

The Gallipollian

***The Journal of the
Gallipoli Association***

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***The River Clyde* at V Beach, 25 April, 1915**

*by Charles Dixon - reproduced by kind permission
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CONTENTS

Page 2	Subscriptions 2011
Pages 2-3	Anzac/Gallipoli Day Ceremonies in London; Gallipoli Day Lunch; Other Anzac/Gallipoli Day Ceremonies and Events
Page 4	29th Division Memorial; Major General's Review; Collingwood Memorial Parade; East Anglian Regional Lunch; Autumn Lunch 2011
Pages 5-6	Memorial Service for 'All The King's Men'
Page 6	Autumn Lunch 2010
Pages 6-7	'Field of Remembrance' – Westminster Abbey
Pages 7-8	Salonika Campaign Society – Trench Map CD
Pages 8-10	A Dictionary of Gallipoli Biography – An Invitation to Participate
Pages 10-14	Gallipoli and the Limits of Failure
Pages 14-17	The Landing at Kabu Tepi [Gaba Tepe]
Pages 18-19	The Landing on Gallipoli – 1918
Pages 20-22	A Plaque Re-Discovered
Page 23	Fire at Haydarpasa Station
Pages 23-28	Dr Andrew John Horne MA MD
Pages 29-36	Coloured Photographic Section [Photographs are by contributors of the article unless otherwise stated]
Page 37	Founder's Medals come to the Association.
Pages 37-50	The Diary of Private Jack Anderson, 'B' Company, 1/7th Battalion, The Cameronians
Pages 50-51	A Sad Farewell
Pages 52-55	A Gallipoli Casualty: Private Thomas Gilligan
Pages 55-56	Kemal Ataturk's Words
Pages 56-60	Letters from Gallipoli
Page 60	Special Order of the Day
Pages 61-62	Information Please
Page 63	Quartermaster's Stores; Research Group
Pages 64-65	Book Review
Page 65	Tours; Articles for <i>The Gallipolitan</i>

SUBSCRIPTIONS – 2011

Members are reminded that subscriptions became due on 1 January. If you have not already renewed, the Membership Secretary would like to hear from you (address inside the front cover). The rates are unchanged; namely

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

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

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

ANZAC/GALLIPOLI DAY CEREMONIES IN LONDON

PLEASE NOTE THAT BECAUSE 25 APRIL FALLS ON EASTER MONDAY,
THE TIMINGS AND ORDER OF SERVICES IN LONDON ARE SIMILAR TO
THOSE IN 2010 (AND DIFFERENT FROM PREVIOUS YEARS)

THE CENOTAPH

Two minutes silence will be observed at **8.00am** during a service at the Cenotaph in Whitehall. A wreath will be laid on behalf of the Association.

Security measures will be in place in and around Westminster and only members and guests with named tickets (see enclosed booking form) will be allowed access to the west side of Whitehall. Access is by Clive Steps, which front onto Horse Guards Road. These lead into King Charles Street and thence into Whitehall. **We will assemble close to the exit from King Charles Street at 7.30am.**

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

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

As in previous years, we have been invited to join the 'Anzacs' at Westminster Abbey for a Service of Commemoration, which will commence at **9.00am**. Members should be

seated by 8.40am. Those wishing to attend the service should apply for tickets on the booking form referred to above. **Tickets for the Abbey and Cenotaph will be posted, so please remember to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.**

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

A wreath laying ceremony will take place at the Gallipoli Memorial in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral at **11.00 for 11.15am**. Wreaths will be laid by a representative of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, by senior representatives of the Royal Navy, the Army and by the High Commissioners of Australia and New Zealand, and other high-ranking officials from France and Turkey.

Members and friends are asked and encouraged to attend this Service which is arranged by the Association.

Medals should be worn at the Cenotaph, in Westminster Abbey, and in St Paul's Cathedral.

GALLIPOLI DAY LUNCH

The Gallipoli Day Lunch will be held at 12.15 for 12.45pm at **The Albion, Ludgate Circus**, which is only a few minutes' walk from St Paul's. A booking form, with the cost, is enclosed. **Please book early to ensure a place as the dining area is limited to 35.**

OTHER ANZAC/GALLIPOLI DAY CEREMONIES AND EVENTS

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

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

29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL

The ceremony will take place at 11.30am for 1200 noon on **Sunday, 13 March 2011** 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 situated 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). Members and friends might like to gather afterwards at a nearby hostelry for lunch or other refreshments. Please contact James Watson-Smith, address inside the front cover, for more information.

MAJOR GENERAL'S REVIEW

Members will have the opportunity to apply through the Association for tickets for the Major General's Review on Horse Guards Parade on **Saturday, 28 May 2011**. See enclosed booking form for details.

COLLINGWOOD MEMORIAL PARADE

The service at the Collingwood Memorial on the Downs, east of Pimperne, Dorset will take place at **3.00pm on Friday, 3 June 2011**.

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

EAST ANGLIAN REGIONAL LUNCH

The East Anglian Regional Lunch will take place in The Guildhall, Kings Lynn on **Friday, 24 June 2011**.

A booking form for this event is enclosed. For further information and bookings, please contact John Crowe (address inside the front cover) or email: johncrowe@uwclub.net

AUTUMN LUNCH 2011

The 2011 Autumn Lunch will take place at The Naval Club on **Wednesday, 19 October**. The speaker will be Admiral Sir Jonathon Band, the recently retired 1st Sea Lord. Information about booking arrangements will be included in the next issue of *The Gallipolian*. Meanwhile, please make a note in your diary.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR 'ALL THE KING'S MEN'

John Crowe

Once again the weather was perfect for the sixth annual memorial service held on Sunday, 12 September at St Peter and St Paul's Church, West Newton. The event was honoured by the attendance of HRH The Duke of Kent, who was accompanied by Nicolas Adamson LVO OBE and our Chairman, Captain Christopher Fagan DL.

His Royal Highness was welcomed at the church gate by the Revd. Jonathan Riviere and the church wardens. He then went on to inspect a guard of honour formed by members of the Sandringham Army Cadet Unit and the King's Lynn Air Force Cadets and six standard bearers. During the 'walkabout', he was met by The Mayor of King's Lynn & West Norfolk, Cllr. Mrs Zipha Christopher with her consort, Cllr. Michael Chenery of Horsburgh, before being escorted to his seat in the church.

As with all previous services, the small church was filled to capacity with extra seating in place. Before the service invaluable assistance was given to the organiser by fellow Association members Simon and Denise Kleinig and Vicki and Andrew Genrich who are Australians resident in the UK. They helped to guide those attending to their seats and with parking arrangements.

Australia was represented by Wing Commander Mark Simpson, Australian Defence Staff, with his wife, and New Zealand by Major Dan Wildy, New Zealand Defence Staff, with his wife and their young daughter. Turkey was represented by Lt. Col. Erdinc Kocayanak, Military Attaché for Turkey who attended with his wife and young son. For the third year running, France was represented by Association members Raphael and Nathalie Distant from Normandy.

Amongst the congregation there were forty members of the Gallipoli Association together with representatives of the local branches of the Royal British Legion, London Legacy, the Sandringham Estate, the Norfolk and Suffolk branches of the Britain-Australia Society and Royal Norfolk & Royal Anglian Society. Col. Kocayanak read the now familiar words of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk which are so appropriate at these memorial events.

Six standards were presented to the altar and eight wreaths were laid at the memorial window commemorating Captain Frank Beck and the men of the 5th Norfolk's that died at Suvla Bay on 12 August 1915. The first wreath was laid by HRH The Duke of Kent. The exaltation was read by John Crowe, and the bugler was Mr Henry Goodall of the Salvation Army.

After the service, HRH The Duke of Kent and the congregation went to the Village Hall for tea and ANZAC biscuits. There was the usual display of flags of all the nations involved, as well as a photographic display of the Gallipoli Association's activities. His Royal Highness mingled with those present and was obviously very interested in the campaign and to hear individual stories. His Royal Highness attended the official events at Gallipoli in 2010 as President of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and is very familiar with the campaign.

The Chairman, Captain Christopher Fagan, thanked His Royal Highness and all those present for attending and invited the Duke to say a few words. His Royal Highness said he was delighted to be present, and considered it a great honour to take part in the commemoration and to remember the gallantry of all those that took part in the campaign. Before leaving Raphael Distant presented him with a hand carved wooden shield representing St Valery-en-Caux, Normandy, together with bottles of local produce – Benedictine and Pommeau de Normandie. After the departure of the Royal Party, those attending continued exchanging their stories and remembering those involved. Photographs taken during the afternoon can be found on pages 29–30.

Unfortunately it will not be possible to hold future memorial services at West Newton. The service next year will be held at St Nicholas' Church, Dersingham at **3.00pm on Saturday 17th September 2011**. Anyone interested in attending should contact me (address etc. inside the front cover).

They Will be Remembered

AUTUMN LUNCH 2010

Due to space constraints it was only possible to feature a limited number of photographs taken at the Autumn Lunch in the Winter 2010 issue. A further selection of photographs taken by Mark Thomas, the official photographer, can be found on pages 30–32. Anyone who would like to see the complete photographic record and purchase photographs can do so by going to www.markthomasphotos.com/naaval. A 9"x 6" (23 x 15cms) colour print in a presentation mount costs £15.60 inc. VAT and postage.

‘FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE’– WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Each year, the Gallipoli Association has a Memorial Plot at the ‘Field of Remembrance’ in the grounds of Westminster Abbey, which is open in the period around Remembrance Day. Anyone can place a remembrance cross or symbol in the plot and some 50 members availed themselves of the offer, in the Autumn issue of *The Gallipolian*, for the Association to arrange for crosses to be placed on their behalf.

The plots are set out by staff and volunteers from the Royal British Legion – a substantial undertaking given that there are well over 200 plots. The task of laying out the plots had been completed by the time the Hon. Editor and Simon Kleinig arrived on the morning of 9 November to lay the 62 crosses on behalf of Association members.

The formal opening by His Royal Highness, The Duke of Edinburgh, took place at 11.00am on 11 November 2010. After a brief service, the *Last Post* was sounded from the parapet of St Margaret's Church and the Silence kept. Afterwards, His Royal Highness toured the plots and spoke to veterans, service personnel, and members of the organisations present, including our Chairman, Captain Christopher Fagan, representing the Association, and representatives of the Australian, Canadian and New Zealand High Commissions, whose plots were close to ours. Photographs can be found on pages 33–34.

SALONIKA CAMPAIGN SOCIETY – TRENCH MAP CD

A number of Gallipoli Association members had relatives who went on to serve in the Salonika Campaign. They and others with an interest in that campaign will be interested to know that the Salonika Campaign Society (SCS) have produced a CD containing 74 trench and other maps of the campaign.

The CD is being made available to SCS members at an introductory price of **£35** including P&P worldwide, which represents a considerable saving on the purchase of maps of the campaign, where individual sheets can sell for almost that amount. **The SCS have generously offered members of the Gallipoli Association the opportunity to purchase the CD at the same introductory price as for their own members. The offer ends on 7 April so if you are interested don't delay!**

The CD contains an index to the maps and plans, which are at varying scales, although those at 1:20,000 and 1:50,000 predominate. *The Manual of Map Reading and Field Sketching* published by the War Office in 1912 is also included, together with notes and reports on *Map Making in Salonika*. Also reproduced is *The Salonika Front* by William T Woods RWS, originally published in 1920, containing some 40 paintings of various scenes.

All profits from the sale of CDs will go towards supporting two SCS battlefield projects in the Former Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia (FYROM) where there is currently little to explain the history of the WW1 battlefields and inform visitors and residents alike of what took place almost 100 years ago. The two projects are:

The Doiran Museum Project – A museum and interpretation centre for the Doiran Battlefield.

The ‘HQ House’ Project – an interpretation centre for the Kosturino battlefield at Tatarli and preservation of sections of the WW1 battlefields.

These projects will support and encourage visitors to the FYROM, expand local knowledge of the campaign and contribute to the local economy. The original Salonika Reunion Association had a commendable record of supporting the communities where the veterans had fought, benefiting schools etc. and the lovely church at Mavroplagia in Greece. As their successors, the Salonika Campaign Society aims to continue this.

Those wishing to purchase this useful CD should send a cheque for £35 (made payable to the ‘Salonika Campaign Society’) to:

Tim Mole
51Althorne Road,
Redhill, Surrey RH1 6EF

A DICTIONARY OF GALLIPOLI BIOGRAPHY – AN INVITATION TO PARTICPATE

David Saunders

Members will be familiar with that great British institution, *The Dictionary of National Biography*. First published quarterly across the years from 1885 to 1900 it ran to 63 volumes plus three supplements which finished with the death of Queen Victoria. The Dictionary recorded the lives of noteworthy Britons across the ages. Kings rubbed shoulders with explorers, generals and admirals shared the pages with artists, theologians and many more. Further volumes were published right up until 1996. Then came the decision to revise the whole Dictionary with new biographies written and the more recent ones revised. The magnificent new Dictionary published in 2004 runs to 60 volumes and, yes, again there are to be supplements adding those inadvertently missed or who have recently died.

If you require information about someone who was killed at Gallipoli the Commonwealth War Graves Commission record is usually the first place to search, though in many cases only the basic information is recorded, and sometimes not even that. Local newspapers from 1915 often have short obituaries of the fallen, with luck a photograph as well. The numerous publications regarding those, whose names are recorded on a town or village war memorial, usually contain biographical information. Some books provide biographical details, examples being *Glory is no Compensation* by our member Colonel Ralph May while another is *Bloody Gallipoli – The New Zealanders’ Story* by Richard Stowers. Excellent though these sources are the amount of information about each casualty is usually limited, though indeed that may be all that is known.

Our member, Patrick Gariepy who lives in Eugene, Oregon, USA has over many years brought together a vast amount of biographical material on Gallipoli casualties, a fragment of which was published in *The Gallipolian* Nos. 82 & 84. His remarkable efforts deserve all our attention.

Then what about those who served at Gallipoli and survived? Often to fight on, sometimes to die, in Salonika, the deserts of the Middle East, or the mud of Flanders. One must also remember those who survived the war though never forgot their service at Gallipoli. Some, so moved by their memories and the need to ensure the events of 1915 would not be forgotten, founded in the years afterwards several Gallipoli clubs. Another war intervened and it was not until 1969 the Gallipoli Association came into being. Almost 1,000 veterans of the campaign eventually joined and during its formative years the Association was run by these veterans. Few obituaries of veterans were published in *The Gallipolian*, even, and it seems amazing to this author, nothing of our founder, the redoubtable Major Edgar Banner who died in 1984. Only from the late 1980's when veteran numbers had dwindled were full Obituaries regularly published in *The Gallipolian*.

There is one other group of people who must not be forgotten. Those who did not themselves serve at Gallipoli, but who in different ways across almost a century since have kept the memory of the campaign alive. The numerous authors immediately spring to mind, indeed it is said more books have been published about Gallipoli than any other single campaign. Those who have served our Association or have been responsible in other ways for remembering the events in a corner of Turkey in 1915, though are no longer with us likewise deserve to be remembered.

So, what does all this mean? What am I leading up to? Last autumn the Gallipoli Association Committee agreed to proceed with the compilation of a *Dictionary of Gallipoli Biography*. A massive project yes, but why not? Those who surged through Sedd-el-Bahr in the footsteps of Doughty-Wylie, those who having landed at what we now know as Anzac Cove then held the ridge barely a mile away, those who all too briefly stood on the summit of Chunuk Bair, those who served in submarines at the Dardanelles to mention four examples. These are men, British and Allies alike who deserve no less. Neither must we forget our formidable opponents, men from all corners of the Turkish Empire and the Germans who supported them. None must be forgotten, all deserve to be properly remembered in biographies which are accurate, informative, clear and easy to read.

