

The Gallipollian

*The Journal of the
Gallipoli Association*

No. 117 - AUTUMN 2008



The River Clyde at V Beach, 25 April, 1915
by Charles Dixon

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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AN EDITOR DEPARTS

David Saunders

As announced on page 7 of the Spring *Gallipolian* I have decided to retire after 21 years as Editor, years when I have not produced a single editorial. This hardly seemed necessary as the journal, through the many contributions, spoke for itself. I would, however, in view of my departure, like to take up a little space to say first of all how I became interested in the campaign of 1915. Then, more importantly, to pay tribute to all our members and especially those who have provided so much across the years for use in *The Gallipolian*.

I first 'discovered' Gallipoli in 1957 when my wife to be and I were on holiday in east Suffolk. We were staying in Westleton and hired bicycles, for neither of us could drive. One day we passed through Theberton and there to our amazement was a German machine-gun (see *The Gallipolian* No 49, Christmas 1985 and No 70, Christmas 1992) standing in front of the War Memorial. Further examination revealed an inscription to Lieutenant-Colonel Doughty-Wylie VC and Sedd-el-Bahr. Where was Sedd-el-Bahr we wondered? From this small beginning commenced half-a-century of interest in the Gallipoli campaign.

I joined the Association in 1984, that same year visiting the Peninsula for my first time. However, I eschewed the comfort of an organised tour and instead went solo, hiring a car in Istanbul, staying for a couple of days in Eceabat before nearly two weeks at the Commonwealth War Graves Commission bungalow at Anzac. Rather than return to Istanbul by the conventional route I made my way around the south side of the Sea of Marmara, a journey I commend to all Gallipoli enthusiasts. I was thus able to visit harbours visited by our submarines in 1915, also the section of the Baghdad Railway blown up by Guy D'Oyly-Hughes who swam ashore from E-11.

To my surprise, the Christmas 1986 issue of *The Gallipolian* contained an announcement that the Editor had resigned. What an opportunity to make a contribution to keeping the memory of the campaign alive I thought and on 5 February 1987 I was interviewed in his office near Liverpool Street Station by the Chairman, Christopher Fagan and Major-General A J Trythall. Duly appointed, that afternoon I collected from the outgoing Editor a modest file of potential material and a small stock of recent back issues. Not much I thought to make a start, after all the Spring edition was due within a few weeks. My editorial bacon was saved by the wonderful article *A Month in the Sea of Marmara* written by Petty Officer Moth, coxswain of H-1, smallest of the submarines to enter the Sea of Marmara. This gave me breathing space in which to begin to accumulate possible material, a task made easier by so many willing correspondents, a feature which has continued across the years. So much so that when handing over in April this year to my successor Foster Summerson, who I whole-

heartedly commend to you, there was a stack of files and papers four-foot high, all material which might be used in future *Gallipolians*.

Two decades ago our journal was much slimmer, that in Spring 1987 just 38 pages and it did not exceed 58 pages until 1996. Expansion to the now 65 pages took place in 1999 and it has remained the same since. Production in those early years was, to put it mildly, primitive. The copy was typed (my typing needed much to be desired) and pages photocopied. My wife and I followed each other round a very large table on which about 40 copies could be collated before stapling. Membership in those days was about 350. My arrival as Editor had fortunately been preceded, a short time before, by the now late Norman Pollitt as Membership Secretary. He had skilfully created a database for the membership and three times a year provided the address labels for the envelopes which we packed, licked the stamps and posted.

Membership has much increased since and in 1992 we moved from photocopying to enter the computer age of typesetting and printing. Our printers, whose founder was awarded the Military Medal while serving with the Royal Artillery during the Normandy campaign in June 1944, since then being in Cardigan. Finally, the major improvement took place with the No 101, Spring issue 2003 when we adopted the present coloured cover followed by No 109, Winter 2005 with for the first time a coloured photographic section, a now well established and appreciated feature. The assistance across the years provided to me during all these technical stages of production cannot be under-estimated and I owe a big debt to all those involved.

None of this, none of the 62 issues since my first, would have been possible without the steadfast support of my fellow officers and committee members, some alas no longer with us. Neither would it have been possible without the numerous contributions by members and non-members, contributions from across the world, for we are truly worldwide. I have never been short of material, indeed the wealth of submissions and ideas has been such that much remains unpublished or has been delayed for several years. I owe a big thank you to all our contributors, both for their contributions and their patience. Last but not least the support of all members of the Association for continuing their interest across the years, an interest which has enabled the Association to flourish and *The Gallipolian* to be published, thus helping achieve the objects as stated on the rear cover of each issue.

Finally my wife Shirley who has participated and supported me throughout my Gallipolian years. I cannot begin to guess at how many of the early issues she has collated, how many envelopes she has packed, stamps licked, her kitchen piled high with boxes. Beyond all this the steadfast support for my Gallipoli interests ever since we discovered together Doughty-Wylie's memorial in that Suffolk churchyard over half a century ago.

YOUR NEW EDITOR

I thought it might be helpful for readers to know a little about their new Editor! As noted in the last issue, I have been a member of the Association since 1992, and have attended many of the commemorations on ‘Gallipoli Day’, and a number of other Association events. It was suggested by colleagues that I include a photograph of myself in the journal but since several unflattering ones have already been posted on the website, I do not propose to inflict this on readers!

