

The Gallipollian

*The Journal of the
Gallipoli Association*

No. 123 - AUTUMN 2010



The River Clyde at V Beach, 25 April, 1915

by *Charles Dixon* - reproduced by kind permission
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THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the Gallipoli Association
founded by Major E. H. W. Banner in 1969
on the Campaign of 1915

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CONTENTS

Pages 2–3	Annual General Meeting 2010; Minutes of the Annual General Meeting of the Gallipoli Association held on 15 October 2009
Pages 3–4	The 29th Division Memorial
Pages 4–11	Anzac/Gallipoli Day Services
Page 11	Collingwood Memorial Parade; Sandringham; Autumn Lunch
Page 12	Field of Remembrance: Westminster Abbey; Christmas Cards
Pages 12–14	Return of the <i>Halep</i> Nameplate to Turkey
Pages 14–15	President of the Irish Republic Visits Gallipoli
Pages 15–16	Pte. Edwin Tompkins, 8th Bn. A.I.F – A Follow-Up
Page 16	Stamps
Pages 17–18	New Anzac Award
Pages 18–24	Return to Gallipoli
Pages 24–26	Letters from Gallipoli
Pages 27–28	Letters from Gallipoli – A Clarification; Information Please
Pages 29–36	Coloured Photographic Section.
Pages 37–42	Hooky Walker: The English General
Pages 42–48	P.O. William Charles Flook RNVR, Drake Battalion, Royal Naval Division
Pages 49–55	Gallipoli And Dublin Castle
Page 55	Research Group
Pages 56–58	Before Gallipoli – A Photographic Record by Wheeler Corporal Frank Lowthian, ASC
Pages 59–60	An Update on the Monitor M33; More on ‘X’ Lighters
Pages 60–61	An Unusual Memorial
Page 62	The Gallipolian Archive and Website News
Page 63	Quartermaster’s Stores; Simpson Badges
Pages 64–65	Books & CDs
Page 65	Founder’s Medals Donated to the Association; Articles for <i>The Gallipolian</i>

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting (AGM) of the Gallipoli Association will be held on **Wednesday, 20 October 2010** (please note change of date), commencing at **11.30am** at The Naval Club, 38 Hill Street, London W1. Directions for The Naval Club are included on the enclosed booking form for the Autumn Lunch (see page 11).

Agenda

1. Apologies for absence.
2. Minutes of the AGM held on Thursday 15 October 2009 – printed below.
3. Chairman's Report.
4. Treasurer's Report and Adoption of the 2009 Accounts.
5. Election of Officers: Chairman – Captain C T F Fagan DL, Secretary – J Watson Smith, Treasurer – V Genrich, Membership Secretary – J Crowe, Editor – F Summerson, Webmaster – A Crooks.
6. Election of Committee: Colonel M Hickey, Major H Jenner, W J Marsh, D Saunders MBE, Colonel J R H Stopford.
7. Any other business.

Note: Members wishing to raise any item under Any Other Business should do so in writing to the Secretary at least 21 days before the date of the AGM.

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION HELD AT THE NAVAL CLUB, HILL STREET, LONDON W1 ON 15 OCTOBER 2009

Present: The Chairman, Captain C T F Fagan, Secretary, J C Watson Smith, Treasurer, W J Marsh, Membership Secretary, J Crowe, Editor, F Summerson, Webmaster, A Crooks and nineteen members.

Apologies were received from Mr T Chamberlain, Mr M Fleming, Colonel S M W Hickey, Major H D Jenner, Mr D R Saunders, Colonel J R H Stopford, Sir Harold Walker and Mr N Welch.

Minutes

1. The minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on 15 October 2008 were approved and signed as a true record.

Chairman's Report

2. The Chairman presented his report, which was circulated to those present (and published in the Winter issue of *The Gallipolian* – No. 121).

Treasurer's Report

3. The Treasurer's report was circulated and the annual accounts were adopted.

Election of Officers

4. The following were elected for the year.

Chairman	Captain C T F Fagan
Secretary	J C Watson Smith
Treasurer	W J Marsh
Membership Secretary	J Crowe
Webmaster	A Crooks
Editor	F Summerson

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

THE 29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL

The annual commemoration at the 29th Division Memorial, Stretton-on-Dunsmore, Warwickshire took place on Sunday 14 March. David Ray, a member of the Gallipoli Association, welcomed the organisations and individuals present and gave the address:

If it's possible to be prophetic and ironic in the same paragraph, Major-General Aylmer Hunter-Weston probably managed it in his personal note to every man in the 29th Division. 'We must be prepared to suffer hardships, privations, thirst and heavy losses by bullets, by shells, by mines, by drowning. But if each man feels, as is true, that on him individually, however small or however great his task, rests the success or failure of the Expedition, and therefore, the honour of the Empire and the welfare of his own folk at home, we are certain to win through to a glorious victory.'

The monument on this roundabout was erected and paid for by the people of Warwickshire, 90 years ago. It is the only First World War monument in England commemorating a Division. 95 years ago this area was awash with khaki. Most were smokers, most sported moustaches, some were married here and some were even buried here. The Essex Regiment in Banbury, the Royal Dublin Fusiliers in Nuneaton, the Munsters in Coventry and the Hampshires in Stratford. 95 years ago last Friday, King George V reviewed the Immortal 29th at this point. Then it was transportation from the tranquillity of Middle England to the grim reality of war in the Middle East; via Avonmouth, Alexandria and the Aegean to the lower slopes of Achî Baba.

After the heroics on five small, unconnected beaches, more than once the High Command called upon the over-worked and severely depleted 29th to plug holes, or force the pace. Sir Ian Hamilton informed the Division that "they had added fresh lustre to British arms all the world over". 12 Victoria Crosses, over 34,000 casualties on the peninsula, twice the strength of a Division accounted for by the constant replacements. That's an average of 130 per day. Gallipoli was no respecter of rank. Proportionally speaking, officers were as likely to be killed, wounded, captured or fall ill as other ranks.

We are here today to remember the fallen during those eight months, 1,500 miles away.

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, we will remember them.*

After the address, wreaths were laid by Cllr. Kam Kaur, Mayor of Rugby, and by James Watson Smith on behalf of The Gallipoli Association. Wreaths were also laid by Chris Holland representing the Heart of England Branch of The Western Front Association, Lyn Edmonds of The Royal Dublin Fusiliers Association (whose grandfather served with the 'Dublins' and was present when the King reviewed the Division), Noel Doolan for the Royal Military Police Association and Major Bandy on behalf of The Great War Society.

The Last Post was sounded and the strong representation of Standard Bearers lowered their standards for the Exhortation. There followed a minute's silence, reveille and the raising of Standards. Two platoons of Great War Society 'Living History' troops, including two 'VADs' in period costume, were also present. Some 20 other people were also in attendance. A photograph of the ceremony taken by Keith Edmonds can be found on page 29.

ANZAC/GALLIPOLI DAY SERVICES

The Committee and the Editor are grateful to all correspondents who provided reports, reproduced below, on the Remembrance Services held on or about 25 April.

London

A few hardy souls among the membership were present at the well-attended Dawn Service held at the New Zealand War Memorial, Hyde Park. Because of the London Marathon, the order and timings of the other commemorations were significantly different to those in previous years and involved an early start for those present.

At 8.00am, we joined the 'Anzacs' at the Cenotaph where 'The Gallipolians' formed one of the contingents on parade, with our Chairman laying a wreath on behalf of the Association. At the invitation of the Australian and New Zealand High Commissions, members were again given seats for the Service of Commemoration and Remembrance in Westminster Abbey, which took place 9.00am.

The final commemoration was the Association's annual wreath-laying ceremony at The Gallipoli Memorial in St Paul's Cathedral at 12.45pm. After the short but moving service, during which the Last Post and Reveille were sounded by Musician Stephanie Barrett of the Band of the Coldstream Guards (who also played at the other services) and the Lament played by Piper Major Roger Huth, formerly Scots Guards, members walked down Ludgate Hill to 'The Albion', New Bridge Street where the Association's Gallipoli Day lunch was held. Photographs of some of the day's events, taken by John Crowe, can be found on pages 29 – 31.

Brockenhurst – New Forest

The annual ANZAC Service was held in the churchyard of St Nicholas's Church in glorious sunshine, attended by some three hundred local residents, visitors and, as always, a few passing New Zealanders.

Brockenhurst's special association with the Anzacs arises from the fact that No. 1 New Zealand General Hospital was located in the nearby Manor grounds and the service commemorates the 93 New Zealanders and one Australian who did not survive and are buried in the churchyard. Their graves are in the care of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and maintained by the Parish Council. The service is organised by the local branch of the Royal British Legion (RBL).

Prior to the service, an inspection of Contingents took place at 2.45 pm during which the 'New Zealand Bell' tolled 94 times, once for each soldier buried in the churchyard. The bell was donated to the Church in 1924 by relatives of ANZAC soldiers.

Lt Rewi Thompson of the Royal New Zealand Navy read the lesson and no doubt will have particularly appreciated the Vicar, Neil Smart's address, which highlighted the service of three of the twelve Maoris who lie buried among us. One Maori, Kiri Rapona, had served in Gallipoli, attached to the New Zealand Mounted Rifles Brigade and was at No. 1 Outpost, which became known as the 'Maori Pa'. He later served on the Somme, was wounded, and died in the Brockenhurst hospital.

Wreaths were laid on behalf of the RBL by its local president Air Vice-Marshal Andrew Roberts CB CBE AFC; for the CWGC by its commissioner Air Chief Marshal Sir Joe French KCB CBE; for the New Zealand High Commission by its representative Mr Gregg Anderson, and various others, including one by Tony Church on behalf of the Gallipoli Association.

The ceremony concluded with Beavers, Cubs, Scouts, Brownies and Guides laying flowers and crosses on each of the graves. Three young New Zealand children, visiting with their parents, were invited to lay a cross of remembrance on the graves of the three Maori casualties mentioned during the service. After the service, tea was taken in the Anzac Room of the Outdoor Centre, which stands on the site of the wartime hospital. Photographs of the ceremony, taken by Phil Mills, can be found on pages 31 – 32.

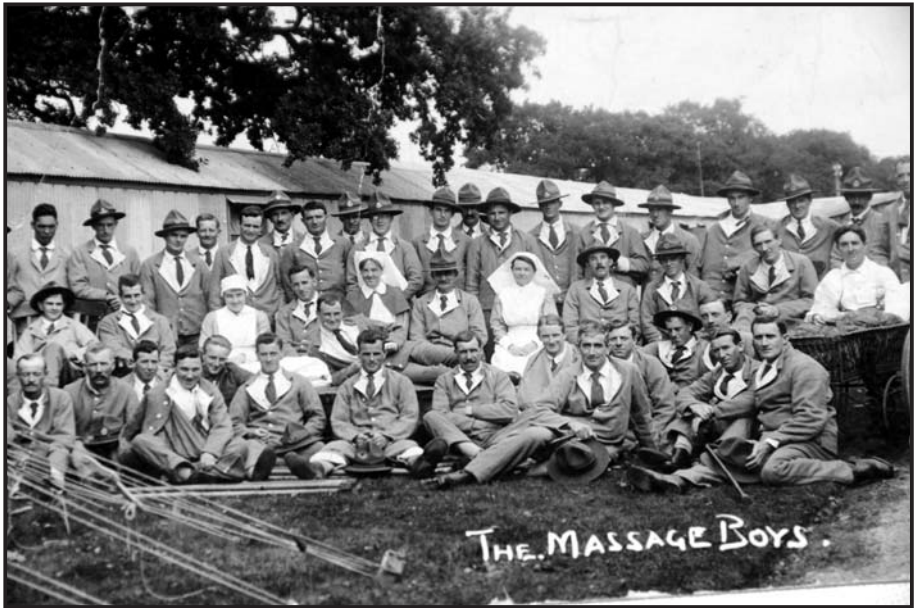
Tony Church

My Anzac Day at Brockenhurst

As a New Zealander and a member of the Gallipoli Association and the Western Front Association I usually attend the Dawn Parade and other services in London on Anzac Day. This year I decided to travel to Brockenhurst for the Anzac Service held in the churchyard of St. Nicholas's Church where 93 New Zealand soldiers from WW1 and one Australian are buried. These soldiers died of their wounds, or of disease, while at the New Zealand No.1 General Hospital in Brockenhurst.

My father, George Fairbairn, of the 2nd Otago Regiment had fought at the Battle of Messines and was wounded there on 7 June 1917. He was admitted to the 3rd Canadian General Hospital in Boulogne the following day, and on 10 June was evacuated to the No. 1 New Zealand General Hospital at Brockenhurst, where he received treatment until 4 September 1917 (see photograph on page 7). Convalescence then followed at the New Zealand Convalescent Hospital, Grey Towers in Hornchurch, Essex. Declared medically unfit for further service, he returned to New Zealand on the Hospital Ship *S.S. Marama* in December 1917.

I arrived at Brockenhurst in the morning, first visiting the railway station where the wounded arrived from Southampton, and then to St. Nicholas's Church to stroll quietly among the headstones and to think about those buried there. One interesting headstone, commemorating Edward Lawrence, was provided by his parents who had travelled to Brockenhurst from New Zealand in 1921 to visit the grave – in those days, a long and arduous journey. I then visited the church where there is a special corner dedicated to the New Zealanders at Brockenhurst. This displays memorial flags, the New Zealand flag and framed photographs of views of the hospital and surrounding grounds. Three embroidered kneelers in Maori designs were also displayed. Introducing myself to the vicar, he showed me a box of photographs which visitors to the church from New Zealand had found amongst their grandfathers' belongings and given to the church for its archives. There was then time for lunch at the Balmer Lawn Hotel, which had been taken over as the Officers Quarters during WW1.



'The Massage Boys' at Brockenhurst [George Fairbairn is in the back row immediately behind the soldier seated between the two nursing sisters]

The service in the churchyard was held at the monument that was erected in 1927 and was attended by a very large crowd including military personnel, local dignitaries, the people of Brockenhurst and visitors from New Zealand. The service is described in Tony Church's report above so I will not duplicate it here except to say that it was a most moving occasion.

After the service, while having tea in the Anzac Room, we looked at old photographs and slides of the hospital and the soldiers treated there. I looked very closely at these, always hoping that, perhaps, I might see my father amongst them. It was a very memorable day.

In conclusion I would like to mention Clare Church's excellent book *New Zealand Graves at Brockenhurst*. It has been very well researched and has a biography for each soldier buried in the churchyard. Reading these, for me, was like reading the early history of New Zealand and I could relate to places and events through my own family and its early days after arrival in New Zealand in the 1870's.

