

The Gallipollian

*The Journal of the
Gallipoli Association*

No. 128 - SPRING 2012



The River Clyde at V Beach, 25 April, 1915

*by Charles Dixon - reproduced by kind permission
of The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment (Queen's and Royal Hampshires)*

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SUBSCRIPTIONS – 2012

Members are reminded that subscriptions became due on 1 January 2012. The rates are unchanged; namely

Members in the UK – £20 per annum (£18 if paid by Direct Debit)

Overseas Members – £25 per annum (£22.50 if paid by Direct Debit)

If you have not already arranged to pay your subscription by Direct Debit (or Standing Order under previous arrangements), **please do by 1 June at the latest**. The Membership Secretary's address is shown inside the front cover.

Members paying by Standing Order are asked to check that the amount payable reflects the current rate of subscription.

Those who have not paid their subscriptions, or altered their Standing Orders to the correct rate by 1 June, will not receive future issues of *The Gallipolian*.

UK members who are not already paying by **Direct Debit** are asked to consider changing to this method of payment as it is very labour saving and cost-effective for the Association. **Direct Debit forms** can be downloaded from the Association website, or obtained from the Membership Secretary. Those who subscribe via Paypal can obtain details for making or renewing payments from the Association website (www.gallipoli-association.org).

ANZAC/GALLIPOLI DAY CEREMONIES IN LONDON

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 9.15 am for 9.30am on Wednesday, 25 April. Wreaths will be laid by a representative of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, by senior representatives of the Royal Navy, the Army and by the High Commissioners of Australia and New Zealand, and other high-ranking officials from France and Turkey.

Members and friends are encouraged to attend this service which is arranged by the Association. It concludes in time to travel to The Cenotaph.

THE CENOTAPH

Two minutes silence will be observed at 11.00am during a service at the Cenotaph in Whitehall. A wreath will be laid on behalf of the Association.

Security measures will be in place in and around Westminster and only members and guests with named tickets (see enclosed booking form) will be allowed access to the west side of Whitehall. Access is by Clive Steps, which front onto Horse Guards Road. These lead into King Charles Street and thence into Whitehall. We will assemble close to the exit from King Charles Street at 10.25am.

Members are encouraged to join with us to march to the Cenotaph and should find and link up with the member of the Association appointed as our Marshall for the day, who will give the necessary instructions.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

As in previous years, we have been invited to join the 'Anzacs' at Westminster Abbey for a Service of Commemoration, which will commence at 12.00 noon. Members should be seated by 11.40am. Those wishing to attend the service should apply for tickets on the booking form referred to above. Tickets for the Abbey and Cenotaph will be posted, so please remember to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

Medals should be worn at St Paul's, The Cenotaph, and at Westminster Abbey.

GALLIPOLI DAY LUNCH

The Gallipoli Day Lunch will be held at 'The Albert', 52 Victoria Street, Westminster, London SW1H 0NP. The cost is £27 for three courses including wine. A booking form is enclosed. Please book early to ensure a place as the dining area is limited.

OTHER ANZAC/GALLIPOLI DAY CEREMONIES AND EVENTS

The enclosed commemorative events leaflet gives details of other Anzac/Gallipoli Day ceremonies and events. Additional copies are available from **Simon Kleinig** our Public Relations Officer (address inside the front cover of the journal). Please enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. Details can also be found on the Association website.

We ask that members unable to join with the Association in London make every effort to attend their nearest ceremony. The Editor is always pleased to receive reports and photographs of these ceremonies.

ANZAC DAY 2011 AT CRONULLA, NEW SOUTH WALES

Diana Whayman, Suffolk Branch, Britain-Australia Society

Very early on a very wet and dark morning, my daughter and I left her home in Caringbah and drove to Cronulla to attend their Anzac Day service, which is held in Monro Park. My initial reaction on arrival was the large crowd, who seemed to be mainly middle aged or the very young, all gathered under umbrellas round the War Memorial for the service. The local press later reported that between 1,200 and 1,500 people were present. I'm not sure if it was that many however as it was difficult to see in the dark drizzly gloom. Nevertheless the large crowd gathered there was amazing when one realised that within a 10-15 minute drive, no less than four other services were being held that morning; plus, of course, the much bigger Civic Parade and Service at Sydney City Centre later in the day.

The parade at Cronulla comprised some 700 veterans and supporters led by a Lone Piper, the colour party with their three Standards being already at the Catafalque. The service commenced with a welcome by the Returned Services League (RSL) Sub-Branch President, Warren Thomas with the Thanksgiving read by two young girls from the Cronulla RSL Club, representing The Youth of Australia. Wreaths were then laid on the memorial and I was fascinated by the many communities and groups represented – from the RSL and War Widows to various schools and numerous clubs. After the formal wreath-laying, sprays of flowers, posies and single blooms, many with personal messages, were laid. Sadly the heavy rain destroyed most of the personal and poignant messages on the wreaths and floral tributes.

The Anzac Address was given by Mr Geoff Schuberg APM, a Vietnam War veteran who read a letter written by Digger Bert Smythe, just after the landings at Gallipoli, describing the terrible trenches in the front line, the weather at the service certainly reflected the tone of his letter. The service ended with the Exhortation, sounding of the Last Post and the Australian National Anthem. We were all invited back to a warm welcome at the Cronulla RSL Clubhouse where tea, coffee and biscuits were on offer as well as a tot of rum to thaw out the cold – which I declined – but no Anzac Biscuits!

Editor's Note: This report was received too late for inclusion in the 2011 issues of the journal but despite the passage of time I thought it would be of interest to readers.

AUTUMN LUNCH 2011

71 members and guests – only two short of full capacity in the dining room – attended the Autumn Lunch held at The Naval Club on 19 October, the lunch being preceded by the Association's Annual General Meeting, the minutes of which are reproduced below.

Prior to lunch, there was an opportunity to socialise with fellow members and their guests in the comfortable bar of the club. Following a first class meal we were given a very interesting talk by Admiral Sir Jonathon Band, the recently retired First Sea Lord, and thanks go to him for his time on our behalf. Thanks also go to the Naval Club for the excellent arrangements which were made on the Association's behalf.

Photographs taken during the day are on pages 29–30.

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION HELD AT THE NAVAL CLUB, HILL STREET, LONDON W1 ON 19 OCTOBER 2011

Present: The Chairman, Captain C T F Fagan, Secretary, J C Watson Smith, Treasurer, Mrs V Genrich, Membership Secretary, J Crowe, Public Relations Officer, S Kleinig, Col. S M W Hickey and 14 members.

Apologies were received from Mr T and Mrs G Chamberlin, Mr S Chambers, Mr S Davidson, Major H D Jenner, Mr D R Saunders, Mr F Summerson, Sir Harold Walker and Mr N Welsh.

1. Minutes

The minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on 20 October 2010 were approved and signed as a true record.

2. Chairman's Report

The Chairman presented his report, which was circulated to those present. This was published in the Winter 2011 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 127).

3. Treasurer's Report

The Treasurer presented her report and circulated copies of the Income and Expenditure Account and the Balance Sheet for the year ended 31 December 2010, which were adopted. These were subsequently enclosed with the Winter 2011 issue of *The Gallipolian*.

4. Election of Officers and Committee

The following were elected for the year.

Chairman
Secretary
Treasurer

Captain C T F Fagan
J C Watson Smith
Mrs V Genrich

Membership Secretary
 Editor
 Public Relations Officer
 Webmaster

Mr J Crowe
 Mr F Summerson
 Mr S Kleinig
 Mr S Chambers

Committee: Colonel S M W Hickey, Major H D Jenner, Mr D R Saunders and Colonel J R H Stopford.

5. Any Other Business – None

‘BACK TO YOUR PAST’ EVENT IN DUBLIN

Following on from the success the Association had at the *‘Who Do You Think You Are?’* exhibition in London earlier this year, the Association were represented at the *‘Back To Your Past’* event in Dublin over the weekend of 21 – 23 October 2011.

The Association’s stand was staffed by Membership Secretary, John Crowe, and Forum Manager, Mal Murray. It proved to be extremely popular, requiring both John and Mal’s attendance from 11am to 7pm on all three days. Mal Murray has been carrying out research over the last five years into Irish men that died during the First World War, and this knowledge proved invaluable in dealing with questions from those attending the event.

The Association had more than 70 enquiries from visitors about Gallipoli, and how to trace their ancestors who served during the campaign. Six new members have already joined from Ireland, and we hope more will be sending in their membership forms. A big thank you to both John Crowe and Mal Murray for volunteering their time. Photographs taken during the event are on pages 30–31.

‘FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE’– WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Simon Kleinig

Each year, the Gallipoli Association has a Memorial Plot at the ‘Field of Remembrance’ in the grounds of Westminster Abbey, which is open in the period around Remembrance Day. Anyone can place a remembrance cross or symbol in the plot and some 36 members availed themselves of the offer in the Autumn 2011 issue of the journal for the Association to arrange for crosses etc. to be placed on their behalf.

The plots are set out by staff and volunteers from the Royal British Legion – a substantial undertaking given that there are well over 200 plots. The task of laying out

the plots had been completed by the time I arrived on the morning of 8 November to lay the 65 crosses on behalf of Association members.

The formal opening by His Royal Highness, The Duke of Edinburgh, took place at 11.00am on 10 November 2011. After a brief service, the Last Post was sounded from the parapet of St Margaret's Church and the Silence kept. Afterwards, His Royal Highness toured the plots and spoke to veterans, service personnel, and members of the organisations present, including our Chairman, Captain Christopher Fagan, representing the Association, and representatives of the Australian, Canadian and New Zealand High Commissions, whose plots were close to ours. Photographs can be found on pages 32–33.

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION PARTICIPATE IN THE REMEMBRANCE DAY COMMEMORATIONS AT THE CENOTAPH

A Report and some Personal Reflections by Mal Murray

It was with a great sense of personal pride and honour (both as an Irishman and also as a member of the Gallipoli Association) that I, along with seventeen other Association members, paraded past The Cenotaph in Whitehall. This was the first time that the Gallipoli Association had taken part in the ceremony – see the announcement in the Winter issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 127). Photographs can be found on page 34.

The event was made all the more important to me when I realised that several of the Association members present had ancestors who served at Gallipoli, some of whom I have become friends with. Carole Sach whose Grandfather died at Lone Pine and John Crowe, our membership secretary, whose father and uncle served with the Norfolks at Gallipoli. Indeed, it was John who laid the wreath on behalf of the Association at The Cenotaph. Two other members of the Association committee also took part in the parade, Vicki Genrich (Treasurer) and Simon Kleinig (Public Relations Officer). A special word of thanks is due to Simon for all his hard work in ensuring our participation in this momentous event.

The parade took place on what turned out to be a beautiful sunny and warm morning and London looked fantastic. After the parade was dismissed at Horse Guards, many of our number retired to the Charing Cross Hotel for an operational debrief (coincidentally, the same hotel to which Admiral Fisher retired when he resigned his appointment as First Sea Lord after disagreements with Winston Churchill over the Dardanelles Campaign). It was during this debrief that the positive benefits of our participation became evident. It was noted that many people both spectators and fellow marchers had commented on the presence of the Gallipoli Association on the parade. It was felt by all present that our involvement was a great success.

I believe that our attendance as an Association at the Remembrance ceremony for the first time is an important step forward for us and for assisting us in achieving our objectives in remembering those who served and died and those who survived the campaign. We must not forget that for many Gallipoli veterans their war did not end on the 9 January 1916 when the Peninsula was finally evacuated. Many of them went on to serve in other theatres of operations and many were fated to die in France, Salonika, Palestine, or at Jutland. We cannot forget that on 11 November 1918, Soldiers, Sailors, Marines and Airmen who had served at Gallipoli, whether they were standing in a trench in France or Flanders, in some desert outpost, or indeed on a ship at sea, must – despite the happiness and relief – have looked back with a great sense of sadness in memory of the comrades they had lost during the Great War.

I know that we as an Association take great pride in Anzac/Gallipoli Day as we should rightly do, but we must remember as an Association, that by participating in the Remembrance Day ceremonies, no matter where they may be, or how large or small they are, we are commemorating the sacrifice and commitment that our veterans made to that final victory. With all the Great War veterans now gone to their rest, I believe that remembrance should now expand to include not just those who fell but those who served at Gallipoli and went on to serve in other theatres of operation during the Great War. Perhaps we should encourage the placing of remembrance crosses in the Association plot in the Field of Remembrance to honour those veterans who served at Gallipoli and went on to further service during the Great War; I know that John Crowe in November last placed two crosses in our plot to honour the service of his father and uncle both of whom served at Gallipoli and in France and survived the war. By attending future Remembrance Day ceremonies we, as the Gallipoli Association, are showing that their service and sacrifice was not in vain and that we shall forevermore, ‘Remember Them’.

‘In memory of those who fell and those who served’

BLUE PLAQUE COMMEMORATES THE BIRTHPLACE OF WALTER PARKER VC

A commemorative Blue Plaque to honour L/Cpl. Walter Parker VC was unveiled by the Mayor of Grantham on Friday 11 November, in the presence of Walter’s granddaughter, great grandson and other descendants, at 5 Agnes Street, Grantham, where Walter was born on 20 September 1881.

The plaque – see photograph on page 35 – was erected by the Grantham Civic Society which has done much to preserve and protect the town. Walter’s association with Grantham was, however, brief. His parents moved to London, where he spent his early years, before the family moved to Stapleford near Nottingham where began work as a coremaker at the Stanton Ironworks.

At the outbreak of the First World War Walter enlisted in the Royal Marine Light Infantry and was posted to the Portsmouth Battalion. He was awarded the Victoria Cross for gallantry at Gaba Tepe within a week of the landings although the award was not promulgated until June 1917; the delay being due to the commanding officer of the battalion, other officers and senior NCOs having been wounded. The citation reads:

On the night of 30 April/1 May at Gaba Tepe, Gallipoli, Turkey, Lance Corporal Parker, a volunteer stretcher bearer, went out with a party of NCOs and men to take ammunition, water and medical stores to an isolated trench containing about 40 men and several wounded. There were no communication trenches leading to the trench, and several men had already been killed in an attempt to reach it.

After crossing an area of about 400 yards swept by machine-gun and rifle fire, Lance-Corporal Parker was alone, the rest of the party having been killed or wounded. On his arrival he gave assistance to the wounded and when the trench was eventually evacuated early next morning, he helped to remove and to attend to the casualties although he himself was seriously wounded.

Other sources note that during the three previous days Parker had displayed consistent bravery and energy whilst in charge of the battalion stretcher bearers during a very trying time, as in nearly every case the wounded had to be evacuated over exposed ground and under fire.

Walter Parker was evacuated back to England and after a lengthy period in hospital was deemed unfit for further service and invalided out in June 1916. Although he lived for another 20 years, Parker never fully recovered from his wounds and died, aged 55, at Stapleford, on 28 November 1936 and was buried in Stapleford cemetery. A Memorial Service is held annually at St Helen's Church, Stapleford on the Sunday nearest to Gallipoli Day – this year on 29 April.

Editor's Note: I am grateful to **Tim Chamberlin** for bringing this news to my attention.

COLLINGWOOD MEMORIAL PARADE

The service at the Collingwood Memorial on the Downs, east of Pimperne, Dorset will take place at 3.00pm on **Friday, 1 June 2012.**

It is a popular and much appreciated tradition that those attending should, if possible, meet from noon onwards at the Anvil Hotel, Pimperne for introductions and lunch if required.

MAJOR GENERAL'S REVIEW

Members will again have the opportunity to apply through the Association for tickets for the Major General's Review on Horse Guards Parade on **Saturday 2 June 2012**. See enclosed booking form for details.

