The Making of Echoes

CHRIS SHAW

The Making of 'Echoes of Gallipoli'

'Echoes of Gallipoli: For those left behind'

A conversation with the author

Chris Shaw

The air was surprisingly chilly on that morning before the sun came up in our retirement village in the heart of tropical Cairns, Australia. In the dark, about thirty of us old folk shuffled along with our little torches to gather at the base of the flagpole at the centre of the village. There was, among us, a small fleet of wheeled, aluminium 'walkers'. It was 5.55 am on 25 April 2020—Anzac Day.

The involuntary coughing of those stalwarts told of the early hour, and the hush of whispered conversations recognised the event's solemnity. I guessed that most of those people had seen service in some theatre of war in some country other than their own. That they were willing and able to attend this long-held, traditional occasion emphasised their emotional attachment and understanding of what 'providing a service by risking your life for your country' really means.

For the average man or woman in the street at this time, those having had no experience of war in their lifetime, such a ceremony as this probably meant little.

They would say things like, ‘Strange, old people with a chip on their shoulder, going through a ritual, like in church. Funny medals, stern faces, standing up straight, saluting each other, and sometimes even tears. Why?’ That may be close to what some thought.

I had not been in the military, so what did I know? Well, in truth, I’d been fortunate to go to a ‘public school’ in England—which equates to a ‘private school’ in Australia—called Framlingham College. It had a Combined Cadet Force where they taught me to march and drill, with and without a rifle, map-reading, strategy and tactics, signals, camouflage, Bren-gun stripping and firing, and much more.

They gave me a Lee Enfield Mark IV .303 rifle and allowed me to fire it at an outdoor range, and after a while, I got my Marksman’s medal and the College Shooting Colours. I also shot at Bisley, the premier shooting range in the UK, on a few occasions. The competition was for the Ashburton Shield, the top inter-school shooting competition, and I believe we came tenth out of about 300 on my first outing around 1952. What I’m trying to say is that I am not a complete novice.

Having rummaged about in my attic of old memories while standing half asleep just before dawn, we were all called to order by an ex-serviceman, Frank,

who had been in the Royal Australian Navy. I do not know what rank he had been, but I did know that there was much less emphasis on 'rank' in Civvy Street than in active service.

On our behalf, Frank thanked all servicemen and women everywhere for their bravery, commitment, and, in too many cases, for their lives in their ultimate sacrifice.

It was a moving tribute because, having been born in 1939 on the east coast of England, I had some idea of what some families had been through, what with the Second World War being right on my doorstep. It included my first-hand experience of 'doodlebugs', and Heinkel bombers raining death from the sky. There were also dogfights between Spitfires and Messerschmitts that sometimes recorded proceedings across the blue sky with curving contrails in the sunshine. I recall standing in our street and watching one of these. Even at such a tender age, I could relate to the pilots and how near the clouds they were, relative to the danger of their falling to earth. Never in my wildest dreams did I ever think then that I would voluntarily skydive out of a perfectly good aeroplane from 14,000 feet! Twice! And pay to do so!

At that Anzac Day event, Alan, another old warrior, laid a wreath at the foot of the flagpole with its

Australian flag, limp in the calm air but catching the first rays of sunshine for the day at 6.28 am. Frank then gave the Ode to Remembrance, a very emotive embrace of words, which gave me a lump in my throat.

There was a slightly embarrassing pause as the CD player initially failed to perform its one small duty, but eventually it gave a good but tinny rendition of 'The Last Post'.

A minute's silence followed, during which I remembered scenes I had seen on Pathé newsreels in black and white, of artillery shells landing in mud and spraying it high in the air around men charging forward with rifles and fixed bayonets. Scenes of chaos, yes, but scenes of WW1 slaughter, too. Sanity and humanity were put on hold for however long it took to prevail. There will have been momentary thoughts of survival in those soldiers, but no personal strategy or skillset would have helped much on those concentrated killing fields. Place names like Ypres, Verdun, The Somme, and Passchendaele were spoken thereafter only in hushed tones. Gallipoli was in there too, with half a million casualties in nine months with no appreciable advance.

So many brave soldiers were killed, many of them dying in great pain and lacking any human dignity, that numbers fail to have meaning. Ordinary families staying at home could not conceive of that scenario in their

wildest nightmares. I had seen some of the pictures, but I had not smelled the smells, heard the cannons' roar, nor felt the blade of a bayonet thrust up into my guts.