Lorraine Maguire

Cardigan

The Anzac Day commemorations in Cardigan were held at town's Cenotaph on Saturday 24 April in dry, sunny weather. The Mayor (Cllr. Cole), together with several town councillors and the Town Clerk were in attendance. The parade participants mustered at 10.45am; they included the Cardigan and Aberystwyth Branches of the Royal British Legion and the Royal Naval Association, the HMS Gambia Association, the Cardigan Branch, Association of Wrens, and the Cardigan Branch of the Royal Air Force Association, all with their respective standards. 1429 Squadron ATC, the Cardigan Company ACF and the Dyfed ACF were also represented on parade. Rosemary made a welcome re-appearance this year.

The service, which commenced at 11.00am, was conducted by the Revd. John Powell. The Exhortation was given by Mr John Andrews of the HMS Gambia Association. Standards were then lowered and the Silence kept. After the Kohima Epitaph, wreaths were laid, the Mayor and Council being associated with the wreath laid by the Cardigan RBL. Following the service those attending made their way to the Cardigan Bowling Club, where refreshments were served, courtesy of the Club.

Richard Watson

Harefield

During the First World War an Australian Military Hospital (No. 1) was established at Harefield Park, a mansion and estate owned by an Australian, Charles Billyard Leake. Sadly, 111 Australian servicemen and one woman (a nurse) died at Harefield and were buried in the churchyard, each of their funerals being an important occasion for the village community. In 1921 a granite memorial was erected by Charles Billyard Leake and the Lord of the Manor, Sir Francis Alexander Newdigate Newdegate (himself an ex-Governor of Tasmania and later of Western Australia). Since that date, every year on Anzac Day, a service has been held at Harefield Parish Church.

There was a full congregation for the 2010 Service at St Mary's Church, which was led by the Vicar, the Revd. Andrew Gandon, the sermon being given by the Revd. Steve Painter from St Mary's Church Ealing. The Mayor of Hillingdon led the congregation. Others attending included Mr Nick Hurd MP, local Harefield councillors and representatives of the Australian and UK armed services and representatives from many local organisations. The service was followed by the Act of Commemoration in the 'Anzac Cemetery' where wreaths were laid around the granite memorial and pupils from the Infant and Junior Schools placed flowers on the graves.

Michael P Dent

Limerick

A Remembrance ceremony took place at the War Memorial, Pery Square, Limerick at 11.00am on 25 April 2010, the 95th anniversary of the landings at Gallipoli. The ceremony, which was attended by some 35 – 40 people, was organised by the Royal Munster Fusiliers Association.

Two wreaths were laid at the War Memorial, one by the Royal Munster Fusiliers Association commemorating all the men from the regiment who died at Gallipoli and one by the Royal British Legion, Limerick Branch. The 1st Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers landed at Cape Helles with the 1st Bn. Royal Dublin Fusiliers and two sections of the Hampshire Regiment from the converted collier *River Clyde* as part of the 29th Division on that fateful day in April 1915.

While we recognise that 25 April is a national holiday in Australia and New Zealand, it should not be forgotten that Irish regiments of the British army also fought there. For years this fact has been airbrushed from Irish history, but it is now being redressed and it is up to organisations like the Royal Munster Fusiliers Association to ensure that they are not forgotten.

Tadhg Moloney

Hon. Secretary, Royal Munster Fusiliers Association.

National Memorial Arboretum

Attendance at the Anzac/Gallipoli Day service at the National Memorial Arboretum has been increasing over the years and the numbers attending this year were most encouraging. The Revd. Vic Van Den Bergh led the ceremony. Following a message from Her Majesty the Queen, read by Col. David Leigh TD DL, the words of Atatürk were read – first in Turkish by Nadir Imamoglu, then in English by Hannah Pepper whose great grandfather served on the peninsula.

After the opening hymn, Rupert Brooke's poem *The Soldier* was read by Sue Plant. The Revd. Van Den Bergh gave the address and spoke of his growing interest in the campaign. Nadir Imamoglu spoke of the sterling work done by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission following the conflict and the horrors they encountered. Ms Lucy Ward sang *The Band played Waltzing Matilda*, a very emotional reminder of the conflict.

Finally, wreaths were laid at the memorial site by local dignitaries members of the armed services, both Australian and New Zealanders, followed by personal tributes of remembrance.

Roger Pepper

Peterborough

The Annual Service held at the grave of Sgt. Thomas Hunter, 10th Battalion, Australian Infantry took place on Anzac Day. Sgt. Hunter (known as ‘The Lonely Anzac’) was buried in the Old Broadway Cemetery following his death from wounds received during the attack on Pozieres in July 1916. He had previously served at Gallipoli where he had been wounded, and evacuated to Alexandria before rejoining his Battalion.

The service had been well publicised by the Peterborough Branch of the Royal British Legion and was supported by ‘The Friends of Broadway Cemetery’. As a result, there more people attending than anyone could recall. The area around the Cross of Sacrifice and the grave of Thomas Hunter was presented by the City Council in an immaculate condition.

The service was conducted by the RBL Padre in brilliant sunshine, and for the first time, Sgt. Hunter’s framed medals were placed on the headstone, this being the 95th Anniversary of the Gallipoli landings. Among those attending was a large contingent of medical personnel parading from RAF Wittering, many having just returned from Afghanistan. Ex-service organisations from Peterborough and surrounding areas were also present with no less than 14 Standards paraded, including the Australian flag carried by a senior cadet from the Stamford School CCF. Wreaths were laid by a Squadron leader from the RAAF, the Deputy Lord Lieutenant for Cambridgeshire, the City Mayor and the Royal British Legion. Numerous private tributes were also laid. The Last Post and Reveille were played by an ex member of the Royal Anglian Regiment.

So, for the 94th time, the people of Peterborough have remembered Thomas Hunter with a service at his grave.

John W Harvey

Walton-on-Thames

More than 150 people attended the Anzac Day Service at St Mary’s Church, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey. The service, organised by the Walton and Weybridge Branch of the Royal British Legion (RBL), has been held at St Mary’s since 1920 and commemorates the 27,000 soldiers from New Zealand who were treated at the nearby Mount Felix Hospital during the First World War.

The service was led by Canon The Revd. Charles Stewart and those attending included the Mayor and Deputy Mayor of Elmbridge, representatives of the New Zealand Defence Staff (London), the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, the RBL County Chairman, the RBL County Field Officer, and officers and members of the Walton and Weybridge Branch.

The service was followed by a wreath laying ceremony around the memorial in the cemetery where 21 New Zealanders are buried. A photograph of the ceremony, taken by Phil Mills, is on page 32.

Mike Barnes and Alan Curran

COLLINGWOOD MEMORIAL PARADE

Each year, on or close to 4 June, and on Remembrance Day, a service of commemoration is held at the Collingwood Memorial, Pimperne. The inscription on the monument tells the sad story of the battalion, and how the memorial came to be erected:

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

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

This year, the Act of Remembrance took place on 4 June, when 24 wreaths were laid. Our thanks go to Stuart Adam for his hard work in arranging the Parade. His father, Roy Adam, who organised the commemoration for 59 years, continues to take a keen interest in the planning of the event, and was again in attendance.

SANDRINGHAM

As reported in the Spring issue (No. 122), a Memorial Service will be held in St Peter and St Paul's Church, West Newton at 2.30pm on **Sunday 12 September**. The service will be attended by HRH The Duke of Kent.

If you would like to attend please contact John Crowe (address inside front cover) as seating is limited in this small church.

AUTUMN LUNCH

The Autumn Lunch will be held at The Naval Club, Hill Street, London W1 on **Wednesday, 20 October 2010** (please note change of date) commencing at 12.30 for 1.00pm. See enclosed booking form for details.

FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE : WESTMINSTER ABBEY

The Gallipoli Association will again have a Memorial Plot in the Field of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey.

The Field of Remembrance was the inspiration of Major George Howson MC, founder and Chairman of the Poppy Factory until his death in 1936. In 1928 two Crosses were planted by the organisers – one in memory of Private Tommy Atkins, the other in memory of Field Marshal Earl Haig. Others were offered to ‘passers-by’ to plant for those they wished to remember.

Details of the Gallipoli Association plot and how to arrange for a cross to be placed are given in a leaflet accompanying this issue of *The Gallipolian*. We encourage members to avail themselves of this unique opportunity to remember family and friends who served at Gallipoli.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

For the fifth year running, the Association is producing Christmas cards. The design this year is *Thinking of Home* by the Australian artist Janette Newman of New South Wales.

An Order Form is included in this issue of *The Gallipolian* where reference is made to copies of cards produced in previous years still being available.

RETURN OF THE *HALEP* NAMEPLATE TO TURKEY

On 18 March this year, Professor Sir James Dunbar-Nasmith CBE, son of Admiral Sir Martin Dunbar-Nasmith VC, and his nephew, Duncan Dunbar-Nasmith handed over the nameplate of the Turkish vessel *Halep* to the Turkish Naval Museum.

The speech given by **Mr Duncan Dunbar-Nasmith** during the ceremony, which outlines the history of the nameplate and how it came into the family’s possession, is reproduced below. A photograph of the nameplate is on page 33.

“I should just take a moment to tell you the story of how myself, my Uncle, James Dunbar-Nasmith (son of Martin Nasmith), and the nameplate of the *Halep* all happen to be together in this room today.

Five years ago next month I was invited to give a talk at the Royal Marines Museum in Portsmouth, in the United Kingdom, as part of a conference to mark the 90th Anniversary of the Gallipoli landings. Among the other speakers was Selcuk Kolay, talking about the discovery of the Australian submarine AE2, and Selcuk was later exceptionally generous in offering my Uncle and I his company, experience and the use of his boat, complete with side-scan sonar, to travel round the Marmara, which we did in May 2006. We felt incredibly fortunate and it was quite fascinating – there is no other way that it would have been practical to visit the various places that my grandfather's submarine E11 had been to 90 years before. We used the reports that he and his navigating officer had kept of the patrols that E11 made, along with Selcuk's knowledge of many of the wrecks, to give us directions to a number of significant locations.

We were also very fortunate that Selcuk had arranged for Kenan Celick to show us very briefly round some of the Gallipoli battlefields. For reasons that were not clear to us at first, they were keen that we should visit a Cemetery at Akbash, which we did not know existed. They explained that it contained the graves of 200 Turkish soldiers who were drowned when their ship, the *Halep*, was torpedoed and sunk by E11. These soldiers had been badly wounded on the Peninsula and were about to start their journey by sea back to hospital in Istanbul early in the morning of 5 August 1915. E11 had passed up through the anti-submarine nets at Nagara about half an hour previously, at the start of her second patrol into the Marmara, when she torpedoed the *Halep*. In E11's navigating officer's report, written immediately upon their return to base, the following entry reads:

'Observed vessels in Ak Bashi Liman. One a hospital ship, being painted, the other a large steamer with three masts, one funnel, painted black, and a few sailing ships. Fired starboard torpedo at steamer, which hit on starboard side forward under foremast. When last seen, vessel was down by the bows and listed over, and was evidently aground.'

The significance of the *Halep*'s human cargo was something that my Uncle and I, and possibly my Grandfather, were never aware of. When we went to the cemetery and I heard the name *Halep*, it seemed familiar to me. It was indeed the name of the ship whose nameplate I had grown up with at home – simply referred to as “the Turkish nameplate”. As you can imagine, our visit to the cemetery at Akbash was an emotional one.

The remaining puzzle, you will rightly be asking yourself, is how did the nameplate spend almost 90 years and more than 3,000 kilometres away in the north of Scotland? My grandfather returned to the Marmara and Istanbul in 1921 as Captain of the battleship *Iron Duke* during the Turkish/Greek unrest of that time, and the nameplate was removed from the *Halep* by an unknown

person, perhaps a Naval officer, or even a Turk, and given to him. I was always told that some of the holes in the nameplate were caused by rifle bullets that were fired at whoever was removing it, but that just may be a good story.

So it is very fitting that *Halep's* nameplate should return to Turkey – most appropriately on this important anniversary of 18 March – and there can be no better place for it to now be preserved and displayed than here in the Turkish Naval Museum. Our visit to the cemetery at Akbash in May 2006 was a very special one, and it struck me that it would be wonderful if perhaps a copy of the nameplate could be displayed in some way at the cemetery as well. My lasting recollection of that visit will be of a tranquil and beautifully maintained resting place for a lot of brave young men – one of many such places on the Gallipoli peninsula where thousands upon thousands of brave young men from different nations lie. Had these men met under circumstances of their own choosing there is no doubt that many would have formed the kind of friendships that my Uncle and I have been fortunate enough to make with our Turkish friends.

The arrangements required to transport the *Halep's* nameplate from Scotland to Istanbul have been quite complex and I would like to thank Selcuk Kolay (Marine Archaeologist), Erhan Cerrahoglu, the Turkish Navy, and the Commanding Officer of the Naval Museum Captain Ali Riza Isipek very much for all that they have done to help make this happen. So it just remains for me to hand the nameplate back to Turkey through Captain Isipek with all the good wishes of my family, and I am very relieved that no-one is firing bullets at it on this occasion”.

Editor's Note: I am most grateful to Association member Duncan Dunbar-Nasmith for informing me of this presentation and for supplying me with a copy of his speech, and the photograph.

PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC VISITS GALLIPOLI

The President of the Irish Republic, Mary McAleese, made a three-day official visit to Turkey on 22 – 26 March. The first part of the visit was spent in Ankara.

On 24 March the President flew to the Gallipoli region and laid a wreath at the Turkish Martyrs Memorial. She also visited 'V' Beach and later attended a ceremony at Green Hill Cemetery where she unveiled a memorial in memory of the Irish soldiers who lost their lives during the campaign – see photographs on pages 33 –34. In her address, the President said:

... the Irish who fought for the British Empire here were not only destined to be

overwhelmed by those who opposed them but to have their memory doubly overwhelmed, for they fought in a campaign that was lost and so long overlooked and back home fellow citizens were taking on the might of that same Empire to secure Irish independence. Those fortunate enough few who returned alive from Gallipoli returned to considerable ambivalence, even hostility about their role and their sacrifice.

Distance of time and changing historical context now allows us to make up for that deficit of remembrance and in doing so to contribute to the much needed healing of memory on our own divided island. So we come today to honour our Irish dead; those who fought in British uniforms, those who fought in ANZAC uniforms and to honour those whom they fought, the young Turkish men who defended their homeland. Each one deserves our prayers, respect and remembrance. Within the hallowed boundaries of this Cemetery they now rest, each individual story a challenge to the world's citizens to find ways other than war to resolve our problems.

