. deep in places and proofed overhead. It was like storming the Embankment out of Thames barges, with the enemy comfortably ensconced with his guns on the second floor of the Savoy, only it was worse than that. So much, then, for the miraculous landing. (2) The Turks having been drawn off by the costly diversion of the K.O.S.B.’s on the left flank, it became necessary to make good our footing at the cape, and especially to clear out the Turkish remnants in Sedd-el-Bahr, which the French were to occupy. (3) The Australians were credited with a spirited dash inland at Gaba Tepe, farther than was at all safe for their communications. This proved to be a fairly accurate statement of events, though it did the Colonials rather less than justice: a wireless station two miles inland was, they understood, one of the first things to be made possible, and make it possible they did, as far as the mere mileage was concerned. Like the K.O.S.B.’s, they had to suffer the mortification of a retreat, and then dispute with the enemy whether he was to have the privilege of driving them at the bayonet’s point into the sea.

This was the general situation as we understood it at four o’clock that afternoon. News was plentiful, but information scarce, so one believed what one could, and kept a sharp look-out.

My first sight of the *Queen Elizabeth* in action was about this time, when she appeared within half a mile of us, manoeuvring into position for the final onslaught on the Sedd-el-Bahr forts. The sound of her first 15-in. shot shook us all up a bit. After that we felt we could never mistake the crack of doom. Down the line the other big guns began to bark, and their terrific fire was seen to converge on Sedd-

el-Bahr, so we knew we were seeing the last of the fortress, even as we watched the high smooth walls crumbling feebly into debris. As far as we could see towards the mouth of the Dardanelles, black shapes against the Asiatic shore were spitting out their fire-flashes and muttering like remote thunder. And Sedd-el-Bahr was rapidly becoming a gigantic rubbish-heap. It was dusk soon after 5, and as the night-clouds drew up over us, and signal lamps began to wink from shore to ship, a flame shot up amid the ruins of the fort, and licked its tongue round the wreckage till the whole heart of what had that day been Sedd-el-Bahr glowed like live coal. Only dimly could we see the land ahead of us now, but out of the darkness of the night came the never-ceasing crackle of rifle fire and the spluttering note of the machine-gun. Now and then a star-shell went up like a sigh out of the earth, then broke into an all-revealing gleam of electric blue or thinnest red. Darkness again, but a darkness full of noise of battle. So the night wore on.

Before I lay down for what sleep was possible, I read Sir Ian Hamilton's message, as there had been no time all day. It was addressed "Soldiers of France and of the King," and ran as follows :—

"Before us lies an adventure unprecedented in modern War. Together with our comrades of the Fleet we are about to force a landing upon an open beach in face of positions which have been vaunted by our enemies as impregnable.

"The landing will be made good, by the help of God and the Navy; the positions will be stormed, and the war brought one step nearer to a glorious close.

" 'Remember,' said Lord Kitchener, when bidding adieu to your Commander, 'Remember, once you set foot upon the Gallipoli Peninsula, you must fight the thing through to a finish.'

"The whole world will be watching our progress. Let us prove ourselves worthy of the great feat of arms entrusted to us.

"Ian Hamilton,

"General."

Editor's note:

Blackwood's Magazine, No MCCIV, February 1916 Vol CXCIX.

This is 'Part 1' of the article, comprising pages 141 to 154 of the original. 'Part 2' will be included in the next edition of *The Gallipolian*.

My thanks to Association member Paul Ridgway for supplying a scanned copy of the original article. The original contained no photographs.

ROLE OF GERMAN OFFICERS IN THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN

Thomas P Iredale

Serving alongside their Ottoman brothers-in-arms, an estimated 500 German officers and men took part in the fighting at Gallipoli. Why were they there? This article provides a brief overview.

The German Military Mission

Military cooperation between the Ottoman Empire and Germany originated in 1756, but the most notable army training legacies were left by the then Captain Helmuth Karl Bernhard von Moltke (1800-1891) between 1836 and 1839 and, in various senior ranks, Wilhelm Leopold Colmar Freiherr von der Goltz (1843-1916), first from 1883 to 1887 and later on many extended visits from 1909 to 1913.