'Would you like a cup of tea?' asked Mary, who I knew had done some nursing, although where or when I had no idea. In this august, 'blooded' company, I was a Sassenach in Scotland, distinctly an outsider in this cohort of incredibly brave people. Plain as dough on the outside, tungsten steel on the inside. Who would know?

'I'd kill for a coffee,' I replied instinctively, before realising yet another social faux pas in my long life of 'foot-in-mouth' naivety.

'It must have been hard for our boys at Gallipoli,' she said, out of the blue.

At 6.41am on 25 April 2020 was when the stories created in my book, "Echoes of Gallipoli: For those left behind", were inspired, as a tiny kernel of thought in need of investigation. From there, it would take me nearly three years to research, to write just a few little stories to tell people what it was like to lose sons and daughters, husbands, and fathers—to try to explain the tears, the reality-warping grief, and to understand, in too many returning warriors, their inability to comprehend what the real world was all about. In their confusion and bewilderment, some of the things they can't comprehend are:

Where had all the love and the laughter gone?

Where had the joy and wonder of colours, of music, and the beauty of nature evaporated to?

Why did people speak in riddles and make no sense?

Why did other people's laughter sound like the braying of donkeys?

Why am I so angry that I could fight anyone, anywhere, anytime?

And why the hell are such things now normal for me? And for how long?

Looking back, I believe the central message of my book, "Echoes of Gallipoli: For those left behind", is to re-enforce that war must be absolutely the last resort, but if you must go, then go in hard and do what you must do in the shortest time, and in the smartest way. And try to keep it local.

Following that Anzac Day service, I 'threw down' what I thought was an isolated short story of an Australian lad living in Winton, volunteering to go to war, and getting killed by the Turks in Gallipoli.

At this point, I should try to explain the way I write.

I get a theme in my head about a topic—in this case, an Aussie boy going to Gallipoli—then give it over to my imagination, which then supplies me with what is basically a film running through a projector in my head. Then, using my fingers, (two only), I type the words describing those pictures, and there, on my computer screen, is the story.

That's it, in essence, but much simplified, of course, and there is always a great need for editing. I describe this process as 'throwing it down' because the speed of the moving pictures in my head needs me to type quite quickly. Owing to that, spelling, grammar, format and other aspects need to be severely looked at after the initial process, first by me and then by someone who really knows what they are doing. (My background was 'O' level English in 1956, but in those days, we had to use essay answers to most exam questions. No multiple choice for us!)

Regarding that particular story, I have been to Winton, know its isolation and its dry, dusty landscape, its colours and flatness, and the fact that it's a very friendly place, essentially situated on the moon!

Then, I had to picture it 100-plus years ago, with no modern conveniences, with the heat, the flies, and the backbreaking work that was no joke. Essentially, in my imagination, I found myself in a black and white Hollywood western movie set, adjusted for local conditions.

So, my Muse focused on a young man called Patrick Jackson in Winton. I described a passage of time in his life until I felt I knew him well.

I was pleased with my little story, and, as I do in so many cases, I filed it under, 'something I have written', and forgot about it. That was in April/May 2020.

Sometime in August that year, I suddenly realised that Patrick would have had a mum and dad, who would have been devastated by his death, so I decided to write their stories too.

I retrieved my story of Patrick, read it through, put myself into his mother's mind, and let my Muse translate the next story. Getting inside the mind of a single girl, a married woman, a wife, and a mother is by no means easy for any man, albeit a husband, a father, and a grandfather.

Describing the birth of Patrick was very emotional for me. Knowing the huge amount of nurturing that a mother gives over twenty years, and then feeling her despair when her only child gets killed, was almost overwhelming, with many tears shed by me, for her sorrow. When I'd finished it, I was pleased with it as a piece of writing, but I was wrung out like a wet rag.

Then Patrick's father's story had to be followed, both as a father and as a husband. I knew a Yorkshireman who lived in our village and borrowed his origins and accents. My Muse showed me his home in Bradford, and his depression from his working conditions, to which was added the continual cold, grey, wet days that Yorkshire people endure among their cold, grey architecture.

His appreciation and understanding of his family was a different perspective to that of his wife and had to be explained. In the same way, his reaction to the death of their son was perhaps less demonstrative but no less deep.