Later, the President attended a lunch co-hosted by the Governor of Çanakkale and the Ambassador of Ireland.

Groups including the Royal Dublin Fusiliers Association and the Somme Association, who attended the ceremonies, praised the President, who has made the issue of recognising those who served in the British forces a centrepiece of her two terms of office. The visit, which was the first official recognition by the Irish Republic of the Irish soldiers who fought in the British Army during the Gallipoli campaign, received favourable reaction in the media, both in the Irish Republic and in Northern Ireland.

Editor's Note: I am grateful to the Office of the President for allowing me to quote from her address at Green Hill Cemetery, and to Michael Robson and Michael Pegum for the photographs.

PTE. EDWIN TOMPKINS, 8TH BN. A.I.F – A FOLLOW-UP

Readers will recall the article, *New Headstone for Gallipoli Casualty*, which appeared in the Winter 2009 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 121) about the efforts of the Northamptonshire Branch of the Western Front Association (WFA) to have a new headstone erected on the grave of Pte. No. 54 Edwin Tompkins in Dallington Cemetery, Northampton. Pte. Tompkins was seriously wounded soon after the landings at Anzac Cove and was evacuated to Alexandria and then to the 4th London General Hospital at Denmark Hill where he died of wounds on 16 August 1915.

Edwin Tompkins was born in Northamptonshire but emigrated to Australia where he worked on a farm near Meeniyan in Victoria before enlisting in the Australian Imperial

Force on 1 September 1914. Following publication of the article, Gallipoli Association member Mike Irwin visited Meenyan and found that Pte. Tompkins was not commemorated on the town's War Memorial. Mike contacted Mr Richard Powell of the Meenyan Historical Society and local representative of the Returned Services League who arranged, after consultation with his colleagues, to have Pte. Tompkins' name added to the memorial. Mike also made a generous donation towards the costs involved.

Our Chairman has written to Richard Powell and to Mike Irwin thanking them for their efforts in this matter. A dedication ceremony will be held in August. By way of a postscript, David Parish, Chairman of the WFA Northamptonshire Branch, has reported that a relative of Pte Tompkins has been located. Any further information will be given in a future issue.

STAMPS

I am grateful to **Derek Hunt** for information on a series of six stamps issued by New Zealand Post on 7 April 2010 to commemorate Anzac Day. This is the third release in the *Anzac Series* and focuses on Remembrance.



Only one of the six stamps has a direct 'Gallipoli' connection showing 'Gallipoli veterans marching on Anzac Day 1958'. Others feature 'the lemon squeezer' hat, the unveiling of the Anzac War Memorial, Port Said in 1932 (sadly destroyed by rioters during the Suez conflict in 1956), nurses at the Cairo War Cemetery on Anzac Day 1940, the posthumous VC award ceremony for 2/Lt. Ngārimu, Ruatoria 1943, and the Sangro War Cemetery, Italy 2004.

NEW ANZAC AWARD

In April 2009, The Royal New Zealand Returned Services Association (RNZRSA) announced 'The ANZAC Award' to recognise the efforts and achievements of a New Zealander or New Zealanders who best emulate the ANZAC spirit as represented by the story of New Zealand.

The award is in the form of a bronze marquette of Richard Henderson and his donkey at Gallipoli. It will be presented each year and the names of the recipients will be added to the Award. The recipient(s) will also be presented with an individual bronze medallion and a miniature lapel badge for everyday wear.



RNZRSA President Robin Klitscher (left) with Ross Henderson, the son of Richard Henderson, and Minister of Veterans' Affairs Judith Collins look at the statue from which a bronze scale model (Marquette) of the ANZAC Award was made

The story of **Richard Henderson** is probably not well known outside New Zealand, although it deserves to be.

Private Richard (Dick) Alexander Henderson, 3/258, 2nd Field Ambulance, New Zealand Medical Corps, was born at Waihi on 26 August 1895. A popular trainee teacher at Mt. Roskill School (later renamed the Three Kings School), he enlisted as a

stretcher-bearer with the New Zealand Expeditionary Force on 10 August 1914, giving his date of birth as 1893 to make him close to the eligible age for enlistment of 21. Within days of landing at Gallipoli, Henderson saw the Australian stretcher bearer John Simpson Kirkpatrick using donkeys to ferry the wounded and when, on 19 May 1915, Simpson was killed, Henderson continued the work, using one of Simpson's donkeys, named Murphy.

After Gallipoli, Henderson served on the Western Front and was awarded the Military Medal on 22 October 1916 for repeatedly bringing in wounded men under heavy shell fire during the Battle of the Somme. He survived the war and on his return to New Zealand resumed teaching but was forced to give up his chosen career when he went blind in 1934. Always a modest man, when interviewed by a reporter in 1950, Henderson commented:

“There was nothing really heroic about the work Kirkpatrick and I did with that donkey. It was easier carrying a wounded man on a donkey than it was on a stretcher or on one's shoulder”.

Henderson suffered ill health for most of his later life, and died, aged 63, on 14 November 1958.

Editor's Note: The photograph is reproduced by courtesy of the RNZRSA. Richard Henderson's NZDF Service Records are available to view at *Archives New Zealand*.

RETURN TO GALLIPOLI

The Spring 2010 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 122) featured the first part of an account of a pilgrimage to Gallipoli in May 1936 on the Cunard White Star Liner, RMS *Lancastria*. It was written by **Mr Harry Harris** who served in the 87th Brigade Field Ambulance, 29th Division, during the campaign.

The *Lancastria* anchored in Kelia Bay (near Eceabat) on 12 May and the pilgrims were split into two groups – the first visiting the Helles sector while the other group – of which Mr Harris and his friend ‘Yosser’ [Mr H V O Hughes] were members – spent the day exploring Anzac and part of the Suvla sector. The account continues...

The next day we were taken to the southern end of the peninsula or Cape Helles. We were naturally anxious that we should see, above all other places, the Gulley Ravine and Gulley Beach [Note 1] where we had spent so many weeks, so we arranged for our car to plough its way towards Krithia. Our route took us through Maidos [Eceabat] and then for some miles along a coast track before striking inland. At Maidos, we saw the ruined

forts and, at a small village before reaching Maidos, there were some Turkish soldiers, probably conscripts undergoing their normal training.

After leaving the coast we passed through very difficult country consisting of steep hills, much broken and roughly indented with gullies, clefts and narrow irregular valleys. Some of the hills had a gradual rise on one side with a precipitous drop on the other. In due course we recognised on our left Achi Baba, the hill that proved impregnable to our forces and held up our advance from the southern sector. Having become so familiar with its southern features, it was most interesting to see it from the north, a vantage point denied to us by the Turks in 1915! The hill was easily distinguishable because of its long arm stretching out to the west towards Krithia. About a quarter of a mile north of Krithia were a few houses built in an orderly fashion occupied by poor looking people. Krithia is still in ruins from the effect of our naval bombardment, but the tall, circular building, which we so plainly saw being shelled by the 'Queen Elizabeth', although in ruins, was easily recognisable. From this spot we had a clear view of Achi Baba. It rises gradually at first from the south and west, but becomes more steep towards the summit. It is covered with scrub, brushwood and bright foliage, with stunted trees here and there, and gives one the impression that it is some living monster full of wisdom. What tales of tragedy and heroism it could tell.

We alighted from the car about 400 yards from Krithia and explored the front line trenches and communications. They appeared untouched since they were occupied in 1915, except that nature has endeavoured to obliterate the signs of war by a generous gift of lovely flowers and plants that grow both outside and inside the trenches. Rusty rifles, bayonets, water bottles and tins are scattered about and many skeletons lay half in and half out of the ground.

We came, a little later, to a nullah into which we climbed, and made our way, with difficulty because of the undergrowth, towards the coast. On climbing out of the nullah we dipped into a low area surrounded by cliffs and rocks. I at once recognised this as Geoghan's Bluff where in May 1915 we had a dressing station, the Division then making another determined effort to turn the Turk's right flank. I pictured the marquee which we erected for the dressing of the wounded, the turbaned Sikhs who came in and out of the Bluff carrying ammunition to the trenches, unperturbed by shellfire, the heavy shells bursting in the Bluff which we nicknamed "coal boxes", and I could almost hear the rifle bullets whistling through the air. It was here that young Hesketh was killed and I remembered how sad we were. [See Note 2]

We went on and striking the Gulley Ravine we crossed over it and came to the top of the cliff running in line with "Y" beach. We went towards Shrapnel Point and then overlooked Gulley Beach. Climbing down at a point where our dugouts were, I set foot once again on the beach where for many weeks we were occupied in dressing the wounded and carrying them on to the picket boats and lighters. What memories the sight of the beach brings to one's mind! The bathing and "de-lousing" parties; the

machonocie and bully-beef stew steaming on the campfire (I can almost hear cook Williams shouting “Any More for any More?”) These and many more were the recollections brought to mind as I stood on Gulley Beach on the 13th May, 1936. “Yosser” and I decided to bathe. It was enjoyable but the tide was up and the water was fairly rough and to make matters worse there was a good deal of barbed wire which made a bad gash in “Yosser’s” foot, causing a pool of blood on the rock. Consequently I had to dress hurriedly and render first aid. I said to him “There is nothing like making our visit realistic!” Our small party of six ate sandwiches on which a constant skirmish was carried out by the descendents of those beastly flies that inhabited the beach 21 years ago! After refreshments we made our way past the mouth of the Ravine. The Ravine is now overgrown and it is difficult to realise that during the occupation this was one of the main arteries by which our left flank was provided with the necessary provisions and munitions. Then it was a hive of industry, accommodating in dug-outs on each side, various headquarters, engineers, ordnance and infantry, and providing emplacements for many of our guns. (Some headquarters dugouts are still preserved). Then, the middle had been made into a road and there was a continuous stream on men, some on horses but mostly on foot, Army Service wagons, ammunition wagons and ambulances all drawn by mules. Now it is silent, disturbed only by Nature’s orchestra.

We went up the slope of the hill along the road which was made by our infantry and which is still in fairly good condition. Here we met Col. Lindsay [Note 3] who had come from “V” Beach, so that there were three of us from the original unit, meeting after 21 years in sight of a beach which had for us so many memories of the past. It was like returning home, and each of us, I think, experienced that stirring of emotions which is inexpressible in such circumstances.



Sounding The Last Post at The Helles Memorial (1936) [See Note 4]

During the time we were visiting the Gulley Ravine and Gulley Beach, others had visited the beaches at the southern end of the peninsula, where at the British Memorial, a service or remembrance was held and the Last Post and Reveille sounded. Many wreaths were laid on behalf of various civic authorities and regimental associations as well as individuals. I would have liked to have attended the ceremony and also to have visited “W” and “X” Beaches but it was quite obvious that lack of time and transport facilities rendered it necessary to abandon any attempt to see all the various beaches and places of interest. We did not dare run the risk of missing the last motor boat from Kelia Bay, and as our motor vehicles did not inspire confidence, we had to allow ample time for our return.

We had arranged to meet our car at Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery, so striking the road which comes along the top from “W” Beach, we passed Pink Farm on our right. It was a beautifully sunny afternoon, and as we had given ourselves plenty of time, we were able to appreciate the general view of the peninsula with its familiar landmarks around the coast and the scattered olive groves and vineyards in the centre. The chief physical characteristic of the part of Gallipoli on which we were then walking is the saucer shape in the middle of which, particularly in the vineyards, some of the fiercest fighting took place. It was somewhere here that we bivouacked for a short time on our return from Suvla in October 1915. There was then so little shelling that men drilled and horses exercised in the open in full view of Achi Baba, and a shell rarely came from the Turks and we as rarely fired one! Eventually we came to Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery where we found a commemorative headstone relating to Hesketh who was killed at Geoghan’s Bluff.



*Grave of Pte.1466 J E Hesketh 87th (1st/1st West Lancashire) Field Ambulance, RAMC –
12 Tree Copse Cemetery*

It is difficult to say which is the most beautiful cemetery but Twelve Tree Copse is certainly one of the most beautiful. At Twelve Tree Copse we joined our car and started our return journey to Kelia Bay, again passing through Krithia. We should like to have

had an opportunity to explore Achi Baba and climbing to the summit and perhaps descending on the northern side. I have seen it suggested in a certain newspaper that our movements on the peninsula were restricted by Turkish soldiers and that we were allowed to visit the cemeteries only. No Turkish soldiers restricted any movements of my friends or mine. Our movements were governed only by the amount of time at our disposal. I am certain if we had had time, we would have gone to the top of Achi Baba; no soldiers were there to prevent us. I think the Turkish soldiers referred to in the newspaper article were a few armed gendarmes who were, and always are, on duty in the peninsula. They generally patrolled the various points at which were gathered large numbers of the pilgrims. Possibly they were there to avoid molestation from any of the poor inhabitants who might have been disposed to make use of the opportunity for begging purposes. The gendarmes were quite civil and inoffensive although aloof in their attitude towards us.

Continuing our journey towards the Narrows I was very impressed with the wild and rugged nature of the scenery behind Achi Baba which, though rather wonderful to view, gave a clear indication of the tremendous obstacles which would have to be traversed in the southern sector in order to make the occupation of the peninsula effective. One cannot help coming to the definite conclusion that, having failed to capture Achi Baba in the first week after the landing in April, our only chance of success was completely thrown away in the first three days of the August landing at Suvla, when victory was within reach and ought to have been attained with no great sacrifice of life.

Passing through Maidos and one or two little villages, the children were very interested in us and always greeted us by a wave of the hand, not at all discouraged in doing so by their elders. We certainly saw no apparent signs of re-fortification.



'V' Beach (1936) [See Note 4]

We arrived at Kelia Bay in the course of the afternoon and were taken by motor boat to the *Lancastria*. The Captain had promised to weigh anchor at 6pm so we would have an opportunity of sailing around Cape Helles and then past all the beaches where landings were made, including Anzac and Suvla Bay, a promise which was fulfilled and for which we were very grateful. How we crowded to the rails as we recognised successively “V”, “W”, “X” and Gulley Beaches and then “Y”, and in the gathering darkness Ari Burnu and Suvla! How we talked of all that had taken place in those memorable months of 1915! It was as though we were living them over again, for it was surprising how our memories were quickened at the sight of that familiar coastline. We had the same experience when on shore. Occurrences which were apparently forgotten were revived in our memories, so that we saw clearly the men and the things connected with those occurrences.

We had a strange feeling that the spirits of the thousands of magnificent man who died were parading the cliffs, silently bidding us farewell and, as the sun set across the Aegean Sea, it was as though we saw those spirits illuminated by rays of golden light.