EAST ANGLIAN REGIONAL LUNCH

The East Anglian Regional Lunch will take place in The Guildhall, Kings Lynn on **Friday, 22 June 2012**. A booking form for this event is enclosed. For further information and bookings, please contact John Crowe (address inside the front cover) or email: johncrowe@uwclub.net

AUTUMN LUNCH 2012

A provisional date of **Wednesday, 17 October** has been set for the Autumn Lunch this year, which will again be held at The Naval Club, Hill Street, London W1.

Information about booking arrangements will be included in the next issue of *The Gallipolian*. Meanwhile, please make a note in your diary.

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION CONFERENCE – 2012

As announced in the last issue of *The Gallipolian*, the Association is holding a one-day conference in Birmingham on **Saturday, 11 August 2012**.

The conference will feature four well known speakers:

Peter Hart — ‘The French at Gallipoli.’ Peter, oral historian at the Imperial War Museum and author of several books on the campaign, believes the French are the forgotten men of Gallipoli and will attempt to correct this perception when he focuses on the important part they played in the campaign.

Colonel Jeff Cleverly — ‘Defeated before a shot had been fired? The planning of the Suvla Bay landings at Gallipoli’. Currently commanding 3rd Bn., The Royal Welsh, Jeff's talk will examine the frequently baffling factors which influenced and undermined the outcome of the August offensive.

Stephen Chambers — ‘Gallipoli through a camera's lens’. A military historian, author and battlefield guide, Stephen's collection of images from the campaign will

be presented and brought to life by drawing on his knowledge of the conflict.

Michael Hickey — ‘The Men of Gallipoli’. Michael, is the Association’s historian and author of several books on the campaign. His talk will focus on the human drama of Gallipoli across the broad spectrum of the services.

There will also be a Question-and-Answer session with the ‘experts’ together with displays, books and merchandise.

The conference will be held at the Lords Knights Suite, Tally Ho Conference and Banqueting Centre, Pershore Road, Edgbaston and costs £25 including lunch, and morning/afternoon tea. An optional three course evening meal will be available for an extra £25.

For further information contact Simon Kleinig, Public Relations Officer – address and contact details inside the front cover.

THE NAUTILUS

I am grateful to **Arjan Kapteijn** for alerting me to an item on New Zealand’s *Sky 3 News* about a 99 year old launch, used during the Gallipoli campaign, that has been donated to the Voyager Maritime Museum in Auckland.

The vessel, named *The Nautilus*, was built in Auckland in 1912 and requisitioned by the New Zealand navy soon after the outbreak of war in 1914. During the Gallipoli campaign it was used to transport the wounded from the beaches to hospital ships, most notably the NZ Hospital Ship *Marama*, for treatment. Six stretchers could be accommodated in its tiny cabins.

The Nautilus was acquired by Mr Alan Williams in the 1990s after his son spotted it lying semi-derelict in Auckland’s Lyttleton Harbour. The vessel, which still had a number of bullet holes in its hull, was lovingly restored by Mr Williams and used by him until recently. In donating *The Nautilus* to the museum, Mr Williams said “... after all the work we’ve done on it – it’d be a pity not to see it looked after in the future, and I know the maritime museum will do this”. The museum’s Chief Executive, Murray Reade commented “... the museum is about preserving and telling our maritime story, and the Gallipoli campaign is a significant part of New Zealand’s history. To have an object that’s linked to it from a maritime perspective is very significant”.

The Nautilus will be kept in working order and perhaps one of our New Zealand readers may be able to photograph the vessel for publication in a future issue.

NEW ANZAC COMMEMORATIVE CENTRE

Arjan Kapteijn

WA (Western Australia) *Today* reported that a Commemorative and Interpretative Centre will be developed at King George Sound, Albany for the Centenary of the Anzac in 2015. Albany was chosen because the convoys carrying the Australian Imperial Forces gathered and departed from the port in October-December 1914.

The new centre has been awarded A\$1.3 million in federal funding. This follows earlier funding of A\$250,000 for a ‘scoping study’ prior to the design and development of the centre which was a key recommendation of the National Commission on the Commemoration of the Anzac Centenary.

The interpretive centre will house innovative, interactive technology which provides commemorative and educational material. It will be supported by an internet-based virtual interpretive centre, which will allow Australians and people from across the globe to access information on the convoys and the troops, sailors and nurses they carried.

‘X’ BEACH : 25 APRIL – 3 MAY 1915

AN ACCOUNT BY CAPTAIN A J ELLIS 1ST BN. BORDER REGT.

Editor’s Note: This account, in diary form, was given to me some years ago by a relative of Captain (later Major) Ellis who transcribed it from the original notebook. I have added a few notes – in square brackets – to explain the abbreviations used, or to draw attention to particular points which may be of interest to readers.

By way of placing the diary in the context of the events of 25-26 April 1915, I have reproduced below an extract from the summary contained in the book *Notes and Comments on the Dardanelles Campaign* by Lt. Col. A Kearsy DSO OBE. The book was published in the 1930s being intended primarily for military students. Kearsy’s assessment of the reasons for the failure to exploit the landing reflects the general view held in military circles at the time. Lt. Col. Kearsy had first-hand knowledge of the campaign having served in the Dardanelles.

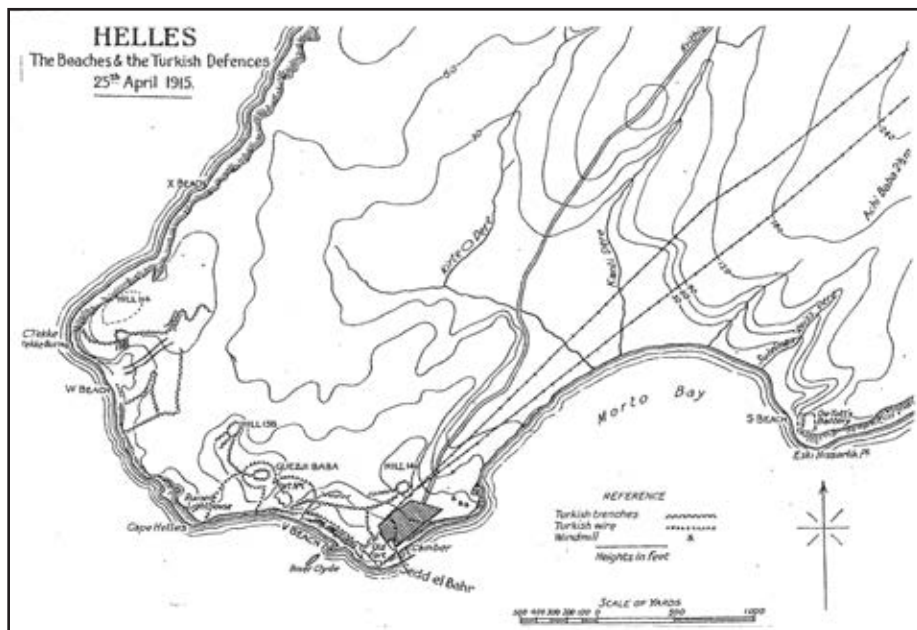
Under cover of the guns of the Implacable and Swiftsure, the 2nd Royal Fusiliers landed by 0515 hours on the morning of April 25th without loss. Their objective was to capture Hill 114 and to join up with the Lancashire Fusiliers at ‘W’ Beach. The enemy, however, were found to be in a strong position on Hill 114, and the enemy’s heavy artillery from the vicinity of Krithia had the range of the ground west of Hill 114.

Reinforced later by the Border Regiment and the Inniskilling Fusiliers, the Royal Fusiliers were able to join up with the Lancashire Fusiliers and entrench on a line from their landing place to Hill 114, where the line was extended through Hill 138 to the east of Cape Helles' ruined lighthouse.

The reasons why a further advance was not made in this area between Cape Helles and 'X' Beach were that reserves were not available at the points where success had been gained, and success was not exploited at 'S' and 'Y' on our first arrival at these beaches. It was also very difficult for the commander of the Helles landing operations to collect and then collate the information received from troops at the five landing places especially as two brigade commanders and two brigade majors were early put out of action.

The account by Captain Ellis begins:

'Sunday 25 April: Landed 'X' Beach – 1½ miles north of Cape Tekke, from mine-sweeper. Landed with the Inniskillings – no opposition. [The Borders landed at about 9.00am.] No sign of parties that should have landed at Southern end of peninsula between Cape Tekke and Morto Bay. After 2 hours, 'B' Coy. ordered to support Royal Fusiliers on Right [in the attack on Hill 114]. Then evident they were being cut-up on Left and retiring to beach. [They?] were between the Borders and the enemy – and the enemy were advancing in force so 'D' and 'C' Coys. ordered to charge and did so – enemy repulsed – Borders dug in at nightfall.



Borders concentrated on Left and Inniskillings in the centre. 11.50pm enemy attacked and persisted until 5.00am.

26 April: Borders under heavy fire – but kept enemy out; they cleared off at dawn – quiet day apart from sniping.

27 April: Burial parties for the dead of 25th sniped – casualties. Battalion order to establish line across the peninsula – difficult especially as no real rest, little food and water since landing. Fairly quiet night – but at 2am orders to advance with the brigade to a point 4,000 yards to the North.

28 April: 7.00am. Colonel again took command – he had been temporarily acting for the Brigadier. At daybreak enemy shelled B [Beach or Battalion] from Achi Baba. Got away at 8.00am under heavy shellfire – very few casualties. Men carrying packs – had to cross nullah 300 feet [wide], with very steep sides. Worn out, but very few casualties. Then up narrow ridge – 200/300 yards across, with cliff and sea on Left, nullah on Right. Occupied trenches dug by K.O.S.B's [1st Bn. King's Own Scottish Borderers] during their unsuccessful landing on 'Y' Beach [to the north of 'X' Beach]. Came under fire – couldn't see enemy position. Also lot of dead ground which necessary for Borders to command. Leading platoons went forward – then 'they got it'. Reinforcements requested, late coming – enemy had checked Inniskilling advance. Enemy had covered edge of cliff and of nullah with MG [machine gun] fire – no advance that way. Still urgent requests from firing line for support – eventually Ellis got some men into dead ground and first of K.O.S.B's trenches. Then had to cross c. 200 yards of open ground under very heavy fire – did so with bayonet charge – very few casualties. This reinforcement eased things but then officers killed, including Captain Head ^[1]. Ellis on Right of K.O.S.B's trench – but then told enemy advancing on Left in force, but they were held for some time. But somebody (never will be known who) shouted "retire" and off the Borders went. In rush, Ellis knocked down cliff – got to beach and saw 'panic' so drew revolver and men steadied and took orders quietly. Wounded who [were] still on cliff were sniped by Turks. Ellis got them down to the beach – worst cases taken off by Fleet. Then he and unwounded went back through nullah to find regiment. Again was in the firing line – S.W.Bs [2nd South Wales Borderers] – took part in charge, fell exhausted and slept! Was roused roughly and walked back under fire to Brigade HQ, from where was sent back to 'X' Beach where slept until morning.

29 April: Ellis collected all men he could – rejoined regiment. Told that retirement the previous afternoon was only 400 yards behind K.O.S.B. trenches [i.e. the front line]. During the day, strengthened positions dug on the previous evening – very strong one too. Also the dead buried – all officers, not all men.

30 April: Peaceful except [a] little shellfire.

1 May: Relieved c. 10.00am, back to reserve c. 1.00pm. By 4.00pm, all done, including wash and hot meal – first since leaving the *'Andania'*. By 8.00pm terrific firing – regiment ordered under arms to reinforce Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers [R.I.F.] – Ellis and scouts went to their HQ and told not wanted. R.I.F. could cope. Back to beach, told to support 86th Brigade on Left and 87th on Right. Reached position at 11.00pm. Shelled heavily – at midnight 'B' Coy. Ordered into fire trenches.

2 May: 2.30am. rest of Bn. ordered to support trenches of Royal Fusiliers – went over 500 yards under heavy fire – several casualties. Turks attacked all night – got to within 50 yards of our most advanced trenches – but just before dawn our 18 pounders opened fire.

3 May: 4.30am. ordered to evacuate trenches to cover attack at dawn – successful, although fire trench so packed that only with difficulty could assault party get in, and although only about 30 men responded to the charge, got within 10 yards of enemy trench – but only c. 10 men unwounded and they opened fire. Ellis went back to the fire trench for more men, only half dozen responded and when Ellis 'got within bayonetting' was knocked out.

5.15am. fell into shallow trench – L/Cpl. Friend ('A' Coy.)^[2] risked his life by applying a field dressing. Ellis shouted for men to leave the trenches and finish the job – didn't. Ordered men who were left to fall back and did so himself, covered by Friend – he got back safely too.

7.30am. Ellis carried to Regt. Aid Post by stretcher. 2.30pm. platoon of 'A' Coy. Got him to beach by 4.00pm and ship by 6.00pm.'

Postscript

Captain Ellis was evacuated to Egypt where he made a swift recovery from his wounds. He rejoined the battalion on 12 June which was then in reserve in the Gully Beach area following an exacting time in the firing line. He took part in heavy fighting later in the month on enemy positions at 'Boomerang Redoubt' and in the 'Turkey Trench' area and, as far as can be established, remained with the battalion throughout the rest of the campaign.

After the war, Captain Ellis was promoted Major and saw service on the Afghan frontier. It was here – at Kohat in 1923 – where a tragic event occurred. Major Ellis, then acting CO of the 1st Borders, was away from the base on a course. During Major Ellis's absence, a raid was made on the cantonment by Afridi tribesmen. His wife was murdered in the presence of his 17 year-old daughter, Mollie, who was carried off by the tribesmen. Fearing that military action would endanger Mollie's life, the Chief Commissioner of the North West Frontier Province, Sir John Maffey, asked Mrs Lillian

Starr, Matron of the Peshawar Mission Hospital (whose husband had been murdered by tribesman in 1917), if she would be willing to assist. Mrs Starr bravely volunteered to negotiate for the release of Mollie, who she managed to bring back safely.

Acknowledgements and Notes

This article was first published in *If You Want the Old Battalion* (the Newsletter of the Essex Branch of the Western Front Association). I am grateful to Bill Fulton (Chairman Essex WFA) and to the late Mari Simpson who together provided much of the information given in the original postscript, and in the notes below.

1. Captain Reginald Head, killed on 28 April 1915, was the only surviving son of John Oswald Head JP of Hexham, Northumberland. He was born on 25 November 1885 and educated at Harrow and the RMC, Sandhurst. He received his commission in the Border Regiment in 1906 and served with the regiment in Gibraltar, India and Burma. He married Agnes Margaret Waller of Sutton Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk and their child, Pamela, was born in April 1915. Captain Head is buried in Pink Farm Cemetery as is Major George C Brooke, Border Regiment, who was killed in the same action. His son, Cmdr. Henry Brooke was a longstanding and much respected member of the Gallipoli Association.
2. It appears that Cpl. Friend, who assisted Captain Ellis, survived the war.

REMEMBERING THREE SUSSEX YEOMEN

As far as I can establish from a search of *The Gallipolian* index, the Sussex Yeomanry have not previously featured substantively in the journal. The time has come to remedy that omission! This article, which focuses on three of the Regiment's casualties, is based on material and photographs kindly donated to the Association some years ago by **Frances Stanley**.