They had so many hopes and dreams for their family, all wrapped up in their safe assumption of their son's future life in Winton with his yet to be realised family. That future, which they had taken for granted, was dashed to pieces by one foreign bullet of a Turkish

soldier on the foreign soil of Gallipoli, which became his final resting place.

The New Zealanders

Soon after finishing the Australian stories, I realised that the New Zealand 'Kiwis' had been with us at Gallipoli too, so I had to write their stories as well if I was to follow this through.

For whatever reason, my Muse took me to the south of the South Island, near Dunedin, where I had also visited in the early 1990s. He, she, or it (my Muse) gave me nothing to work with regarding a mother, which came as a surprise. The father, as a sheep farmer, was not a stretch, but having him try to look after his son, aged ten, when the boy's mother died was a bit of a challenge. (I never know where my Muse will lead me. I always trust the direction, but I have to say that I've been to some exotic places I had no prior knowledge about, e.g., WW1 battlefields, a boxing ring, multiple murder investigations, and Gallipoli.)

The paucity of a broad-based culture in that cold, southern area came as no surprise when I realised that my head had already accommodated the century change in timescale. There probably wasn't a lot of opera or classical music concerts so near the Antarctic that long ago! (I still retain the art of the British understatement, so beloved by British audiences.)

The underlying theme of my book always had sadness as a leitmotif, and I was aware that with the death of the mother and wife, Eileen, there would be long-term underlying grief, and probably depression, for both the boy and his father.

Around this time, I finally read about the Gallipoli campaign and caught up with the writings of people like Charles Bean, who had been the main War Correspondent at Gallipoli, reporting on the Australian and New Zealand forces. He recorded the conditions of the place with its impregnable cliffs, gullies, ridges, and ravines. There was a lack of drinking water, little variation of diet from 'bully' or corned beef and hard biscuits, and swarms of flies to deal with.

It was at that point that I became aware of other countries that had sent mostly volunteer troops to fight the Turks, and, at that 'light bulb' moment, I realised I had a far bigger project on my hands than I had first envisioned. The more I read, the less I knew, it seemed.

Some way through that maze of conflicting accounts, I became aware that not only did my fictional stories have to be fitted into the actual historical accuracy of that wartime campaign, but they also had to be true to the cultural context of each country's cultural context over a century ago. The enormity of mastering two subjects, the Gallipoli campaign as told by bonafide

military historians, and the study of such places as the Punjab and Sikhism, French provincial rural living in the Dordogne, what men from Newfoundland and Labrador were doing in this conflict, and also how the Jews were involved, was, in present-day lingo, 'awesome.' It was almost enough to pack up and put the whole project into the 'too hard basket'!

Usually, my writings are driven by a happy imagination—quite optimistic and somewhat romantic, with stories that are light and a pleasure to sit and write. I saw some really hard work here and wondered whether it would be worth it. Then, I thought of the hundreds of thousands of families who had grieved so deeply for the loss of their loved ones, a deep grief recognised only by close family and near neighbours. Their stories, I felt, needed to be told.

However, I somehow acquired three individuals who made great 'guardian angels', helping me to a point where I could continue by using their expertise as a safety net to ensure I didn't say anything really stupid.

The first was Professor Peter Stanley, who works with the University of New South Wales in Canberra. Peter is not only an expert on Gallipoli and its holistic historical information but has written a comprehensive book about the Indian involvement by the Sikhs and the

Gurkhas, called, "Die in Battle; Do not Despair: The Indians on Gallipoli 1915".

Peter applauded my project and told me he would help me in any way he could. I tried not to take any more of his very busy time away from him and his family than I really needed, but he gave me some great advice about some things I had got very wrong, before giving me a tick of approval for what I was attempting. I am very grateful to him for his contribution and his motivation.

Martin Sugarman has written extensively about the Jewish contribution as Zion Muleteers: their bravery and their pride in their flag, which they wore as homemade badges when fighting at Gallipoli. I have only had email conversations with Martin, but he has always been very prompt and supportive. He suggested that no-one knew what the Jewish badges looked like, but I thought they would have had as their centrepiece, the blue, six-pointed star, because of the availability of blue ink for Army administrative purposes, which may well have been the cryptic source of their personal badges, and their unit's flag, which was a blue, six-pointed star on a piece of white sheet. It was perhaps lucky that rain fell so infrequently.

I also give my thanks to Maureen Peters, who is Curator of History at 'The Rooms', which is the Museum

in St. Johns, the capital of Newfoundland, situated on the east coast of Canada. They are our Australian 'cold-water cousins', having many similarities in almost every way but weather.

