

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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ANZAC/GALLIPOLI DAY CEREMONIES

PLEASE NOTE THAT BECAUSE THE LONDON MARATHON WILL TAKE PLACE ON 25 APRIL, THE TIMINGS AND ORDER OF THE ANZAC/GALLIPOLI DAY SERVICES IN LONDON ARE MARKEDLY DIFFERENT TO 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.

Stringent 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 this year will commence at **9.00am**. Members should be seated by 8.45am.

Those wishing to attend the service should apply on the booking form. **Tickets for the Abbey and Cenotaph will be posted, so please remember to enclose a s.a.e.**

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

The Wreath laying ceremony at the Gallipoli Memorial in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral will take place at 12.45pm (i.e. after the services at The Cenotaph and Westminster Abbey). Those attending should be in the crypt by 12.30pm.

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

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

GALLIPOLI DAY LUNCH

Arrangements for the Association's Gallipoli Day Lunch, together with the cost, are given on the enclosed booking form. Please book early to ensure a place as space is limited.

OTHER ANZAC/GALLIPOLI DAY CEREMONIES AND EVENTS

The enclosed commemorative events leaflet gives details of other Anzac/Gallipoli Day ceremonies and events. Additional copies are available on request from the Editor (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.

SUBSCRIPTIONS – 2010

Members are reminded that subscriptions became due on 1 January. If you have not already renewed, please do so now.

A Membership Renewal Form (for those paying by cheque) is enclosed and should be returned, together with your subscription, to the address shown on the form. The current subscription rates are:

Members in the UK	– £20 per annum (£18 if paid by Direct Debit)
Overseas Members	– £25 per annum (£22.50 if paid by Direct Debit)

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

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

Direct Debit forms can be downloaded from the Association website or obtained from me, or the Membership Secretary.

W J Marsh, Hon. Treasurer

REPORT FROM THE MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

Although inevitably we lose a number of members each year due to advancing years and other factors, the overall situation is very positive. There is a constant flow of new members joining the Association through the website, not only from the UK but from around the world, with one recently from Sweden. At the time of publication, we have a total of 1213 members of which 150 are from overseas. Of the overseas members 38 are from Australia, 14 from New Zealand, 8 from France, and 16 from Turkey. Over the last six months 32 new members have joined the Association.

John Crowe

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION TOURS 2010

There are still vacancies on the 2010 Association Tours. The first from 15–23 May will definitely go ahead. The second, planned for September (probably 18–26th) will take place if there are sufficient numbers. See enclosed leaflet for further information and booking arrangements.

OBITUARY

GEOFFREY MOORHOUSE 1931–2009

Geoffrey Moorhouse, who died on 26 November, was a long standing member of the Gallipoli Association. He has been described ‘as one of the best writers of our time’ by Byron Rogers *The Times*; ‘a brilliant historian’ by Dirk Bogarde *The Daily Telegraph*; and ‘a writer whose gifts are beyond category’ by Jan Morris *Independent on Sunday*. Educated at Bury Grammar School, his desire to write first took him into journalism. Then, following National Service in the Royal Navy, he journeyed to New Zealand before returning to join the *Manchester Guardian* eventually becoming chief features writer, a post which ensured much travel and witnessing key events across the world.

His first book was *Britain in the Sixties: The Other England* (1964), a second book followed in 1969, the following year he resigned from *The Guardian* to become a full-time writer. In all he wrote 29 books on a variety of subjects ranging from *The Best Loved Game* (1979) about cricket to *The Last Office* (2009) about the Dissolution of the Monasteries. He will probably be best remembered for fine travel writing, the result of his own epic journeys like *The Fearful Void* (1974) about the Sahara and *To the Frontier* (1984) about the turbulent Khyber region.

From a Gallipoli point of view, his book *Hells Foundation* (1992) reprinted in paperback in 1993 will be well known to members. Moorhouse considered it as:

Almost certainly the most important book I shall ever write, because it opened up a previously neglected area of historiography by asking what is the effect of war on the communities that supply the cannon-fodder? In this case, what did Gallipoli do after 1915 in both the short and the long-term to a small Lancashire mill town which lost almost 2,000 of its young men in the Dardanelles, when the local regiment won six VC's before breakfast.

Dirk Bogarde in his review (*Daily Telegraph* 4 April 1992) describes *Hell's Foundation* as 'a spinningly glorious book' and writes:

In this elegant, compassionate, deeply researched book, the tremendously caring Geoffrey Moorhouse sets before us the facts and figures, the jingoism, pride, pain, as well as the hideous smugness, the cock-ups, the arrogance, and the disasters made by 'those who know better'. And who seldom, if ever, have to 'go'. The myths are here as well, for anything as brave as this, as unutterably sad and devastating has to breed myth. Both good and bad. Legends too, play a part. Finally it all becomes a kind of folk drama: Moorhouse gives us the truth word by word. Not all of it is palatable.

Geoffrey Moorhouse was three times married and three times divorced. He is survived by three children, and his partner Susan Basnett with whom he shared his final years.

David Saunders

'FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE'— WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Each year the Gallipoli Association has a Memorial Plot in the 'Field of Remembrance' in the grounds of Westminster Abbey, which is open in the week before Remembrance Day. Anyone can place a remembrance cross or symbol in the plot and some 30 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 some 230 plots. The task of laying out the plots had been completed by the time the Hon. Editor arrived on the morning of 3 November to lay the 70 crosses on behalf of Association members.

The formal opening by His Royal Highness, The Duke of Edinburgh, took place at 11.00am on 5 November 2009. After a brief service, the *Last Post* was sounded from the parapet of St Margaret's and The Silence kept. Afterwards, Mrs Sara Jones, President of the Royal British Legion Poppy Factory, invited The Duke of Edinburgh to lay a Cross of Remembrance.

His Royal Highness then toured the plots, which contained some 29,000 crosses, and spoke to veterans, service personnel, and members of the organisations present, including Hugh Jenner, 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 page 31.

THE PASSING OF THE WORLD WAR ONE GENERATION

Martin Willoughby

For almost a thousand years, Westminster Abbey has been the setting for many of London's ceremonies such as Royal Weddings, Coronations and Funerals. The Abbey is the parish church of the Royal Family when in residence at Buckingham Palace and is a Royal Peculiar under direct control of the Queen. It is symbolically the entire nation's church and a most fitting location for this service.

On 11 November 2009, some 2,400 people gathered at the Abbey to attend a service marking the Passing of the 'World War One Generation'. Judy and I were guided efficiently to our seats and enjoyed the music before the service, which was played by the Royal Artillery Band and the magnificent Abbey Organ. Seated as we were in the North Transept our view of the proceedings was supplemented by a discreetly placed Flat Screen TV. Standing for the arrival of the Queen we were pleased to be able to have a clear view of Her Majesty for the greater part of the service. The service started with the *Introit* sung by the Abbey Choir, a marvellous rendition of the fourth stanza from Binyon's *For the Fallen*. The Dean gave the Bidding and this was followed by the Two Minutes Silence. The Union Flag and the Colours of the Navy, (Queens Colour, Commander in Chief Fleet) and the Royal Air Force (Queens Colour) were then borne through the Abbey and placed in the Sacramentum to the sound of *O God our Help in Ages Past*. Anne Davidson, daughter of Chief Petty Officer William Stone, gave the first reading from Genesis 4: 8-16, shortly followed by a reading from Revelations 21: 1-6 given by Andrew Orr Ewing, great-great grandson of Captain David Orr Ewing DSO RN who served at the Battle of Jutland in 1916. After the hymn *Be Still My Soul*, sung to the excellent tune Finlandia, the Archbishop of Canterbury gave his address.

The *Agnus Dei* sung by the fine tenor Ian Bostridge and Abbey Choir led the reading of *Last Post* (written by Carol Anne Duffy – Poet Laureate) by Jeremy Irons who stood by the memorial to the World War One Poets. Prayers and Thanksgivings were given by representatives of the Abbey and other ministries. During the hymn *The Day Thou Gavest* the Colours were returned to their bearers and the Collegiate Procession together with Her Majesty The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh (our Patron), the Duchess of Gloucester, the Service Chiefs and other notables moved to places by the Grave of the Unknown Warrior.

The Wreath Laying was preceded by readings from the Minor Canon and Dean of Westminster. The Wreath was borne through the Abbey with great dignity by L/Cpl Johnson Beharry VC and Trooper Mark Donaldson VC, Australian Army, escorted by seventeen year old Millie Scott and fifteen year old Victoria Newark (who in 2008 travelled to the World War One Battlefields of France and Belgium as part of a project run by the Imperial War Museum) to a Solemn Prelude '*For the Fallen*' played by the Royal Artillery Band. Her Majesty The Queen assisted by the two VC holders laid the wreath (a replica of one used in the inter-war period) at the Grave of the Unknown Warrior and the bell of *HMS Verdun* was rung. The exhortation given by the Chief of the Defence Staff was followed by an outstanding rendition of the Last Post and Reveille by a Bugler from the Band of Her Majesty's Royal Marines, Collingwood. The Blessing given by the Dean was followed by the National Anthem and so ended a fitting service which did great honour to those of the World War One generation. The congregation was played out by a Chorale Fantasia on *O God our Help* from the splendid Abbey Organ and *Imperial March* played by the Band of the Royal Artillery.

Once the congregation had dispersed somewhat, there was time to walk the Nave to the Grave of the Unknown Warrior to view the Wreath (see photograph on page 32) and reflect for a while. Leaving the Abbey we went to the Association's Plot in the Garden of Remembrance to view the cross placed in memory of my Great Uncle, Frederick Willoughby, RMLI, Killed in Action, Anzac, about 3 May 1915, aged 15 years.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR 'ALL THE KING'S MEN'

John Crowe

The weather was once again perfect for fifth annual memorial service on Sunday 13 September 2009. West Newton church was full, with additional seating placed at the rear. We were again very fortunate to have the Mayor of King's Lynn and West Norfolk present. Turkey was represented by Lt Colonel Mehmet Canli who attended with his wife and two young children, New Zealand by Captain Roger Kidd and his wife Annette, France by Raphael Distant and his wife Nathalie. Unfortunately Colonel Peter Singh representing Australia was unable to attend due to a leg injury. There were representatives of local branches of the British Legion, Royal Norfolk and Royal Anglian Association, Britain-Australia Society and London Legacy. Mr Marcus O'Lone represented the Royal Sandringham Estate. The Rev Jonathan Riviere was accompanied by The Right Reverend The Bishop of Lynn who gave a sermon showing a great insight and awareness of the campaign. Colonel Canli read the well-known words of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk.

Six standards were presented to the altar and eight wreaths laid. The Association wreath was laid by Lt Commander Arthur Coxon who had travelled from the Vale of

Glamorgan to support the Association. The exaltation was read by Captain Roger Kidd from New Zealand. After the very moving service everyone went to the Village Hall for tea and ANZAC biscuits where flags of the countries involved in the campaign were displayed. Captain Kidd explained the effects of the campaign on the relatively small population of New Zealand. The Mayor presented Borough plaques to both Colonel Canli and Captain Kidd after revealing that he also had a Great Uncle at Gallipoli. A photograph taken outside the church is on page 32.

29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL

The ceremony will take place at 11.30am for 1200 noon on **Sunday, 14 March 2010** 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 review on Horse Guards Parade on **Saturday, 29 May 2010**. 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, 4 June 2010**. The Chairman of the North Dorset District Council and the Blandford Garrison Commander have kindly invited attendees to tea in the Headquarters Mess, Royal Signals after the Service.

Those wishing to attend should notify Stuart Adam, Camveere House, Portman Road, Pimperne, Blandford, Dorset, DT11 8UJ. 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, 25 June 2010**. The speaker will be Association member, John Harvey, who will outline the fascinating story of 'The Lonely Anzac of Peterborough'. A booking form for this event is enclosed.

COMMEMORATION OF MAJOR HERBERT W JAMES VC

The Winter 2009 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 121) outlined plans by The Friends of Kensal Green Cemetery to commemorate Major Herbert James who was awarded the Victoria Cross for the most conspicuous bravery during operations at Gallipoli in June/July 1915. As previously reported, the plaque will be erected on the outside wall of the West London Crematorium, Kensal Green.

The wording of the plaque has now been agreed and the design is being finalised. The plaque will be of Welsh slate, with the VC emblem and badge of the Worcestershire Regiment carved in shallow bass-relief. It will record:

In Proud Memory of
Major Herbert Walter James VC MC
1888 – 1958
4th Bn. The Worcestershire Regiment
who was awarded the Victoria Cross
for the most conspicuous bravery
on 28 June and 3 July 1915
at Gully Ravine
in the Helles Sector during the
Gallipoli Campaign

Arrangements for the dedication of the plaque are still being finalised but it is hoped that the ceremony will take place between **28 June and 3 July** this year, the 95th anniversary of the actions by Major James (then 2/Lt. James) that led to the award of the Victoria Cross. Details will be posted on the Association website when they are known. Those without Internet access can register their interest in attending by contacting the Editor at the address given inside the front cover of the journal.

SANDRINGHAM

A Memorial Service will be held in St. Peter and St. Paul's Church, West Newton at 2.00 for 2.30pm on **Sunday, 12 September**. The service is held to remember all those who served at Gallipoli, and in particular the 5th Battalion, The Norfolk Regiment and the Sandringham Estate workers who fought at Suvla Bay on 12 August 1915. Standard bearers will attend from local ex-service organisations and wreaths will be laid.

Afterwards, tea and Anzac biscuits will be served in the Village Hall. Further information from John Crowe (contact details inside the front cover) who will be pleased to hear from anyone wishing to attend as seating is limited in this small church.

AUTUMN LUNCH

The Association's Annual General Meeting and Autumn Lunch will take place at The Naval Club on **Thursday, 14 October 2010**. 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.

KEITH PARK UNVEILED

David Saunders

The Autumn 2008 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 117) carried a short report about the unoccupied fourth plinth in Trafalgar Square. One of various suggestions being that this should be filled with a memorial to Air Chief Marshal Sir Keith Park who played a leading role during the Battle of Britain while leading 11 Group RAF.

As reported at the time, Keith Park was a veteran of the Gallipoli Campaign having landed at Anzac Cove with his artillery unit on 26 April 1915. He was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in July and the following month was at Suvla. Later service on the Peninsula included a spell at Gurkha Bluff with a naval twelve-pounder gun. He was evacuated on 2 January 1916.

After hosting contemporary art, the fourth plinth now displays a sixteen foot glass-fibre statue of Sir Keith Park. This an oversize replica of a permanent bronze statue, which is due to be unveiled in Waterloo Place on 15 September this year.

The short but impressive ceremony on 4 November was attended by members of Sir Keith Park's family, numerous RAF veterans, the Chief of the Air Staff, Air Marshal Sir Stephen Dalton and the London Mayor, Boris Johnston.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, ELTHAM – GALLIPOLI CHAPEL MEMORIAL APPEAL

*Each night we have heavy gun fire – we are within a few yards of
the sea – on the top of a slope, and every day we get shelled.
The landing was awful – men and officers shot down in shoals,
caught in wires – killed, wounded, drowned.*

[Extract from a letter from the Rev'd Henry Hall to his wife]

On 25 April 2015, the Holy Trinity Church, Eltham will commemorate the courage, suffering, sacrifice and contribution made by the forces of all nations involved in the Gallipoli Campaign.

Readers will be aware that Holy Trinity Church has a unique memorial – the Gallipoli Memorial Chapel. Originally dedicated to the men of the 29th Division who did not return, the Chapel has since served as an international focus for remembering the horror, death and carnage suffered by all involved. Henry Hall, Holy Trinity's Vicar from 1907–1942, and Chaplain to the 29th Division (1915/16), was the original driving force behind the Chapel, and by doing so ensured that the memories of those who took part lived on. A photograph of the chapel can be found on page 33.