Although I have no family connections with the Gallipoli campaign – my grandfather was killed while serving with the Lincolnshire Regiment on the Western Front, and his three brothers also served there – Gallipoli has fascinated me more than any other theatre of operations. My interest began in the early 1960s when I got to know a number of men who fought there. I made my first visit to the Peninsular in 1994 and have returned a number of times since then. Another visit is planned for September!

I have been a Friend of the Imperial War Museum for over 20 years and currently serve on the Governing Council. I have also been a guide at the IWM for the past 13 years and (more recently) a volunteer in the Department of Printed Books, assisting with cataloguing the Museum’s map collection. Some of you may already know me through the Western Front Association, where over the years, I have held various posts in the Essex Branch. It is possible therefore that items with Essex connections may appear rather more frequently in the journal than in the past! But I shall respond to any complaints of ‘undue influence’ by pointing out that six battalions of the Essex Regiment were at Gallipoli, and many Essex men served there in other units!

I am sure I will not be alone in acknowledging the tremendous contribution made by David Saunders as Editor over the past 21 years. I will certainly never be able to equal that record! David has been responsible for raising the standard of the journal to the highest level and will be a hard act to follow. Hopefully, there will be a relatively seamless transfer as David has been of great assistance to me over the past few months. I certainly have no plans to make significant changes to the format or content of the journal. I will also be going through the material that has been sent to David but has not yet been published due to lack of space.

David was a veritable mine of information about the campaign and had a knack of identifying material from a wide variety of sources. I will try to follow his example but will need to rely far more on readers to let me have articles for publication and other items of interest. I can supply a note about the preferred format for the submission of articles on request.

Foster Summerson

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting (AGM) of the Gallipoli Association will be held on **Wednesday 15 October 2008**, commencing at 1130, 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.

Agenda

1. Apologies for absence.
2. Minutes of the AGM held on 24 October 2007 – printed below.
3. Chairman's Report.
4. Treasurer's Report and Adoption of the 2007 Accounts.
5. Election of Officers (as listed inside the front cover of *The Gallipolian*).
6. Election of Committee (as listed inside the front cover of *The Gallipolian*).
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 ON 24 OCTOBER 2007

Present: The Chairman, Captain C T F Fagan, Secretary, J C Watson-Smith, Treasurer, W J Marsh, Public Relations Officer, Major H D Jenner, Editor, D R Saunders, Colonel S M W Hickey, J Crowe and eight members.

Apologies were received from Mr and Mrs D Pollard, Mr N Welch, Mr R Martin, Mr and Mrs T Chamberlin.

1. The minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on 25 October 2006 were approved and signed as a true record.

2. The Chairman presented his report, which was circulated to those present (and published in the Winter issue of *The Gallipolian* – No. 115). He drew particular attention to membership, which stood at 1346. He said that the Committee were looking for help with various tasks in running the Association and would be pleased to hear from any member who might be in a position to assist. He also asked members to

consider paying their subscriptions by Direct Debit or credit card to help the Treasurer. It was possible that a subscription increase might be necessary in 2009.

3. The Treasurer's report was circulated and the annual accounts were adopted. The Association was very fortunate to have received a legacy of £5,000 last year, which had been of enormous help in re-launching the website, and had also received £1,000 in additional legacies. Sir Harold Walker asked if a donation might be made to the Royal British Legion to help in their work. The Chairman replied that the subscriptions received were to run the Association and for its well being in the future. Donations to other organisations, however worthy, were perhaps not appropriate and should be made individually. The purposes of the Association would, however, be kept under review.

4. Election of Officers

Major Jenner thanked the Chairman for all he had done for the Association with his experience and time, especially for the success of the wreath laying at St Paul's on Gallipoli Day. The re-launch of the website would not have been possible without his considerable help.

The following were elected for the year.

Chairman	Captain C T F Fagan
Secretary	J C Watson-Smith
Treasurer/Membership	W J Marsh
Public Relations	Major H D Jenner
Editor	D R Saunders

The Editor indicated that he wished to retire after 21 years service. The Committee was therefore seeking a new Editor. David Saunders indicated that he was prepared to continue until new arrangements are in place.

The following were elected to serve on the Committee: Colonel S M W Hickey, Colonel J R H Stopford and J Crowe.

AUTUMN LUNCH

The Autumn Lunch will be held at The Naval Club on Wednesday 15 October 2008, commencing at 1230 for 1300 and will follow the Annual General Meeting. See enclosed booking form for details.

The speaker at the lunch will be Dr. Kevin Fewster AM, FRSA, who was appointed Director of The National Maritime Museum in September last year. He was formerly Director of the Powerhouse Museum, Australia's largest museum – see page 50 of the Winter 2007 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No 115) about Dr Fewster's appointment.

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION TOURS IN 2009

The Association is planning two tours in 2009. The first, in late May, will allow time to explore Helles, ANZAC and the Suvla Plain, and to spend more time in places of interest to individual group members.

The second will be our general Battlefield Tour in late September, run on the same lines as in previous years. Further information about both tours is contained in the leaflet enclosed, and can also be obtained by contacting Major Hugh Jenner, whose address is inside the front cover.