So we invite each and every one of you to participate, to work together to commence the *Dictionary of Gallipoli Biography*, leading to a launch to a wider public in 2015, the centenary of the first landings. If your father, grandfather, uncle or other relative served at Gallipoli then why not ensure he is remembered in the DGB? No family connection, well there must be someone from your village or town about whom you can write a biography. Or maybe someone you have heard about who served at Gallipoli, if so please

ensure he is not forgotten. The Association needs your contributions for this is a huge co-operative task we have set ourselves. A unique one, just as the campaign of 1915 was unique.

This however will only be the start. The DGB will be never ending, it will continue long into future decades, continually added to, revised and improved. The aids of modern technology allow us to store the material on a huge data base where, in due course, it will be freely available to members, with a system of releasing sample biographies on our web site, to begin with say on a monthly basis for the wider readership.

Hopefully, sample biographies will soon be available on the Association website. Meanwhile, following the 'house style', details of which can be provided on request, please send your contributions to me, preferably electronically, or on disk in 'Word' format. I would also welcome comments or ideas on what might be covered. Please send to me, David Saunders, at DavidGallip15@tesco.net or by post to 75 Laws Street, Pembroke Dock, SA72 6DQ.

I look forward to hearing from you all.

GALLIPOLI AND THE LIMITS OF FAILURE

R D Layman

Were you to ask anyone with any knowledge of the Great War "Was the Gallipoli campaign a failure?" the recipient of the question would probably wonder if you had just landed from Mars.

But the answer would be: **Of course**, it was a failure. It has been acknowledged and condemned as such for 90 years in thousands of published works. They will all tell you it was a dreadful shambles from the start to nearly the finish, beginning with the ill-organised loading of the transports – a chronicle of confusion, muddle, mismanagement, incompetent or irresolute leadership, inertia, poor planning, ignorance, and just plain bad luck. *'The story of the Gallipoli campaign is a story of a series of opportunities missed by inches'*[1].

Not only was it often a fiasco on the tactical level, but it failed utterly in the strategic aim of occupying the peninsula so the fleet could proceed through the Dardanelles to reach Constantinople.

So the campaign was, of course, a failure. But just as success can have its limitations, so, I think, can failure.

Virtually all these published works have dwelt heavily, sometimes inordinately, on the horrendous first day of the landings, 25 April 1915. That day's gory carnage has not been exaggerated. The waters off the beaches did literally – no hyperbole, no metaphor – turn red with blood, as attested by a British aviator who witnessed that 'horrible sight' from above [2].

But yet – the British goal [3] was to put ashore a sizeable military force, and in this, despite the blunders and slaughter, they **succeeded**.

The Gallipoli campaign did not fail on the first day or on the beaches. It bogged down inland after the invaders had made, if not sweeping, at least not insignificant advances. There they were stalemated by inability to break through well-sited trench lines protected by wire, studied with machine guns, backed by artillery and manned by resolute troops, creating a tactical impasse that prevailed elsewhere for so much of the war. It was for the same reason that the Neuve Chapelle, Artois, Aubers Ridge, Festubert and Loos offensives also failed during 1915.

The only alleviating factors at Gallipoli were heavier weight of artillery thanks to the guns of the fleet and, until almost the very end, aerial superiority, which permitted observation of virtually every major Turkish movement during daylight hours.

The problem was exacerbated by the peninsula's rugged, almost mountainous terrain; allied soldiers typically had to advance uphill over rough ground against crests occupied by an often numerically superior enemy. The wonder is not that such attacks failed so often but that any of them ever succeeded.

Overwhelmingly much has been written about the allied failure to capture the peninsula, but almost nothing about the Turkish failure to drive the invaders off the peninsula. Narratives have stressed the terrible toll inflicted on the allies during their attacks, but have often ignored the overall greater toll taken of Turks during their counter-attacks. The reverse of the picture of allied soldiers rising from their trenches to be slaughtered is the picture of Turkish troops rising from **their** trenches to be slaughtered. Here is a disparity that can be measured in terms of casualties. Examples are the actions at Zighin Dere (28 June – 5 July), in which British losses were slight but Turkish casualties totalled roughly 16,000, and Kereves Dere (12-13 July), where allied casualties were about 4,000 and Turkish estimated at 10,000 [4].

The official overall number of British and Commonwealth casualties at Gallipoli is given as 119,846, of whom 31,389 were killed [5]. French casualties were about 27,000 [6]. In contrast, overall Turkish casualties (no official figure is available) are estimated at 218,000 with about 66,000 killed. There are other significant statistics. Altogether, Britain committed more than 400,000 men (including Australian, New Zealand and Indian contingents) to Gallipoli, but its defence tied down an estimated 800,000 – troops who could otherwise have been fighting in the Caucasus, Palestine or Mesopotamia.

Finally, it must be remembered that the withdrawal from the peninsula was a unilateral British decision. The British were not driven militarily into the sea, they voluntarily chose to go. In contrast to the landings, the evacuations were extremely well organised and efficient, accomplished with scarcely a casualty although huge amounts of material were left behind.

The evacuation at Helles could have become a bloodier Dunkirk, for an astute German aviator had detected preparations for a withdrawal. You will not find this fact in any standard history of Gallipoli. You will find it only in the pages of an obscure, small circulation, now defunct journal that would have been scorned as a ‘buff’ publication by professional historians had they ever heard of it [7]. But the airman’s report was discounted, for the overall commander of the Gallipoli defences, the German General Otto Liman von Sanders, believed the British were committed to a ‘Gibraltar-style’ defence – a reference to the dogged defence of that fortress during the Spanish siege of 1779 – 83. His belief was reinforced by the ferocity with which an attack on the Helles front was repulsed on 7 January 1916.

Thus the Helles withdrawal, as that at Suvla and Anzac, went unmolested, and Gallipoli became history. So was it a failure? I think the answer is ‘Yes – but within limits’.

A discussion of the Gallipoli campaign cannot ignore its profound political and social repercussions. Gallipoli made the reputation of Mustafa Kemal, laying the base for his rise as Atatürk, to the height of political power from which he actively advocated and presided over the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, with all the vast consequences that this has had and continues to have in the Middle East, and thus the entire world. The day that Kemal first glimpsed British warships off the Gallipoli peninsula was as momentous a day in history as that when Cortés first spied the pyramids of Tenochtitlán.

Gallipoli had a tremendous impact on Australia and New Zealand, which had only recently achieved Dominion status, – ‘Newly independent on the world stage, they took what solace they could find from the bravery shown by their troops under the terrible conditions they faced, feeling in a perverse way that their casualties represented a bloody rite of passage into real nationhood’ [8]. It could be said that, in a paradoxical manner, these countries elevated failure into a triumph [9].

Today, it could be argued that Australia and New Zealand are the only nations in the world truly to honour and respect any heritage of the Great War. Anzac Day, 25 April, is a time of commemoration and celebration in these countries, as 11 November used to be elsewhere. But not only on that date – there is a ceremony in all of the more than 1,000 Australian Returned Services League clubs and the New Zealand Returned Services Association clubs every day they are open.

Notes:

1. John Terraine, *The Western Front 1914 -1918* (Philadelphia and New York : J B Lippincott, 1965), p.36.
2. Charles R Samson, *Fights and Flights* (London: Ernest Benn, 1930), p. 235. Samson was commander of No. 3 Squadron (later No. 3 Wing), Royal Naval Air Service, which provided aerial support for most of the Gallipoli campaign.
3. In characterising the campaign as British, I mean no disrespect to the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, which figured so prominently in the fighting. But because the campaign was British conceived, British planned and British commanded (save for the French contingent), and troops from the British Isles dominated numerically, the Dominion governments had virtually no say in the venture, I think it can be accurately described as a British enterprise. Nor do I mean to slight the French contribution, although it was relatively slight – the *Corps Expeditionnaire d'Orient* never exceeded more than two, often under strength, divisions.
4. These approximate figures are taken from W D Puleston, *The Dardanelles Expedition : A Condensed Study*, 2nd ed. (Annapolis: US Naval Institute, 1927).
5. This total does not include naval casualties, most of which were inflicted on 18 March when the fleet tried to pass through the Dardanelles, and later by a German submarine. It may be noted that casualties in the British and French air arms were small – probably fewer than 50, the majority being caused by operational accident or mechanical failure. The same was true for the Turko-German air arm. See R D Layman, 'Over the Wine Dark Sea : Aerial Aspects of the Dardanelles/Gallipoli Campaign', *Over the Front*, Vol. 9 No. 1, Spring 1994.
6. It may be instructive as an indication of the relatively small French contribution to the campaign to compare this total, which includes killed wounded and missing, with the approximately 42,000 deaths sustained during the 1915 Artois offensives.
7. 'The History of the Ottoman Air Force in the Great War : The Reports of Major Erich Sarno', Part 1, 'Born in Battle', *Cross & Cockade Journal*, Vol. 11 No. 2, Summer 1970, translated, edited and annotated by Dr Brian P Flanagan. Sarno, a German military aviator, was sent to Constantinople in 1914 to facilitate arrival of German aircraft and aviation personnel. Co-opted into Turkish service, he became chief of staff and de facto commander of the Ottoman Air Service.
8. D McDonald, 'Reflections on Anzac Day 1995', *Relevance*, Vol. 4 No. 3, Summer 1995.

9. How thoroughly the Gallipoli mystique permeated and influenced Australian Society between the World Wars is evocatively described by Alan Moorehead in an essay, 'Return to a Legend', *The New Yorker*, 2 April 1995.
10. McDonald, op. cit., in which the ceremony is described. It includes a reading of the most famous stanza from Laurence Binyon's *For the Fallen*. McDonald calculates that this verse has been recited aloud over the years something like 29 million times – surely a record in the annals of poetry.

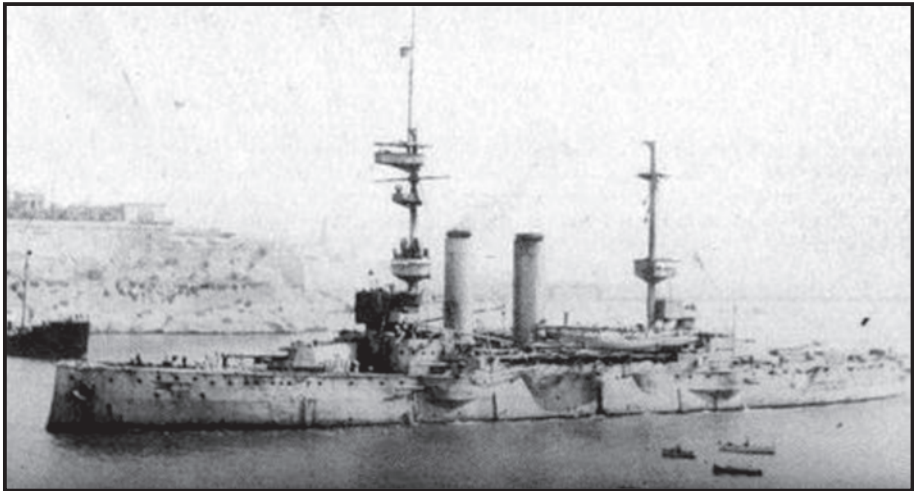
THE LANDING AT KABU TEPI [GABA TEPE]

What Edwin Bidder Clark, Midshipman HMS *Prince of Wales* saw of it – as reported by his Mother

This account was extracted by me, Edwin's mother, in July 1916, not all at one time, by constantly asking "But what did you do, where were you at this round?" I wrote it down from memory and then submitted it for correction. Win [Edwin] corrected grudgingly and scornfully the glaring inaccuracies – wrong terms used, etc. – affirmed that the whole was 'journalese' and consisted of a lot of uninteresting things and unnecessary incidents. I still think it will be of interest to him in the future and to his father now, as what we really want to know is what part our Midshipman took in the adventure as up till now we knew nothing. He says he wrote to me twice giving an account of the landing, but these must have both been destroyed by the Censor as neither reached me.

'The whole fleet, the *Queen* (Admiral Thursby's Flagship) the *London*, *Prince of Tales*, *Bacchante*, *Swiftsure* and *Triumph*, left Mudros where we had been for some time practising landings. The *Prince of Wales* carried about 500 Australians. There was no place to stand let alone to sleep, we could not sling our hammocks. The *London* and *Bacchante* were covering us. We went round the back of Lemnos and the north of Imbros and waited until the moon set. The *Triumph* went ahead and took her station at the landing place which had been selected. Luckily she made a mistake and anchored one and a half miles to the northward. The Turks knew all our plans and the actual landing place was mined and wired and batteries arranged on shore. We proceeded in a long line, the *Queen* steering on a faint line shown by the *Triumph*.

About 2 am when we were 6 or 7 miles from Gallipoli we lowered our boats and put the Australians in them, about 6 towed by each picket boat. They took station on our quarter as it was supposed we should be a slight protection if they started firing. We crept in under shadow of the shore, in absolute darkness and silence, the lead man's whisper being the only sound. I was on watch (I had the 12 – 4 watch the previous day) and an uneasy quarter of an hour's sleep on deck with cockroaches crawling over my face; no calls or signals were allowed and I had to go round and tell



HMS Prince of Wales at Malta 1915

everyone to go to their action stations. I had to clear General Bridges and the Australian Headquarter Staff off the quarter deck, they were close behind the muzzle of the 12" gun and at the first shot would have vanished. (On board ship the ship's officers are in command no matter what the rank of the Military Officer). We went in and anchored as close as we dared and the boats moved ahead into the darkness. General Bridges and Staff landed later, in a drifter when it was getting light. It seemed ages after the boats went off before we heard the echo of a cheer amid the faint rattle of rifle fire. Then we saw a white signal sent up by the Turks.

I went to my action station, in command of 'A' group (three 6" guns), the Lieutenant of A group was sick and the sub-lieutenant on duty was doing boat duty. It seemed ages before they let us fire. One of the transports with us forgetting it was a surprise landing began signalling for instructions with an arc lamp. At last the Fort began firing. The *Bacchante* started on the Fort, the *Queen* fired over the ridge and at last we had a few shots before the ship swung with the tide, as of course I could only fire when my side was towards the shore.

As it grew light we saw our people on the sky line digging themselves in. The Turks were apparently between us and them but they were being bayoneted by others of our lot.

I was on watch, or firing, except for meals, all that day until 4 pm when I was off duty until 6 pm and tried to sleep. At 7.15 pm I had to take the pinnace to pick up wounded. We were towed in by a picket boat, she slipped us and we ran on the beach. Our bows

were very high so we bagged a plank and lashed it on as a gangway. The Australians had thrown away their packs (which they hate) but they could not abandon their rifles and equipment, the rifles being fully loaded. They staggered up the wobbly planks loaded with ammunition and were too dizzy to know what they did with their rifles which they used as crutches, etc. One did go off and I narrowly escaped being shot. We couldn't rig up a guard rope of any sort and they were too far below for us for us to help them where we stood in the water. The stretcher cases were easier. But we couldn't make any of them comfortable and it must have been agony for them when we shoved off, dragging along the rocky bottom. It was terrible having to refuse so many wounded lying there who begged to be taken. If there had been a landing place we could have carried a lot more, but we could only just shove off as it was.