The Chapel, which has held an annual Gallipoli Memorial Service every year since 1921, and between 1985 and 2000 hosted the annual Gallipoli Memorial Lecture, now needs major repair and refurbishing. In order to achieve this, **The Gallipoli Chapel Memorial Fund** has been set up by members of Holy Trinity's congregation to raise the necessary funds to complete this work in time for the Gallipoli Centenary Commemorations. The organisers hope to raise over **£60,000** by 2012 to ensure that the Chapel is refurbished by 2015. The aim is to provide new lighting, fabric repairs, stone cleaning, redecoration and ancillary works such as redecoration of the area leading to the Chapel and toilet/disabled facility upgrades.

Details of the appeal are on the parish website: www.holytrinityeltham.co.uk
Readers who would like to support the Memorial Fund appeal can send donations to:

Mr Robert Buxton
Fund Treasurer (The Gallipoli Chapel Memorial Fund)
The Parish Office
59a Southend Crescent
London SE9 2SD

Cheques should be made payable to 'Holy Trinity Gallipoli Chapel Fund'

FRED POTTS VC – THE HERO WITH THE SHOVEL: TWO FAMILIES UNITED IN A SINGLE ACT OF BRAVERY

Jon Cooksey

Readers of *The Gallipolian* will be familiar with the story of Trooper Fred Potts of the Berkshire Yeomanry who won the VC for rescuing a comrade – Trooper Arthur Andrews – at Scimitar Hill on 21/22 August 1915 [See end note]. Potts refused to leave his comrade behind and dragged him down the slope towards the British lines on the blade of a shovel found on the battlefield. It took them over 48 hours to travel 600 yards.



Trooper Fred Potts in Pith Helmet

My interest in Fred Potts was sparked when I came across a plaque in Katesgrove School in Reading after giving an assembly on the Second World War. Fascinated by the story of the ‘hero with the shovel’ I recounted it to Graham McKechnie, a producer at BBC Radio Berkshire and the idea of a forty-minute documentary to be transmitted on Remembrance Day 2009 was born. Little by little the story of the ordinary Reading man and his extraordinary deeds were revealed. With a little research two of Fred Potts’ grandchildren were traced, but the best was yet to come. We felt sure that Arthur Andrews had relatives still living in Reading and a speculative phone call led us to his grandson. A call to the Imperial War Museum where Potts’ VC is on loan, allowed us to set up the first ever face-to-face meeting over the actual medal between the two families for a special Remembrance Sunday radio documentary.

Fred Potts' granddaughter Anne Ames and Arthur Andrews' grandson Chris Andrews learned they live just streets away from each other in Reading and although they both knew the story of Fred Potts' heroic deeds they had never met. Together with Bob Bingham, Potts' grandson, Andrews' daughter-in-law Norah and grand-daughter Penny Pountney, Chris and Anne were able to see the medal first hand and learn about the two ordinary Reading men united by a single act of selfless bravery. A photograph of the two families at the Imperial War Museum can be found on page 33.

On meeting the descendents of the man who saved his grandfather's life Chris Andrews said "Thanks to their grandfather ours was able to live to nearly 90". Chris went on to recall his grandfather's words written in a letter to Fred Potts from his hospital bed in Malta in October 1915, '... my people will be forever thankful, Freddie ... a great debt which I can never hope to repay'. "And yes, we do owe him so much. None of us would be here if it wasn't for Fred Potts' courage and Fred had a choice, he could have left my grandfather on the battlefield but chose to stay with him".



Trooper Arthur Andrews at camp in 1914

Revealing that Fred's wife Ruth simply kept his VC next to the gas meter at home, his granddaughter Anne Ames said: "It's quite amazing to come here ninety-four years after the event and meet people who had a connection to it in the beginning. Fred never spoke about it, although he did say there was quite a bit of interest from the Borough of Reading and at his works when he came home".

Her cousin Bob Binham added: “It is lovely to unite the two families and amazing that people can live in a community and not know that they were that close all the time”.



Trooper Fred Potts after the award of the VC

Marvelling at how two families can be brought together by a single act Chris Andrews said, “It is really interesting. If it wasn’t for Frederick Potts then my father wouldn’t have been born and I wouldn’t be here today”.

BBC Berkshire’s Graham McKechnie told of his desire to make the documentary after hearing of Potts’ story. “He was the most unlikely of heroes – a modest man, a factory worker, who found himself in a completely alien world. When he found Arthur Andrews lying wounded, he never thought of leaving him to save himself. Dragging him to safety on a shovel, despite being badly wounded himself, is a powerful and poignant image of the selflessness of so many soldiers in that war”.

What happened on that scorched hillside in Gallipoli ninety-four years ago still resonates today as we gathered as a Nation last November to remember the sacrifice of so many British servicemen and women in a year which saw the passing of the generation of 1914-18. Like so many units the length and breadth of Britain, the Berkshire Yeomanry in 1915 were a collection of part-time soldiers; people just like us from our own communities – factory workers, farm labourers, postmen, plumbers, amateur footballers. It still exists and is still sending its part-time soldiers to serve on the battlefields of Afghanistan. For Australians, New Zealanders and Turks, the Gallipoli campaign is remembered with reverence as a momentous event which led to

nationhood. Not so in Britain, which is not always good at remembering its history. Fred Potts VC was rightly feted as a hero in 1915. There is every reason why he and his devotion to the lives of others should be remembered still.

Note:

Two articles about this brave man have appeared in *The Gallipolian*. ‘The Man with the Shovel: Gallipoli Victoria Crosses’ by David Saunders, Issue No. 54 (Autumn 1987) and ‘Trooper Potts Memorial’ by J Douglas Stott, Issue No. 70 (Christmas 1992)

WE THOUGHT IT WAS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT!

David Saunders

Compton Mackenzie in *My Life and Times Octave Five 1915-1923* reports an amusing little scenario in 1915 involving the war correspondent Ashmead-Bartlett.

Reluctantly I pass over the details of what for me was that enthralling summer. I was on the Peninsula at H.Q. of the Eighth Army Corps commanded by the unforgettable Hunter-Bunter*. Here I wrote my second despatch as official Eyewitness. Then Ashmead-Bartlett came back and I was relieved of a task I had never wanted. I dealt with Ashmead-Bartlett in *Gallipoli Memories*, but I cannot resist re-telling one incident. I was on my way with some despatches to Army Corps Headquarters. The shrapnel started, but I was not in the mood to be frightened by it; it was only when I reached General Hunter-Weston's camp that I began to feel some qualms. There was not a living creature in sight. Evidently a bombardment by that infernal Asiatic gun was expected. I waited, embarrassed by the silence and emptiness and wondering with a perceptibly increasing woolliness about the knees which way to turn for cover. Just as I was preparing to dive into the first hole I could find and escape from those big shells the head of Carter, Hunter-Weston's A.D.C. rose slowly and cautiously from the ground almost at my feet. Save that his countenance was as always cheerful and ruddy, he might have been a figure in Dante's Inferno.

“Oh, it's you, Mackenzie,” he exclaimed. “We thought it was Ashmead-Bartlett, and we didn't want to ask him to lunch.”

He shouted jovially, and from other dug-outs emerged the relieved faces of the Army Corps Staff.

* The late Lt.-General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston, K.C.B.

LT. COL. NORMAN O BURGE R.M.L.I. – A significant figure in the Gallipoli Campaign

Chris Newbury , Director, Royal Marines Museum

The Royal Marines Museum recently purchased a First World War medal group awarded to Lt. Col. N O Burge RMLI. The Group comprises a 1914 Star with bar (5 August – 22 November 1914), a British War Medal 1914–20, and a Victory Medal with Oak leaf. This addition to the Museum's collections is noteworthy because it already owns a diary kept by Burge that provides a fascinating insight into his experiences at Gallipoli.



Lt. (later Lt. Col.) Norman Burge RM, Portsmouth Division RMLI, 1901

Norman Burge joined the Royal Marines (RM) on 1 February 1895, and on leaving the Royal Naval College at Greenwich he was appointed to the Portsmouth Division. He served at sea for a significant part of his career prior to the First World War. One of his ships (as Captain of Marines) was the pre-Dreadnought battleship HMS *Triumph*, a vessel that was ultimately torpedoed off ANZAC beach on 25 May 1915. Burge was appointed superintendent of the RM School of Signalling at Gosport in 1912 and a year later became staff officer at Forton Barracks where he was soon promoted to the rank of Major.

Volunteering for active service at the outbreak of the First World War, Burge was made a company commander in Portsmouth Battalion and took part in the defence of

Antwerp. He moved to the Cyclist Company of the Royal Naval Division when it formed in December 1914; the Company's primary function being communications and despatch riding. As second in command of the Company, Burge sailed for the Dardanelles at the end of February 1915, eventually landing at W Beach on 3 May. A few days later he was involved in the follow-up to the Second Battle of Krithia. The Cyclist Company was used to reinforce the RM Battalions, helping to hold the new line and repelling Turkish counter-attacks.

Burge's diary records his experiences at this time in some detail. One entry describes a night-time move to the advanced trenches on 10 May, stumbling up a gully in single file, dodging barbed wire and ... *dropping flat on our tummies every now and again when a star shell or rocket lights up everything*. On arrival at his allocated bit of the trench, Burge found that it would only hold half his men and that resulted in the other half having to dig a trench 10 yards to the rear. *As it will be light at 4 a.m. the men do not need to be told to 'dig like blazes' cos by now they know jolly well what happens if you are not well dug in*. Burge's diary entry for 11 May records a difficult daylight withdrawal with half his men to a ruined cottage about 300 yards in the rear. In this position, he was fired at almost continuously by shrapnel. *Corporal Harrison got hit badly but Foote had a near squeak with shrapnel through his pack – tin plate – waterproof sheet and shirt when it stopped*. Burge also refers to an incident involving the shoemaker who *hurls himself into the dug-out hearing shell coming and doesn't see me in the way. Result, I'm sort of felled by him and am jammed in the corner with his arms tightly clasped round my neck*.

Whether in the front line or in reserve, danger was ever-present. Burge's diary entry for 6 June reads: *We've now been more or less continuously under shell fire for over a month and always exposed to it. It's not like France, where you can get rest out of range of the enemy, and even on days when I don't mention shelling there's always some*. This shell-fire not only came from the high ground to the north; it also came from the east in the form of shells fired from howitzers on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles. Burge refers to the nicknames of some of these guns: *Quick Dick*, *Annie from Asia* and its sister *Alice*. On 20 June, he writes in his diary: *Annie from Asia – or rather one of that family is very annoying today – it is knocking our aeroplanes about on the aerodrome. Hear she's got two*.

Burge also recorded his irritation at the way that enemy aeroplanes were able to drop bombs without effective opposition. On 20 June, he witnessed an aerial duel between a British biplane and a German Taube. *The Taube got away as usual but we could hear the shots that they fired at each other. Presently back comes the biplane down in her nest. As soon as she's down – Taube promptly reappears high up – dropped 3 big bombs in various places whilst our biplane makes frantic efforts to go up in chase. Barring that they won't fight – the Taubes have the speed and the cheek and everything else of our aeroplanes*.

On 26 June, Burge was sent in temporary command of the Howe Battalion but on 19 July he took command of Nelson Battalion who had lost their Colonel and five officers killed and eleven officers wounded during an attack on Achi Baba Nullah. Burge now

had the rank of Temporary Lieutenant-Colonel and his first task was to completely reorganise the Battalion. Towards the end of July he was writing in his diary about the urgent need for some rest and recuperation away from the peninsula for the whole RND. However, this was not to be. In mid-August the RND moved to a new sector of the Helles front, taking over the line between Krithia Nullah and Gully Ravine from 29th Division. Burge's final diary entry on 29 August reads: *Quite impossible to go on with diary. New draft would occupy remainder of this book. Undersized, undertrained, undisciplined, weedy youths of 14-17. Dreadful!!!*

Taken ill at the end of October, he was invalided off the peninsula to Egypt but re-assumed command of Nelson Battalion on 1 January 1916, just in time to play an important role in the successful evacuation of Gallipoli. He did some excellent staff work and was one of the very last to leave the peninsula on 8 January 1916. Burge was mentioned in despatches for distinguished and gallant service in the RN Division in the *London Gazette*, 28 January 1916. On 1 May that year he was promoted Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel for distinguished service.

Burge landed in France on 22 May 1916 and was killed in action in November that year, leading his battalion in the latter stages of the Battle of the Somme. His obituary in the *Globe & Laurel* concludes: *The country and the Corps lose a most valuable and zealous officer, while his brother officers mourn one of the very best of messmates and cheeriest of companions. His thoughtfulness for the welfare of others made him a general favourite, and his interest in the Corps generally and the Portsmouth Division in particular will make him long remembered most vividly amongst the many most gallant officers of the Corps, who have so gladly given their lives during this struggle.*

Burge's medals are displayed in the RM Museum's famous Medal Room, which also includes the story of Lance Corporal Walter Parker RMLI who won a Victoria Cross at ANZAC. Readers may also care to note that there is a small permanent display relating to Gallipoli in the First World War gallery. The overall quality of the Museum's displays and services won it a Tourism South East Award in 2008 as Best Small Visitor Attraction. Further details of the Museum can be found on its web site: www.royalmarinesmuseum.co.uk

Acknowledgements:

From Trench & Turret by S Holloway

Nelson at War 1914-18 by Roy Swales

The photograph of Lt (later Lt Col.) Burge is reproduced by kind permission of the Trustees of the Royal Marines Museum

RETURN TO GALLIPOLI

Readers may recall the article *A Pilgrimage to Gallipoli*, published in the Winter 2008 issue of *The Gallipolitan* (No.118), which was an account, written by Mr G E Willis of the *Newbury Weekly News*, of a visit made to the Peninsula in 1936 on the Cunard White Star Liner, *Lancastria*. I have recently discovered another account of that pilgrimage in the Association archive. It was written by **Mr Harry Harris** who served in the 87th Brigade Field Ambulance, 29th Division.

Unlike the previous account, which gave an overview of the cruise, Mr Harris's account is a more personal one, outlining his reminisces of the time he spent on the peninsula during the war and his impressions and reflections on returning some 20 years later. Mr Harris and his friend 'Yosser' (Mr H V O Hughes) appeared to be more adventurous than many of the other passengers, walking the ground and exploring some of the places they knew in 1915. I hope readers will find the account as fascinating as I did.

A full account of the pilgrimage is held by the Department of Documents at the Imperial War Museum [Ref: 99/62/1]. This extends to 16 pages covering such things as Pilgrimage Organisation, the Voyage East, Malta, Istanbul and the visit to Salonika. It appears that Mr Harris may have sent copies, or extracts, of the account to various friends on his return and one of these found its way to the Association. Indeed, Mr Harris notes, movingly, in the introduction to the full account that '*... it is primarily intended for those of my friends who served with me in 15*'.

Hon. Editor

From the time that I sailed from Gallipoli in a small steam trawler in December 1915, I have had a strange longing to return. Nor am I apparently alone in this, for talking to others who also served there, I find that they also have had the same longing. When, therefore, opportunity and circumstance made it possible for me to accompany the Pilgrimage to Gallipoli on the RMS *Lancastria*, I counted myself fortunate.

We left Liverpool Landing Stage at 4.15pm on Friday 1 May 1936. We moored at the Grand Harbour at Valletta at about 12 noon on 7 May and were reminded of our entry into the same harbour in March 1915.