THE 29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL

James Watson-Smith

On Sunday 9 March 2008 a gathering of approximately 30 people attended the annual wreath laying ceremony at the 29th Division Memorial at Stretton-on-Dunsmore, Warwickshire.

In addition to officers and members of the Gallipoli Association, some 18 members of the Great War Society and 'Living History Units' were present in Great War uniforms, with rifles, bayonets and red triangular divisional flashes. There were also 10 Standard bearers, together with a bugler and a piper.

David Ray explained that here "... in the centre of England" on 12 March 1915, HRH King George V reviewed the 18,000 men of the 29th Division prior to their departure for the Dardanelles.

The Obelisk of Portland Stone looked most impressive on a sunny but cold Sunday. Wreath were laid in the following order:

Councillor Mrs Sue Peach, Mayor of Rugby on behalf of the Borough.
Olivia Watson Smith on behalf of the Gallipoli Association.
Harry Miller and Alexander Morgan on behalf of Rugby School.
Mrs Elizabeth Higgins, Stratford-upon-Avon Branch, Western Front Association.
Royal Military Police.
Mrs Chris Holland, Heart of England Branch, Western Front Association.
'The Rifles' Living History Units.
The Great War Society.

Harry Miller and Alexander Morgan of Rugby School were present this year as they will be going to Gallipoli in August as recipients of the Association Bursary.

Photographs of the ceremony (taken by John Crowe) are on pages 29 and 30.

REMEMBRANCE SERVICES

The Committee and Editor are grateful to all correspondents who provided reports, a selection of which are reproduced below, on the Remembrance Services held on or about 25 April at locations both in Great Britain and overseas.

London

The Gallipoli Association was well represented at the commemorations held in London to mark the anniversary of the Gallipoli landings. Some hardy souls attended the Dawn Service but most gathered at St Paul's Cathedral at 0930 hrs for our annual wreath laying ceremony at the Gallipoli Memorial, where we were joined by a significant number of members of the public, including Australian and New Zealand tourists, and those working or studying here.

Wreaths were laid at the Gallipoli Memorial by the Mr. Derek Twigg MP, Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for Defence on behalf of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, General Sir Richard Dannatt, KCB, CBE, MC, ADC Gen., Chief of the General Staff, Rear Admiral Bob Cooling, Assistant Chief of Naval Staff, H.E. Mr. Derek Leask, New Zealand High Commissioner, Ms. Frances Adamson, Acting High Commissioner of Australia, Rear Admiral Yann Tainguy, Defence Attaché, France and by H.E. Mr. Yigit Alpogan, Turkish Ambassador. Our Chairman, Captain Christopher Fagan DL laid the wreath on behalf of the Association.

The Exhortation was recited by our Secretary, James Watson-Smith, whose Great Uncle, Colonel E.P. Smith, was killed at Gallipoli on 1 May 1915 while commanding 17th Brigade RFA.

Later, members of the Association joined the Anzacs for the service at the Cenotaph where 'The Gallipolians' formed one of the contingents taking part in the parade, with the 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 at the service in Westminster Abbey, which was held in the presence of HRH The Duke of Gloucester and HRH The Duke of Kent.

After the service, the Association's lunch was held in 'The Albert' in Victoria Street, where members were able to renew old acquaintances and make new friends.

Photographs of some of the day's events (taken by John Crowe) are on pages 30–32.

National Memorial Arboretum Alrewas, Staffordshire

It was my privilege to lay a wreath on behalf of the Association at the Gallipoli Memorial at the National Arboretum on 25 April.

This followed a service of remembrance in the chapel, during which a greeting from Her Majesty The Queen was read, also a poem dedicated to The Fallen. Nadir Imamoglu recited Ataturk's homily to the dead in English and in Turkish. The party then moved to the memorial for the wreath laying ceremony in the presence of Mr Andrew Lockhart, New Zealand High Commission, Squadron Leader Emily Cameron, Australian Defence Force, Captain D'Arcy Giguere, Canadian Defence Liaison Force, Mr J Jackson, Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire, and representatives of the Staffordshire County Council, Cannock Chase Council, South Staffordshire Council and Lichfield District Council.

The following were also present, The Director, National Memorial Arboretum and volunteers, Mr Colin Lee, Commonwealth War Graves Commission, Nadir Imamoglu and guests, Dorrie Lopacka and M McQuirk, both of the Western Front Association, and Mr. Jack Plant RAF, a WW2 Far East Veteran. A photograph of the wreath laying ceremony at the memorial can be found on page 32.

Roger Pepper

Newfoundland

The Annual Parade commemorating the formation of the first Royal Newfoundland Regiment of Fencible Infantry in April 1796 took place on 24 April at the location where the Newfoundland Regiment trained in August 1914.

The Parade also commemorated Anzac Day, remembering that the Royal Newfoundland Regiment is the only Regiment in North America to have been awarded the Battle Honour 'Gallipoli'. The regiment served with the 29th Division on the Peninsula from September 1915 to the final evacuation of Cape Helles on 8 January 1916.

The Honorary Colonel, The Hon. Edward Roberts laid the wreath for the Regiment. Wreaths were also laid by Col. Colin Richardson of the New Zealand Army, Lt. Col. Kevin Beaton, RAMC and Capt. Tony Bennett of the Royal Australian Regiment to commemorate the part played by their countries in the Gallipoli campaign. Following the parade, a reception was held. Colonel Richardson gave a brief outline of the attack on Chanak Bair by the New Zealand forces. The traditional Anzac biscuits were enjoyed by all present.