The 1/1st Sussex Yeomanry, part of the South Eastern Mounted Brigade, left England on 25 September 1915 embarking on the *Olympic* at Liverpool. The Regiment reached Lemnos a week later and were landed at Cape Helles on 7 October where they were attached to the 42nd (East Lancashire) Division. They moved forward to Gully Ravine and soon after into the front line in the Border Barricade – Crawley Crater- Fusilier Bluff area, where they were to spend the next two months alternating between front line, reserve and support duties interspersed with work details and the occasional period of 'rest' if such a term can be applied anywhere on Gallipoli! They were evacuated during the night of 30 December.^[1]

The Chichester Observer and West Sussex Recorder (hereafter referred to as the 'Observer') for 15 December 1915 carried a tribute to **RSM 3559 J W Graham** by Lt. Col. The Earl of March, Commanding 1/1st Sussex Yeomanry. RSM Graham was one of the Regiment's first casualties, having been killed in action on 19 October, only twelve days after the Regiment reached Gallipoli.

‘Sir, Though it is now some weeks since the sad news reached me of the death at Gallipoli, of my Regimental Sergeant-Major J W Graham, I venture to hope that I may pay some slight tribute through your columns, to the memory of one for whom I shall always entertain recollections of the greatest affection and regard...

He came to Chichester four years ago from the Scots Greys to take over the duties of Staff Sergeant Instructor to ‘C’ Squadron, of which I had just assumed command, and his sterling qualities at once made themselves apparent. At that time, the Squadron was in great need of thorough reorganization, owing to circumstances I need not dwell on here ... From the moment of his arrival he set to work to put matters straight and in an incredibly short time ‘C’ Squadron was restored to a state of prosperity and efficiency ... During my twenty five years of soldiering I do not think I have ever come across a man who impressed upon me more forcibly the truth of the saying that “the non-commissioned officer is the backbone of the British Army”.

He was a worker in every sense of the word, and his grasp of detail, and quiet capable method of dealing with the innumerable questions that constantly arise with regard to the training and interior management of a Squadron in peace-time made it a real pleasure to work with him. He never made any difficulties about anything, and was invariably ready with the right solution whenever I found it necessary, as his Squadron leader, to refer difficult matters to him for advice and assistance. And it was the same when, shortly after I had taken command of the Regiment on mobilization, I promoted him to be Regimental Sergeant Major.

During the year we spent at Canterbury he threw his whole heart into the task of rendering the Regiment efficient in the field and smart on parade, and at a time when we had to contend with adverse conditions of weather and scanty accommodation, his example went far towards encouraging the cheery spirit that consistently prevailed amongst the men. And though he is gone, his influence will live after him. To us who mourn his death it is some slight consolation to know that it was practically painless, as he died without regaining consciousness shortly after he was hit by a chance bullet, whilst sitting outside his ‘dug-out’.

To his widow, we, his comrades of the Sussex Yeomanry, can but offer our heartfelt sympathy, and the assurance that though we have lost him, he has left behind that reputation with which he came to us from the Royal Scots Greys – a reputation worthily expressed by their proud motto, ‘Second to None’.

RSM Graham was the son of John William and Isabel Graham, of Leeds and husband of Mary Isabella Graham, of Calder Cottage, Newbiggin, Musselburgh, Edinburgh. He was 46 and had served 21 years in the 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys) before joining the Sussex Yeomanry. He is commemorated on Special Memorial C.112 in Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery.

In the same issue of the *Observer*, the newspaper carried a report of the death, on 6 December, of another member of the 1/1st Sussex Yeomanry, **Squadron Quartermaster Sergeant Percy Baker**^[2] who:

'... died of wounds received in action at Gallipoli. He was the son of Mr J Baker, of Barnham Mill who will receive the sympathy of a large circle of friends in the Chichester and Bognor District in his bereavement. Sergeant-Major Baker was one of those genial fellows whose companionship was always a joy to his friends, and his death will be deeply mourned by those who knew him. Prior to the war he assisted in his father's business and was well-known both at Chichester and Bognor. He had been a member of the Squadron for some years.'

On 9 February 1916 the *Observer* published a letter from Captain Hanbury L Kekewich^[3] to his parents, Mr and Mrs J Baker :

'I am writing you a line of sympathy on the loss of your son, my Squadron Quartermaster Sergeant. I cannot tell you how grieved I personally am, and I know all the Squadron, too, are at his death. We have spent so many hours together since I came to the Squadron last January, and I practically had the training of him in his last post.

I cannot tell you what an extraordinary nice fellow he has been to work with. Old Baker, as I think he was usually called, was always cheery, always pleasant, never upset by anything, and the most hard-working and conscientious worker I ever came across.

He has been, except for an occasional headache, extremely well out here. The open air life and plenty of exercise seemed to suit him. He had the feeding of us all largely in his hands, as regards seeing things reached the men etc., and no trouble was too great for him to take to ensure their comfort.

It is rather a hard irony of fate that only four days before his death I was expecting to go over the parapet myself, and sent for him, as he did not belong to the firing line, in order to square up accounts etc. with him. One shell knocked out, besides him, our best Squadron cook, Porter, wounded badly Sergeant Cooper in the hand, and three more besides. I went to see him in hospital the morning after he was hit. I don't think he was in very much pain, but was hit through the left lung, and found breathing difficult. In addition, he had his shoulder knocked about. However, he was quite conscious, and chatted cheerily with me, saying he hoped to be with us again soon. We buried him with the other members of the Regiment on the southern slopes of 'Y' ravine, and are having a nice cross made for him.

I miss him very much, and when I come back to the old country will come and talk to you of him. I feel I should like to see his parents, as he was the branch of a tree that is getting much too scarce in these fast moving days. I trust this will find you well. Please accept my great sympathy in your trouble. The only condolence, if any, can be to us that he is far happier now than ever before.'

Squadron Quartermaster Sergeant 439 Percy John Baker was the son of John and Ada Baker, of Barnham Mill, Bognor (see photograph on page 35). He is buried in Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery (Plot XI. Row A. Grave 5) and is also commemorated on a memorial plaque in the Parish Church of St Mary, The Virgin, Barnham:

In Loving Memory
OF OUR DEAR SON
PERCY JOHN BAKER
S.Q.M.S. 1/1 SUSSEX YEOMANRY
KILLED IN ACTION AT
CAPE HELLES, GALLIPOLI
DEC. 7TH 1915
AGE 31 YEARS
THAT HIS NAME BE NOT FORGOTTEN

and also on the War Memorial in the church.

On 12 January 1916, the *Observer* reported the death in action of **Tpr. 1877 Frederick (Fred) J Toop**, 1/1st Sussex Yeomanry, noting that he was *'the son of Mr William Toop of Church Farm, Aldingbourne, and only recently married'*. It was also stated that before the war he was engaged with Mr Robinson, nurseryman, and that

'... another brother is serving with the same Regiment.'

Three weeks later, on 2 February, the *Observer* carried a report of the memorial service held the previous Sunday afternoon at St Mary's Church, Aldingbourne, noting that *'Corporal Toop was killed in action at the Dardanelles'* and that:

'... the large attendance included Mrs F Toop (widow), Mrs Toop (mother), Mr and Mrs R Toop, Miss Toop, Mr and Mrs Confin (sister and brother-in-law), Mr T Start (father-in-law), Mr T Start jnr. and many farm employees, representatives of the local cricket club and football club, of which he was an enthusiastic and highly appreciated member, and also many friends, neighbours and villagers, who were anxious to pay their last token of respect and affection.'

It will be noted in this later report that the rank is given as 'Corporal'^[4] which is how Frederick James is commemorated on the headstone of his younger brother, Gilbert Toop, who died in December 1911. However, the inscription correctly records that Frederick died of wounds on 30 December 1915, aged 29 years and that he is interred in Alexandria [Chatby] Military Cemetery. It seems likely, therefore, that by the time Frederick was commemorated on his brother's headstone, the family had received more information as to the circumstances of his death.

Precisely when Frederick was wounded is not known but it is possible that it was around

the time Squadron Quartermaster Sergeant Baker was killed on 6 December in the Fusilier Bluff area (see above).

Frederick is also commemorated on the war memorial in St Mary's Church, Aldingbourne and on the village war memorial at the entrance to the churchyard.

Notes & Sources:

1. The invaluable and highly recommended, *British Regiments at Gallipoli* by Ray Westlake published by Pen & Sword Ltd.
2. The newspaper wrongly refers to SQMS Baker as Sergeant-Major.
3. Captain Hanbury L Kekewich was killed in action at the Third Battle of Gaza on 7 November 1917. He was 32 and the husband of Dorothy Page-Turner (formerly Kekewich), of Old Place, Bicester, Oxon. He is buried in the Beersheba War cemetery, Israel.
4. The Commonwealth War Graves Commission record his rank as 'Private'.

WHO WAS HARRY?

M Chapman

The following letter was written by my father, Pte H J Chapman, who served in 'A' Company, 2/3rd (City of London) Battalion (Royal Fusiliers), The London Regiment at Gallipoli to his pal 'Harry' on his return to England in 1916. Sadly, nothing is known of Harry beyond that he must have served in the same company as my father.

The battalion landed at Suvla on 23 September and were attached to 86 Bde., 29th Division. The letter gives an interesting account of both 'company news and gossip' as well as the conditions in the front line. The battalion suffered heavily during the storm and blizzard that took place in the period 26-28 November, which is vividly recounted in Harry Chapman's letter. This resulted in some 50 men being drowned or dying of exposure, with over 300 being evacuated with frostbite.

Morant War Hospital
Brockenhurst, Hants.
13th January 1916

Dear Harry,

At last I have found out exactly where you are and something about you. When you were taken away from Hill 10 it was given out that you were suffering from 'General Debility' – this I thought very strange as the Army is apt to look upon so vague a complaint as debility merely as 'slackness' – as you know – and generally wait for some definite and more serious complaint to assert itself.

I was not surprised, therefore, when your Mother informed me per letter (in answer to one from me enclosing a letter you received from your Uncle – which you no doubt remember – and which you had left in your valise) that you were suffering from diphtheria, although naturally I was sorry, knowing the danger of the complaint. I was however very pleased to hear that you had sufficiently recovered to be removed from the Isolation Ward, which must indeed have seemed like prison. I hope sincerely that you will stand some chance of getting home – in fact I have even gone so far as to hope that we shall see each other before long.

And now you would probably like to know a little about the doings of the Battalion after you left us, although it is little I can tell you for the events were very crowded – and my memory used to be proverbial. You probably know that Pryde, Stalley and Bernard Wood soon followed you with dysentery – among many others whom I cannot remember. The Mr Lidiard got his second star – Captain Edlundh was promoted to Brigade Staff Captain (owing to the Brigadier General being a relative of his – it is rumoured!) – much to the chagrin (more rumours!) of the Colonel and Adjutant (who also received his Captaincy). Mr Palmer then took command with Mr Lidiard as Junior Company Commander. Mr Lidiard was then ordered away for a course of Machine Gun Instruction. Mr Thomas after getting his second star contracted dysentery. Mr Knowles was away (as you will remember) all this time so the worthy Calder came very much into vogue. We were all pleased to hear that Mr Palmer was promoted to Captain just before he was taken seriously ill with dysentery leaving Calder for a few days until Mr Lidiard came back in sole command of the Company, which then mustered about 100 strong.

It was under these conditions that we went into the trenches (having also lost C/Sgt. Legge with dysentery) there to be joined by Mr Lidiard who naturally became O/C 'A' Company (or 'W' Company as it is known in the trenches – W, X, Y & Z being less easily confused over the telephone than A, B, C & D) and Bandmaster Sergeant Laurence as QMS. Mr Knowles was O/C bomb throwers (which included trench mortar, grenade rifles and bomb catapult) – Miller being one of the men in his section.

W, X & Z were in the firing line and Y in supports. The battalion was 480 strong now and we took over a portion of the trenches which had been held by the Worcester's or the Warwick's (I forget) who were over 700 strong – so we had to work as you can imagine, in fact only once in every three days you had a morning or afternoon or night 'off', that is out of the firing line – during which time you had to do about 2 hours fatigues – so that practically speaking we had no time to wash or shave. We could not, of course, have kept it up for long. In all 'A' Company was only in the trenches about nine days. After the third day there was a 'vacancy' going in the Signallers and S/M Wilson put in a good word for me and I got it. During the next few days I had a comparatively easy time, having nothing to do except when I was on duty on the phone and even then I could read or write also I had a dugout to sleep in.

It was about this time that Mr Thomas was discharged from hospital and returned to the Company, and Mr Calder-Smith and his faithful servant, old Nicholas, were taken away with jaundice. I ought to mention here that Mr Hartman and Mr Wrinch were both Captains and Pyne was expecting his commission. Captain Simmonds became a Major.

It was about 28th November (I say 'about' because I never knew the date for certain) when in the evening a rumour leaked out that we were shifting that night; orders were given to hand in all picks and shovels etc., and the CQMSs to pack up as quietly as possible. In view of the news of the evacuation I am of the opinion that it was intended to evacuate that night and all arrangements were going on apace when at about 8 o'clock a thunderstorm burst upon us and it rained solid sheets of water for over two hours. Never have I known such rain and never do I want to again. The water raged down the nullah and not only were the trenches filled and turned into rushing torrents, breaking down parapets and wrecking dugouts but they were completely submerged and the water in places a foot above the level of the ground, so that we were literally flooded out and had to retire across the communication trenches which, as I have said, were rushing torrents.

Laden as we were with heavy equipment and ammunition we were in imminent peril of drowning and in places of being quickly sucked into the mud. I personally was rescued from the latter by a man whom I have often quietly sneered at, Captain Keith Jones. He was an absolutely a bundle of nerves, but by sheer strength of will he kept his wits together and cheered [steered?] the fellows over the dangerous parts. He was admitted that night into the hospital with general breakdown and exhaustion. Mr Calder Smith, although still ill, was peremptorily ordered out of hospital to rejoin his regiment and carried himself amazingly well and earned sincere admiration. Mr Burge carried a machine gun over all those dangerous trenches and stuck to it all the way to the Brigade Dump, whilst George Baker, I hear, dismantled a gun, as cool as a cucumber, and insisted on stopping to light cigarettes.

Owing to the treacherous nature of the country the whole battalion had to retire in single file following the man in front who had to pick the best way for all of us to escape. This front man was Glen, and if ever a man deserved the DCM it was he. If a rope needed to be fixed to the other side of the torrent he was the man who swam with it again and again and waited to pull man after man bodily out of the water, should his foot slip in; Glen would jump in to help without the aid of a rope. Then he would hurry to the front of the line to negotiate the next trench.

Meanwhile the Turks, who were for the time being in as bad a predicament as ourselves, had time to retire about a mile onto the hills and get their machine guns going on us and the Adjutant received two wounds to the head and he subsequently died. We also had another fellow wounded in the leg and he had to be carried on a

stretcher. This impeded our progress considerably as, owing to the mud and water we were walking in, it took 12 men to carry him, and they had to be relieved about every 10 minutes. Through all this we discarded or lost most of our equipment and many of us lost our rifles. Those who had stuck to their rifles were put on outpost duty about a mile behind the original firing line while we others were marched down to the beach under Mr Thomas and provided with fresh rifles and bandoliers. Needless to say Mr Thomas lost us on the way back, but we eventually found our way to the trenches, after being rejoined by the men on 'outpost duty', and occupied one of the communication trenches wherein the water had subsided to waist deep.

It was now about 3am and we were told to get sandbags and other materials to keep us out of the water. This we of course did, but it had the effect of stopping the water going down anymore so that if we stepped down from our post into the trench we were immediately up to our waists in water. I ought to mention that Jock Rose was one of the men who retained his rifle and stayed on outpost duty. This was the last I saw or heard of him, but I sincerely hope he is safe. He got his stripe just before we left Hill 10. Of course, now that we were all thoroughly wet through and worn out and hungry and thirsty, all that was necessary for our comfort was a good frost – and we had it. Although it was nearly the worst thing we could do, most of us dozed – we couldn't help it and of course woke up frozen nearly stiff.

