

# The Gallipollian

*The Journal of the  
Gallipoli Association*

No. 127 - WINTER 2011



***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)*

---

## CONTENTS

---

### CONTENTS

|             |                                                                                                             |
|-------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Pages 2–6   | Chairman’s Report: 19 October 2011                                                                          |
| Page 7      | Treasurer’s Report for the year ended 31 December 2010                                                      |
| Page 8      | Subscriptions – 2012                                                                                        |
| Pages 8–9   | Website Report                                                                                              |
| Page 10     | Act of Remembrance : Collingwood                                                                            |
| Pages 10–11 | East Anglian Regional Lunch                                                                                 |
| Page 11     | Hawick’s Gallipoli Commemoration                                                                            |
| Page 12     | Bursary Presentation – Smithdon High School                                                                 |
| Pages 12–13 | Memorial Service for ‘All The King’s Men’                                                                   |
| Page 14     | Remembrance Day Commemoration at The Cenotaph                                                               |
| Page 14     | 29th Division Memorial                                                                                      |
| Pages 14–15 | Gallipoli Association Conference – 2012                                                                     |
| Page 15     | Memorial to Trooper Frederick O Potts VC                                                                    |
| Page 16     | London Legacy                                                                                               |
| Pages 16–17 | News from Gallipoli                                                                                         |
| Pages 17–18 | More News of the <i>Nusret</i>                                                                              |
| Pages 18–19 | Letters from Gallipoli                                                                                      |
| Pages 19–24 | The 1926 Pilgrimage to Gallipoli                                                                            |
| Pages 24–26 | In the Footsteps of the 6th Gurkha Rifles                                                                   |
| Pages 26–28 | More from <i>Peninsula Press</i>                                                                            |
| Page 28     | Cruise to the Black Sea and Gallipoli                                                                       |
| Pages 29–36 | Coloured Photographic Section [Photographs by contributors of the relevant article unless otherwise stated] |
| Pages 37–48 | Bill Ross – Pioneer                                                                                         |
| Pages 49–51 | The Loss of the ‘Royal Edward’                                                                              |
| Pages 51–52 | The John Bradbury; Project Beneath Gallipoli – Follow-ups                                                   |
| Pages 53–57 | The Story Behind Two Crosses Placed in the Field of Remembrance                                             |
| Pages 57–58 | In Loving Memory                                                                                            |
| Pages 58–60 | Letter to the Editor – The River Clyde Photograph                                                           |
| Pages 60–61 | A Lovat Scout at Gallipoli; Quartermaster’s Stores                                                          |
| Pages 62–65 | Books; Book Reviews                                                                                         |
| Page 65     | Research Group; Correction; Articles for <i>The Gallipolian</i>                                             |

---

## **CHAIRMAN'S REPORT TO THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING HELD ON 19 OCTOBER 2011**

---

The Committee met five times during the year, and in between meetings there is always much contact between committee members by email and other means.

### **GALLIPOLI DAY – 25 APRIL 2011**

Once again the normal arrangements had to be rearranged due to the fact that this fell on Easter Monday. The ceremony at the Cenotaph took place at 0800hrs where, at the invitation of the Australian and New Zealand High Commissions, I laid a wreath on behalf of the Association and a number of members were present. This was followed by the impressive service in Westminster Abbey at 0900 hrs. Our wreath laying ceremony at St. Paul's Cathedral was held at 1115hrs and was well attended.

A full report on these and other Gallipoli Day commemorations were given in the Autumn issue of *The Gallipolian*.

### **29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL – 13 MARCH 2011**

The wreath laying ceremony at the 29th Division Memorial at Stretton-on-Dunsmore has become an annual event and was attended by members of the Association, local authority representatives, including the mayor, and a number of other organisations and individuals. James Watson Smith laid a wreath on behalf of The Association.

### **THE COLLINGWOOD MEMORIAL – 3 JUNE 2011**

The wreath laying ceremony at the Collingwood Memorial, Pimperne has been a major annual event for a very long time. Originally organised by member Roy Adam, whose father was killed on that date, it is now continued by Roy's son.

### **EAST ANGLIAN REGIONAL LUNCH – 24 JUNE 2011**

Organised by John Crowe, and held in the Guildhall, King's Lynn in the presence of the Mayor, this regular event has been greatly appreciated by those present.

### **SERVICE AT DERSINGHAM – 17 SEPTEMBER 2011**

A change was made this year and the service was held at Dersingham rather than West Newton. The Revd. Michael Brock officiated. Dersingham has a number of advantages in that the extra space allowed a greater number of members of The Royal British Legion to be inside and the side chapel gave more room for laying the wreaths. The service is held to remember all those who fought at Gallipoli, and in particular the 5th Territorial Battalion, The Norfolk Regiment and the Sandringham Estate workers who fought at Suvla Bay on 12 August 1915. A full report is given in this issue of the

journal. The event is organised admirably by Committee member John Crowe.

## **OTHER REGIONAL EVENTS**

Many other commemorative events are held each year. Unfortunately space does not permit mention of all of them in this report but they have featured in *The Gallipolian* and on the Website. It is clear from the above paragraphs that local or regional events can be very popular, especially in areas where there is a strong Gallipoli connection. If anybody would like to organise such an event in their locality in the name of the Gallipoli Association do please let us know.

## **AUTUMN LUNCH – 20 OCTOBER 2010**

We were greatly honoured by HRH The Duke of Edinburgh who attended the annual luncheon at The Naval Club in the 95th anniversary year of the Campaign. His Royal Highness joined us for a drink before lunch and spoke to virtually every person present before we went upstairs for the lunch itself. His Royal Highness proposed the health of Her Majesty and there were also toasts to His Royal Highness our Patron, and to remember all those who took part in The Campaign. Colonel Michael Hickey then gave us an excellent talk centred round certain individuals who had fought at Gallipoli.

Members might like to know that our function was one of five attended by His Royal Highness that day. As usual, our thanks are also due to the Naval Club for all the arrangements they kindly made on our behalf, especially on this occasion.

## **THE GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL BURSARY**

No bursaries have been awarded in 2011. The committee will continue to look for suitable recipients who can fulfil the requirements of studying an aspect of the Campaign and returning to give a full presentation to as large an audience as possible.

## **FINANCE**

Mrs Vicki Genrich took over as Treasurer from Bill Marsh at the last AGM. You will see from her report that there was a healthy surplus in the year ending December 2010 due almost exclusively to John Crowe's efforts in following up members who were found not to have paid their subscriptions, in some cases for years. In carrying out this exercise, John inevitably found that there were a certain number of members who had either died, or had disappeared without trace, or for whatever reason did not wish to continue. This has been an exhaustive task for John and is still continuing. However, lessons have been learned and controls put in place to prevent this happening again as far as we are able.

Again and again I stress the plea for members not paying by direct debit to arrange to do so. This makes the task of the Treasurer and the Membership Secretary so much easier. The surplus for 2010 is, therefore, due to a 'one off' situation and only when the exercise is complete will we be able to assess whether or not we need to increase the subscription. At the moment, however, it will be held at its present rate for 2012.

Vicki Genrich has done a marvellous job in taking over our finances and accounts and we are deeply grateful to her.

## MEMBERSHIP

While John Crowe's exercise has succeeded in recouping a large number of unpaid subscriptions, it has inevitably also discovered that we do not have as many members as we had thought. I cannot comment accurately at the moment on the precise number until the exercise has been completed. However, all is not doom and gloom as we are finding that there are now a significant number of new members joining through the new website. Having said that, it really is important for existing members to be aware that there are literally tens of thousands of people alive today who had a relation who fought at Gallipoli. These people are largely aware of that fact but unaware of the existence of the Association. The subject simply must crop up in everyday conversations and we rely on you, the members, to encourage such people to join. Can we each try and recruit at least one new member each year between now and 2015? That would quadruple the membership!

## THE GALLIPOLIAN

Our Editor, Foster Summerson, has kept up the production of *The Gallipolian*. This is widely read and appreciated by members and the standard is very high.

## THE WEBSITE

Stephen Chambers was appointed Webmaster in February 2011 in succession to Andy Crooks. Over the next four months Stephen worked tirelessly on updating and enhancing the Association's website, which was re-launched on 18 June, with a new *Facebook* page, bringing a new look to the site. This has already been visited by people in 75 different countries. I urge all members who have not already done so to look at the new site. In addition to expanded *News* and *Events* pages, this contains a new *On This Day* feature and much additional material in terms of historical content. Further information about the new website and future plans are given in Stephen's report in this issue of *The Gallipolian*. The website remains the primary avenue through which members join the Association and its importance cannot be overstated.

I am sure everyone will join me in thanking Stephen for all his hard work and for producing the new website in such a short time, and also Simon Kleinig who looked after matters related to the website until Stephen Chambers was appointed.

## PUBLIC RELATIONS

We are also working on a publicity campaign which will hopefully result in a greater awareness of the Gallipoli Campaign and in an increased membership. In order to enhance the profile of the Association the Committee appointed Simon Kleinig as Public Relations Officer and this year has seen a number of initiatives put in place. Foremost is the news that the Association will host a conference in Birmingham in

2012. The intention is that this will be an annual event leading up to the centenary in 2015. Further details are given in this issue of *The Gallipolian*.

Throughout 2011 the Association promoted itself at three important events. In February we had a strong presence at the popular *Who Do You Think You Are?* exhibition held at Olympia, where our colleagues from the *Western Front Association* generously allowed us to share their stand. In April we had our own stand at *The Great War Forum* in Birmingham, which attracted much interest. In October we are staffing a Gallipoli Association stand at the *Back To Our Past* exhibition at Dublin. Attendance at these important events provides us with an important window to promote awareness of the Association and to increase membership.

The past year has also seen a network of contacts established from the ranks of our worldwide membership. These members report on events in their area and provide an invaluable communications tool and demonstrate the truly international flavour of the Gallipoli Association. A wide selection of Anzac-Gallipoli Day photographs was sent in by our international contacts which were featured either in *The Gallipolian* or the website. We are most grateful to Simon for his hard work in this area.

## THE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE

At Westminster Abbey on Thursday 11 November, the Association had its usual allotted plot which contained a large number of crosses sent or ordered by members. We were again delighted that our Patron H.R.H. Prince Philip came and spoke to us. The Association can arrange to have crosses placed on behalf of members to commemorate anybody who took part in the Campaign.

## BATTLEFIELD TOURS

A tour was arranged for September 2011 and ten members took part. The Association had been alerted to the fact that if it was to run tours itself it would need both insurance and a licence. Without these we could lay ourselves open to unlimited claims should anything go wrong, such as an accident. As it was, we had enormous difficulty over currency, which was another potential risk to the Association. Consequently, on this occasion, the tour was outsourced and led by Christopher Newbould, an experienced battlefield guide. We will be looking into the whole question of what we can do about tours in the future.

## CHRISTMAS CARDS

John Crowe has again produced an Association Christmas card. The cards make a good contribution to our income and I would encourage all members to order some.

## LEGACIES

The Association benefits from time to time from legacies. These range from any

amount, both small and large. If you would like to consider remembering the Association in your Will I can assure you that it will be in a very good cause, and help to perpetuate the memory of all who took part in that Campaign.

## THE COMMITTEE

There are eight active members of the Committee, all of whom devote their time on a purely voluntary basis. There are two further committee members who currently have heavy commitments elsewhere which prevents them from attending our meetings, but who nevertheless take a great interest in the Association and are able to make valuable contributions from time to time. Nobody is remunerated in any way, and personal expenses such as travel rarely claimed. Indeed, many apply their own resources to Association costs. I am indeed lucky to be Chairman of such a dedicated team. I venture to say that it is as strong a team now as it has ever been, and we are all working hard to ensure that the Association continues to thrive and meet its objectives.

On behalf of the Association I would like to express our most grateful thanks, in alphabetical order, to John Crowe, Vicki Genrich, Colonel Michael Hickey, Hugh Jenner, Simon Kleinig, David Saunders, Foster Summerson, and last but not least James Watson-Smith. Colonel James Stopford, who remains on the Committee, is hoping that his current military appointment will allow him to give us some of his time in the near future.

Remember that we would always like to hear from anybody who feels that they may be able to give us help in whatever form or subject. If you feel that you would like to offer us any help please do let us know.

## GENERAL OUTLOOK

Last year I said that I thought that the Association was reaching a watershed. It needs to be proactive in attracting new members so that there is a net increase in numbers each year. I hope that this report will give a good idea of what we are doing to achieve this end. We do, however, need the participation of the general membership, notably in attracting new members, but also to let us know of, and perhaps help with, any media exposure they feel would be beneficial, and perhaps to arrange functions in their area. Ideas would be welcomed. Our finances are currently satisfactory and we must keep it that way.

C T F Fagan, Chairman

---

## TREASURER'S REPORT

### FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 2010

---

As Honorary Treasurer of the Gallipoli Association, I present the accounts for the year ended 31 December 2010 with certification by the Independent Examiner, Mr Brian Edmonds FCCA. These are enclosed with the current issue of *The Gallipolian*.

#### INCOME & EXPENDITURE

2010 yielded a healthy surplus of £8,421. This was primarily due to the Membership Secretary devoting considerable time and energies in collecting overdue subscriptions. His efforts have resulted in the subscription income being significantly larger in 2010 than in 2009.

The Association continues to have the good fortune of generous members who donate extra funds to the Association. In 2010, this amounted to nearly £850.

The largest expense continues to be the cost of the production and printing of *The Gallipolian* journal. In 2010 the costs for this have been categorised slightly differently to present a more transparent view of the actual costs involved. Some other expenses have also been re-categorised to better reflect the nature of the expenditure. For example, a large proportion of reimbursed committee expenses have been allocated to the category which describes their nature e.g. telephone, promotional or stationary & printing.

During 2010, the Association supported the memory of Gallipoli by donating £500 to a plaque for Major James VC who is buried at Kensal Green cemetery and £150 to the appeal for the repair and refurbishment of the Gallipoli Chapel, Holy Trinity Church, Eltham. Both have featured previously in *The Gallipolian*. The Association has continued to support London and regional based activities with the Gallipoli Day commemorations, East Anglian lunch and Norfolk church services.

The Association strives to keep its expenses as low as possible. Going forward all our operational expenditure items will continue to be scrutinised to ensure that the best value for money is being obtained from our suppliers.

#### CASH RESERVES

The cash reserves have increased in line with the collection of subscriptions and at 31 December 2010, the combined bank balances stood at £12,250.

The Association has a solid financial base on which to build, leading up to the 2015 Gallipoli campaign centenary.

Vicki Genrich, Hon. Treasurer

## SUBSCRIPTIONS – 2012

---

Members are reminded that subscriptions become due on 1 January 2012. If you have not already arranged to pay your subscription by Direct Debit (or Standing Order under previous arrangements), please do so on, or before, the due date. Members paying by Standing Order are asked to check that the amount payable reflects the current rate of subscription. Those who have not altered their payment to the new subscription rate will now only be given a limited time to do so or their membership will be lapsed.

A Subscription Renewal Form (for those paying by cheque) is enclosed and should be sent, together with the subscription, to the Membership Secretary (address on the renewal form and inside the front cover of the journal). The current rates are:

|                   |   |                                                |
|-------------------|---|------------------------------------------------|
| 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) |

Those who subscribe via Paypal can obtain details for making or renewing payments from the Association website ([www.gallipoli-association.org](http://www.gallipoli-association.org)).

I would ask all UK members not already paying by Direct Debit to consider changing to this method of payment, as it is very labour saving and cost-effective for the Association. It also attracts a 10% membership discount. There are enhanced safeguards nowadays through the 'Direct Debit Guarantee Scheme' offered by banks and Building Societies, and the Association undertakes to notify members 30 days in advance if the amount paid, or the payment date, is to be changed. Direct Debit forms can be downloaded from the Association website or obtained from me, or from John Crowe, the Membership Secretary.