After the Turkish army's defeat in the Balkan War of 1912, the grand vizier, Mahmud Şefket Paşa (1856-1913), concluded that he needed German military assistance to reorganise his forces. He said to minister of marine, Cemal Paşa (1872-1922):

As regards our army, I don't think we must hesitate any longer to adopt the methods of the Germans. For more than thirty

years we have had German instructors in our army, our Corps of Officers is trained entirely on German lines, and our army is absolutely familiar with the spirit of German training and military education. It is quite impossible to change all that now. I therefore intend to send for a German military mission on the grand scale and, if necessary, I shall even appoint a German general to command a Turkish army corps, place German staff and regimental officers in command of every unit comprising it, and in this way form a model army corps.¹



Marshal Liman von Sanders



Captain Erich Serno

In November 1913, a German military mission was despatched under General Otto Liman von Sanders (1855-1929). By 2 August 1914, it numbered seventy-one officers of all arms. Lieutenant Erich Serno was assigned to set up a flying training school at San Stefano. The military mission also delegated navy Captain Waldemar Pieper to help reorganise the Turkish armaments industry. Aged seventy-two, General von der Goltz was again re-assigned to Turkey in November 1914, but was very disappointed not to be given the command of the military mission.

The Ottoman Alliance with Germany

After the outbreak of World War I, Admiral Wilhelm Souchon (1864-1946) broke through to Istanbul with the warships SMS *Goeben* and SMS *Breslau*. These two ships, now flying Turkish flags, added heavy muscle to the Turkish navy, of which

Souchon became the commander in chief. After the Turkish navy attacked Russian seaports on 29 October 1914, Russia declared war on the Turks, who then formally allied themselves with Germany. All officers and men of the military mission, as well as the German naval contingent, now entered active service in the Turkish armed forces, which had been contractually agreed when the military mission was set up.

The Naval Battle on 18 March 1915

Initially, the Allied plan was to force the Dardanelles with its fleet of warships alone. To reinforce coastal defences of both waterways, the Special Command was formed under Admiral Guido von Usedom (1854-1925). Defence against naval attack consisted of heavy artillery in the forts on both sides of the straits, as well as mobile howitzer units, minefields, and anti-submarine barriers. In command of the Hamidié Fort with its 35.5 centimetre guns was Lieutenant Commander Fritz Wossidlo. Commanding the mobile 8 Heavy Field Artillery Regiment, along both shores of the Dardanelles, was Lieutenant Colonel Heinrich Wehrle, who instigated firing procedures from constantly changing positions against the Allied ships. In Fort Orhanié,



Lieutenant Colonel Wehrle

battery commander Lieutenant Hans Woermann was the first German officer to be killed in action on 19 February 1915. Naval engineer Lieutenant Arnholdt Reeder ensured that the mine-layer *Nusret* steamed smoke-free to avoid detection by patrolling Allied vessels, when she went to lay the fateful line of mines on 8 March 1915. Flying with Lieutenant Commander Karl Schneider as observer, Captain Erich Serno of No. 1 Squadron detected the Allied fleet assembling for its major attack on 18 March 1915.

From the Allied Landings in April 1915 to Withdrawal

A month before the Allies launched amphibious attacks on 25 April 1915, General (now Marshal) Liman von Sanders Paşa was appointed to command the Turkish Fifth Army, which was responsible for defending Gallipoli. At this time, one-third of the senior commanders were German officers, for example General Erich Paul Weber (1860-1933), who commanded the XV Corps. Lieutenant Colonel Perrinet von Thauveney was his chief of staff. At divisional level there was Colonel Georg von Sodenstern (1889-1955) commanding the 5th Division as well as Colonel August Nicolai (1873-1947) commanding the 3rd Division. Lieutenant Colonel Hans Kannengiesser later took command of the 9th Division. Major Wilhelm Willmer commanded the “Anafarta Group”, defending Suvla Bay from mid-June 1915 and Major Alexander Effnert commanded all the Fifth Army engineer units. Major Lierau, an experienced German heavy artillery officer, was in charge of all the Anafarta Group’s artillery from August 1915.



Lieutenant Commander Hersing



Lieutenant Hans Woermann

Successfully attacking Allied warships off Gallipoli was Lieutenant Commander Rudolph Firlé, jointly commanding the Turkish destroyer *Muavenet*, which sank the English battleship HMS *Goliath* in the Dardanelles on 13 May 1915. The morale-boosting torpedoing of the battleships HMS *Triumph* on 25 May 1915 and HMS *Majestic* on 27 May was accomplished by Lieutenant Commander Otto Hersing (1885-1960), the famous captain of the German submarine *U 21*. In the air war, the first Allied

aircraft was shot down by Lieutenant Karl Kettembeil on 27 September 1915, whilst flying in an Albatros C.III, piloted by Lieutenant Ludwig Preussner.