Going on deck at 7.00am on Wednesday 12 May, I found that we were at anchor in Kelia Bay [Kilye Liman] which is situated to the north of Maidos [Eceabat]. Maidos was clearly visible and so also was Chanak [Canakkale] on the Asiatic side. It was very peaceful, the *Lancastria* being the only ship in the neighbourhood, except for several small motorboats which were making their way from Chanak for the purpose of

transporting us from ship to shore. Each boat flew the Turkish flag. One also carried the Australian flag and was named the *Emu*. The *Emu* was in excellent condition and is probably used by the British officials in charge of the cemeteries.

Looking towards the peninsula I noticed how wild and scrubby it looked, yet how beautifully green, with splashes of brightly coloured heather and gorse and the graceful hills covered with a fleece of brushwood. On one of the heights, Chunuk Bair, the New Zealand Memorial was plainly visible. This takes the form of an obelisk and marks the furthestmost point reached by the New Zealanders and men of the Wiltshires. It was from this point that the ultimate objective, the Narrows, was seen. After capturing it and holding it for a few hours, however, those who had taken it (New Zealanders and men of the 13th Division) were driven off and it was never re-taken. By a tragic mistake the naval guns bombarded our men either because of wrong timing or in the belief that they were Turks, with the result that many of them were killed and others driven off part of the crest.

The pilgrims were divided into two parties, one party going to Suvla on the first day and Cape Helles the second day, and the other party going to Cape Helles on the first day and Suvla the second. 'Yosser' and I were appointed to Suvla on the first day and consequently, in accordance with the arrangements, we 'paraded' on deck at 9.00am for the purpose of landing on Gallipoli, but not in the way we were required to land in 1915! Now we are provided with boats manned by friendly Turks with the Crescent fluttering in the breeze. Each boat is accommodated with chairs and the sides of the boat are covered with rugs and carpets!

We quickly made the journey from the *Lancastria* to the shore where the boat was brought alongside a small concrete pier. We then found a collection of motor vehicles of all sorts and conditions, none of which appeared to be less than 15 years old. Some seemed to have homemade bodies built on to the chassis which at one time might have belonged to a London taxi or a coal wagon. These vehicles had been collected from various parts of Asia Minor and were surrounded by Turks of all ages, two or three Turkish gendarmes with rifles slung over their shoulders keeping in the background.

We made our way towards the heights dominating Anzac and Brighton beaches and drove through beautiful country with wild flowers of all kinds growing in profusion. Gorse and heather were in full bloom and the scent of wild thyme filled the air. Indeed we were astonished at the amazing beauty of the country. The general impression was one of calmness, beauty and peace. The roads on which we travelled were mere cart tracks, occasionally crossing through streams and frequently over deep ruts which had the effect of making our vehicle rock like a ship in a storm. In climbing to the heights the track was frequently bounded on one side by a drop of a hundred feet or more, so the driving required great skill. Our Turkish driver inspired confidence, however, and always chose the best part of the track.

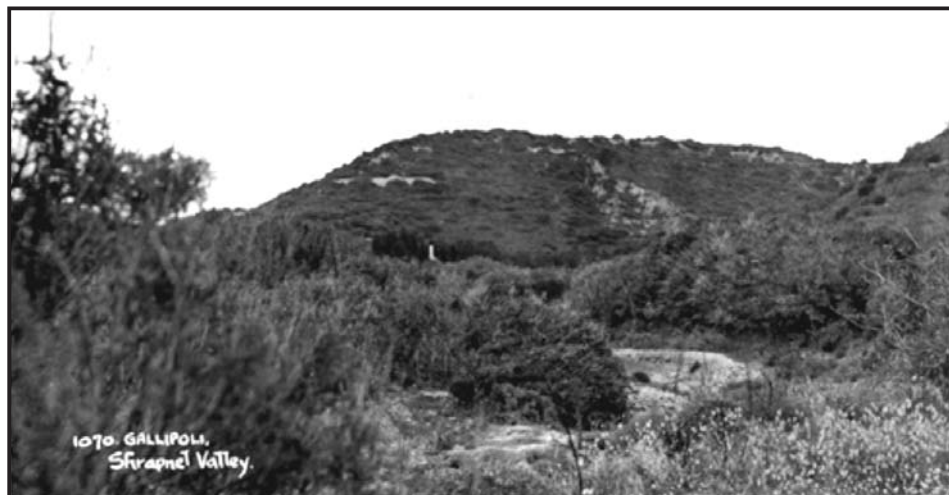
Our first visit was to Lone Pine Cemetery. There are about 30 cemeteries dotted about over the whole of the peninsula. Their maintenance is under the direction of two Australians who live at Chanak, and they have a Turkish squad working for them. The cemeteries are very well kept, neatness and orderliness prevail, and we were impressed by their peacefulness situated as they are in such beauty with the song of the birds overhead. Each one has a boundary wall of white stone and is entered through a gate of hard, polished wood with brass fittings. Cypressess have been planted at intervals and also a low type of bush, cut dome-shaped. A description on each stone memorial records the names of thousands of dead in each cemetery. From Lone Pine I walked to a spot overlooking the Aegean Sea. Trenches and communications are still there. Scattered over the whole area are broken rifles, bayonets, pieces of shells, rusty tins and broken jars, and, most surprisingly, amongst some of the undergrowth I found human bones and skulls.

On our Memorial at Lone Pine a wreath was laid by Sir William Birdwood and one was laid also, on behalf of the Turks, by the Vali of Chanak who had accompanied us from Kelia Bay with his wife and one or two other Turkish officials. We then went to Courtney's and Steele's Post Cemetery, Quinn's Post Cemetery and then to the Nek where there is a Turkish Memorial. Here wreaths were laid by Sir William Birdwood and the Turkish officials. I took a photograph of Sir William and the Vali of Chanak shaking hands at the ceremony. I thought this was a fine gesture, particularly as the Vali had been an officer in the Turkish forces against us at Gallipoli. Some of us walked to the crest where Sir William pointed out to us the landmarks which were well known to him in 1915 and I understand that he was then looking at them for the first time since the evacuation. It is only when one sees the positions occupied by the Anzacs that one realises the mighty tasks which was undertaken by them. If it was not an historical fact it would be incredible that they should have made good the landing and remained there for nine months impregnable against fierce Turkish attacks. The ground above Anzac Beach consists of exceedingly steep sandy cliffs broken by two great gullies or ravines which run inland. All the ground is covered by prickly scrub and brushwood between two and three feet high. The operations in this area must have been terribly difficult as the advantages were all with the defenders.

We then went to Chunuk Bair where the New Zealand Memorial, visible from the Narrows, is situated. From here we had an excellent view of the surrounding country including Suvla Bay, with Hill 10, Chocolate and Green Hills to the right, with the dominating heights of Scimitar Hill, and Ismail Oglu Tepe and Anafarta more dominating still. To our great surprise, we found that, which in August 1915 was a flat, sun-baked piece of land lying between the beach and Chocolate Hill and known as the Salt Lake, is really a lake, the waters of which extended quite close to the Hill. It was across this ground that many of us had to go in the open during the afternoon of 21 August 1915, when the Turks shelled us with shrapnel causing some casualties.

There was also Ari Burnu, the little cove where, when we were landing after being

transferred from Cape Helles, the dawn broke and the Turks caught us with shrapnel so that some of our boats had to go on to 'A' Beach at Suvla. The high peak on the island of Samothrace, which always looked so purple in the evenings, looks across the Aegean on fields of poppies where our brave deeds were done and where some of the finest of our race lie buried. Our vehicles took us from Chunuk down Shrapnel Valley to the beaches of Anzac and Brighton . An old lighter lies on the shore, evidently used at the landing, and three huge condensers, used by the Australians for condensing seawater, are still in position but are very rusty. A dugout remains almost intact.



Shrapnel Valley 1936 [See Note 1]

We went on towards Suvla but, owing to water courses, the cars were unable to go further than a point in line with Ari Burnu . Determined, however, to see Chocolate Hill, 'Yosser' and I made our way on foot through stream and marsh and eventually reached Chocolate Hill where later Colonel Lindsay joined us [Note 2]. There is a cemetery on Green Hill where we found the commemorative headstones of Pte. W G A Smith [Note 3] and Pte. F R Steele [Note 4], members of the 87th who were killed during the attack on Chocolate Hill on the 21/22 August. The following lines are carved on their headstones [Pte. Smith's inscription on left below and Pte. Steele's on right]:

*He sleepeth not,
But hath awakened
From, the dream of life.*

*To live in the hearts of
those we love, Is not to die*

Green Hill Cemetery is delightfully situated and from it may be seen a very fine view of the surrounding country, now serene and beautiful, with the higher hills in the distance and the olive groves and fig trees in the plains below.

At the foot of Chocolate Hill I found the site of our dressing station. It was very much nearer the front line than we thought at the time! Indeed the distance must have been less than 100 yards because the old trenches are still there with the barbed wire still effective. As I looked at the brushwood and gorse I visualised the fierce battle of 21 August when the 29th Division vainly stormed the hill against overwhelming odds in men and munitions. I saw once again the magnificent men of the Yeomanry Squadrons come across the Salt Lake in open order without wavering, receiving what was to them their baptism of fire. They unflinchingly went forward to support the hard pressed 29th Division only to be mown down by the Turkish machine gunners. Then, observing the nature of the hill and the thorny brushwood and scrub I see in my imagination that awful nightmare when the hill was ablaze, caused either deliberately by the Turks or by the bursting shells. Many courageous deeds were done that evening rescuing the wounded from that hill of flame.

We wished there had been time to explore the whole area of Suvla, 'A' Beach, Hill 10 and the spot on the beach from where we used to watch the Turkish guns fire and see their shells burst on the beach amongst the stores and horse lines. We were bound, however, to return to the cars, for we had to be at Kelia Bay at a given time otherwise there was a risk of us being left ashore all night, an experience that I personally would have enjoyed provided that I had been supplied with some camping outfit and food!

Our return journey to Kelia Bay was by a route different from that by which we had come inasmuch as, instead of returning towards Lone Pine up Shrapnel Valley from Anzac Beach, we went along Anzac and Brighton Beaches and along a track running parallel to the Aegean coastline until we came near Gaba Tepe. This is a steep cliff or promontory about 90 feet high and juts out like a huge blunt-nosed animal. It is covered with scrub and is apparently washed by deep water. From Gaba Tepe to Kelia Bay is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, so that a successful landing at, and a subsequent advance from, a small beach immediately to the north of Gaba Tepe would have cut the Turkish communications. This beach was originally intended to be the landing place for the Australian and New Zealand forces, but by some mischance in the darkness the tows were allowed to drift too far, causing them to be put ashore at another beach a little further north, which came to be known as Anzac. In consequence of this mischance, the Australians and New Zealanders, although landing at a place unexpected by the Turks, had great difficulty in storming the exceeding steep, sandy cliffs and in advancing through and across gullies and ravines.

It was known later that the Turks were deeply entrenched with a strong garrison at the beach nearer Gaba Tepe. This is not surprising because from personal observations it is quite obvious that it was a beach which the Turks had to regard as supremely important. The peninsula is only $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles across here and an advance from this point to the Narrows would be across comparatively low-lying country, at any rate to within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of Kelia Bay, and then the hills are not nearly as formidable as those which the Anzacs had to take in order only to secure a footing on the peninsula. In fact there is

a valley sufficiently broad to accommodate large numbers of troops which leads to Kelia Bay, so that, whatever Turkish opposition might have been encountered, there was certainly no great natural obstacles. It would appear that this unfortunate miscalculation in landing necessitated the Suvla Bay operations, which were intended to drive the Turks from the heights to the north of Anzac so as to enable our forces to strike across to Kelia Bay, an operation which it would seem might have been carried out successfully in the first few days of the landing. I found it difficult to understand, as also did others with whom I discussed the matter, why the mistake was not rectified later, on the first or second day of the landing. Possibly the initial losses might have been heavier but there is no doubt that the effect of a successful landing of the Australians at the beach originally intended would have been to jeopardise the Turkish communications. The retirement of the Turks from Cape Helles would have been inevitable and many of our casualties at the southern end of the peninsula and the object for which the campaign was initiated would have been speedily and successfully attained. However, these are personal reflections, and possibly there were certain factors of which I have no knowledge.

That evening, about 40 Turks (men and women) being some of the principal civil officials and residents of the Chanak area, came on board to dinner by invitation and afterwards they joined in the dancing. May this spirit of goodwill be continued.

Notes:

1. Photograph reproduced by kind permission of the Lancastria Association.
2. Mr Harris notes that Col. C H Lindsey CMG DSO accompanied the 1934 Pilgrimage to Gallipoli and took no small part in the organisation of the one in 1936.
3. Pte. 1599 William George Archibald Smith 'C' Coy. 87th (1st West Lancs.) Field Ambulance RAMC. Age 24. Son of James and Ellen Smith of 126 Hornby Boulevard, Litherland, Liverpool.
4. Pte. 1324 Frank Rupert Steele. 'C' Coy. 87th (1st West Lancs.) Field Ambulance RAMC. Age 21. Son of Frederick W and Mary Steele of 74 Myrtle Road, Liverpool

[Editor's Note: The final instalment of this account, covering Mr Harris's second day on the Peninsula, in the Cape Helles sector, will be published in the Autumn issue of *The Gallipolian*.]

‘MY JOURNEY TO GALLIPOLI’

Carole Sach

When I was growing up I always knew that my paternal Grandfather, had died in the First World War; my Father was completely unapproachable about the subject so it was down to my Mother to tell me that “Your Grandfather was killed at the Battle of the Somme, he joined the Australian Army, and Dad and your Grandmother received a pension from the Australian Government after he was killed. He has no grave as he was blown to pieces”. “Oh” I would say, “... perhaps one day we could visit the Somme and see Granddad’s memorial plaque”. She would shake her head “... no, it is out of the question, your Father would not want to go”. As I was growing up, the retort from my Mother, when I misbehaved would be “Well I don’t know where you get your ideas from, certainly not my side of the family; you must get them from your Father’s side”. I used to wonder who was my Father’s side of the family, so once again questions were asked, and my Mother would reply “oh there was a family row, and your Father never saw his Father’s family again” and that was that! She did tell me once that when my Father was small he said that he used to think that perhaps his Father had suffered from ‘shell shock’ and in error had gone back to live in Australia, and one day he would remember them and come back and find them and everything would be all right.

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

The Search for my Grandfather

Then along came the Internet and with it the ability to search the First World War records, so I started my research. First, I tried the Commonwealth War Graves Commission ‘Debt of Honour’ web site. There were lots of Pritchard’s, but none killed on the Somme. There was one killed at Gallipoli, but the next of kin was wrong, I was looking for my Grandmother Ada Pritchard. Many long nights followed, coffee made by my husband Steve left to go cold, and then I would give up for a few months. When I looked at my Father’s family tree, it was just my Father and my Grandmother and his half sisters. His mother (my grandmother) had remarried in the 1930s but there was no father for my father, and then I would start searching again. I would sit down at my computer and say, “ ... right Granddad tonight I am going to find you” then nothing.

The search went on in this way for five years. I emailed the Australian authorities but they said they had no record of the pension. I even started to wonder did this man ever existed, but he had to have existed. Talking to the family, no one knew anything, my three aunts in Australia, knew nothing. However, I never gave up hope of finding him. I tried birth records, but there was the problem of trying to find someone with the name

of William Pritchard when you are not quite sure when or where they were born, and there were a great many people with the same name. I also looked for the record of his marriage to my Grandmother, but found nothing. I was actually starting to feel quite down, but always in the back of my head was the War Pension from Australia, so they had to be married.