The next day found us on raised sandbags etc., which caused our heads to bob continually above the parapet, with about 10 rifles fit to use and 3 men to use them. The Turks were wandering about on top of their parapet making themselves comfortable and we were exposed to a similar degree. A truce was mutually understood until some fool of an officer sent the order along for our sentries to fire, which they did. Whereupon the Turks sent out a sniper who bagged about 20 of our Company including young Harle^[1] with a wound on his side (we were unable to shift him and he died through loss of blood and exposure), Sgt. Maj. Wilson and C/Sgt. Lawrance (both wounded). This, with sickness, brought our Company down to about 30 – our officers had all gone sick and the senior NCO, Sgt. Keating was in charge of the Company.

We spent yet another night of frost and snow and when morning came we were ordered to retire to the trench known as Dublin Castle [the writer presumably meant to say 'move to' as Dublin Castle was in the front line]. By this time the Battalion had two officers left – the Colonel and Mr Crompton. It was during this time that we lost a lot of fellows, including Duligall^[2], killed by machine gun fire, which at that time was particularly deadly. Poor old Folkes was lightheaded and refused to leave the trench. We could not persuade or free him. No doubt he died from exposure^[3]. You will be sorry to hear Alf Evans^[4] (who was in the Machine Gun Section) died from wounds – where he got them I could not say.

I got about 200 yards and fell in a ditch and remember no more until and RAMC

man was pouring something (probably brandy) down my throat. He managed to get me to the Dressing Station. All this time (over 40 hours) we had one piece of bread and cheese. I spent 4 days in the CCS under the most appalling conditions for they were crowded out owing to the flood. Then on the boat to Mudros I encountered Mr Lidiard, Thomas, Pyne, C/Sgt. Lawrance, Sgt. Keating, Sgt. Bennett, Prior, George Thompson, Dady, Bouldstidge, Monty Roberts and many others I cannot remember. I heard that Freddie Picknell was safe and that Major Prance went mad from exposure.

Dady is at Forest Park Hospital and George Thompson in Balmer Lawn Hospital, both here in Brockenhurst. Dady very nearly lost one of his toes. I have nothing more to tell you except about myself. I had frostbite in both feet and hands – my hands are practically well now (as witnessed by this long letter) and my feet are progressing favourable. I expect to be out of hospital next month. And now old man, I really hope you will stand a chance of getting home, as I was so superbly lucky to do. I ought to mention that your brother Glyn sent me 100 *Gold Flake*, for which, you may bet I was jolly thankful. Now let's have a few lines from you telling me all about yourself won't you?

With very best wishes for Good Luck in the New Year

Your very sincere friend
Harry

PS News that Chalk is in Egypt with frostbite.

Postscript:

After the war my father made his career in Local Government, starting in Wembley, then Doncaster, East Cowes (Isle of Wight), Thame in Oxfordshire and finally as Town Clerk at Waltham Abbey, Essex. Sadly, he died in 1959 after a 'hit and run' road accident near Epping, Essex. He was 62.

Notes:

1. 2363 Pte. William George Harle, 3rd Bn. London Regt. Died 28 November 1915. Commemorated on the Helles Memorial.
2. 2634 Pte. Claude Ellis Duligall, 3rd Bn. London Regt. Died 29 November 1915. Age 24. Buried: Hill 10 Cemetery. Son of Henry Joseph and Fanny Duligall, of 29, Thurlby Road., Wembley, Middlesex.
3. 2253 Pte. Joel Charles Folkes, 3rd Bn. London Regt. Died 28 November 1915 Commemorated on the Helles Memorial.
4. 2635 Pte. Alfred John Evans, 'A' Coy., 3rd Bn. London Regt. Died 28 November 1915. Age 24. Buried: Hill 10 Cemetery. Son of James and Susan Evans, of 3, Railway Cottages, Wembley, Middlesex.

MOTOR CYCLE DESPATCH RIDERS AT MUDROS

The photograph below was donated to the Association some years ago by member Mr **Derek C S Ballon** whose late father, **John Bollon**, a veteran member (No. 1075V) of the Association served at Gallipoli as a Gunner in the Royal Garrison Artillery.



The photograph must have been of significance to Mr Bollon (senior) as he had it mounted and framed. An enquiry by my predecessor to the Royal Signals Museum at Blandford Camp revealed that the photograph, with the caption '*Despatch Riders from the Empire at Mudros, 1916*' was used in the Royal Signals history, *Through to 1970*, published by the Royal Signals Institution in 1970, the photograph being credited to the Imperial War Museum (No. Q.13401)^[1].

I have not been able to establish a great deal of information about the use, if any, made of motorised despatch riders on the peninsula itself although the *History of 42 Signal Squadron (Volunteers)* published on the Internet contains an interesting account of the work of the 42nd (East Lancashire) Divisional Signal Company, Royal Engineers during the First World War^[2]. In describing arrangements at the outbreak of war there is reference to '*... approximately 9 motor cycle despatch riders being added the company*

strength, and rather amusingly ‘... one of whom had to be discharged to everyone’s disappointment, as he was a citizen of Portugal and therefore declared an alien.’

In describing arrangements made by the War Office in 1915 to increase the establishment of the Company there is reference to:

‘...WW1 transport included horses, carts, pack-mules, camels and motor-cycles and that early in 1915 the War Office increased the establishment of the Company from 150 all ranks to 208, with a proportionate increase in horses, vehicles and equipment. The new establishment provided for a Royal Artillery Headquarters detachment, an additional cable detachment, an increase in the number of motorcyclists...’

With regard to service at Gallipoli the history notes that the Company landed at Helles in May 1915 and *‘...quitted itself well and several members won awards for bravery under fire.’* It records the actions of Sgt. C E Williams who was awarded the DCM for gallantry on 3 June 1915 whilst overhauling and extending signal lines in preparation for the Third Battle of Krithia the following day. The award, the first to be awarded to the Signal Company, was gazetted on 3 September; the citation records.

‘For conspicuous gallantry and coolness in action on the Gallipoli Peninsula during 1915. He has frequently laid wires under heavy rifle and shrapnel fire and has consistently shown great bravery and resource’.

Another DCM was awarded, posthumously, to Sapper James Broderick who died on 10 August, the award being gazetted in March 1916:

‘For conspicuous gallantry on many occasions on the Gallipoli Peninsula in repairing and maintaining telephone line, generally under heavy fire. On the 9 August 1915 he was wounded whilst doing so.’

However, neither of those brave men appear to have been equipped with motor cycles and would seem to have been employed in the conventional role of the signaller. To date, I have only found one photograph of a motor cyclist ‘in action’ at Gallipoli – the Imperial War Museum’s photographic collection includes a ‘Royal Naval Division Signal Company motor cycle despatch rider returning through a communication trench from Brigade Headquarters at Gallipoli’. This is reproduced at the end of the article (on page 27).

Perhaps readers may be able to throw more light on the use of motorised despatch riders during the Gallipoli campaign and possibly even identify the type of machine shown in the photographs? I believe that Triumph Type A 350cc, Douglas 350cc and Sunbeam 3 motorcycles were all used by the British Army during the First World War but it is unclear if these types were in use as early as 1915.



ARND Signal Company Despatch Rider at Gallipoli ^[3]

Notes:

1. Crown Copyright is claimed on this image by the Imperial War Museum although the print now in the Association's possession was not obtained from the IWM collection and its origins are unclear. A number of websites claim copyright on the same photograph but misleadingly state that it was taken on the peninsula.
2. Sadly, no authorship or contact point has been given for this excellent piece of work, extracts from which are quoted in this article.
3. Crown Copyright©. Reproduced by courtesy of the Imperial War Museum (Q.061079)

CHRISTMAS SHILLING GIFT

I am grateful to **Robert Pike** who sent me the following letter which appeared in the *Poverty Bay Herald* (Volume XLII, Issue 13839), which was published on 12 November 1915^[1].

'Dear Madam, – A movement has been organised in Wellington by the combined Amateur Sports Bodies to provide a Christmas gift of tobacco and sweets to every soldier of the Allies on Gallipoli and at Samoa. Arrangements have been made with reputable English

Firms to send out the gifts direct to Gallipoli in hermetically sealed tins, embossed with suitable greetings. Delivery will be guaranteed^[2]. Each box will contain sufficient tobacco to make one hundred and twenty cigarettes; about four ounces of chocolate and barley sugar will also be included. It ought to be emphasised that under the arrangements made with the Home manufacturers, the very best value is obtained for the money. One hundred and twenty cigarettes and four ounces of sweets is, as anyone can see, a very good shillings-worth. Also, one of those gifts is to be made to each soldier of the Allies – English, French, Indians, Australians, as well as New Zealanders. As the Imperial and French troops receive much smaller pay and fewer gifts than our men, it is a gracious and friendly act on our part to let them know that this corner of the Empire is thinking of them.

At the present time many energetic committees are collecting shillings on behalf of our fund in the city and suburbs of Wellington and numerous other places throughout the Dominion. Last evening, at a meeting of ladies convened by the Mayoress, it was decided to make a special effort on the 20th inst., and to call that ‘Gallipoli Day.’ It is hoped, by means of the sale of button-holes, badges, flowers and vegetables, by lorry concert parties in the streets, and a big programme of spectacular events such as physical drill displays, fancy dress competitions, blindfold boxing, hat trimming and hairdressing competitions by returned wounded soldiers etc. to raise a large sum of money. My committee would be glad if you would convene a meeting of ladies and representatives of sports bodies to organise a ‘Gallipoli Day’ in your city. My committee recognises how much the women of New Zealand have done and the number of patriotic organisations there are at work at the present time, but it is confident that if you take up this proposal you will be surprised at the number of shillings you will be able to collect. At the present time my committee has £600 in hand, and this without any special effort. It does not anticipate any difficulty in obtaining £2,500 – Wellington’s quota. Her Excellency the Countess of Liverpool is patroness of the fund. Trusting to secure your hearty cooperation and wishing you every success in your efforts. – Yours truly.

HAMOS’

Editor’s Notes:

1. **Poverty Bay** is the largest of several small bays on the east coast of New Zealand’s North Island to the north of Hawkes Bay.
2. Given the pressures on shipping space and that the notice only appeared 6 weeks before Christmas 1915 (by which date both the Anzac and Suvla sectors had been evacuated) one wonders how many boxes were delivered. Any information from members about these gifts would be welcomed by the Editor.



Members in conversation in the Naval Club Bar prior to the Autumn Lunch
[Pages 4–5] Photograph by John Crowe



The Autumn Lunch. [Pages 4–5] Photograph by John Crowe



The Autumn Lunch. The Speaker, Admiral Sir Jonathon Band, comments on a point raised by Colonel Michael Hickey [Pages 4–5] Photograph by John Crowe



'Back to Your Past' event – Dublin. The Gallipoli Association Stand [Page 6] Photograph by John Crowe



Back to Your Past' – Dublin. Mal Murray dealing with enquiries at the Gallipoli Association Stand. [Page 6] Photograph by John Crowe



Back to Your Past' – Dublin. Association members Mal Murray, John Crowe and Philip Lecane at the Gallipoli Association Stand. [Page 6] Photograph by John Crowe



Gallipoli Association Plot at the Field of Remembrance [Pages 6–7]

Photograph by Simon Kleinig



Close-up of some of the crosses laid in Gallipoli Association Plot at the Field of Remembrance [Pages 6–7] Photograph by Simon Kleinig



The Chairman, with Simon Kleinig Vicki Genrich and Amy Fallon, at the official opening of the Field of Remembrance [Pages 6–7] Photograph by Simon Kleinig



*HRH The Duke of Edinburgh in conversation with the Chairman at the Gallipoli Association Plot at the Field of Remembrance [Pages 6–7]
Photograph by Simon Kleinig*



*Remembrance Day Parade. The Gallipoli Association contingent
in Whitehall [Pages 7–8] Photograph by John Crowe*



*Remembrance Day Parade. The Gallipoli Association contingent
on Horse Guards Parade [Pages 7–8] Photograph by Simon Kleinig*



Blue Plaque at 5 Agnes Street, Grantham commemorating L/Cpl. Walter Parker VC
[Pages 8–9] Photograph reproduced courtesy of the Grantham Civic Society



Barnham Mill, the home of SQMS Percy J Baker [Pages 18–19]
Photograph by Frances Stanley



The Norfolk Island War Memorial [Pages 58–60]
[Photograph courtesy of Derek Lovemore]



The Norfolk Island War Memorial – Plaque listing the names of those served and those who died on Active Service [Pages 58–60] [Photograph courtesy of Derek Lovmore]

‘ONE OF TEN THOUSAND’ – PTE. HENRY JAMES WRIGHT

Ken Wright

Henry James Wright enlisted in the Australian Imperial Forces in 1915. His parents, Edward and Marion, and their seven sons and two daughters lived at No 6 Winifred Street, North Essendon, a suburb of Melbourne, Victoria. When war was declared on 4 August 1914, patriotic fever spread throughout Australia. Henry, despite being newly married, was the first of the sons to answer the call to fight for King and Country.



Pte. 151 Henry James Wright, 14th Bn. Australian Infantry

Henry was not the only family member to enlist and fight in the Great War; other brothers were to enlist and their contribution to the war effort was equally important. In 1915, the Wright family comprised:

Father- Edward.

Mother – Marion.

Sisters – Florence (married) and Elizabeth

Sons – Walter (married), Henry (married to Pauline), Leslie, Albert, Charlie, Gordon and Fredrick, all single. Gordon would go on to participate in WW2.

While he was overseas, Henry was a prolific letter writer, but most of the letters have been lost as his brothers and sisters have long since died. The information used to

present Henry's story is from the postcards and letters that have survived. It should be noted, however, that most dates and locations were removed by the military censors.

Henry's decision to enlist was final. No matter what his new wife Pauline said, or his parents, or any of his six brothers and two sisters, he was going to enlist. War had been declared and the Australian Imperial Forces needed men to fight. Besides, he argued, it was his duty to go. Henry left the comfort of the family home in Winifred Street, for the spartan Army barracks at Broadmeadows, Melbourne and on 1 October 1914 became Private 151 H J Wright, 'A' Company, 14th Battalion. He was only 26 years old. After fifteen weeks basic training, Henry sailed from Port Melbourne aboard troopship A38 bound for the Middle East.

After further training in Egypt, Henry went ashore at Gallipoli at 10.30am on 26 April 1915. He described his experiences in a letter to a brother from the firing line two months later on 27 June:

Dear Les,

Just a few lines in answer to your welcome letter received here 23rd June and dated May 14th. Well Les, I am pleased to hear you are well and like your place. I had a letter from Mother saying Bert and Fred had sailed but did not know what place they were going to. I thought that we still had a few brothers left who would enlist. I suppose you would have had a try had you been old enough. Well Les, I have up to now managed to dodge the bullets which fall pretty thick at times. We are giving the Turks all the fight they want. They are very frightened of the bayonet. They squeal like blue hell when they get a touch. We live in dugouts cut in the side of the hill just like rabbits. They are pretty safe from bullets and shrapnel. We do our own cooking and are getting experts at it. Now Les, I will close hoping you are well and will always be pleased to hear from you. I remain your loving brother,
Henry.

There were lighter sides to being in action as illustrated by this poem:

'How Private H.J. Wright ended the War.'