*O Valiant Hearts, who to your glory came,
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the Land you loved.*

A few days earlier, when the *Lancastria* passed through the Dardanelles en route for a short visit to Istanbul, Mr Harris went on deck and later recorded ‘... his reminiscences of the landings on 25 April’, which may also be of interest to readers:

‘... my mind goes back to the dawn of that April day in 1915 (also a Sunday) and I can see the grim vessels of war, both British and French, belching forth flame and smoke as the shells scream overhead on their errand of destruction. I see, as the light becomes stronger, small vessels of all types hurrying forward to the beaches, filled with men silent and expectant.

I watch the Queen Elizabeth manoeuvre for a position and see her send forth her 15-inch shells. More transports arrive and still more men. Then, as the Peninsula is one blaze of bursting shells and rifle fire, we wait and wait anxiously to perform our allotted tasks. As the day advances, we see some lighters return, filled with dead and wounded. We are called to unload them and tend their wounds and then we know we are experiencing for the first time the grim realities of war.

We hear vague rumours; some that we are entirely successful and others that we have failed. We are not, however, for the moment concerned with the truth or falsehoods of the rumours, for we know that we will be fully occupied for some time to come. All these and many more memories crowd in on my mind almost

as though the events happened that morning. A feeling of sadness comes over me, as we pass Sedd-el-Bahr, Morto Bay and De Totts Battery, and as we are passing an unfamiliar coastline I return to my bunk, but not to sleep.'

NOTES:

1. The spelling is that used by the writer.
2. Pte.1466 J E Hesketh 87th (1st/1st West Lancashire) Field Ambulance, RAMC was killed in action 8 June 1915. He was the son of Mrs. E. Hesketh, of 73, Island Rd., Garston, Liverpool, and the late James Hesketh. He is buried in 12 Tree Copse Cemetery. The photograph of his grave on page 21 was taken by member Michael Robson.
3. Col. C H Lindsay CMG DSO 87th, West Lancashire Field Ambulance, RAMC
4. Photographs reproduced by kind permission of the Lancastria Association

LETTERS FROM GALLIPOLI

Readers will recall that in the Spring issue of The Gallipolian (No. 122) I published the first two letters from **L/Cpl. Colin Wilson** who served with the 1/6th Manchesters which landed on 6/7 May as reinforcements during the Second Battle of Krithia.

The letters told his parents of his arrival in Gallipoli and the battalion's move, first into the reserve trenches and then into the firing line. The next three letters describe his experiences in the front line, the shortages, and what he felt about some of those still 'at home and not doing their bit'.

Lance-Corporal C Wilson No. 1035
 'C' Coy' 1/6th Manchesters
 East Lincs. Division
 Mediterranean Expeditionary Force
 [Undated but written in mid May 1915]

Dear Ward [Colin's father],

Just completed four days in the rest trenches, going back in the firing line tonight. Am still OK.

Can you send me by return, one or two suspension bandages – medium size. I have applied to our Medical Officer for a new one but either he has none or won't let one go. The one I am wearing at present is on the ancient side.

In a hurry to catch the mail.

Everybody merry and bright.

Love to all

Colin

[Name, unit etc as above]
May 17th , 1915

Dear Mother,

We have been in the front line trenches since last Tuesday, not Thursday as I mentioned in my last, and things are still fairly quiet.

I'd just like you to see us now, we do look a rum lot, myself I have not had a wash for over a week or a shave for two weeks, still we are as comfortable as can be expected and we have plenty to eat. The food is not very varied but not bad at all, it consists of biscuits, bully beef, tea and sugar, jam and dry vegetables, bacon and every evening we have a ration of rum and cigs, and 'baccy' issued to us. Every evening under cover of darkness a ration party leave the trenches to go down to the base for the next day's rations and an exacting business it is too as they are under fire all the way, nearly all the firing is done at night.

At present we are sticking tight to our trenches and our busy time is at night. At dusk every man in three is on sentry duty that is one hour on and two off and at dawn we all 'stand to' or at any time when there is an alarm. A funny thing is that we are right in front of the Turks trenches and they are continually firing on us and we do the same but I have not seen a Turk yet bar a dead one which is about fifty yards in front of us.

Our kit bags are at Alexandria and we have only what we carry not even an oilsheet or blanket and the night we relieved the New Zealanders from these trenches it did not half rain, but the weather has been very decent since. It was very warm during the day and the night is fairly cold.

The scenery is fine, very English reminds me of Derbyshire – all the English wild flowers grow here, poppies, forget-me-nots, and daisies etc. There are a lot of frogs about which croak all night and day and tortoises also abound. For drinking water we use the water from a stream which runs down a gully that cuts through our trenches.

(19/5/15) Received yours of the 1st ... Am still in the pink, hope all at home are ditto. Harry Teare sends his kind regards. [Editor's Note: Harry Teare – a family friend – was a 2/Lt. in the 1/8th Manchesters]

Keep your pecker up and don't worry.

Love to all.

Colin

[Name, unit etc as above]

May 29th , 1915

Dear Mother,

Still doing well and in the pink.

On the 21st we left the firing line – our Oldham comrades relieving us and in turn we relieved them on the 25th and on that date, then we [were] really glad too as it had been pouring and the trenches were knee deep, it was a night I can tell [you]; and a funny thing as I was tramping or wading through the narrow trenches to our position I could not help thinking of the certain ‘pals’ of mine who are snug at home and not doing their little whack in this affair.

On the night of the 27th I worked harder than I have ever worked before. We advanced and dug ourselves in. We came out of our trenches with our equipment, rifle, spade and a heavy sandbag which we land in front of us while we dug for dear life. In about three hours we could stand up in our dugouts without being see by our friends the Turks, who by the way could not have noticed us as very few shots came our way. We held this line of trenches for twenty four hours and are now in reserve trenches – the last fire trenches.

From the 21st to the 25th we were in the rest trenches and right at the rear. Some of our fellows don’t like these rest trenches as we were called out [on] many fatigues, making roads and carrying stores. I spent my Whit Sunday evening navvying and by the way I had a wash and shave the same day – I am afraid I wash my feet oftener than my face on this game!

We have [had no] pay for ages now (I have not drawn any money for a month – money’s no use here) and at the end of the [pay] book we have to write our wills, so have made mine in your favour though I cannot think what I have to leave you so you can thank me for nothing. Had to stop writing just now as there was a terrible row going on in front, it was thought the Turks were advancing so we ‘stood to’ and went into the front trenches and really thought we were going to have a go at ‘em but no luck, it was a false alarm. The boys here had a great treat today. 40 ‘Wills Woodbines’ issued to each man and General Houghes (?) has congratulated the Manchester Brigade on the way it has worked. The latter is of not much consequence although the former certainly is.

Not received your parcel yet and I could do with the socks, as I said before, our feet are very important members here. Love to all and don’t worry, nevertheless you have the satisfaction of knowing you have two of your boys doing their best.

Colin

[Editor’s Note: To be concluded in the Winter issue.]

LETTERS FROM GALLIPOLI – A CLARIFICATION

Readers will recall that the Spring 2010 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 122) featured a moving letter written by a Turkish soldier, Hasan Ethem, to his mother shortly before his death, which was given in the Turkish translation as **19 April 1915**.

I found the date of death difficult to reconcile with the ‘time-line’ of the campaign and commented that although some bombardment of Turkish positions occurred prior to the landings ‘... perhaps there might have been differences in dates in the Ottoman calendar’.

Michael Robson has confirmed that there were indeed differences, which are acknowledged in Andrew Mango’s 1999 biography of *Atatürk* [Published by John Murray (ISBN 978-0-7195-6592-2)]

In 1839 the Rumi calendar was introduced for civil purposes ‘...this also dated back to AD 622, but the day and month were the same as in the (Christian) Julian calendar. The Rumi started on 1 March, which corresponds to 13 March in the (international) Gregorian calendar in the nineteenth century, and to 14 March in the twentieth century. In 1917, thirteen days were added to the Rumi calendar. Thereafter, the day and month, but not the year, correspond to the Gregorian calendar.’

Michael therefore concludes that ‘... in 1915 the Turkish dates were still 13 days adrift. **Thus, 19 April would have been our 2 May**’. This was, of course, the period of heavy fighting in both the Helles and Anzac sectors. I am most grateful to Michael for this clarification.

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.

The first request comes from **David Parsons** [dparsons@mun.ca] who found the following in a copy of *The Daily News*, a newspaper published in St. John’s, Newfoundland, dated May 27, 1918.

Information has been received that a special order issued by the General Officer Commanding 29th Division, states that a Record Book has been established at Divisional Headquarters in which will be entered all individual acts of bravery and devotion to duty, which have been performed since the formation of the Division. Acts of Gallantry, even if not of a nature to merit an immediate award, will in future be submitted, and, if approved by the General Officer Commanding will be entered in this Record Book, which will contain the names of these brave men.

All those whose names have been entered in this book will receive a notice to this effect signed by the Division Commander and will thereafter be entitled to wear the enamelled badge, in the centre of the triangle on the right arm while serving in the 29th Division. Certificates have been issued to the following and I should be glad if you will publish this in your paper, as I am sure it is a matter which will interest the public.

There followed a list of 34 officers and men who had been awarded gallantry medals while the Royal Newfoundland Regiment was with the 29th Division from September 1915, in Gallipoli and France, until 29 April 1918 when the Regiment left the Division. David asks does anyone know the whereabouts of the Record Book or anything about the 'enamel badge' what it looked like; and are there any examples known?

The second request comes from **Sue Breckenridge** who writes:

I am seeking any information relating to my relative **341 L/Cpl. Hector McKenzie**, 'C' Company, 1st Battalion, 1st Infantry Brigade, Australian Infantry, who was killed on 10 May 1915. I have his Service Records but would like to find a photograph of Hector, or one of his company or battalion – perhaps photographs taken during training in Egypt. I would also be interested in any reference to Hector McKenzie or to 'C' Company in personal diaries to help to piece together his story.

Hector was known to have enjoyed the friendship of Sgt. Major H R Sparks and Sgt. Larkin, both senior to him in rank. If anyone can assist, please contact me at suemaxbreck@bigpond.com

Another request for information comes from **Vivien Whelpton** who, with her brother, is compiling a monograph on the poetry of Gallipoli and is seeking information about the later life of veteran member **W J Crawford MBE** (No. 438) who served as a Private in the Highland Light Infantry (52nd Lowland Division).

Mr Crawford, who lived in Chryston, Glasgow, contributed the poem 'Helles Requiem', published in issue No. 16 of *The Gallipolian* (1974), and several articles about his experiences in the Helles sector between July 1915 and the evacuation (Nos. 21 – 24). Vivien can be contacted at v.whelpton@btopenworld.com, or by post via the Editor.



Gallipoli Association member David Ray gives the address at the service held at the 29th Division Memorial at Stretton-on-Dunsmore on 14 March. [Pages 3-4]



Members of the Gallipoli Association form up prior to the march to the Cenotaph for the wreath laying service on 25 April. [Page 5]



New Zealand and Australian Defence Forces at the Cenotaph on 25 April. [Page 5]



Musician Stephanie Barrett, Band of the Coldstream Guards and Piper Major Roger Huth, formerly Scots Guards, in the Crypt of St Paul's Cathedral prior to the wreath laying ceremony on 25 April. [Page 5]



Captain Christopher Fagan DL explains the significant features of the Gallipoli Memorial to guests following the wreath laying ceremony at St Paul's. [Page 5]



Members Clare and Tony Church and Lorraine Maguire in the churchyard of St Nicholas's Church, Brockenhurst on Anzac Day. [Pages 5 -6]



The Revd. Neil Smart conducts the wreath laying service in the churchyard of St Nicholas's Church, Brockenhurst on Anzac Day. [Pages 5 -6]



Wreath laying following the Anzac Day Service at St Mary's Church, Walton on Thames. [Pages 10 -11]



*Presentation of the 'Halep' nameplate to the Turkish Naval Museum. [Pages 12-14]
Standing left to right in front of the nameplate are Prof. Sir James Dunbar-Nasmith CBE,
Duncan Dunbar-Nasmith, Selcuk Kolay and Captain Ali Riza Isipek.*



*President McAleese, unveils a plaque at Green Hill Cemetery in memory of Irish soldiers who
lost their lives serving in the British Army during the Gallipoli Campaign. [Pages 14-15]*



Green Hill Cemetery from Chocolate Hill. [Pages 14 -15]



View over the site of Dublin Castle (taken from the south). The Kiretch Tepe Ridge is in the background. The wall referred to on page 54 of the article is on the right of the track under the trees



A close up view of the wall (looking south) believed to be the site of 'Dublin Castle' [Page 54]



View south from the site of 'Dublin Castle'. The track in front of the trees is what Keith and Lyn Edmonds believe to be the 'Viper's Fang' on the War Diary Sketch Map on page 52



*Major General Sir Harold Walker by James Quinn
(1918, oil on canvas, 76.2 x 64 cm) AWM ART03349*

HOOKY WALKER: THE ENGLISH GENERAL

THE AIF NEEDED SENIOR BRITISH OFFICERS UNTIL
AUSTRALIANS OF SUITABLE RANK, TRAINING AND
EXPERIENCE BECAME AVAILABLE

Peter Burness

The Turkish round that mortally wounded Major General Sir William Bridges on Gallipoli also struck a deadly blow against the Australian government's wish that the Australian Imperial Force be commanded by an Australian. Shortly after Bridges's death, command of the 1st Australian Division was passed to Major General Harold Walker, while administrative control of the AIF was given to Lieutenant General Sir William Birdwood; both were British generals. In a continuing trend, as the AIF expanded, British regular officers filled several of its most senior appointments until a change became possible in mid-1918. It is unfortunate that the modern interpretation of the ANZAC legend sometimes derides British generals as a class. This is unfair and particularly ignores both the contribution that some of them made to the creation of the legend, and the debt owed to them.

For three years Harold Bridgwood Walker forged the 1st Division on the anvil of war. He had been born the son of a country clergyman on 26 April 1862 at Fox Earth, Staffordshire, and educated at Shrewsbury School, one of England's leading public schools. Charles Bean, the Australian official war historian, later wrote fondly of him at ANZAC, saying he was "playing the game as a Shrewsbury boy and an English gentleman". Walker went on to Jesus College, Cambridge, but left without completing his degree.

From the time he was a schoolboy, Walker was known as "Hooky". But there is nothing revealing in this, as those named Walker were often given this nickname, just as Clarks have been called "Nobby". At the age of 22 he embarked on his regular army career. He became an officer in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, some of whose older and senior officers had been in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. Scarlet jackets were still worn in battle when Walker went to war for the first time in 1884.