Those German officers named in this short narrative serve to highlight some of the wide-ranging and key roles they played on land, at sea, and in the air – some of which are hardly known, long-forgotten, or simply ignored.

There is more interest in research on this subject from the Allied and Turkish sides, but it remains sparse in Germany itself and this situation seems unlikely to change.

Notes

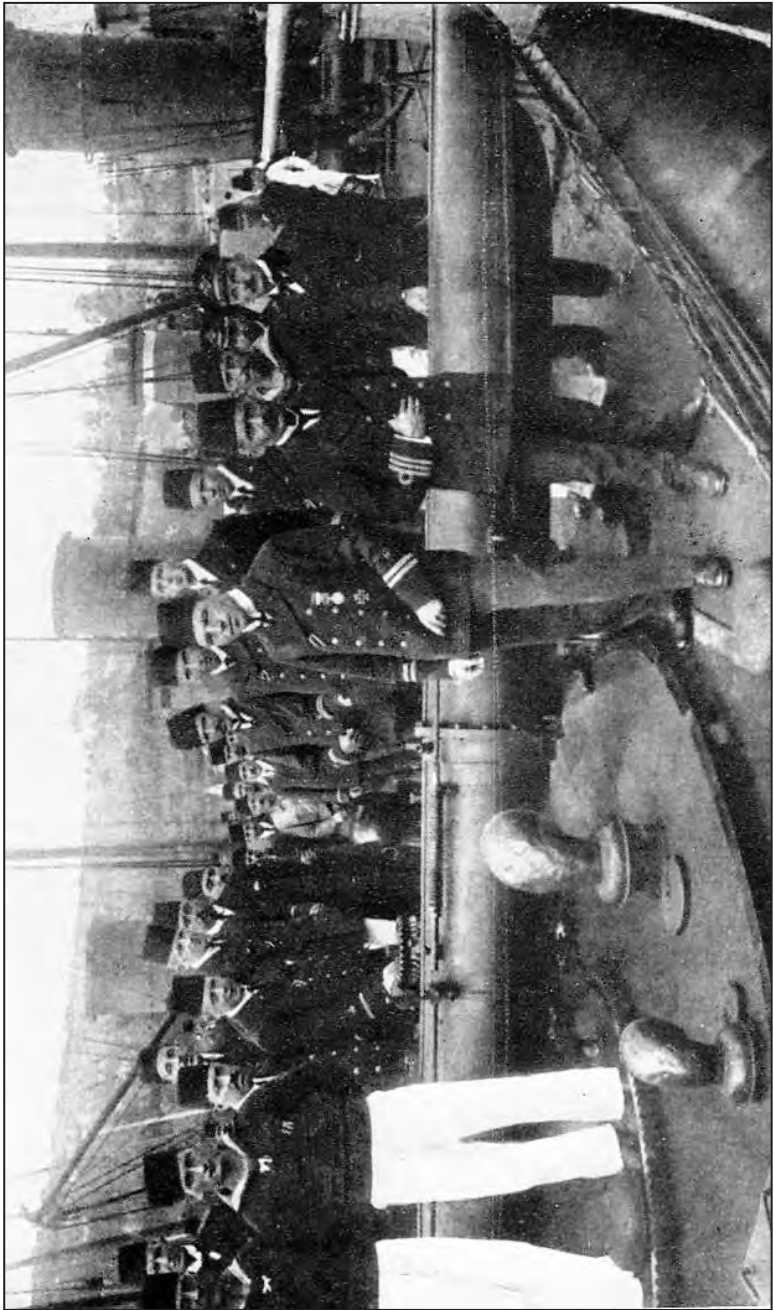
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Officers of the German Military Mission, 1913



Captains and crew of the *Muavenet*

THE FIGHT FOR GALLIPOLI.