Vicki Genrich, Hon. Treasurer

---

## WEBSITE REPORT

---

The Gallipoli Association's website [www.gallipoli-association.org](http://www.gallipoli-association.org) was successfully re-launched during June 2011. Using a fresh and modern design, we hope this will promote and enhance the Association's web presence; help drive remembrance, honour, and further encourage study of the Gallipoli campaign.

### WEBSITE

Now with regular updates, the 'News' and 'Events' pages will continue to keep all up to date, along with other favourites from the old website which include *The Gallipolian*

archive, a fabulous source of original content from the very first edition back in 1969, still all freely accessible for our members. The Quartermaster's Stores, A-Z of Place names, the Members' Area and the Campaign Overview have all been revamped. Other areas of the original website that were ported across are also being updated; these include the Gallipoli Order of Battle, which is being brought up to date with the help of member Michael Robson and *The Gallipolian* archive will soon be extended to include journals for 2010.

New additions to the website include the already popular '*On This Day*' feature which has added an enormous amount of historical information to the website. To date there have been over 200 daily and consecutive entries posted, with associated photographs; in total amounting to over 50,000 words. This area is expected to grow so we will have at least one contemporary account for every day of the Gallipoli campaign. Thanks must go to member Peter Hart for supporting the Association in helping produce this feature. In addition, new features have also been added which include an online film and documentary area, a section containing free online books, and a new Association bookstore to enable visitors to purchase related books, courtesy of Amazon, from the new website.

This is not the end of the story as there are plans to continue to grow the website, Facebook and also the Forum. All are very important for the Association's profile leading up to, and beyond the 2015 centenary.

## FACEBOOK

The Gallipoli Association now has its own Facebook site called '*Gallipoli Association*' and also has strong links to another, run by members called '*Gallipoli, 1915*'. Between these, there are now almost 2,000 subscribers, including many Association members. Facebook, the popular social networking platform, is being used to encourage general Gallipoli related interaction and knowledge share. With advertisements on both pages for Association membership, it is hoped that this will promote the Gallipoli Association in this new type of web sphere, see [www.facebook.com/](http://www.facebook.com/) and search for Gallipoli to view these areas.

## THE FORUM

Managed by member Mal Murray, with support from the webmaster, the pages were refreshed and launched again alongside the new website. Although not as popular as some other online forums, this area continues to grow and the hope is that more members will use this going forward. The forum's web address is [www.gallipoli-association.org/forum/](http://www.gallipoli-association.org/forum/)

Stephen Chambers, Webmaster

---

## ACT OF REMEMBRANCE: COLLINGWOOD

---

James Watson Smith

The Friends of the Collingwood Memorial gathered for the annual wreath-laying on 3 June in glorious sunny weather. The inscription on the monument tells the sad story of the battalion, and how the memorial came to be erected:

*In memory of the Commanding Officer, Officers and Men of the Collingwood Battalion, Royal Naval Division who fell in action in Gallipoli on the 4<sup>th</sup> June 1915, when the battalion was practically destroyed.*

*The Collingwood battalion completed its training on these downs. This memorial is erected by the survivors.*

RBL Standards were paraded and over 20 wreaths were laid, including those by the Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Dorset, the High Sheriff of Dorset, and representatives of Australia, New Zealand and Canada. James Watson Smith laid a wreath on behalf of the Association (see photographs on page 29). The Guard of Honour was provided by HMS Collingwood, with music by the Band of the Royal Signals and a piper.

Thanks must go to Roy Adam and his son Stuart for all the splendid arrangements, and to the Garrison Commander, Blandford Camp for use of the Mess afterwards.

I would urge anyone wishing to attend this commemoration, which is always held on or close to 4 June, to make a note in their diaries for next year. Information on becoming a friend of the Collingwood Memorial can be obtained from Stuart Adam, Camvere House, Portman Road, Pimperne, Blandford, Dorset DT11 8JU. Telephone: 01258.453797.

---

## EAST ANGLIAN REGIONAL LUNCH

---

John Crowe

The fifth East Anglian Lunch took place once again in the magnificent setting of the Assembly Room at King's Lynn Town Hall on Friday, 24 June 2011.

After a welcome drink in the Stone Hall, thirty people sat down to lunch with the Mayor Cllr. Colin Sampson and Lady Angela and Sir Michael Oswald. For the first time this year we were delighted to welcome the Earl of Leicester whose relative, Lord Coke, served with the Collingwood Battalion of the Royal Naval Division at Gallipoli. A large number of those present also had family links with the campaign. They included three Australian members, our Public Relations Officer, Simon Kleinig, together with Trevor and Judith Rieck; also Cathlyn Davidson whose Grandfather was a Colonel with the Australian Imperial Forces.

It was good to see all the previous speakers present, Dick Rayner, Graham Beck, John Harvey and also Colonel Michael Hickey who was our speaker on this occasion for the second time. His talk was as usual both entertaining and informative. As well as an overview of the campaign, Michael included information about the relatives of those attending that had served in the campaign.

Grace was said by the Mayor who also gave the Loyal Toast; a toast for the Gallipoli Association was given by Lt. Cmdr. Arthur Coxon whose Grandmother was the first lady mayor of King's Lynn and his father served as a Captain with the 5th Norfolk's at Gallipoli. Although 84, Arthur travels from the Vale of Glamorgan to support the Norfolk events; thank you Arthur, dedication indeed. Photographs taken during the day can be found on page 30.

Next year's lunch will be held on Friday 22 June 2012. To book your place contact John Crowe (contact details are given inside the front cover).

---

## HAWICK'S GALLIPOLI COMMEMORATION

---

### Tom Holmes

On Tuesday 12 July, Past Presidents, Council and Members of Hawick Callants Club gathered at the '1514 (Horse) Monument' in the Town's Central Square, together with representatives from the King's Own Scottish Borderers, Royal British Legion, and Hawick Ex-Servicemen's Association together with members of the public, to remember and pay their respects to the brave soldiers from Hawick who perished on the Gallipoli Peninsula 96 years ago to the day.

On the stroke of 7.00pm Callants Club President Robert Charters accompanied by Senior Ballie, Councillor Stuart Marshall, and ex-KOSB Alex Burgon walked to the Memorial where President Charters hung the Callants Club Wreath – with the wording – *'In remembrance of the Hawick Territorials of the 1/4<sup>th</sup> King's Own Scottish Borderers who fell bravely charging the Turkish Trenches, Gallipoli on 12 July 1915. The ancient spirit of our fathers hath not gone.'*

After a short Silence, Alex Burgeon recited the words of Laurence Binyon's *The Fallen*. At 7.20pm the Company reassembled at the museum in Wilton Lodge Park, where Piper Colin Turnbull led the parade to the War Memorial. After a lament played by Piper Turnbull, Bugler Colin Crozier sounded Last Post, before President Charters laid the Gallipoli Comrades Wreath. A minute's silence was then observed ending with Reveille before Piper Turnbull led the Parade back to the Museum. An informal gathering was held afterwards in the Hawick Ex-Serviceman's Club.

Photographs of the ceremony can be found on page 31.

---

## BURSARY PRESENTATION – SMITHDON HIGH SCHOOL

---

John Crowe

The Association's 2010 bursary was awarded to Paul Mooney and Heidi Wright of the Smithdon High School, Hunstanton, Norfolk. As noted in the report of the bursary visit, which appeared in the Winter 2010 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 124), Paul was taken ill at the last moment and was unable to travel, his place being taken by Heidi's partner Louis Tunmore. However, Paul Mooney played a leading role in the presentation of the bursary visit, which was made to students, parents and staff at the school on 20 July. Members of the Gallipoli Association and cadets from the Sandringham Army Cadet Detachment were also present. We were also delighted to welcome The Mayor of Hunstanton, Cllr. Carol Bower and one of her council colleagues to the presentation. Photographs can be found on page 32.

The informative and comprehensive presentation was illustrated with maps and plans, together with photographs taken during the visit. It was clear that the bursary visit, and in the case of Paul Mooney the preparation for the visit, enabled the recipients to further their knowledge of the campaign, which will be of great value in the teaching students and informing colleagues about the campaign. The presentation also highlighted the strong relationship that now exists between Smithdon and the High School in Canakkale enabling young people in both schools to communicate with each other and exchange views.

---

## MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR 'ALL THE KING'S MEN'

---

John Crowe

Thanks to the generosity of the Revd. Michael Brock it was possible to continue this annual act of remembrance in St Nicholas Church, Dersingham, which took place on Saturday 17 September 2011. The service remembers not only the Sandringham Company of the 5th Norfolk's but all those from the countries involved in the Gallipoli campaign.

This impressive old church, just a mile from Sandringham House, has seating for 300 people which is double that of West Newton where the commemoration was previously held. The church also has a chapel dedicated to the fallen of both World Wars. Beside the chapel is a wooden plaque dedicated to Mary Plumpton Beck, widow of Captain Frank Beck of the Sandringham Company who was killed at Suvla Bay on 12 August 1915. Mary Beck died at Dersingham in 1938.

Once again we were blessed with glorious sunshine for the service. Over 200 people were present at the service, many of whom have attended every year since the service was established 6 years ago. The numbers attending are a clear indication of the importance and esteem that the Norfolk people have for the campaign. Roy Hill, the Norfolk County Parade Marshall for the Royal British Legion arranged for 22 standards were presented. Under his professional eye, the Standards added a special dignity to the service.

The Revd. Michael Brock welcomed all present at the start of the service, in particular, the Deputy Mayor of King's Lynn, Cllr. Elizabeth Watson, and her partner Mr Alex Langley; the Mayor of Hunstanton, Cllr. Carol Bower, and Major General Sir William Cubitt KCVO, CBE. He then went on to welcome the visiting officers from Australia, New Zealand and Turkey. They included Wing Commander Mark and Mrs Jenni Simpson, Australia Defence Staff, London; Major Dan Wildy and Mrs Katherine Wildy of New Zealand Defence Force, and Lt. Col. Erdinc Kocayanak, Military Attaché for Turkey in London. Attending for the first time was Wing Commander Steve Dharamraj representing RAF Marham, Norfolk. Among the many Gallipoli Association members present were Lady Angela and Sir Michael Oswald who have always been very supportive of the annual memorial service.

Lessons were read by Cllr. Watson and Sir William Cubitt. A total of ten wreaths were laid in the Chapel of Remembrance. The Association wreath was laid by Lt. Cdr. Arthur Coxon, who also gave the Exaltation. Arthur's father was a Captain with the 5th Norfolk's at Gallipoli, and later Church Warden at St Nicholas Church. Arthur had travelled from the Vale of Glamorgan to support the event, and with his family had the pleasure of sitting in the Church Warden's seat that was occupied by his father for many years. For the third year running, Mr Henry Goodall of The Salvation Army, who is 85 years old, was the bugler and set a very high standard.

Following the service, the church hall was packed to capacity for tea and Anzac biscuits. Great interest was shown in the Gallipoli Association display. Everyone was welcomed and thanked for attending by John Crowe, the organiser, and by Lt Cdr. Arthur Coxon. Photographs taken during the afternoon can be found on page 33.

The collection in the church raised £288. The money taken in the hall for tea and biscuits raised £113. This will form the start of a fund towards much needed repairs and improvements to the church hall.

The Revd. Michael Brock has agreed to another service next year on 15 September 2012. Anyone interested in attending should contact John Crowe (address etc. inside the front cover).

---

## GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION PARTICIPATE IN REMEMBRANCE DAY COMMEMORATIONS AT THE CENTOTAPH

---

Shortly before this issue went to press, the Gallipoli Association received permission from the Royal British Legion to take part in the parade to The Cenotaph and wreath-laying on Remembrance Sunday. Because of the number of organisations wishing to be involved in the commemoration participation is by ticket only; the 18 tickets issued to the Association for 2011 being distributed to members on an ad-hoc basis.

The committee will consider next year how best to allocate the tickets made available and details will be given in *The Gallipolian* and on the Website.

Simon Kleinig, Public Relations Officer

---

## THE 29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL

---

The annual commemoration at the 29th Division Memorial, Stretton-on-Dunsmore, Warwickshire will take place at 1130am for 1200 noon on Sunday, 11 March 2012 when a wreath will be laid on behalf of the Gallipoli Association. Wreaths will also be laid by representatives of other organisations, and by individuals.

The memorial is in the centre of a large roundabout on the A45, at the junction with the B4455, about 5 miles east of Coventry (grid reference SP 415733). Please contact James Watson-Smith (address inside the front cover) for more information.

---

## GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION CONFERENCE 2012

---

The Chairman and committee are pleased to announce that the inaugural Gallipoli Association Conference will be held on Saturday, 11 August 2012. This all-day event will be held at the Tally Ho Conference and Banqueting Centre, which is situated in Pershore Road, Edgbaston – close to the centre of Birmingham. Nearby hotel accommodation can be found to suit every budget. Focusing entirely on the Gallipoli campaign, the conference will feature an interesting programme of guest speakers, a Question-and-Answer panel of Gallipoli experts, together with displays, books and merchandise.

Whilst we are keen for as many members as possible to attend, the conference will be open to anyone interested in learning more about Gallipoli in a convivial and welcoming atmosphere. The conference will also provide an excellent opportunity for you to meet fellow members and to increase your knowledge of the campaign. The conference registration fee of £25 includes all events, together with lunch and morning and afternoon tea. An optional three-course evening meal is also available for an extra £25 for those wishing to complete an enjoyable and informative day.

A booking form is enclosed with this issue of *The Gallipolian*. Demand is likely to be heavy so early booking is advised. For further information contact Simon Kleinig, Public Relations Officer, address and contact details inside the front cover.

---

## MEMORIAL TO TROOPER FREDERICK OWEN POTTS VC

---

Readers will recall the article '*Fred Potts VC – The Hero with the Shovel : Two Families United in a Single Act of Bravery*' by Jon Cooksey, which appeared in the Spring 2010 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No.122). This focussed on the meeting at the Imperial War Museum between Tpr. Potts' family and that of Tpr. Arthur Andrews who Potts, though wounded himself during the attack on Scimitar Hill, rescued by dragging the badly wounded Andrews back to the British lines using a shovel – a selfless act that took over 48 hours to accomplish.

Frederick Potts, who died in 1941, is Reading's only Victoria Cross holder and although there was a lot of interest in the town in the years immediately following the award, his bravery was forgotten in the years after the war mainly due to Fred's own modesty. More recently, however, interest has grown and *The Trooper Potts Memorial Trust* has been established to raise the necessary funds – estimated to be in the region of £250,000 – and to commission a suitable memorial to be located in the centre of Reading. The Trust proposes to erect a life-size bronze sculpture depicting Trooper Potts dragging Trooper Andrews to safety. The memorial will also commemorate the 134 men of the Berkshire Yeomanry killed in the First World War. It has also been decided to make a 10% allocation of the donations received to 'Help for Heroes' providing a link between the bravery of Tpr. Potts and his comrades of the Great War and the sacrifices of those serving today.

Over 20 sculptors submitted bids to be considered for the project, and in September the Trust announced that they had selected Tom Murphy, a leading sculptor who has undertaken 30 monumental bronze sculptures in the north-west of England (including the memorial to Noel Chavasse VC and Bar at Liverpool University), to assist in the design, and undertake the memorial. The intention is have the memorial completed by August 2015, the centenary of the action for which Tpr. Potts' was awarded the VC.