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

Australian relatives become involved in the Search

In the meantime, one of my aunts in Australia was busy trying to help me, and one morning at 4.00am I could hear the phone ringing. It was my Aunt, she was in tears, Carole she said “... I have found your Grandfather, sorry to ring you so early but I just could not wait any longer”. She gave me a website address; I looked at the site but was still not sure – it listed Pte. William Pritchard killed Gallipoli next of kin James and Ellen Prichard – not my Grandmother. Then the marriage certificate arrived and I found out that my Great Grandfather was called James and where he lived. If I said it once I must have said it a hundred times that night to my husband “... did you know that my Great Grandfather was called James” – he would just smile and nod.

I was getting so frustrated I emailed everyone on a web site who had a ‘William Pritchard’ born in London, hoping they might have some information. Most people responded, but of course it was all negative, so when I had the wedding certificate and knew who my Great Grandfather was, I started emailing everyone again, and that is when I got the reply back saying yes it looks like we are related. I explained to her about my Grandfather but she did not have any information either but she said she would try and help me as I had made her curious, but I needed my Grandfather’s birth certificate and got that and yes I had finally found part of my Grandfather’s family, so in the space of 2/3 weeks I knew the names my Great Grandfather and my Great Grandmother, I knew where my Grandparents had married, I knew where they both lived before they were married, and from this relation I found all of the names of my Grandfather’s brothers and sister. My Father’s side of the tree was now getting full, but there was still the question of Grandfather’s death in the First World War.

Later that day the family member that I had found emailed me with a link to the Australian Service records and said “look at page 10”, when I did I found the next of kin ‘James Pritchard’ crossed out and in red ink ‘Ada Pritchard’ added. I then went through the documents that she had found on line for me and on page 25, there it was, Widow Ada Pritchard, dependant William Joseph Pritchard (my father). It even told me how much pension they received, which was £1 every other week for my Father and £2

every other week for my Grandmother, so why did she tell my Mother that my Grandfather was killed at the Somme. I just sat looking at the screen it had been there all the time, but of course how was I to know. I must be honest I cried really cried tears of joy, I had done it I had found him, but I still knew very little about Gallipoli.

About my Grandfather

Before I go any further I would like to introduce you to my Grandfather.

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

He was born in Brick Lane, London in 1890. He was 25 years old when he joined the 4th Battalion, A.I.F (yes this was the Battalion that went on the rampage in Cairo!) and served in 'D' Company. He enlisted at Liverpool Camp, New South Wales on 6 November 1914 and left Sydney on the HMAT *Seang Bee* for Egypt, as a 2nd Reinforcement, on 11 February 1915. This was the day before my father's 1st birthday. He left Alexandria on 5 April 1915 on T.S.S. *Lake Michigan* for Gallipoli. He was killed between 6 – 9 August 1915 during the attack on Lone Pine, and is commemorated on the Lone Pine Memorial. There was a Court of Enquiry at a place called Fleurbaix, France, which confirmed his death in action but when I asked the Australian Government if they had the papers, they said unfortunately they have no other papers on my Grandfather.

I have no pictures of him at all, no diaries nothing as I said above all I had was a name.

The Attestation Papers give his occupation as a Farm Labourer, but on the Marriage Certificate to my Grandmother he is what we today would call a French Polisher. In fact, according to my relative, all the men in that family work with wood and still do today.

It is unclear whether my Grandfather travelled to Australia to enlist – certainly I was told this by my Mother “... he joined the Australian Army because they paid better than the British Army, and if he was killed, then my Grandmother also got a better pension” – and one must remember that £6 a month in 1915/16 was a lot of money in those days. However, he could have gone to Australia in 1914 to seek a new life and employment on the land, but war upset his plans. My feeling is that he intended that my Grandmother and my Father would settle in Australia with him, I suppose the thought of a bright new future in Australia was very appealing. The family row, oh well that was because his father – James Pritchard wanted some of the pension money! It is unclear why my Grandfather put his father, James, down as next of kin on the Attestation Form. Perhaps he did so in case the Australian Army would not take married men from England. But that is something else for me to look up.

Lone Pine

My Grandfather's death in the period 6 – 9 August occurred when the 4th Bn. of the 1st Australian Division were engaged in bitter fighting at Lone Pine. An action in which seven VC were awarded. The attack is well chronicled – C E W Bean devotes no less than 40 pages to it in *The Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-1918*. He records that the attack began at 5.30pm on 6 August, on a narrow front with the first troops filing into tunnels, which extended some fifty yards beyond the front line. The attacking troops reached the Turkish front line but found it roofed over with heavy logs, which the Australians tried to remove while others went further forward and then worked their way back along the communication trenches. Much of the fighting took place in semi-darkness with attacks and counter-attacks that lasted until 9 August.



The Lone Pine Memorial

Another author, Alan Moorhead, comments in his book *Gallipoli* ‘... it is really not possible to comprehend what happened. All dissolves into a confused impression of a riot, of a vicious street fight in the back alleys of a city, and the metaphor of the stirred-up ant heap persists ...’. What we do know is that 1st Australian Division lost over 2,000 men during the battle. The 4th Battalion, in which my Grandfather, served went in with 20 officers and 722 other ranks and suffered the loss of 15 officers and 459 other ranks killed wounded or missing (63% of those engaged).

After years of wondering and searching I now have my answers to my questions, but sometimes, I can't believe that I found him, I wonder if I have got the right person, but I know that I have. So I have now arrived at Gallipoli, a different journey to my Grandfather, but we both arrived at the same place.

Just a foot note, my Grandmother emigrated to Sydney, Australia in 1973, I wonder, as she walked down those roads/streets, did she think of her first husband, my Grandfather.

1422 Pte. William Pritchard
4th Battalion, 2nd Reinforcement
Killed Gallipoli 6th – 9th August 1915

*Granddad, you have laid forgotten for many years, but not by me.
Now I have found you and you are forgotten no more*

Your Granddaughter

‘BEELZEBUB’

The use of animals – donkeys, horses and mules – has previously featured in *The Gallipolitan*. Indeed, reference has been made on several occasions to a tortoise! Continuing on this ‘animals theme’, one of our members in Israel – **Michael D Robson** – drew attention to an amusing reference to a mule called ‘Beelzebub’ who served with the Zion Mule Corps. The story being published in the book *With the Zionists at Gallipoli* by Lt. Col. J H Patterson [Hutchinson (London), 1916].

There was not a great deal of work to be done in these days, as there was now any amount of other Transport which took the weight off our shoulders.

The lack of steady hard work made the mules very frisky, and some of them were regular demons. We had one which was rightly named ‘Beelzebub’, for he indeed was the prince of devils and I veritably believe he made all the other mules laugh when he kicked one or other of the NCOs or men. He had an extraordinary cat-like faculty of being able to plant fore and hind feet into ones ribs practically simultaneously, while at the same moment he would make a grab at one’s head, emitting all the while strange noises and terrifying squeals! He pinned me in a corner one day, apparently to the delight of the other mules and I was glad to get out of it alive! In order to make him pay a little more respect to his commanding officer for the future I ordered him to be tied to a tree and kept for a day without food or water. This, however, did not fall in with Beelzebub’s theory of things, so he gnawed through the rope in the night and then made for the forage stack, where, to make up for lost time, he ate about six mule rations! – at which the other mules did not laugh!

No one was over particular about Beelzebub's safety, as he was not what might be called popular, so instead of being put down with the others in a dug-out where indeed he would have kicked them to bits, he was generally left by himself in about the most exposed position that could be found for him in the camp, and I am sure that both Jewish and Gentile prayers went up for his speedy annihilation by a Turkish shell: but Beelzebub bore a charmed life. Shells hopped all around him, cut in two great trees which sheltered him, excavated enormous caverns at his very heels, but the only effect on Beelzebub was to arouse his ire and start him off on a fresh kicking bout. At last a chunk of shell hit the ground close to him and bounced up and 'ricked' off his ribs, making a wound, not very serious it is true, but still not calculated to improve his diabolical temper.

I sent him off to the sick lines to have his wound dressed. Now I never could find out what he actually did to the veterinary surgeon who tried to doctor him there, but this officer wrote a polite little note requesting me '... to be so very kind as to remember in future that his hospital was for sick mules – not Man-Eaters!'

Editors Note: Readers wishing to learn more about the Zion Mule Corps may wish to refer to the article 'The Zion Muleteers of Gallipoli' by Mr M Sugarman, which was published in Autumn 1999 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 90).

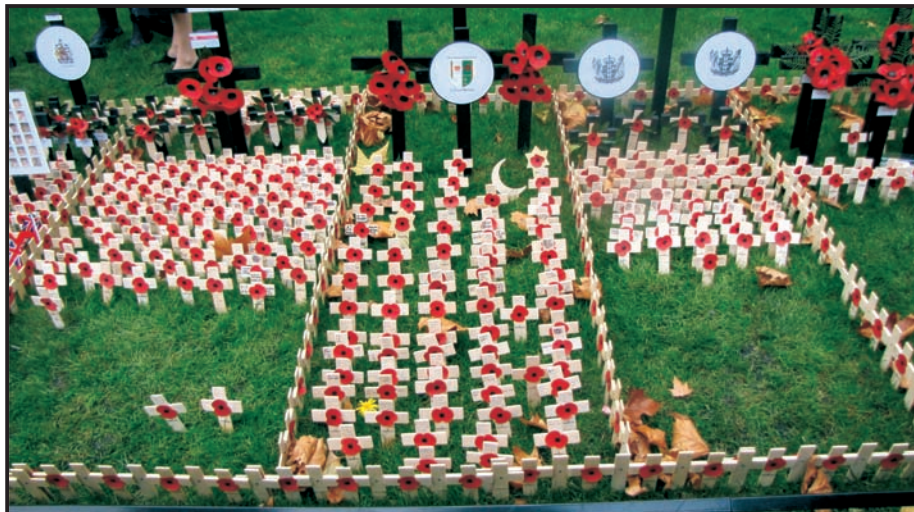
RESEARCH GROUP

Clare Church, Research Group Co-ordinator

Members are most welcome to join the Association's Research group, which meets on the **second Wednesday** of each month at 11.00am at the National Archives. The meeting place is outside the bookshop near the entrance. **Please contact me first if you intend to be present, or need further information.** (Tel: 01590 673145 or by e-mail at clarechurch@tiscali.co.uk).

SNOW ON GALLIPOLI

Snow is not unknown on the Gallipoli Peninsula and members will be aware of the moving accounts of the freezing conditions and snowfall in November 1915. I was therefore interested to receive the photographs reproduced on page 34, which were sent to me by Eric Goossens of 'Gallipoli Houses' on the peninsula. They were taken on 23 and 24 January this year. Thanks go to Eric for braving the snow and for allowing me to reproduce them. More photographs can be found on The Gallipoli Houses website: http://www.gallipoli.com.tr/authentic_hotel_gallipoli_accommodation.htm



The Gallipoli Association's Plot at the Field of Remembrance, Westminster Abbey
[Photograph – John Crowe]



HRH The Duke of Edinburgh in conversation with Major Hugh Jenner
at The Gallipoli Association Plot [Photograph – John Crowe]



The wreath laid by HM The Queen at the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior during the Service to mark 'The Passing of the World War One Generation'



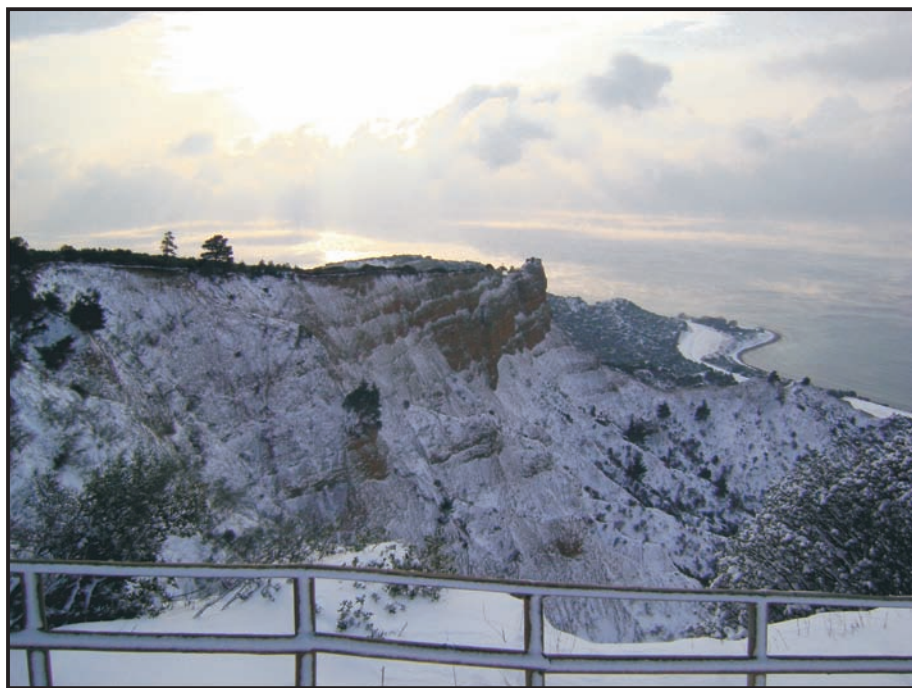
[Left to right] The Mayor and Mayoress of King's Lynn & West Norfolk with Capt. and Mrs Kidd, and Lt. Col. and Mme Canli at West Newton Church



The Gallipoli Memorial Chapel, Holy Trinity Church, Eltham
[Photograph courtesy of Fr. Brett Ward, Holy Trinity Church]



*The families of Tpr. Fred Potts VC and Tpr. Arthur Andrews meet at
the Imperial War Museum [Photograph courtesy of the IWM]*



The Sphinx – January 2010 [Photograph Eric Goossens]



Shrapnel Valley Cemetery – January 2010 [Photograph Eric Goossens]

THE GALLIPOLI LANDINGS – AS SEEN BY ASSISTANT CLERK BRIAN GREGORY, *HMS PRINCE OF WALES*

Patricia Blackett Barber

Some years ago, when I was Curator of Uniforms, Medals and Weapons at the National Maritime Museum (NMM), I transcribed two diaries about the Gallipoli landings. The first was published in the Autumn 1998 issue of *The Gallipolitan* (No. 87). This second one, entitled an ‘Unofficial Personal Journal kept by Assistant Clerk Brian Gregory, HMS *Prince of Wales*’, covers the period 23 April – 16 May 1915 [NMM Ref: MS93/009]. I am grateful to the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum for allowing me to transcribe the journal, and for giving permission for it to be published in *The Gallipolitan*.

Brian O’Farrell Gregory became an Assistant Clerk, Royal Navy (a rank later known as Paymaster Cadet) on 15 July 1914 and at the end of the month was appointed to HMS *Prince of Wales* (a Queen Class battleship built at Chatham Dockyard, completed in 1904 and sold in 1920). Gregory was promoted to Clerk on 15 July 1915 and served in the *Prince of Wales* until she was paid off on 5 April 1917, when he was transferred to the battleship HMS *Hindustan* in May. He survived the war.

Square brackets [...] have been used to denote where the text is missing. Sections where words or wording is unclear are shown thus [?]