*Is it true there's a war old Wright said to me,
said I, 'I dunno, let's go and see'.
So off to investigate both of us went,
to try and find out what the word War really meant.*

*Over the creeks and up great big hills,
Having no sleep and missing our meals.
One day in the distance some big Turks we saw,
We knew what it was like to be playing at War.*

*When around a few bombs and some Jack Johnsons fell,
 Old Wright said I'm off its too much like hell.
 So away we both scooted with the Turks at our heels,
 Old Wright gasped I wonder how a bayonet feels.
 At last a Jack Johnson caught Wright on the bot,
 and sent him along at a very fast trot.
 I'm off home he shouted, as he whizzed past my head
 but he hung in a tree half alive and half dead.*

*When I helped him get down he was a bit dazed,
 his clothes were all torn and his backside was grazed.
 I soon fixed him up with some Vas and some plaster,
 but the Turks they were coming up faster and faster.
 At last old Wright said we'll end this war,
 the quickest way you ever sam.
 See those big boulders up on that hill
 we'll crush those Turks like flower in a mill.*

*Five hundred thousand were killed this way,
 the rest surrendered I'm glad to say,
 So that's is the way Wright ended the war,
 the quickest way you ever sam.*

[Composed by Bert Lewis, A Coy, 14th Bn. on the Gallipoli Peninsula, July 1915.]



Postcard sent by Henry Wright

Unfortunately there was a certain amount of truth in the poem as Henry was wounded by shrapnel in an attack on Hill 60 on 21 August. Having survived the Turkish army's best efforts to kill him, Private Wright was on his way to England aboard a hospital ship unaware that the German Navy was trying to kill his younger brothers, Fred and Albert who had also enlisted. The two brothers had an unexpected swim in the Aegean Sea when the German submarine UB14, commanded by Kapitänleutnant Heino von Heimburg, torpedoed the Australian troopship *Southland* bound for Gallipoli. Approximately thirty men were killed; the remaining troops and crew were rescued by nearby ships. A skeleton crew of volunteers managed to keep the ship afloat and beached it in Mudros harbour. Fred and Albert were members of the 21st Battalion landing on Gallipoli on the 7th September 1915. Fred was sent home and discharged as medically unfit with Enteric fever in 1916. Albert went on to fight in France and Flanders but was also sent home and discharged with trench feet in 1917.

From the Hampstead (New End) Military Hospital in North London, Henry wrote a letter home describing the fighting that led to his being wounded.

My Dear Mother,

You no doubt are very anxious about me, for I suppose you would get a telegram to say that I was wounded and you are wondering how badly. I am pleased to say my wounds are not serious, and also that I am a lucky man to be sitting up in bed in dear old England, writing this letter to you. I will start from the ——of August when we started to make an advance to straighten up our firing line. [I am writing of our Battalion only but there were scores of others engaged in this big move]. We moved at about 10 o'clock at night in full fighting order, each man carrying 250 rounds of ammunition. We were told before we started that our job was to go two miles along the beach then push inland for about a mile or so. We were to take the Turks by surprise.

After doing our two miles [in strict silence] we got the order to fix bayonets, then we started to push inland. We had taken John Turk by surprise. He stood his ground for a little while but when he heard the Australian war cry, he was soon on the run. But what a great treat we had; the Turks knew where they were going we did not and the country was nothing but hills and gullies covered thickly with small bushes behind which the Turks would hide and try and put up a bit of a stand until we routed them out with a bayonet. We were not to fire a shot – all work to be done with the bayonet.

They were blazing away all the time, but it was so dark they could only fire in our direction. A few of our chaps were hit. One of my mates next to me suddenly called out and dropped. I asked him what was up. He said "Only a bullet in the knee, but never mind I'm alright. Go on Australia give it to them, show 'em what you're made of" etc. The bullets were cutting up the dust around us when I got a bullet through the butt of my rifle, but I was not hit. Frank Trevillian, myself and a few more of our boys got cut off from the rest of the Battalion that night, and thank goodness it was dark or

we should certainly have had a hard time of it. We thought our chaps were still coming on. We had just got to a small rise with a fringe of bushes when in front of us we could hear a party of Turks talking. We dropped behind what cover we could. It was while we were lying there that we found out that we were on our own, and that the Turks were creeping up. We had an officer in our party, and we owe him our escape.

He belonged to the 13th Battalion N.S.W. He said to us "Well boys, we are in a tight corner here and with a little bit of bluff, I think we can manage them". So while some of us dug in, others were keeping watch. We had just made a rough cover for ourselves, when one of the observers saw a movement in front. The officer had us ready. We were to wait until they got within a dozen yards and fire for all we were worth, and if necessary, use our bayonets. I cannot explain the feeling when you know you are going to have a scrap at close quarters. It makes one feel that he is good enough for half a dozen. We allowed them to come up within a few yards. They could not see us and I think they imagined we had gone. Then we got the order to fire. We pelted lead into them as fast as we could pull the trigger and then got up and yelled like a lot of Indians. We had no occasion that time to use the bayonet. John Turk broke and fled screaming "Allah, Allah" and disappeared down the hill going like blazes. It was just breaking day so we worked our way back to the rest of our Battalion whom we found five or six hundred yards back. We do not know what damage we had done, but guessed we had settled a few.

We moved from this position early that morning and joined the rest of our Brigade (4th Brigade). Our casualties in this were not a great lot. The Turks got a big surprise that night all along the line. We found bags of bread, pots and pans, ammunition and equipments. They bolted in such a hurry they had no time to bother about these things. The Turks were now entrenched on a big hill called 971. This was always well fortified, and we were brought round to help take this.

On the morning of August——we were lined up at 3 a.m. to make an attack on a portion of this hill, so we were told, but this is what happened. On this particular morning, about two thousand of us advanced with fixed bayonets. All went well until we had passed through a big ravine. We reached a flat piece of land that had been cultivated, and had to cross this at the double, for dawn was just breaking, and the Turks had spied us and came at us in thousands. We were a splendid target. I will never forget crossing this cultivated ground about three hundred yards wide. They turned machine guns on us and our poor fellows were dropping like flies. We reached a place at the end of the ravine and dug in. The Turks were bringing up more reinforcements. This is just what our side wanted, for we were drawing the fire while a very large force of Tommies and Ghurkas made an assault of this big hill on the right, we being on the left. We soon found out what we had fallen into. We had been sent out to draw as many of the enemy as possible to make out that we were the main attacking party.

While the Turks were advancing on us, our big guns from the cruisers just blew them sky high. When the shells burst amongst them, we could see Turks, pieces of men, earth and bushes, all in a heap. The Ghurka is a splendid soldier; he likes best to fight with the knife and is very severe on the snipers and will search for them for hours, and snipers when caught want to be taken prisoner – he has no chance. The Ghurkas are good friends of the Australians. They are small men, but very strong and wiry. When we got the Turks moving our way we received the order to retire, and to carry back all wounded on our way. The stretcher-bearers were working like Britons. I and another 14th man carried a poor fellow who was shot through the stomach. We had to move ourselves too, over ridges, along gullies through thick bush. There was no time to have a spell. We were being shelled, and John Turk was pumping the lead our way. He, no doubt, thought we were running away, but this was part of our plan for the Tommies and Ghurkas were doing great work on our right.

We eventually reached a place of safety and got our man to a dressing station. The wounded were coming down in scores from this big hill, but others were going up with a determined look on their faces that boded ill for the Turks. It is rather a peculiar feeling when you first see a wounded man being carried past, but one soon gets used to it, and the more determined he is to avenge him. We made a line of trenches, and held them for a couple of weeks. During this time we had a very hard job getting water. Of course water was coming along as well as they could send it, but for thousands and thousands of troops it means a big thing. We dug down fifteen feet, and discovered beautiful spring water; from that day on we had plenty.

I will now pass onto the afternoon of August...We were to make a charge on the Turk's trenches. This was to be another big move for us. You no doubt read in the papers about the big landing of troops at Suvla Bay. This was the time that we moved. Now I will describe it to you, just as it appeared to me.

At 3 p.m. we were lined up and told our job. We were to advance for three hundred yards and previous to our going our cruisers and land artillery bombarded the Turks for a good hour. The first hundred yards were not too bad, but the last hundred was hell. We rested for a breather for this final spurt on a ridge. We had to run over the brow, down the other side, across a flat and gain another ridge. As soon as we started, the enemy worked machine guns, rifle fire and shrapnel at us. I saw dozens fall in front of me. One poor chap's equipment and clothes caught fire, I think a bullet struck his cartridges and set alight to the cordite. He screamed something awful. I had not gone far, when I got a nasty blow to my leg. I did not stop, though to do so was certain death. I managed to scramble down to the ridge and crawled to a place of safety.

My wound was dressed and the leg began to get stiff. We had no hope to get back to get a doctor until dark, so just had to lie there and wait. I did not mind waiting but we were getting Jack Johnson's shrapnel and bullets dangerously close. Anyway, I had the satisfaction to see that we had gained our position, and our fellows were busy digging

in. While lying here, I was in full view of the hill we came down. It was a terrible sight. Men were lying around in dozens, some groaning terribly, and the Tommies were coming over. It is only then that a fellow realises the awfulness of it. They came over in a rush, and were cut up like chaff, but they would not turn back. I and a lot more wounded were waiting in this place to be taken away when we saw a poor chap staggering towards us. I found he was one of the 14th – a chap I knew well.

A machine gun had made a horrible sight of him. The bullets entering his mouth, cutting away the bottom teeth then passing through his neck breaking the collarbone and making a nasty gash in his shoulder. He could not speak but wrote down on a piece of paper that he was not downhearted and that he was satisfied when he saw our boys had taken the position. That night when we started to make for the beach, we had plenty of bullets humming around us. I'm afraid we looked a sorrowful pair. I hobbling along and my poor mate hanging on to the back of my tunic. We had a lot of spells on our way down and reached the hospital ship at dawn. We had a nice warm bath and got between nice clean sheets. We steamed away from the Dardanelle's and went onto Lemnos – one of the Islands forty miles away. We were here for two days, then put on a sister ship to the Lusitania and on the 24th August we started for England, called in at Malta for a day and Gibraltar five days, and finally reaching Devonport on September 8th.

We travelled by hospital train to Paddington about 230 miles then motored to Hampstead (New End) Military Hospital where we are looked after splendidly. When the boys are able to walk, they are allowed out from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. They are often taken for motor trips all over London. The people are very kind, and invite the boys to afternoon tea. The Old Bull and Bush Inn is only ten minutes' walk from here. Little did I think I would one day see the original. I will write to you again about the different places when I can get about. Don't worry about me, my wounds are not serious. I expect to be about in a couple of weeks. I have an appetite like a horse. I should think o after bully beef and biscuits for four months....

Postscript: Henry Wright sent a number of letters to his wife and other family members describing what he did in London and wrote appreciatively of the welcome he received there. He returned to active service on the Western Front in April 1916 and continued to write home. He was wounded again, in the right arm, left leg and suffered shell-shock in or near Pozieres on 2 July 1916. He was evacuated to England and sent to the Northumberland War Hospital to recover. His wounds took some time to heal and it was not until 2 February 1917 that he was discharged and transferred to the School of Musketry Bhurtphore Barracks, Tidworth where he was given light cleaning duties.

It is clear from his continuing letters home that Henry was quite comfortable with life in the School of Musketry and naturally in no hurry to return to active service. Unfortunately, he failed to obey an order given by an N.C.O and was fined 7 day's pay on the 24 April 1918. The National Archives of Australia in Canberra, which hold the

World War 1 service records of service personnel, do not have any information as to exactly what the charge was. However, it appears to have led to him being given notice of return to active duty. He finally re-joined the 14th Battalion AIF on 24 July. On 20 August he wrote to his parents from the Western Front recording his recent battles and his nostalgia for home, as he had not been back to Australia for 40 months. Henry Wright was killed thirty days later, the official report of his death stating:

No. 151 Pte Wright H.J, was Killed by shell fire whilst asleep at 4pm. 19-9-1918. and partially buried and badly wounded in the head and died instantly. Map reference; burial place [In the vicinity of Ascension Wood, 3500 yards South West of Bellicourt]

Sheet 62B.N.W.G.25.b.50.70. A Regimental cross was erected on the grave.

[Sgd.] W.R.Wadsworth, Major, for Lt Col, T Commanding 14th Battalion, A.I.F.

As well as leaving Pauline a widow, Henry was never to see his baby son, Henry Maidos Wright [note the second name!], who was born after he left Australia. The child must have been of comfort to Pauline but her heartache at the loss of Henry was to continue because following her request for, and receipt of, a photograph of Henry's grave in 1919, she received a letter from the officer in charge of Base Records, Australian Imperial Force on 18 August 1923. This stated that following further investigation it had been established that the cross in the Jeancourt Communal Cemetery Extension, was of a memorial nature only, and no actual grave existed, and as a result Henry's name would be added to one of the Memorials for the Missing .

Pte. 151 Henry J Wright is commemorated on The Australian National Memorial at Villers-Bretonneux

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Editor's Note: I am most grateful to **Ken Wright** for allowing me to publish this tribute to his relative, Henry Wright. This is extracted from a much longer article by Ken Wright under the same title, which narrates the whole of Henry's war service and that of his brothers. Space constraints preclude publication of the latter in *The Gallipolian* but readers with Internet access can find the full article on:

www.militaryhistoryonline.com/wwi/articles/henryjameswright.aspx

AUSTRALIA'S 'BAD CHARACTERS' ON GALLIPOLI

Peter Stanley

Editor's Note: Dr Peter Stanley is arguably Australia's most prolific living historian of the Great War. He worked for the Australian War Memorial from 1980 to 2007, becoming its Principal Historian, and in that time contributed both to the Memorial's permanent Gallipoli gallery and to the 1990 anniversary exhibition 'The Riddles of Anzac'. He currently heads the Centre for Historical Research at the National Museum of Australia^[1]. His 25 books include several dealing with the Gallipoli campaign. They include, *A Stout Pair of Boots*, the first 'how-to' book on battlefield research, and the four books mentioned briefly in the Winter 2011 issue of *The Gallipolian*; namely *Simpson's Donkey*, a children's novel that tells the familiar story of Simpson and the donkey, but from the donkey's point of view. His *Quinn's Post, Anzac, Gallipoli* (2005), was the first 'biography' of a place on Gallipoli, while *Digger Smith and Australia's Great War* (2011) tells the story of Australia's part in the First World War entirely through the words and experiences of people named Smith. His next book will be *Lost Boys of Anzac*, which deals with the first day of the campaign through the lives and deaths of the 101 men of the very first wave of the 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade to land who were killed on 25 April 1915.

In 2010, Peter published *Bad Characters: Sex, Crime, Mutiny, Murder and the Australian Imperial Force*, which in 2011 was jointly awarded the Prime Minister's Prize for Australian History. In the judges' view, *Bad Characters* provided 'a bracing and fascinating corrective to some of the popular myths' of Anzac, and 'a salutary corrective to the romanticisation of the digger' in Australian military history. The article that follows comprises an abridged version of the 'Gallipoli' chapters of the book^[2]. I am most grateful to Peter for taking the trouble to produce this for *The Gallipolian*.

'Onward ragtime soldiers': Anzac

By the time the Australian Imperial Forces (AIF) embarked for what would become the Dardanelles campaign in the spring of 1915 its men had begun to think of themselves as soldiers. As novices in war, most were yet to face the test of battle, and all pondered how they would face that challenge, but they had begun to think of themselves as members of a military force, with the allegiances and animosities that entailed. On the transports carrying them from Lemnos to Gallipoli, men of the 13th Battalion sang a parody of 'Onward Christian Soldiers':

"Onward ragtime soldiers
Fed on bread and jam.
For our bally colonel
We don't give a d____."