How Overseas Troops “Made Good” “Five Days Of Hell”

The following grim and characteristic story of the landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula — five days of hell, as he himself calls it — is told by a New Zealander who took part in the fighting. In a covering letter the writer says:— “I have had my second turn with the ‘unspeakable Turk’ and as a result am in hospital with a wrecked spine and rather a badly tangled set of nerves, caused through concussion from a shell and a fall. The enclosed is perhaps crude but I made rather an effort to write it, and Nurse says ‘never again’ — for a while anyhow.”

The ‘enclosed’ is probably the most vivid personal narrative of the Gallipoli fighting which has yet reached this country.

A Military Hospital, Cairo, May 5.

A glass flat sea covered with a shallow mist, and beyond, the tops of green hills peering through the vapour, dim shapes of warboats and transports, and a fleeting glimpse of a seaplane as it winged over the Turkish positions: this was the scene that met our eyes on the morning of April 25 when we approached the peninsula of Gallipoli. Drowning the noise of the winches in our transport there rose and fell the thunderous arpeggio of the heavy guns, ceaseless in its monotonous roar, but as we drew nearer, relieved by the staccato crack of the bursting Turkish shrapnel and the Plunge of the heavier shell in the water amongst the transports.

As we approached the shore there came to our ears the continuous rattle of musketry, first scarcely perceptible, but at last growing; to an ear-racking roll of as of giant kettle-drums beaten without reason. Through glasses I could see one of our skirmishing lines advancing from the boats on the beach. It was as though one watched a cinematograph screen. The white boats on the beach and some brown figures sadly still on the grey sand, the green grass, and a tilled field across which advanced lines of our attacking force formed the foreground. Steep hills, clay faced and covered with dense scrub and dwarf holly, over which the cottonwool puffs of shrapnel appeared and disappeared, made the background. Wet and Warm Work.

Business-like and brisk a destroyer gilded alongside our transport towing strings of heavy barges.

“What’s it like over there?” we asked.

“Pretty warm, boys,” answered a smiling gunner, “but they’re on the run.” Straight to the beach we ran, to the foot of the hill Gaba Tepe, but the destroyer necessarily could not take us right in to the sand and we lay smiling sickly smiles at each other as the bullets purred and whistled over and round us. The sharp-pointed bullet meows like a motherless kitten as it passes you, but it enters the water with a ‘phut’ that suggests something more pleasant. At last the barges were taken as far in as

possible and we jumped into water up to our armpits and half swam, half waded ashore. I had often wondered how one would feel going into a tight corner for the first time, and then I knew. It was as if someone had given me a smack below the chest with the flat of a heavy spade. Later came a sense of elation.

Formed up we marched along the beach past dressing stations already hemmed in with stretchers and wounded men. An Australian and a sailor lay beneath an oil sheet, their feet in the little waves.

“Reinforcements at the double on the left,” roared an officer through a megaphone, and then aside as a shell burst overhead. “Keep in under the bank — shrapnel’s unhealthy.”

Then came a toilsome, tiresome scramble over the high bluffs to the firing line. On the top of the first ridge we came through a Turkish trench. In it were a dead Turk, bayoneted, a box of ammunition, and many flies. Stooping low we climbed to the brow, ever with the purring bullets overhead. Wounded on the way to the beach passed us cheerfully, saying, “It’s hot as hell up there.” And it was. When we had crossed a gully and gained another ridge, half an hour’s scrambling and sliding, we were scarce 200 yards from the last, so steep is the ground.

Snipers were everywhere, and as we made one descent of about 100 ft. at an angle of about 10 degrees past 90 bullets spattered about on the stones and in the bushes round us. I struck a shingle slide and my downfall was expedited.

At the bottom I saw a wounded man bleeding badly over one shoulder. He grinned hideously with his shattered mouth. “Got it where the chicken got the axe,” he wheezed, and fainted as the stretcher-bearers came up for him.

Dying Man’s Last Shot.

And so on, up to the firing line, where I got separated from my own unit and found ranges, that being my job, for an Australian regiment. Through the powerful telescope of the range-finder I could see the Turkish retirement and then an embryo bayonet charge by some of our men. Still the wounded came back in apparently endless procession. They were wonderful, cheerful, and full of information and profanity.

Then in our trench things began to happen. Personally I think a sniper spotted the range-finder, for two bullets lobbed into the trench parapet and then the man next to me stood straight up and fell back over my legs. “Mafish,” he said quaintly, the Arabic for finished, and then more slowly, “Money-belt — missus and kids — filthy swine, dirty —”

Then a strange thing happened. Dying shattered beyond recognition he rose to his knees and dragged his rifle to the parapet. With a weak finger he took shaky aim at the sky and fired his last shot, to collapse finally in the bottom of the trench.