The picket boat which had towed us in had gone off and I had only two men to pull so we made fast to a lighter which was at a buoy not far off and tried to attract the attention of a steamboat and at last we got the *Bacchante's* steam pinnace to give us a tow. The shrapnel burst in the water round us but did us no harm, most of it was outside us. We went a dreary round of the transports until we found one (the *Itonus*) who had some room for our wounded. She had 400 already and only two Doctors and no dressings. (The transports lay further out beyond the battleships). There was a heavy swell on and no proper means of getting our men on board. It was a difficult business but this time we made them take off their equipment and leave their rifles in the boat.

I was just going off to get a Doctor and some dressings when a Military jossier in a picket boat came along and shouted through a megaphone that I must get back to the beach as they were going to evacuate immediately. I said I couldn't get there with two men. He never offered a tow but told me to take fifteen soldiers from the Transport. The Transport said they had only 30 working parties and couldn't spare one. I waited two hours before I could get anyone to tow me to the beach and then there was no sign of evacuation and all the wounded had gone, so we pulled to a Destroyer which had just brought in some fresh supports and we landed some more men (who helped to pull themselves). Then the shrapnel started again and several people in the Destroyer were wounded. The night was nearly over now and as the light came they brought more wounded down to the shore and we loaded with wounded again. Another picket took us to the *Itonus* again, we knew they were short of stretchers so we collected a lot for them from the boats sunk on the beach. It was 9 am by that time and we went back to the *Prince of Wales* to breakfast which we very much wanted and I had a hot bath.

As I had the forenoon off duty I went off in the gig with the gig's crew (six hands) and took some dressings and one of our Doctors to the *Itonus*. I got back to lunch and had a peaceful afternoon with the guns, firing very occasionally at stray Turks, or a Turkish Battery but we always had to get permission from the *Queen* and by the time it came the Battery had generally moved.

I went off watch at 4 o'clock and as one of our Doctors had returned from the *Itonus* I took another. It was a very long way there and back and after that I had another errand to the shore and by the time I brought the gig back for the last time it was 11 o'clock and I was so sleepy that I went alongside the forecastle instead of the quarterdeck. I was glad to get in my hammock.

After that I settled to an easy routine of gunnery watch, our ordinary watch in the daytime, occasionally taking the gig when off duty, rarely on duty at night. On gunnery watch I was on the forebridge with a spotting lens, a voice pipe, a range finder and a range finder operator. I had the guns laid on a fixed point of aim with the range of deflection which I thought would find the Battery that we were told off to watch, and when it fired or showed any signs of activity I gave the order "Fire when ready" and then carried on spotting. Immediately the gunnery Lieutenant heard the guns he always dashed up and took over as he liked the firing but not the watching. I always tried to get off as many rounds as I could before he arrived.

'Guns' got over that by leaving a messenger in a position where he heard and saw everything, with orders to rush down to him and tell him as soon as he saw the Turkish Battery fire. That routine went on for three weeks. We shifted billet often, sometimes we were pretty near the beach but outside the shrapnel which was devoted to the soldiers. Chanak the Turkish Fort, the *Goeben*, or a Turkish warship used to strafe us from the Straits; when she began we sent up a spotting balloon. She always cleared off as soon as it appeared and we used to see her smoke as she scuttled off up the Straits. No one ever hit us.

Spent bullets used to fall on deck and snipers used to try and pick off the officers but we kept out of their way. This was the time, when sketching Gaba Tepe, a bullet went through the sleeve of a man who was looking over my shoulder.'

Editor's Note: The *Prince of Wales*, 15,380 tons, one of five London Class battleships, was launched at Chatham in March 1902. She reached the Dardanelles in March 1915 and in May was ordered to the Adriatic to help stiffen the Italian Fleet where she remained until 1918. Sold in 1920. She was the eleventh Royal Navy ship to bear the name.

Acknowledgements: I am grateful to David Saunders for bringing this account to my attention. The original is held in the Department of Documents at the Imperial War Museum, who have kindly given permission for its publication. Sadly, despite a number of enquires, it did not prove possible to contact any members of the Bidder Clark family.

THE LANDING ON GALLIPOLI – 1918

The following report appeared on the front page of issue No. 39 of *The Balkan News*, published in Salonica on Wednesday 11 December 1918. The newspaper cost ‘One Penny’ and carried the reminder ‘31st day of the General Armistice’. The main headline was ‘Riots in Germany: Allied Troops Keeping Order’; other reports on the front page were: ‘Cologne Riots – British Troops Summoned’, ‘Inspecting German Ports’ and ‘Holland to Invite the Ex-Kaiser to Clear Out’.

Although the date of the ‘landing’ in 1918 is not given, a similar account by Mr H Collinson Owen, special representative with the British Naval Forces, was published in a number of British newspapers and gives the date as 10 November 1918.

The Editor of the *Balkan News* was present recently at the allied occupation of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus forts. His later movements have taken him so far afield that we have only recently received the following narrative of this historic event:

‘We left Mudros at four in the morning to the landing on Gallipoli and arrived off Cape Helles around nine. Lines of black drifters and mine sweepers, including a very efficient new type, just out from home, were cruising about on their hazardous task of sweeping lanes through almost countless thousands of mines laid both by ourselves and the enemy.

We anchored just off ‘V’ Beach where the *River Clyde* was run ashore. As the landing of the troops was not expected for some hours, it was decided we should go ashore and visit the ground which is compact of so much of British history. It was strange indeed to set foot on that barren shore realising how much we had paid to take it, and find it now completely deserted. The Turkish troops occupying the peninsula had been removed some days before, and for the time being not a single Turk was to be seen. ‘V’ Beach along to Cape Helles and so to ‘W’ Beach is as unlovely and barren strip of coast line as can be imagined. One wondered again how we had ever been able to live and remain there. Above us on the right were the remains of the old fort of Seddel-Bahr, which the fleet knocked to pieces in the first bombardment. We walked up the steep ground which had been held by massed machine-guns and Turkish riflemen, passed over old trenches, both our own and the enemy’s, and saw new ones constructed in case of the further attack which for months past the Turks had been expecting. We walked to the top and beyond the first ridge, and looked down over the broad sweep of a valley which dipped and rose up again to the rounded crest of that sinister hill, Achi Baba, “a natural fortress that anybody ought to hold,” as a gunnery officer remarked. Every yard of the ground we traversed holds the remains of our dead, but there were no signs of graves or crosses to be seen.

We embarked again near the *River Clyde*, went on board a patrol launch, and proceeded up the Straits. All the way up we were within a few yards of the Gallipoli coast, and at Kereves Deve [Dere], some three and a half miles from Cape Helles, passed the southern end of the peninsula. Intelligence officers on board, maps in hand were marking down various points of information and verifying the position of the batteries. Altogether on both sides of the Straits, there are about fifty batteries containing guns ranging from 6-in to 14-in, a considerable portion of which are modern. All the way up the Straits our busy drifters were at work sweeping in pairs. An hour's run up the Straits, and we ran into Chanak, just below the Narrows. Here we went ashore, and walked the length of the long main street out to Hamidieh battery, a mile and a half away, which is the strongest in the Straits. Here were Turks in plenty both soldiers and otherwise, and everybody appeared quite well fed and in robust condition, although enquiries revealed the usual stories of high prices for food. Chanak is quite a pleasant and presentable place. We saw a number of buildings hit by our aeroplane bombs; a modest two storeyed erection described as municipal offices was hit and destroyed only a few weeks ago.

We found the fort almost deserted. Hamidieh fort played a big part in the operations against the Dardanelles. It has three 14-in guns dating back to the eighties, and six 9.2-in guns. Looking from one of the emplacements, one could see right down to the mouth of the Straits and beyond. At the moment of writing British soldiers are already in possession here. As at every other battery, a small party of Turkish non-coms and men are temporarily left to keep the guns clean and in order and we shall hold the forts until such time as the Allies shall have decided what is exactly to happen in the Dardanelles in the future.

By the time we returned to Cape Helles a big transport and an old cruiser, both loaded with British troops, were lying there. The actual landing and occupation of the first forts was utterly quiet and devoid of any incident, but it was charged with meaning. From the transport a big flat-bottomed barge took away 500 men who had landed at Sedd-ul-Bahr [Kum Kale?], on the Asiatic side. And then a second lighter, similarly loaded, put off to the shores of the peninsula, only a few hundred yards away. This unwieldy craft drew slowly to the shore and put her nose to the pier just alongside the bow of the *River Clyde*. Our men, troops who have seen such hard service in Macedonia, stepped ashore with their kit. And that was all the incident there was to the second landing in Gallipoli. They made a very small group as they stood there on the shore.'

A PLAQUE RE-DISCOVERED

David Saunders

The August 2010 Bulletin of the *War Memorials Trust* (No. 46) includes a fascinating article by **Michael J Riley** about a memorial plaque to Claude Arthur Gordon Rutter who was killed at Gallipoli. The plaque – see photograph on page 34 – was originally on a wall inside the old Westminster Bank (originally Parrs Bank) at the junction of School Road and Curzon Road, Sale, Cheshire. In the early 1990s, the Bank, now merged to become the National Westminster Bank, moved to Springfield Road. The plaque vanished about this time and despite several searches could not be found. In 2009 the present manager reported its discovery under dusty ledgers in the vault and it is now proudly displayed in the banking hall for all to see. The inscription reads:

IN MEMORY OF THE FOLLOWING
MEMBER OF THE STAFF OF THIS
BRANCH WHO GAVE HIS LIFE
IN THE GREAT WAR 1914-1918
CLAUDE A G RUTTER

Claude Rutter was born on 13 July 1891, the sixth son of John Clement and Elizabeth Ann Rutter, the twelfth child in a family of seven sons and seven daughters who lived at Coton House, 2 Queen's Road, Ashton-upon-Mersey, Sale (see photograph on page 35). Prior to that the family had lived in Australia, returning to England in 1884.

Educated at Sale High School for Boys, Claude joined Parrs Bank (Sale Branch) aged 15 as a junior clerk in 1906 and remained with them until the outbreak of war. A keen lover of sports and other open air pursuits he was a member of Sale Rugby Football Club and Sale and District Rifle Club. He was also a member of the St Mary Magdalene Corps of the Church Lads Brigade, where he held the rank of Lieutenant and in 1912 joined the 6th Manchester Territorials, part of the East Lancashire Division.

Claude landed at Gallipoli on 5 May and was killed barely three weeks later, Captain Holbertson writing to Claude's mother:

Your gallant son, Corporal Rutter, was killed instantly on the 25th May. He was leading his section over the parapet of the trench, as it was our duty to go forward and cut a new line of trenches. I was quite close at the time, and as he fell, Lieutenant A C Brooke Taylor [see end note] jumped over at once to him, and within a minute reported to me that he was quite dead. He was buried in the Krithia Nullah, in a grave by himself, by his comrades. Please accept my deepest sympathy on your son's death and my congratulations on being the mother of a very gallant Englishman.



Parrs Bank, School Road/Curzon Road, Sale, Cheshire



Claude Arthur Gordon Rutter

When Claude Rutter died he had been in correspondence with Dorothy Marie Nixon a student teacher he had first met in 1913 during a family holiday in North Wales. Some years later Dorothy married and became Mrs McDonald. When she died her son

inherited an antique desk in which he discovered his mother's diary and a collection of Claude's letters tied with black ribbon. Through Dorothy's daughter-in-law, Jan McDonald, Professor of Drama at the University of Glasgow, the BBC produced a radio programme called *Passing Bells* based on the diary and the letters.

Four of Claude's brothers served in the First World War one of whom, Frederick William Gabert Rutter was killed at Hill 60, Anzac on 27 August and is commemorated on the Lone Pine Memorial. Born on 27 July 1883, in Bondi, Sydney, New South Wales, he was the seventh of the fourteen children, and the last to be born in Australia. He was educated at Highfield School in Sale following which he was employed as a labourer. He served in the Royal Army Medical Corps for five years, before returning to Australia.

On 22 February 1915, he enlisted in the A.I.F. in Liverpool, N.S.W. At the time of his enlistment he was described as being 5 feet 8¹/₂ inches tall and weighing 148 lbs. with dark complexion, brown eyes and brown hair, aged 32. Frederick Rutter No. 637 'B' Company, 18th Battalion, A.I.F. was originally listed as missing on 27 August, but on 21 January 1916, a court of enquiry held at Tel-el-Kebir, Egypt, determined that he had been killed on that date. Subsequently, the Australian Branch of the British Red Cross Society investigated Private Rutter's fate and on 19 February 1916, following an interview with Corporal Rose of the 18th Battalion AIF, reported that informant knew for a fact that Rutter was killed in the 2nd charge. Private Rutter's mother was granted a war gratuity pension of 40 shillings per fortnight from 12 September 1916 until 11 March 1917.

Another brother Geoffrey was killed on 27 May 1918 while serving with the Durham Light Infantry during the Second Battle of the Marne and is listed on the Soissons War Memorial. Two of his sisters served with Queen Alexandra's Imperial Medical Nursing Reserve.

Claude Rutter is commemorated on the Helles Memorial while Frederick Rutter is commemorated on the Lone Pine Memorial. Both their names, together with Geoffrey, are on the Sale War Memorial, Cheshire.

Note: Lieutenant A C Brooke Taylor was killed on 4 June 1915.

Acknowledgements: I am much indebted to Michael J Riley, Parish Archivist for St Paul's Church, Sale, Cheshire for providing the photographs and whose report in the Bulletin of the War Memorials Trust forms the basis of this article. Without his efforts the missing memorial plaque of a Gallipoli casualty would probably still be languishing in the bank vault. Whenever I have needed information about Gallipoli casualties our member in Oregon, Patrick Gariepy, promptly provides from his vast archive, as he has done on this occasion, all that I requested. I am most grateful to him.

FIRE AT HAYDARPASA STATION, ISTANBUL

Readers may have seen the reports and photographs of the fire at Haydarpasa Station in Istanbul on 28 November, which was carried on a number of news channels (see photograph on page 35). A later investigation concluded that the fire had been started accidentally by an electrical fault during repair works on the roof of the building.

My brother Clive and I visited the station in September 2008 on our way to the nearby Haidar Pasha Cemetery where the CWGC plot contains a number of Gallipoli casualties. We were both impressed with the station which was built in 1908 as the starting point of the Istanbul-Baghdad railway. At the time of our visit the building had recently been renovated to a high standard. Outside the station is a steam locomotive, which featured on page 10 of the Christmas 1992 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 70). Although the station building has no direct connection with the Gallipoli campaign, Ottoman troops based in Anatolia would undoubtedly have passed through the station in 1915 on route for Gallipoli.

A spokesman for the Turkish Government has stated that the building will be restored.

This is not the first time that the building has been damaged by fire! On 6 September 1917, munitions and other military supplies supplied stored in and around the station caught fire and a massive explosion severely damaged the building. At the time there was much speculation, which persists to this day, that the explosion was the result of sabotage by 'British agents'.

A number of photographs of the 1917 fire can be found on the Internet <http://www.flickr.com/photos/39631091>. Unfortunately, I have not been able to obtain permission to reproduce the photographs here.

DR ANDREW JOHN HORNE MA MD

Tom Burke, Chairman, Royal Dublin
Fusiliers Association©

The younger son of Andrew and Margaret Horne, Andrew John was born in Harcourt Street, Dublin on 16 February 1891. His father, Sir Andrew Horne, was born in Ballinasloe, County Galway and educated first at the Mercy Convent, Ballinasloe and later at Clongowes Wood College, County Kildare. He studied medicine at the Carmichael School of Medicine, Dublin and finally at the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland. In 1912 he was knighted for his contribution to medicine.