David Parsons

Coolum-Peregrin, Queensland

My brother, Derek, and I attended the Dawn Service at Anzac Cove in 1995, the 80th anniversary of the landings. A truly awesome experience, allowing us to pay our respects to our maternal Grandfather, 7360 CSM Bernard Steven, 1st Bn. Essex Regiment, and to salute all those, no matter what their nationality, who came to but did not leave the Peninsula.

My Grandfather was killed in action during the 3rd Battle of Krithia on 4 June 1915, age 33. I also have the 1914-15 Star of Pte. 9383 Stanley George Franklin, 1st Bn. Essex Regiment, aged 18, who was killed on 19 May 1915 near Fir Tree Wood. Like my Grandfather, Pte. Franklin has no known grave, both being commemorated on the Helles Memorial. I found the medal in an antique shop in the village of Pomona, west of Noosa. Queensland, and I like to think that Franklin was a member of my Grandfather's company.

This year, I attended the Anzac Day service at the Coolum-Peregrin Cenotaph on Queensland's 'Sunshine Coast', about 120km north of Brisbane. It began with a parade of ex-service men and women on a fine, cool, early morning followed by the traditional Valedictory Service and wreath-laying ceremony. The Anzac spirit is alive and well and, indeed, flourishing in Australia, judging by the number of young families with children in the 2,000 odd crowd applauding the parade.

It was then my privilege to facilitate the Anzac Day service at the Tantula Rise RSL Care Retirement Community, Alexandra Headlands, where I work as a volunteer. There were some 60 men and women at the service, either veterans, or with spouses who had seen service; not forgetting those who had served in protected industries. Medals were proudly worn. 'Advance Australia Fair' sung, then 'Roll Call' ... 'Abide with me' ... The Last Post ... The Silence ... The Exhortation ... 'Lest We Forget' ... The Reveille ... Raise the Flags ... Place the Wreath of Remembrance ... and in conclusion 'Amazing Grace'. All under a warm Queensland sun.

Bryan Pheasant

Peterborough

The Annual Service held at the grave of Sergeant Thomas Hunter, 10th Bn. AIF in the military section of the Old Broadway Cemetery, took place on Anzac Day. The service, organised by the Peterborough Branch of the Royal British Legion, was attended by the largest crowd seen in living memory.

After The Last Post and Reveille, the Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, Lt. Colonel Peter Horrell laid his wreath, followed by the Mayor of Peterborough, Councillor Marion Todd, a representative of the Australian High Commission, the Royal British Legion, the Stamford School Combined Cadet Force (who also paraded

the Australian flag), the Peterborough Kings School, and for the second year in succession, pupils from the local Dogsthorpe Junior School laid two spays of fresh flowers that stood out amongst the wreaths of Flanders Poppies.

The memory of Thomas Hunter, the 'Lonely Anzac of Peterborough' lives on and it is encouraging to see an increasing number of school children attending. In this respect, readers may be interested to know that, by coincidence, the teacher accompanying the children from Dogsthorpe Junior School came from New Zealand. She is over here on a teacher exchange and could not believe the wonderful tribute still being paid to just one Australian soldier.

John W Harvey

Cardigan

In spite of inclement weather about 30 people attended the Anzac commemoration in Cardigan. The Standards of the Cardigan Branches of the Royal British Legion, Royal Naval Association, Royal Air Force Association, WRNS Association and those of the Aberystwyth OCA, the HMS Gambia Association and the ATC 1429 Squadron and Cadets were paraded.

Wreaths were laid by Messrs Power and Cameron Ritchie on behalf of the Australian people and by Mr John Whitmore, Chairman of the Cardigan Branch of the Royal British Legion. Mr John Andrews laid the HMS Gambia Association wreath. Others attending included a lady from New Zealand and her young children, now resident in Cardigan, Major R.D. Wilcox MBE R.E. Rtd. and members of the public. The Ecumenical service was conducted by the Rev. John Powell, Rector of St Mary's Church, Cardigan and the Rev John Matthews, Vicar of St Cynwals Church, Aberporth.

Tea and Anzac biscuits were served in the Cardigan Bowling Club after the commemoration.

Richard Watson

Borth

Forty members and guests attended the Anzac Day dinner held at the Borth and Ynylas Golf Club, at the suggestion of Mr Alan Morris MBE, who has family and Legion links in Australia. At dinner, the standards of the Borth Royal British Legion Branch and of the HMS Gambia Association were on parade. HMS Gambia was commissioned in 1942 and served during the Second World War as part of the Royal New Zealand Navy. The dinner also marked the second anniversary of the reformation of the Borth Branch. The customary toasts and speeches were made, and the evening ended with a spirited rendition of 'Waltzing Matilda.'

Anzac Cove, Gallipoli

The Australian Service newspapers, *Army*, *Navy* and *Air Force* carried moving reports of the services of commemoration for Anzac Day held in Australia and overseas.

Of particular interest was a report in the *Army* of 15 May, which reported on the visit to Gallipoli by Cpl. Annelies McPherson, a recruit instructor at 1 RTB and Pte. Jonathon Morison of Training Support Platoon at RMC – A, who were recipients of the Chief of Army's 'I am An Australian Soldier' scholarship. The award is designed to allow young soldiers to learn at first-hand about the meaning of 'Anzac' and Gallipoli, and to take the knowledge back to share with their colleagues – all rather similar in intention to the Gallipoli Association's Bursary scheme!