Hooky Walker's first campaigns were in Egypt and the Sudan. He was part of the force that was sent in an unsuccessful attempt to rescue Major General Charles Gordon who was besieged in Khartoum. Later, with the mounted infantry, he took part in the battle of Ginniss, where the British and Egyptian forces inflicted a decisive defeat on the Sudanese.

Having married in 1887, Walker spent the following decade serving on the North-West Frontier of India. He was with his regiment in expeditions against heavily armed tribes:

he was a captain in the actions at Tirah and the Bara Valley. For two years from mid-1898 he undertook staff and intelligence tasks, including reconnaissance and survey work for the Burma–China Boundary Commission, for which he received the MacGregor Memorial Medal.

Service in the South African War further cemented Walker's reputation as a fighting soldier. Arriving early, he transferred as a Special Service Officer and then commanded the 4th Mounted Infantry Regiment. He saw extensive service, mostly in the Transvaal. He had a reputation for always applying maximum effort: on one occasion he led a forced mounted march of almost 60 kilometres to capture a vital pass. For all this he was twice mentioned in despatches, awarded the Distinguished Service Order and promoted. When the war was over, he was made assistant commandant of the army's school of mounted infantry.

In 1904 Walker was transferred to the 2nd Battalion, the Border Regiment, as second-in-command. Four years later he was promoted to command the 1st Battalion, which was to go to India. The new CO set about bringing the unit to a high standard of fighting efficiency. Later, one of Walker's subalterns at the time wrote:

Colonel Walker was one of those milestones, which crop up from time to time in the history of most Regiments. He ... kept his Battalion on the tip of its toes, keen, eager, and active. He was an ideal Commanding Officer, one whose steely eye and incisive manner caused him to be feared, yet deeply respected.

In 1912 Walker was promoted and shifted to a desk on the headquarters staff in India. It was an uncomfortable fit. However, the outbreak of the Great War soon saw him back to holding a fighting command.

Lieutenant General Sir William Birdwood, a 50-year old cavalry officer, was Secretary to the War Department in India. In late 1914 he was appointed to command the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (ANZAC) assembling in Egypt, and Walker was made his chief staff officer with the rank of brigadier general. Birdwood already knew of his reputation as "a fine fighting soldier" although he had closer ties with some of the others on his staff. He wrote: "At the head of my A.Q. Staff I secured my old friend Carruthers, late of my regiment. My 'G' Staff officers were Andrew Skeen – on of the very best – and Cyril Wagstaff ... As A.D.C. I took Onslow, of my old regiment."

Walker got to know the men of the AIF as they trained outside Cairo. None could match his experience. He was already well known to Alexander Godley, a British infantry officer who commanded the composite New Zealand and Australian Division (containing one infantry brigade from each country). Now Walker met Bridges, commanding the 1st Australian Division (1st, 2nd, 3rd Australian Brigades), and began his fruitful association with Bridges's chief staff officer, Lieutenant Colonel Brudenell White.

Birdwood commanded the ANZAC at the Gallipoli landing. Walker was involved in the planning but, disdaining staff work, he left much of the finer detail in Skeen's willing hands. Looking at the overall scheme, Walker was unimpressed and, to Birdwood's discomfort, had made his views known.

By chance, Walker quickly found himself among the fighting from the first day. Colonel Francis Johnston, the commander of the New Zealand Infantry Brigade, was indisposed, and Godley asked if Walker could hand over to Skeen and step into the gap. Birdwood agreed. Walker met the brigade ashore after most of the Australians had landed. The first of them had been ordered up the left ridge (later called Walker's ridge) to reinforce the line on Baby 700, which seemed under threat.

With the New Zealanders needed to directly support Bridges's Australians, Godley had no chance to take executive control of his division, so it was Walker who was in charge of the main New Zealand contribution throughout that vital day. Misled by poor maps, he ordered his troops to advance via Plugge's Plateau on the right, rather than up Walker's Ridge. This turned out to be the more difficult approach and only reinforced the already strong part of the line. But it was already too late. The opportunity to take the high ground had already been lost hours earlier, and Walker knew it.

Walker was constantly on the move. At one point the concussion from an enemy shell knocked him to the ground. "We thought he was dead," recalled one of the New Zealanders. No sooner was he on his feet than he noticed some men were faltering and looking for cover. Although still stunned, he ran across the open ground waving his cane. "Come on, boys, here's the front line over here," he urged.

The day brought confrontations with Bridges, who was showing a reckless disregard for the enemy's fire. White tried to get him to move to cover; he only went when Walker became insistent. Words became sharper after Bridges was convinced that the landing had failed and the force would have to pull out. Walker told Bridges in no uncertain terms that he opposed evacuation. He was outspoken and his manner was even described as "insubordinate".

Walker stayed with the New Zealand brigade for a few days until Johnston returned. He was later pictured as "cap tilted over one eye, radiating confidence in [those] feverish days". Then Colonel Henry MacLaurin, who commanded the 1st Australian Brigade, was killed on 27 April, and Walker was shifted across to take over that brigade.

A more serious vacancy occurred at the head of the Australian division when Bridges was mortally wounded on 15 May. Walker stepped in. The general's loss was a shock, and it was decided that Major General James Legge would be sent from Australia to replace him. Legge's appointment was not popular and he was unable to gain Birdwood's confidence. After reaching Gallipoli he remained for little more than a month before he was sent to Egypt to form the 2nd Australian Division. Walker now

took over for good. However, although he was an astute planner, he never had the feel for administration that Bridges had, and White had to take on a heavier load. But the two men worked well together and saw eye-to-eye on most things.

In August the British made fresh attacks to regain the initiative at ANZAC. Most of these fell to Godley's now expanded division. However, the 1st Brigade was to provide the curtain raiser by making a diversionary attack at Lone Pine on the evening of the 6th. This was followed by another attack using the 6th Battalion (2nd Brigade) at German Officer's Trench. Walker hated the plan from the start and objected, but only managed to get a slight change to the timings.

The battle for Lone Pine at least had the appearance of success, with ground being taken from the Turks. Elsewhere, all the other main attacks failed with heavy losses. At German Officer's Trench the men attacked in waves, only to be cut down by machine-gun fire. Had Walker's reputation hung on this battle alone, it would have been in tatters. Always demanding maximum effort, Walker did not stop the attack soon enough, despite urging. But in the following days, attention turned to the action at Lone Pine and the holding of the ground there, and the subsequent award of seven Victoria Crosses.

By this time Walker had imposed his personality on the division. Although he came from a different background to most of the Australians, his boldness and courage impressed them. Birdwood observed that Walker "distinctly" had the full confidence of those serving under him. Each day the men usually saw him visiting some part of the front line. He had a firmness that they trusted and they were reassured to know that he was not a man who would lose his nerve.

Bean sent a story to the Australian newspapers from ANZAC, in which he wrote:

Walker [is] constantly visiting corners into which he would not allow anyone else to go. He knows every point of the defence line, as possibly no other man in the Division knows it, and knows men, and is known by them, in a way which is seldom possible for any high officer.

Returning their loyalty, Walker developed an admiration for his soldiers. In September, when the war correspondent Keith Murdoch visited ANZAC, Bean arranged for him to meet Walker. Next day Bean reported that Murdoch said that "Walker had been really expansive telling him [Murdoch] how he had come to believe in and love his men and how he would not change his command for the world."

In September illness forced Skeen from ANZAC and Birdwood took White in his place. Walker's loss was made up the following year when he gained 32-year-old Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Blamey, an Australian regular who had been to staff college in India and carried a field marshal's baton in his knapsack. Blamey became commander-in-chief of the Australian army in the Second World War.

The Gallipoli campaign had fallen into stalemate, but Walker was determined to maintain an aggressive spirit and keep his men active. After the August losses he saw no purpose in wasteful frontal attacks, so he concentrated on sapping and tunnelling. The defences were also constantly improved. A couple of times he received minor injuries while observing from the front line. On 29 September he was half-buried and badly cut and bruised when a shell hit his dugout. "Nothing wrong with me," he declared when he was pulled out of the debris. A fortnight later, on 13 October, the end came when a Turkish machine-gun fired on a loophole where the general was standing. Two rounds came through, striking him in the arm and hip. Although badly wounded, Walker limped to the dressing station. He was duly evacuated to hospital and sent to England for treatment. It was months before the division saw him again, but by March the following year he was back in command. France was the new field of operations.

On the Western Front, big battles were conducted by corps or armies, and divisional commanders had little scope. Still, Walker's part at Pozières is noteworthy. Arriving on the Somme, on 18 July 1916 he had been greeted by General Sir Hubert Gough, commander of the Reserve Army, who said, "I want you to go into the line and attack Pozières tomorrow night." Fearing the destruction of his division through lack of preparation, he sought a postponement. So did White at I ANZAC headquarters. The attack was rescheduled for 23 July, and Walker chose its direction. Only days later, Legge's 2nd Division was rushed into the battle. This caused disastrous losses and cast a shadow over Legge's reputation. When he became ill at the end of the year, Birdwood took the opportunity to replace him with another British officer, Major General Nevill Smyth VC.

Walker was at his peak commanding a division. He was not a great tactical innovator and mostly left administration to others, while demanding high standards from them. His great strengths lay in his understanding of the business of war, the capacity to read a battle, and his command of men. He was also served by two remarkable Australian staff officers, White and Blamey.

From June 1918 Australia's Sir John Monash was appointed to command the Australian Corps (which had replaced ANZAC) while Birdwood went off, taking White with him, to lead the British 5th Army. The "Australianisation" of the corps continued, with other British officers being replaced. Against his own best interests, and despite his seniority, it was a concept that Walker supported. He handed the 1st Division to Major General Thomas Glasgow, a Queenslander, who took over on 28 June 1918. Blamey went off to serve with distinction as Monash's chief of staff. Walker commanded the British 48th Division in Italy, and when the war ended was in charge of all British forces in the country. He was knighted in 1918 (KCB) and 1919 (KCMG). After accepting a high post in India, he finally retired from the army as a lieutenant general in 1928; he died six years later.

Harold Walker's close connection with Australia had ended quite abruptly. He never

produced memoirs, left no papers and did not visit Australia. Within the history of the AIF, the battle-scarred general is remembered as “a cultured, brave and unselfish ‘English gentleman’.” When writing *ANZAC to Amiens* in 1946, Charles Bean needed to describe him in just a few carefully chosen words. He said that he was “a tiger in a fight”.

Editor’s Note: This article was first published in the April 2010 (50th) issue of *Wartime*, the Official Magazine of the Australian War Memorial (AWM), to commemorate the 95th Anniversary of the Gallipoli Landings. I am most grateful to the author, **Peter Burness**, Senior Historian, Military History Section at the AWM, and to the Editor of *Wartime* for allowing me to publish this article in *The Gallipollian*. The painting, on page 36, which formed part of the original article, is reproduced by kind permission of the Department of Art at the AWM. I am also grateful to **Sir Harold Walker**, a member of the Gallipoli Association, for alerting me to the article and for giving his consent for it to be reproduced here.

The **Australian War Memorial** is located in the nation’s capital, Canberra, and comprises a commemorative site, a world-class war museum, and a research centre. *Wartime* is published quarterly by the Memorial and regularly features articles on the Gallipoli campaign. For further information go to: www.awm.gov.au

P.O. WILLIAM CHARLES FLOOK RNVR DRAKE BATTALION, ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION

Nick Fear

I have long had an interest in the Great War after discovering that my grandfather was killed during that conflict. When I first tried to establish what had happened to him I realised that there were still men alive who had experienced it first hand. I had the privilege to meet many from different services through the years and one memorable day visited William Flook – ‘Flookie’ – at his home in Kingswood, Bristol. He was a delightful man who was kind enough to share many stories with me. The following article was written after an early meeting with ‘Flookie’ in 1979. It is a record of the highlights, which he felt particularly marked his service during the Great War [Note 1].

William Flook – ‘Flookie’ or Bill to his friends – was born in Bristol on 14 January 1894. His home town had long been associated with the sea and as a young man he had a fascination with this. He joined the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve (RNVR) on 25 July 1910 and began to learn skills, which were to become so useful to him in later life. To join up he had ‘accidentally’ advanced his age by two years, but he was a well built and

mature young man. He was particularly skilled at gun-laying and could recall taking part in several competitions with comrades from other divisions. On one memorable occasion, as part of a gun team, he lined-up on a target fixed in a boat floating in the River Severn off Battery Point, Portishead, Somerset. The first ranging shot landed just below the canvas target, hitting the boat squarely in its centre. The vessel and target sank gracefully into the waves, ending the whole event rather unexpectedly! Part of Bill's training every year, which he particularly enjoyed, involved sea experience on a larger vessel, usually a battleship of the line. He found that naval life suited him and by August 1914 had attained the rank of Petty Officer.

On the outbreak of the war, Bill remembered a recruiting drive to form a new fighting unit from RNVR personnel. This would be known as The Royal Naval Division (RND) and would fight on land rather than at sea. Bill had other close family members already in the army and the chance to fight in a conflict, which was not expected to last very long, appealed to him. He and many of his colleagues volunteered at once.

After some very basic training, Bill soon found himself a member of 'D' Company in Drake Battalion of the RND. His active service began in Belgium around the forts near Antwerp. The transition from peace to war had been swift and Bill never forgot the ferocity of the fighting and general chaos. His unit was given orders to evacuate and they began a long march to Dunkirk. On route Bill witnessed a spy being shot against a wall by a party of British soldiers. Bill and his comrades were fortunate to come through the retreat safely. Other units of the RND had been captured, or interned in Holland through which they had tried to escape. Before embarkation, Bill remembered visiting a large warehouse-like building where surplus kit and equipment was abandoned. It was sad for him to jettison personal kit which he had looked after so well, but orders were orders. Bill sailed from Dunkirk on the *Lord Tredegar*, which proceeded to run aground during the night on the Goodwin Sands. Once she was towed free she found her way to Dover, from which Bill returned home to Bristol on leave.