The Gallipoli Association have donated £500 to this worthy project and should members wish to make their own personal donation they can do so by sending a cheque, made payable to *Trooper Potts VC Trust*, to:-

Richard Bennett  
Trooper Potts V.C. Memorial Trust  
69, Baker Street  
Reading. RG1 7XY

---

## LONDON LEGACY

---

The Gallipoli Association is always keen to foster links with like-minded organisations. *Legacy* was formed by Australian servicemen in the years immediately after the First World War. Many of these were Gallipoli veterans keen to ensure that the needs of the widows and families of their fallen brothers in arms were not neglected. That spirit continues today through *London Legacy* today. A dedicated group of volunteers, both British and Australian, work closely with more than 60 widows of Australian and New Zealand servicemen throughout the UK and Europe.

*London Legacy* holds a number of fund-raising events throughout the year and, in the lead up to Anzac Day, the annual ‘Legacy Anzac-Gallipoli Ball’ will be held on Friday, 20 April 2012. This will take the form of a black-tie dinner (lounge suites are an acceptable alternative for men), in the sumptuous surroundings of Australia House on The Strand. For more information contact Simon Kleinig (Public Relations Officer) address inside the front cover.

---

## NEWS FROM GALLIPOLI

---

### (1) Improvement Works at Anzac Cove

The Turkish Government is carrying out work to upgrade the road, which runs above Anzac Cove together with the installation of improved drainage and landscaping. A concrete gravity sea wall is also to be constructed behind the beach to protect the area and nearby cemeteries from the impact of the sea.

The Australian Government supported Turkey’s initiative when this was announced early last year. The Veterans Affairs Minister, Warren Snowdon, said “... *the planned works show great sensitivity to the preservation of the Anzac battlefields.*”

The works, which restricted visitor access to a number of cemeteries in the Anzac area, should be substantially complete by the time this issue of *The Gallipolian* goes to press but the CWGC have advised that from 2 – 27 December visitor access will be affected in the following locations:

Along Anzac Cove road from Embarkation Pier to Brighton Beach (including the Anzac Commemorative site, Ari Burnu and Beach Cemetery) access will only be possible via the northern entrance on roads through Bigali and Buyukanafarta villages.

The ‘Second Ridge’ road will remain open for visitor access (from the Kabetepe direction), including to notable locations such as Lone Pine, The Nek and Chunuk Bair.

## (2) Archaeological Survey

*Radio New Zealand* has been reporting on a survey of the area between Lone Pine and Quinn's Post undertaken by a team led by Mr Ian McGibbon, a historian commissioned by the New Zealand Ministry for Culture and Heritage, along with Turkish and Australian historians and archaeologists.

The survey, said to be the most significant of its kind since the First World War, used modern archaeological techniques including non-invasive, advanced mapping and GPS technology (which records positions accurate to within 30 centimetres), to provide detailed information about what remains of the 1915 battlefield and to record details of trenches, tunnels, dugouts, tracks and relics.

The study began last year and the second stage of the fieldwork exercise was completed in late September 2011. At Quinn's Post, the group have discovered an area known as Malone's Terraces, previously thought to have completely disappeared. The terraces were created by Lt. Col. William Malone, commander of the Wellington Infantry Battalion, who greatly improved the arrangements at the post including the terraces which were used as rest/sleeping areas for support troops. Following completion of this work, Quinn's Post, which was a vital position on which the whole Anzac defence depended, was regarded as fairly secure.

The survey team also recovered more than 100 artefacts depicting life on the battlefields, including three water bottles with bullet holes, medical bottles, a tin pannikin, tin food containers, expended ammunition, glass shards, shrapnel and barbed wire fragments. These have been handed to the Maritime Museum at Canakkale for preservation.

I am grateful to Arjan Kapteijn for information on these items, and to Paul Ridgway for additional information on (1) above.

---

## MORE NEWS OF THE *NUSRET*

---

Mike Mathews

I saw the excellent piece written by Guven Pinar about the *Nusret* in the Autumn issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 126).

I visited the *Nusret* recently and the Turkish Navy have done a superb job in producing the replica which features reproduction mines, timber decking, together with the magnificent timber ship's boats – see photographs on page 34. All that is missing is the steam engine, which would be impractical to provide – the ship being powered by a diesel engine. In the main topside cabin there is a very impressive moving visual display, with sound effects, of the naval actions leading up to and including the historic events that took place on 18 March 1915.

During my visit, I had the opportunity to speak to the Captain. It seems that although tourists are welcome aboard, only navy personnel will have access to the periodic trips to Erenkui Bay.

---

## LETTERS FROM GALLIPOLI

---

Dr. John E Godrich

I thought readers might be interested in this letter sent to my father, Col. E V Godrich, in 1974 by his cousin, Lieut. Commander W T Curtis RN:

*I went to Gallipoli in November 1920 when HMS Benbow anchored off the beaches and some parties landed to look around the sites of some of the trenches. Some on board had taken part in the landings so one got some first-hand stories which bore out the memories of those who 'remembered' during Thursday night's radio programme. It seems a miracle that a beachhead was established at all.*

*I was there again in 1921, in a destroyer, and again as a Third Hand in a Fleet tug in Autumn 1922 during the 'Chanak Crisis' [See end note]. We towed two 'X' lighters full of stores from Malta and then helped merchantmen who arrived from the UK with armaments and stores for what was a very thin red line on the ground backed by six 12-pdrs. from the Fleet, kept for ceremonial purposes and worn-out from rubbing with emery paper! Captain Unwin, who won a VC at the River Clyde landing, was the Sea Transport Officer under whose orders we came.*

*The tug was commanded by a Lieut. from the lower deck, assisted by another of the same breed whose sole object in life seemed to be in winning tots of rum from the allowance on board by every subterfuge. This taught me a lot when in later years I was overseer of the way the Coxswain fiddled the Victualing accounts and 'accidents' happened to the rum issue; e.g. 'excessive evaporation due to climatic conditions' and 'loss on issue found on opening cask'. This was always a standby as the cask had its contents carved on the head, from '8/6' (eight gallons and six pints) to about '9/3'. The casks never contained that amount.'*

Well, there the letter ends – not very much detail, but perhaps enough to whet the appetite for what the action was all about and also debate about the rum ration! My nephew discovered a broken rum flask at Suvla Bay when we visited Gallipoli together some years ago; he put it in my suitcase to bring home – it was jolly heavy, even when empty!

Note: The Chanak Crisis, often called the 'Chanak Affair', arose in September 1922 when Turkish troops threatened to attack British and French troops stationed around Çanakkale (Chanak) to guard the Dardanelles neutral zone. On 15 September, the

British Cabinet decided that British forces should maintain their positions and the following day, in the absence of the Foreign Secretary (Lord Curzon), a communiqué was issued threatening Turkey with a declaration of war on the grounds that Turkey had violated the Treaty of Sevres. However, when Curzon returned to London on 18 September he pointed out that such action was unlikely to attract French support and left immediately for a meeting with the French Prime Minister, Raymond Poincaré. Indeed, Poincaré had already ordered the withdrawal of the French contingent at Chanak and after several heated meetings it was agreed to negotiate an armistice with the Turks.

The Chanak affair led to the ending of the post-war Conservative/Liberal Coalition and the resignation of Lloyd George as Prime Minister.

---

## THE 1926 PILGRIMAGE TO GALLIPOLI

---

The 1926 St Barnabas Pilgrimage to Gallipoli and Salonika was organised by the Revd. M Mullineux MC<sup>[1]</sup> with the assistance of Sister Jessie Holmes FRCN<sup>[2]</sup> whose published account *A Pilgrimage to Gallipoli* is one of the sources on which this article is based; the other being *The Ship of Remembrance* by Ian Hay<sup>[3]</sup>. Unless otherwise stated the quotations are taken from the book by Jessie Holmes.

Some 300 pilgrims left Victoria Station in London on 25 August 1926, the departure being described by Jessie Holmes and Ian Hay respectively:

*What a scene presents itself. Not only are there 300 people getting luggage registered but it is evidently not that of ordinary tourists for curious boxes containing huge regimental wreaths, boxes with wreaths of every size and description are part of the luggage.*

*We were of all grades and walks of life. Some had paid for our passage, some had paid part and some had paid nothing at all, for that is the principle on which St Barnabas works. You give what you can afford.*

On arrival at Folkestone, the pilgrims crossed the English Channel to Boulogne on the *Maid of Orleans* and from there by train via Paris and Lyons to Marseilles where they embarked on the SS *Stella d'Italia*, which had been chartered by the pilgrimage organisers. Although sailing under the Italian flag, the 5,530 ton vessel, with a speed of 17 knots, had been built in Sunderland in 1904 by James Laing & Sons Ltd. for the Quebec Steamship Company and named the *Bermudian*. After war service, when the ship was occupied in trooping voyages to France, it was acquired by a British shipping company and re-named *Fort Hamilton* before being sold in 1926 to the Italian Cosulich Line, which operated services from Mediterranean ports to New York and South America.

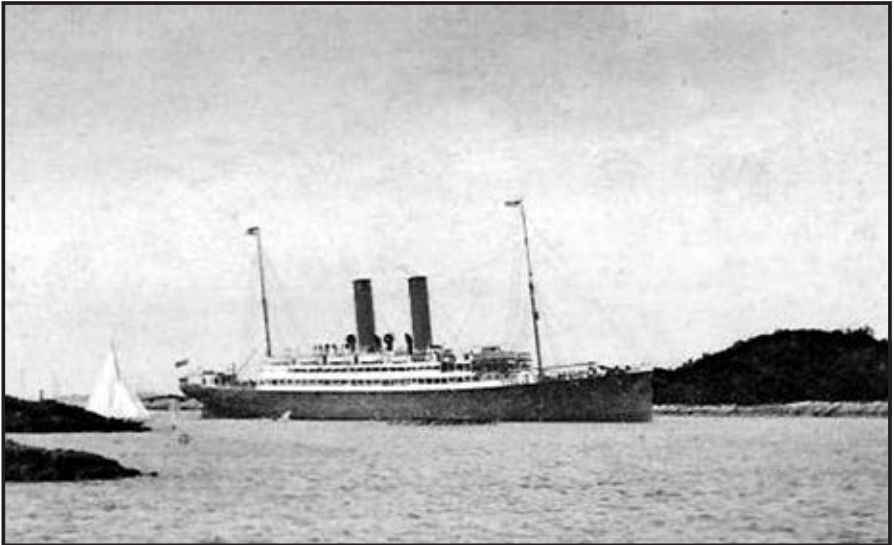
After leaving Marseilles, the *Stella d'Italia* passed Corsica on 27 August and early the

next morning, when close to Sicily, the pilgrims witnessed the volcano ‘Stromboli’ erupting; Salonika was reached later that day. After visiting the Salonika battlefields and cemeteries the ship headed for Lemnos, which was reached on 31 August after ‘*a very rough night*’. Indeed, even after entering Mudros Harbour it proved difficult for the small boats to transport the pilgrims wishing to visit the cemeteries on the island to the landing stage. Here the Union flag was flown and a party of Greek Boy Scouts formed a Guard of Honour. The weather had not improved when the pilgrims returned some hours later, the sea being so rough that ‘*passengers were only got on board with great difficulty*’.

The pilgrimage left Lemnos on 1 September and is described movingly by Jessie Holmes:

*...we see the whole coast of Gallipoli, Anzac and Suvla Bay and the Lancashire Landing... we are nearing the spot where in one day alone 20,000 <sup>[4]</sup> lost their lives and until the sea gives up its dead we leave those boys who tried so valiantly to land on an almost impossible landing place.*

*What looks like a giant cross beckoning us on is, as we near it, a lighthouse in front of the monument to the fallen at Cape Helles, the base of the huge monument forming the cross... From Cape Helles to Suvla Bay the coast is rocky, and many an old wreck is visible along the coast. The air is beautiful, the sky a brilliant blue, the sea sapphire and a blazing sun. We go through the straits of Chanak ...*



*The SS Bermudian (later renamed the Stella d'Italia)  
passing through 'Two Rocks Passage', Bermuda*

The *Stella d'Italia* continued on to Constantinople, which was reached that evening; the following day (2 September) being spent sightseeing. On 3 September, the party visited the Haidar Pasha Cemetery on the Asiatic shore, where:

*'... a little service is conducted at the new cemetery' [the First World War plot]. Then to find the grave of a 93rd or 42nd Highlander; one is found nearly 80 years old and a little party of Scottish folk place bunches of heather from the border hills of Hawick and have a tiny service of their own with the spirit of the Scot lying there'.*

The *Stella d'Italia* sailed later that afternoon and headed through the Golden Horn and into the Black Sea where four hours were spent before the ship headed westwards towards Gallipoli. After dinner that evening, '*... Major Atlee MP, one time Secretary of State for War<sup>[5]</sup> gave a most interesting lecture on 'Gallipoli' and the landing of the men at various points. We wonder after the lecture how any men were able to land at all.*'

Khelia Bay [Kilye Bay – Maidos now known as Eceabat] was reached just before daybreak early on 4 September and a service was held on deck at 6.45am during which:

*'... a great floating wreath composed of flowers sent from all over the Empire and decorated with a tiny White Ensign and the flags of the Dominions was duly blessed and cast overboard, just off Cape Helles. It drifted away upon the swift current towards the Asiatic shore over waters which cover more than one stout ship and many a stout heart<sup>[6]</sup>.*

An hour later the pilgrims landed at V Beach where Ian Hay noted '*... the River Clyde is gone now – earning a living under a foreign flag*'. The pilgrims walked from the beach up to the Helles Memorial where a service in memory of the Fallen was held. Jessie Holmes described the scene:

*Five clergymen help to officiate at the beautiful little service. Then huge wreaths are placed on the base of the memorial, the widow of a Colonel of the King's Own Scottish Borderers placing one. Mr Thompson of Galashiels with a beautiful wreath of their own Scottish heather placed his wreath – another KOSB memory.... I stand with Mrs Aitken of Glasgow who has lost four sons – her whole family wiped out<sup>[7]</sup>.*

*Destroyer D. 31 was in the Bay with Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, on board ... The Admiral, his officers and about 60 men attended the service<sup>[8]</sup>. Our delightful Captain and his officers and men were also present.*

*I drive with some others to Redoubt Cemetery to find some graves. One of my fellow passengers has lent me a little book of his son's poems. Lt. Leslie Jones – he said one of the verses was on the stone, the name was indistinct, but by remembering the lines – 'We must keep our garden free from weeds' – I was able to find the grave for his father<sup>[9]</sup>.*

*And later ... Such a setting sun, such a sea, the great memorial standing out and the memorable day is over.*

There was a change of plan and disappointment the next day, 5 September:

*Special permission had been obtained to steam along the peninsula and to land at the historic spots in small boats just as our actual members had landed in the original operation. But at the last moment the inscrutable Turk changed his mind, or more likely did not change it at all, and sent us back into the Straits to lie at Khelia where Anzac and Suvla can only be reached by a long and exhausting journey...*

The pilgrims left the ship after breakfast, and went by road, most visiting Lone Pine. Sister Holmes describes the area through which they travelled:

*... barren, yet in some respects productive, for the most beautiful shrubs were constantly seen and fig trees groaning with ripe figs, and vines with grapes. The thistle grows everywhere, as it should, when many of the flower of Scotland's manhood lies buried there.... The scent of sage and thyme everywhere. Oh, the never-to-be-forgotten fragrance – great clumps of purple thyme everywhere.*

*We arrive at Lone Pine Cemetery. I have never seen a cemetery quite so beautiful or so beautifully kept. Again the uniformity of graves and design, a huge stone of remembrance; inside the base of the stone a plain dignified little chapel. Outside, huge stones over the unknown grave<sup>[10]</sup>, great bushes and clumps of rosemary two feet in height, with a small plain blue flower.... Many mourners have their dear ones' graves photographed. Captain Garland, an Australian seeing the ground again helped in penciling the names of many graves ...*

*I had brought out from the E.S.U<sup>[11]</sup> a wreath of rosemary from a Wiltshire garden but on the plains of Gallipoli I gathered wild thyme, sage and every sweet smelling thing I could find to be dropped at the nearest spot to the Island of Syros ... in memory of Rupert Brooke.*

*After lunch I descend by myself into Shrapnel Valley... a dry river bed ran from the hills down to Anzac Cove (I walked through it), which was close to the firing line and earned the name of Shrapnel Valley. Here there was a big ammunition dump, and ten years afterwards there are still signs of it being there!*

It appears that most of the cemeteries at Helles and Anzac, and as far as Green Hill, Suvla were visited by various groups before they returned to the *Stella d'Italia* that evening:

*An eight mile drive with glorious views of Anzac Cove, Suvla Bay and the Lancashire Landing bring us once more to Kelia Bay. The ground near the landing stage is still covered with bombs and shells, and in the distance the lonely little shed of the Imperial War Graves Commission. At the landing stage as well as bombs and shells are old tins that evidently contained bully beef, plum and apple jam, apricot jam, all in a big dump here.*

The *Stella d'Italia*'s departure from Gallipoli the following morning was not without incident:

*We are conscious at about 6.00am of a bump by our good ship. We are supposed to have run aground on the wreck of the 'Triumphe'<sup>[12]</sup>. The ship is aground but after seven hours we are afloat again... Had the ship not run aground, it had been planned that a few of us should be landed on the Island of Skyros ...we had on board with us Mr Norman Gardner who helped to arrange the firing party at Rupert Brooke's grave ...*

Skyros was reached after dark, which made it impossible to land but the boat stopped '... and a beautiful service was held and wreaths, including one sent by Rupert Brooke's mother, were blessed and cast over the side while some of his sonnets were read by Mr James, a pilgrim journalist'.