In 1894, the Horne family moved to Merrion Square, Dublin where Andrew Snr. and Dr. Patrick Barry (ex-Assistant Master of the Rotunda Hospital and Coombe Maternity Hospital, respectively) were appointed as co-Founder Masters of the National Maternity Hospital, Holles Street by the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. William Walsh (1885-1921).

More than a decade after the National Maternity Hospital was opened in 1894, James Joyce set an important episode of his classic Dublin novel *Ulysses*, in '*the House of Horne*', as he jokingly called the hospital after the Joint Master of the day, Sir Andrew Horne. In July 1915, along with Mr Edward H. Andrews JP, Sir Andrew Horne was Joint Hon. Sec. of the City and County of Dublin Recruiting Committee who had offices at 102 Grafton Street, Dublin [1].

Andrew John was educated by the Jesuits at Belvedere College, Dublin – during which period he spent one term in Stonyhurst College in Lancashire. In 1909, he went to Trinity College Dublin where he qualified as a medical doctor in June 1915. In his youth, Andrew was a keen sportsman. He played rugby for Lansdowne's First XV; he was also a keen golfer. In later life, he became Captain and subsequently President of Foxrock Golf Club. He also became a member and trustee of the prestigious Stephen's Green Club in Dublin.

When war broke out, Andrew was a medical student at Trinity College Dublin. Because of the outbreak of war, Andrew qualified six months early. On 15 July 1915, he enlisted into the Royal Army Medical Corps and served as a Medical Officer in the 17th Stationary Field Hospital at Cape Helles, Gallipoli and was one of the last group of officers to leave the Peninsula. He was Mentioned in Despatches for his service there. Following the evacuation of Gallipoli, Dr. Horne and the 17th Field Hospital moved to Egypt and later to Bombay in India and the North West Frontier. During his service in India, Andrew contracted malaria.

The following is the text of a letter Andrew wrote home to his mother while on board the *S.S. Egypt* bound for Alexandria in which he describes his last days on the Gallipoli peninsula [2].

14 January 1916.

My darling Mother,

Here I am on another Hospital Ship bound for Alexandria after experiencing the most exciting, dangerous and terrifying time that one could imagine. I was detailed with three other officers on Jan. 2nd to act as a rearguard party of MO's (Medical Officers) on the Peninsular. On that day all other officers and men of our Hospital left on board a Hospital Ship. On the 4th I was detailed off with two men to open a dressing station on 'W' Beach. Here I lived for five days by myself and never could leave the spot. During this period I could never take my clothes off because immediately I would do so a shell would burst somewhere on the Beach with a resulting casualty. My dugout, as it turned

out, was in a very good position. The nearest shell I had was about ten yards in front of my door in the sea. The days passed very slowly until the last moment. The Final day was officially known to none, but one could guess.

All went smoothly to the end. The evacuation was a wonderful success. At 1.30 am on Sunday morning, January 9th, word was sent to me to come along with all I could bring, wounded etc. to the Naval Shelter which was on the centre of the Beach and to which any casualties on the final night were brought. I did so. There were then only 3,000 Troops remaining. While I was in the Naval Shelter, two men came in wounded having been blown up by a fuse of the Magazine. They told me the Magazine was on fire, which was only 20 yards away. This was a pretty piece of news, as there would be no Naval Shelter left, or anything else. What a bait for Death it was, but one had no time to think of it. A Major of R.E. rushed to the Magazine and whatever happened, no explosion occurred.

We got the wounded out on to the ship and then had to wait for some other RAMC details. We waited at Pier for an hour. During this wait, all the remaining troops embarked from our Pier. It was a weird sight, all had hurriedly walked down from the trenches single file and muffled feet. Still we waited, then the last 40 men from the trenches came down and pushed off, immediately after the Staff, who as you see stayed to the end and with them the Wireless. Now there was nobody between ourselves sitting on the lighter at the Pier and the Turks. It seemed extraordinary. The Naval people now pushed off and we 4 Medical Officers and about 50 RAMC men and our wounded were the very last to be on the Peninsula. Ten minutes previously the Demolition Parties had set fire to all tents etc. near the beach. There was such a flare all along the beach and we lying at Pier absolutely in the lime-light for Asia. Asia kept firing at ordinance and the beach, but extraordinary nothing at us.

All boats were well out except ourselves. One of the shells now struck water just 10 yards beyond us only just missing our Lighters. We gave the order to push off ourselves as nobody remained. The details we were waiting for had gone off in another boat. Suddenly, the Magazine began to go on fire, bullets flying everywhere. We were only 50 yards off the Magazine; at 4 o'clock the first explosion occurred. We had just cast off our ropes, such an explosion, flames which people on ships estimated mounted up 300 feet in air and there we were helpless. Wood, stones, rocks, bomb shells came flying at us and struck the ship, and in fact hit every one of us. We had of course casualties, I won't say how many, but wonderfully small, all of us more stunned.

The Skipper stayed at his post and had to turn the ship around in Harbour. It was blowing half a gale and we nearly were beached. As we were half way around, still about 60 yards from Magazine, the 2nd explosion occurred. All I saw of it was the cliff coming towards us, then I saw my cap about 15 feet in the air and myself blown down into the Engine room. We were all hit again. I cannot mention the casualties. How the boat kept afloat I know not, it was miraculous. The force of the explosion was such that

the Ships in the Harbour at Imbros, 9 miles away, rocked to and fro. We gradually got under way, then somebody said the Turks were on the top of the cliff and had opened a machine gun on us, it certainly seemed so, but it was really the bullets coming from Magazine falling all around us. We were very thankful when we got out of the great flare just around Harbour.

We were all suffering from shock but had not reached the end of our troubles. As I have said there was half a gale blowing and we had one engine broken. We tossed about on sea but eventually made the Hospital Ship. We bumped into her side and our bow made a hole in her. Then a cry of man overboard from our ship, with difficulty we rescued him and pulled on the Hospital Ship. We bumped and bumped but could not get alongside the Hospital Ship. All who were well enough discarded our heavy kit, ready to swim. The Lighter now was going at an angle of 60 degrees and every wave seemed to us the last for us – one could not think it possible our ship could live in such a sea. Orders were given to go back to Beach, but we could have been driven ashore if we tried I think. We managed to get a rope onto the stern of the Hospital Ship which held us till she signaled for a tug which eventually arrived and threw us a rope which missed, and another which we caught and fastened to our ship. The tug then took us in tow over mountainous seas to Imbros, even here we were not at all safe. I walked round deck at about 8 am and found a man lying on a live shell. This I flung overboard and twenty yards further on I espied another, it was also flung away. These had fallen on our deck from Magazine and very luckily had not exploded. Our deck was covered by 6 inches of mud, clay, rock, wood etc. Such a night! In the Magazine were bombs, so you can fancy the time we had. At 10 o'clock we were rowed through the boom at Imbros and stayed in Imbros while we landed our dead. Then still on the Lighter, we came out to H.M.S *Letitia* in Harbour which took us off after being 9 hours in open lighter. The ship supplied us with clothes etc. and we had 24 hours sleep. The *Letitia* sailed for Mudros and we lay aboard her for 2 days – we then got off and went to the RAMC Details Camp where we picked up the rest of our unit.

Colonel Prescott kindly arranged for us to sleep at 15th Stationary Hospital as patients as it was more comfortable. Yesterday our unit came on this ship and we are now sailing to Alexandria. The last thing I saw of Helles was our ships pumping shells into our hospital and the Turks shrapnelling 'W' Beach still thinking there were troops there. Nobody can believe we had such a time and come through it alive, but here we are, we have recovered now completely from the effects, but want a few days rest still.

Your loving Son. ANDREW J. HORNE'

In 1920, Andrew Horne returned to Trinity College Dublin to complete a post-graduate MD. His thesis was titled *Asiatic Cholera – An account of two outbreaks during the Great War.* He went to England and was appointed to a military hospital for women and children. His father was anxious for him to return home to Dublin and on 8 February 1924, Andrew retired from the RAMC with the rank of Captain. Andrew's Commanding



Dr Andrew Horne

Officer at Aldershot, Lieut. Col. John Prescott wrote of Andrew upon his retirement [3].

Captain A.J. Horne served under me in Gallipoli, Egypt and India during the Great War. I found him a highly efficient Medical Officer and regret very much that he retired from the service as he was just the type of Medical Officer we wished to retain and would have reached the highest rank had he elected to remain serving. I found him hardworking, conscientious, resourceful and tactful whilst his Medical knowledge was well abreast of all modern advances in Medical Science.

Not long after his return to Dublin, Andrew was elected Assistant Master to Holles Street while his father was still Joint Master. Sadly, his father died on 5 September 1924. During 1924–25, the Assistant Masters of the National Maternity Hospital at Holles Street were Dr Andrew J Horne and Dr. Bridget ‘Delia’ Mocklair who came from Ballinsee House, Cashel Co. Tipperary. Andrew held the post of Junior Assistant Master and Bridget held the post of Senior Assistant Master. Delia had been appointed to the post in 1922 and was the first woman Assistant Master to hold this position in Holles Street. Her brother, Lance Sgt. John Edward Mocklair, was killed on 5 September 1918 while serving with the 8th Royal Irish Regiment in France. He is buried at Le Grand Beaumart British Cemetery, Steenwerck, on the south-west side of the Armentieres to Bailleul Road (D933). In September 1926, Andrew and Delia were married.

In 1931, the term of the Master, Dr. Patrick T Mc Ardle came to an end and the Board of Governors sought a new Master. Candidates for the position, which included Andrew

Horne, looked for support from the Governors. In his book, *Holles Street 1894-1994. The National Maternity Hospital – A Centenary History*, the author Tony Farmar, records in some detail the manner in which the then Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Edward Byrne (1921-1940) as Chairman (by Charter) of the Board of Governors of Holles Street, intervened in the election process. In a letter to Dr. Denis Coffey, President of University College Dublin, who chaired the sub-committee responsible for defining the terms and conditions of the Mastership, he indicated, that in his position as Archbishop, he could not be seen to lend his countenance to the election of a graduate from Trinity College Dublin as Master of Holles Street [4]. This, despite the fact that it was during his Archbishopric that Andrew had been considered suitable for the post of Assistant Master. Being the gentleman that he was, and to avoid any controversy and possible embarrassment to the Archbishop or the Catholic Church, Andrew withdrew his application, stoically masking his disappointment saying, *'the ship is bigger than the crew'* [5].

Andrew and Bridget had three children, twin daughters, Margaret and Patricia and a son, Andrew Patrick who, sadly, died at the age of 14 in January 1946 through complications associated with Diabetes. Andrew Patrick was a pupil at Belvedere College when he died. Andrew and Bridget were devout Catholics and loving parents. During his time at Gallipoli, Andrew prayed frequently. When he came home to Dublin, he was a regular attender at Mass in Westland Row with his wife and family. He became a member of the Holy Family Confraternity. Andrew and Delia continued to practice Obstetrics and Gynaecology from the family home in Merrion Square for the rest of their lives.

Dr. Andrew J. Horne died in 1963 at the age of 72. In recognition to his loyalty to the Church and his services to the community, the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. John Charles McQuaid sent his personal representative Monsignor Glennon to his funeral. At the time of his death, Andrew was President of Belvedere Newsboys Club, Vice-President of Peamount Hospital Dublin and Chairman of the Dublin branch of the Irish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He is buried in Glasnevin Cemetery. **May he rest in peace.**

References.

1. Farmar. T. *Holles Street 1894-1994. The National Maternity Hospital – A Centenary History*. ISBN 0 9509295 8 1 Appendix III. Pp. 208.
2. Letter written by Dr. Andrew Horne while on board the P&O.S.N.Co. *S.S Egypt* to his mother dated 14 January 1916 in possession of author.
3. Letter written by Lt. Col. John Prescott. RAMC to Dr J Horne, in possession of author.
4. Farmar. T. Pp. 86-87.
5. Ibid.

Acknowledgements: I would like to thank Dr. Patricia and Margaret Horne for allowing me the privilege of perusing their father's papers for this article.



HRH The Duke of Kent leaves St Peter and St Paul's Church, West Newton after the Memorial Service to remember the 5th Bn. Norfolk Regt. at Gallipoli [Pages 5-6]



Group photograph taken in West Newton Village Hall after the Memorial Service [Pages 5-6]



HRH The Duke of Kent in conversation with John Crome who organised the Memorial Service [Pages 5-6]



Committee Members are introduced to HRH The Duke of Edinburgh on his arrival at the Naval Club for the Autumn Lunch [Page 6] Photograph – Mark Thomas



HRH The Duke of Edinburgh in conversation with members Tim Pitman and Paul Fletcher before the Autumn Lunch [Page 6] Photograph – Mark Thomas



HRH The Duke of Edinburgh in conversation Marc and Andy Stewart before the Autumn Lunch [Page 6] Photograph – Mark Thomas



HRH The Duke of Edinburgh in conversation Carole and Steve Sach before the Autumn Lunch [Page 6] Photograph – Mark Thomas



HRH The Duke of Edinburgh in conversation with Major and Mrs Chamberlayne Macdonald and David Mason [Page 6] Photograph – Mark Thomas



HRH The Duke of Edinburgh in conversation with Captain Christopher Fagan by the Gallipoli Association Plot at the Field of Remembrance, Westminster Abbey [Pages 6-7]

Photograph – Carole Sach



The Gallipoli Association Plot in the Field of Remembrance, Westminster Abbey
[Page 6-7] Photograph – Carole Sach



The memorial plaque commemorating Corporal Claude A G Rutter, which originally stood in Parris Bank, School/Curzon Road, Sale [Page 20]



*Coton House, 2 Queen's Road, Ashton-upon-Mersey, Sale – the home of
Claude A G Rutter [Page 20]*



*The fire at Haydarpasa Station, Istanbul on 28 November 2010
[Page 23] Photograph courtesy of AOL News*



*The medals of Major E H W Banner, Founder of the Gallipoli Association
which have been donated to the Association [Page 37]*



*Major Edgar Banner (right) and Major John Ford relaxing in the garden of the latter's
home [Page 37]*

FOUNDER'S MEDALS COME TO THE ASSOCIATION

As reported in the Autumn 2010 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 123), the medals of our founder, Major E H W Banner have been donated, in a handsome display case, to the Association by a longstanding member who wishes to remain anonymous. The medal group comprises the 1914-15 Star; British War and Victory medals (all named to Banner as a Private in the RAMC); Defence and War Medals 1939 – 1945; Territorial Decoration. G.V.I.R, dated 1950, with two bars dated 1955 (see photograph on page 36).

Major Banner enlisted in 1914 at the age of 17 and served as a Private with the RAMC at Gallipoli (15th Stationery Hospital, att'd 29th Division). He founded the Gallipoli Association in 1969 and was Chairman, Secretary and Editor of *The Gallipolian* from then until his death in 1984. Further information can be found in the article entitled '40 Years On' published in the Winter 2009 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No.121). A photograph of Major Banner with veteran member Major John Ford, who also served with the RAMC at the 15th Stationery Hospital (as a bugler) is reproduced on page 36.

The medals will be on display at the Autumn Lunch on 19 October.