Obviously the Turks had our range, for things began to get too hot for comfort.

Those who were left of us changed position about a hundred yards along the trench, one of the Australians first resting a dead man's hat on a bush, on the trench parapet. "Got our range," he said laconically, "better let 'em have a little target practice." They did, for the hat only stayed there five minutes.

Stalking a Sniper.

Then we spotted our sniper. Have you ever gone stalking in open country with only dry water courses or stone slides as cover and a Royal smelling danger on the slope opposite? It was rather like that.

Two of our men crept from the trench and crawled out of sight through the bushes. All unconscious the Turk continued his rifle-practice until a double report rang out and out two men appeared on our left waving the sniper's hat — their equivalent of a scalp. After that we had comparative peace.

Away to the right a machine gun, like a motor cycle, purred incessantly, and then one started nearer and to our front. A sea-plane from the Ark Royal, anchored in the bay behind, soared overhead, and twice white puffs of shrapnel appeared below her, where the Turks lobbed two shells. It is rather like shooting at a rocketing pheasant, this aeroplane-potting, and has about the same result. Then she turned and went back to report.

Something was due to arrive and it did suddenly, in the shape of a naval shell. First came the ear and nerve shattering roar of the gun, then the shriek of the shell overhead, and away in front a cloud of smoke and earth rose slowly and drifted away, showing a gap in the skyline and a few Turks, who obviously recollected that it was about time to start for the last train to Gallipoli. Away they went out of sight and then the naval guns started in earnest.

Voice of the Guns.

From the bay below came one continuous thunder, and the screech of the heavy projectiles was incessant. No sooner had one burst than another was on its way.

Presently the 15 inchers started and we tore up some 'pull through' rag to put in our ears. Commands, unless shouted were unintelligible now, and one felt ridiculous yelling against such thunderous voices. Below in the bay a warship was firing salvoes from her 6 in. battery. Puffs of brown smoke would jet from the bulwarks, and then, a long while afterwards, the roll of reports would shake the hills.

Then the enemy's guns joined in the argument and puffs of shrapnel began to burst above us and the whistle of the flying bullets was everywhere. The brass nose of a howitzer shell struck from nowhere upon a mound in front and rolled into the trench. I burned by fingers picking it up. For three hours the violent cannonading lasted and then it gave place to a more desultory, but still severe, bombardment.

We had gained our footing, at heavy cost it is true, but at least a mile square of the Gallipoli peninsula was ours and Von der Goltz Pasha was proved a liar. Back

on the beach stores were beginning to come in. Horses, donkeys, and mules were landed and ammunition reserves grew as one watched. Men were carrying water to the firing line, ammunition and oil for the machine guns. On every path the stretcher-bearers toiled with their sad loads, and wounded waited patiently in little knots by the dressing stations, laughing, chatting, and cheering each other. Sweating under the hot sun the doctors worked like machines, probing, washing, bandaging. Often the hurts were beyond aid and a handkerchief covered the face of one man I had known as a cheery optimist on board the transport. The Brigadier-General in khaki shirt and neat riding breeches was sending off innumerable messages — cool, ubiquitous, and business like, he inspired others to emulate him.

Wonder of wonders! We had been ashore only six hours when three wireless stations sprang up mushroom-like on the beach and their buzzing sparks told the warships just how and where to send their screaming missiles. Troops continued to land, and as soon as they were landed were rushed to the firing line, usually to the left, for the right was well held and safe for the time.

The Boat Of Death

At nightfall the bombardment ceased, but Turkish shrapnel burst over the beach and the wounded in the boats were submitted to a hot shell-fire. The rifle fire continued, nerve-racking and noisy. Sleep was out the question, and trench digging, to consolidate the position we had won, commenced almost immediately.

On our left along the beach about half a mile, a boat, sunk in the surf, rocked uneasily. With the aid of a glass I could see its freight. Sitting upright were at least eight dead men, and on the beach another 20. A sailor, distinguishable by his white cap cover, lay in an attitude strangely life-like, his chin resting on his hand, his face turned to our position. The next afternoon I casually turned my glasses on the pathetic group, and saw that the sailor was now lying on his back with his face to the sky. There was no mistake; he had been alive, and perhaps even now, after lying there nearly 36 hours, he was still alive. I was destined to get yet another thrill. In the centre of the heap on the beach there was some movement.