Still, this understanding overlay rather than supplanted the civilian notions that had carried with them. Even at Anzac they behaved as civilians – some wrote from Anzac to complain to their members of Parliament, or even the Minister for Defence himself.

At the landing it became clear that the best soldiers were not necessarily the best behaved. Major Edmund Drake-Brockman of the 11th Battalion had cause to thank Private Paddy Reid who killed three Turks attacking his officer on the summit of Plugge's Plateau. He belted the first in the head with his rifle butt, bayoneted the second and, unable to withdraw the blade, knocked the third down and killed him by kicking him in the head. Reid had spent much of his time in Egypt as a defaulter, released from a six-month sentence only days before the landing. Having missed out on most of his military training, Reid used the fighting skills he had learned as an itinerant butcher.

Their first exposure to battle confronted the AIF's novices with a severe test of character. Archie Barwick, of the 1st Battalion, got through the first days without shock. By the third day, though – when the effects of bullets on bodies sank in – Archie faced 'a terrible fight with myself'. He acknowledged how 'part of me wanted to run a way & leave the rest of my mates ... & the other part said no, we would stop & see it out ...' Barwick's battle mirrored the struggle faced by practically every man who saw combat, on Gallipoli or elsewhere.

For weeks the struggle to hold on to the sketchy trench lines on the ridges around Anzac Cove dominated the AIF's existence. The demands of battle immediately subsumed the requirements of smartness. No longer was it a crime to remain unshaven; and uniforms became more ragged as the spring turned to summer. The campaign's first desperate weeks, and then the gruelling summer, culminating in the tragic failure of the attacks on Lone Pine and the ridges to the north of Anzac, demonstrated that the AIF did in fact possess the morale, stamina and, indeed, discipline that enabled it to withstand its greatest test. Leslie Newton, the 12th Battalion's adjutant on the peninsula, reflected later that 'never was there more urgent need for rigid discipline' than when the men of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps stood 'with their backs to the sea, a few hundred yards in the rear, with no comforts, and little water, and always tired'.

The striking fact about the AIF's discipline on Gallipoli is that it held, in circumstances in which the morale and cohesion of a force of novice soldiers might have been expected to have collapsed. Walter Belford, the 11th Battalion's first historian, described its state in the summer, when it held Tasmania Post, on the southern flank of Anzac. 'Half the battalion worked on digging trenches and saps, the other half on endless fatigues, carrying water and rations. Many were barely trained reinforcements, with only a third of company officers and NCOs surviving. All lived under severe strain, many close to 'nervous breakdown'. Its CO reported that it was 'not in an efficient state'. But neither the 11th nor any of the other hard-pressed battalions at Anzac broke down. Bedford

thought that its resilience showed that ‘Australian troops had a natural discipline far transcending any discipline of the barrack square’, a discipline based on ‘comradeship and determination ... democratic, but ... none the less efficient on that account’.

Regardless of both strategic folly and tactical ineptitude, Birdwood became a popular commander, largely because he adapted to – and celebrated – the character of his mainly citizen force. A story allegedly told by Birdwood circulated widely. He supposedly told fellow British generals how on Gallipoli one day an Australian sentry shouted at him ‘Birdie, you’d better b_____ well duck’ to avoid a sniper. His outraged listeners asked him what he did. ‘Why’, Birdwood replied, ‘I b_____ well ducked’.

Indeed, it is easy to find incidents of AIF men explicitly not respecting their officers as such. Among the first contingents of the AIF we can find men of sensitivity and refinement; men who behaved toward each other as Christian gentlemen. But it also included men who behaved profanely, and often violently. A gunner’s diary in Egypt in 1915 recorded how two men had belted their medical officer over a dispute over a dixie of tea. Edgar Rule recalled that as his battalion (the 14th) reached Gallipoli O’Mahoney (Rule’s pseudonym for a troublesome man in his platoon) boasted how he had ‘one in the funnel’ for him – that is, that he had a bullet reserved for his platoon officer, and that he was ‘to get it the first time we went into action’. Rule had testified against O’Mahoney when he had used ‘filthy abuse’ towards ‘a decent NCO’, and O’Mahoney was not inclined to forgive. It was even rumoured that Colonel Jim McKay, who was wounded in the leg on Gallipoli, had been shot by a vengeful man of his own brigade. The chaos of battle doubtless conceals other incidents.

Gallipoli introduced Australia’s citizen soldiers to the horror of war. The confusion of the landing and the desperate defence of the perimeter under Turkish attacks, the slaughter of Krithia and the unremitting trench warfare at Anzac of the summer stalemate, all showed, in the most brutal way, the fantasy of thinking of war as glorious or heroic. Instead, men saw comrades cut down, suddenly and bloodily, often by hidden assailants, suffering the terrible wounds inflicted by bullets and bombs at close range. They endured fear, exhaustion, the debilitating effects of the dysentery that almost everyone on Gallipoli suffered, amid the ever-present stench of decaying corpses and shit. Nor was there any escape – the Anzac front line was about a kilometre from the little cove soon named Anzac – and while Turkish shells could reach almost every dugout in Anzac the only respite was spells on the nearby island of Imbros.

‘All the wastrels of the city’: criminals in the AIF

With reports of heroism on Gallipoli stimulating volunteers, the number of recruits in the training camps swelled through 1915. By October the number in camp across the Commonwealth reached over 73,000, the highest monthly figure of the war. The first volunteers for the AIF comprised, as all agreed, ‘the very cream of Australia’s youth’. But they also included ‘a few of the lowest and criminal class’ – the judgement of an

Anglican minister at Seymour, one of the big country camps in Victoria. Every volunteer for the AIF passed through one or another of the training camps established on the outskirts of the state capitals (or in some states in country towns). The traffic was not all one way, into the camps. State *Police Gazettes* show a steady stream of men who thought the better of their enlistment and bolted. Not all were members of the AIF. Some were members of the Permanent Forces, the Citizen Military Forces or even the British Army (many of its Reservists had migrated to Australia and now faced call-up). Few issues of the *Police Gazettes* lacked notifications of deserters, many of whom remained at large for the entire war. The New South Wales *Police Gazette* of 20 October 1915 includes notices of no fewer than 82 men who deserted in the previous three months.

The AIF became a bolt-hole for wrong-doers and evaders of various kinds. *Police Gazettes* warned station sergeants that absconding apprentices, men evading paternity charges and even escapees from gaol might 'endeavour to join the Expeditionary Force'. In some states it was said that magistrates let convicted men off if they agreed to enlist. Charles Bean admitted that the enthusiastic volunteers who cheered as their troopships steamed out of Port Jackson or Port Phillip included members of criminal gangs who had enlisted with the intention of controlling and profiting from the two-up games that ran without ceasing from August 1914. Volunteers included idealistic men moved to enlist by noble motives, but they also included what Colonel Henry MacLaurin described – referring to his own 4th Battalion – as 'the worst type of man'. The first contingents, he wrote 'drew all the wastrels of the city'. Wilfred Gallwey, the observant Rockhampton bank clerk who encountered hundreds of defaulters, decided that most wrong-doers committed petty crimes that 'left no stigma on a man's character', but he also described meeting 'hardened criminals who never joined the army for any good purpose' – and so shall we.

By January 1916 three-quarters of all of Australia's volunteers had already raised their right hand and sworn their intention to resist the King's enemies. Their reasons for enlisting remain diverse and, for most, opaque. Some men could not remember let alone explain volunteering – Joe Maxwell's mates, Mick and Doherty, drunkenly followed a band and, when they came to, found themselves in uniform. (Charles Laseron recorded an apocryphal exchange in the 13th Battalion in 1914: 'Have you anyone dependant on you?' a volunteer was asked. 'Yes, two publicans at Gundagai', came the reply.) Other men enlisted for less than patriotic motives – to escape domestic responsibility, a marriage gone bad, or unemployment. Despite the question on the attestation declaration, few men admitted having been 'brought up' before a magistrate. A traditional AIF joke revealed that men with criminal records did enlist:

Recruiting sergeant: Where are you from?

Recruit: Woolloomooloo

Sergeant: Were you brought up there?

Recruit: Not more than a couple of times.

The larrikins of the ‘Loo’ gained notoriety, a reminder that Edwardian Australia was not necessarily a genteel place. The bawdy verse ‘The Bastard from the Bush’ (a parody of Henry Lawson’s ‘The Captain of the Push’, possibly by Lawson himself) celebrated the sub-culture of its larrikin ‘pushes’ (or gangs), as the ‘Captain of the Push’ interrogates a recruit, the ‘Bastard from the Bush’:

*“Would you dong a bloody copper if you caught the c_____ alone?
Would you stoush a swell or Chinky? Split his garret with a stone?
Would you have a moll to keep you, would you swear off work for good?”
“What? Live on prostitution? My colonial oath I would!”*

Not surprisingly, then, camps saw their share of petty and not so petty thieving. In June 1915 Lieutenant Harry Pritchard was robbed of £122/10 – the equivalent of about \$5000 in 2010 prices. Suspicion fell on a Private Alick Wilson, a blacksmith who dumped his uniform and skipped camp – adding actual desertion to the suspicion of theft. Police took out a warrant against him (now dressed, they believed, in a light grey pepper and salt suit, of American cut, wearing a natty straw boater). In October Wilson was arrested but by then Lieutenant Pritchard had not only gone on active service, but had been wounded on Gallipoli and was now in hospital in Britain. In the absence of the principal witness, the charge, a magistrate decided, ‘cannot for the present be proceeded with’. (Harry Pritchard himself was mysteriously discharged ‘services no longer required, but re-enlisted to serve as a gunner.)

Some of the criminals alleged to have enlisted in 1914 caused ‘endless trouble’, committing ‘serious assaults and robberies’ around Cairo. At the Dardanelles, some set up rackets in the rest camps on Lemnos, including a brisk trade in ‘comforts’ stolen from parcels and philanthropic shipments. A British officer on Lemnos recorded how his work included preventing the smuggling of alcohol and even hashish by Australians on the island. One of his parties raided an illicit still and a shop, confiscating 72 gallons of whiskey, 46 bottles of beer and 24 jars of hashish. This work he found ‘moderately exciting’, especially when the smugglers and sly-groggers defended their stock with knives. A flotsam of opportunistic skivers formed a scum on the campaign’s rim.

‘So great was the strain’: self-inflicted wounds on Gallipoli

Active service sorted out those men who met the challenge of war, and those who did not or could not. As every police officer and lawyer soon learns, formal legal proceedings conceal the great diversity of human character, in all its shades, often with a tragic hue. The case of Second Lieutenant Walter Bridgland illuminates the tragic all too well. Bridgland, a motor engineer living in Lismore, NSW, had volunteered in 1915 and on the strength of his service in the British army (eighteen months with the 18th Hussars) he was commissioned in the newly-formed 26th Battalion. Unexpectedly, Bridgland ‘deserted on the day his unit left Egypt for Gallipoli’, in September 1915 and gave himself up to military police a month later, at Ismailia. He was charged with being

illegally absent, with ‘behaving in a scandalous manner’ by living in a brothel with Claudia Granderodel, a prostitute, and of leaving unpaid bills behind him. He faced charges of ‘absence’ and ‘disgraceful conduct’ – his colonel, on Gallipoli, wanted to charge him with three counts of desertion.

Not until February 1916 did Bridgland face trial – the file suggests that not only did it have to wait until the 26th returned from Gallipoli, but also that no one wanted to grapple with such a perplexing and unsavoury case. In a fervent address at his court martial he explained that he had been desperate to get home to Lismore to help his wife, who faced poverty. ‘Surely Gentlemen’, he asked, ‘a small Country town when almost everyone knows me’ would be ‘the last place in the world’ he would attempt to go? They remained unmoved, found him guilty on the lesser charge of going absent, and sentenced him to be dismissed from the service. It may not have consoled him to know that in the imperial army he might have been executed.

The wonder is that so many men stuck out in these conditions for so long, and the founding legend of Australian military history celebrates their tenacity, endurance and courage. But there was another story running beneath the well-known legend of heroic mateship. The first Australian sentenced to suffer death by execution was convicted on 9 July, and courts-martial sentenced two more Australians to death before the campaign’s end. Sentenced under the British *Army Act*, they could not be shot without the permission of the Australian government conveyed through the Governor-General, and Andrew Fisher refused to grant that accord.

Sleeping on duty in Egypt might have attracted 28 days field punishment, but on the peninsula it got men shot. Australians heard their officers read out the punishments awarded to British soldiers fighting elsewhere on Gallipoli. Australians too found it easy to ‘dose’, as one called it. In the weeks after the landing a sergeant in the 15th Battalion had to kick his men awake. ‘We have a very hard job to keep awake in the trenches’, a reinforcement confessed, describing a comrade as a ‘bute’ [beaut] at dozing: when an officer found him lying asleep on duty ‘he swore black and blue for a minute that he was sitting up wide awake’. The ‘bute’ sleeper was lucky. But on a monotonous diet of tinned beef and biscuit, fly-blown jam and greasy cheese, with long spells in the trenches and constant labour out of them, men became exhausted and sickly. By mid-summer virtually everyone had diarrhoea. A 21-year-old private of the Royal Munster Fusiliers had been shot on the shingly beach at the mouth of Gully Ravine for ‘quitting his post’. (He claimed to have been suffering from an attack of dysentery, a highly plausible explanation, but they shot him anyway.)

But for all their gallantry, Australians (and the New Zealanders who shared the stinking trenches of Anzac) were only human. At first medical officers did not see the cases of deliberate self-wounding for what they were: they never imagined that men would take this route to escape what was regarded as the supreme test of manhood. But as the summer weakened and demoralised the exhausted soldiers, men began to find a way

out. Soldiers knew the reality – in London in 1917 Joe Maxwell recognised a military policeman who had been in his battalion on Gallipoli. ‘To evade the front line he had blown off his left thumb’.

Just before the August offensive, the chief staff officer of the 1st Australian Division warned all battalion COs that he had become aware of ‘increases of wounded men sent down to the Base Hospitals with the remark ‘self-inflicted’. By the late summer conditions on the peninsula had become so appalling that the expedient became more widespread, and staff officers asked commanders to gather satisfactory evidence so that cases could be tried and disposed of effectively. They advised officers to couch charges that would stick (as ‘an act to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in that he ... ‘by negligently discharging ... thereby maiming himself’.) By 1 November staff officers had detected a startling rise in cases of self-maiming, and directed that cases be treated no further back than the windswept and cheerless tented hospitals on Lemnos, rather than in Malta, Egypt or Britain (whence many serious casualties went from Gallipoli).

By the time the units of the 2nd Division arrived in Egypt, during the early autumn, shocked newcomers heard from convalescent wounded that ‘fellows who have been there for a couple of months say that some of the men shoot themselves in the legs or arms to get away from it’. Medical officers reported on the effects of the ordeal. Major David Croll, who commanded the 2nd Light Horse Field Ambulance at the southern end of the Anzac line, made no bones about the incidence of self-inflicted wounds both in his clinical records and the reports he sent to his superiors. ‘Towards the end of the period on Anzac’, Croll reported, ‘so great was the strain that men began to inflict wounds on themselves with the object of being evacuated’. Croll had half-a-dozen men under treatment at a time in his ambulance tents. Circulars alerted medical officers to the characteristics of possible self-inflicted wounds. ‘A wound to the left hand or left foot was always suspicious’.