With my initial stories about a soldier's mother and father from there, I got just about everything possible wrong, and Maureen kindly and patiently pointed me in the right direction. Going back to 1915 Newfoundland, which at that time was a British Colony within the Dominion of Canada, was something I mainly researched through the newspapers of the time, which I could access online. These were single broadsheet newspapers, in which merchants heavily advertised their new stock, received on the last ship to dock in the safe harbour of St Johns. A very different world from the waterfront of today, no doubt.

Among all this came a repetition of an inspiration I had learnt some sixty years before, that it was the 'sameness's' of people, not their differences, that is the most surprising aspect of peoples of the world. I was, at that time, living in the multicultural societies of the Caribbean islands in the 1960s and 70s, and it struck me that there should have been more disparity between people.

For an Englishman in those days, there were great differences in education and manners, aspects that the

English claimed were important, but in truth, the rest of society mostly followed a pattern that was repeated worldwide. In the mix were stabilising family life, growing children cared for with great focus, living, loving, and being very creative after work finished for the day.

So, would my thesis of the sameness of people, relative to their reactions to sorrow and mourning within any given population, hold good too? Apart from specific cultural and religious bounds, it appeared to differ little.

With my little band of supporters behind me, I was inspired to proceed, now knowing that there was an unspecified amount of work to be done, and maybe a time limit that would become unsustainable. Of course, there was the internet, which I used extensively to get accounts of places a century ago. (Thank you, Jimmy Wales!) However, sometimes I needed books too, and my local Cairns Regional Library was very cooperative in acquiring books from all over the State of Queensland. It became necessary to read up to three books to write just two paragraphs in the proper context, or so it seemed. That was to get the historical wartime and cultural contexts right, with my stories of the loss of loved ones being nestled in that authentic setting.

One criticism I'm expecting is that I have written only about the Allied Forces, not about the Turks or the Germans. In my defence, I have to say that trying to write about what happened to the Turkish forces on Gallipoli at that time does not seem to marry with the prevailing religious and political dimensions that are currently held. I decided that rather than upset the vast majority of the current Turkish population, I would not write about them, thus upsetting a smaller minority of the current Turkish population. I'm sorry, but there is so much dissension about what happened then and what people are being told now that I hesitate to put myself in the middle. Hey, 'It's my party, and I'll cry if I want to!' It was the lesser of two evils, methinks.

However, it is axiomatic from my work on 'sameness' that Turkish and German parents suffered from the loss of their loved ones to the same degree as everyone else. We mourn for them too.

In the final analysis, the Allied Forces lost by not securing the land they needed to control. Then they had to retreat, leaving the Turks in full control of their own land once more. The participants in that campaign suffered around half a million casualties in less than a year, which is a potent comment in itself, both about Gallipoli in particular, and war in general.

The French

Marcel et Denise Lagrange were characters in my French language textbooks at school, so I felt it was an apt starting point. The images of Pierre and his violin and his friend Gaston must have come from my playing the violin in my youth, also with a friend, Peter. The fact that I could play the Bruch and the Mendelssohn Concerti with confidence gives you an idea of the level I attained, with the appreciation of its beauty on the one hand and its degree of difficulty on the other.

The French contribution to the Gallipoli campaign was mostly via its navy, and I had to read about the French battleship Bouvet to give some credence to Pierre's wounding and recovery.

Pierre's parents, Marcel et Denise Lagrange, were equivalent to my grandparents in Norfolk in England, as farmers in a mixed farming ethos. Both families lived with wonderful food, beautiful surroundings, but incredibly hard work. The Lagrange's also lived good Christian lives while trying to keep their heads above water financially—a continual struggle. I looked at maps of regions in France and settled on the Dordogne Valley as being the closest to the scenery I saw in my head: temperate forests of deciduous trees, sloping meadows with streams running through the valley floor, and huge,

white, billowing clouds that dropped rain because of the nearby hills. A rural idyll.

Pierre's relationship with Gaston was viewed with more tolerance in France than would have been his English counterpart of that time, but the beauty of their music together would have been proof of their love, for his parents.

The way Pierre's parents dealt with that, and his shocking wounds, was a tribute to the love and dedication of parents all over the world. Parents will be able to identify with those difficulties and measure the love and long-term dedication it took to take life's emphasis off themselves and transfer it to their son. Parents do whatever it takes to help their children, but this was an extreme case.