And then I saw distinctly a khaki cap waving weakly, and presently a man detached himself from the group and hobbled slowly towards us along the beach. Immediately the snipers starred afresh.

Four other men and myself made off along the beach to meet the sad figure, which by this time collapsed. Ten yards out from our trench we drew fire, and the bullets whispered confidently "Duck," and as they entered the water or hit stones by our feet, "Run like the devil!" I personally got the first hundred yards in well under 10 seconds, and although my style might have been ragged, it was enough, and got me to a small sandy knoll where I was able to talk to the man. There were others still alive out there, he said, "last night there were eight, but it was cold, and they's had no water or food, and couldn't last it out." That was all.

We got him in slowly, and afterwards the others, but not until one of the warships had dealt with the snipers. Later we buried all the others. One of the men we brought in had been out there half in the water and half out, shot through both knees, but he was cheery and bright, and asked first about his brother in another company, and then explained where the Turks were sniping from.

The Attack at Dawn.

At night the rifle fire waved backwards and forwards in fluctuating bursts, and we expected an attack at dawn. It came, but not against our position. More in the centre - the enemy made a desperate effort. By this time they had bayoneted many of our wounded and taken uniforms from them and from our dead. They approached our trenches — came through the lines, and were certainly brave and venturesome. Once an unmistakably foreign bugle blew the ‘Cease fire,’ but an order was passed down our line to take no notice, it was a ruse. At one time, as darkness came down a voice in English called out “Retire! Retire.” but as there was no immediate reason why we should retire, we waited, and again Brigade Headquarters informed us it was not a British command. Again later a German was captured in our trenches dressed in an Australian’s uniform.

It will be hard to forget those first days, and even now I wake at night with the patter of musketry in my ears only to find some cart is rumbling past the hospital on uneasy wheels. N. R.

(*Southern Reporter* (Selkirk, Scotland) 3 June 1915 p8).

H.M.S. LONDON : MEMENTO OF HER FIRST SHELL.

The Lord Mayor of London has received a letter from Captain J. G. Armstrong, R.N., of H.M.S. *London*, in which he says: —

The officers and men in the ship under my command are forwarding for your acceptance the fuse of the first shell which struck the ship. It was fired from one of the Turkish batteries in the Dardanelles, on the 4th April, 1915 and struck the after funnel. It then burst and did some slight damage to our boats and upper works. As the fuse was found practically intact we have had it mounted and sent to you, as we think it may be of some slight interest to the great City after which this boat is named. While she was engaging the Turkish batteries the ship was flying the silk ensign so kindly presented by the ladies of the City of London.

(*Western Daily Press*, 19 August 1915 p5)

Any ideas as to where the fuse mentioned is now? - Editor

IN MEMORIAM

David Saunders

As a reader of *The Daily Telegraph* for the past sixty two years, indeed ever since I pored over the employment advertisements in the Air Mail edition which my unit received in Singapore, I have always fascinated by the 'In Memoriam Their Name Liveth For Evermore' entries. Some appeared just the once remembering someone who did not return, others annually with always more to coincide with major events, epics like the loss of HMS *Hood* on 24 May 1941, the opening day of the Somme 1 July 1916 and Arnhem each September to mention but a few.

Gallipoli 1915 rarely featured save for the entry each 25 April remembering 1st Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers and occasional family entries and for some years that placed by the Gallipoli Association on 25 April though sadly even this has not appeared more recently. Then last November the delight of two Gallipoli entries.

On 2 November Lance Corporal Samuel James Acland Royal North Devon Hussars killed in action at Suvla Bay 2 November 1915, aged 24 was remembered by his nephew Richard.

Eight days later an entry for Arthur Jack Watson killed in action in the Dardanelles 12 August 1915, aged 19, remembered with immense pride by his second cousins. Although not stated in the entry Arthur Jack Watson was serving with the Royal Hampshire Regiment.

THE LAST BRITISH TROOPS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE

Association member Paul Ridgway writes:

In the Winter 2018 edition of *The Gallipolitan* (No 148) in the article 'Remembering the Armistice of Mudros' by Jim Claven, page 55, it is stated that:

...the Allies ended their occupation of Constantinople in 1922.