The newspaper reported that in addition to attending the Dawn Service at Anzac Cove on 25 April, the following day Cpl McPherson and Pte Morison, whose great grandfather, John Morison, landed at Gallipoli on a 'rowing boat' in 1915, paddled into Anzac Cove in two kayaks to gain an impression of what Morison's great grandfather would have experienced 93 years ago. Jonathon describing the scene said "... we paddled into Anzac Cove at 3.30am in pitch dark ... it was very cold and absolutely dead quiet. Then once we landed an incredibly personal quiet time for all of us where no one said a word. We kept our own counsel as we looked at the tombstones. It was a very meaningful experience."

SANDRINGHAM

As reported in the Spring issue (No. 116), a Memorial Service will be held in St Peter and St Paul's Church, West Newton at 1430 on Sunday 14 September. If you would like to attend please contact John Crowe (address inside front cover) as seating is limited in this small church.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

For the third year running, the Association is producing a Christmas card. The design this year is '**The Man With The Donkey**' by Horace Millichamp Moore-Jones. It is the artist's symbolic presentation of John Simpson Kirkpatrick. Mr Moore-Jones was a Sapper with the New Zealand Army who served at Gallipoli.

An Order Form is included in this issue of *The Gallipolian* where reference is also made to copies of the 2007 Christmas card – 'Troops Landing on C Beach, Suvla Bay, Later in the Day 7th August 1915' – still being available.

ANZAC DAY: COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS

To mark Anzac Day 2008, **Australia Post** has produced a series of 50c stamps that seek to capture 'The face of Australia on Anzac Day'. The five stamps portray:

Veterans Marching
Laying of wreaths at a War Memorial
Playing of the *Last Post*
A War veteran and child
Young people at Gallipoli

Each stamp includes a line from the poem *For the Fallen* by Laurence Binyon.



The Face of Australia on Anzac Day

New Zealand Post have also issued a commemorative issue of six ANZAC stamps, of varying denominations, featuring the following scenes:

Gallipoli 1915
Chalk Kiwi – England 1919
Western Front 1916 – 1919
Haka Egypt – 1941
Vietnam 1965 – 1971
Spr. John Luamanu with his baby daughter at an ANZAC Day Service



The New Zealand Commemorative Stamps

New Zealand Post is quoted as saying that commemorative issues to mark ANZAC Day will be released for at least the next three years.

I am not sure if the stamps will still be available when *The Gallipolian* goes to press but enquiries can be directed to *Australia Post* [www.auspost.com.au/stamps] or New Zealand Post [www.nzpost.co.nz/stamps].

I am grateful to **Derek Hunt** for bringing both issues to my attention (sadly just too late for the Spring issue) and also to **Denys Caves** in New Zealand for the latter item.

[Editor's Note: There is an interesting postscript in respect of commemorative stamps. I have recently been in touch with Dr Philip Smith in Newfoundland who will be contributing an article to a future issue about John Gallishaw who wrote *Trenching at Gallipoli*. Dr Smith told me that he has a stamp issued in 1919 by the Newfoundland Government Post Office (when it was still a self-governing Dominion). It is titled 'Suvla Bay' and is one of a series commemorating the battles of the Great War in which the Newfoundland Regiment was involved. There have been a number of articles on commemorative stamps in previous issues of *The Gallipolian* (most notably one by Peter Moon entitled 'Gallipoli Commemorative Stamps' in issue No 104), but I do not think the issue of stamps by the Newfoundland Post Office has previously been mentioned.]

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. The inscriptions on the monument tell 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 6 June in glorious weather. The well-attended service was conducted by The Rev'd J Francis RN, Chaplain HMS Collingwood, with an Address by Lt. General Sir Robin Ross KCB OBE, former Commandant General, Royal Marines.

The Exhortation was given by Roy Adam MBE and wreaths were laid by representatives of the Governments and peoples of Australia, Canada, New Zealand, on behalf of the President and people of the United States of America, the Commanding Officer and all ranks of HMS Collingwood, the Commandant General and all ranks of the Royal Marines, the Garrison Commander and all ranks of the Blandford Garrison, and on behalf of the men of the Royal Naval Air Service.

Wreaths were also laid in memory of the battalions of the RND and by representatives of other bodies, associations and individuals. The Gallipoli Association's wreath was laid by our Secretary, James Watson-Smith.

Our thanks go to Association member Roy Adam for his hard work in arranging the Parade.

Photographs of the ceremony (taken by John Crowe) are on pages 33 and 34.

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 Lord 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 once again to avail themselves of this unique opportunity to remember family and friends who served at Gallipoli.

MILITARY ATTACHÉ FOR TURKEY ENDS TOUR OF DUTY IN THE UK

John Crowe

Association member Lt. Colonel Mustafa Gonel, his wife Berrin, son Goktug (15) and daughter Zeynep (17) are due to return to Turkey on 8 August following a three year tour of duty in this country. A photograph of Lt. Col. Gonel and his family can be found on page 34.