On the return journey, the ship docked at Piraeus allowing the pilgrims to visit the Acropolis and Athens. The ship's final destination was Venice, the rest of the journey being made by train via Paris to London, which was reached on 12 September.

### Editor's Notes & Acknowledgements

I am grateful to the Department of Collections (Printed Books) at the Imperial War Museum for allowing me access to the two books on which this article is based.

1. The St. Barnabas Society became the most important organisation arranging subsidised pilgrimages from Britain for those too poor to visit the war graves at their own expense.

The Rev'd. Matthew Mullineux (1867 – 1945) was a rugby player of considerable distinction in his early years and is still recognised as such. Ordained as an Anglican Priest he served as a Chaplain to British Forces in the South African War, then as a Naval Chaplain from 1902-07. He settled in New Zealand and served as a Chaplain with the New Zealand Expeditionary Force during the First World War, being awarded the MC for gallantry and devotion to duty in France in May 1918 when the Regimental Aid post was subjected to heavy and prolonged enemy fire. A number of Internet sources credit Mullineux with founding the St Barnabas Society but this is not acknowledged in their history. It seems more likely that he founded the pilgrimages.

2. Sister Holmes is described in the Foreword as '... a true friend of the 300 pilgrims on their 5,000 mile journey, being widely travelled following her profession in most parts of the British Empire'. During the First World War she was Unit Administrator of Queen Mary's Women's Service Organisation.

3. *The Ship of Remembrance* by Ian Hay (43 pages) published by Hodder & Stoughton in 1926.

4. This source of this figure is unclear. Without seeming to disparage Sister Holmes's book it contains a number of factual errors.

5. Later Leader of the Labour Party and Deputy Prime Minister in the Wartime Coalition Government (1940-45) and Prime Minister (1945-51).

6. This is a quote from *The Ship of Remembrance* by Ian Hay.
7. The implication that Mrs Aitken lost all her sons at Gallipoli is open to question. Although a number of Gallipoli casualties with that surname are recorded on the CWGC database only one – AB William Aitken, Nelson Bn. Royal Naval Division, died 13 July 1915 – appears to have an identifiable Glasgow link. He was son of John and Annie Shaw Aitken, of 87, Earl's Park Avenue, Newlands, Glasgow.
8. Admiral Keyes was Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet and presumably transferred from his flagship (HMS *Warspite*) to D31 for the ceremony at the Helles Memorial. The Royal Navy contingent went ashore in mufti.
9. See the article by his great nephew, Roger Phillips Jones published in the Winter 2007 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 115)
10. This is unclear; possibly Sister Holmes may have thought the memorial panels inscribed with the names of the missing marked the site of those with no known graves.
11. The English Speaking Union, founded in 1918.
12. HMS *Triumph* was torpedoed by U-21 on 18 May 1915 and capsized within ½ hour with the loss of 73 men.

---

## IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE 6TH GURKHA RIFLES

---

Christopher Scott MacKirdy

In April this year, I was lucky enough to join a Gallipoli tour organised by Lt. Col. Bob Couldrey with the well-known Military Historian and broadcaster Major Corrigan as our guide. He and Brigadier John Anderson had previously served with the 6th Gurkha Rifles. There were also three officers from the 7th Gurkha Rifles in the party who could, of course, make no regimental claim to a link with Gallipoli. Naturally there was an emphasis on 1/6th Gurkha Regiment's activities in this ill-fated campaign and in particular I wanted to highlight a couple of events that might be of interest to other members of this fine regiment, and to members of the Gallipoli Association.

On our first day we walked from 'W' Beach up to the Cape Helles Memorial where a wreath was laid for all Gurkhas killed in the various battles in the Helles Peninsula (see upper photograph on page 35).

The second day we started at Gully Beach (see lower photograph on page 35) and walked the full length of Gully Ravine to what was to become known as Gurkha Bluff. The Royal Marines and the Dublin Fusiliers had tried and been driven back, now it was the turn of 1/6th Gurkha Regiment. The regiment, commanded by the Lt. Col. The Hon. Charles Bruce, were leading the assault in their first major operation to take out a Turkish strong point bristling with machine-guns doing untold damage to the Allied



*View over Gurkha Bluff*

troops. The 300 foot, almost vertical slope, caused these practiced hill men little trouble and they put the Turks to flight. The place is still called Gurkha Bluff in memory of the great bravery shown by Gurkhas.

Next day we started at Chunuk Bair with a view to finding Hill Q. The only force to reach it was the 1/6th Gurkhas now commanded by Major Allanson, Bruce having been evacuated wounded. They attempted to capture it from the west with little in the way of support or reinforcements. It is worthy of note that a certain Captain W J Slim, in command of a small party of Warwicks, was involved for a while. What Slim saw that day influenced him into transferring to 1/6th Gurkhas after WW1; the first stepping stone which would lead him to command the XIV Army in Burma.

Having forced the Turks off the crest of the hill with some savage hand to hand fighting, during which Allanson was bayoneted in the leg, the Gurkhas' position soon became untenable and they were forced to withdraw. A combination of insufficient numbers to hold the ground and an artillery bombardment, which is still the subject of debate as to whether it came from the Royal Naval guns or from the Turks, and the arrival of Mustafa Kemal's reinforcements soon reoccupied the crest of the ridge.

There was a small bluff just off the main track, half way between Hill Q and Hill 971, where it seemed most likely that Allanson and his Gurkhas would have had their Battalion HQ. There is no monument to mark 1/6th Gurkha's achievements, so the 'Gurkha element' in our party decided that we should erect a small cairn on this spot.

We were soon all busy collecting stones. John Anderson then read an appropriate piece from Allanson's diary and a 6th Gurkha Regiment wreath was laid alongside with crosses complete with the names of the soldiers that were killed in this remote place (see upper photograph on page 36).

We walked down the hill from Chunuk Bair passing 'The Farm Cemetery' and then continued along a narrow and somewhat hazardous path that followed the contours all the way down to North Beach (see lower photograph on page 36). Looking either side of the path at the gullies and sheer drop ravines, it seems inconceivable that anybody could have climbed in the opposite direction at night up to Hill Q; this a further accolade to the 1/6th Gurkha Regiment's and their bravery and determination.

---

## MORE FROM *PENINSULA PRESS*

---

The following article – reproduced in *italic* type – about weather on the Gallipoli Peninsula was published in the *Peninsula Press*, on Monday 18 October 1915 [No. 84]. Although historically based weather projections are subject to error, it is interesting to compare the content with what actually occurred during the periods in question; the latter information being taken from the *Official History of the Great War : Military Operations – Gallipoli* and reproduced in square brackets below the relevant sections of the original article.

*The following notes on the climate of the Dardanelles are taken from the 'Westminster Gazette' and are based upon the results of observations made by a close observer of nature during a period of over thirty years: 'From October 10 to 14 there is a period of uncertainty; sometimes a south-westerly wind, which veers round to the north-west, and a good rainstorm. The first distinct drop in temperature now takes place (about the 10th to the 14th), one feels autumn in the air, the nights continue fairly warm and this period continues fine and generally calm up to about the 20th – sometimes the 18th of 19th – when a well-defined and most absolutely regular period is entered upon. This spell begins with three or four days of very heavy northerly or north-westerly winds, sometimes a gale, accompanied by rain for several days, and it is this period – from October 20 – October 25 – which is intensely interesting to naturalists owing to the passage of all kinds of birds, the sweeping past of the last of the quails, the arrival of the first woodcock, the clockwork precision of the passage of stock doves (pigeons); in fact it is the moment of the big migration, when the night air and day is full of birds on the move.*

*Towards the end of October, and in the way of a counter coup or re-action to the northerly gales, there is generally experienced a fierce three or four days of southerly winds, sometimes gales. It is to be noted that these gales or changes in the weather are usually of three or seven days' duration, the first day being generally the strongest, and for some of these regular winds the natives have special names.*

[Official History: On 8 October – before the article appeared – 'a heavy gale drove three

lighters ashore at Suvla and 90 feet of West Beach pier, was washed away... Then, on 27 October, a storm stopped all boat work at Anzac and the piers could not be used for two days. A sudden storm on 31 October caused another suspension of work and damaged was done to piers and lighters, with a tug being driven ashore ... The Helles landing places suffered considerably and VIII Corps complained of the non-arrival of urgently needed stores, including 2 million sandbags, winter clothing and gum boots'. Reference is also made in the Official History to bird migration.]

*November generally, almost always, comes in fine with a lovely first ten days or so. It, however, becomes rather sharp at night and there is to be expected a very marked period now of cold weather – a cold snap in fact. This snap is generally in the second or third week of the month, and only lasts a few days, the weather going back to fine and warm, and calm about the end of the month. Barring such a cold snap, the month is marked by fine weather and the absence of wind, and many people consider it the most glorious month of the year, the sunsets being especially fine.*

[Official History: In the first three weeks of November, 'a succession of gales had done considerable damage on all the beaches ... Finally, on 27 November a fierce south-westerly gale, which started on the afternoon of the 26th, veered next day to the north; it continued with exceptional violence for three days and throughout that period it was impossible for any boat to approach the Gallipoli beaches. A violent thunderstorm on the evening of the 26th was followed by a torrential downpour, which lasted for 24 hours... an icy hurricane then began to blow from the north; the rain turned into a blinding blizzard, and then to heavy snow; and the snow was followed by two nights of exceptionally bitter frost'.

'At Suvla the troops on the Kiretch Tepe were exposed to the unbroken fury of the storm, while those in the low lying tracts had all their trenches flooded. The dry water courses on the plain became rushing torrents... throughout the plain many sections of trenches were uninhabitable, particularly in the area held by the 29th Division ... and by the morning of the 28th the central part of the position was held only by snipers.... The nights of the 27th and 28th were nights of horror throughout the Suvla zone'.]

*In the last days of November or the first days of December another period is entered upon. This is generally a heavy south wind lasting from three to seven days, which is succeeded by a lovely spell of fine weather, perfectly calm and warm, which brings one well through December.*

[Official History: On 30th November, '... the wind abated and the frost disappeared and for the next three weeks there was an almost unbroken spell of perfect autumn weather with the sun shining continuously...

... The evacuation of Anzac and Suvla in the period up to 19/20th December was favoured by ideal weather. A full moon, hidden by light clouds, had made movement easy ... the sea was smooth as unruffled silk ...']

*Onward for such a time in December, say a little before Christmas or just after, the weather varies greatly. The marked periods are past – the weather may be anything, sometimes calm and mild, varied by rain, with strong north winds, but no seriously bad weather; in one word, no real winter weather need be looked for until, as natives put it, the Old Year – otherwise the New Year, old style, which is January 14, our style comes in.*

[Official History (Helles – January): ‘On 5th January the weather looked so threatening that General Davies repented of his request to retain a final garrison of such a size as would require two calm nights for its withdrawal... On 8 January [the final day of the evacuation] the day was bright and calm with a gentle breeze from the south ... about 7 o’clock, the breeze began to freshen and at the end of the first hour it stiffened very considerably, and at 9 o’clock the wind was blowing at 35 miles an hour and its force was steadily increasing. Angry seas were pounding the frail piers’.]

*After January 14, or a few days later, the weather is invariably bad; there is always a snow blizzard or two, generally between January 20 and 25. These are really bad blizzards, which sometimes last from three to seven days; and after, anything in the way of weather may happen in the next six weeks or two months. The snow has been known to lie six weeks. Strong southerly gales succeed, as a rule, the northerly gales, but one thing is to be noted, that the south and west winds no longer bring rain; it is the north and north-east which bring snow and rain.*

*To those who have relations or friends at the Dardanelles (and I quote from a letter from a friend), let them send good warm stockings for the men besides the usual waistcoats and mufflers; and as for creature comforts, sweets, chocolate, and tobacco, especially cigarettes. It is the Turk who will suffer the cold; they cannot stand it long, and being fed generally mainly on bread, they have no stamina to meet cold weather. Most of their troops come from warmer climes.*

I leave it to readers to draw their own conclusions!

---

## CRUISE TO THE BLACK SEA & GALLIPOLI

---

Members might be interested in the enclosed leaflet relating to a cruise in April 2012 that includes a visit to Gallipoli on Anzac Day.

If members wish to make a booking (or want further information), contact Voyages of Discovery direct on 0844 822 0800, quoting reference GALLIPOL (which will give those booking with the company for the first time a ‘loyalty bonus’). The company will be having annual cruises to the peninsula up to and including the Centenary year and beyond.

John Crowe, Membership Secretary



*James Watson Smith lays the Association wreath at the Collingwood Memorial  
[Page 10] Photograph – Alastair Ames*



*Wreaths placed around the memorial at 'Collingwood Corner'  
[Page 10] Photograph – Alastair Ames*



*Group photograph – East Anglian Regional Lunch  
[Pages 10–11]*



*Col. Michael Hickey – Guest Speaker at the East Anglian Regional Lunch  
[Pages 10–11]*



*Callants Club President, Robert Charters, places the Club wreath on the 1514 (Horse) Monument in Hawick's Central Square [Page 11]*



*Callants Club President, Robert Charters, lays the 'Gallipoli Comrades Wreath' at the Hawick War Memorial [Page 11]*



*Paul Mooney and Heidi Wright of Smithdon High School, Hunstanton giving their Bursary Presentation [Page 12]*



*Participants, guests and Army Cadets at the Bursary Presentation, Smithdon High School, Hunstanton [Page 12]*



*Some of those attending the Memorial Service for 'All The King's Men' at St Nicholas Church, Dersingham. Lt Cdr. Arthur Coxon is on the extreme left. [Pages 12–13]*



*Wreaths laid in the War Memorial Chapel at St. Nicholas Church, Dersingham during the Memorial Service [Pages 12–13]*



*The 1:1 replica of the Nusret Mine Layer [Pages 17–18]*



*The replica mines on the Nusret Mine Layer [Pages 17–18]*



*'In the footsteps of the 6th Gurkha Rifles' – Wreath laid at the Helles Memorial [Page 24]*



*'In the footsteps of the 6th Gurkha Rifles' – Gully Beach and entrance to Gully Ravine [Page 24]*



*'In the footsteps of the 6th Gurkha Rifles' – Cairn erected by members of the tour group on the site of Major Allanson's Battalion HQ [Pages 25–26]*



*'In the footsteps of the 6th Gurkha Rifles' – members of the tour group descend the narrow path from Chunuk Bair towards North Beach [Page 26]*

---

## BILL ROSS – PIONEER

---

### FOREWORD by Peter Ross

All my childhood I listened to the wonderful stories of my father's early life in Australia and his days on Gallipoli with the ANZACS. We asked him to write down as much as he could remember and he did this in 1955. He writes in the charming style of the early 20th century and gives a graphic picture of the opening up of Australia and life at Gallipoli when the country came of age. These experiences made him not only resourceful with remarkable foresight but also very phlegmatic taking whatever life threw at him and dealing with it in his own way. To his three children he was always one of the unsung heroes and it is our regret that he did not live to see his grandchildren to whom he would have been a great source of wonderment and inspiration.