April 23rd (Friday) H.M.S. “Prince of Wales, Port Mudros, Lemnos

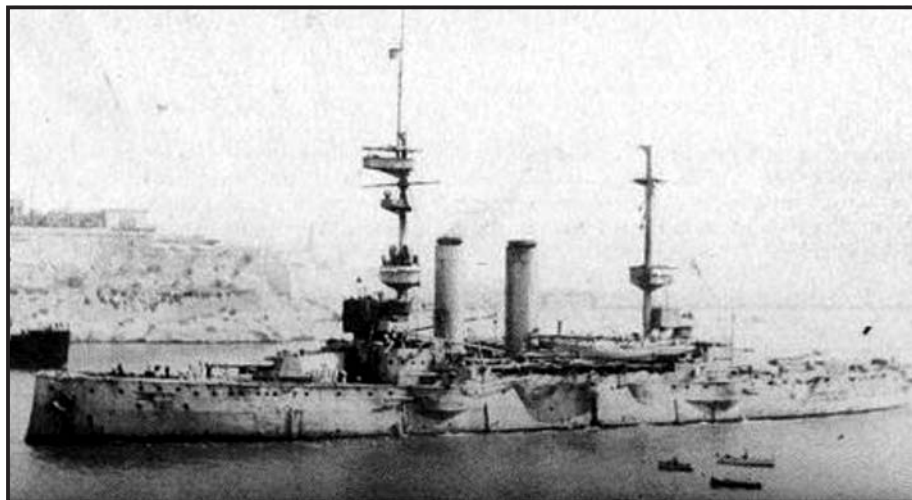
The weather today is much improved, and the wind has almost entirely dropped. During the dog watches many transports in the inner harbour shifted billets, proceeding to outer harbour. About 6.30 p.m. “Euryalus”, flying flag of Rear Admiral Wemyss, “Cornwallis” and “Implacable” proceeded to sea, followed by several transports. Submarine 91 (E11) and a seaplane came in about 6 p.m. The following officers belonging to the Headquarters Staff came on board during the evening and are remaining until the army is landed:- General W.T. Bridges, Brig-General Walker, Col. Howse V.C., Lt-Col. Patterson, Lt-Col White, Majors Foott, Glassford, Blarney, Villiers-Stuart and Mackworthy, Capts. Foster, Casey, Lloyd and Smith. A mail was received today & one sent in collier “Lamington”. An intercepted signal received during forenoon watch stated that operations begin on Sunday morning, April 25th.

April 24th (Saturday) H.M.S. “Prince of Wales”, Port Mudros & Sea

The following signal was made by the Vice Admiral to the Mediterranean Squadron being received at 1.35pm :- “I have made following signal begins:- On behalf of Officers

and Men of Allied Fleets, I desire to wish Allied Armies every success in their great undertaking. The work before us is of strenuous and exacting nature. I feel sure that all ranks will give the same devoted service as characterised their previous efforts in this fleet. I wish all ranks Success and that Victory may be their Reward”.

At 6 a.m. “Ark Royal” & “Doris”, and at 6.45 a.m. the French & Russian warships proceeded out of harbour, the “Amethyst” and “Sapphire” following at 9.20 a.m. and 11 a.m. respectively. At 12.30 p.m. we embarked our 500 Australians from destroyer “Foxhound”, the latter having taken them from transport “Ionian” A1. At 1.43 we weighed, & about the same time “Queen Elizabeth” proceeded out of harbour. At 2.03 p.m. we proceeded out of harbour at 10 knots in company with second squadron consisting of “Queen”, flying the flag of R.A. Thursby, “London”, “Triumph”, “Bacchante” and “Majestic”. At 2.18 p.m. we passed the entrance and set course W by N, “Triumph” hauling out of line soon afterwards. Weather is very fine and the sea practically dead calm. At 10.55 p.m. we sighted Cape Kephala S.S.E. From what I heard the following scheme of operations was to be carried out:- Marines and Royal Naval Division were to make a feint at the Bulair lines. The Australian and New Zealand Army Corps was to be landed at Gaba Tepe, a covering force of 1500 men being landed from “Prince of Wales”, “Queen” and “London” during the dark hours, and the main body as soon as transports arrived. “Majestic”, “Bacchante” and “Triumph” were to act as covering ships to this force. At Cape Helles a landing was to be effected by the 29th Division, whilst at Kum Kale the French were land [sic] as a feint, but if successful & met by only small opposition to carry on.



HMS Prince of Wales at Malta (1915)

April 25th (Sunday) H.M.S. Prince of Wales, Gaba Tepe

At 12.13 a.m. N.E. extremity of Imbros was abeam. At 0.16 a.m. Squadron formed 3 sub-divisions of line ahead. At 1 a.m. stopped engines and at 1.30 a.m. hoisted out boats as quietly as possible and without any lights showing. Smoking had been forbidden on deck after midnight. The 1500 men were taken ashore by 12 picket boats each towing a pinnace or launch [... page torn – on the next page is a rough sketch of the 7 ships' positions off the landing place at Gaba Tepe]

Immediately the Turks opened fire the picket boats went ahead as quickly as possible & slipped their boats. The Australians, on reaching shallow water, instead of waiting for the gang planks, jumped into the water, threw off their packs and fixing bayonets charged. The Turks were driven out of their trenches & the Australians got to the top of the ridge. By this time it was dawn and one could see the arrangement of the ships "Bacchante" & "Triumph" soon moved inshore to engage a battery to the south of Gaba Tepe, which was doing considerable damage. At 4 a.m. we opened fire to cover the landing parties, securing at 6.35. We did not anchor until 4.25 a.m. The landing place was at the bottom of a steep ridge covered with small bushes affording admirable cover to snipers who brought about many casualties. Soon after it became light 6 destroyers full of troops came in & moved as close inshore as was possible. Meanwhile a huge fleet of transports came up and glided into their billets, all full of cheering soldiers. It was a lovely day, with a slight haze over the land and sea, and the latter a dead calm. Aeroplanes and seaplanes were up at dawn and during the course of the day got through an enormous amount of work, though no spotting was carried out today.

About 8.30 a.m. we heard that the Australians had captured 3 Krupp guns and that the whole line was advancing, while shortly afterwards we heard that the village of Sedul Bahr & De Totts Battery had been occupied by 29th Division. "Gascon", hospital ship, and "Ark Royal" arrived about 7 and the balloon of the "Manica" was up early. About 9.45 a.m. two shells, probably fired from a ship in the Narrows, passed between our masts with a shriek and fell into the water on our starboard bow, one falling very close to destroyer "Beagle". About 11 a.m. an unwounded Turkish prisoner, rather a fine thickset man, was brought on board. He appeared to be very afraid, which was subsequently confirmed by his asking the Canteen Manager, whether he was going to be killed. He wore khaki tunic and trousers (of very shoddy material, somewhat similar to canvas) of a rather darker colour than our own. He wore no boots or shoes, and a handkerchief round his head instead of a cap. He was taken down to a cell and given a good meal. Day and night troops were being landed by ships' boats from the transports and by 8 a.m. 8000 men were ashore.

During the forenoon an Indian mountain battery was landed. There was a good deal of shrapnel firing by the Turks, and we subsequently heard that this caused considerable losses in view of the fact that the Australians found great difficulty in digging themselves in owing to the hard ground, and the Turks had the exact range of their abandoned trenches which were occupied by our men. In the afternoon and evening the

wounded began to be brought off, and they were far more numerous than was expected. The hospital ship was immediately filled and then the organisation seemed to fall to pieces. Over and over again one would see boatloads of wounded drifting about aimlessly, nobody knowing which transports were to be used as hospital carriers and those that were used were inadequately supplied with doctors, dressings, in short everything. I have been told over and over again that the wounded and more especially the Australians were simply splendid. They were extraordinarily patient, and though longing for the Chaplain to speak a word to them would not say anything until spoken to. Scores died owing to want of attention and even the slightly wounded were unable to get attention. "Gascon" sailed during the night. At 6.55 p.m. we opened fire on the enemy's right, while "Triumph" & "Baccante" fired at the battery to the south of Gaba Tepe, which had reopened fire and was causing considerable losses. It was silenced, temporarily, at any rate.

With regard to the landing place it had been intended to land the men at Gaba Tepe, but as already mentioned they were landed by mistake further north. It is commonly thought that the Turks had heard of the projected landing place, as Gaba Tepe was very strongly protected by barbed wire entanglements, right into the water, and many trenches could be seen, with a battery at the back which was unable to be located. Moreover eyewitnesses point out that the Turks were all out of breath, thereby making one think that they had run along the beach from Gaba Tepe seeing the boats making for a point further north. Above all this is the fact that the Turkish (& very largely German) headquarters were soon found, & in a condition that pointed to a hurried flight, as plans & other information was found therein. Subsequently one of our midshipmen brought off a German Staff Officer's overcoat, on which was found an Iron Cross, which was given to General Birdwood.

26th April (Monday) H.M.S. Prince of Wales, Gaba Tepe

"Doris" and "Minerva" joined the squadron early & took up positions south of "Queen". At 9 a.m. "Queen Elizabeth" arrived to support the "Triumph" and the report of her 15" guns is tremendous. It sounds like a great explosion, & the burst of the shells is terrific. About 9.30 a.m., continuing till noon, the squadron opened a sustained fire, which, we heard afterwards, had a very demoralising effect on the enemy. At 0.45 a.m. an urgent signal had been received ordering all boats to be sent in to the landing place. It was subsequently heard that the Australians had been driven back to the last ridge through want of ammunition, & evidently re-embarkation had been premeditated. Happily ammunition was speedily sent up and they regained the lost ground. About a dozen New Zealanders, all wounded, had been brought on board temporarily early in the morning, & I got into conversation with him. He told me that our losses had undoubtedly been heavy, far heavier than were anticipated, and were nearly all due to snipers and shrapnel. Great difficulty was found in entrenching themselves, and for the most part our men were lying down in the open. He seemed to think that the fire from the ships did considerable damage, & he saw one shot blow a Turkish gun & its crew to

pieces. In Egypt he had come into contact with the Ghurkas and spoke very highly of them. They & the Sikhs were the only Indians who did not beg for things such as cigarettes, coins and other trifles. "The Turks" he said "will not stand the bayonet". We heard today that 1000 prisoners & several field & machine guns had been captured by the 29th Division, but no confirmation could be obtained. There were not nearly so many wounded today, and the utter disorganisation of yesterday was not so apparent, though even today one saw boats with wounded drifting round the squadron asking what transports were being used as hospital carriers.

27th April (Tuesday) H.M.S. Prince of Wales, Gaba Tepe

The weather again is ideal, and the sea is dead calm. During forenoon but little firing was carried out by the ships, although in the afternoon there was much firing and "Prince of Wales" alone fired about 80 rounds, 6" and 12 pdr. "Canopus" joined up early and took up a billet on the extreme left, close inshore. "London" and "Canopus" boats were ordered to take off wounded from the beach to the hospital ships, a duty which has fallen to them permanently. Aeroplanes were again very active, and towards evening one was forced to come down, but landed safely on the water.

Our prisoner was sent ashore in the afternoon, as other prisoners were being used to dig trenches etc. We heard by signal that a Turkish transport [was seen?] off Nagara, presumably by one of our submarines. At 6 a.m. several large splashes were seen about half a mile out, and as an aeroplane reported just previously that "Goebben" was under weigh in the Narrows, it was evidently from her that the shots came. These shots were immediately termed "The Morning Hate" and ever since it has been usual for either the Turks or one of our ships to commence the day's proceedings by firing a "Morning Hate". At 8 p.m. we got under weigh and moved half a mile further out.

28th April (Wednesday) H.M.S. "Prince of Wales", Gaba Tepe

Several times during the day large splashes were seen between the battleships and transports, shots evidently fired from the Narrows. "Prince of Wales" took in fresh water and ammunition early, and at about 11 a.m. opened fire on the high ridge, fire being directed by General Caruthers from the fore-bridge. A large number of transports came from Cape Helles, anchoring about 1 p.m. About 5 p.m. we got under weigh, and proceeded to Suvla Bay, with the object of firing at a 10" gun, which had been observed by a seaplane. The seaplane was detailed to spot for us, but soon after leaving "Ark Royal" was forced to descend owing to engine trouble. As no gun could be seen from the ship, we returned to Gaba Tepe, relieving "Bacchante" on the right opposite Gaba Tepe. Searchlights were burned, as a protection to our right flank from a night attack.

29th April (Thursday) H.M.S. "Prince of Wales", Gaba Tepe

Again magnificent weather and very warm. At 5 a.m. Turks fired a "Morning Hate", all

shells falling clear of the ships. During the forenoon "Triumph" was firing well inland, and about 11 a.m. dense clouds of smoke could be seen rising in the direction of Maidos, which had evidently been set on fire. Smoke continued to rise for the remainder of the day and at night there was a red glow in the sky. Ships fired intermittently during the day, as required by the military authorities. We ammunitioned late in the forenoon from "Swansea Vale".

30th April (Friday) H.M.S. "Prince of Wales", Gaba Tepe

In "Bacchante's" Billet

At 5 a.m., in accordance with previous orders, we opened fire from the fore turret at a battleship in the Narrows, a seaplane spotting. The result of the firing was made known in the following signal from Vice Admiral to battleships which fired:- "Seaplane reports battleship appeared to be Forgud Reis class. She was stationery at first but proceeded at once to N.E. when fire was opened. Three shots fell within 100 yards of her. One shot fell on the land in 214V. Line of about 20 lighters were being towed south through Narrows, large liner preceeding." At 8 a.m. collier "Errington Court" came alongside, and we took in about 350 tons. We heard that during the forenoon "Lord Nelson" had been firing at Chanak village, which accounted for the dense clouds of smoke which could be seen rising in that direction. Ammunition expended today: 2 – 12" lyddite, 30 – 6" common and 2 – 6" shrapnel [?] ... that a successful aeroplane [?] [had b]een made on the camp of B [?] large bombs and 4 small being dropped.

1 May (Saturday) H.M.S. "Prince of Wales", Gaba Tepe, Suvla Bay & Gulf of Xeros

Again splendid weather & very warm. The Turks opened the day's proceedings by firing a "Morning Hate" to which "Prince of Wales" replied with 7 – 12" from fore-turrets. At 2.55 p.m. "Prince of Wales" got under weigh and proceeded north to Suvla Bay. From here we shelled a pretty little village, Kuchuk Hanafort, and 4 windmills to the right of it. About 15 – 6" were sent into it and one could see through glasses the Turks running out of the village. The white minaret which stood out predominantly was untouched. After half an hour's bombardment we got under weigh & went into the Gulf of Xeros, going as far as Arapos Mermedia Bay. We returned to Gaba Tepe about 7 p.m. and anchored in "Triumph's" billet, to the south of Gaba Tepe.

2 May (Sunday) H.M.S. "Prince of Wales", Gaba Tepe

About 6.30 a.m. several large shells straddled us, and we immediately got under weigh, moving bout 1000 yards further out. Very soon after we got under weigh, a shell fell in our wake, sending up a large column of water. At 10 a.m. we opened fire on a battery with a seaplane spotting, but without much result. In the evening "Dartmouth" and a destroyer shelled a house on Gaba Tepe, which was probably being used as an observation station, telephone wires being known to exist. Soon afterwards

“Dartmouth” and “Bacchante” opened fire on a gun whose flash had been observed and silenced it immediately. At 7 p.m. “Canopus”, “London” and “Majestic” opened a very heavy fire with 6” and 12 pdr on the Turkish position on our left, with the object of preparing an advance by the Australians. It lasted for half an hour, and one could not imagine it possible for anybody to be left alive on that ridge.

We subsequently heard that the Australians had made an appreciable advance, but had been unable to hold all the ground gained. At 8 p.m. we got under weigh and relieved “Canopus”. Following signal from Vice Admiral to Mediterranean Squadron was received at 3.35 a.m.:- “The King to Vice Admiral De Roebuck and General Sir Ian Hamilton begins:- It is with intense satisfaction that I have heard of the success which in face of determined resistance has attended the combined naval and military operations in the Dardanelles. Please convey to all Ranks including those of our Allies my hearty congratulations on this splendid achievement” (2350).

A message made enclair with enemy call signs was received as follows:- “Submarine E2 (A.E.2) sunk 30 April by Turkish torpedo boat. Crew saved and made prisoners. Another submarine of the enemy trying to enter the Dardanelles May 1st struck mine and was destroyed immediately. Some parts of the wreck came to the surface”. Ammunition expended today 18 – 12” and 6 – 6”.