During their time here they have attended many of our functions. For two years running Mustafa and Berrin have attended the annual Sandringham service. In full uniform he read the well-known words of Mustafa Kemal in West Newton Church, his presence being very well received. Last year, on Gallipoli Day, with pride he marched with the Association to the Cenotaph.

His warm and positive support has been very much appreciated and the Association wishes him and his family every success for their future.

THE ‘RESPECT TO HISTORY’ PARK

I am grateful to Association member Güven Pinar for alerting me to the opening of the Tarihe Saygi Parki (Respect to History Park) in March 2008.

The park, occupying a 2,500 square metre site next to the Eceabat Marina, has been designed so that Turkish and foreign visitors can obtain information (in four languages) on the region before they start their visit.

The park contains three main areas – (1) the Monumental Statue, (2) a model/diorama of the Peninsular (showing the Gallipoli Peninsula and Anatolian coast in relief with the location of the war zones, cemeteries, monuments, roads and villages) and (3) a 44 metre

long panorama with scenes from the ‘Canakkale War’ and associated displays of guns, uniforms and replica Turkish trenches, with sound effects.

A 20-page booklet describing the park and providing information about the campaign has been published by the oil distributor OPET.

The project, begun in February 2006, has been supported by the Turkish Government, local authorities and the 2nd Army Corps. Six other centres have been established in the region as part of the project – the Alcitepe Salim Mutlu Museum, the Kilitbahir Cultural & Arts Centre, the Bigali 19th Division Museum, the Buyuk Anafarta Peace Museum, and at Kucukanfarta and Seddulhabir.

‘MISSIONERS OF PEACE’ TURKEY, MARCH 2008

Gillian Christopher, Margaret Gwillim, Suzanne Manners,
Shirley Saunders, Mary Wilkinson

We’d never met before that Saturday, 15 March, but as we greeted each other that evening in the Heathrow hotel dining room the smiles told us all we needed to know. The following day on the morning flight to Ankara, as guests of the ruling Turkish AK Party, it was clear that we were heading for a most exciting, uplifting experience. This marvellous opportunity to actually speak to families of other veterans of the Gallipoli campaign; from Turkey, Australia, New Zealand. Throw in a lot of fun with good company and a little shopping – we couldn’t believe our good fortune. And it was all due to the kindness and wisdom of Mrs Emine Erdogan, wife of the Turkish Prime Minister and the sad fact that each of us had relatives who had fought or died at Gallipoli. Relatives some of us never knew, but so very proud to be linked to their memory in this way.

Mrs Erdogan had decided that it was a time to remember not only the thousands of young men who suffered and were lost in the futility and horror of war but the wives, mothers and sweethearts left behind, to endure their own battles against grief and loneliness. On Monday, prior to 18 March, a special day in the history of the Turkish people, she would host a Symposium for Peace in their capital city. It was to this auspicious event that we five ladies had been invited.

Our Turkish friends could not have been kinder or more courteous and welcoming. From the moment we arrived – our flight was late due to a security alert – disheveled, a bit tired, bewildered at our luck in being there at all, we were made aware that to the Turkish representatives and organisers, we were the most important of guests.

We were met at Ankara airport by Sergeant Martin Gwillim, the Assistant Defence Attaché to the British Embassy and from that moment onwards until the moment we left two days later he took us under his wing and our every wish was his command! We could not have hoped for a more caring, pleasing companion who eased our way and solved all our problems in a foreign land. He whisked us away to an important welcome dinner at 'the best fish restaurant in Ankara' where I'm afraid, because of our delayed flight, the other representatives, including Professor Edibe Sozer, Deputy Leader of the AK Party were already hungrily seated as we strode in, our ears still humming at altitude.

It appeared that the only thing Sergeant Gwillim could not do for us was to write our speeches! News that our hosts expected words from us all came as rather a shock when we sat down to dinner that first night, their Public Relations team desperate to discover what we intended to say! We did try to inveigle Sergeant Gwillim to help us even in this, but to no avail. We burned the midnight oil endeavouring to write meaningful words. After all, our speeches were to be delivered the following afternoon in front of Mrs Erdogan with Party leaders and members of government alongside an audience of five hundred delegates. Plus, we learned later, our words were to be spread far and wide through two hundred radio and TV stations. We were overawed, no, terrified, at the prospect of the significance our hosts had attached to us. For this we had been totally unprepared.

Sergeant Gwillim and the embassy chauffeur-driven car collected us the following morning for a few hours sightseeing in this amazing city, which strangely didn't seem to have a 'centre'. From the 'Mushroom' Tower everywhere was important, its buildings and new developments sprawling forever over its many hills almost as far as the eye could see. Snow nestled on its mountains, and while looking towards the East we could imagine Iraq a staggering sixteen hours drive away.

Half an hour to shop in 'Cheapy Charlies', a quick change into delegate style outfits before being whisked to the AK Party headquarters for lunch. Here we met some of its early founding-members, very westward looking and confident of women's role in their future Turkey and its impact eventually on their neighbours. Here, at last also a chance to speak to the other 'Missioners of Peace' from Australia and New Zealand; Karen, granddaughter of 'Jim' Throstle V.C and Jo Hardy, granddaughter of the last Australian veteran, Alec Campbell. And from Turkey, the ever-smiling Ayla Yilmaz escorting her grandmother of 104 – who lost her father and every one of her brothers at Gallipoli – and who, incidentally, withstood the heat of day and the cold late hours of every event throughout our two days. We met Gudun, son of the very last Turkish veteran, whose stamina also won our admiration and two other Turkish granddaughters who in their turn have lost sons in more recent battles.