On being recalled to duty, he and his comrades resumed a more intensive training programme. Initially this began at Dunscauld in Scotland, but progressed to the better-known location of Blandford, in Dorset. It was at Blandford where he was issued with khaki uniform and a pith helmet. The next day, 17 February 1915, he was with the Division on The Downs, when it was inspected by Winston Churchill. On that occasion he remembered that 'the buzz went around' and there was a strong feeling that they were soon to be on the move and the level of excitement was high. Ten days later, after a further inspection – this time by the King – the news came through that they were to be moved to a secret destination. Much to his delight Bill found this was his home city of Bristol. The Division travelled there by train through the night, but was confined by orders to Avonmouth Docks just outside of the city. He managed to get a message to his family and with the help of a silver coin obtained the assistance of a gate security man to allow them in. He spent a pleasant time with his mother, father and wife to be in a canteen on the docks. His quartermaster sergeant actually left the dock area to see his

family and missed general embarkation on the good ship *Franconia*. He arrived at the last moment, just as the ship was casting off from the dockside and had to be hauled aboard. He survived an enquiry on board as to his conduct, but was a good man and always highly rated by the battalion as a whole.

Bill remembers passing Gibraltar and eventually reaching Grand Harbour in Malta. There a proper check was made of stores at anchor and it was discovered that they had been loaded incorrectly. Stores, not needed initially, were found to have been stowed on top of those required for immediate action. It was never discovered how this state of affairs came about, but matters were eventually rectified when the ship berthed at Port Said. Bill's description of his time there, seen through the eyes of a maturing young man, was delightful and enlightening. But being the good soul he was and after promising his mother, he did not partake of the pleasures that he saw so freely offered. Being the gentleman that he was he never confided the exact details of what he had seen even though many years had passed. He did comment, however, that he had seen some sights in the Bristol area, but never anything like those at Port Said!

Whilst he was in Egypt the Turkish army attacked the canal at El Qantara and Bill and his comrades accompanied Indian soldiers towards this location to help out. The sorting of the stores situation on board had helped the prompt formation of companies, which had been impressive to experience. The danger at El Qantara obviously subsided, as the force never actually reached the destination before orders turned them back. Bill and the battalion then sailed for the Dardanelles.

On reaching the Gallipoli Peninsula he recalled that the vessels sailed up the west coast for a 'demonstration' at Bulair. The vessels which took part sailed quite close to shore, certainly enough to pick out cliffs and vegetation. They showed many lights and as dusk fell a warning was issued as to the possibility of sniping, but none occurred. When it became dark the ships turned around one hundred and eighty degrees and sailed back down the coast. This time the vessels were some way off shore and total blackout conditions were observed. Bill soon found himself in full kit being deposited on W Beach, where his adventures would be many.

The first sight, which greeted his gaze, was fifty or sixty men apparently sleeping on the shore. Bill felt that this was a fine peaceful introduction to the peninsula until he realised that they were all dead. He saw the insignia on one, which showed him to be a Lancashire Fusilier. The party he was with followed the route the main body of troops had taken up to the top of the cliffs above W Beach and they joined the surviving Lancashire Fusiliers in shallow trenches. As they dug in for the first time they came under direct Turkish fire, and here Bill lost the first of his friends.

Later, he assisted in hauling two 4.9 inch guns up to the top of the cliff and watched as these shelled the village of Krithia some distance away. Whilst doing this Bill was reminded again that not all Turkish troops were bad shots as they had been told before

reaching the peninsula. A bullet smashed into a pair of binoculars he was wearing around his neck but luck was with him; had it not been for the 'glasses', the shot would have hit him in the middle of his chest. He was bruised, but uninjured although very annoyed as the binoculars were a write off. These had not been issued to him, rather 'obtained' by Bill who was an expert at the acquisition of useful items! He felt that the binoculars had been his best 'find' so far and it took him some days to obtain a replacement. Bill's Chief Petty Officer was wounded twice although he had only been on the Peninsula for a few days. After he was evacuated, Bill was made up to Chief Petty Officer in his place.

A couple of days later orders were received to have an early breakfast, which were dutifully obeyed. The battalion was then to stand by ready for action. There then followed an intense bombardment from guns all around Cape Helles. He had never heard such a noise as shell after shell passed over their heads; several were seen to fall short although no damage was caused near to him. Bill and his comrades watched in awe as the area of the Turkish trenches in front practically disintegrated. At one point, Bill could remember Australian troops coming over the top of the trenches he was in to go forward to take the nearest set of Turkish ones. He also watched helpless as Senegalese troops went into an attack on his right and they went down, in his words, "like nine pins".

His own officer, Lieutenant Bligh, was highly regarded by Bill. An older man, he was known for sound judgment and good leadership. One day, Lieut. Bligh was wounded whilst carrying out a reconnaissance and was left exposed in the front line wire. Bill went out and brought him in, although he died soon after [Note 2]. During the recovery, Bill said he felt, and was, totally exposed to the Turks who could have shot him, but for some reason did not do so. He found Turkish actions puzzling on other occasions. He recalled that once a man, drunk on rum, had fallen into a ravine in no man's land. Here he raved at both sides apparently in full view of the enemy, but was left alone and eventually lost consciousness. Comrades eventually pulled him back into the line, and again the Turks did not fire on them.

Rum apparently featured prominently in RND life, not all partook although many did and should the ration not reach the front line discontent soon set in. On one memorable occasion Bill saw the ration party arrive in the trench minus the all important rum and one man. He went to find where the ration had floundered and found a 'trusted' comrade almost unconscious after sampling most of it. Having secured the miscreant in a dug out, and secreted the remains of the ration under sand bags in the same location, Bill reported that a shell had knocked out the ration carrier and the ration had been lost. He returned hours later to wake the man and recover the residue rum, which was fairly added to the ration on the next day. The 'shell stunned' soldier returned with him and I am sure became as loyal an admirer of Bill as the other members of his section.

Bill told me that remembered the *River Clyde* on the beach and had once boarded her,

entry being made by way of a steep gang plank, which seemed very exposed and precarious. This proved to be an interesting but fruitless foray. The vessel was largely empty and although many bullets holes in it provided light, most areas were in pitch darkness.



P.O. William Charles Flook, RNVR Drake Bn. Royal Naval Division

Bill collected a number of souvenirs whilst on Gallipoli and his bulging kit bag must have been a great source of interest when he returned home. The photograph above shows him carrying an officer's revolver, bequeathed to him by someone who sadly no longer needed it. His prized possession was the firing band from a Turkish shell, which he had made into a bracelet for his wife to be. One of Bill's strongest recollections of Gallipoli was of dawn and dusk. The light would suddenly go or come and this was a time of high tension in the trenches. Daybreak in particular could catch the unwary out. Towards the end of the campaign Bill and his battalion found themselves in the Kereves Dere, a deep ravine that ran across their position. Their position was on one side, the Turks on the other, as Bill succinctly put it, "it was murder". Bill stayed on the Peninsula for the whole campaign; he was not wounded, but did suffer a bout of

jaundice. He could have been evacuated for treatment, but persuaded a doctor to treat him locally as he did not want to leave his company.

At the end of the campaign he remembered the evacuation as a marvellous piece of work. Before leaving his area of trench, dummies were left in the positions men had occupied. As he journeyed down the line he was sad to see that dead men had also been left propped up in some places. His section passed from point to point reporting in at each, all the way to Cape Helles. He soon found himself on the beach near to the *River Clyde* and was very soon after on board a vessel sailing for Imbros. He had a vivid memory of sailing away from the Peninsula and seeing sections of it exploding. The engineers were destroying what had been left behind, which was better than any November the fifth fireworks display.

After a period on Imbros, Bill moved to Lemnos where he remembers long route marches, training and drills. After a time the good fortune that was to be a feature of his life struck again. In all of his overseas service to date he had not been given leave. The opportunity for one Petty Officer to go home came although there were two contenders. The toss of a coin settled the matter and Bill found himself waiting on a jetty for transport home. A steamer approached and he viewed this through his latest set of binoculars. As the vessel tied up, to his delight, Bill saw it was the steamer *The Barry* from Bristol. He called out to enquire if any of the crew were from Bristol and to his pleasure the reply was that they all were. His welcome aboard was regal and a fine sailor's breakfast was soon being enjoyed. As he left the dockside, however, he suddenly realised that he had left his prized officers' binoculars on the quayside. It would seem that he was fated not to own a pair!

Bill was transferred to *The Olympic* and steamed through what he was told were submarine infested waters to dock in Liverpool. Here he was amazed to see something that had not been in evidence on his departure, female bus conductors! He began his journey home by train, but at Crewe was halted by a rail strike for a while. He eventually reached home to begin five weeks leave. On visiting his old haunts in Bristol many friends did not recognise Bill as he had grown a full naval beard. When they commented that they had not seen him for ages and were given the reason, much admiration was shown and some awkward questions asked.

Recalled through Blandford on Good Friday 1916 and kitted out again, Bill was sad to realise that he had been dropped a rank to Petty Officer First Class. He was even more upset when he found that there was some debate about him having to pay for missing kit, which had been left in France when he had hastily departed it in 1914. Even after all that Gallipoli had been, the bureaucratic paperwork concerning this had finally caught up with him. Bill protested that the kit had been abandoned under orders. With acute naval pride Bill recalled that common sense ruled the day aided, in no small part I am sure, by the charm of a charmer.

After Gallipoli, Bill left the RND and went through gunnery school at Devonport and became a range finder on fifteen-inch guns. He joined HMS *Warspite* and saw the war out serving on her. His affection and respect for the mighty *Warspite* was life long; he commented that her firepower was awesome and once described how he saw a target 'dissolve' in front of his eyes through the ranging device he was using. He was present when the German High Seas Fleet surrendered and cheered Admiral Beatty as he passed by in full view. His description of the great man with his slanted cap is borne out by the photographs of the time.

Bill was demobbed in advance of many of his comrades having respectfully pointed out to his superiors that the regulations allowed for the early release of members of the RNVR. He had enjoyed service life and had considered staying on after the war, but the thought of settling down to married life with such a special lady, ruled the day. In civilian life Bill returned to the furnishing trade and became associated with the famous firm of Colmers in Bath. He worked with them all through the second war and retired with a reputation in civilian life as good as that in naval circles.

Bill lived a long retirement in Kingswood, Bristol and was a delight to know. He had that special, no nonsense, sage like quality, which marks so many a serviceman who had seen action in the Great War. His sense of humour was mischievous and company always good. He never lost his taste for rum, never to excess, just a taste. He died in 1994 a few days before his one-hundredth birthday, his family received gracious condolences from Her Majesty rather than the expected telegram. He may have gone, but his grand memories live on.

Notes:

1. Petty Officer (Acting Chief Petty Officer), Bristol 1/845 William Charles Flook RNVR, Drake Battalion, Royal Naval Division and later HMS *Warspite*
2. Lieutenant Edward Henry Swinburne Bligh died of wounds on 10 September 1915, age 31 and is buried in Lancashire Landing Cemetery. He was the son of the Rev. Henry Bligh and the Hon. Mrs Bligh of Winchester.

GALLIPOLI AND DUBLIN CASTLE

Lyn & Keith Edmonds

The following is a summary of the research we carried out to identify the location of Dublin Castle in the Suvla Plain area, Gallipoli.

Our interest in Gallipoli started with family history research into Lyn's grandfather Pte. (later Sgt.) Benjamin Hurt, who served in the 1st Battalion, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, which played a major part in the Gallipoli landings on 25 April 1915.

Benjamin was a career soldier who enlisted in 1909. He took part in the 'V' Beach landings and was one of only 90 of the 1,000 Royal Dublin Fusiliers who landed as part of the initial force to survive and be evacuated in January 1916. After leaving Gallipoli, he served on the Western Front and with the North Russian Expeditionary Force. With the disbandment of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers in 1922, he joined the Northumberland Fusiliers before retiring from military service in 1933.

Initial Interest

Having carried out initial research into Gallipoli and specifically the involvement of the 1st Battalion, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, we decided to visit the peninsula. Given our limited knowledge at that time we thought it appropriate take a guided tour and booked with the Gallipoli Association for their May 2007 tour. Unfortunately this had to be cancelled, but as we had time set aside we made our own travel arrangements.

Prior to our trip, we obtained several maps and noted 'Dublin Castle' marked on one of them. We had no idea of its significance, what it was, or where it was located. During our first trip, we visited the Suvla area and saw ruined buildings and features that we thought, in passing, 'might' be Dublin Castle – but we really had no idea what to look for.

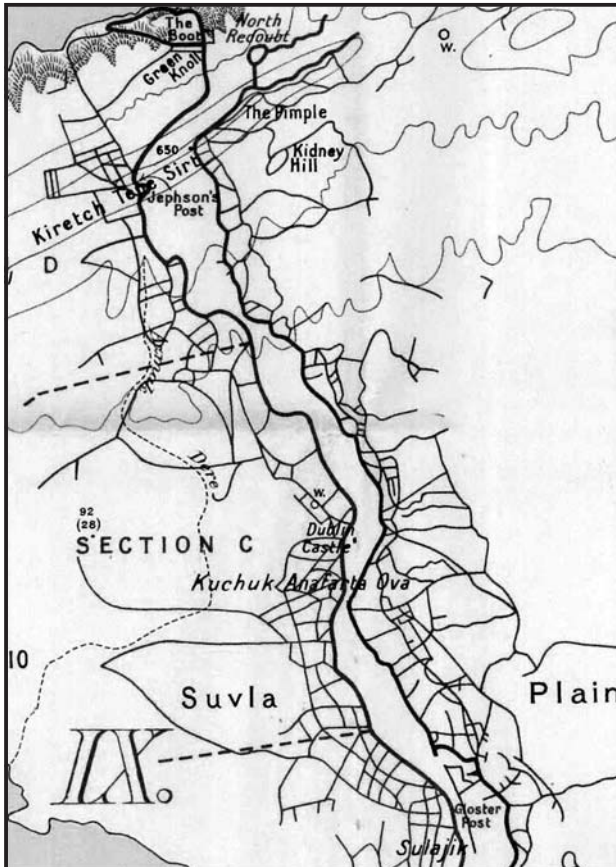
Over several visits since 2007, the Suvla Plain has become one of our favourite places and the intrigue of Dublin Castle developed as our knowledge of Gallipoli increased. We found many references to Dublin Castle in books, personal diaries, web sites and historical documents relating to Gallipoli. Like others, we remained in the dark as to 'What it was' and 'Where it was'.

There has been some discussion about the existence and location of Dublin Castle on the Great War Forum (<http://1914-1918.invisionzone.com/forums/>). The opinions on the forum seem speculative and not evidence-based. So, we thought further research would be beneficial and might help the discussions move forward.

As Lyn's Grandfather remained in Gallipoli until evacuation in January 1916 (apart from a spell in Alexandria recovering from a gun shot wound) we suspect he must have been at Dublin Castle at some time. This personal link further encouraged us to try to identify its location.