3 May (Monday) H.M.S. “Prince of Wales”, Gaba Tepe

We remained in “Canopus” Billet all day. At 5 a.m. Turks fired a “Morning Hate” which fell near “London”. At 11.30 several shots fell among the transports, one exploding in the hold of a collier, but not doing much damage. All the transports and most of the battleships moved further out. Ammunition expended today 23 – 6”.

4 May (Tuesday) H.M.S. “Prince of Wales”, Gaba Tepe

On being relieved by “Canopus”, we shifted back to our old billet. Before 8 a.m. an attempt was made under cover of the guns of “Dartmouth” and a destroyer to land troops at Gaba Tepe to cut the telephone wires which were known to exist. The party was driven back with a loss of 4 killed and 19 wounded. With reference to this incident following signal was made by R.A.2 to Vice Admiral:- “Wounded man was brought from Beach by “Dartmouth” under Red Cross Flag. Turks attended the wounded & buried our dead also under Red Flag”. Ammunition expended today “Nil”.

5 May (Wednesday) H.M.S. “Prince of Wales”, Gaba Tepe

The Weather today was considerably cooler and wind got up in the evening. The “Morning Hate” fell near “Triumph” today. During the forenoon destroyer “Chelmer” came alongside and remained until 1 a.m. Thursday. At 6 p.m. all boats were sent ashore to take off the New Zealand Infantry Brigade & 2nd Australian Infantry Brigade to

destroyers and fleet sweepers, who were to take them to Cape Helles. We did not get under weigh today.

6 May (Thursday) H.M.S. "Prince of Wales", Gaba Tepe

The weather today was fine though cold. "Bacchante" left her billet to coal about 2 miles further out. Ammunition expended today Nil.

7th May (Friday) H.M.S. "Prince of Wales", Gaba Tepe

At about 4.40a.m. we got under weigh and proceeded to a berth south of Gaba Tepe. We had had orders to open fire at a battleship in the Narrows, with a seaplane spotting, and if there was no battleship was there, we were to put a few shells into Maidos. Seaplane reported no battleship was within range, so that the bombardment of Maidos was begun, and after half a dozen shots was reported well alight. After firing we returned to our berth. At 11.30 a.m. we moved inshore, relieving "Vengeance" who in her turn had relieved "Canopus", the latter being sent to Cape Helles. A mail from England arrived today. There seemed to be but little activity ashore until the dog watches, when the Turkish guns to the south of Gaba Tepe enfiladed the beach, one shell bursting near a wireless station, killing Mr Moran, the Warrant Telegraphist & wounding one operator. The weather today was brilliantly fine, though wind was cold.

8th May (Saturday) H.M.S. "Prince of Wales", Gaba Tepe and Imbros (Kephalo Bay)

About 11 a.m. several large splashes were seen about 300 yards astern of "Queen". During the forenoon we provisioned ship, and soon after midday got under weigh, and proceeded to Kephalo Bay, Imbros Island, to take in ammunition. There were several ammunition ships lying in the Bay and Naval Hospital Ship "Soudan". We could plainly see the huge fleet of transports lying at Cape Helles, and the ships bombarding the Turkish position. About 7p.m. we returned to our billet outside the transports, ready to coal at 6a.m. tomorrow. We heard that the 29th Division had advanced yesterday between 200 and 300 yards, and the French 800 metres.

9th May (Sunday) H.M.S. "Prince of Wales", Gaba Tepe

Collier came alongside about 6.45a.m. and we took in about 300 tons. About 4.45pm we got under weigh & moved to "Triumph's" berth, south of Gaba Tepe; the balloon from "Manica" was sent up to see whether there was a battleship within range, but reported that only the masts of one were visible. No firing was therefore carried out. We remained in that berth for the night, as "Triumph" went away to coal and ammunition.

10 May (Monday) H.M.S. “Prince of Wales”, Gaba Tepe

At 4.30a.m. the balloon from “Manica” went up, and reported that smoke from a Turkish battleship could be seen behind the hill opposite Nagara, but that firing was impracticable. It is believed that as soon as the balloon begins to go up the news is telephoned through to the Narrows from the observation station at Gaba Tepe, with the result that the battleships always get under weigh before fire is opened on them. At 8 a.m. “London” went south to Cape Helles, returning early in the afternoon. During her absence we took over Red Cross duties. “Triumph” relieved us about noon, when we moved to the berth occupied by “London” before leaving for Cape Helles. On her return we again weighed and went inshore to relieve “Dartmouth” who in her turn had relieved “Vengeance”.

During the afternoon about a dozen men were seen walking along the beach from Suvla Bay towards Gaba Tepe. They eventually came to our trenches and through glasses one could see them gesticulating with their captors. It is assumed they were Turkish deserters, although they did not appear to be wearing uniform. “Amicus” came alongside in the evening with Engineers’ and Carpenter’s stores, and destroyer “Kennett” came alongside outside her. At 7 p.m. we moved to our own berth on being relieved by “Vengeance” who had coaled.

11th May (Tuesday) H.M.S. “Prince of Wales”, Gaba Tepe

The weather today was wretched, rain falling heavily all day and wind blowing. Destroyer “Chelmer” came alongside early towing a large sailing boat, flying the Greek flag, with 71 Turks and suspects in her. She had been captured in the Gulf of Xeros by destroyer “Ged”, who stated that the occupants of the boat were making for Bulair. We tied them up astern where they remained all day and night. They were examined separately by an interpreter Lieut. Perry Gordon R.N.V.R., and the conclusion arrived at was that they were for the most part deserters from the Turkish Army or pirates. They were an extraordinary collection of cut-throats, varying in age between about 17 and 70.

We heard that 764 passengers had been saved from the “Lusitania”, including the Captain, though nearly all the officers and crew perished. E14 reports she has sunk two Turkish gunboats and one Turkish transport. A E2 used 7 torpedoes before she was sunk, and as far as is known she sunk only one gunboat. As yet there is no confirmation of the Turkish report that she has been sunk. Six aeroplanes and 15 aviators are reported at Adrianople, and the presence of our submarines in the Sea of Marmora is causing panic in Constantinople.

12th May (Wednesday) H.M.S. “Prince of Wales”, Gaba Tepe

A trawler took away the boatload of prisoners early to one of the empty transports whence they will be sent to the concentration camp at Mudros. At 6.30 a.m. destroyers

“Chelmer” and “Usk” each took off 500 men from transport “Devenha” and moved as close inshore as possible. Picket boats towing horseboats etc took them from the destroyers to the beach. The troops, 1500 in all, belonged to the 1st and 2nd Australian Light Horse, who, having taken their horses back to Alexandria, have now returned to serve as infantry. Some shrapnel from the battery south of Gaba Tepe burst while the troops were being landed. “Bacchante” immediately closed in and shelled it heavily, & succeeded in silencing it. “Queen Elizabeth” passed going south about 7 p.m. Following signal was made by Vice-Admiral:- “In case of enemy submarines being reported in the vicinity, Vice Admiral will hoist his flag in “Dublin” and personally conduct search for them General D’Amade, the Commander-in-Chief of the French troops out here, has been taken ill and is succeeded by General Gourand.

13th May (Thursday) H.M.S. “Prince of Wales”, Gaba Tepe

Battleship “Goliath” was sunk by two torpedoes fired by a Turkish destroyer at 1.27 a.m. off Seddul Bahr. It is not known whether the destroyer returned up the straits or succeeded in getting out. We heard later that Goliath sank in 4 minutes. A small spherical balloon has just arrived and is carried in tug “Rescue”. About 10 a.m. we weighed & went south of Gaba Tepe. “Manica’s” balloon went up, but we did not fire, and then moved out seawards to about 2 miles from Gaba Tepe. Last night 1700 Marines were embarked and taken to Cape Helles. Following general signal was made by Vice-Admiral today:- “During last night the whole Southern line was relieved by fresh troops. E14 reports she has sunk a large army transport. Patrols from Allied Fleet are in search of enemy’s submarines South of Cape Matapan and in the vicinity of Doro and Mykom Channels. Ports on coast of Asia Minor are being closely watched. All British Consular Agents in Aegean have already organised agencies to watch, rewards being offered for information leading to the destruction of enemy submarines”. We got under weigh at 9 p.m. and cruised up and down at slow speed.

14th May (Friday) H.M.S. “Prince of Wales”, Suvla Bay, Gaba Tepe & Port Mudros, Lemnos

“Prince of Wales” arrived at Suvla Bay about 4.30 a.m. to cover the landing of 100 troops from two destroyers. The landing party met with no resistance, and, having cut the telephone wires, re-embarked. We returned to our usual berth at Gaba Tepe. At 9.30 a.m. we got under weigh and proceeded to Port Mudros, Lemnos, arriving there about 3 p.m. “Vengeance” arrived about an hour later. In harbour were following ships:- “Lord Nelson”, flying flag of Vice Admiral, “Queen Elizabeth”, who left about 4.30 p.m. for Malta to make good defects, Cornwallis, Bacchante, Askold and Tiger II, besides a large number of empty transports. “Lord Nelson” left for Cape Helles about 5.30 p.m., and soon afterwards “Henri IV” arrived. On arrival we coaled and ammunitioned. Following general signal was made by Vice Admiral:- “Admiral Superintendent, Malta, reports there is no further news of enemy submarines since 11th May off Malta. One German submarine was attacked by French destroyer off

Cape Passaro on 10th May. Reports from native sources recently have been of our own submarines. Therefore there are no indications at present that there are enemy submarines in the Aegean. Active operations are proceeding on the Asiatic coast south of Smyrna to deal with possible oil-fuel depots for enemy submarines. Though apparently there is no danger at present of submarine attack, ships should take all necessary steps". A signal from Tenedos Aerodrome to Vice Admiral reported that at 1 p.m. this afternoon five submarines had been seen three miles below Kephez Point steering towards Chanak. Further confirmation has been asked for.

15 May (Saturday) H.M.S. "Prince of Wales", Port Mudros and Gaba Tepe

At 5.10 am we got under weigh and proceeded our of harbour, preceded by "Bacchante", and shaped our course for Gallipoli. At 9 am we commenced zigzagging as a precaution against possible submarine attack. At 11.12 am we anchored at our usual anchorage to the north of Gaba Tepe, & forthwith took over duties carried out by "London" as she was leaving for Port Mudros. At 1.20 two guns, which had been damaged in action, were brought off from the beach to be repaired. They were 18-pdr field guns, and had both been somewhat severely damaged. At 10 pm we weighed and proceeded about a mile to sea, where we dropped anchor. Fr Alfred Barry, a Catholic Chaplain, joined up temporarily while we are doing hospital duties.

16th May (Sunday) H.M.S. "Prince of Wales", Gaba Tepe

About 5 a.m. we weighed & took up our usual billet further inshore. At 9.30 a.m. mass was said by Fr Barry in X3 casemate. A signal was received today stating that a destroyer had sighted a submarine off Rabbit Island & had immediately dived. Adequate precautions were therefore taken.

17th May (Monday)[remaining pages missing]

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.

A TRUE STORY?

Some time ago, Mr Alan Martindell sent me an extract from a book entitled *True Ghost Stories of WW1 and WW2*, (published by Bounty Books in 2005) which contains contributions from various authors. One of the stories, contributed by Capt. (Ret.) Bruce Galbraith, has a Gallipoli connection.

20 YEARS REPRIEVE

The story of my friend, John Russell Makinson, is one of the weirdest in the official archives of the British War Office.

During the futile British attempt to storm the Dardanelles in 1916 [this is, of course, an error by the author], John was engaged in the savage fighting at Gallipoli and a Turkish riflemen's bullet lodged in his heart. John clung grimly to life and doctors at both the field and base hospitals refused to attempt the removal of the bullet. He was invalided out of the army and settled down in Surrey, where he managed a hotel for many years.

In the summer of 1936, just 20 years after his brush with death, John Makinson decided to take a trip with his wife and show her the battlefields where he had fought. As they were walking over once familiar terrain, John was visibly excited. He gestured as he said, "I say Margie, this is where the blighters got me!" At that instant, the bullet which had been lodged harmlessly in his heart for two decades suddenly shifted its position and completed the mission on which a Turkish soldier had fired it so long ago.

Mrs Makinson brought his body back to England for burial. And the strange case received considerable publicity in the press of that day. Students of the phenomena have their theories and the doctors with whom I've discussed the case believe that John simply disregarded warnings against excitement and exertion; but other old soldier's, like myself, believe that damned bullet just had John's number on it.

I confess to a degree of scepticism when I see something titled or headlined 'true story' so I thought I would look further into the account. 2/Lt. John Russell Makinson served with the 8th Bn. Manchester Regiment (part of the 127th Bde. of the 42nd Division) at Gallipoli and was wounded on 29 May 1915. The day before, the battalion took part in operations to advance the line forward. Some 120 – 200 yards were gained although two platoons became isolated in Turkish trenches. On the 29th, the enemy attacked and regained the position during the afternoon. At the time, the battalion was in the central section of the British line in the vicinity of Krithia Nullah.

2/Lt Makinson was evacuated first to Malta, returning to the UK on 13 July 1915 where his medical records state that he had received a gunshot wound in the right lung

and heart. He underwent several medical boards before being passed fit for Home Service 'without marching' on 13 September 1917. He was posted first to the Leeds District with the rank of Captain and then to the Thames/Medway Defences. He was discharged in April 1919 with the rank of Major, a medical report noting that an X-ray showed '... pieces of metal embedded in chest in cardiac area'. There were two further boards in 1920, which noted improvements but continuing slight pain in the cardiac area.

John Makinson married Dorothy Hesketh on 18 August 1915 and they had a daughter in 1920. The marriage did not last and they were divorced in June 1931. He later married Marjorie Mather who has a son, Peter. They appear to have moved to Ripley from London in 1935. The sad events relating to his death were recorded in *The Times* and the *Observer*, and in local newspapers. The *Observer* carried a report on 23 August 1936 stating:

Three weeks ago he set out in the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Australia on a Mediterranean cruise with his wife. He wished to show her the war zone in which he fought.

Last night when the vessel returned to Southampton his widow was bringing his body back to England. The bullet in his heart had moved during the voyage and he had died after showing his wife the scenes amid which he fought.

A similar report appeared in *The Times* the following day. These reports leave the precise circumstances of his death a little vague but appear to suggest he died during the voyage rather than on the peninsula. A report in the local paper – *The Surrey Advertiser* – on Wednesday 26 August is on similar lines but helpfully gives an indication of dates:

WAR BULLET CAUSES DEATH

The funeral took place on Monday [24 August] of Mr John Russell Makinson, proprietor of the Talbot Hotel, Ripley, whose death was reported in last week's issue.

He died on Wednesday [19 August] on a cruise in the Mediterranean from the effects of a war wound. In the Gallipoli landing he received a bullet shot in the heart. After he had been showing his wife where he fought, the bullet moved and he died.

The funeral service was taken by his brother, the Rev. Crowder Makinson. The family mourners were the widow, Mr Peter Mather (stepson), Mrs Woodward (mother-in-law) and Captain R Woodward (brother-in-law). Other mourners were ...

Both the above reports seem to indicate that Mr Makinson died on the voyage back to the UK rather than on the Peninsula, a contention supported by the fact that it is some

2,700 nautical miles from Gallipoli to the UK and that other cruise ships of the time (such as *The Lancastria* and *The Duchess of Richmond*) took some 7/8 days to return to the UK. Thus, the vessel would have probably have left Gallipoli on or around 15 August, several days before Makinson's death.