THE DIARY OF PTE. JACK ANDERSON, 'B' COMPANY, 1/7TH BATTALION, THE CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES)

I am indebted to **Mr Fred Atkey** for allowing me to reproduce extracts from his father-in-law's diary, and to member, **Mr Graham Ward**, a friend of Mr Atkey, who realised the significance of the diary and arranged for a copy to be sent to the Association. I am also grateful to Mr Atkey for allowing me access to part of a family memoir compiled by his late wife, **Sheila Atkey**.

The diary covers the period 21 May – 15 July 1915 and describes the writer's experiences from the time he left Scotland until he was wounded and evacuated from the peninsula. The diary gives an interesting insight into what life was like for an ordinary private soldier serving at Gallipoli, albeit for a relatively short period of time.

John (Jack) Wylie Anderson was born on 23 July 1891 at 37 Bank Street, Hillhead, Partick, Glasgow, the eldest of five sons of William Wylie and Annabella Kirk Anderson (née Dow). Jack and his brothers spent most of their childhood in Greenock and Gourock, small towns of the south bank of the River Clyde. Jack was educated at the primary school in Gourock, then went to Greenock Academy and later to Glasgow Technical College. On leaving, he worked for William Graham & Company, Glasgow,

East India Merchants, where his father was employed as a Mercantile Clerk and Buyer. Grahams Trading Company (India) Limited was second, historically speaking, only to the East India Company and had three major offices in India, and other Branches in Portugal and the Far East.

At the outbreak of war, in August 1914, Jack Anderson was working in the 'White Goods Department' of Grahams and was mobilised with the 1/7th Scottish Rifles, a Territorial Unit. The 1/7th, along with the 1/8th Bn. and the 4th and 7th Bns. Royal Scots formed the 156th Infantry Brigade of the 52nd Lowland Division.

Due to space constraints, I have only reproduced the entries which describe the journey from Grangemouth to Liverpool, summarising the ten day voyage and the week spent in Egypt, continuing with the author's diary account of the time spent on the peninsula. The notes and background information in square brackets have been added by the Editor.

'Friday 21st May 1915 – Grangemouth

Reveille 6.30am. Breakfast 8am. Parade for Battalion drill 10.30 – 12.30 after which we are told to get ready to leave at 4pm. Mother phoned, telling me father will be arriving about 4 o'clock. Spent a short while with Mother & Father and Mrs Allen. Parade at 4.30, so I bid them Goodbye. I feel the parting pretty bad now that it has come, but we must hope we will all be united again very soon.

We leave Grangemouth about 5.30 and march to Falkirk. Get a splendid send off – the road being lined almost to Falkirk with cheering spectators. Arrive Falkirk shortly after 6pm. Leave Falkirk 6.30. Last thing I see is Mother & Father waving me Goodbye as the train moves out. We stop for a short time in Edinburgh and Carlisle where we have tea about 10pm. Arrive Liverpool 2am and embark on *Ecosian*, an Allan Liner. Have Tea and finally get to bed about 5am. She is very dirty having just returned from the Dardanelles after landing troops. I hear it is only temporary as we are to be transported to the *Empress of Britain* before sailing.

Saturday 22nd May 1915 – Liverpool

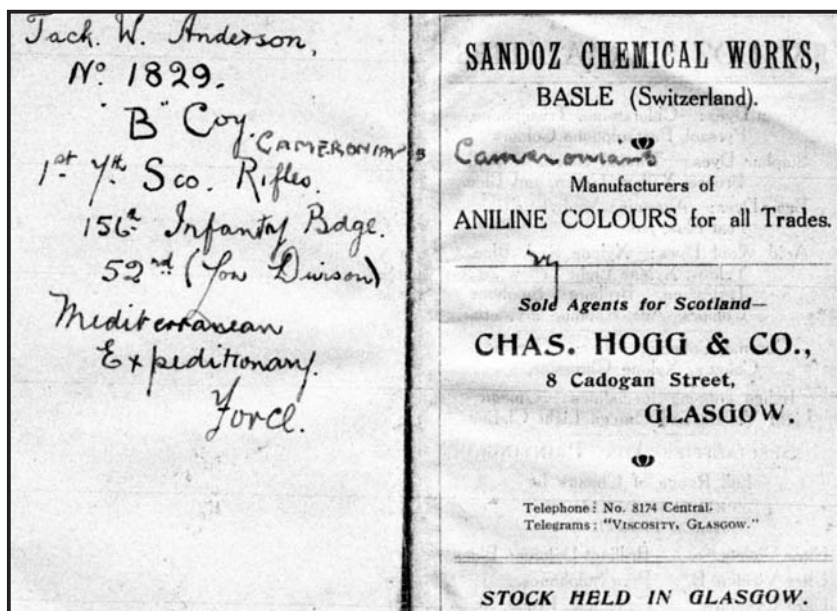
Reveille 7am. Breakfast 8am. I go on guard at 8.30 to keep men from getting up the town, as they are allowed ashore but within bounds. Just heard the news of accident to the Royal Scots train, bearing the right half of the battalion, running into a local train and both catching fire. There was a big death toll and I hear about 50 killed and 300 injured. We were very lucky indeed as we were only a few hours in front of them. [The accident at Quintinshill, near Gretna, involved three trains and was the worst ever rail disaster in the UK, the death toll reaching 227 of whom 215 were from the 1/7th Bn. Royal Scots, also bound for Gallipoli, with 196 injured. Of the 500 officers and men who boarded the train in Larbert, it is said that only 60 answered the roll call the next day.]

We did nothing all day, just waited until the *Empress of Britain* was ready. The Bands of the Royal Scots and Kings Own Scottish Borderers played selections from 8.30 till 10am and generally cheered us up. The 4th King's Own Scottish Borderers and 7th Royal Scots are with us, along with Staff.

Whit Sunday, 23rd May 1915 – Liverpool

Reveille 5am. Breakfast 7am. Got all our kit gathered together and packed. Stood by till it was our turn to shift. Embarked on board *Empress of Britain* 12 noon. Billeted on third deck in messes of about 20 men. Will likely be a bit crowded. Everyone is on board by 5pm and kit bags and rifles are all handed in.

We leave the wharf at 6.30 [pm] and anchor in midstream. Our escort of 4 destroyers have arrived. We get a splendid send off. Thousands of people gather on the landing stage and cheer us. We finally leave at 8.30pm accompanied by the destroyers. All the other boats blowing their whistles, including the *Acquitania*. At the mouth of the Mersey a boat signals 'Good Luck to All'. We drop our pilot at 9.30. It is a glorious night. We turn in at 10pm. We find the hammocks very comfortable, though it is very warm downstairs.'



The cover of the diary kept by John (Jack) Wylie Anderson

The Voyage

The next ten days were spent at sea. The *Empress of Britain* was routed around the north coast of Ireland anchoring at Gibraltar on 28 May '... where the General and Captain went ashore'. Malta was reached on 31 May where officers were allowed ashore

but not the men who watched local children diving for pennies and were entertained by regimental bands. The following day the ship left Valetta Harbour arriving at Alexandria at 7.30pm on 3 June.

Jack Anderson enjoyed the voyage and seeing Gibraltar, Malta and the Spanish and African coasts albeit from a distance. His only complaint was the '*great shortage of food*' about which the men complained. This was quickly put right and by the third day the diary records '*... there is a great improvement in the food. Nothing like a bit of complaining*'.

Egypt

The 1/7th Scottish Rifles disembarked from the *Empress of Britain* at Alexandria at 10am on 4 June, and a short time later entrained for the military camp at Aboukir, some 10 miles away, arriving at 2pm. Jack commented '*...it is a very good camp and although it is in the desert we are on the sea shore. There is always a breeze blowing off the sea making it very much cooler than it would otherwise be*'. The four days at Aboukir were spent on a variety of tasks, the most important of which was erecting tents, which did not arrive until the following day. On Sunday 6 June, the men were allowed into the town where Jack and some of his comrades had refreshments in '*the best Hotel*'. The following day, which was to be their last full day in Aboukir, was not quite as relaxing as the battalion undertook a route march for two hours, covering five miles, followed by Parade and Company drill. The evening was spent packing up and getting things in order.

The battalion left Aboukir at 6.30am on Tuesday 8 June and reached Alexandria an hour or so later where they boarded the *Empress of Britain*. However, after some fatigue duties Jack and his comrades were allowed to visit the town and spent three hours there.

On route to Lemnos

The *Empress of Britain* left Alexandria at 7.30am on 9 June and after a 'choppy' crossing the ship anchored in Mudros Harbour on the morning of 11 June. The following day, the 4th and 7th Royal Scots left in smaller boats for the Dardanelles but Jack's battalion remained on board with little to do. The Headquarters section, Machine Gun Section and about 500 other ranks embarked on the transport *Whithy Abbey* on 13 June but Jack's company was not among them. However, he was witness to some excitement, recording '*... An aeroplane came in sight flying at a considerable height. The warships immediately opened fire and after firing a dozen shots, some of which went very near, she was driven off. This is the first experience of being under fire*'.

The following day the remainder of the battalion left for Gallipoli and we return to the entries in Jack's diary.

'Monday, 14th June 1915 – Helles Point, Dardanelles.

Reveille 5am. We had breakfast at 6am and got ready to move. We left at 9am on J.B.D. *Grasshopper* and had a very fast run, arriving at 12. [The abbreviation 'J.B.D.'

is not explained but the *Grasshopper* was a 'G' class destroyer built in 1909.] We travelled at a rate of about 20 knots. We landed in small boats where all the men were lost in the first landing. It is a large camp now and is the headquarters of all the battalions acting here. There is a large number of Australians and Indians but the way the line is – the British in the centre and Indians on our left, the French on our right. The Australians have landed further up the coast and we are trying to join hands with them and make a general advance in the Narrows. After spending a few hours at the base, we left at 6.30pm to a place about 6 miles behind the firing line. [It would have been much less than this.] We at once started digging ourselves in and were at it until after 10pm. All the time we heard the firing but they did not worry us.

Tuesday, 15th June 1915 – In the trenches at Helles Point, Dardanelles.

Reveille 4am. We got up at once and started digging ourselves further in. Shortly after 9 o'clock the Turks started bombarding us with their big 15" gun called the 'Gem of Asia'. About half a dozen landed very near us but caused very little damage. 3 men killed and a few injured. None of the 7th suffered but I got the fright of my life when a chunk of earth landed on my back when I was in the trench. One of the 8th was killed just 20 yards from us. In the evening we started for some reserve trenches, but a lot of the trenches had to be filled in and others dug. We were under fire from the time we left till we got back, about 2 or 3 miles each way. There were quite a number of casualties. One man was killed and 6 wounded. Captain Mather and Harry Stewart being among the latter. The bullets were humming over our heads all the time and we had a few narrow escapes. We arrived back in camp at 4.30, had breakfast and got to sleep. [The War Diary records 1 man killed, 1 officer and 8 men wounded on the 15th.]

Wednesday, 16th June 1915 – Helles Point.

Slept till dinner time, 12 o'clock, which consisted of boiled ham and potatoes. I had a wash and shave – water very scarce. Then we had a rifle inspection and rearrangement of equipment which had got a bit mixed up last night. Things have been very quiet, only a few shrapnel shells flying about. The big gun has been put out of action I hear, a good thing for us. No one has been hurt today. We got tea at 5pm and another rifle inspection, then got to bed. I slept inside the trench.

Thursday, 17th June 1915 – Helles Point.

Reveille 5.30. Got up and had breakfast at 6.30 then managed to get a wash, the first since landing, even then we only got 2 quarts between about 50 men. Water is very scarce and it is very hot through the day. We get 2 rifle inspections every day. It is an awful job keeping them clean. I wrote home today, there is to be a mail every day after this. We went up to the trenches tonight, but 'B' Company lost the rest of the battalion, so set out for home and then lost ourselves and did not get back till 2am. It was an awful business, we took about 3 hours to do 2 miles, but we arrived back safe without any casualties and got into bed.

Friday, 18th June 1915 – Helles Point.

Had breakfast at 6.30 then went back to bed again. After dinner I had a bathe then a rifle inspection. We were to parade at 7 o'clock [pm] to proceed to the trenches. We had to make up a full pack, 200 rounds of ammunition, besides firewood and waterproof sheet. We left the camp about 8.30 to proceed to the trenches. After a couple of miles, we halted in a sort of trench and waited there till about 4 [am]. There were quite a number of shots flying around, which kept us on the alert. Then we made a dash for the trenches about 2 miles further on. There has been a terrific bombardment going on all night.

Saturday, 19th June 1915 – Reserve Trenches.

We arrived about 5am more dead than alive. I had one narrow escape while coming, the chap Neilson, just behind was hit in the leg. I stopped to give a hand at bandaging, then proceeded to catch up on the Company. We had our breakfast and tried to get some sleep, but could not for the flies and the heat, and to crown it all another bombardment started. It was hot while it lasted – about the worst I was under. I would give a lot to be out of it altogether, but don't think the Turks will last long now. We had a standby all night for half Companies, 4 hours off and 4 hours on, could hardly keep awake – though the firing went on all night. [The War Diary records that the battalion moved forward during the evening of the 19th, bivouacked near Pink Farm and later relieved 2nd Hampshires in reserve trenches.]

Sunday, 20th June 1915 – Reserve Trenches.

Got up about 9am and had breakfast which consisted of one biscuit and some cocoa, which I luckily had by me. It appears that the Ration party lost their way last night. We were sent down today to bring them up. As we were crossing a piece of open country they started shelling us, but only one man was wounded. We arrived back about 3 o'clock. Quieter today. Our casualties to date being 29, 1 being killed. I received my first letter from home today and got all the news [as] of the 27th. It appears that the train accident to the Royal Scots was taken for us and caused much uneasiness. I was on guard tonight at the spy hole to watch any unusual movement in front.

Monday, 21st June 1915 – Reserve Trenches.

Had breakfast about 9am and went back to bed to try and make up some of my lost sleep. I was very bad with diarrhoea today and quite sick in the afternoon. I slept nearly all day. Most of the Company are down with it. I think the water is responsible for it. There was a heavy bombardment this morning and general advance of the French which brings them up in line with us. We expect a general advance very soon now but the Turks are holding out well. There was another heavy bombardment tonight, but by the Turks this time, their shells landing very near our trenches, but I slept through it all right. One man of the ration party was wounded tonight.

Tuesday, 22 June 1915 – Reserve Trenches.

Nothing much doing today, a case of sleeping and eating all day. The Turks were very quiet today, they seem to have suffered rather badly from the French. I was on guard all day and during my spare time wrote a letter home, but won't get it mailed for a day or two yet. I have had a very bad attack of diarrhoea – a large number of the battalion are down with it. At about 9pm we shifted further to the right of the line taking up new trenches. After which we were out digging a communication between us and the Firing line. We kept digging up dead Turks and the smell was awful. We were all glad when it was finished and we got to bed about 2am.

Wednesday, 23rd June 1915 – Reserve Trenches.

Had a very lazy day again today and did not get breakfast till about 11am. I paraded sick and got some medicine from the doctor for my diarrhoea and tonight I feel much better. The rest of the Company were digging again today. The fighting has been very quiet again today. There are no further casualties that I hear of. We had our usual stand-to at 7.30 till 8.30pm and after a tot of rum turned in as we are being relieved early tomorrow morning. [The War Diary records that the battalion was relieved by the 1st Essex early on 24 June.]

Thursday, 24th June 1915

Reveille at 4am. Got ready to move at 4.30 but had to wait till 9. Then we set out and got down unmolested, still we were almost in our dugouts when they obliged us with a few shells. Only one man being wounded. We came down very smartly, the heat being awful and we were indeed glad to arrive. I had a shave and a bath in the sea after breakfast, which we got about 11am. We got mail this afternoon, I got a bundle of newspapers and a letter so that helped to cheer us up. We loafed about all day and got to sleep about 8pm, quite glad to be back again.