I have a document which gives the troops departure as (I suggest on or about) 7 October 1923.

There is a photograph in my possession dated 2-10-23 showing farewells being bidden which leads me to understand that the concert in HMT *Arabic* was held while she was at sea.

See photograph page 36 for the programme for the concert aboard HMT *Arabic*.

BOOK REVIEWS

Cornerstones

The Life of H. M. Farmar, From Omdurman to the Western Front

Author: Katherine Swinfen Eady

Soft cover: 582 pages

Publisher: Helion & Company (2019)

ISBN: 978-1-910777-43-5

RRP £29.95

Rarely do we repeat a review but there is a good case for 'Cornerstones' (review ref: *The Gallipolian*, Winter 2019 by David Saunders). Why I hear you ask? I believe the first review does not give it the full praise that it deserves. I found the book enthralling in many parts, especially the pages covering the preparations and the actual landings, mainly because I had recently read the private diary of Captain C A Bolton, GHQ liaison officer, who was stationed on W Beach at the time Farmar was in the Helles lighthouse.

It became apparent that it was Bolton that Farmar's runners were taking their messages to, although at the time neither appeared to know of each other's existence. Bolton wrote that following the wounding of Brigadier Hare and death of the Brigade-Major Frankland, 86 Brigade had no remaining staff, an interesting statement that makes no mention of Farmar who had taken over as brigade major and had established Brigade HQ, as ordered, at the lighthouse. Confusion reigned that day of the landing, so it is not surprising that accounts differ, but it was staff officers like Farmar and Bolton who were to a large extent preventing a bad situation getting any worse.

The story of Harold Mynors Farmar, written by his great granddaughter, Katherine Swinfen Eady, is the result of several years of painstaking and meticulous research following the discovery of over 700 of Mynors's letters to his wife, Violet. The uncensored detail makes a fascinating insight in to a staff officer's war.

The letters are cleverly woven by the author into a very readable narrative that not only fills some gaps in the W Beach story, but also challenges the common story that many of us are familiar with. Whilst there is already an abundance of written works on the Gallipoli landings, Mynors's unpublished letters add valuable information to help defuse the confusion of the 29th Division's landing that fateful day. This staff captain was not only present, but to a large degree was running 86 Brigade HQ for the majority of the action due to senior officer casualties. Mynors, although credited for this action, probably didn't receive as much credit as he deserved.

The lost opportunity at Y Beach is mentioned by the author, of interest because it may have been a signal that originated from Mynors that gave the impression that the covering forces that had landed on Y and X beach had linked up. Did Hunter-

Weston ignore these landings because he thought his left flank was secure? Was his fixation with making right the landings of W and V Beaches a case of reinforcing failure instead of exploiting success elsewhere? Through the letters and the author's narrative this is something we can leave to the reader to decide.

Mynors comes across in his letters as level-headed and calm under pressure, but he doesn't shy away from noting others who had cracked under the pressure. The collapse of command and control at Gallipoli is a major contributing factor to the MEF's defeat, and having this insider's view makes fascinating reading. Although he was a first-rate staff officer, the MEF were far from being a first-rate army. Regardless of individual skills and experience, the British Army of 1915 was still very much at the bottom of the learning curve. Mynors was determined to ensure that lessons needed to be learnt from the failure of the campaign, something he put into practice in his other posts, through his ability as a natural mentor and a very capable professional soldier and staff officer. Reading the letters we realise that more officers like Mynors were needed at Gallipoli.

After Gallipoli Mynors was posted to General Sir John Monash's 3rd Australian Division staff, where he helped with training, the action of Messines and the Third Battle of Ypres. By 1918 he was with the 35th Division, and then he taught at the newly-established US Army Staff College in France before his wealth of knowledge and experience was called for by IX Corps just before the armistice.

Post-war he worked with the Inter-Allied Command in Turkey which gave him the opportunity to revisit Gallipoli, a place that had had a profound effect on him, not surprising as it was where he had lost so many of his closest friends. *Cornerstones* is a fascinating book, an insight into the life of a clearly competent and experienced staff officer, a 'cornerstone' of the British Army. Thoroughly recommended.