As to the contention that the story of his death is in the War Office archives, it is true that Major Makinson's record remained in War Office files but there is no trace of the file recording the precise circumstances of his death. Thus, it would appear that either the author embellished the story, or based it on local gossip, or possibly on reports that may have appeared in rather more lurid terms in other sections of the popular press. One mystery remains however: to date I have been unable to trace any record of Makinson's death in the records held by the General Register Office!

Editor's Note: I am most grateful to **Clare Church**, our Research Group Co-ordinator, who researched and obtained Major Makinson's Army and Medical Records held at the National Archives.

VETERANS' MEMORIES

I thought readers might be interested in these letters from veterans of the campaign that I discovered in sorting through some miscellaneous papers.

SGT. S A HALL, 1st Battalion, Lancashire Fusiliers [Veteran Member No. 423]

Yes, I'm a survivor of the Gallipoli Landing, which took place on Sunday morning, 25 April 1915. I was in India with the 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers when the war broke out and we came back to England to get rigged out with warm clothing. We were billeted in Nuneaton and from there embarked for Mudros, and on the night before the landing, we boarded a Navy ship and they gave us a good feed.

The next morning we landed on 'W' Beach, and that I will never forget. The Regiment had to climb over the side of the ship into small boats. Four boats attached to a pinnace, which took us as far as they could to the beach and then cast off. The sailors then rowed us to as near the beach as possible. But many of the lads never reached the beach, about half of the battalion only. I and others jumped out of the boats because the fire was hot. When we did reach the beach there was barbed wire about 3 feet high and about 4 feet thick. We had to get under it as best we could and before we reached it, in the water there were trip wires which tripped us up. It was a little time before we got to dry land. That is something that I shall never forget. I don't know how many of those lads are alive today. There were six VCs won before breakfast that day. One was Sergeant Richards. He was at my side on the beach and I crawled under the barbed wire. I learnt afterwards that he lost a leg. I met him after the war at the 29th Division Reunion.

CPL. E G ABRAMS, 4th Battalion, Essex Regiment. [Veteran Member No. 784]

24 April 1985

I hope you don't mind these few lines, and as our Big Day, 25 April, is tomorrow, the letter may be of interest. I shall be 90 years of age in a few weeks, and the day I landed at Suvla was my birthday!

I joined the 4th Essex in 1913 at Gordon Road Drill Hall [Ilford, Essex] and in 1914 was at Camp in Clacton-on-Sea for our fortnight's camping. Then in June 1915, after hard training in Norfolk we went to Gallipoli as part of the 54th Division. We sailed from Devonport on 21 July on the HMT Marquette and arrived at Mudros on 2 August. We spent a few days unloading and carrying stores and water while others helped with the unloading of wounded who were arriving after the landings at Suvla Bay. We left Mudros on paddle steamer SS Barry on the afternoon of 12 August, landing that night. There was a lot of Turkish sniping and shellfire over the next few days and we suffered a number of casualties. Among them was our Captain, (Capt. Gowan) who was killed on the 16th. He was an official at Ilford Town Hall. [Capt. John Grave Gowan was born in Ilford and is buried at Azmak Cemetery. The CWGC also record 'Capt. John G Cowan, 4th Essex' as being commemorated on the Helles Memorial.]

We spent the next few days on the slopes of a ridge [the Kirech Tepe Ridge] where we were ordered to advance and it was here that we had our first taste of action and suffered more casualties [3 officers were wounded, 9 Other Ranks killed and 32 wounded in this action]. At the end of the month we went into 'reserve' for a few days and then moved to Anzac where we took over some trenches from the Australians. About Christmas time we were evacuated. Unfortunately due to rough weather it was several days before the Navy could take us off, and with the freezing weather we really did suffer. [The 4th Essex actually embarked from Anzac on 3 December 1915].

After Gallipoli we saw service in Palestine to the end of the War. In March 1917 'C' Company (we were from Ilford) took part in the Battle of Gaza [24 – 28 March 1917] where I believe I am correct in saying that we were wiped out by Turkish machine guns. I received an arm wound myself but managed to get to hospital for a couple of weeks. I came back to the Regiment in three weeks and managed to get into the 2nd Gaza Battle [16-19 April 1917].

Except for the three weeks in hospital, I was with the Regiment the whole time. I eventually got home to Ilford in 1919. What a fortunate man I have been!

SISTER MARY CHRISTIAN TAWNEY QAIMNS

Christine Pittman-Corner

Mary Christian Tawney was the daughter of Charles Henry Tawney of Clifton, Gloucestershire. He was born in 1837 and became a noted scholar, specialising in the study of Sanskrit, the ancient language of India. He attended Trinity College Cambridge, where he was a member of the famous Apostles society.

Charles married Constance Fox in 1865 and shortly afterwards took up a senior position at the University of Calcutta. There were six children of the marriage, three born in India and the rest in Clifton, presumably during a period of home leave. One of the sons, Richard Henry (1880 – 1962), went on to become a noted social reformer and socialist, and amongst other things is reputed to be the founder of Adult Education in the UK. During the First World War, Richard Tawney served as a Sergeant in the 22nd Bn. Manchester Regiment and was badly wounded in the Battle of the Somme. Most of his working life was spent at the London School of Economics, being elected President in 1928, a post he held until 1944.

Mary was born in Calcutta in 1876. Little is known of the family's life there except that they would have been quite high up in the social scale of the Raj. Mary and her siblings were privately educated at home, the sons eventually going off to public schools in England and then to university. The girls would have been expected to make a suitable marriage. Mary, however, didn't find a husband, whether through her own choosing or not is unclear, but when the family returned to England towards the end of the nineteenth century, she was still single and was getting perilously close to the 'old maid' category.

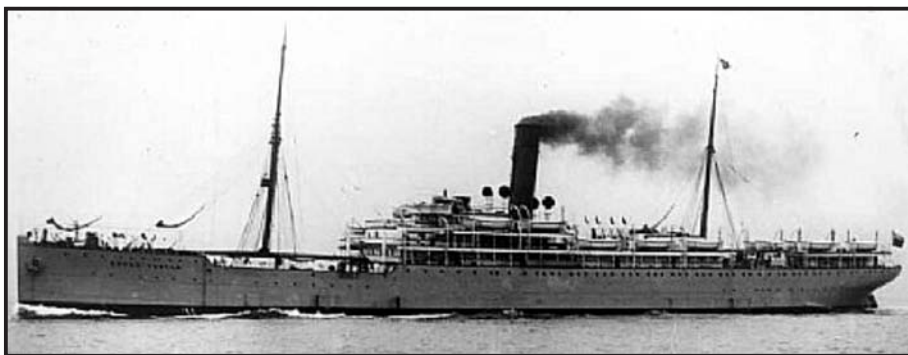
In 1904, she decided to take up nursing and went initially to Bromley Cottage Hospital for training and then spent four years at Charing Cross Hospital. In 1908 she decided that she wanted a more adventurous life and applied to join the recently formed Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service (QAIMNS). The organisation had been formed in 1902 as a result of the high reputation gained by nursing sisters who had served in the South African War. There had been a similar organisation known as the Indian Nursing Service, many of the nurses being drawn from the families of civil servants and soldiers working in India, and this may have been where Mary first got here ideas about her future career.

The sisters of the QAIMNS were recruited under strict guidelines. They had to have the 'right background', be of impeccable character, be single and over twenty five years of age. It was felt that such women would be more able to 'take charge' of wards and casualty stations because they were '...a class of women entirely superior to the ward-master and sergeants' and they also had to be 'a holy terror to the wrongdoer'.

Mary's appointment as a Staff Nurse (Provisional) was promulgated on 10 July 1908 and after her training she spent time at the Cambridge Military hospital. By 1912 she was serving at the military hospital in Dover. She soon decided she wanted see more of the world and changed places on the 'overseas register' with one of her fellow sisters. Within a very short space of time she was posted to the military hospital in Gibraltar.

Following the start of the First World War in August 1914, Mary, along with all other QAIMNS sisters, were soon required for active service duties. In Mary's case she was sent to work on hospital ships evacuating the wounded from Gallipoli. This entailed the ships waiting offshore whilst the wounded were brought on barges and lighters and transferred to the hospital ships. Casualties were then assessed as to the seriousness of their injuries, and either taken to a temporary hospital on one of the nearby Greek islands, or to military hospitals in Malta or Egypt if they required specialist treatment.

The hospital ships had to run the gauntlet of German submarines, no respecters of the Geneva Convention, who used the excuse that the hospital ships were being used to bring supplies. Mary's first ship was HMHS *Dover Castle* and she later served on HMHS *Goorkha*. The *Dover Castle* was torpedoed by UC 67 on 26 May 1917 and the *Goorkha* mined off Malta on 10 October 1917 but fortunately Mary had been transferred to a military hospital in Egypt before either of these events.



HMHS Dover Castle

It was while she was in Egypt that she was gazetted, with a Mention in Despatches, for her work at Gallipoli. From Egypt, she was posted to Basra, in what was then Mesopotamia, where she served either in military hospitals ashore or on hospital ships, this time taking sick or wounded soldiers to either Calcutta or Bombay for treatment.

In March 1918, Mary was herself evacuated to hospital in Bombay, suffering from Colitis. By October that year, she was sufficiently recovered to be posted back to a QAIMNS hospital in the UK. After further treatment she was passed fit for home service in February 1919. She then spent time at the Reading War Hospital and the Royal Military College, Camberley before being posted, in June 1920, to the King George V Hospital in Dublin. Mary remained in Dublin until March 1922 when she returned to Cambridge Military Hospital where she had served at the start of her career. Sadly, her medical problems occurred again and she was medically retired in February 1923.

At the grand old age of 83, Mary Christian Tawney died in the Evelyn Nursing Home, Cambridge on 20 August 1957.

LETTERS FROM GALLIPOLI

THE LAST LETTER OF A MARTYR OF THE DARDANELLES

While visiting the Redoubt Cemetery with friends some years ago, we met a party of Turkish academics, historians and retired military personnel who were visiting the battlefields and cemeteries. We had an interesting talk with the group, most of whom spoke excellent English, and one of them – Professor Ethem Ruhi Ungor kindly gave me a copy (and an English translation) of a letter written by his uncle shortly before he was killed at the Dardanelles. Professor Ungor has also written a book *Turkish Marching Songs*, which he dedicated to the memory of his uncle.

The letter and photograph (which may not reproduce well) were first published in the Turkish War magazine *Harp Mecmuasi* in 1915. It has also been included in the Museum of War Memories Collection (1915) and is in the Marine Museum and at the National Parks Museum, Kabatepe.

Biographical Note

The writer, Hasan Ethem, was a reserve officer in the 3rd Army Corps, 19th Division, 57th Regiment, (commanded by Mustafa Kemal Atatürk), serving in the 2nd Battalion, 6th Squadron. He was born on 29 February 1890. Before volunteering for service, and being assigned to the Dardanelles, he was a student in the senior class of the Faculty of Law in Istanbul, while at the same time being employed as a teacher at a high school.



Hasan Ethem

The letter was written to his mother two days before his death on 19 April 1915. There is no indication in the notes which accompanied the letter how Ethem met his death. The British and French bombardment and attempt to force the Dardanelles by naval action had been called-off on 18 March after the failure to force the Straits by naval action. There is, however, a note in the British Official History that in the weeks prior to the landings '*... the Gaba Tepe and Enos areas were repeatedly bombarded in order to cause the Turkish commanders to prepare for landings at these places*'.

Or perhaps there were differences in dates in the Ottoman calendar?

Notes on those mentioned in the letter

At the time of his death, Ethem's mother was 41. She had four sons. She appears to have written to Ethem praising him for defending his country, sending him money, and offering him advice on various undisclosed matters. His younger brother, Halit, who was born in 1894, also served in the Dardanelles where he was wounded. He survived the war and joined the Police Department. He died in 1948. There is also reference to Sevket and Hilmit who appear to be Ethem's other brothers.

My Dear Mother,

You must be proud for giving birth to four soldiers! I received your letter full of advice, while sitting under a pear tree, near a stream, in the middle of the beautiful and green

Divrin plain. My soul became enchanted by the green landscape and was reinforced once more by your letter. I read it, and while reading it, I learnt a great deal. I read it again. I was glad to do such a beautiful and holy task. I opened up my eyes and looked far. The green crops bending because of the wind seemed to me to be saluting my mother's letter. All were bending towards me as a congratulation of her letter.

I looked towards the right where large pine trees at the bottom of the slope seemed as if they were greeting me. I looked towards the left and saw the twittering stream smiling to me and playing and foaming because of my mother's letter. I raised my hand and looked at the trees under which I was resting. All were dancing and sharing my joy. I looked to another branch and a beautiful nightingale was greeting me with its sweet voice and sharing my feelings by opening its thin beak. During this moment, the orderly soldier came and said:

"Sir, here is your tea". I took the cup and looked; it was milk with the tea. I asked him:

"Mustafa where did you get this milk?"

"Sir" he said, "do you know the herd going near the stream?"

"Yes" I said, "yes, how beautiful".

"I got it from the shepherd for 10 Turkish pennies"

Dear mother, pure milk, without water for 10 pennies, coming from the sheep. I took it and drank. But I was thinking, I drunk the milk because of my mother's money; but my mother has no milk to drink; is it possible?

The nightingale over me was shouting: "What can we do. It is your mother's destiny. If she was male she could smell these flowers, drink this milk, see the bending of these crops, and see the slow flowing of the stream and hear its voices". Do not worry for Sevket, he may see perhaps many beautiful things. But dear mother don't be sorry. I shall bring you here and show you this natural landscape. Sevket and Hilmi also will see because of you.

On the other side of this beautiful green meadow my soldiers are doing the laundry. Someone with a beautiful voice called the Moslems to prayer. Oh my God, how beautiful was his voice echoing in the plain. Even the nightingale ceased singing. The crops became motionless, the stream also was silent. Everybody, everything, all the creatures were listening to this holy voice. The call to prayer was over. I washed myself with the water of the stream. We prayed together kneeling down on this beautiful green grass. I forgot the tumults and splendours of this world. I raised my hands, looked up and said: "Oh my Lord. The whole wish of all these hero soldiers is to make known your Holy name to the English and French. Accept this honourable wish of us, soldiers, make sharp our bayonets and destroy and crush the enemies completely." Such was my prayer. When I raised up, nobody could imagine my happiness. Dear mother, your son Halit also is like me in a beautiful area. The most beautiful areas in the world are here. But there are no wedding ceremonies. If God pleases, the enemy will make a landing and we shall go to a wedding ceremony. I wrote to Kadir.

Dear mother, don't give the deeds and other documents to anybody. If they ask tell them that you don't know. Take the bag and put it into the chest. I made you previously understand, this is the world. But don't worry. If he doesn't pay, the man at the tribunal will make him pay. We will get it. It takes time.

Dear mother, I don't want any underwear. I have money. God bless you.

Your son

Hasan Ethem 17 April 1915

LETTERS FROM L/CPL. COLIN WILSON, 1/6TH MANCHESTER REGIMENT

Less than a month after Hasan Ethem wrote his last letter home another young man, Colin Wilson, who was almost the same age as Hasan Ethem, was writing home to his mother after the landings at Gallipoli. He too was to die in action on the peninsula – on 5 June 1915.

L/Cpl. Wilson served in 'C' Company of the 1/6th Manchester Regiment, part of the 127th (Manchester) Brigade of the 42nd East Lancashire Division, which landed on 6/7 May as reinforcements during the Second Battle of Krithia.