Additional Research

When we returned home from our first visit we downloaded additional maps, one of which shows Dublin Castle between the opposing trench lines in the Suvla Bay area (see map below). This indicates a location, but the scale was too small to be of use. It also seemed strange to us that Dublin Castle is shown between the opposing front lines. However, it was a start. We could at least extrapolate to the West and North coasts to try to identify features that might direct us to the right area.



Suvla – The Opposing Trenches (December 1915).

[North/South orientation. British lines to the west. Turkish lines to the east]

We also obtained the 1st Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers War Diaries from The National Archives. There, we found several references to Dublin Castle including:

Extract from War Diary dated 7 October 1915

Place: Suvla

Strength: Officers 17 Other Ranks 538

Work continued until 4pm when naval bombardment followed by Field Artillery bombardment (each $\frac{1}{4}$ hour) took place at the Turkish trenches. The shooting appeared to be accurate. Very excellent work done by night especially by 'W' Coy Capt. McMahon and 2Lt Sparkie organised the working party, and in face of a heavy fire sandbags were carried out and a line laid for digging. The Coy then worked for 6 hours with the greatest steadiness, 2Lt Sparkie walking up and down outside the trench encouraging the men in the most gallant manner. Casualties; 1 killed, 19858 Pte. McLoughlin 'W' Co. Wounded. 2 5353 Pte P Farley 'W' Co and 16518 Pte J Begley 'X' co. Hospital 2. Very heavy sniping all around area of Blockhouse which can now be reached in safety from North. The Divisional General (de L.) visited the Blockhouse at 10-30 am and said the work done was splendid, and decided to call the blockhouse "Dublin Castle". Other work done on drainage, support & communication trenches, also filling sandbags. When the blockhouse is completed, the names of those who are specially mentioned will be entered herein.

We had always suspected that Dublin Castle was not a 'rock' or 'area' as hypothesised on the Great War Forum, but was more likely to be a redoubt or structure on or near the main allied trench system. The War Diaries give strength to this ... 'General de Lisle ... decided to call the blockhouse Dublin Castle'. So, we were now definitely looking for a blockhouse – or the existence of one in 1915.

May 2008

During our next visit in 2008, we stayed, as always, with Eric and Özlem Goossens at Gallipoli Houses in Kocadere and mentioned our project to Eric. He identified for us the area where he thought Dublin Castle was and the next day, we set off on our first search.

Our enthusiasm then waned when we realised that Eric's '... it must be over there somewhere!' covered rather a lot of ground. Looking around the area at that time, we saw nothing that we thought could be Dublin Castle.

April / May 2009

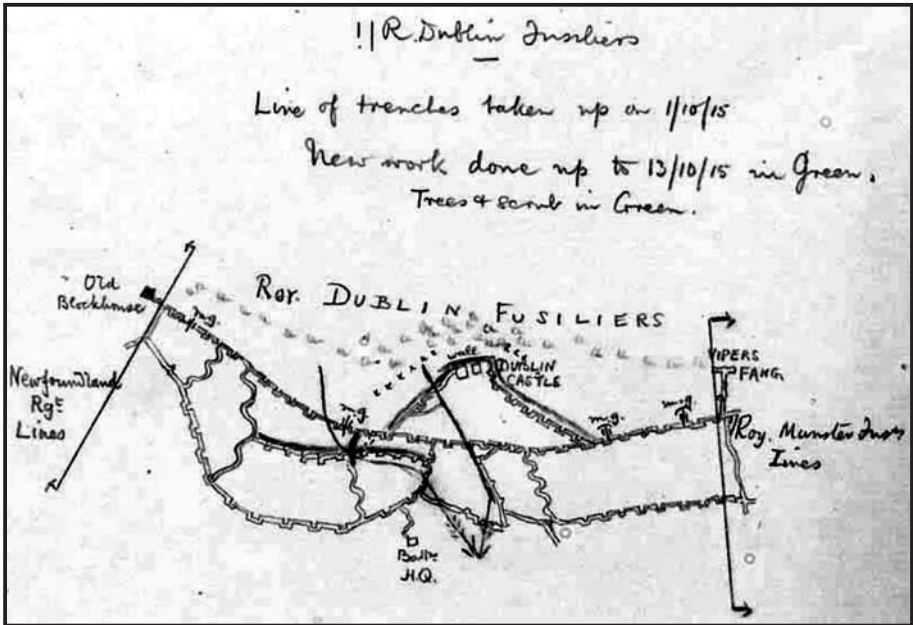
During our next trip in April / May 2009, armed with maps, compasses and binoculars, we again set off for Suvla to investigate more thoroughly.

After a few hours, with map references and satellite navigation readings, we were

confident that we were in the right area. However, despite finding some ruined buildings that may have been a blockhouse and a nearby well, we could not convince ourselves we were in the right place. We felt we were close, but not close enough. We needed solid evidence to back up our theory and at that time we didn't have it. Despite our disappointment at not finding Dublin Castle, we had a great 'Suvla Day' and a good reason to return to Gallipoli and continue our search.

Further Research

Once more at home, we continued our research and found in another War Diary a diagram referencing Dublin Castle. However, the diagram has no clue as to its location, direction or scale.



'Dublin Castle' National Archives: Catalogue Ref: WO/95/4310 Image ref 61
[East/West orientation. 'The new work done up to 13.10.15' was around 'Dublin Castle' and the trench running east/west between the Front and Support lines]

We obtained a set of Sevket Pasha maps, which we believe were created in 1917. These are fairly detailed (1:5,000) and our next challenge was to try to identify the location of Dublin Castle on these maps.

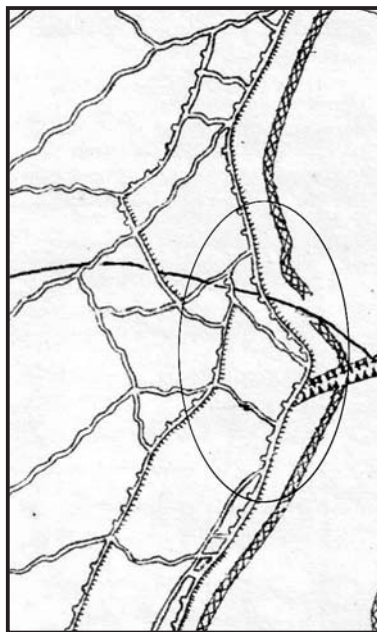
We spent several evenings with the War Diaries and the Sevket Pasha maps printed and glued together to cover the whole Suvla Bay area, trying to pin down the location. We

tried triangulating from features on the West and North coasts to see if we could pinpoint the area. We even used an overhead projector to superimpose a Google Earth image over the maps pinned to the wall to try to get a 1:1 match. This wasn't as successful as we hoped, but it did move us forward.

Further evenings of research followed. Using reference points which could be identified in both Google Earth and the Sevket Pasha maps, it was possible to identify an area on the trench system that also closely matched the War Diary diagram. It became apparent and obvious, with hindsight, that the War Diary sketch needed rotating to align it with the general N:S direction of the front line in that area of Suvla. Once we did this, things started to fall into place.

Taking account of the contours and direction of streams as they were in 1915 (from the trench maps), we identified a possible location. The shape of the trenches in the War Diary sketch compared to the trench map below show a strong similarity. The key to finding the location was getting the digital maps to the same scale as a Google Earth image, overlaying these and then using the streams and contours to link the images.

Our main breakthrough was overlaying a stream and its tributaries using Google Earth. Two stream branches in the area are quite similar but once we had matched to the correct (less obvious) one, the location started to become obvious. We now felt we were close – in theory. But – how do we prove it? How do we find it 'for real'?



Sevket Pasha map (1:5,000) [North/South orientation]

September 2009 – on the ground

Fortunately, we were able to fit in another trip to Gallipoli in September 2009. Having identified where we thought Dublin Castle was, we set off on our hunt. We knew that if we walked ‘three fields west’ and ‘one field south’ from our parking place, we would be where we calculated the ‘Castle’ would be.

We were not sure what to expect. What would we find – if anything? We were apprehensive as we walked across the fields towards our destination. Imagine our surprise and pleasure when, walking around a copse of trees we saw a deep ditch and stone wall shaped almost identically to the sketch map in the War Diary. We couldn’t initially take it in that we might have actually found and were standing at ‘Dublin Castle’. [See photographs in the colour section on pages 34 – 35]

There is evidence of trenches in the area and some hedges have grown in what could have been the more minor trenches (running W:E). One hedge has the definite ‘S’-shape of the trenches. We didn’t take any specific measurements as we did not know the scale of the War Diaries diagram. However, as the Sevket Pasha maps are 1:5000 (1cm = 50m) then the distances between the hedges do approximate to the maps. This is our judgment, however, and not exact measurements.

We spent a lot of time in the area over several days – walking both sides of the adjacent Dere and believe there is evidence of trenches to match the diagram in the War Diary. Of course, we cannot be certain, but we feel confident enough to publish our research. Dublin Castle is located South and East of Azmak Cemetery (shown top left corner on the Google Earth map below), more specifically at and around the reference point N 40 19’ 01.42” E 26 15’ 49.09”.



As can be seen from the photographs referred to above, the location is now heavily farmed. The area immediately next to the wall shows some signs of temporary habitation and there was a water pump running during one of our visits. The field immediately to the west of the wall was full of tomatoes. We didn't venture into the cropped area as we didn't want to cause any damage. The recently updated Google Earth images are clearer than the previous (October 2006) images but show only signs of recent farming.

War Diary references indicate that after heavy shelling the 'Blockhouses named Dublin Castle' were demolished on 20th October 1915.

Extract from War Diary dated 20 October 1915

Place: Suvla

Strength: Officers 17 Other Ranks 538

The enemy shelled Dublin Castle about midday. 2 shell struck the huts which were unoccupied, they are being demolished. A barricade was built at night across a ditch in front of our latest piece of fire trench E of Dublin Castle.

The likelihood of finding any contemporary buildings is low. There are remains of a building just south west of the location we identified, but this appeared to be more modern than 1915. This structure can be seen quite clearly on Google Earth.

In conclusion, we believe that we have located 'Dublin Castle'.

Why was Dublin Castle shown on the map between the front lines when we now believe it was a firm part of the allied trench system? Possibly this is just a matter of timing. From reading the War Diaries, it is apparent that the front lines shifted and trench systems frequently changed hands. Clearly this area was heavily fought over and we conclude that the Allies captured it during one of their many attacks and consolidated it into the trench system that was in place at the time of withdrawal. Prior to that, it was in 'No Man's Land'.

RESEARCH GROUP

Clare Church, Research Group Co-ordinator

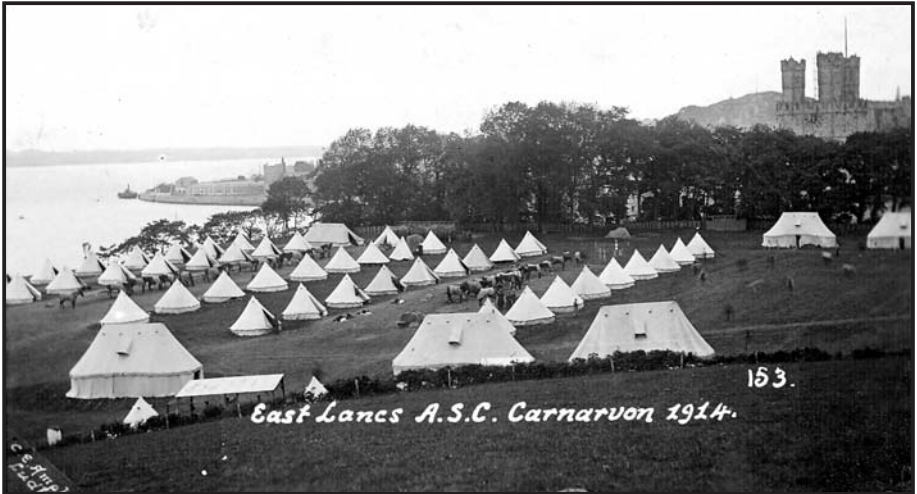
Members are most welcome to join the Association's Research Group, which meets from time to time by mutual arrangement at the National Archives, Kew. Please contact Clare Church for further information. Telephone 01590.673145 or by e-mail at clarechurch@tiscali.co.uk

BEFORE GALLIPOLI – A PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD BY WHEELER CORPORAL FRANK LOWTHIAN, ASC

Jim Lowthian

My father, Frank Lowthian, was born on 10 June 1893 in Salford, Lancashire. He was educated at the Sussex Street Higher Grade School, Manchester. At the age of 14, he was apprenticed as a carpenter/joiner, but attended ‘night school’ at the Royal Technical School for the next seven years studying Building Construction and Drafting. He joined the Territorial Army in August 1910.

As a member of the Territorial Force he was required to attend ‘annual camp’ as part of his training and on 29 May 1914 he received notice to join the training camp, which was held at Carnarvon. His unit – the East Lancs. Company, Army Service Corps – were billeted in bell tents in the shadow of Carnarvon Castle. His certificate of employment dated August 1914, listed him as a Wheeler Corporal, his duties being general maintenance work on army wagons and general carpentry.

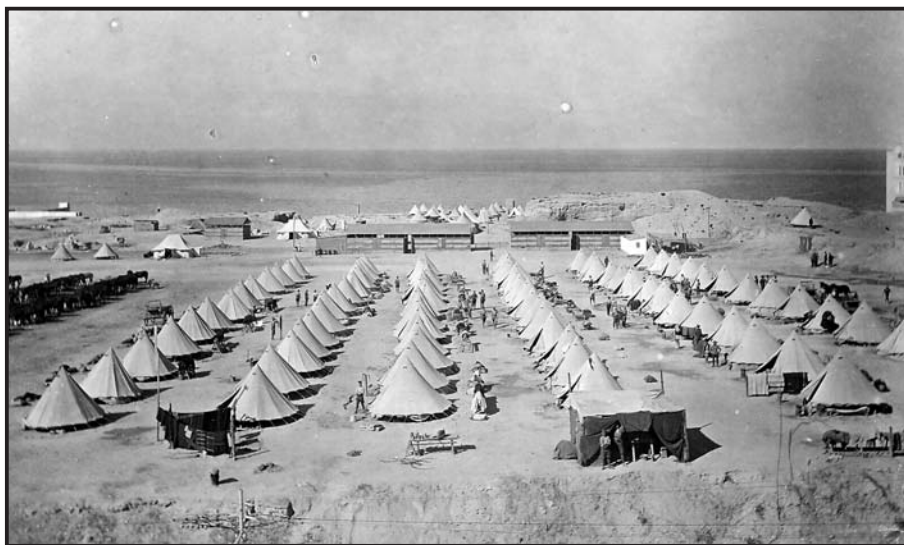


East Lancs. A.S.C. Carnarvon 1914

The unit later became the East Lancs. Divisional Train, Army Service Corps – part of the 42nd (East Lancashire) Division – which was deployed to Egypt in November 1914, where they were stationed at the ASC Compound at Mustapha Pasha, Sidi Gabir, Alexandria – and later at ‘Mex Camp’. Frank took numerous photographs of life in and around the camps. These feature his comrades at work and play (often with pets, including monkeys, which they had acquired) as well as others of Egyptian workers and local villagers. He also took in some of the sights – the pyramids feature prominently.