Friday, 25th June 1915 – Rest Camp.

Got up about 8 o'clock, had breakfast and a swim, it is fine seeing so much water again. We are having a fine rest, not much fatigue work. Had two rifle inspections otherwise nothing doing. I wrote to Mr Weir today and read the paper I got yesterday. Everything is very quiet and it is hard to realise that there is a war going on at all. I hear there is to be a big attack at the beginning of the week. I am on guard tonight while the rest of the Company are out unloading a transport – so I have struck it lucky.

Saturday, 26th June 1915 – Rest Camp.

Got breakfast this morning about 9am, then went for a swim in the sea. Enjoyed it very much indeed. We got another mail today, I received 5 letters and 2 bundles of papers which kept me busy all afternoon. I wrote home giving them all the news. We are getting plenty of drinking water now, two supplies per day with a tasting of lime juice in it. This has been another quiet day, think all the Turks must be killed. After a walk round the camp in the cool of the evening, I got to bed and slept very well.

Sunday, 27th June 1915 – Rest Camp.

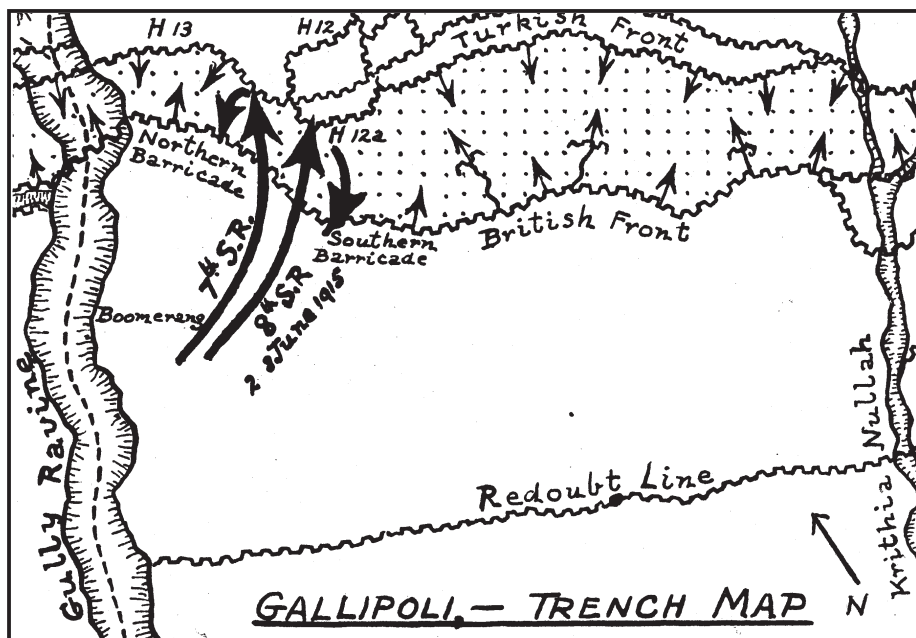
Reveille 8am. Had breakfast which consisted of tea, ham, bread and jam. We are getting very well fed and have nothing to complain of. I had another swim just before dinner. I am quite back to my usual health again and enjoying life much better. We left for the trenches about 7 o'clock and we arrived quite safely about midnight. The 8th S. R. were shelled and had quite a few casualties. As soon as I arrived I collected the water bottles and went to get them filled. Arriving back, I got to bed about 2am. Tomorrow is going to be a big day. Don't know how I will get on. [This ominous entry refers to the planned advance on 28 June known as 'The Action (or Battle) of Gully Ravine', the intention of which was to '... pivot on a point in the front line a mile from the sea, and to advance the outer flank a thousand yards over five lines of Turkish trenches and over two lines of trenches on the inner flank'. (*Notes & Comments on the Dardanelles Campaign* by Lt. Col. A Kearsley)]

Monday, 28th June 1915 – Reserve Trenches and Firing Line.

Woke up about 9am. Our guns started bombarding at dawn and reached its height about 10, whilst I was at breakfast. We left our trenches for the firing line about 11am. When we arrived, we found things pretty hot indeed and met large numbers of wounded coming down from the firing line. This delayed part of our Company and about 30 of us. The others arrived and were given the word to charge, along with some of the 8th Scottish Rifles and away they went. How they got on nobody seems to know. I am afraid they have been wiped out. The other part of the Company I was in were just preparing to support them, when we got the word to retire from the Brigadier. He was killed immediately after. I am indeed lucky to escape – as it was I had a very hot time of it.'

[The Action of Gully Ravine: The 1/7th Scottish Rifles were allocated as Brigade reserve to support the attack by the 1/8th Scottish Rifles, the 1/7th Royal Scots and 1/4th Royal Scots, on two Turkish trenches – H 12 and H12A. The Commanding Officer of the 1/8th Scottish Rifles, recorded '... Five minutes after they had started they were practically wiped out. Few men reached the enemy's front line, those that did were either killed or wounded'. (*The Official History of the War: Military Operations – Gallipoli*). The 1/8th lost 25 officers and 448 other ranks killed, wounded and missing.

The History of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) notes that at first the seriousness of the situation was not realised at Divisional Headquarters who ordered 'H12 is to be taken at all costs. If necessary you will send forward your reserve battalion'. The 1/7th Scottish Rifles had already been ordered forward to the British front line and on receipt of the Divisional Commander's message Brigadier-General Scott Moncrieff ordered the equivalent of two companies (most of 'B' Coy. and two platoons each of 'A', and 'D' Coys.) to renew the attack. This took place without artillery support and nearly all of those in 'B' and 'D' Coys. became casualties. However, on the left, the platoons of 'A' Coy. reached the Turkish front line and some gained the western end of trench H12.



The Action of Gully Ravine – 28 June 1915 [Scale 1 inch = 1,500 yards]

A short time later the Brigadier went forward to gain a better understanding of the situation and decided to make a final attempt with his remaining reserves (from 'A' and 'C' Coys.) making use of two saps which gave some cover. Placing himself at the head of his last reserve he went forward but soon realised that progress was impossible and ordered the men back. He then pushed on to the end of the sap to observe but was killed. Shortly after the Staff Captain ordered all the survivors in the saps back to the British front line. The 1/7th casualties were 14 officers and 258 other ranks killed, wounded or missing.]

'Tuesday, 29th June 1915.

It is thought that our men have captured the trench and are cut off. Anyway they are sapping towards them and we are hoping for the best. We returned to the reserve trenches, some of the regulars taking our places. [The 2nd Hampshires relieved the 1/7th.] We were severely bombarded in the evening. After dark we were kept busy carrying the wounded. There are hundreds, as it has been quite a big battle. I don't know exactly how we stand. We are kept busy all day carrying the wounded and dead from the firing line. It was an awful night, some of the trenches are blocked with them and the smell is sickening. What remains of our battalion left for the rest camp about 9pm where we arrived about midnight, things were pretty hot just as we were leaving, but we got down safely and were glad to be down.

Wednesday, 30th June 1915.

Got up about 8am. Had breakfast about 9. We are feeling pretty run down and very sad. I am afraid there is little hope for the rest of the battalion. We have about 300 left altogether. Our company alone have about 70 left out of 200 and no Officers. Colonel and Adjutant and Tom Mason are among the missing and I hear Tom was killed. It is awful to think I have seen the last of him. [Pte. 1999 Tom Mason 1/7th Scottish Rifles is commemorated on the Helles Memorial. He was 21 and the son of Mr and Mrs John Mason, of 58, Second Avenue, King's Park, Cathcart, Glasgow.] I wrote home today telling them I was safe, for which I thank God. I never want to come through anything like it again. The General and Staff came round today and said a few words to us. Said we were all heroes and he was very sorry we had lost so heavily but we would never have so many again. It seemed we had a splendid victory and did more than we thought.

Thursday, 1st July 1915 – Rest Camp.

Reveille 8am. We had a parade for company drill this morning at 3am. Night is the only safe time for such a parade as any parade of that kind would draw the Turks' fire through the day. We got to bed again about 4am and slept till breakfast time. Some of the Company were up at the trenches today collecting the equipment of the dead and wounded. There is still no word of the missing and have given up hope. Afraid poor Tom Mason must be dead. I have been picked as a guide to the H.L.I. Brigade who are expected to land either tonight or tomorrow. We are sleeping on the *River Clyde* which was run ashore and is now used as a landing stage.

Friday, 2nd July 1915

Slept very well on the fore-front of the *River Clyde*, am afraid that she will be of no further use to the G.C.F and Co. now. The H.L.I did not arrive last night, so we left for the camp at dawn, which was reached about 4am. So I had another doze. We are going back again tonight, while the others go up to the trenches. We received a parcel mail yesterday and letters today. I got five and a bundle of papers, so that kept me amused for a time. I left for the *River Clyde* shortly after 6pm and had just got snugly settled for the night when we got word to fall in as the H.L.I. had arrived so we started guiding half a Company. I started about 4 in the morning and got them up safely. We had a very severe thunderstorm though.

Saturday, 3rd July 1915 – Rest Camp.

I arrived back in camp about 6am, had a sleep then breakfast about 9. The rest of the battalion are up in the trenches – I don't know if we are to follow or not. We loafed about all day doing odd jobs such as cleaning up the camp etc. Our rations were sent up to the trenches with the battalion's so we have been short all day, though we didn't exactly starve. We are very quiet again and bar a few shells every night the Turks don't trouble us much. There is no further word of the missing and I am afraid we will have to give up all hope. I got to bed early and had quite a good night's sleep though it was very wet through the night.

Sunday 4th July 1915 – Rest Camp.

Got up at dawn and prepared to go up to the trenches. We left about 6am but only got half way up when we were turned back by the acting Brigadier. After a rest on the top of the cliff, where we viewed the sea and neighbouring islands and compared it with the Clyde, to which it bears a great resemblance, we returned to the camp, had breakfast and loafed about all day, just doing odd jobs here and there. I had a swim in the sea, which was very refreshing. It is very hot, almost unbearable. Major Templeton came up to me and gave me some cigarettes and chocolate, which were very much appreciated. He is going home to Glasgow shortly as it is not agreeing with him.

Monday, 5th July 1915 – Rest Camp.

Got up about 8am and had breakfast at 9am, then more loafing. The heat is something awful and makes you sweat doing nothing. I managed to go down to the canteen but could only get sardines and Greek cigarettes which are hardly worth smoking. There were two big explosions yesterday, a French transport and a French Magazine being blown up. I haven't been feeling quite so fit as I might have been for the last day or so, but I am much better today. I am having a fine rest here just now. I have indeed been very lucky. We had a parade for drill at 8.30 tonight and another in the morning at dawn. Otherwise very little doing.

Tuesday, 6th July 1915 – Rest Camp.

After breakfast we proceeded at 9am to get things in order for the battalion coming down from the trenches. We have been rather short of food today, but managed to get some flour and made pancakes so we didn't exactly starve. We hear today that we are to go and relieve the Indians tomorrow, don't know how that will suit us. For as a fighting force our Brigade has ceased to exist. [On 1 July the 1/7th and 1/8th Scottish Rifles were formed into a composite battalion.] I don't think we could make a decent battalion. We had one of our nicest little services ever I had tonight. A Minister happened to be passing and he was asked to say a few words, so we managed to gather about 50. We all enjoyed it very much.

Wednesday, 7th July 1915 – Rest Camp.

The Battalion arrived in camp about 8.30 last night and got to bed about 9.30, had a fine night's sleep and was up again this morning at 7am and had breakfast at 8. After rifle inspection I had a bathe. The Battalion got it very easy today as they are going up to the Indian trenches for fatigue work. We left at 9pm and travelled very fast at first. The pace soon slackened however as the road got very difficult. It led up through a steep gully and along the cliffs. As far as I can judge, the distance was about 3 miles. We arrived in the early hours of the morning and got into the dugouts. We got to sleep at once, being very tired. [The move appears to have been in preparation for relieving the 1/4th Royal Scots in the firing line at Gurkha Bluff on 9 July.]

Thursday, 8th July 1915 – Gully Beach.

Started digging this morning as soon as we got up, but as our Company did not start at once, I had breakfast and went for a bathe. I was just out and had on some of my clothes when a shrapnel shell burst behind me. I got a piece in my left elbow and another piece through my helmet. I did not realise at first that I was hit, but made a rush for cover at once. I got into a dugout which happened to be occupied by a Corporal of the RAMC. He dressed my wound and I went into the dressing station which was just alongside, where I waited till night and proceeded to a hospital further along the beach, where I slept the night as well as I could but it pained me not a little.

Friday 9th July 1915 – Field Hospital.

After breakfast we proceeded along the beach to the Base Hospital at Helles Point. It was a terrible walk in the heat of the day. I arrived about 12 o'clock and was at once sent on board a mine sweeper, which was to take me to Lemnos Island. Major Templeton came by the same boat on his way home. We left at 2pm and arrived at Mudros about 7pm, where we landed and were taken to a hospital there. My wound was very painful as the bandage was too tight, owing to the arm swelling, but I got it slackened, went to bed between 9 and 10. I slept on a stretcher as only severe cases get beds. All the RAMC men I have come into contact with have been very kind to me. It is not a very serious wound, but enough to keep me out of danger for a wee while.

Saturday 10th July 1915 – Hospital, Lemnos Island.

I didn't get much sleep last night, but tossed all night. The Doctor was round this morning, but just looked at it. I think the bullet is still in it and anyway my arm will likely be stiff for some time to come. One of the RAMC men was saying that I would likely be sent to Alexandria or home if they were full up there. I hope he proves to be correct. It is much easier anyway today and I am very grateful it is no worse. I knocked about all day, could not sleep, the heat and the flies are very annoying and I was not sorry when the cool of the evening came. We are fed very well and have nothing to grumble about. I see this is my mother's birthday and this fair Saturday I wonder if you imagine where I am.

Sunday 11th July 1915

I saw the doctor today and he says I have to go to the base for treatment. Spent a very lazy day, nothing to do and plenty of time to do it in. There was a church service this morning and another this evening. I need scarcely say I was at both of them. I have met a few of our chaps here who were wounded in the charge. Otherwise nothing new.

Monday 12th July 1915

I'm still here, no news of shifting yet. Will likely be here tomorrow. I managed to write a letter home giving all the particulars. It is very hot and the flies are a

constant torment. I am always glad when night comes and it gets a little cooler. I am lying beside some A & S H boys [Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders] from Greenock. I got quite a lot of news. Ian Milne and a number of others that I knew are out here. It is a pity I did not know before I left. I hope this is my last night here anyway as I am getting pretty fed up.

Tuesday 13th July 1915

Nothing new today until after dinner. I was told to get ready to leave for the base at 2.30. I paraded, then after a great deal of checking names, walked down to the beach and then by small boats onto the Hospital Ship *Dongola*. She was a P&O liner and this is her first trip as a Hospital Ship. I noticed that she was registered in Glasgow and am just wondering if I will be lucky enough to get there soon. After a hot bath, the first for two months, I was put in 'C' Ward on the middle deck; it is well forward and should be as good as any. We left Lemnos about 7 o'clock for Malta. I'm not sorry to see the last of this place.

The diary ends two days later while Jack was on route for Malta. Jack Anderson was to have his wish to return to 'blighty' fulfilled, although his wound was more serious than it first appeared and affected the mobility of his left arm. The 7/8th Scottish Rifles were reinforced by drafts and remained in the Helles sector on trench holding and other duties until they were evacuated through 'V' Beach on 8 January 1916.