Upon learning there was a Jewish contribution to the Allied Forces at Gallipoli, I pondered, 'What in the world were they doing there, and where did they come from?'

Well, there were about 11,000 Jews in the city of Alexandria in Egypt, many of whom had fled Russia, Ukraine, and Turkey, where they had been specifically targeted and persecuted. Alexandria offered them a haven. When war broke out, a group got together and decided to support the Allied forces.

This group of about 650 Jews volunteered to help the Allied Forces and formed the Zion Mule Corps. The specific responsibility of these men was to supply the front-line troops at Gallipoli with water, food, and ammunition. They used mules as the best method of carrying such a weight in hazardous terrain and under potentially lethal conditions.

My Jewish representative in this story, Martin Moser, was named after one of the chemists near where I worked in North London in the 1960s. He befriended me when I was a very young pharmacist working as a Medical Representative—a gesture I never forgot.

The Jews fought bravely to the point of defiance, flying their flag too, presumably to upset the Turkish opposition forces, who were uniformly Muslim.

The Jewish people, while being extremely clever and brutally realistic, are also soft romantics when it comes to family and children, so they suffer greatly in the loss of their children, as well as identifying with other like-minded individuals.

The Newfoundland Regiment

The Newfoundland Regiment was another source of a fighting unit for the Allied forces that would not naturally fall into obvious volunteers to be included in that campaign, as Canada had not committed to the war at that time. Newfoundland, and the adjacent Province of Labrador, were British colonies as part of the Dominion of Canada, which meant that they thought of themselves as virtually British. Thus, they had no hesitation in aligning themselves with Britain in the war effort in 1914, as soon as war was declared.

In the same way that Australia took volunteers to go to war, Newfoundland found itself with 538 (best estimate) fit young men who wanted to go to war to support the 'Mother Country'. They were formed into the Newfoundland Regiment, who sailed to England, and trained extensively in both England and Scotland before being sent to Gallipoli.

Trevellyan, a Cornish name, which would have been common in that province, was as representative as I could make it. Most families in that area of Canada had surnames beginning with 'Tre' since they originated in Devon and Cornwell where they are common. Maureen Peters was so kind to help me with the many mistakes I made in my interpretation of what I thought had

occurred. I got so much wrong, but she helped me, as did the broadsheets she recommended, where I read about the amount of work put into the war effort by the women left behind. They were organised into the Women's Patriotic Association (WPA) by the Governor's wife, Lady Margaret Davidson. While not in any major way of taking over men's jobs, they did contribute considerably to the war effort using traditional skills. The sturdy Newfoundland socks they knitted became almost a unit of currency in Europe, because of the comfort and insularity in the cold winters!

The Canadian government put up a series of large, bronze statues of caribou to commemorate the Royal Newfoundland Regiment's accomplishments, contributions, and sacrifices during the First World War.

It's known as the 'Trail of the Caribou', and there are five in France and Belgium, with the sixth being erected in Gallipoli in April 2021, with the cooperation of the Turkish government.

The British

The British soldiers who fought in Gallipoli came from England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, which was not the Republic of Ireland until 1937.

For whatever reason, I've written three stories based on English people, probably because I feel most comfortable within that cultural background. I have spent some time in Ireland and Wales, but less so in Scotland, although I drove from Scrabster to Carlisle in a day, and maybe therein lies the problem. I spent a few days in Dublin when I was a student (1961), visiting the scenes of the April Uprising, including the Post Office and Nelson's Pillar on O'Connell Street, before 'the boys' dropped it!

Even though I have lived for fifty years in Australia and spent seven years in the Caribbean, I still relate more to the United Kingdom, or Great Britain as it used to be called. I don't recall consciously putting these stories in any kind of order. The order they are in is merely the order in which I wrote them.

I worked in the Welsh village of Abercynon that I mentioned in the Welsh story, so there is some personal veracity involved there. My Muse drew on my musical knowledge for the emotions engendered by Welsh

choral voices, and my PTSD for the experience of what depression feels like within such a traumatic event.

Because of the era in which the Gallipoli campaign took place, I wanted to include an English story that held a mirror to the class structure that is still very much in existence, even though Queen Victoria had been deceased since 1901. It tells of the often-overlooked talent, integrity, and the sheer hard work, of which many of the so-called upper class are guilty, but which is so rarely advertised. In this case, I told a story of a Lady Dorothy Burrell.