An eventful afternoon followed with moving speeches (every one instantly translated through headphones) from Mrs Erdogan, two Turkish poets and authors whose words were redolent with rhetoric and passion. All ended with our own contributions and

thanks, which are reproduced below and, of course, the speeches of the Australian and New Zealand ladies. The grand finale to the afternoon was a mini presentation of the popular Turkish television series, *Stop Passenger!*, based upon the horrors of war and its effect on all family relationships. At the closing ceremony Mrs Erdogan presented every 'Missioner of Peace' with a specially engraved 'platelet'. Actors dressed as Turkish World War One soldiers served guests with a special Turkish soft drink (deliciously sweetened with honey) in army billycans.

The Australian Ambassador, Peter Doyle, had issued invitations to a buffet dinner at his residence later that day, and so it was that, glowing with success after our presentations, we made a hasty return to our five star hotel, to prepare to shine yet again. With Sergeant Gwillim gallantly escorting us, the Ambassador, his family and staff entertained the complete delegation of 'Missioners of Peace' for an evening to remember. The grand 104 year old lady was one of the last to leave.

The following morning, 18 March, would find us together again at 05.45 for an hour's flight from Ankara by special plane, complete with a plethora of media, security men in black suits, government ministers, consuls, district governors and parliament members, en route to Canakkale. An amazing day followed. Crossing the Straits a gun salute was fired by a Turkish frigate to honour the occasion and once on the Peninsula we would attend the Remembrance Prayers for Peace Ceremony at the Mehmetik Memorial at Adibe and visit as many cemeteries and memorials that time would allow. Our mission would be the planting of Olive trees in the company of Mrs Erdogan and Prof. Sozer and we were disappointed that we could not bear a gift of soil from British gardens. Instead, with the consent of the British Ambassador, symbolic soil had been dug from the garden of the British Embassy.

But the crowds! Mrs Erdogan's admirers and followers! The clamouring press and their flashing cameras! Even the security guards who appeared from nowhere, yet able to pluck we five from the milling mass of people and gather us by the side of the first lady at the precise moment we were required, deserved all praise!

Our flotilla of buses toured the Peninsula calling at Ezinelli Yahya Cavus War Cemetery, just below the Cape Helles Memorial and in sight of V Beach Cemetery and the small arc of rocks where rested the *River Clyde*. Here, because of our own connections with this hallowed place, Gillian, Suzanne and Shirley broke ranks. So close to Helles and no scheduled stop! How could we not have done? A quick sprint up the slope to place our cross and flower against its base with the hope that our thoughts would have pleased our ancestors, if not the dignitaries we had abandoned for a while. Sergeant Gwillim covered for us, promising to whistle should the ministerial party decide to leave before we returned and all was well. For those brief moments we were not even missed.

Our tight schedule forbade the luxury of a planned lunch at the Kum Hotel with its promise of European toilet facilities – so picnic lunches at a wayside café, with no such

luxuries, were provided complete with ambulance and our interpreters. We did have a brief stop at the newly established Turkish 57th Regiment Memorial, which, on the ridge, was a very beautiful site but Quinn's Post was a mere blur as our bus whizzed past, for now our timing was really upset. Alas we did not make it to Anzac Cove though a lengthy visit was made to Lone Pine Cemetery, where preparations were already under way for 25 April, and to Chunuk Bair with its well preserved Turkish trenches, from where we could see the Bay below and away in the distant haze of afternoon the Salt Lake and beyond, Suvla.

By now time was running out and dinner called! We left the Peninsula for the Kolin Hotel at Canakkale where everyone who had had even the smallest role in the events of the two days, had been invited to dine with the government representatives, foreign consuls and we Missioners for Peace! Even the Prime Minister was there. True, he also had held a meeting of his own with his close aides in the same hotel, but he too had to leave some dinner and dessert untouched as our presence was required at the screening of a brand new episode in a popular TV series depicting the Balkan struggles leading up to Gallipoli. Sadly there was no instant translation here so we five floundered a little. It was late. Buses were not where they were supposed to be and because Canakkale airport cannot deal with more than one plane at a time our special plane had parked for the day far away in Istanbul. We had discovered our party included Indian and French Embassy representatives, Ambassadors and MP's but as the Prime Minister's plane naturally had precedence over his guests, we hundred or so waited on the small runway like refugees hoping for rescue.

Which of course came soon. Back at our hotel by 1.30 a.m. Packing! Finding space for all the wondrous gifts our hosts had provided at every location, a brief sleep and we were on our bus for the airport at 08.30. After leaving us bewildered at 01.30 our companion and by now our friend, Sergeant Gwillim had returned home to his computer to copy his photos and prepare a complete disc for every one of us. And he still was able to appear pristine and, in true soldier spirit, on duty at our sides; in command of the situation, cheery and willing, as he had done from the beginning, to help in every way we needed! We could have wished for no more! How his family coped with him being on duty for so long we'll never know.