When he had recovered from his wound, Jack Anderson was commissioned, 2nd Lieutenant, and sent to France in November 1917 with the Labour Corps. Here he



2nd. Lt. John (Jack) W Anderson

commanded 45th Company, Chinese Labour Corps who he found a very loyal bunch of men. The latter clearly had a high regard for their officer as on one occasion they stole a bicycle from another officer as they thought their officer should also have one! Jack was discharged from military service in February 1919 having declined promotion to accompany his men back to China, a decision he later regretted.

After the war, Jack Anderson returned to work at Grahams in Glasgow, and was posted to their Bombay office in the early 1920s. Towards the end of his first tour of duty he was transferred to the Karachi Branch where, aside from home leaves, he was to spend the next 17 years. It was on his second home leave in England in 1925 where he met a young violinist, Olive Evelyn Kingsbury, who he was to marry just over two years later on 7 February 1928 in Karachi. He transferred to the Calcutta Office of Grahams in 1937 as General Manager, returning to England in February 1946. He died in 1969.

Postscript by Mr Fred Atkey: Jack's son, John Anderson, who emigrated to Australia in 1968 and married an Australian nurse will no doubt be joining with other 'Aussies' to commemorate Anzac Day on 25 April as will his son, Duncan.

A SAD FAREWELL

ST LUCIA BARRACKS
BORDON
28th June 1922

Dear General,

We have in our possession a silver bugle won by the "Blue Caps" when serving with the 29th Division, and as our mess silver is being distributed I am writing to ask if you would honour us by accepting it as a small memento of one of your old Battalions.

Although fate has been against us and we must go, our traditions and memories will remain and included in the latter will be the historic time spent under your command in Gallipoli.

With very best regards.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely

C N PERREAU

General Sir Aylmer Hunter Weston K.C.B., D.S.O., M.P.
House of Commons
London

From: Lt.-Gen. SIR AYLMER HUNTER-WESTON of HUNTERSTON, K.C.B.,
D.S.O., M.P. 2 CULFORD GARDENS, LONDON S.W.3.

30 June, 1922

My dear Perreau,

It is difficult for me to express to you and to the officers of the old "Blue Caps", to whom I admire and love so well, my appreciation of the honour you do me in proposing to give me the silver bugle which the battalion won while serving in the incomparable 29th Division. I need hardly say how gladly I accept it, and how highly I shall value and honour it.

In all the sad story of our relations with Ireland there is nothing that has given me personally greater pain than the thought that the Royal Dublin Fusiliers and the Munster Fusiliers, who did such magnificent service to their Country in the 29th Division both in that Great Adventure in the Dardanelles and in France and Flanders throughout the War, should cease to exist.

The Battalions of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers have so long and so glorious a history in India and elsewhere, long before they became the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, that I am hopeful that in the future the Regiment may be revived. But that cannot be for many a day, and the comfort to be gained from the thought of a possible revival does not suffice to alleviate the sorrow I feel when I think that my beloved "Blue Caps" are no more.

My personal greetings and best wishes to each and all of my old friends among the Officers, Warrant Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men of the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Yours sincerely,

Aylmer Hunter Weston

Lt.-Col. C. N. Perreau, C.M.G
1st Battalion, Royal Dublin Fusiliers,
St. Lucia Barracks,
Bordon.

A GALLIPOLI CASUALTY : PRIVATE THOMAS GILLIGAN

Steve Gilligan

Thomas Gilligan – my Great Grandfather – was born on 21 October 1871, one of four children and the only son of Thomas and Catherine Gilligan (née Wright), of Wicklow, County Wicklow, Ireland.

Nothing is known about Thomas' early education, or his interests and hobbies. However, we know he enlisted in the Royal Irish Rifles in Dublin on 11 November 1893 as Private 4003, joining the 1st Battalion at Newry two days later. His surviving attestation papers give his civilian occupation as 'painter' and he is described as being 5' 4" in height with red hair and grey eyes.

Thomas spent his first year on home service. However, on 10 November 1894 he commenced a long period of active service in India, returning home on 15 February 1899. In November that year Thomas was again on active service; this time in South Africa during the Boer War, where he remained until 10 September 1902. Thomas was then on home service until 10 November 1905 when he received his discharge, and began 5 years in the reserve.



Private Thomas Gilligan

Thomas married Rachel White, a Nursery Maid, in 1907 and together they raised four children while living in Dublin – the eldest being my grandfather George William

Gilligan (b. 1908); also Thomas (b. 1909), Frederick (b. 1911) and Annie (known in the family as Nancy – b. 1914).

At the outbreak of war in August 1914 Thomas re-enlisted; this time as Private 13757 in the 6th (Service) Battalion, Royal Irish Fusiliers. Now aged 42, Thomas marched through the streets of Dublin to the docks en route to Liverpool with his battalion. This was the last time he would be seen by his 6 year old son George who could recall walking alongside the column.

The battalion was part of the 31st Brigade of the 10th (Irish) Division, part of Kitchener's New Army. The division was largely made up of new recruits with a sprinkling of older men who had already seen military service in the Boer War and India and who had either been recalled to the colours, or had volunteered on the outbreak of war. With his age and prior military service it is likely that Thomas would have been looked up to by many of the younger men for guidance and support as they went through their training at Basingstoke.

The 6th Battalion, along with the rest of the division (less the Divisional Artillery, which had been sent to France), received orders to embark for service in the Dardanelles on 9 July 1915. The division left Basingstoke in successive train loads on 12 July arriving at Keyham Dockyard, Plymouth where they were to embark on the *SS Canada*. However, owing to non-arrival of the vessel, the battalion was moved to a rest camp at Pull Point, Devonport overnight.

On 13 July, the battalion and ammunition column commenced embarkation on the *SS Canada*, sailing the following day at 5pm. The vessel passed Gibraltar on 18 July and arrived in Malta on the 21st for coaling. It then sailed for Alexandria, arriving on 24 July, and two days later reached Mudros Harbour, Lemnos. Here the battalion was occupied for some days in the disembarkation and sorting of stores and equipment which had not been loaded securely, or in the correct order at Plymouth. On the evening of 31 July the *SS Canada* sailed for Mytilene (Lesbos), an island about 50 miles south of the Dardanelles, arriving there on 1 August. During the next few days the battalion undertook route marches around the island.

On 5 August the battalion received orders to be prepared to move by 12 noon the following day to an as yet unstated destination. At 5.30 pm on 6 August the battalion sailed to Suvla Bay, Gallipoli aboard the minesweepers *Snaefell* and *Honeysuckle*. At this time the battalion comprised 778 officers and other ranks.

At 4.35am on 7 August the *Snaefell* and *Honeysuckle* arrived off Suvla Bay under heavy shrapnel fire. A landing was made at 8.30am with the battalion going straight into action in support of the 5th Battalion, Royal Irish Fusiliers and East Yorkshire Regiment at 9am the same morning. On its first day of action the battalion suffered casualties of 1 officer wounded, 12 other ranks killed and 76 other ranks wounded or missing.

Overnight, the battalion occupied trenches on Hill 53 (Chocolate Hill) and during the following days provided support and reinforcement to other troops attacking Hill 70 (Scimitar Hill). During the period 8-9 August the battalion suffered further casualties of 5 officers killed, 12 officers wounded or missing, 12 other ranks killed and 220 other ranks wounded or missing. The conditions and lack of food were also having a detrimental effect – the battalion having received no supplies since landing, being forced to exist on the ‘iron’ rations with which they had landed.

Supplies were received late on 9 August, and the battalion held Hill 53 until relieved by the Essex Regiment the following day. The battalion was rested in the reserve lines at Lala Baba for the next few days. On 13 August, the battalion moved into support trenches at Karakol Dag (on the Kiretch Tepe Ridge), and the following day received reinforcements of 5 officers and 159 other ranks from the battalion reserve at Mudros.

During 15-16 August the battalion was moved forward and engaged in heavy fighting against Turkish positions on the Kiretch Tepe Ridge in an area known as ‘The Pimple’. It was during this action that Thomas Gilligan was killed; one of 10 officers and 210 other ranks killed, wounded or missing in the battalion during the engagement. Thomas Gilligan’s body was never recovered, his name being recorded on the Helles Memorial and in his local church at St. Stephens in Dublin.

On 1 September the battalion comprised just 5 officers and 388 other ranks. As well as losses through enemy action it was increasingly suffering from the effects of disease.

The impact of Gallipoli was not confined to just the battlefield since Thomas’ death had major repercussions for his wife and children. Soon after being notified of his death the young Gilligan children, who were now living in poverty, were split up as Rachel was unable to cope. Annie and Thomas (who had been blinded by meningitis) were sent to live with relatives.

In 1918, the eldest child, George, entered the Royal Hibernian Military School (RHMS) in Dublin. In November that year Rachel, who had already suffered the amputation of a leg; died of tuberculosis at the age of 33. The following year Frederick joined George at the RHMS. Following closure of the RHMS, George joined Group No. 1 at the newly opened Boys Technical School in Chepstow and went on to serve in the army with the Tank Corps. Frederick moved to the Duke of York’s School at Shorncliffe, Dover and then served with the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

Both brothers saw service throughout the Second World War. George left the army in 1949 and then went on to work as a Civilian Technical Officer with the War Department, retiring in 1974; he died in 1999. Frederick, who had been awarded the Military Medal for bravery in Italy in 1944 was accidentally shot and killed while serving with the occupation forces in Salzburg, Austria on 1 October 1945. Thomas, although blind, learnt to play and tune the piano; he died in Belfast in 1975. The last of

Thomas Gilligan's children was his daughter Annie who died in Surrey in December 2001.

The family keeps Thomas Gilligan's in their memories with his photograph (reproduced at the beginning of this article) featuring prominently in the homes of me and my father and on each anniversary of his death he and his family are remembered.

Acknowledgements

6th Battalion, Royal Irish Fusiliers War Diary.

KEMAL ATATURK'S WORDS

On pages 58/59 of the Winter 2010 issue I drew attention to the changes to the original wording used by Kemal Ataturk in a speech to widows and relatives on the 1934 Pilgrimage to Gallipoli and wondered if our Turkish readers could throw some light on this.

Our member and friend in Gallipoli, **Guven Pinar**, has kindly provided the following explanation:

'The original statement was dictated by Mustafa Kemal Atatürk himself to Mr Sükrü Kaya, the Minister of Interior to be delivered by Mr Kaya on his behalf during the ceremony to be performed at the Quinn's Post Cemetery in 1934, when the first Australian, New Zealand and British pilgrims visited the Gallipoli battlefields.

The slightly changed version generally used today first appeared in a book *Ataturk & Anzacs* published in English by the Turkish Historical Society in 1978 and was first used at the 'Gallipoli Fountain of Honour' in Brisbane/Australia.

When the Australian Government decided to erect an Ataturk Memorial in Canberra in 1985, the Turkish Ministry of Foreign Affairs produced a new English translation of Ataturk's original words verbatim to be put on that new memorial but the Turkish Embassy in Canberra suggested that to change the one already well known and revered by all Australians would not be appropriate, thus the 1978 version has been used everywhere since then. (Source: Dr Bilal N Simsir/Ataturk Research Center Periodical/Ankara www.atam.gov.tr)

A Personal View by the Editor: It seems to me regrettable that the opportunity to use an accurate translation of Ataturk's original words was not taken in 1985. One can only speculate whether the Turkish Embassy in Canberra, as might be expected, took soundings of the Australian Government on the 'new translation of the original wording' before recommending to the Turkish Ministry of Foreign Affairs that the 1978

version should be used on the Ataturk Memorial. Leaving aside the important question of historical accuracy, the omission of the reference to ‘English, French, New Zealand and Indian heroes’ could only have served to reinforce the widely held view in Australia at the time (and it must be said elsewhere) that Anzac troops played the leading role in the Gallipoli campaign.

It must be acknowledged, however, that a more enlightened attitude has generally prevailed in recent years and credit for this must go, in no small part, to the considerable efforts made by many Australian teachers, and others with an interest in the campaign, to provide a more balanced picture.

LETTERS FROM GALLIPOLI

We continue this regular feature with a contribution sent to my predecessor by **Mr C Rosell**, whose great uncle, **Francis Douglas Baker**, served at Gallipoli with the 1/1st Royal North Devon Yeomanry. I am grateful to Mr Rosell for allowing reproduction of the letter (which was first published as part of an article he wrote for the *Westminster School Alumni magazine*) and for providing the following introduction and outline of his great uncle’s life.

The letter will be of particular interest to readers focussing as it does on the terrible conditions endured by officers and men alike during the appalling weather at Suvla at the end of November 1915.

Introduction by Mr C Rosser

On the death of my mother some years ago I inherited a set of unedited family papers going back more than a hundred years including a large collection of letters written by my great uncle, Francis Douglas Baker (1884 – 1958), who was a Queen’s Scholar at Westminster from 1898 to 1901. His family came from Dawlish in South Devon and he retained a fondness for the area to the end of his life. In his eventful life, he was a journalist on *The Englishman*, published in Calcutta, a Trooper and subsequently an officer in The 1st Royal North Devon Yeomanry, an intelligence officer on Lord Allenby’s staff in Palestine, and an officer for 25 years in the Egyptian Police Force, finishing his career as Lewa (General) Douglas Baker Pasha, Commandant of the Alexandria City Police. During the Second World War, Douglas and his wife Nevart, the daughter of an émigré Armenian from Istanbul then living in Egypt, were familiar figures to many serving British soldiers and sailors. Nevart devoted a great deal of time to providing club facilities for both officers and other ranks in Alexandria.

I remember meeting my great uncle as a boy on his visits to England during post-war summers after his retirement, and recall him as an unassuming, almost self-effacing man who gave no clue to his colourful past unless seriously and persistently persuaded.

During his time with the 1st Royal North Devon Yeomanry, Douglas took part in the Gallipoli campaign and wrote copiously to his mother and sisters from the front. Many of these letters have survived. Censorship seems to have been very sketchy; indeed, junior officers censored the mail for their own squadrons and self-censored their own for much of the time. We therefore get a startlingly open and honest view of the Gallipoli campaign, perhaps most powerfully illustrated by the letter he wrote after the events for which he was awarded the Military Cross. At this time he was a newly commissioned 2nd Lieutenant in charge of a half squadron, nominally 40 men. His early experience as a journalist in India shows through in the vivid but at the same time matter of fact way he describes events which to us seem quite unimaginably terrifying.

The text of the letter is complete apart from a few personal references.

[Editor's Note: The 1/1st Royal North Devon Yeomanry relieved the 1/1st West Somerset Yeomanry in the White House Sector, Suvla (south of Chocolate and Green Hills) on 24 November.]

Wed. Dec. 1st 1915

My dearest Mother

I forget how long it is since I last wrote to you; as a matter of fact, I have almost lost count of time altogether during the last few days. The whole of our Brigade has been through a most terrible ordeal and we are now out of the trenches and back in a rest camp. You will recollect that in one of my former letters I entertained grave fears as to what might occur should there be an unusual amount of rain. Those fears have now been fully confirmed, as I will attempt to describe.