In all, my father's account runs to 21 A4 size typed pages, over half of which deals with his travels and life in Australia before 1914. Editorial constraints preclude the publication of this section of his memoir in its entirety but the Editor shares my view that the account of his service in Gallipoli would not be complete without the reader knowing a little of his life before war intervened. I have thus summarised the section dealing with his early life and the time he spent in Australia, leaving the account of his service at Gallipoli to be told in his own words.

William (Bill) Ross was born in London in 1893. His father was from Tain, in the far north of Scotland, and his mother was from Redruth in Cornwall. Two extremes but with the same Celtic blood in their veins. They were married in Southwark Cathedral and went to live in north London gradually moving further out as their family grew. Bill was the fourth child of eleven, only six of whom survived into adulthood. Sadly, when he was nine, his idyllic life was shattered when his father, by then a sick man, died. After that times were tough, with his elder brother becoming the breadwinner, and in whose footsteps Bill had to follow as soon as he was able.

He started his working life as an office worker in the City of London but things changed when he met Geordie Fraser, just back on holiday from Australia. Geordie was big and bronzed, with a large 'wide-a-woke' hat, just as if he had stepped off one of the large posters all over London depicting golden cornfields blowing in the wind with blue skies above and men on horseback riding around with open necked shirts with the caption 'Come to Australia and enjoy the free open life'. After this meeting my father decided that this was the life for him and with Geordie's promise to give him a start if he came out, all he needed to do was to get there.

### THE WORLD BECKONS

Through his friends in the London Scottish community he was able to join the crew of

the SS *Remuera* on its maiden voyage to New Zealand and back. A great experience for an eighteen year old but Australia was his goal so off he went again on another ship. This time he was accompanied by a good friend, Archie Simpson, from Coldstream in Berwick whose major asset was that he played the mandolin and knew all the latest hit songs. When Archie and Bill got to Adelaide they 'jumped ship' so they had very little money, but found their way to Geordie's Lucerne farm at Monteith on the bank of the Murray River. Unfortunately, there was a severe drought at that time so there was not much work about. They stayed with Geordie for a while doing odd jobs but realised that he could not stake them for ever and decided, reluctantly, to go back to Adelaide and get an office job to tide them over. However, as luck would have it they met a chap called Thompson, a London Vet who had been shanghaied on to a windjammer sailing for Australia where he too managed to get ashore and disappear into the Bush. Anyone with medical knowledge of any sort was a Godsend and Thompson soon acquired a reputation and was much in demand. He arranged for Archie and Bill to go to his farm in Streaky Bay, on the west coast of South Australia. This was fine for a while but they wanted to earn some proper money and got work for a 'Cockie' or small farmer. In fact 'small' meant up to 5,000 acres with the big owners, known as 'Squatters', measuring their holdings in square miles, all of which was a bit of an eye opener to the novices from little England where space was a premium.



*Bill Ross (second from left) with his mates at Streaky Bay, South Australia in 1912*

## LIFE IN THE BUSH

The work they were given was piece-work, clearing scrub from the Bush. An acre a day was the target but it was some time before their bodies and soft hands were able to

achieve this. They also had to learn how to survive miles from any form of civilisation. This experience stood them in good stead when survival was the order of the day on Gallipoli. When they tired of scrub clearing they worked on neighbouring farms. Archie went to a 10,000 acre wheat farm while Bill worked for a man called Pascoe and at last he was emulating the men on the London posters. He was given a hack to ride and armed with a stock whip had to round up the stock early every morning. Bill had learnt to ride at Geordie's but still had a lot to learn and the first day he was 'dumped' before he learnt to grip hard with his knees. The animals seemed to like being chased and one had to be wide awake to stay with them! Archie also had a hack to ride and they would meet up and spend the weekends fishing and bathing. Life was good but after twelve months they reckoned they had earned a holiday so back to Adelaide they went.

## THE PIONEERS

When the money ran out they went back into the Bush, Archie on a Survey Party and Bill to Arno Bay, above Port Lincoln, laying a pipe track. This was real pioneer work to open up the country. He then went to work on a large Dam further up the Port Lincoln line. Bill Evans, the foreman, a gigantic legendary figure, sent him up to Kimba with the advance party which gradually grew to a hundred men of all nationalities. Surprisingly, with such a mixed bag, it was a happy camp but the peace was broken one day when the store wagon returned from the head of the line with the wagoner shouting at the top of his voice and waving a newspaper. At last they heard the words "War! We are at war with Germany!"



*Bill Ross (back row, far right) probably taken after enlistment in 1914*

As with many others he was anxious to be part of it before it was all over and the next day he headed down the line to Port Lincoln and over to Adelaide to join up. His number was 802 and was put into the 10th. Battalion, having been given the rank of Lance Corporal for no apparent reason. Asking what he had to do, he was told to learn all the swear words in the British and Australian Army! So started his Gallipoli adventure. He was by now a 'Dinkum Aussie' having lost all his Englishness and had absorbed fully into the Australian way of life.

## OVERSEAS SERVICE

After some preliminary training the battalion sailed on a troopship round to Freemantle. Here ships carrying troops from other States joined and eventually a convoy of 40 transports escorted by three warships set sail for Egypt. The convoy arrived in December 1914 and set up camp on the edge of the Desert, not far from the Great Pyramid of Cheops, and began training in earnest. In March 1915 the battalion sailed from Egypt to Lemnos where training was completed in preparation for the business ahead.

We continue the story in my father's own words ...

## THE LANDING

On 24 April 1915, on a nice fine Saturday afternoon, we boarded the battleship HMS *Prince of Wales* and sailed out of Lemnos Harbour. There were many other ships, fully loaded with all the troops they could possibly get on board. The following day, just before dawn, we landed at Anzac Cove on our way to Constantinople, or so we thought at the time. As we approached all we could see was a black outline. We filed down the gangplank into rowing boats – ships' lifeboats fitted with padded oars. A naval pinnace towed us, three or four each side, connected by ropes. We saw one light flash on shore – no doubt a signal. When we were near enough we cast off and began to row as quietly as possible, but soon the Turks woke up and let us have it.

Fortunately, as it was still dark, we had by mistake moved up from the intended landing place. We found out later that this was covered in barbed wire entanglements and had we landed as planned we would have been strung up on this wire and a sitting target for the Turks who had arranged their trenches and guns to cover that area of shore. In my hasty rowing to get to the shore the oars accidentally opened all my pouches as they came up and the cartridges spilled into the bottom of the boat. Realising that I would probably need them, I tried frantically to recover the cartridges but it was not easy to locate them in the dark and row as well.

As the boat came in close to the shore and with the fire from the Turks coming down on us from the surrounding hills, I had to leave them or get shot. I jumped from seat to seat, put my hand on someone's shoulder who was just getting over the side, realising in

passing that it was the Colonel of our Battalion, and landed in the sea. I waded ashore with my rifle above my head and got under the shelter of the cliff. We waited for a few more to come in and then Lt. Talbot Smith drew his revolver and waving it above his head shouted “Charge Australia” and with packs off and fixed bayonets we charged up the cliff, clearing out the first lot of Turks and then on. This was the first charge by Australian troops in the Great War and the moment that the nation achieved international recognition and renown.

With the coming of daylight we kept advancing. We had escaped the trap set for us by the Turks and avoided the barbed wire and now advanced. Some were so fired up that they could not be restrained and went too far and regrettably were killed or taken prisoner. The rest of us got together and reformed on a plateau overlooking the surrounding countryside. Soon we saw the Turks were advancing – they had recovered from their first surprise and were bringing up reinforcements from all around and now the battle was on. We stretched out along the plateau and began to dig in while one of our officers, Captain Shaw, gave us the copybook orders we had learnt in training – “Bushes at 10 o’clock, 200 yards, five rounds rapid fire” etc. etc. I had refilled my pouches with bullets by then from those who sadly no longer needed them. But as the Turks brought up more and more reinforcements so the fire on us increased and our boys began to get wounded or killed.

Presently, I was hit on the back of my leg by a sledge hammer, or so I thought. I slid my hand down and drew it back up covered in blood. I told the chap next to me that I had been hit and he advised me to move back while the going was good. He reckoned that we would all have to get off there soon as it was getting too hot to hold. So back I wormed, passing Lt. Talbot Smith on the way. He was kneeling on one knee, gazing through his field glasses over the surrounding countryside, searching for targets no doubt. But he was too good a target for the Turks to miss and was killed soon after<sup>[1]</sup>. A fine young officer, full of the joys of living and much respected by our platoon. Sadly, as I moved back I passed another of our officers doing the same thing and suffering the same fate. He was Captain Hall<sup>[2]</sup> of the Signallers and a cousin of the lovely sisters I spent so much of my free time with in Adelaide during my last days in Australia.

I passed the MO, Captain Knot, who put a bandage round my leg and eventually I was taken off to a Hospital Ship. By the end of the day there were about 600 wounded on board with only two doctors to deal with them. The wounded filled all the decks of the ship, being carried down and laid on blankets on the hard deck. At night it was pandemonium with men delirious and crying out with the pain of their wounds. Arms without hands waving in the air, men with jaws shot away and other parts, just sitting around. As they died they were collected up and one by one dropped over the side of the ship after a short service. Those that could be helped were treated where they were. My leg was losing its stiffness after the first night and I hobbled around with Dixie cans of tea, dishing it out to those who could take it. Edwards, a man from my section lay near me; he could not take tea and was in great pain. He said “For God’s sake, Bill, get

me up to the doctor, I've got shrapnel in my guts and its hell!" I found one of the two doctors and got help to carry him up to the temporary Operating Theatre. I was pleased to hear later that he survived and returned to Australia.



*'Australian Wounded on the first hill at Gallipoli'*  
[The Star Picture Studio, Cairo – Ian Gill collection]

The Hospital Ship stayed at Gallipoli for three to four days in case the landing failed and those that got ashore had to be taken off again, when all the ships would have to do their bit, wherever possible. But we stuck to Gallipoli, and were to stay there all through the spring and summer into the winter, so a few days later we sailed for Alexandria and the plight of the wounded became a little easier. It was at this time that I thought I ought to see the Doctor about my wound. Up to then I was under the impression that I was carrying one of Jacko the Turk's bullets in my leg, but when the Doctor ripped off the plaster put on by the Clearing Station, I found I had two holes. The bullet had passed right through and but for these holes and the stiffness, which was wearing off, I

was quite alright. So when the word went round, before reaching Alexandria, that those who felt able to return to the fray should parade on the boat deck, I was one of these. The desire to get back to ones mates while the battle was still on was strong and a number did parade – some were quite hopeless, but a few were passed as good enough, or would be by the time they got back to Gallipoli, and I was selected.

We were given some cash and a day's leave in Alexandria and the next day sailed for Gallipoli again, where we landed for the second time, expecting to find everything ready for the 'march to Constantinople'. We could not have been more wrong. The Turks resistance was formidable and courageous and they were determined to throw us back in the sea. We were clinging on and it was now down to the attrition of trench warfare.

## STANDING FIRM

The slaughter of our boys had gone on since the landing and our Battalion of 1,000 men was down to 400 in ten days, the rest having been killed or wounded. So depleted were all the Battalions that half their strength had to be in the firing line at all times and those same men, when in support, had to do 'fatigues' most of the time as there were no reserves.

Water was a great nightmare. All the wells were contaminated and were barred to us which meant that every drop had to be brought in by the Navy, 'God bless em!' They did a marvellous job under the Turkish guns and sometimes paid heavily for it, but they never stopped going to and fro. For us in the trenches there was a water fatigue every night down to the beaches as it was too dangerous during the day. So we used to go with our empties, each with 2 gallon petrol cans which were exchanged for two full ones down on the beach. Then it was back again, uphill and down dale for what seemed miles, with the bullets going plop-plop every now and then and cracking overhead. We had sufficient water to make tea and about a pint each to last us twenty-four hours. Fortunately, I had learnt in my time in the Bush back in Australia to go easy on water and had one or two small hard stones which I used to suck when over thirsty which would tide me over.

A short while after landing we were changing over for the night when we were told that a fresh division of Turks had landed at Maidos and had been given orders to drive us into the sea. As a result, every man got ready and was in the firing line. Our Battalion was now down to about two hundred men so there was no one to spare. Soon after dark we heard heavy firing on our left which soon spread all along the line and we could hear now and again above the din old Jacko the Turk singing out "Allah Mahomet, Allah Mahomet". One of the boys next to me named Izzard said "Come on, we'll give you Allah Mahomet", and then we all let rip, firing over open sights, without any cover. We kept blazing away and when the rifles got too hot to hold they were handed down for another to be passed up. All the time we heard "Allah Mahomet" we kept firing. Three times Jacko attacked us that night and three times we sent him back<sup>[3]</sup>. He did get into a

gap in the New South Wales line of trenches [in a corner of Courtney's Post] and a young lad called Jacka<sup>[4]</sup> came round the first corner and cleaned up seven of them to earn himself a VC, the first for Australia in the First World War. This was the only trench that the Turks took and they didn't last long there!

The next night we fixed bayonets and had our packs on. Orders were to go over the top and charge Jacko if he came again. We waited, standing in our trenches all night but Jacko had had enough and did not come. A night or two later we crawled out over the top and found out why. Our trenches ran along the top of a hill and in front of the hill it began to fall away into a sort of ravine. The Turks had gathered in this ravine and having worked their way to the top they then charged us, trying to get into our trenches. We found rifles and dead Turks lying in all directions. Hundreds of these rifles were collected and it was reckoned that two thirds of this fresh division must have been killed or wounded. It was estimated that there were some 4,000 in the ravine alone, and there were not sufficient left to try again! The Anzacs were there to stay and would leave at a time of their own choosing!

One of our constant companions on Gallipoli was the friendly fly. He kept us company from sunrise to sunset, whether sleeping or waking. If you went to eat a biscuit with jam on, as you spread the jam he would settle in for his feed. You would wave your hand to shoo him away but he would hop over your hand and down again onto the jam. As you raised the biscuit to your mouth he would walk in too and often had to be spat out again. This was tolerated but after the Turkish attack, the dead bodies beyond our trenches became a popular haunt for all the flies. A visit to the corpses was followed by a visit to us and some of our chaps began to go down with dysentery. The smell too got worse and worse and was our chief headache. The Turks felt the same way about it and one morning an officer with a large white flag came over to our lines. The next day we had an armistice to bury the dead, both sides sending over burial parties. All day they worked cleaning up and burying the dead and then in the evening the war started again<sup>[5]</sup>. Rather uncanny waiting for the first shot to be fired.