- *Stephen Chambers*

Reluctant Partner

The complete story of the French participation in the Dardanelles Expedition of 1915

Author: George H. Cassar

Hard cover: 238 pages

Publisher: Helion & Company (2019)

ISBN: 978-1-911628-92-7

RRP £35.00

You often hear about books filling gaps in history, and this one is no exception. France, very much a reluctant partner in the Gallipoli campaign, still made a significant contribution to it by sending its Corps Expeditionnaire d'Orient (CEO), comprising two divisions, as well as six pre-dreadnought battleships, four cruisers, and a host of auxiliary vessels that included minesweepers and submarines. Additionally, it

supplied a total of 79,000 troops, supported by a full complement of corps artillery and high explosive shells. Though their contribution was important and soldiers brave, the role of the French is barely mentioned at all, and when it is, it is often a fleeting reference without background or detail. George H Cassar's work helps address this balance, although this is not the first time he has ventured into writing about the French in the campaign. His *French and the Dardanelles: A Study of Failure in the Conduct of War*, was published in 1971, now almost a half century ago. The book focussed heavily on Anglo-French policy; more on the political and diplomatic levels than on the battlefield. The author admits that it had gaps in its analysis of the French side of the land operations, so it is fortunate that he has now filled that gap with this excellent new book. It is not a republication of the same work, but a rewrite, including more focus on the actual French military and naval operations in the Dardanelles. For the first time we have a single volume that tells the story of the French at Gallipoli, in English.

France was very much the junior in this British-led expedition, although the French were not there solely to help the British. They were concerned with protecting their interests in the near east, particularly in securing a slice of the Ottoman Empire following what was expected to be certain victory. It would be a costly partnership from the beginning.

The book recounts the naval offensives including that of 18 March when the battleship *Bouvet* was sunk with the loss of over 600 crew. The chapter on the 25 April landing at Kum Kale makes an interesting read, and although a diversionary action, it could be argued that the French were the only force to achieve their objective that day. Thrown into the battles of Krithia the French had to operate in one of the most difficult positions of the line, on the right of the British, where they were not only enfiladed by Turkish batteries on the Asian shore, but shot at from behind, and in front confronted by an impenetrable ravine, the Kereves Dere.

For months the French tried to break out of this trap but despite bravery and great sacrifice, could make little progress. When talking casualties the number of French killed, wounded or missing in action was placed at over 27,000, disproportionately higher than even the British. The CEF, with support of General Joffre, were close to being reinforced, but then the central powers attacked Serbia causing a rethink of strategy and a new front was opened in Salonika. This was the writing on the wall for the French at Gallipoli, as it was for the British, and the campaign was brought to a close.

Whilst it would have been good for the book to contain more on the French naval and land operations, Cassar has done the French contribution justice and makes this the go-to work for anything you need to know about the French in the Dardanelles. This book needs to be on the shelves of anybody interested in Gallipoli. Highly recommended.

- *Stephen Chambers*

Book Review
Walking Gallipoli

Author: Stephen Chambers

Soft cover: 258 pages

Publisher: Pen & Sword Military (2019)

ISBN: 978 147382 564 2

The author's name will resonate with members of the Gallipoli Association as Stephen Chambers has long been our webmaster and historian and author of four previous titles in the 'Battleground' series by the same publisher: *Gully Ravine* (2002), *Anzac: The Landing* (2008), *Suvla: August Offensive* (2011), *Sari Bair* (2014). Add to these *Helles*, *Krithia* this year; the subject of a future review.

The five chapters, each lavishly illustrated, embrace all elements of the campaign. The first, *Forcing the Dardanelles*, being followed by those on *Anzac*, *Helles*, *Suvla* and lastly *Evacuation*. Each commences with a succinct account of what took place and is followed by suggested trails which may be followed; eight in all with several optional walks.

With book in hand the events of 1915, the tragedies, the triumphs and the stories of those who took part in them can be followed in detail and will surely ensure return visits to learn more.

Walking Gallipoli should be on every member's bookshelves whether you are a seasoned veteran of the Peninsula or a more occasional visitor. To anyone planning their first visit the book is an essential part of the luggage. Even the armchair reader cannot fail to be enchanted by the information provided and will as a result surely begin to peruse the travel and tour opportunities.

- David Saunders

LAST POST

With regret, the Association learned of the death of the following members:

Bryan Oxley, Member 1965.

Eddie Lendrum, Member 1203.



www.gallipoli-association.org

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