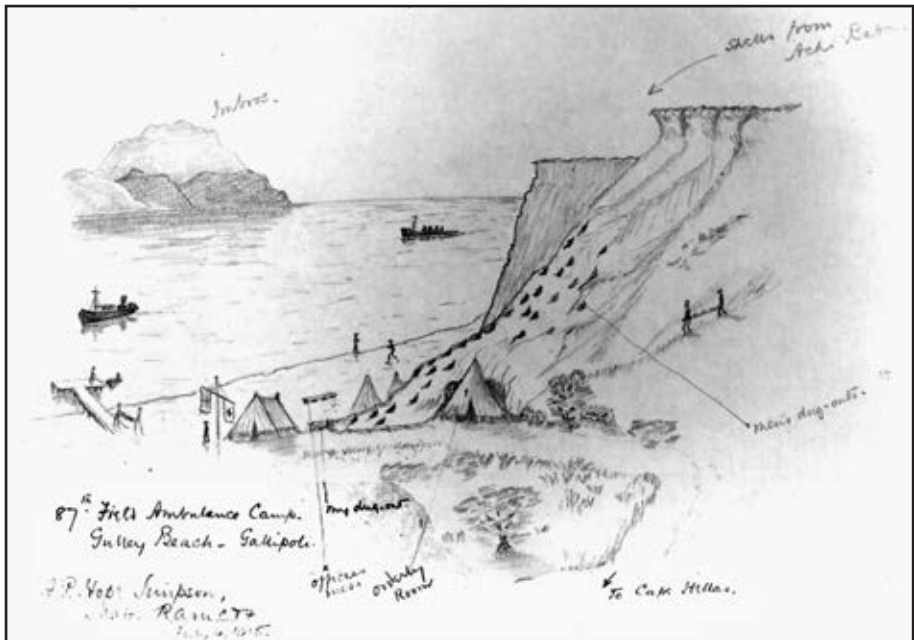
David Croll recorded some of the cases passing through his ambulance. They show how self-wounding was a gamble, but also how medical officers could weight the dice. Arthur Kempshall, a carpenter who had joined the 9th Battalion in Brisbane in August 1914 and had already been wounded twice on the peninsula, arrived in Croll’s dressing station with a ‘large heavy granulated hand wound’. Croll, sympathetic to a man who had suffered so much, ruled him unfit to stand trial. Others were convicted, but perhaps did well enough. David Robertson, a railwayman from Harden, NSW, shot himself on the foot a month after arriving as a reinforcement in November. Convicted of ‘negligently discharging’ his rifle, he was sent home to serve six months hard labour, a sentence then remitted. He served a few months more at a training camp near his home and then, after going absent, was allowed to leave the AIF. Others failed to get out. John Livermore, an itinerant farrier who (unusually) had joined the 7th Light Horse directly in Egypt, also shot himself in the foot in October. He escaped that charge, but over the next three years accumulated pages of charges on his file, passed from unit-to-unit as a hopeless ne’er-do-well. Perhaps it would have been better to have discharged him in 1915.

Experienced medical and regimental officers understood the strain on their men. Other cases accepted as ‘accidental wounding’ by courts in inquiry were probably actually self-inflicted or even attempted murder. James Hurst history of the 11th Battalion suggests that two ‘accidental’ instances in September may actually have been deliberate. ‘The strain was affecting everyone’, he realistically noted. By year’s end the ordeal had ended, with the evacuation of Anzac and the AIF’s return to Egypt.

Notes:

1. Dr Stanley can be contacted at peter.stanley@nma.gov.au.
2. References for this article can be found in *Bad Characters*, pp. 253–54.

A GALLIPOLI SKETCH



87th Field Ambulance Camp, Gully Beach

A copy of this pencil sketch of ‘Gully Beach’ [the spelling used on the sketch] was given to me some years ago by a friend and Gallipoli companion, **Geoffrey Taylor**, who lives in the village of High Easter in Essex. It came to him from the late **Derek Bircher** who researched the history of High Easter and played a very important part in a village project that led to the publication of *High Easter in the Twentieth Century*.

The sketch was drawn by Major A P Hope Simpson, RAMC and is dated 4 July 1915. Assuming it reproduces reasonably well, it will be seen that it shows the 87th Field Ambulance Camp at Gully Beach, with Imbros in the distance. The ‘men’s dug-outs’ are shown behind the camp on the slopes of the cliffs, together with the officers’ mess and orderly room in the vicinity of the hospital tents. Major Hope Simpson has also shown his own dug-out with a ‘pointer’ noting the direction of ‘shells from Achi Baba’!

There is an interesting postscript to this short story. Around the time I unearthed the sketch from storage, **John Mizzi** in Malta sent me a selection of *Pratique Depositions* held in the Malta National Archives (see John’s letter published in the Winter 2011 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 127). These depositions record every ship that entered Malta harbour detailing the type of vessel (from warships and hospital ships to minesweepers and submarines) and the number of crew and/or troops on board, the depositions being signed by the Captain or Master of the vessel.

When looking through the documents, I came across one for the Hospital Ship, ‘*Neuralia*’ (Z.26) which arrived in Malta ‘... in transit on 4 June 1915’. The deposition lists, by name, the 44 Army and Royal Naval officers on board and also records that there were ‘... 639 men, 25 men (*Native Regiment*) and 2 Prisoners of War’. Among the officers listed was *Major Hope Simpson RAMC*, the officer who drew the sketch!

John Mizzi has provided the following additional information about the *Neuralia* – Z 26 was the War Office designation number for the ship. The vessel sailed from Mudros (Lemnos) on 1 June 1915 together with the armed merchant cruiser *Carmania*, which had 966 naval ratings aboard, and arrived at the same time. During the voyage to Malta there were three deaths on the *Neuralia* – Captain J F Campbell of the 2nd Australian Light Infantry (died 2 June) and Ordinary Seaman A Pringle RND (3 June), both buried at sea, and Able Seaman G. Bell, Howe Bn. RND (4 June) who was buried in Capuccini Naval Cemetery, Malta. The *Neuralia* landed at 7.10am, and it is recorded that two wounded Turkish prisoners, with 48 medical staff remained aboard. This leaves the question – did Major Hope Simpson return to Gallipoli with the vessel (or on another ship) before 4 July, or was the sketch drawn from memory?

RESEARCH GROUP

Clare Church, Research Group Co-ordinator

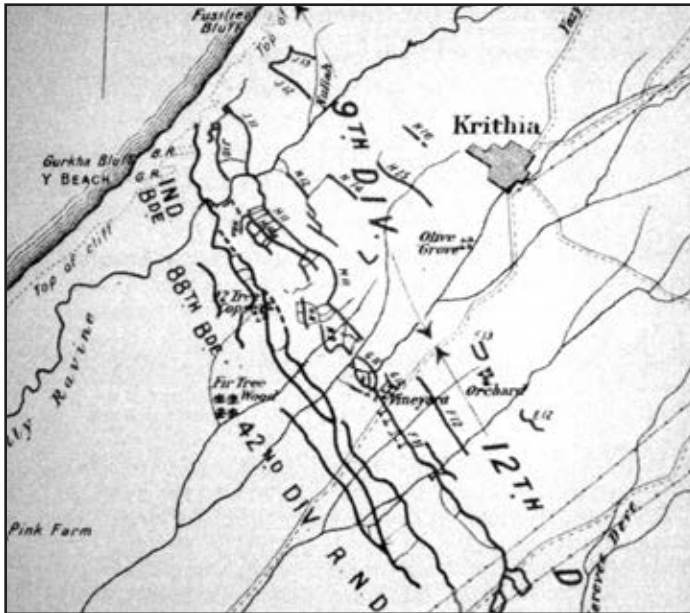
Members are most welcome to join the Association’s Research Group, which meets from time to time by mutual arrangement at the National Archives, Kew.

Please contact Clare Church for further information. Telephone 01590.673145 or by e-mail at clarechurch@tiscali.co.uk

THE BATTLE OF 4 JUNE – A VETERAN REMEMBERS

This anonymous account of the Third Battle of Krithia was among the papers in the archive of material submitted to the Association by veteran members in past years. It would appear that the writer served in the 2nd Battalion, Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), and the account suggests the author may have been in a machine gun section. In preparation for the attack the Royal Fusiliers, part of the 86th Brigade of the 29th Division, had been attached, with the 1st Bn. King's Own Scottish Borderers (87th Brigade) to the 88th Brigade, which had been further strengthened by addition of the 4th and 5th East Lancashire and the 10th Manchesters of the 126th Brigade.

The 88th Brigade attacked north-west along Gully Spur towards Krithia with the object of capturing the enemy's front line before moving on the second objective, some 400 yards beyond – an overall penetration of some 800 yards. The Indian Brigade was on the left flank (between Gully Ravine and the coast) and the 127th Brigade of the 42nd Division on the right. To the right of the 42nd Division's front were the 2nd Naval Brigade and French units.



The Third Battle of Krithia : 4 June 1915

The assault began at 12.00 noon and initially went well for 88th and 127th Brigades who captured most of their initial objectives but the attacks on both flanks made no progress, leaving those in forward positions dangerously exposed and leading eventually

to orders being given to withdraw, resulting in much ground of the ground taken earlier in the day being given up.

The account begins:

‘Long before daybreak on June 4th, we were astir, cleaned our guns and prepared fresh ammunition supplies, filled our water bottles and waited for the faint glow of dawn. The sun was soon well up and through our crowded trench men pushed or crawled by with Dixies of boiling tea, beef and biscuits. Where our trench crossed the Nullah a powerful stone barricade had been erected, and thrown forward of this were heavy barbed wire entanglements. Three machine guns had been erected upon the barricade and listening posts stationed in hidden saps of the Nullah ahead.

We made a good breakfast and sat down to wait the overture of guns which was timed to commence at nine o'clock. To the very minute our artillery opened fire supported by the fleet in the Aegean and for two hours or more we heard nothing but the screaming of high explosives and their thunderous reports. Every man in our trench was full length on the ground for our own shells were flying very low, often just skimming our parapet and the enemy replied often with vigorous bursts of shrapnel. When the violence of our shelling had somewhat abated we got upon our feet and peeped over the sand bags. The air was very heavily laden with dust and we could see absolutely nothing but a bank of yellow fog. Our parapet was partly demolished and we set to work at once with new sand bags repairing the damage. Fatigue parties pushed along the trench with large stone jars of rum and each man was served with a very liberal ‘tot’. The troops then buckled on their equipment and stood waiting in case the enemy should attempt a surprise attack under cover of the smoke and dust.

The guns had ceased and not a rifle was active. As the air cleared we saw great holes torn in the ground ahead, the demolished earthworks and parapets of the Turk. We saw the twisted entanglements and a stretch of apparently deserted country whilst out to sea the beautiful blue Aegean held our silent battleships. Presently, a shout went up and hands pointed to a rise which formed the skyline across the Nullah. Plainly we could see a string of armoured cars jolting and swaying over the rough and shell torn ground.

As they got nearer to the firing line the cheering increased and puffs of shrapnel played around the cars, or high explosives fell near and hid them by a cloud of dust from our view. We noticed one car topple on its side – its two offside wheels had skidded into a trench and it immediately became the target of the enemy's guns. One car made its way rearward, another dropped into a depression suffering a shock which caused the turret to become detached and toppled off with the gun leaving the car useless. Dust rose in huge clouds and hid the remainder from our sight, but we learnt that two cars had managed to cross to the Turks first line and found them

deserted so they had no chance of proving themselves a factor of any value in trench warfare.



RNAS Armoured Cars at Cape Helles [The War Illustrated – 7 August 1915]

A few minutes before noon orders were passed along our trench for the Royal Fusiliers to prepare for the advance and almost at once the officers scrambled up the ladders into the open quickly followed by their men. They at once became subjected to heavy rifle and machine gun fire and many men toppled back into the trench with bullets through them as soon as they had gained the parapet.

Reinforcements were being hurried into our trench and we could see ahead our first wave huddled under the enemy's first line, or dotted here and there in shell holes. A few men were endeavouring to cut away some entanglements which had been protected from our shells by a slight rise or hill near the Nullah's edge and was probably holding up our advance. It was impossible, however, at this time to say how things were going for the attack had hardly commenced and so far we had seen no signs of the Turk although his bullets whistled in countless numbers over our heads. I watched the Fusiliers enter the enemy trench and got to work at once on some retreating Turks.

At this time I received orders to report to my officer who was taking charge of another gun two hundred yards left of our position. As I made my way along the trench I passed many heaps of dead upon which great ugly flies were feasting. Wounded by the dozen were huddled in the side trenches waiting for the time when

it would be possible to get stretchers along to convey them to the base. I came eventually to the point where my officer taken up his position and found that he and the entire gun crew had been killed a minute or so previously. The gun was smashed to atoms and sixteen Lancashire Fusiliers lay dead beside our men. It was a ghastly corner of Gallipoli this and almost fainting, I made my way back to my own gun.

Looking over the parapet I saw numerous red flags stuck up at intervals along two or three lines of newly captured trenches. These had been placed so that our artillery could know for certain whether Turk or British were in occupation and when these flags appeared the fire was accordingly lifted. So far the position looked very satisfactory and I began to wonder how long it would be before I received orders to remove my guns to a position ahead. Long lines of prisoners streamed continually along the gully and the firing line became very quiet; almost suggesting a lull.

Our own trench was now deserted except for here and there a machine gun with its crew and the scattered heaps of dead and wounded. Another trench had been taken and more red flags appeared. As far as the rugged country would permit the eye to see we were occupying the trenches and our advance must have been successfully carried a thousand yards or more. The last of the reinforcements had long since gone over and the gully was deserted. A four horse ambulance, a dozen mules laden with ammunition and a straggling line of prisoners were all we could see. We sat down to a meal of bully, and waited, watching the enemy shrapnel hurl its bullets into the empty ravine. We were sitting thus at two o'clock when we suddenly heard the whistling of bullets above our heads. In a moment we were up on our feet and gazing over the parapet.

Long lines of our own infantry were rushing in mad disorder towards us. It was evident that they had been unable to hold the newly won trenches owing to the very few reinforcements sent over and had finally to retreat. From one trench to another they rushed until within a few minutes they were back in our trench – the old front line. The fields were one moving mass of humanity – except where a corpse was twisted – wounded in hundreds fell gasping in the gorse and close upon them came the counter attacking Turks.

Our machine guns got to work at once and cut great gaps in the oncoming Turks whilst our infantry lying over the parapet blazed away in an effort seldom equalled. In half an hour the attack was over; the enemy had been checked with considerable losses and out in no-man's land, friend and foe lay side by side in death or agony. In the right centre sector our troops managed to hold on to two lines of trenches but at all other points we and the French had been driven back with very heavy losses. It was said that the left wing had suffered most as the troops had pushed too far forward exposing their flanks to enfilade fire and losing touch with the lines of communication. Before sunset I was able to catch a whole batch of Turkish reinforcements crawling to a position by way of a slope in the Nullah cliff.

All through the night an incessant exchange of rifle fire was made and very many alarms were sounded. We could see the red flash from the enemy rifles and our flares and search lights enabled us to maintain short traverses with the machine gun. In one place close to our line the gorse caught fire and spread rapidly along sending up a bright glare and great black curls of smoke. The poor fellows too badly wounded to move or crawl away who had been lying there since the attack were soon charred corpses and the following morning, June 5th, we saw the stretch of blackened ground littered with more than a dozen bodies. Further along, towards the sea, a heap of dead Turks showed where a night attack had been attempted and through the glasses we saw the fields over which our own men and then the Turks had each in turn advanced. These fields were full of bodies and made a sight too awful even to imagine.