After the Turkish attack the weeks slid by with the usual trench warfare. There was tension all the time and some days the safest place was in the firing line. There was no rest, no getting back twenty miles as in France; we were a bit like a besieged fortress. One of the ploys was to tunnel. The Turks did the same and we drew nearer and nearer to each other. At one spot we came out under some bushes and when we cleared a way for our rifles we found that we had a clear view of a run of Turkish trenches. In the evening when they changed over, we were able to pick off quite a number of them. All went well until a mad Irishman took over this sniping post. Like most of his countrymen, he was charming and likeable but he gave the game away by blazing merrily away all the time he was there. When two of us relieved him we soon realised that the post had been spotted. Some bullets thudded into the bank behind, sending a shower of dirt down on us. We decided to try an old trick – I fixed my bayonet onto my rifle and placed my hat on top, then I gingerly raised it above the parapet. Immediately

there was a crack of a rifle and my hat fell to the bottom of the trench with a neat hole through the centre of the brim! After that we had iron plates made, about two feet square, with a peep hole just big enough to slide a rifle through and to look along the sights. Even with this, one chap got his fingers all messed up.

When it got to August we began to get some reinforcements through. There were rumours of a fresh landing and this time there was no doubt that we were going to march to Constantinople. We stayed all those months on Gallipoli with the flies and the stink of the dead, the shortage of water and the daily casualties. Our grub was bully beef and biscuits and a pint of water per man per day. We got thin and everyone was affected in some way. Most of the remnants of the initial landing got what was commonly known as I.C.T. which stands for 'Inflammation of the Connective Tissue' but more commonly called 'Barcoe Rot'<sup>[6]</sup> by the Australians. This was due to a lack of vegetables and led to the hands and other parts of the body swelling up and breaking out into festering sores which had to be bound up. Like many others I developed dysentery but we were all determined to stick it out and see the job through.

## DONAH & JONAH

Although there were men like Jacka who won medals for bravery and distinguished conduct, they would be the first to agree that there were many others whose deeds go unrecognised and unrewarded. I have two boys in mind, both Aussies, who every day they were on Gallipoli earned fame. Their names were Donald Allard from Melbourne and John [Simpson] Kirkpatrick from South Australia, known by all respectively as 'Donah' and 'Jonah'. In the first few days and nights of the landing, these two tackled in their own way the problems of food and water, the supplying of which was fraught with danger and often spasmodic. Any chance of some vitals to tide one over was gratefully received. Donah wandered off each night amongst the dead bodies of both sides foraging for their water bottles and haversacks with food in it, bringing back whatever he could find to be shared out with others. Jonah found a mule and all day long he went up and down to the beach dodging, by a miracle, death that stalked everywhere, taking down the wounded and bringing up water and whatever stores he could scrounge from the Navy boys.

Donah also took part in a dangerous operation to try to silence the guns firing from the fort at Gaba Tepe about a mile along the coast from the end of our line<sup>[7]</sup>. These guns would open up every now and then and their shells would fall all along our landing beach, which was in full view of the fort. They inflicted serious casualties and something had to be done. The orders were for our battalion to send a small party along the beach and cut through the stretch of barbed wire around the trenches below the fort. Meanwhile, the Western Australian Battalion was to send a larger raiding party to storm the fort and put the guns out of action. These were to go by destroyer. At first, everything went off as arranged; our small party went from under our trenches along the beach and got on with the job of cutting the wire. They made quite a bit of progress until the destroyer appeared out of the darkness, drawing into the shore. Then Jacko

woke up and let fly with heavy machine gun and rifle fire and we had to run for our lives. Donah had a bullet across the back of his leg which left a small but troublesome wound. I was told all about this when I got back after my injury. I shared a dugout with Donah and found him dressing his wound, which was festering. He refused to have it attended to and a few days later went off with some others for a bathe.

In spite of fire from the Turkish battery at Gaba Tepe we all used to bathe. The sea was warm and so refreshing it was worth the risk. When Jacko opened up with his guns we would all run under the sand hills and get what cover we could. On this particular day though, Donah pleased himself and for a time stayed swimming in the sea. The guns kept firing and at last Donah thought he ought to come in, but instead of sheltering he sat out in the open in full view of the fort, pulled his boots on and started to lace them up. There was a 'pom-pom, pom-pom' from the fort and over came the shells. One landed in front of Donah and his troubles were over. We picked up the pieces and buried him in a sack that night<sup>[8]</sup>. His face was calm and peaceful like a Greek statue. Jonah was killed a few days later<sup>[9]</sup>.

## THE SUVLA LANDING

With the news of the fresh landing at Suvla we all bucked up and got cleaned up in readiness for what was to come. Then one morning, as it began to get light, we looked out to sea to see many troopships coming in and we had a grandstand view of a good old battle ranging at Suvla Bay. The excitement was great and all along the Anzac lines was activity in anticipation for the long awaited word to advance. We did our share towards breaking down the Turkish defences up on Lone Pine and The Nek. Again I had a grandstand view of the magnificent charge which was made by the Light Horse with the sun glinting on the bayonets of the troopers. Sadly, there was great loss of life and I privately thanked the Lord for my decision to stay with the mates I had joined up with when offered a commission in the Light Horse because I could ride.

But as the days passed and the battle raged on we began to realise once again that someone had blundered. The new landing was not going to clear the way to Constantinople and we were still bogged down in our trenches. Gallipoli was like that all the way through, so near and yet not doing it for some inexplicable reason. We had plenty of chances and I have often thought since that if the Anzacs had been told what was required they would have done more. They were free individuals with great ingenuity and initiative and a tremendous will to fight. But they were not running the show and in spite of achieving immortal fame with their exploits they were not used to their full potential.

After the Suvla landing petered out we returned to the old round of down to the beach each night for water but my dysentery was getting worse and I was getting weaker and thinner each day. From two cans of water it got to one can and I began to struggle with that. At 8 o'clock each night I went to the CCS for a dose of 'Oil and Opium' which enabled me to sleep for a few hours and then almost hourly through the night I would

have a trek along to the latrines. On one of these treks I bumped into the MO just back from Cairo on sick leave. When he saw me he expressed surprise. "Good Lord, you still here Bill! Come and see me in the morning". This I did and I was soon on the way to the Base Hospital. I was down to seven stone by now and so weak that I had to get someone else to carry my kit. But for this intervention I don't suppose I would have ever left Gallipoli.



*Bill Ross after his return to England in 1916. Photograph taken at Palmers Green, Middlesex by his elder brother George.*

## POSTSCRIPT

My father was taken to Lemos and then to Cairo where he was discharged from hospital for light duties. He eventually was taken on by AIF Headquarters Staff, Egypt and London. He spent about a month in France but was a sick man and after a spell at Harefield Hospital he was sent to Weymouth for return to Australia. However, having no supporting family there he opted to stay in England and was honourably discharged on 11 September 1917, being deemed permanently unfit for service through stress and exposure. It took him some years to get his life back together and he spent some time with his uncle in Scotland where he took off for long periods with tent, shotgun and fly-rod, living as he did in the Bush. Eventually, he joined up with his three brothers and had a Garage at Patcham and then moved to larger premises at Pyecombe, north of Brighton, a notorious accident black spot where the London Road divides. In those days the first to get to a crash scene got the repair jobs so a breakdown wagon with a small crane attached was always on hand.

Later, the brothers went into supplying sand and lime from pits they opened up at Washington and Newtimber. They also built houses in Brighton and had just started a development at Pyecombe, behind the Garage, when the Second World War started. He had only completed two houses so we as a family took one and the Army requisitioned the other for Officers' accommodation. As a consequence we were able to be almost self-sufficient with poultry, goats and vegetables throughout the war. Once the bombing started in London my father took his team up there on repair work, but once this came to an end he found it difficult to keep things going until wartime restrictions were dropped and he was able to start building again, mainly through his friendship with the Neville family who founded Anzac-by-the-Sea, later to be known as Peacehaven, between Brighton and Newhaven. The years after the war were a very stressful time for him and just when he felt he had won his battle to regain solvency, he suffered serious health problems and died soon after having, it seemed, run out of steam. That was in August 1959, aged only 66. He did, however, leave an embryo of a business, which his two sons were able to use to launch their own successful careers.

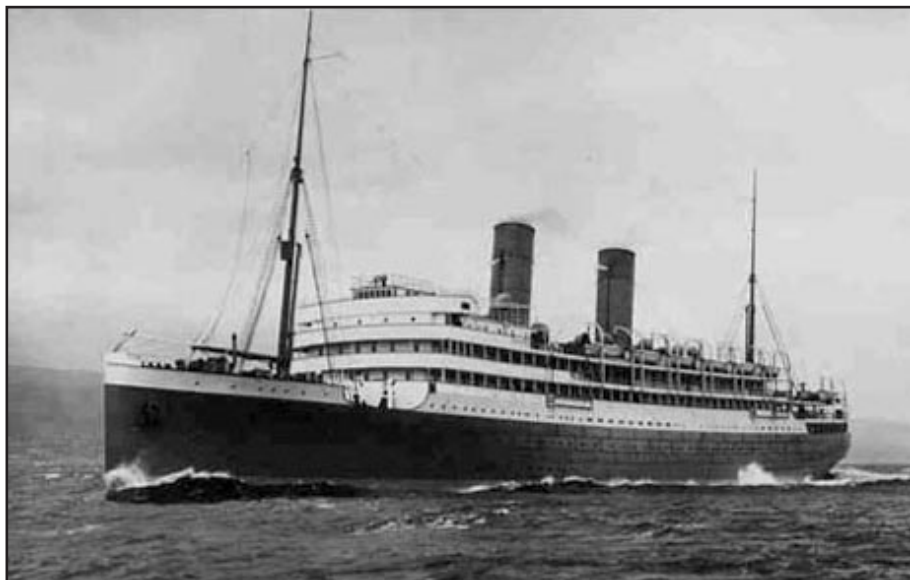
#### Notes:

1. Lt Eric Wilkes Talbot Smith MiD, 10th Bn. Australian Infantry. Died of wounds 30 April 1915. Buried Alexandria (Chatby) Military & War Cemetery. Son of Sydney and Florence Talbot Smith of Kennington Park Adelaide.
2. Captain Sydney Raymond Hall, 10th Bn. Australian Infantry. Killed in Action 25 April 1915. Buried Beach Cemetery. Son of Thomas William and Katherine Hall of 48 Wattle Street, Fullarton, South Australia.
3. The Turkish attack took place on 19 May and Turkish casualties amounted to some 10,000 with more than 3,000 dead.
4. L/Cpl. A Jacka VC, 14th Bn. Australian Infantry.
5. The 'official' truce took place on 24 May although there had been an unofficial truce in front of the section of the line held by the 1<sup>st</sup> Australian Bde. on 21 May
6. Actually 'Barcoo Rot', a skin disease, similar to 'desert sores, which takes its name from a river in Queensland. As noted by Mr Ross, it is caused by heat, dirt, and a diet deficient in fresh fruit and vegetables.
7. The raid took place in the early hours of 4 May
8. Pte. 73. Donald Allard, 10th Bn. Australian Infantry. Killed in Action 18 May 1915. Aged 23. Buried, Beach Cemetery. Son of William Henry and Florence Benson Allard, of 'Mosslyn', North Rd., Brighton, Victoria. Native of Elsternwick, Victoria, Australia
9. Pte. 202 John Simpson Kirkpatrick (served as Pte John Simpson) 3<sup>rd</sup> Field Ambulance, Australian Army Medical Corps. MiD. Killed in Action 19 May 1915. Aged 22. Son of Sarah Simpson Kirkpatrick, of 14, Bertram St., South Shields, Durham, England, and the late Robert Kirkpatrick.

---

## THE LOSS OF 'THE ROYAL EDWARD'

---



*RMS The Royal Edward (date unknown)*

The loss of *The Royal Edward* has featured before in the pages of *The Gallipolian*, most notably the comprehensive account by Neil Burnett in the Winter 2002/2003 issue (No. 100). This included extracts from accounts given by a number of survivors including one by Surgeon Neagle, who provided a report to the subsequent inquiry into the sinking. By way of a follow-up to the earlier article, readers might find Dr Neagle's chilling account of the sinking of interest. [NA Ref: MT23/455/T562229/15]

*'I was seated in my Cabin, situated on the Promenade Deck on the Starboard Side near the main Companion Way, about 9.15am on Friday August 13<sup>th</sup>. I had just finished breakfast and was enjoying a smoke preparatory to going down stairs to the Surgery which is situated about amidships, when suddenly two great tremors ran through the ship, one following immediately on the other, and the second more violent. Almost at once there was the sound of rifle firing just above my cabin coming from the Boat Deck, and the hooter at the same time gave a long dull blast.*

*The ship during this period was quivering and it seemed like a minor earthquake shock. I went outside to the Companion Way, crossed it to the Port Side, and ascended the short stair-case leading to the café and the Boat Deck. When I arrived there I took all in at a glance. The ship was sinking at the Stern, water even in this short space of time was pouring in on the aft Well Deck, the small bridge situated just above the Aft Deck being*

*almost submerged even then. Troops and members of the ship's company were going to their various Boat Stations, at the same time most of them adjusting their lifebelts. The Captain was alone on the Bridge. I immediately hastened down to my Cabin, put my lifebelt on, carefully adjusting and tucking it well under my arm pits, which from past experience I knew to be half the battle, and again went up stairs to the Boat Deck. I may say here that I had very little on, just a pair of white duck trousers and a life belt. When I arrived again on the Boat Deck nearly all the Aft end of the "Royal Edward" was under water, it reached almost to the Marconi Room situated at the extreme end of the Boat Deck. The ship also had a slight list to Starboard. I saw also several boats from the Aft Deck away, whether they had been washed off or lowered I cannot say. A couple from the Port Side of the Boat Deck had also got away.*

*There were few troops or crew at that time on the Port Side. The Captain was still on the Bridge. There was no confusion or commotion at all. At that time I happened to glance over the side and saw what appeared to be the wash of a submarine. It was going away from the sinking ship about 200 or 300 yards off. At that moment the ship took a great list to Starboard. There was the sound of crashing and breaking of many articles. I was half thrown, hardly being able to keep my balance, to the opposite side of the ship between the foremost funnel, and the end of the Café through a very small passage way, finally coming to a stand-still up against the Deck rail. I glanced down at the Boat Deck and saw numbers of troops endeavouring to get Boats away, but I don't think they could possibly have done so, as in my opinion many were thrown into the sea when the ship took the great list. The "Royal Edward" soon appeared to right herself and immediately afterwards the bow rose upwards.*

*At that moment I threw myself into the sea and struck out to get away as far as I could from the ship fearing the suction. I soon put a little distance between myself and the ship and then instinctively looked around. I thought it was all up with me. I thought she was coming over me, but fortunately that did not occur. She just rose high up at the bow, so high that I could see forty or fifty yards of her bottom, and then glided down Stern first. When the Aft funnel was about to go under there was a great hissing noise and steam appeared as though it were a small cloud. There was also a great banging as though explosions were taking place. When the water got as far as the Fore Funnel the whole ship left above the sea appeared to get perpendicular and she immediately went down.*

*On getting over the chill of the preliminary immersion and having seen what I have already described, I took in the scene around me. There were dozens of soldiers and members of the crew swimming about, some with lifebelts on others without them, and there was a tremendous amount of debris and wreckage floating about. It struck me afterwards that everything that could float from the ship was in the sea. However, in the course of twenty minutes or half an hour I got hold of a wooden grating which appeared to be something substantial and which eventually proved to be such. During the first hour or so many of the young troops were shouting "Are we downhearted" and others were singing "Tipperary" or at least trying to. One old soldier quite close to me got hold of what*

*appeared to be half a bottle of whisky and seemed to be enjoying it, being well supported by some substantial wreckage. All this, however, passed off.*

*The saddening and tragic part was to come and come soon. Another hour passed by, and there was a great quiet all around, many had dropped off from portions of wreckage, and too exhausted by weight of clothes and the exposure, were drowned. There were some awful cries for aid in their distress. In the course of another half hour I should think, the Hospital Ship 'SOUDAN' made its appearance, but from the place where I was clinging to debris it seemed a great distance off, say 1½ miles. Land seemed to be about 10 to 12 miles away. It was about this time that I felt cold and had cramp in my legs and in the muscles of my leg. I was obliged to leave the grating from time to time and swim and get over these conditions. Eventually, the 'AJAX' made its appearance and lowered boats into one of which I was pulled after being nearly five hours in the water.*

*Dr Neagle'*

---

## THE JOHN BRADBURY – A FOLLOW UP

---

I am grateful to **Ron Clifton** who sent me the following information in connection with Mike Nolan's article about overprinted notes issued during the Gallipoli campaign, which appeared in the Autumn issue of *The Gallipolitan*.