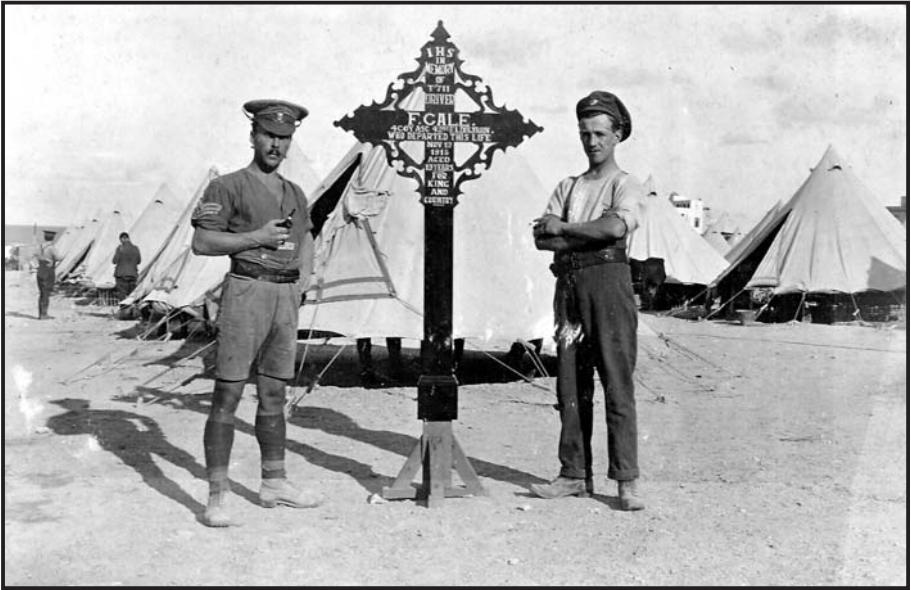
Frank Lowthian (Back row right) and his pals at Mustapha Camp, Sidi Gabir



ASC Compound at Mustapha Camp, Sidi Gabir

My father must have been warned against taking photographs when they embarked for Gallipoli, as the only photograph in the album is one of his comrades which is captioned 'SS Cuthbert, Dardanelles' [See end note]. Sadly, he never discussed his part in the campaign with his family but for the rest of his life he was never comfortable in small boats. It would appear that his unit must have been back in Egypt by November

1915 as there is a photograph at the end of the album showing an elaborate memorial cross that the unit had made to mark the grave of their comrade Dvr. F Gale.



The Memorial Cross made by members of Frank Lowthian's Company in memory of their comrade Driver Francis Gale

T/711 Driver Francis Gale, 4 Coy. ASC, 42nd East Lancashire Divisional Train was the son of Francis and Ethel Gale of 39 Merton Street, Harpurhey, Manchester. He was 19 years of age and is buried in Chatby Military Cemetery, Egypt. The CWGC record the date of death as 13 November 1915, although the cross shows the 12th .

Frank Lowthian went on to serve in the Palestine Campaign entering Jerusalem under General Allenby in December 1917. Promoted to Wheeler Staff Sergeant on 25 December, the following year saw him back at Mustapha Camp, where one of his photographs shows a hospital ward. It is possible that he was suffering from the effects of gas as he later received a small war pension, which mentioned 'gas'. A notable event and source of pride for my father came on 23 June 1918, when he was confirmed in the Garrison Church by the Bishop of Jerusalem.

Frank Lowthian was discharged from the army on 24 August 1919 and returned to work as a carpenter/joiner. He was awarded the Territorial Force Efficiency Medal and War Badge in addition to 1914/15 Star, British War Medal and Victory Medal. He emigrated to Canada in 1924 where he spent the rest of his life. He died on 16 February 1976.

AN UPDATE ON THE MONITOR M33

The Monitor HMS M33, which saw service at Gallipoli during and after the Suvla landings, has featured in past editions of *The Gallipolitan*, albeit not for some time. The last article on the subject appeared in the Winter 2003 issue (No. 69) and clarified an erroneous report in *The Times*, which suggested that, because of funding problems, the vessel might be sold, possibly to a buyer in Australia. The Hampshire County Council confirmed that they had no plans to dispose of the vessel, which would remain in Portsmouth, and the difficult and costly task of restoration would continue.

Following an enquiry from member, Martin Kender, I asked the Hampshire Museum Service about the current position regarding the M33 and access to it, and received the following helpful reply from the Museums Resources Manager, Department for Culture, Communities & Rural Affairs, Hampshire County Council:

M33, which is situated in Dry Dock No. 1, The Historic Dockyard, Portsmouth is currently undergoing restoration and conservation. This is a long-term programme of work with a limited annual budget; unfortunately I cannot therefore give you an estimated date of when it is likely to be fully open to the public. The dockyard is free to walk around and the vessel, which is near to Victory, attracts no entrance fee.

However, should you or a member of your organisation wish to visit and photograph the vessel inside as well as outside then that is possible providing we have advance notice of when you intend to visit. Due to the nature of works, large groups could not be accommodated and we would have to restrict the numbers to 2 or 3.

MORE ON 'X' LIGHTERS

Readers will recall that the Autumn 2009 issue of *The Gallipolitan* (No. 120) reported that Association member **Dave Mallard** had produced a DVD film entitled *A Brief History of the 1915/1916 'X' Lighters : The wreck of water lighter X127 [L9]*, which he kindly offered to make available to members interested in the subject without charge.

Dave has now produced a second DVD entitled *Gallipoli 1915 'X' Lighters* (running time 27½ minutes). This contains unique film footage from *Heroes of Gallipoli*, which was taken by the War Correspondent Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett (with the help of the Ernest Brooks, the official Royal Navy stills photographer) at Gallipoli in 1915 [See End Note]. The film is listed in the Imperial War Museum Archive as IWM 1058, to which Dave has added additional information and still photographs of 'X' Lighters taken from the film. The final part of the DVD (which is for private use only) contains footage from the film *World War One in Colour*, with the original narration and the 'shot sheet' giving information on the latter film.

Once again, Dave has kindly offered to send copies of the DVD to members interested in 'X' Lighters without charge. He can be contacted at 11 Yarborough Close, Godshill, Isle of Wight PO38 3HS. [Editor's Note: I am sure readers wishing to avail themselves of this generous offer will want to send a donation to cover postage.]

Dave has also informed me that the photograph on page 34 of Winter 2009 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No.121), showing the remains of the lighter off Gully Beach, is one of the 'X' lighters (number not known) that were at Gully Beach on the last night of withdrawal from Helles. He notes that another lighter X 32 (K21) was also stranded at Gallipoli, and four more were driven ashore at Suvla during the Autumn/Winter gales in 1915, one later being hauled off.

Note: Issue No. 116 of *The Gallipolian* (Spring 2008) contained a short news item entitled *A Lost Fragment of Film*, which reported the discovery of this film. In 1938 the Australian War Memorial paid £25 to Mr Alexander Noad for a documentary film, comprising a compilation of newsreel material, patriotic recruiting films and some of Ashmead-Bartlett's *With the Dardanelles Expedition: Heroes of Gallipoli*. The film was consigned to the archive and overlooked until 2007.

Readers wishing to know more about 'X' Lighters should go to Dave's website [www.xlighter.org]

AN UNUSUAL MEMORIAL

I am grateful to **Denys Caves** and **Ian Rush** for forwarding a report, which appeared in the *Dominion Post* of New Zealand in May 2010 about the granting of heritage status to the 'Anzac Memorial Bridge' at Kaiparoro, south of Eketahuna, in the North Island of New Zealand, near Wellington.

The bridge was built in 1922 by Alfred Faulkner, a distinguished civil engineer, in memory of his son Victor, and his nephew Donald Pallant both killed at Gallipoli (see photographs on page 61). The bridge also carried the names of four other local casualties, with names of three WW2 casualties being added later. The names of the WW1 casualties are inscribed on the outer walls of the bridge and on a memorial plaque located on the inner wall at the centre of the bridge.

The bridge was restored and rededicated in April 2006. The award of Category 1 status by the Historic Places Trust will mean that government funding will be available for future maintenance and will provide protection against development that might impact on the bridge's character.



The Anzac Memorial Bridge, Kaiparoro [Photograph courtesy of G Austin 2005]

Tpr. Victor Andrew Falkner, Auckland Mounted Rifles was killed in action on 28 August 1915 during the second assault on Hill 60. He has no known grave and is commemorated on the Hill 60 (New Zealand) Memorial. Sgt. Donald Kelway Pallant, Wellington Regiment. was reported missing on 8 May 1915 and later presumed killed. He is commemorated on the Twelve Tree Copse (New Zealand) Memorial.



Tpr. Victor Andrew Falkner



Sgt. Donald Kelway Pallant,

THE GALLIPOLIAN ARCHIVE AND WEBSITE NEWS

Following the undertaking given some years ago to progressively make available all previous editions of *The Gallipolian* in electronic format, the committee is pleased to announce that editions 1 – 120 of the journal are now available as downloads from the Association website at www.gallipoli-association.org

The journals are in the popular and accessible PDF format, and free software can be acquired via the website in order to view the files. However, most modern computers will have Adobe Reader or similar installed by default.

The individual scans have been optimised using the latest technology, and files sizes are now considerably smaller than the previous collection, with no loss of quality. This will speed up download times considerably. In addition, the files have been converted for character recognition, meaning that they can be searched for words or phrases. An index is also supplied on the website, with direct ‘clickable’ links to the relevant file from the entry.

To access the collection, members need to login to the members area on the website using their allocated username and password. If you have mislaid your login details, please email Andy Crooks at webmaster@gallipoli-association.org, stating your name and postcode, to acquire these.

An alternative way of acquiring the journal archive remains the convenient CD of editions 1-115, available to members at £16.50, including postage. See Quartermaster’s Stores or the website members’ page for details.

The new website forum is also now in operation. Please visit and support this via the members’ area. Your questions, comments and contributions are vital to the growth of this facility. The forum allows direct communication between members and the sharing of graphical and photographic content.

Andy Crooks, Webmaster

QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

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

Payment using Paypal is also possible via the Association website. Members can send an e.mail to webmaster@gallipoli-association.org if they have questions about the CD or online payment.

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

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

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

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

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

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 s.a.e. (large letter rate), orders please to The Treasurer, Gallipoli Association, Frinton Cottage, 3 Cambridge Road, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, CO13 9HN.

BOOKS & CDs

BIRDS WITHOUT WINGS

The novel by Louis de Bernieres (who wrote *Captain Corelli's Mandolin*) titled *Birds Without Wings* (Knopf/Random House, 2004) is the story of two Turkish boys, their childhood, their time in the Turkish army at Gallipoli and afterwards in Asia Minor as the Greeks are driven out (1920-22). From all I've learned about Gallipoli it is well-researched, historically accurate and a great read. A sort of book you can't put down that I can heartily recommend.

Piers Ebsworth

TWO NEW CDs

Readers may be interested to know of two major new databases, which include electronic versions of long out of print titles. This ambitious project, undertaken by members of the Oldham and District Branch of the Manchester and Lancashire Family History Society, involved indexing all the Saturday editions of the *Oldham Evening Chronicle*, from August 1914 to the end of 1919.

This will be of particular value to those with an interest in the Gallipoli campaign as the 10th Battalion, The Manchester Regiment (known as the 'Oldham Territorials') were part of the 42nd Division who fought on the peninsula.

The first CD includes any references in the *Oldham Evening Chronicle* to service personnel and nurses from lists of killed, wounded and missing; letters from the Front; gallantry awards; names of deserters before the court; stories of battles and much more. In total, there are in excess of 23,300 references. The index has been put on a CD together with two other useful databases, and includes listings of local recruits from a scrapbook of newspaper cuttings and a scanned – and fully indexed – set of 14 supplements issued by the *Oldham Evening Chronicle* under the title 'Our Local Heroes'. These contain photographs and information about 927 servicemen from Oldham and district – many of them were Gallipoli casualties serving with local territorial units or other northern regiments.

The society has also been given permission to produce a second CD that combines the texts and photographs of three works that are long since out of print:

1. *The Oldham Battalion of Comrades*, by Alderman H Wilde, first published in 1920, contains fully-indexed company photographs of the original members of the 24th (Service) Battalion [the 'Oldham Pals'] as well as Rolls of Honour of the townsmen who served during the Great War.

2. *Cotton Town Comrades*, by K.W. Mitchinson & I. McInnes, is the story of the Oldham Pals during the Great War. It includes biographical details of men from before, during and after the First World War.

3. *Amateur Soldiers*, by K.W. Mitchinson, is the story of the *10th Manchesters*, including detailed accounts of their campaign at the Dardanelles.

This second CD includes an index to items about the First World War from another newspaper, *The Oldham Weekly Chronicle*, which has long since ceased trading.

The CDs are priced at £5 each and are available from Manchester & Lancashire Family History Society's Bookshop at www.mlfhs.org.uk.

STOP PRESS!

FOUNDER'S MEDALS DONATED TO THE ASSOCIATION

The Committee are delighted to announce that the medals of our founder, Major E H W Banner, have been given to the Association. The medals were donated by a longstanding member who saw them for sale and purchased them, believing that they should be held by the Association. The Chairman has written to the member concerned, who wishes to remain anonymous, expressing his thanks on behalf of the Association.

Major Banner served as a Private in the RAMC, 15th Stationery Hospital, att'd 29th Division, at Gallipoli and founded the Association in 1969 – see *The Gallipolian 40 Years On – A Look Back*, which was published in the Winter 2009 issue.

The medals will on view at the AGM and the Autumn Lunch on 20 October, and a photograph will be published in the next issue of the journal.

ARTICLES FOR THE GALLIPLIAN

Articles and items of interest about the Gallipoli Campaign are always welcome. Those considering the submission of articles, particularly new contributors, should request a copy of the 'Notes for Guidance of Contributors' from the Editor.

DISCLAIMER

Readers are reminded that the observations and opinions expressed in articles and letters published in *The Gallipolian* are those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect those of either the Editor, or of the Association.



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.