Our trench led to an opening in a small Nullah near the sea and to this opening we carried all our dead and placed them in long lines while parties were at work digging the graves. The flies crawled in their millions (I don't think that an exaggeration) over the dead and rose in clouds when a corpse was lifted to the grave and then descended to their feast before the first spadeful of earth was placed. The day was one of intense heat and the wounded must have suffered agonies with flies and thirst. The Ghurkas and Sikhs who had advanced yesterday on the extreme left wing suffered very heavy casualties and lost every white officer except Colonel Palin of the 14th Sikhs.

6th June [The War Diary gives the date of relief as 4.00am on 7 June] The Fusiliers were relieved and heavy fire was experienced throughout the morning. Shortly before noon the Turks came forward to attack an elaborate construction of earthworks on the left sector. They were easily repulsed for our machine guns were dotted within ten yards of each other at this particular point and the position was one which we on the other side of Nullah could also support.'

THE NORFOLK ISLAND WAR MEMORIAL

Norfolk Island, in the South Pacific Ocean, is located about 900 miles east of Brisbane between Australia, New Zealand and New Caledonia. The island has featured before in *The Gallipolian*, with a photograph of the Anzac Day commemorations in 1997 at the War Memorial – see the Spring 1998 issue (No. 86).

The War Memorial is situated in a beautiful location, partly enclosed by mature pine trees (see photographs on page 36), in what is known as the 'War Memorial Reserve' within the Kingston and Arthur's Vale Historic Area on the southern coast of Norfolk Island. The Australian flag is flown from one of the two flag staffs, with the Norfolk Island flag (or other flags when appropriate) being flown from the other.

The decision to erect a memorial was taken at a public meeting on 17 January 1918 presided over by Dr Patton, the Island's Acting Administrator, when the following resolution was passed:

'That in the opinion of this meeting it is due to our boys, who enlisted to serve King and country, that a fitting memorial be erected.'

Funds for the project were subsequently raised by donation and a site for the memorial was granted and vested in the Executive Council of Norfolk Island. The cost of the memorial amounted to £145.18s. 3d. exclusive of voluntary labour.

The committee of Management was George Nobbs (Chairman), Gerald Allen, H Buffett, E Christian, Gregory Quintal and C R Nobbs acting as Secretary and Treasurer. The Foundation Stone was laid by Mrs A Buffett, mother of Pte. 1103 Allen Fletcher Buffett, 3rd Bn. Australian Infantry who was killed at Lone Pine between 7-12 August 1915, age 23, the first Norfolk islander killed in the war. The memorial was unveiled on Anzac Day 1929 by Acting Administrator H S Edgar at a combined religious service.

Allen Fletcher Buffett, commemorated on a special memorial (C.92) at Lone Pine Cemetery, was the only islander to die at Gallipoli but 14 others served there, of whom 7 were wounded and five others evacuated sick. Of the 14 Gallipoli survivors, three were later to die in action on the Western Front (George Edward Evans, 20th Bn. Aust. Inf., John Arthur Evans, 2nd Bn. Aust. Inf. and Wilfred Francis Young, Auckland Mounted Inf.); one in Egypt (George Rawdon Nobbs, 1st Aust. Light Horse); and another (David Landers Quintal, Auckland Mounted Inf.) as a prisoner of the Turks at an unknown location following capture at Bir Abu Ramal, Egypt.

The memorial commemorates 13 islanders who were killed or died on active service during the First World War and 77 (including the above) who served; some 80% of the island's population eligible to serve did so. The memorial also commemorates 9 islanders who died on active service in the Second World War in one in Korea.

Historical note:

The first European to 'discover' Norfolk Island was Captain James Cook in 1774, on his second voyage to the South Pacific. In 1786 the British government included Norfolk Island as an auxiliary settlement and it was later used as a penal colony on two separate occasions, the last ending in May 1855. The next settlement began the following year when some 200 people – descendants of Tahitians and the HMS *Bounty* mutineers – were resettled from the Pitcairn Islands, which had become too small for their growing population.

Eleven of the fifteen Norfolk Islanders who served at Gallipoli were descended from the 'mutineers' who accompanied the '*Bounty*' to Pitcairn Island. The ancestors of two

others, Buffett and Evans, were the first ‘outsiders’ to join those at Pitcairn in 1823, with Nobbs joining the community in 1828 and becoming leader of the community, which moved with Nobbs, Evans and Buffett and their descendants to Norfolk Island in 1856.

Acknowledgements:

I am most grateful to **Mr Ron Nobbs** of Norfolk Island who provided information about the history of the war memorial, and those from the island who served at Gallipoli. Thanks are also due to **Derek Lovemore** of Brisbane Australia who generously allowed me to reproduce the photographs featured on page 36.

INFORMATION PLEASE

Do you have a question about some aspect of the Gallipoli campaign? Something you need to know about a regiment, a ship perhaps, or an individual, but have so far failed to find the answer. If so, there may be someone among the membership who could help? So please do not hesitate to send in your questions, long or short, and share your enquiry with the membership. Hopefully, someone will provide the answer or, if not the answer, another avenue or two to be explored.

We have one request in this issue from member, **Jim Mulholland**, who writes:

I'm a member of South Shields History Group and I'm researching the story of local hero, John Simpson Kirkpatrick – ‘The Man with the Donkey’.

On the evening of 28 April, the Royal Naval Division's Marine Brigade landed at Anzac Cove and it's Chatham and Portsmouth Battalions were fed into the battle, and were later supported by the Nelson Battalion. Their wounded were tended Kirkpatrick and other members of the 3rd Field Ambulance, Australian Army Medical Corps, and put on boats for evacuation.

I'd like to hear from anyone with information about Kirkpatrick and particularly from people whose ancestors met, saw or knew him at Gallipoli, or were wounded and brought to safety on his donkey? Also, if any members have come across diaries or letters by RND/RMLI servicemen which mention ‘The Man with the Donkey’ at Gallipoli or ‘Murphy’, as Private ‘Simpson’ was sometimes called, I'd like to hear from you.

Finally, can anyone positively identify the regiment of the soldier being ferried to safety in the photograph below showing ‘The Man with the Donkey’ at Gallipoli?

If you can help, please get in touch, or if you know of anyone who might have some information, please let them know about this appeal. I can be contacted by e-mail at:



jim.mulholland@blueyonder.co.uk or by post to Jim Mulholland c/o South Shields Local History Group, The Central Library, South Shields, NE33 2PE

QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

The Gallipolian Archive CD contains issues 1 – 115 of *The Gallipolian*. The files are fully searchable and a hyperlinked index is supplied allowing the journal edition in question to be opened directly from the index reference. Price £16.50.

Silk Ties – silk, non-crease ties in the Gallipoli Association colours – green bands for the land of Gallipoli and blue-grey for the waters of the Dardanelles, with narrow stripes of navy-blue and scarlet for the services – are available at £16.75 including UK postage. [Europe £17.00, Rest of the World £17.35]

Standard Ties – in Association colours are available price £6.50 including UK postage. [Europe £6.75, Rest of the World £7.10]

Blazer Badges – hand embroidered wire and silk blazer badges are available at £7.50 including UK postage. [Europe £8.25, Rest of the World, £8.75]

Lapel Badges – in the Association colours are available, price £5.50 including UK postage. [Europe £6.25, Rest of the World £6.75]

Simpson Badges – produced by the Anzac Day Commemoration Committee of

Queensland. The badge is oval in design and 7 inch in size showing Simpson in classic pose with his donkey. Each badge costs £3.20 including UK post. [Europe £3.90, Rest of the World £4.40]

Binders, which hold 6 copies of *The Gallipolian* are available finished in attractive simulated leather, coloured maroon, with the title blocked in gold on the spine. Price per binder is £6.75 including post in the United Kingdom [Europe £7.25, Rest of the World £8.25]

Orders with payment, cheques and postal orders made out to 'The Gallipoli Association', to the Secretary, James Watson Smith, Earleydene Orchard, Earleydene, Ascot, Berkshire, SL5 9JY.

BOOK REVIEWS

[Reviews by David Saunders unless otherwise stated]

RETURN OF THE GALLIPOLI LEGEND

Author: Michael Lawriwsky; Mira Books 2010. Contents 461 pages, 35 illustrations.
ISBN 978 1 92168 564 4 (pbk). Price A\$34.99.

Return of the Gallipoli Legend continues the story, told in *Hard Jacka*, of Albert Jacka VC, MC and bar, the first Australian VC of the First World War. This, like the previous volume is a novel based on detailed historical research regarding the life of one of Australia's greatest heroes. The book commences with Jacka's return home in October 1919 with sections turning the clock back to Gallipoli 1915 and later the Western Front, and continues until his death in 1932. At the unveiling of the memorial stone in the St Kilda Cemetery, Melbourne, Brigadier Brand told those present 'It is right that such a man's name is handed down in posterity', and this book helps ensure such posterity.

GROWING REMEMBRANCE

Author: David Childs. Publisher: Pen & Sword 2011.
Contents 169 pages, 27 photographs, map. ISBN 978 1 84884 551 0. Price £12.99.

First published in 2008 and now reprinted, the book recounts the extraordinary story of the National Memorial Arboretum where planting first began in 1997 and was followed by a formal opening in May 2001. There can be no better author, for David Childs both conceived and established the site. He is also a member of our Association whose book with Vivien Whelpton *British and Irish Poets of the Gallipoli Campaign* was reviewed in Spring 2011 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No.125). As an aside one must also mention his titles *The History of the Mary Rose* and *Tudor Sea Power*. Situated in the centre of England on the bank of the River Trent at Alrewas, Staffordshire, the Arboretum

extends over some 150 acres and is open throughout the year save for Christmas Day. The memorials now numbering some 155 are extremely varied both in their design and who is commemorated, and include the Gallipoli Memorial. This reviewer had until now believed the Arboretum was to remember those who served in the Armed Forces, Merchant Navy and Emergency Services, but now the remit seems to have been widened. It seems unfortunate that no alphabetical list of memorials is provided, while the inclusion of a location map would have been helpful.

ANZAC COVE TO HOLLYWOOD

Author: Jeff Brownrigg; Publisher: Anchor Books Australia 2010.

Contents 257 pages, 22 illustrations. ISBN 978 0980 335446 (pbk). Price A\$34.95.

Sub-titled *The Story of Tom Skeyhill, master of deception* the book tells the extraordinary story of how this soldier poet having landed at Anzac Cove with the 8th Battalion in April later transferred to the Helles sector where during a heavy Turkish bombardment on 8 May he was apparently blinded. Skeyhill, aged 20, was neither deafened by the sound, nor received flesh wounds, simply blinded when a shell exploded close by, he later claimed at his feet. The author believes the blindness was a stunning piece of stage-craft. Whatever it was Skeyhill went on to become one of the most popular of First World War poets, his *Soldier-Songs of Anzac* selling over 50,000 copies in a few weeks. Then in 1918 his blindness miraculously was cured and he went on to write the war diary of Sergeant Alvin C York, America's most decorated First World War hero. Howard Hawks film *Sergeant York* was based on the diary, Gary Cooper winning his first Oscar in the title role.

AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT OF GALLIPOLI

Author: Ellis Silas; Publisher: Rosenberg Publishing 2010.

Contents 90 pages, numerous illustrations. ISBN 978 1877 058 912. Price A\$24.95.

The book by the only artist to be present and to paint and sketch battle scenes showing the Australians in action at Gallipoli was first published in 1916 as *Crusading at Anzac*. This fresh edition is to be welcomed and includes a short introduction and notes by the late John Laffin. Silas himself landed at Gallipoli on the afternoon of the 25th where he remained until early May when evacuated suffering from extreme debility, shock and neurasthenia, first to Egypt and later to London where he was discharged in 1916 as being permanently unfit for war service. For future generations this meant Silas could devote his energies to paintings including the *Roll Call* which some consider his finest work. During the Second World War he produced a first rate collection of posters reflecting British life under wartime stress. He died aged 86 in 1972.

THE AUSTRALIAN LIGHT HORSE

Author: Roland Perry; Publisher: Hachete Australia 2010.

Contents 550 pages, 30 illustrations, map. ISBN 978 0 7336 2748 4 (pbk). Price A\$35.

This most prolific of authors recounts the epic story of the Light Horse – how they rode and fought into history. Perhaps not surprisingly the *West Australian* says it is ‘a history book that deserves a place in every suburban home library’ and most certainly in every Association member’s library even though Gallipoli 1915 only occupies 47 pages. Often overlooked, the Light Horse had a further experience of Gallipoli when they briefly returned to the peninsula in 1918. More maps would have been advantageous.

DIARY OF AN ANZAC – The Front Line Diaries and Stories of Albert Arthur (‘Bert’) Orchard MC : Gallipoli and the Western Front 1914 -1918

Compiled/published by Arthur Orchard 2010. Softback 200 pages. 48 b/w and colour photographs/sketches. ISBN 9780646529097. Price: A\$34.95 (inc. postage within Australia – enquire for overseas shipping costs). Also available from <http://www.aorchard.com.au/>

It was a pleasure to receive this book, by a new Association member. Bert Orchard, a Tasmanian gunner, kept a meticulous record from August 1914 to December 1918, which covered his daily life in two main theatres; Gallipoli and the Western Front.

This is a great example of a pocket diary, which gives an insight into the life of a First World War soldier. From a gunner’s perspective it highlights the dangerous role that the batteries played, and also the comradeship that quickly grew amongst the men. In several entries Bert mentions his friend, Dick Parry, who was killed early on in the campaign, and thereafter he regularly tended to his grave right up until the evacuation. Bert landed on 27 April 1915, noting previously, ‘*Our turn tomorrow and I’m full of glad expectations and confidence. If I go down, under the struggle, I’m glad I have done my duty*’. During May he went out twice behind enemy lines to reconnoitre, on one occasion after they opened fire on a party of approaching Turks, he wrote: ‘*Enjoyed the scrap immensely*’. For this he was recommended for the DCM, but the approval was never finalised due to General Bridges, the signatory, getting wounded and dying shortly after. In 1918 Bert met up by chance with General Blamey, who as a Major in May 1915 accompanied Bert on the same reconnaissance, and asked why he was not wearing his decoration? As an anecdote a recent application is still pending with the authorities for a posthumous DCM to be awarded.

Bert remained on the Peninsula until the evacuation, albeit with visits to Lemnos which he describes as a ‘*dirty and untidy place and if possible worse than the native quarters in Egypt*’, so returning to Gallipoli soon after was not a problem. Promoted to Quarter Master Sergeant, he was one of the lucky ones to survive Gallipoli and the war, going on to serve on the Western Front, where in 1917 he received a commission and in 1918 the Military Cross. His brother Artie was not so lucky, dying of wounds in 1917. A good read; when you start, you cannot put it down. Highly recommended.

Stephen Chambers



OBJECTIVES

*To keep alive the memory of the
Gallipoli campaign of 1915.*

*To ensure that the men who fought and died
in the campaign are not forgotten.*

*To encourage and facilitate the study of the
campaign so that lasting benefit can be
gained from its valuable lessons.*

The Gallipoli Campaign is characterised by countless deeds of heroism and endurance. It took place in an area smaller than Southampton amid appalling conditions, such as heat, flies, lack of water, equipment and proper sanitation. Later on, rain and a freak spell of sub-zero temperatures had to be endured, to say nothing of the desperate close quarter fighting throughout the campaign. Some 559,000 Allied personnel were committed, of whom 420,000 were British and Empire troops, 80,000 French, 50,000 Australians and 9,000 New Zealanders. The cost in human terms was terrible. The Allies had 250,000 casualties, of whom 50,000 were killed with only 10,000 having known graves. Turkish forces with some Germans, numbered between 300,000 and 400,000 and of these some 87,000 were killed. The evacuation in December and early January 1916 was a masterly operation – one of the great feats of military history.