'On the outbreak of war, in order to discourage people from hoarding gold coins, notes for £1 (brown) and 10/- (red) were authorised by Act of Parliament. They were issued, not by the Bank of England, but by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and bore the very conspicuous signature of the Secretary of the Treasury, John Bradbury, hence the nickname.

These notes were intended for general circulation at home, but it is not surprising that local overprinted versions were available in Gallipoli and perhaps elsewhere too'.

---

## PROJECT BENEATH GALLIPOLI – A FOLLOW-UP

---

**Michael D Robson** has been in touch with an interesting follow-up to this article, which appeared in the Autumn issue of *The Gallipolitan*. He notes that on page 41 reference is made to:

*'Swimming along the Watson's Pier location, our divers detected several new man-made objects – blocks of precast cement measuring up to one metre in length and sixty centimetres in section, which had been taken out some forty metres from the shore. The*

*castings had served a now lost purpose but could possibly have been used to anchor the jetty to the seabed, or perhaps served as mooring blocks for the attending steamers.'*

Michael comments that the original 'now lost purpose' of these concrete blocks may have been to act as 'sinkers' attached to marker buoys. In support of this he has drawn attention to a number of references in *The Naval Review* (Volume IV).<sup>[1]</sup>

Page 188: *'At 11.30 a.m. I went alongside Queen, embarked the beach party and all their stores, and proceeded inshore with a whaler in tow. I anchored close in, and landed the party and a portion of the stores. I then laid out my first buoy and sinker sending the end of the hawser ashore in the whaler. I was very glad to see that the moorings, etc., ran out clear, as if anything had fouled we would have had rather an unpleasant job clearing it with a winch that couldn't weigh the sinker, and with plenty of shrapnel and rifle bullets falling all round us.'*

Page 189: *'The big white cement sinkers, slung from the gallows apparently served as points of aim for the snipers, and, with the surrounding structure, were covered with bullet marks; I therefore thought it advisable to give them a coat of grey paint.'*

Page 190: *'On my way back from this trip I saw the Beachmaster on board Queen, and sending my skiff over for him, I took him inshore. I laid my second buoy that morning, and was glad to see it run out as clear as the first one. The beach appeared to be terribly congested, as every available transport...'*

Page 191: *'When inshore I slipped the boats at the buoys; from there they either hauled themselves in by the hawsers, or were towed in by picket boats. We were met by a heavier fire to-day than on any other day of the operations, but luckily, when right in at the buoys, we seemed to be out of the field of fire of all but about two guns.'*

Michael comments that the above descriptions seem to fit with those in the *Project Beneath Gallipoli* article and although the former relate to Anzac Cove in the first few days/weeks of the landings, they do not exclude the possibility that such 'sinkers' were used later to anchor a jetty.

This research has been passed to Tim Smith, the Expedition Director, who has thanked Michael for the information and for adding 'grist to the mill'.

Note:

1. See <http://www.naval-review.co.uk/issues/1916-2.pdf>

---

## THE STORY BEHIND TWO CROSSES PLACED IN THE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE

---

David Lockwood

For a number of years the Gallipoli Association has placed crosses on behalf of my family in the Field Of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey, for which I am most grateful. Two of the crosses commemorate family members and one a young boy who was not a blood relative but in every other respect was part of the family, my Grandmother taking him under her wing at an early age.

The two young men are Frank Robinson and Henry Coates, members of a hardworking, low paid society that in many cases just ‘bobbed’ along the poverty line, whatever that was in 1914. They were born and educated in Layerthorpe, a small district of York in 1914, and for many years after a poor area of the city. Dismal sooty streets with small houses and often large families it contained four ‘pubs’, a skin yard for processing animal hides, a large gasworks with gas holders and two tank locomotives which produced smoke and soot, adding to the other obnoxious smells that coal gas production entailed. To this add a large flour mill, an iron foundry and an electricity generating station that emitted hot coolant from its turbines into the filthy slow moving river that formed one of its boundaries. Looming over the area was the massive octagonal chimney of the city’s incinerator (now a Grade II listed building), and to complete the picture a large haulage firm whose horses covered the Yorkshire stone setts with their droppings. The direction of the wind on ‘wash day’ was of great importance and hanging clothes out to dry was played like a game of Russian roulette!

Layerthorpe features in the famous survey of the city’s poor undertaken in 1899 by Seebohm Rowntree (the son of Joseph Rowntree). Published in 1901<sup>[1]</sup>, the study found evidence of appalling hardship from which one might conclude that you wouldn’t want to live there if there was a better alternative available. This type of environment was repeated a thousand times over in parts of most towns and cities.

Frank Robinson was the eldest son of five children raised by my widowed grandmother. He appears to have been a well-known local gymnast, athlete and wrestler, the type of young man that now make the ‘hard end’ of our fighting men – the ‘paras’, marines etc. In 1914 he worked for the Rowntree Chocolate Company as an operative in the Gum Starch Department. To make fruit gums, liquid gum is poured into starch moulds and the air is thick with white dust; hot and heavy work, even as late as 1970 when I observed it, and certainly no fun. By the end of the shift the operators took on the appearance of miners, only the colour was different. So much for Frank’s pre-war life then – a 19 year old fit and intelligent young man longing to do something worthwhile.

The second young man – Henry Coates – a close family friend, was really just a boy and was lucky to get a job at Rowntrees in 1913 working alongside Frank in the Gum Department. From his photograph below he appears to be a well-proportioned lad but hardly looking old enough to enlist; indeed he was only 15 years old.

What prompted these lads to answer Lord Kitchener's call for volunteers can only be guessed at, but the lure of adventure and the chance to escape the monotonous drudgery of factory life and conditions described above must have played no small part. With Henry only 15 years old and deciding to follow Frank, they took the King's Shilling and joined the 6th (Service) Battalion, The Yorkshire Regiment<sup>[2]</sup>, with consecutive numbers, Frank 15209 and, Henry 15210. Returning home they brought with them their 'uniforms' – old Post Office blue outfits – and were told to await instructions. Khaki uniforms were eventually supplied and the blue ones were left with my Grandmother – indeed, I can remember my brother and I playing with them in the 1930s!



*Pte. Henry Coates (left) and Pte. Frank Robinson (right)*

In due course, orders came to move and the battalion left York for Witley Camp near Godalming in Surrey for training, which included route marches, rifle drill and inspections, the men's spirits being boosted by the 'bigwigs' who arrived to tell them how impressed they were at seeing such a fine body of men. In late June 1915, orders

arrived for overseas service and on 1 July the battalion left Witley and entrained at Milford for Liverpool where they boarded the SS *Aquitania*, with a strength of 30 officers and 944 other ranks. The *Aquitania* left Liverpool shortly after mid-day on 3 July arriving at Mudros Bay, Lemnos a week later. The voyage was not uneventful, the vessel being subject to a torpedo attack. A German submarine was also sighted when passing Gibraltar, but did not attack.

What a thrill and revelation it must have been to Frank and Henry and the other men, sunshine, blue sea and the excitement of being in a foreign country, leaving behind the grime of the city streets where they had spent their lives – it must have seemed like another world. On Lemnos, the battalion undertook night marches into the hills and boat training was practiced while everyone awaited orders. On 20 July, the battalion was embarked on transports for Imbros where a few days later they were inspected by General Sir Ian Hamilton.

I will not go into detail about the logistics or strategy relating to the Suvla landings, which I am sure readers will know far more about than I do. This is simply the story of two ordinary lads and what they would face in the coming hours. It will suffice to say that a huge landing was to take place at Suvla Bay on the morning of 7 August 1915, which if possible was to be effected without the Turks being forewarned.

A small hill marked '20' on the maps near Nibrunesi Point, at the southern end of Suvla Bay, and a larger hill – Lala Baba – behind it, had to be taken during the night of 6/7 August; it being suspected that the Turks had a signal and look-out post there and this would, if not captured before dawn, give warning of the approach of the main landing fleet. The Commanding Officer, Lt. Colonel E H Chapman addressed the men and told them that they were honoured to be selected for this role<sup>[3]</sup> and wished them "Good luck". What apprehension or fear our two men felt can only be guessed at; like most of their comrades they had never have left their home towns before, except perhaps for a day trip to the seaside – a notable event in those days. But one can imagine Frank saying to Henry "stick to me young'un, you'll be alright". In the same way no doubt my Grandmother had told Frank "to look after the lad".

Having been towed from Imbros by a Royal Navy destroyer, itself loaded with troops, two lighters (powered by 6hp engines) with 250 men in each, cast off just after 4am and steered towards Suvla Bay in darkness apart from searchlights sweeping from far off Turkish positions. Alas 'Johnny Turk' was awake and the landing was made under fire, the men disembarking in single file. The night was pitch black and it was not surprising that that there was some confusion at first but soon a move was made towards Hill 20. Orders had been given that only bayonets were to be used and no prisoners taken as they could not be accommodated. The hill was rushed and taken and the next objective – Lala Baba – was attacked in a similar manner, the first two enemy trenches being overrun but in the darkness and confusion they were not fully cleared with the result that the Turks fired into rear of the attackers. On reaching the crest, the survivors of the

two companies which made the attack were gathered together by the remaining officers and a further charge was made which succeeded in driving the remaining Turks off the hill, north-eastwards in the direction of Hill 10. The full account of the action in the Regimental History makes stirring reading.

The morning Roll Call must have been a stunningly sad affair, with 16 officers and 250 other ranks killed or wounded. These included the commanding officer, Lt. Col. Chapman, and 8 other officers killed, together with three CSMs.

The ‘Great Adventure’ was over for Frank Robinson and Henry Coates. Somewhere out there lies Henry, aged 16, with no known grave<sup>[4]</sup>. Frank, badly wounded in the hip, was evacuated and treated in various military hospitals before eventually returning to Layerthorpe where he was nursed by his three devoted sisters. He recovered sufficiently to be recalled to military service in February 1916, although to her dying day my mother and Frank’s sister were adamant that he left the house still with a bandage on his hip. On 14 April 1916, the Germans managed to accomplish what the Turks had failed to do and Frank was killed in action on the Western Front, aged 22 <sup>[5]</sup>. The family was to suffer further loss, Frank’s elder sister losing her husband CSM Peter Lamb MM, MSM in August 1918<sup>[6]</sup>. My father – Frank’s brother-in-law – survived wounds received in 1918.

What of Layerthorpe today? Gone are the original streets, the gas works, the foul air and all the Victorian industrial sprawl. The river runs clear and wildlife has long returned; luxury flats, offices, large retail shops and a supermarket occupy the area Frank, Henry and I knew. Things will no doubt continue to change and improve, and I know that Frank and Henry’s adventure did help to make a better world.

#### Postscript:

Later in life, with a growing interest in the ‘Great War’, I attended a lecture on the Green Howards. At question time I asked the eminent speaker if he had anything to say about the 6th Battalion. With a look of what I can only describe as distain he said “*Oh, the Sixth eh. Didn’t exactly cover themselves with glory did they. Not a medal gained amongst the lot of them.*” I seethed; they went to gain a hill, not medals. No action can be recorded that’s worth a medal if nearly every officer is dead. I hope he knew with what contempt I held his remark.

Almost 20 years ago I made the trip to Lala Baba; my house is only half a mile from Layerthorpe and I took with me two white roses, the emblem of Yorkshire, from my garden. Packed in damp cotton wool they matured on the journey and one brilliant sunny morning with the magnificent view of Suvla Bay in front of me, I laid them on the crest of Lala Baba.

*Remembering with pride Frank, Henry and all their comrades of the 6<sup>th</sup> Battalion, The Yorkshire Regiment*

Sources/Notes:

The article is based on family sources, my own research and information gleaned from *The Green Howards in the Great War* by Col. H C Wylly, and from The Green Howards Museum, Richmond, North Yorkshire, which I acknowledge and give my thanks.

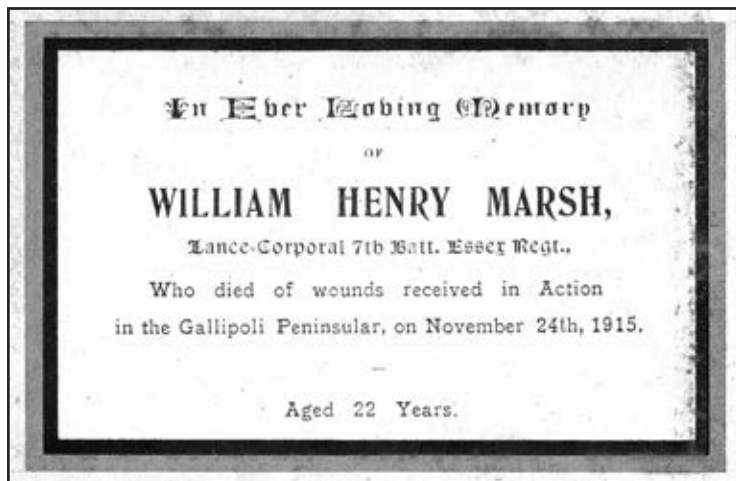
1. *Poverty, A Study of Town Life* published in 1901 by Seebohm Rowntree
2. Alexandra, Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment). The Green Howards.
3. The assault by the 6th Bn. Yorkshire Regiment was to be the first made by any 'New Army' unit.
4. Pte. Henry Coates is commemorated on the Helles Memorial. He was the son of John and Emma Coates, of 6, Downhill Street, Layerthorpe, York
5. Pte. Frank Robinson is buried in the Tranchee De Mecknes Cemetery, Aix-Noulette, Northern France. He was the son of Mrs Sarah Robinson, of 7 Richmond St., Hallfield Road, Layerthorpe, York.
6. CSM 44531 Peter Lamb MM, MSM, 12th (Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry) Bn., The Manchester Regiment was killed in action on 26 August 1918 and is buried in Pozieres British Cemetery, Ovillers-La Boisselle, Somme. He was 33 and the husband of Nellie Lamb, of 7, Richmond St., Hallfield Rd., Layerthorpe, York.

---

## 'IN LOVING MEMORY'

---

So reads the inscription on the front of a memorial card, edged in black and silver and embellished with crossed flags surmounted by a crown. Inside is the dedication:



And opposite a poem:

*The pains of death are past,  
Labour and sorrow cease;  
And life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace.*

Many thousands of similar cards must have been produced during the First World War, commissioned by grieving relatives to be given as mementos to family members, relatives and friends. But what do we know of L/Cpl. Marsh beyond what is printed on the card? He was the son of George Henry and Ann Elizabeth Marsh and one of at least ten children recorded on the 1911 census as residing at 19 St John's Road, Walthamstow, then in the County of Essex. His father, George, was employed as a Foreman Brushmaker. William and his elder brother George worked as Bristle Sorters, with George's twin sister a Bristle Picker, perhaps all in the same factory?