Sister Janice Pond was a District Nurse from Norfolk who decided to test her mettle by serving on a hospital ship, caring for the wounded from the Gallipoli campaign. Test her it did, and the fact that she needed some quiet time in that benign rural environment back in Norfolk to recover her equilibrium after her duty finished, is not surprising.

I can tell you that, as a child, I spent many school holidays in central Norfolk with my grandparents. It was a healing time for me. I am a team player who needs everyone to get on well together. My parents used to argue—a not unknown aspect of marriage—and I always thought it was my fault, so Norfolk helped to heal me too.

The Smiths from Bolton showed another aspect of life in England, this time working class. There's lots of love and female determination in that story, and I was pleased with the outcome.

Regarding the Irish story, I visited Dublin in 1961 with a friend, David Quinn, and this was just after J P Donleavy's book, 'The Ginger Man' had been published. My English friend of Irish parents was a bit of a rebel with a strong Irish ancestry, who needed to see all the spots that pertained to Ireland becoming a Republic. So, when I had an Irish story to tell, my Muse plumbed old memories for background. I had a different ending, but as too many of my returned servicemen were dying in my stories, I needed to change that. I think it works.

I had a really bad day when I discovered that, after I had finished the book, I had left out a Scottish story. My humble apologies to all north of the border. I sat down there and then, and wrote of an old man, we'll call him George, who was born in 1898 and was still wet behind the ears when he landed on a beach in Gallipoli aged just eighteen. He survived Gallipoli to be sent into the mayhem that was The Somme and Passchendaele, from where he was invalided out of the Army, the Kings Own Scottish Borderers, at the tender age of twenty-one.

To have been so nearly destroyed both in mind and body, and then to have the love of your life repelled by

your appearance, must have been hard to take. In a moment of levity, his wife likened it to being married to Joseph Merrick, better known as 'The Elephant Man!'

The Indians

Professor Peter Stanley has written a very comprehensive book on the Indians in Gallipoli, including who they were, where they came from, and what they did. The book is called, "Die in Battle: Do not Despair". By the time I had read his book, I had a much better idea of the Indian soldiers and their professional status, their bravery and integrity, and the likely fate that awaited them.

Both Gurkhas and Sikhs were involved in that campaign, but I needed some accurate and pertinent information about them, as their culture was completely alien to me. I was trying to create a story of a young Indian soldier, and just when I needed help, the universe, fate, or just serendipity dictated that I write to Professor Peter Stanley from Liverpool, UK, but now working with the University of New South Wales in Canberra.

Thereafter, the story almost wrote itself, and I was pleased with it. The cultural and religious twists and turns were, I hope, successfully negotiated, and Dilsher's brave demise given proper weight.

His parents' story is told through the eyes of his mother, Dilreet. As an officer in the same regiment as his son, her husband's connection with his regiment was

obvious through her eyes, and their support for him was also support for her.

Being worlds apart from the English in almost every way, Dilsher's parents exhibited much common ground in their mourning with every other family whose sons, husbands, or fathers died in battle, not only at Gallipoli. This brings me back to my mantra about the sameness's of peoples of the world, certainly in their reactions to losing loved ones.

Closing Thoughts

In writing 'Echoes of Gallipoli: For those left behind', I have learned a huge amount of geography, of religious, cultural, and military history. I have learned about the actual wartime conditions that prevailed on the Gallipoli peninsular, and I have learned about the sameness of soldiers, shoulder to shoulder in war, sometimes shoulder to shoulder in a cemetery, with their parents, shoulder-to-shoulder in grief.

My hope is that I have passed this on to you with accuracy, empathy, and the compassion it deserves, with some enlightenment of the fate of families and friends when they lose loved ones in war.

That some of those soldiers died under horrific circumstances is known, but soldiers themselves would not wish to burden their families, or the civilian population in general, with such details. This protective wall may be, in part, responsible for some of the discombobulation of the reality in survivors. We must do what we can to embrace all honoured veterans and bring them back into our loving arms by making them whole once more.

So, having said all that, buy the book and read about those who went to war and what that war was like on Gallipoli. You'll understand something of the

heartache of all parents, families, and friends when their relatives, those courageous soldiers, failed to return, or did return to us broken or wounded, a sad pattern of all wars.