The trouble began shortly after sundown last Friday 26th Nov. It had been blowing up for rain all day, and at last it came down. My hat how it poured. One solid sheet of water best describes it. For two solid hours it continued, but long before that time we were in an awful state. I told you the soil was all clay. You can't imagine the result. The water, rushing down from the hills around us, poured all through our trench in many places six foot deep, and there wasn't a spot where you didn't go in above your knees. This wouldn't have been so bad but for the awful havoc wrought among our belongings. Rifles, cooking pots, blankets, heaven knows what, were swept away or engulfed. Many men had gone to sleep in their dug-outs & were only rescued from drowning in the nick of time. Very soon our parapet of sand bags began to fall in & the trench by this time being absolutely impassable, we simply had to clamber out into the open & do what we could to repair the damage, for this parapet was of course our only protection from the enemy's fire. I was in bed myself at first but v. soon turned out. Stephenson was ill, so there was only myself and Lord Vivian to take charge. I went along to my $1\frac{1}{2}$ Squad. & found them isolated by the flood with three great gaps in the parapet.

We worked from 11pm till 4 next morning, all out in the open. Five men were wounded, and I had to dress several of them in the dark with the rain pouring down. Realising that when daylight came, I and my men would be quite cut off from the rest of the Squad. and not in touch with the Regt., I got fatigue parties to fetch rations, and made preparations for the inevitable. I divided my men up into five small sentry groups about 10 yds apart, each group finding what shelter it could. We were able to communicate with each other, by wading knee deep, or by getting out of the trench and walking in the open. After a time we preferred to risk being shot! When dawn broke I shall never forget the scene of utter desolation. I was with the middle of my sentry groups sitting huddled up in a ruined traverse. The man actually on sentry had to stand in water, and to add to our misery it now began to freeze hard. Throughout Sat. we sat like this, living on dry biscuit and bully beef, and shivering all over. We could see that the Turks had suffered badly too, for they were running about outside their trenches lighting fires. We kept firing steadily at them, but I don't think we did much damage as the men were far too cold to take steady aim.

They shelled us for over an hour but also did no harm, tho' further back in the support line there were a lot of casualties. As soon as it was dark I went back to Lord V. & found him with Stephenson who had recovered. He told me that there was no chance of being relieved & that I must stick it. Lovely prospect! I now got all my blankets which luckily were dry, & rescued as much of my own stuff as I could. I was mud from head to foot, & my feet were without any feeling at all in them. I got some hot tea & soup sent out to my men, & your tin of ginger, I searched in our mess-box & took them out 2 bottles of whisky & a tin of the O.C.'s favourite cigarettes which he never offers to anyone!! Then I prepared for another night & went back to my fellows. They were simply splendid. Tho' exhausted & frozen they stuck it like Britons!

But now came our worst blow – snow! A blizzard came on us soon after 9 on Sat. night & continued all night. I had reported 37 rifles in my command on Sat. evening. By Sunday morning I had 15! I was asking too much of these fellows. You see, we couldn't move about – we simply had to sit huddled up and shivering. During the night I had to pull man after man to his feet & send him off in charge of others hardly able to totter along, with instructions to get to the dressing station as best they could. Here the M.O. had hot tea for them, had them rubbed a bit, & sent them back to me where possible to do so. By now, I myself was about done in! Stephenson reported to me that the C.O. had collapsed & had retired to Headquarters in an exhausted condition. This left only two officers to 'D' Squad. Finally on Sunday morn. the Colonel, who was himself exhausted, sent an 'A' Squadron officer with 25 men to relieve my $1\frac{1}{2}$ Squad. This officer, Carew, was talking to me & I told him to keep down as a sniper was potting at him. He said he wasn't going to walk about in the trench and get his feet wet. He left me & walked out into the open to go to his 25 men. He had hardly gone 30 yds before he fell, shot

through the neck. Not fatally, but a serious wound. One of our stretcher-bearers got to him under fire & pulled him back into the trench. A very brave act for which he has been specially commended.

Eventually, I got the remnants of my men back to a shelter place where Stephenson had had a fire lit. Here we made quarts of condensed milk hot and passed it round. Now came the news that 'D' Squad. would be relieved at sunset. Sunset came but no relief. I went off to try and find the relieving party & had an awful trip. At last at about 10pm the relief arrived & our Squad. staggered back over the snow to an old barn about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile away. There was barely room for 20 men in it. I got 50 in!! Lord V now arrived & he and Stephenson & 10 other men crowded into a tiny dugout & got a fire going in an empty biscuit tin. Stephenson was very bad and I was utterly exhausted. Men were groaning with cold all round. Sleep seemed utterly impossible. Monday saw us still there. The M.O. paid us a visit & ordered 15 men to hospital, including Stephenson who had to go on a stretcher. At dusk came the news that our Brigade would be relieved that night, and would march back three miles to a Rest Camp. I will pass over that awful march with 'D' Squadron now reduced to 30 men and all of them just blindly stumbling along – we got to the Rest Camp at 2 on Tues. morning and found it a most awful place but had to make the best of it.

It is now Wednesday morning and the whole of 'D' Squadron has reported sick! The M.O. says I have got 'trench foot' and am unfit for duty. Other squadrons are in a similar plight, the two other Regiments in our Brigade have suffered just as much as we have. Yet I hear there is talk of our being sent back to the trenches tomorrow! It is too horrible to contemplate. But if our condition is bad that of the Turks must be 20 times worse. I have only given you the outlines of the whole dreadful business. I dare not go into details. If you at home knew the truth there would be a most appalling scandal. Well – by God's mercy, here we are getting what rest and warmth we can. The weather is bright again but v. cold. I have to keep lying down as my feet still don't belong to me, but I hope they'll soon be right again. Most of our men have lost all of their belongings & haven't a pair of socks even. I have lost a lot of my stuff including all my blankets. The Colonel kindly gave me one of his when he heard this. Last night was my first real sleep for 96 hours.

O.C. 'D' tells me that in his report to the C.O. he has mentioned my name & the $\frac{1}{2}$ Squadron under my command and what we did. But it was nothing more than our duty! Where I suffered most was in having no thick underclothes. The cold must have been exceptional for I hear there have been many cases of death by exhaustion. But we have been fortunate in this respect. Amongst other things washed away I hear was a bag of mail parcel for us so I have probably missed a letter from you.

Thank God we are all alive, even tho' sorely exhausted. Honestly at one time I feared the worst not only for myself but for all of us. But by this time I have fully realised that faith in the Almighty is the only thing that really matters.

One of our corporals was magnificent when we were rebuilding parapets under fire. I heard him urging on his section, who were ready to drop. "Come on boys" he said, "remember the Lord helps those who help themselves!"

Here I will stop. Some day I hope to be able to tell you the whole story. Meanwhile I am proud of 'D' Squadron who stuck it when all hope seemed gone – stuck on in fact, long beyond the limit of human endurance. You will notice that I am writing in pen and ink. Lord V. and I are sharing a dugout which was evidently used as an Orderly Room by another Regiment.

Heaps of love to all, dear Mother. Will write again as soon as possible.

Ever your devoted son

Douglas

SPECIAL ORDER OF THE DAY

*General Headquarters
25th December, 1915*

THE FOLLOWING MOST GRACIOUS MESSAGE FROM HIS MAJESTY THE KING HAS BEEN RECEIVED BY THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, MEDITERRANEAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE :-

Another Christmas finds all the resources of the Empire still engaged in War, and I desire to convey, on my own behalf and on behalf of the Queen, a heart-felt Christmas greeting and our good wishes for the New Year to all who on sea and land are upholding the honour of the British name.

In the officers and men of my Navy on whom the security of the Empire depends, I repose in common with all my subjects, a trust that is absolute. On the officers and men of my Army, whether now in France, in the East or in other fields, I rely with equal faith, confident that their devotion, valour and their self-sacrifice will, under God's guidance, lead to victory and an honourable peace. There are many of their comrades now, alas, in hospital, and to these brave men also I desire, with the Queen, to express our deep gratitude and our earnest prayers for their recovery.

Officers and men of the Navy and of the Army, another year is drawing to a close as it began, in toil, bloodshed and suffering, but I rejoice to know the goal to which you are striving draws nearer into sight, and may God Bless you and all your undertakings.

Editor's Note: I am grateful to member **Ian Hamilton** for sending me this document.

INFORMATION PLEASE

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

We have three requests in this issue. The first is from **Roger Phillips Jones** who writes:

‘In September 2007 my wife and I travelled to Gallipoli and visited the special memorial commemorating my great uncle, Lt. Leslie Phillips Jones, Royal Berkshire Regiment (att’d Hampshire Regiment) in Redoubt Cemetery. I subsequently submitted a short article, which was published in the Winter 2007 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 115). In this I speculated if we were the first of our family to visit the place of his burial. I now know that his father, John Phillips Jones, visited his son’s grave during a pilgrimage in 1926, this being mentioned in a book by Sister Jessie Holmes entitled *A Pilgrimage to Gallipoli*, which was published in London in 1927.

I would be interested to know if any member has any information on Sister Jessie Holmes, or on the pilgrimage in 1926. Please send any information to me at 42 Bellevue Road, West Cross, Swansea, SA3 5QB.’

Editor’s Note: On receipt of this request I checked the index of past issues of *The Gallipolian* to see if there was mention of this pilgrimage by one of our ‘veteran members’. There were a couple of brief references, the most interesting being an item by Major Banner, the then Chairman in the Christmas 1980 issue (No. 54) which noted:

ST BARNABAS PILGRIMAGE TO GALLIPOLI & SALONIKA 1926

It is possible that some of our members took part in this pilgrimage organised and carried out so long ago. The organisation called ‘St Barnabas Pilgrimages’ chartered the Italian ship Stella d’Italia, which sailed from Marseilles and first visited Salonika and its battle fronts, then continued by sea to Mudros. Then Cape Helles, with a wreath laid at sea. Landing was not allowed at this stage and the ship continued to Constantinople, as it was then, with a return down the Dardanelles the next day and a landing at V Beach by local caiques or sailing boats at a makeshift pier. Then the visits and wreath laying at the various cemeteries.

In addition to the book by Jessie Holmes mentioned above, **Tim Mole**, Editor of *The New Mosquito*, the journal of the Salonika Campaign Society, told me of another book about this pilgrimage – *The Ship of Remembrance : Gallipoli – Salonika* by Ian Hay (Major John Hay Beith). Tim notes that the book takes the form of an address to the

relatives of servicemen who died in Gallipoli and Salonika and focuses more on the memorials. It does not mention Redoubt Cemetery.

The second request comes from **Marc Stewart**:

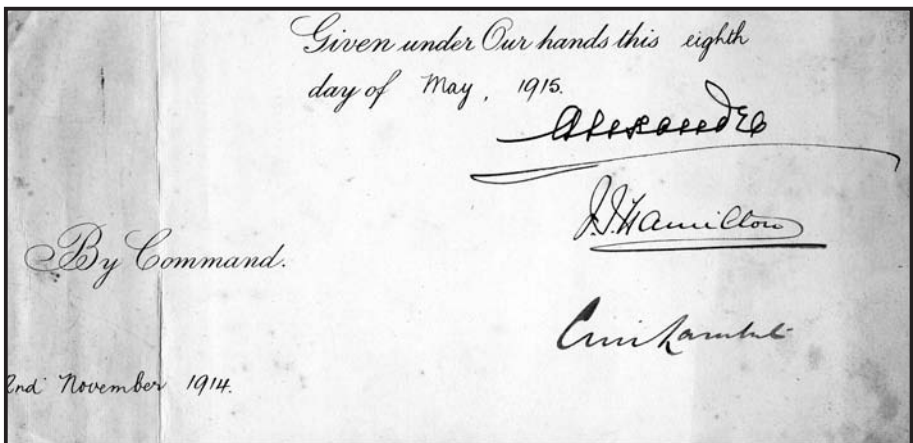
‘I’m researching the life of Major Frederick Roger Alexander Nicholas Knollys, 1/1st City of London Yeomanry (Rough Riders), who attended Borden Grammar School – my old school – and died on 24 September 1915 as a result of wounds received during the Gallipoli Campaign. I’ve managed to uncover some information on his family (his uncle, for example, was Viscount Knollys, private secretary to Edward VII and George V), but I’m keen to find out more about the role of the Rough Riders during the Gallipoli Campaign’.

Perhaps someone will be able to help? If so, please contact Marc at 14 Dane Close, Hartlip, Kent, ME9 7TN or e-mail: m.a.stewart@hotmail.co.uk.

Finally, **David Kirton** from Perth, Western Australia, writes:

‘I have recently acquired an extract from a document with Sir Ian Hamilton’s signature together with two others which I am unable to identify. I am hoping that one of our members can identify the two which are above and below Hamilton’s signature’.

David has no information on the origin of the document, of which only the extract reproduced below survives, or the fact that it bears two dates’.



If anyone can help, please contact David at: Kirton1@optusnet.com.au or write to the Editor who will pass any information or suggestions on.

QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

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

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

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

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

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

Simpson Badges – produced by the Anzac Day Commemoration Committee of Queensland. The badge is oval in design and 1/2 inch in size showing Simpson in classic pose with his donkey. Each badge costs **£3.20** including UK post. [Europe £3.90, Rest of the World £4.40]

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

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

RESEARCH GROUP

Members are most welcome to join the Association's Research Group which meets from time to time by mutual arrangement at the National Archives, Kew. Please contact Clare Church for further information. Telephone 01590.673145 or by e-mail at clarechurch@tiscali.co.uk

BOOK REVIEW

BRITISH AND IRISH POETS OF THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN, 1915: HEIRS OF ACHILLES

Authors: David Childs and Vivien Whelpton Publisher: Cecil Woolf, London 2011
ISBN 978-1-907286-17-9. Contents: 60 pages. Price: £9.00

The authors of this slim, but fascinating book are to be praised in having begun to fill a huge gap in the exposure of Great War poetry – poetry emanating from the Gallipoli campaign.

Common consensus has it that there is a dearth of poetry connected with the Gallipoli campaign; some Great War anthologies contain none at all and those that do, stick to Dearmer, Lawson, Oxland, and perhaps, Shaw-Stewart. A possible explanation can be found in *Poems of the First World War. Never Such Innocence* by Martin Stephen:

Poetry about Gallipoli...is less distinctive than that written about the Western Front....similar to some World War Two poetry. A more jokey, off-hand manner creeps into much of it, as if heat, sand, flies were in some vague way not quite so offensive as mud, rain and lice. Perhaps the British and their soldiers had been used to sweating it out in sandy deserts for so long that the experience was not quite so much of a shock ... the treatment of the wounded and prisoners by the Turks was infinitely worse ... Sheer boredom comes through as a strong element in much of this poetry ... another feature expressed (is) that of the 'forgotten army'.

Although this is obviously true, it is apparent that the relative brevity of the campaign, less than nine months, and, more significantly perhaps, the sheer physical difficulty of writing poetry has had its effect. There were no rest areas, no 'behind the lines' on the Peninsula; what was written tends to be composed on the way to Gallipoli, or on places like Lemnos, or even in hospital recovering from wounds.

But despite these handicaps, it is apparent in this book exactly how much poetry exists and through the chronology of the campaign and the explanation of the Classical heroic spirit so many participants believed in, leading to '*an erosion of the notion of war as grand and glorious*', gives us a feast of little known verse tantalisingly brought to light and aided by being put in context with the addition of helpful and perceptive comments on individual poems which helps elucidate them further.

Concentrating on British and Irish poets opens the way (hopefully) for the further exposure of the other poets, many Antipodean, whose verse was not only written by the participants, such as Gellert, Westbrook and Skeyhill, but that of modern poets, like Chris Wallace-Crabbe who grew up '*listening to memories of those more directly involved in the campaign.*'



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.