The 7th Essex was a Territorial Force battalion which had a Drill Hall in Walthamstow so it is possible that William may have been in the Territorial Force in the years before the outbreak of war, or he may have simply enlisted there. *Soldiers' Died* records him as enlisting in Walthamstow and the Walthamstow Roll of Honour gives the enlistment date as 'August 1914'. The battalion, part of the 161st (Essex) Brigade of the 54th Division, landed at Suvla on 11 August 1915 and spent the next three months in various sectors, moving to Anzac at the end of August.

We do not know with certainty how William met his death but on 24 November, the battalion were in the front line in the Hill 60 area, in a position known as the Essex Barricade, in Beech Lane, when the position was mined by the Turks which resulted in 18 casualties of whom eight were killed. William Henry Marsh has no known grave and is commemorated on the Helles Memorial.

I am indebted to member, **Karen Dennis**, who is also Memorials Officer of the Essex Branch of the Western Front Association for her help in compiling this brief tribute.

---

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

---

Dear Editor,

### THE RIVER CLYDE PHOTOGRAPH

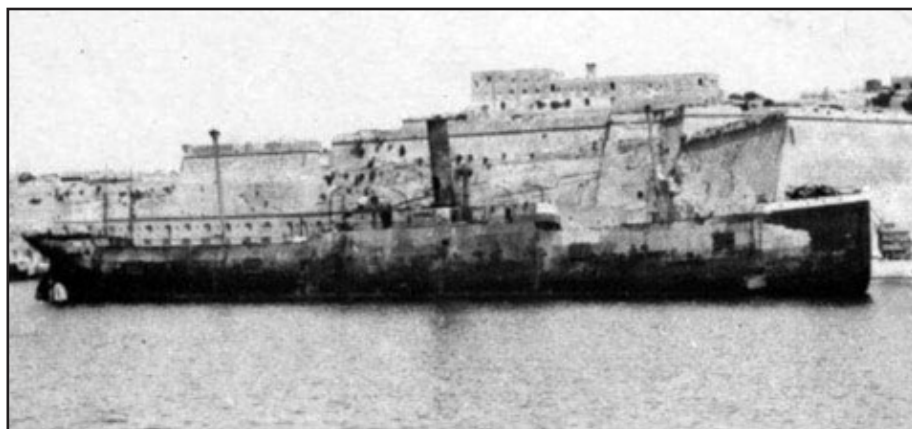
The latest issue of *The Gallipolian*, as always, contains much of interest. I was particularly intrigued by the photograph of the *River Clyde* on page 46 in which you asked if anyone had seen the photograph before, or could provide any information about it.

I was initially fairly certain that the picture was taken at Lemnos before the landings. The awnings in the bows are the same as in the photograph on page 64 of my book *Gallipoli : The Malta Connection*. Comparing both photographs using computer imagery it is just possible to see faintly – along the starboard side – the sally-ports and probably the gangway being fitted with various craft alongside – perhaps the troops embarking? The rigging also suggests this was before the landings, with awnings

against the sun on the foredeck where last minute alterations were made to the gun. Also, the small crane astern and the craft on the port side suggest Lemnos. No one would have bothered to take a photograph of the ship otherwise.

Further research has confirmed the location as being taken in Mudros harbour – one can see tents at the waterfront in the background. So it must have been taken some time before the ship sailed to the assembly point off Tenedos, where it would have stayed only a few hours on the night before the landings.

The ship was converted in Malta both before the landings and when it was recovered after the war .



*The River Clyde at Malta c.1919*

Readers might also like to know that in the *Daily Malta Chronicle* between April 1915 and February 1916 there is a treasure trove of personal stories carried from wounded and sick in hospital on the island who spent their time writing letters to the paper. Also the local archives have records of every single warship and transport movement giving details of passengers, from where arriving and where bound to, and list of the names of the officers and men of regiments embarked some of whom were killed within weeks. They also contain the final warship manifest signed by the captains, giving armament, and movements before their operations, and all the submarines that penetrated the Dardanelles – time stands still as one goes through them. One particular entry comes to mind – for HMS *Scorpion*, the signature is from a junior Lieutenant by the name

‘Andrew B. Cunningham’ – later to become C in C Mediterranean Fleet (1939 –1943) and First Sea Lord (1943 – 46)!

With a little patience one can also draw up a list the British and French trawlers which fared so badly – photographs of some of these are also in my book.

John A Mizzi

Editor’s Note: I am most grateful to John for this information. His book *Gallipoli : The Malta Connection* was published in 1991 by Technografica and reviewed in the Autumn 1994 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 75). Copies are still available from the author at €20 plus P&P. Contact details: 13 The White House, Our Lady of Sorrows Street, St Paul’s Bay, SPB 3482, Malta [E-mail: [jam2@malta.net.net](mailto:jam2@malta.net.net)]

Paul Ridgway also wrote to me noting that his father, Sergeant (later Major) Leonard Ridgway, RASC, recalled seeing the *River Clyde* in the Grand Harbour, Malta when he was on passage to join the Army of the Black Sea in Constantinople in 1920. His father, born in 1900, served as a Sergeant Clerk on the staff of General Sir Charles Harington – see item about the ‘Herne Bay flag’ in the Autumn 2011 issue of *The Gallipolian*. Mr Leonard Ridgway was an Associate Member of the Gallipoli Association until his death in 1976. Thanks also go to other members who sent me photographs of the *River Clyde* in other locations, which I hope to use in a future issue.

---

## A LOVAT SCOUT AT GALLIPOLI 1915

---

I am grateful to Lady Sheila Ann Lovat-Fraser for sending me this ‘exchange’ between an unknown officer and her father, Ian (John) Fraser at Suvla Bay in 1915. This will feature in her book *A Certain Sadness*, which is in course of preparation.

*“Get the horses off Suvla Beach and into the shelter of the cliffs”, shouted the officer.*

*“Hey, you Ian Fraser – you’re the best horseman. (You’re almost like a wee jockey from Musselburgh race course or a wee lassie wearing boy’s britches as once your Queen Mary [Mary Queen of Scots] did. Which are you laddie?)” probed the officer.*

*I’m 18 and I’m neither, I’m from the 1/2<sup>nd</sup> Lovat Scouts, and what is it you want SIR”, said Ian with all the pride he felt for being a Lovat Scout.*

*“OK, Ian no need to sound so tetchy, I was only having a little joke but I know what you Scouts are like. Proud as your Prince over the Water with your Highland Chieftain Officers and you all being so closely related or knowing one another, I apologise.”*

*“But I do need a man like you, with your wonderful horsemanship. I need to get a message to the Australians at Anzac Cove and you seem to be the only man here able to get there.”*

Ian Fraser was wounded in the arm on 23 October 1915 and evacuated to the 21<sup>st</sup>

General Hospital, Alexandria where it was decided that he should be sent to the UK for further treatment. He returned on the Hospital Ship *Neuralia*, and was treated in the Epsom General Hospital, Surrey. He served with the 15th (Scottish) Division on the Western Front and later, after being injured when a trench collapsed on him in 1917, with the Army Veterinary Corps.

Editor's Note: The 1/2nd Lovat's Scouts Yeomanry, part of the Highland Mounted Brigade, 2nd Mounted Division, landed at Suvla Bay on the night of 26 September. They began tours in the front line trenches at the beginning of October, which lasted until 20 December when the last party left the firing line and were evacuated to Imbros. [Source: The invaluable *British Regiments at Gallipoli* by Ray Westlake (ISBN 0-85052-511-X)]. An account of the life of Ian (John) Fraser by the author of the present article can be found in the Spring 2003 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 101).

---

## 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 each.

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 post. [Europe £6.25, Rest of the World £6.75]

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]

Simpson Badges – produced by the Anzac Day Commemoration Committee of Queensland. The badge is oval in design and 3/4 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]

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.

---

## BOOKS

---

The Editor's attention has been drawn to four books about Gallipoli (or containing chapters with a Gallipoli link), by the Australian author, Dr Peter Stanley; namely

*Quinn's Post, Anzac, Gallipoli* (Publisher: Allen & Unwin, Sydney, 2005. ISBN – 13: 978-1741143324) – the story of Quinn's Post from its creation on the afternoon of 25 April to the present day. Obtainable in the UK for around £23. Also available as an e-book at about £13.

*Bad Characters: Sex, Crime, Mutiny, Murder and the Australian Imperial Force* (Publisher: Murdoch/Pier 9, Sydney, 2010. ISBN-13: 978-1459621015) devotes a chapter to Australian discipline on Gallipoli. Obtainable in the UK for around £17.

*Simpson's Donkey* is a novel for children (Publisher: Murdoch Books, Sydney, 2011. ISBN-13: 978-1-741968118). Obtainable in the UK for around £6.

*Digger Smith and Australia's Great War* (Publisher: Murdoch/Pier 9, Sydney, 2011. ISBN-13: 978-1741966800) – the story of Australia in the Great War told entirely through the words and experiences of people called Smith. A chapter is devoted to Smiths on Gallipoli. Obtainable in the UK for around £17.

[All prices are approximate and are based on a search of Amazon and ABE websites.]

---

## BOOK REVIEWS

---

### SUVLA: AUGUST OFFENSIVE

Author: Stephen Chambers. Publisher: Pen & Sword Books Ltd 2011. Contents: 250 pages, profusely illustrated with maps. ISBN: 978-1-84884-543-5. Price £14.99.

Stephen Chambers has added to his already deserved reputation as an author of first rate Gallipoli battlefield guides with this excellent addition to the literature on Suvla Bay.

Readers will be familiar with background to the campaign, particularly the legends that have grown around it. To many it is where British troops brewed tea whilst the Anzacs were sacrificed at the Nek and elsewhere. Not for nothing did Robin Prior label the landings at Suvla as the 'Scapegoat Campaign', whilst for those familiar with Peter Hart's recent work, the landings were a futile addition to an already lost battle.

The author provides an objective outline of the landings and how these descended into chaos, farcical even by Gallipoli standards. And he avoids falling into either the 'what if?' school of thought, or those who look for little more than excuses for earlier failures. His focus remains on those who took part in the campaign, supported by well-chosen quotations from participants, together with well-crafted battlefield guides taking the

reader over the ground, whether from your armchair or on the Peninsula itself. Highly recommended.

Jim Grundy

**A CHAPLAIN AT GALLIPOLI:  
The Great War Diaries of Kenneth Best**

Edited by Gavin Roynon. Publisher: Simon & Schuster 2011 in association with the Imperial War Museum. ISBN: 978-0-85720-225-3. Price: £14.99 (Hardback).

The letters and diaries comprising the ‘meat’ of this remarkable book came to light when Association member Gavin Roynon became aware of Chaplain Best’s papers, deposited by his nephew at the Imperial War Museum (IWM).

The Revd. Kenneth Best, a brilliant mathematics graduate of Queens’ College Cambridge, had been ordained only a few years before war broke out in 1914. Volunteering for service as an army chaplain he was posted to serve in the 42nd East Lancashire Division, the first Territorial formation to be sent abroad in 1914. Ardent to see action, his wish was rapidly fulfilled when the Turks attacked the Suez Canal early in 1915. He appears to have been the only chaplain in the immediate area and vividly describes what happened; the grisly task of burying the dead of both sides seems to have left him remarkably unmoved but he was soon exposed, on the Gallipoli peninsula, to appalling scenes of slaughter. Throughout his tour of duty there with the 42nd Division he insisted on sharing the discomfort and perils of the trenches with the units to which he ministered. He never seems to have shirked the most repulsive duties that can fall to a priest in the front line, whether attending to the dying or burying the decomposed dead.

Best emerges as a devoted Anglican priest, perhaps a little priggish and certainly ruthlessly critical of those he regarded as shirkers – whether senior officers or fellow chaplains. Unsurprisingly, conditions ashore led to his hospitalisation and evacuation to Egypt, then to Cyprus for convalescence; but he was grimly determined to return to the troops whose welfare was his obsession. His health broke down again and he returned to the UK before insisting on posting to France in 1916 where he faced equally dreadful conditions throughout the battles on the Somme.

The editor’s skill in anthologising these fascinating journals and letters give a remarkable picture of a remarkably humane man, a truly honest priest whose example stands as a memorial to a type of churchman sadly all but extinct – scholarly, compassionate, intolerant of slackness in others. A good musician, Best was able to use his talents – playing the harmonium to accompany the hymns, and, in France, his violin in the forward trenches. In 1918 he was decorated by King George V with the Military Cross. Between the wars he became a schoolmaster but rejoined the chaplaincy service in 1940, serving in headquarters appointments until 1945. He revisited Gallipoli in 1967, an occasion described movingly by our Chairman, Christopher Fagan, whose

father was also one of the party and whose recollection of this event is appended to this admirable book. There is also an introduction by Anne Brooks of the IWM which gives a scholarly commentary on Best's diaries; and a Preface by Lt. General Andrew Graham which provides a highly relevant link between the chaplaincy service of WW1 and what was available for the soldiers serving in Op Telic – the recent campaign in Iraq. All in all – not only an absorbingly good read but a highly relevant study in the spiritual side of modern soldiering

Michael Hickey

## THE MOUNTAINS OF MOAB

Edited and published by Dr J E Godrich. Hardback 243 pages, 75 b/w photographs, 60 colour prints and 3 maps. ISBN 978-0-954-904-395. Price: £20 plus P&P.

[See enclosed insert for information on ordering copies]

It is a pleasure to review another book by an Association member, covering a subject – the Yeomanry at Gallipoli – which has received far too little attention. Dr Godrich's filial piety in editing his father's diaries and letters sheds a new light on life in the cavalry of the Territorial Army created by Haldane's sweeping army reforms of 1906–7. Victor Godrich was born in Worcestershire in 1887 and enlisted in the county yeomanry in 1908. He and his fellow yeomen hired or borrowed their mounts for weekend parades and the 2-week annual camp; their swords were purchased from Wilkinsons by the regimental colonel, the Earl of Dudley. The War Office provided uniforms. In this amateurish manner Britain made provision for national defence. In April 1915 the Yeomanry were sent to Egypt to meet the Turkish threat to the Suez Canal. Godrich kept a meticulous journal, describing the regiment's travels and the curiosities of life in Egypt, as had so many other British troops.

Hamilton was short of troops for his planned offensive in August and the yeomanry of the 2nd Mounted Division were shipped over to Suvla Bay in mid-August, without their horses, having been told that they were to fight as infantry. Within three days of landing Godrich experienced his baptism of fire when the regiment was pitched at short notice into the battle of Scimitar Hill on 21 August. Their march across the Salt Lake in broad daylight and in full view of the amazed Turkish artillery profoundly impressed all who witnessed it. Godrich vividly describes what it was like to endure that taxing experience. *'It seemed to us that our officers had gone into action without any clear orders ... after floundering about between the British and Turkish trenches all night we were withdrawn and sent back all the way to the seashore ...'* The Mounted Division had gone into battle 5,000 strong of whom 1,500 became casualties. There followed a sterile period in which the Yeomanry took their turns in the trenches, under appalling conditions. Godrich, like all his friends, now sick and exhausted, fell asleep on sentry, survived court-martial and reduction to the ranks, but saw out the regiment's Gallipoli tour until evacuated sick *'... it was a ghastly hole ... we had many rough times afterward on the desert and on the hills of Palestine but they were not to be compared to Gallipoli...'*



## 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.