L/Cpl. Colin Wilson

Biographical Note

The letters and biographical notes were kindly provided by Mrs Ellen John, a relative of Colin Wilson. Colin was the eldest son William and Eleanor Wilson of 55 Barton Street, Moss Side, Manchester. Both came from quite well to do families who had lived in the Manchester area for many years. William Wilson had investments in business property, shops etc. and Eleanor was the daughter of a prosperous mill owner. William was a jovial and well-liked person – and a talented artist and musician – but he proved to be a failure as a businessman and soon he and his young family were living in straitened circumstances.

Colin was one of three brothers – the youngest (name not known) died at an early age in 1910. Alec, other brother, spent some time in Africa before the Great War and while there caught enteric fever and remained in poor health. Major Pilkington, who censored the letters, was killed in the same action as Colin.

*Lance-Corporal C Wilson No. 1035
C Coy. 1/6th Manchesters
East Lancs. Division
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force
May 10 1915*

Dear Mother,

We landed last Thursday and are now entrenched two miles behind the firing line as reserves. The country is very much like Derbyshire and the climate is somewhat similar. From Alexandria we came on board the Defflinger, a steamer of about 8000 tons captured from the Germans. On Monday last in Alexandria, Harry and I managed to go down into the town and had one of our eight p.....[Egyptian pounds?] dinners at the French Café and we didn't half enjoy them.

Although not actually in the firing line, we are continually under shrapnel and distant rifle fire. A few of our fellows have been slightly wounded. Glad to say that at present I am in the pink of condition. Tell Keith I wish him many happy returns of the 17th and I'll bring him a bit of Constantinople home that's when we take it, it looks like a tough job but we are getting on that way as well as can be expected. The Australians are proving fine men here, they are great with the bayonet and now the Turks won't wait for the bayonet.

Not allowed to say much all letters are censored.

*Love to all at Home
Colin*

Endorsed: Passed Censor – C R Pilkington, Major Commanding 1/6 Manchesters

[Name, unit etc. as above]
May 15 1915

Dear Mother,

Moved up to the firing line last Thursday evening.

Things fairly quiet.

Received yours of April 21st and 28th this morning. Thanks for sending the socks and laces, suppose I shall get them shortly. All the boys here are cheerful and the Battalion has not suffered much. Personally, I am OK.

This is the second letter I have written you so will number it No. 2. In haste, catching the post.

Love to all.

Colin

[Editor's Note: Further letters from Colin Wilson will be published in the next issue of *The Gallipollian*.]

CLEWER MAN IN THE ANZACS

The following letter, dated 19 June 1915 was published under the above headline in *The Windsor, Eton and Slough Gazette* on 10 July 1915.

Sadly, the writer is not identified beyond the fact that he was 'and old Clewer Street, St Stephens Primary School boy'.

It appears that the writer was attached to the 3rd Brigade Ammunition Column, Australian Field Artillery but the implication in the letter that guns were brought ashore soon after the landings is incorrect. Although one Indian Mountain Battery was ashore by 9.00am it was three hours before it could be brought into action and its position was quickly enfiladed. This battery and one 18 pounder landed at 3.30pm were the only guns disembarked before 6.00pm [*Official History of the War: Military Operations : Gallipoli- Volume 1* (p.194)] although the *Official History of Australia in the War 1914-1919: The Story of Anzac – Volume 1* (p.464) states that a single gun of the 4th Battery, Australian Field Artillery arrived at 5.30pm and was in action soon after.

Dear Father,

Your letter received yesterday. I have had several letters and papers most weeks but you will understand it is difficult for letters to reach me direct, as we are split up all over the shop.

I will give you a little account of the recent landing on the Gallipoli Peninsular. Our base was Lemnos Island in the Aegean Sea, and we were there a fortnight previous to the taking of the Peninsular. On Saturday evening, April 24th we were all formed up on the deck of our transport, and the Colonel in charge told us we were in for a rough job on Sunday. Later in the evening we had a service conducted by an Australian Clergyman who gave a very interesting address. Early next morning we were off Kapa Tepe [Gaba Tepe] N.W. of the Gallipoli Peninsular, the 3rd Brigade were the first to land, that is the infantry, and happened to land where the Turks did not expect them, right on a slope, each side of this slope was flat country, all mixed up with wire to the water. There was no doubt we fooled the Turks.

There was no holding the Australians once on shore, and the Turks fled for their lives. But, sad to say, our chaps advanced too far, and it was in the return to their trenches behind that they got mown down. They did in three hours what the 'heads' thought would take three days to do. We took some 18 pounders ashore. We sent in over 30 tons of shells and it was hot loading and unloading them. Shrapnel was bursting all over us in the water and along the beach, and snipers were hard at it as well.

Our job was to set the caps and have them ready for the guns, and take them up. This was also very exciting as we had a shell on each shoulder and had to go from the beach up the slope for about 300 yards, under fire all the time. After a while we got the mules to take them up, which left us just the work of fixing the caps to the shells. Up to now we have had very few casualties in the 3rd Ammunition Column. It seems that the Turks are having enough of it and they are afraid of the Australians, since their historic landings, as such a feat has never been known before. They call us and the New Zealanders the "White Gurkhas".

The Navy did grand work on the occasion and it was great to see the "Lizzie" (The Queen Elizabeth) firing. The Majestic and Triumph, unfortunately both now sunk, played havoc with the Turks laying them out in their hundreds. The forts are so strong though that it is a tough job.

[Editor's Note: The letters from Hasan Ethem and L/Cpl. Colin Wilson were first published some years ago in the Newsletter of the Essex Branch of the Western Front Association. I am grateful to the current Editor of that journal for allowing me to reproduce them here.]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Hon. Editor,

HOW TO DEAL WITH HUMAN BONES FOUND ON THE GALLIPOLI BATTLEFIELDS?

About 34,000 men from Britain, the British Empire and her Dominions fell on the Gallipoli Battlefields during the 1915 Campaign, but only 8,000 of them could be buried in proper graves either during the fighting, or after the war. The rest have no known graves.

As there are 206 bones in a human body, a simple calculation leads us to the sad conclusion that more than 5 million bones are scattered on the Gallipoli Battlefields from the Britain, the British Empire and her Dominions alone. Nobody knows how deep are their resting places, 1-1½ feet or even less than that. The case is more poignant from Turkish side as nobody knows exactly how many fell and how many were properly buried.

What can a Gallipoli visitor do when he/she finds a human bone? One naturally feels sad and wants to act respectfully by burying it somewhere around. But how? One can't carry a shovel around all the time. The method generally adopted is either hide it under a bush around there or scratch a hole with a stone or stick and put the bone in it which will again come to surface after a few rain falls besides the other millions that will come to the surface in the coming decades.

This is a very important matter to be pondered by every sensitive human being, whether a Gallipoli visitor or not. My personal thought, given that no visitor who finds a bone is capable of identifying whether it is moslem or non-moslem, is to propose the establishment of International Ossuaries at two locations – Helles and Anzac – with shovels and labour to help with digging a 1½ -2 feet deep hole would be a good and practical solution. As both areas are not too large, both individual visitors and groups, without causing much loss of time and delay in their tour programmes, would be able to visit either one and be able to act respectfully by burying there the bone(s) they will find.

On the other hand, it is also a reality that many villagers have in their homes quite a collection of war remnants, and sadly there are also human bones in those collections. They can be invited to personally bury the bones they have on the official opening day of these ossuaries, perhaps in 2015, the centenary of the campaign.

Anyone interested with Gallipoli, touched with its sad history and with the fate of

those martyrs who don't have known graves, can assist this **International Gallipoli Ossuaries Project** in many ways; by promoting the idea with their governments, raising funds, proposing other related ideas and projects, and many others which I might have failed to think of.

Guven Pinar (2068)
Eceabat, Turkey

Editor's Note: Given their responsibilities for British and Commonwealth War dead I asked the CWGC if they wished to comment on Guven's proposal. I have reproduced below the reply from Peter Francis of the Commission. **I would also welcome the views of readers** on Guven's proposal and will endeavour to publish these (or a selection of them) in the next issue.

Dear Editor

Thank you for your email regarding Gallipoli and the suggestion by one of your readers for an ossuary on the peninsula to deal with discovery of remains cases.

In the first instance I should point out that discovery of remains, likely to be those of a Commonwealth serviceman or woman, are the responsibility of the 'proper authorities' – namely the governments for whom we operate. The Commission's responsibility begins when remains are handed to us for burial in one of our war cemeteries.

I would suggest, therefore, that while the CWGC would not object to such a proposal, it would be a matter for the relevant governments to agree upon and action with the Turkish authorities. We would, of course, assist if asked by one of these governments to do so.

Peter Francis
Head of External Communications
Commonwealth War Graves Commission

WAS GAS USED IN THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN?

By way of a follow-up to the articles on this subject published in Autumn and Winter issues of *The Gallipolian* (Nos. 120 and 121), Association member **Michael D Robson**, who lives in Israel, has drawn attention to a paper entitled *The Chemical Dimension of the Gallipoli Campaign: Introducing Chemical Warfare to the Middle East* by Dr. Yigal Sheffy. Dr Sheffy is a Senior Instructor at the Security Studies Program at Tel-Aviv University and a member of the board of the Israeli Society for Military History.

The paper extends to some 41 pages and is published in the War in History Series (2005) by Sage Publications. It is available on-line (fee payable) from the publishers <http://wih.sagepub.com/cgi/content/abstract/12/3/278>. The Editor has, however, been supplied a copy in pdf format and would be happy to forward it to anyone interested.

THE GALLIPOLIAN ARCHIVE CD

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

Orders should be sent to GACD, 7 The Cleave, Harpenden, Herts AL5 5SJ. Cheques should be made payable to 'The Gallipoli Association'. Payment using Paypal is also possible via the Association website. [Please send an e.mail to webmaster@gallipoli-association.org if you have questions about the CD or online payment.]

QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

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 (see illustration in Spring 2002 *Gallipolian*) are available at £7.50 including UK postage. [Europe £8.25, Rest of the World, £8.75]

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

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

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.

SIMPSON BADGES

The Gallipoli Association holds a small stock of these badges produced by the Anzac Day Commemoration Committee of Queensland. The Badge is an oval design (three-quarters of an inch) showing Simpson in classic pose with his donkey. Each badge costs £2.50 plus a sae, orders please to The Treasurer, Gallipoli Association, Frinton Cottage, 3 Cambridge Road, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, CO13 9HN.

BOOK REVIEWS

David Saunders

THE GREAT EDWARDIAN NAVAL FEUD

Author: Richard Freeman.

Publisher: Pen & Sword Maritime. Contents 288 pages, 41 photographs 5 maps/ diagrams. ISBN 978-1-84884-083-6. Price 25.00

This extraordinary story of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford's vendetta against Admiral of the Fleet 'Jackie' Fisher has no connection with Gallipoli for the all-out war between them lasted five years from late 1904. However, as Fisher himself was such a key figure during the first months of the campaign of 1915, and whose extraordinary resignation had such far reaching effects in May of that year*, members of the Association will be interested to read in this most excellent account, more about this naval giant. A giant who in the authors concluding words 'acted only to promote the long-term interests of the Navy and the country'.

* See Fisher and Churchill: How Far Did Their Stormy Relationship Contribute To The Failure Of The Assault On The Dardanelles by Cherry Parker *The Gallipolian* No 89: p 24-37.

CASUALTY FIGURES

Author: Michele Barrett.

Publisher: Verso 2007 Contents 174 pages. ISBN 13 978-1-84467-230-1. Price £14.99.

The author, Professor of Modern Literary and Cultural Theory in the School of English and Drama, Queen Mary College, University of London, uncovers the lives of five ordinary men. Men who endured the First World War and how they dealt with the horrors both of the front line and the years which followed.

The first, Lieutenant John Willis Brown, Royal Naval Division Engineers, later with the Royal Field Artillery, had the terrible misfortune while training at Deal to fall ill with cerebrospinal meningitis. When he miraculously recovered he was furious to find his unit had gone to the Dardanelles without him. He did eventually reach the Peninsula where, subsequently suffering from dysentery, he became separated from his unit, was thought to have been killed and spent several days in No Man's Land. He spent a long period in hospital, for a time at Charing Cross. His sister Margaret writing 'I shall never forget the sight of him – a long emaciated creature, with great hollow eyes, a greenish-yellow skin and limbs that were all sticks and knobs'. Then followed service at Salonika, later Egypt and Palestine, though he continually suffered serious ill-health. His subsequent life, at times with more illness and family problems were all attributed to the horrors of his Gallipoli experience.

MONS, ANZAC AND KUT

Author: Aubrey Herbert MP

Publisher: Pen & Sword Military 2009

Contents 217 pages, 15 photographs. ISBN 978 1 84884 175 8. Price £19.99.

First published in 1919 and now much sought after, my own copy, which once belonged to Gallipoli veteran Captain Eric Bush was published about 1930. It was thus a pleasure to discover a new edition. This is introduced by Edward Melotte, who on reading his great grandfather's diaries resolved to press for the book to be reprinted, with the added bonus of being significantly expanded by incorporating many of his more scathing thoughts and views which were suppressed at the time. On the debit side the biographical introduction by Desmond MacCarthy to the c.1930 edition has been omitted, which is a pity.

The Gallipoli section, headed *Anzac 1915* occupies at 91 pages, almost half the book, and is supplemented with seven fine photographs by Herbert himself. Are there more such gems in the family archives? It commences with his arrival in Egypt just before Christmas 1914, in his own words 'because it had been my fortune to have travelled widely, and I had a fairly fluent smattering of several Eastern languages.' In the February, on board HMS *Bacchante* he witnessed the bombardment off Alexandretta. One of the priceless nuggets, of which the book abounds, concerns a report from

another ship that men with electric torches had been observed on the shore and were promptly shelled. Herbert rightly reports not men, but dogs or jackals, their eyes shining in the light of a searchlight from more than half a mile away.

He landed in the Anzac sector on 25 April from the *Imogen*, once the Ambassador's yacht at Constantinople, taking two Greek porters, one of whom remained with him throughout the whole time on the Peninsula. The other, being 'a natural coward' was sent away at the first opportunity. He noted that 'the Generals all behaved as if the whole thing was a tea party ... Generals Godley and Walker were the most reckless, but General Birdwood also went out of his way to take risks'. There are so many wonderful snippets and observations from those terrible days I must share one more, his description of General Birdwood, although not named.

There was at Anzac a singularly benevolent officer, but for all his geniality a strong disciplinarian, devoted to military observances. He was kind to all the world, not forgetting himself and had developed a kindly figure. No insect could resist his contours. Fleas and bugs made passionate love to him, inlaying his white skin with a wonderful red mosaic.

There is much on the brief truce of late May in which Herbert was a key participant. He moved to Helles briefly in mid June, then to Imbros before returning to Anzac by the 29th. In late July and clearly ill he left for Tenedos, later Mytilene before returning to Anzac on 7 August. Then followed 'a bad go of fever' and a short spell in Egypt before a final return to Gallipoli in late September where he remained until 11 October when he was evacuated and did not return to Active Service for several months. On his departure he wrote 'I never want to see again a mule, a monk, or a backdoor, or a sideshow, or Winston or flies or bully beef'.

This remarkable man died tragically young, just forty-three, of septicaemia, the result of needlessly having several teeth extracted. For those who wish to know more then I commend the biography *The Man Who Was Greenmantle* by his grand-daughter Margaret Fitzherbert. Why Greenmantle? John Buchan modelled Sandy Arbuthnot in *Greenmantle* on Aubrey Herbert. Meanwhile make sure you add this new edition of *Mons, Anzac and Kut* to your library, you will not be disappointed.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

Readers will have noticed that the coloured photographic section in this issue is only four pages instead of the usual eight. This is not a cost saving measure! It is simply that most of the photographs in this issue are in black and white rather than colour format, and have been included within the articles to which they relate. The journal remains the same length – 65 pages.



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.