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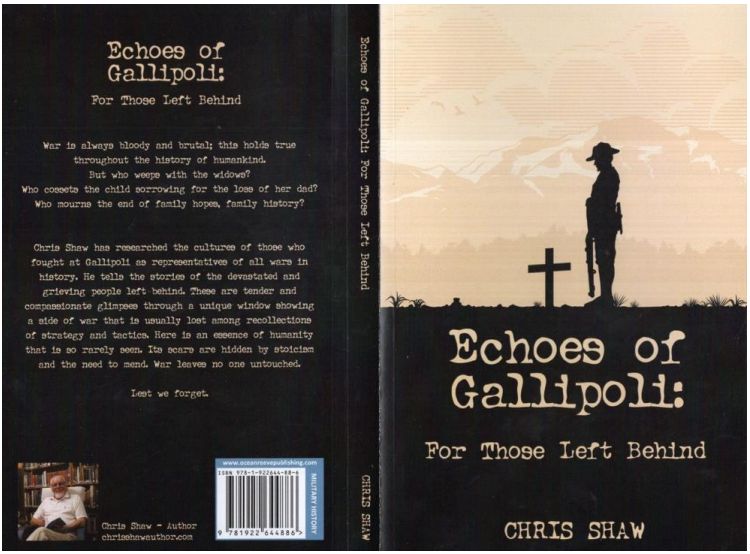

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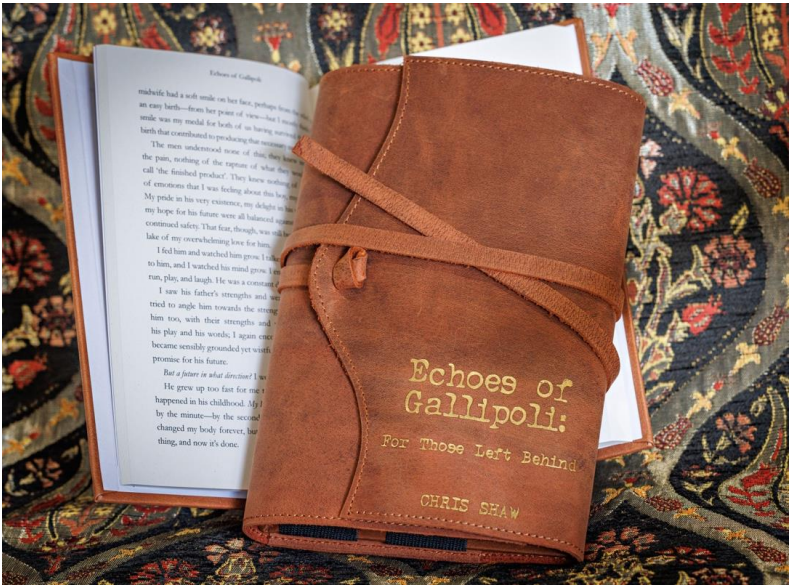

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Authors live lonely lives, sitting at a desk in an environment populated by their own creations. While Sir Terry Pratchett proclaimed that, 'Writing is the most fun you have by yourself', in reality pioneering a new marketing niche requiring three years to put together is very lonely. To have the support of that dream from your publisher means a great deal. It also means, I suspect that Ocean also has his own dream that has taken him into some lonely places.

So, if Echoes ever does make some money and/or make some people more aware of the world around them, then one of the foundational piers or peers, will be the support Ocean gave me from the beginning.

My enduring gratitude goes to my three 'Guardian Angels', who rescued me from potential faux pas in the marketplace. They are:

Professor Peter Stanley, Australian historian and research Professor at UNSW, Canberra.

Maureen Peters, Curator of History at The Rooms, St. Johns, Newfoundland, Canada.

Martin Sugarman, London. UK. He is very well informed of the history of the Jews, and I was introduced to him through the American-Israeli Cooperative Enterprise in the USA.

They would probably all say that their contribution was very little, but it was the 'Safety net' their participation provided that was so valuable to me.

Old, grey-haired men, who sit and write 'stuff', have in common a totally committed support team, of one! She is his long-suffering wife, who spends a lot of time looking off into the distance and sighing, deeply. They have no idea of why their loved one does what he does, is so committed to doing what he does, and why, after all this dedicated and inspired work, there is no money in it!

'I mean, he could have gone fishing! At least there would be fish – occasionally. Maybe? Then there's the sunburn, etc., etc.'

We love them and thank them for all their support, which we do not take for granted.

Chris Shaw.