We all felt a sad goodbye. We had been treated so generously as honoured, welcome guests by everyone we met. We felt very humble that we British ladies had been regarded so highly and that our contribution to this special occasion was considered so relevant by Mrs Erdogan in her campaign for peace. We have so many people to thank and acknowledge for the privilege of this superb opportunity; Mrs Erdogan, her staff, the Turkish Government, the British Ambassador for lending us his Sergeant and vehicle complete with Sharif our driver. The Turkish Embassy staff in London who liaised with John Crowe, the Association membership secretary, who had the task of finding five ladies willing and able to attend at very short notice, placing his total trust in us to honourably represent the Gallipoli Association. We thank them all.

A selection of photographs taken by Sergeant Martin Gwillim during the visit can be found on pages 35 and 36.

Gillian Christopher's Speech : Ankara, 17 March 2008

“Mrs Erdogan, Professor Sozer, distinguished guests:

First of all, I would like to thank the Turkish authorities for inviting me to become a ‘Missioner of Peace’ at this special occasion. It is wonderful to meet so many other relatives whose families have also suffered great loss. We have much in common.

Personally, I am here today remembering three of my great uncles, John, Albert and Matthew; three brothers who joined the 6th Battalion, the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. Three humble working-class boys who answered Kitchener’s plea, “Your country needs you”. They must have felt great excitement to leave the drudgery of their everyday jobs working in the cotton spinning mills of Lancashire early in 1915. They landed at Anzac Cove on 5 August, and set up camp. It was said that when the Anzac troops saw those poor white-faced, under-nourished creatures they wondered what kind of soldiers they would make. They soon found out what courageous stuff they were made of. Sadly, on 9 August, Albert was killed whilst the 6th Battalion was relieving New Zealand forces at Chunuk Bair. The following day, the Loyal’s were overwhelmed by Turkish forces, and John and Matthew lost their lives. The boys’ bodies were never recovered; but their names ‘liveth for evermore’ on the Helles Memorial.

Imagine their mother’s grief at losing three sons within 24 hours. What a loss! What a tragedy! They deserve to be remembered with dignity and compassion. I wonder what they would have thought of their great-niece 93 years’ later, standing here, trying to make sense out of it all?

Surely, the fact that so many have travelled so far to share experiences and to come together looking forward to a future filled with peace and tolerance must leave us with a feeling of hope for a better tomorrow.”

Note: My great uncles, Privates Albert, Matthew, and John Fisher were killed at Gallipoli: Albert, aged 33, died on 9 August. Matthew, aged 31, died on 10 August. John also died that day, aged 28. These three brothers were all soldiers from the 6th Battalion, the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment and have no known graves but are remembered on the Helles Memorial.

Mary Wilkinson's Speech : Ankara, 17 March 2008

“Mrs Erdogan, Professor Sozer and honoured guests gathered here today. I would like to associate myself with all the previous expressions of thanks to you all for your kind invitation, your welcome and your most generous hospitality. My name is Meriam (Mary) and I come from Marlborough in England.

In 1915 my mother's brother, my uncle, Tom Wall died at Gallipoli. He was a Lancashire Fusilier aged nineteen. My father's uncle, my great uncle, also perished that same day, 25 April 1915. His name was Teddy Bell. He too was a Lancashire Fusilier. My paternal grandfather, Ernest Bell, was also at W Beach, he was a sergeant in the Lancashire Fusiliers but he survived. Ernest was a compassionate man and he made sure that the personal belongings of Teddy and Tom were returned to their families. Teddy's kit bag, Tom's kit bag, watch and school books were brought back to Bury, the home of the Lancashire Fusiliers. The two families were not known to each other at that time.

So the generous and thoughtful gesture of a soldier returning from the war formed a bond between two families. In the early 1930's my parents met and were married. So here am I, a direct result of the Cannakale War.

It has indeed been a privilege and honour to be here with you all and I especially thank you Mrs Erdogan for the opportunity to have been invited to attend this most memorable commemoration."

Shirley Saunders Speech : Ankara, 17 March 2008

"Madame Erdogan, Professor Sozer, and all our friends here today. We from Britain feel honoured and privileged to be with our Turkish friends and our allies of 93 years ago in remembrance of those from all nations who took part in the battles of 1915, on land and at sea. Our small group of descendants of the mothers and wives of those brave men would like to sincerely thank you for inviting us to share in your commemorations of Cannakale.

It is fitting that you, Madame Erdogan, have been so gracious to acknowledge the suffering, loneliness and anxiety of families left behind. A bravery of a different kind is required to survive these special horrors.

To sustain love and devotion through absence and the mutilation of war is an ordeal that throughout history has been borne by women. And thanks, remembrance and recognition of their courage is today rightly praised.

My own connection with Cannakale is through a great uncle, Hezekiah Walter Wake, killed at Suvla on 12 August 1915. He is remembered on the church memorial in his home village in Norfolk, England as well as on the Helles Memorial. His family, were they alive would be proud and very moved, as I am, in the knowledge that the whole Peninsula is dedicated to the memory of all who fought and especially those who died there. Many like Walter, alone and far from home, with no comfort, no one with tears to shed at their graveside. No peace of old age.

In 1969, 240 veterans decided to form the Gallipoli Association, an organisation that

would ensure that those men who fought and died in the campaign were not forgotten. The Association flourished and, despite the passing years and the death of our last veteran member in 2001, has continued to encourage and facilitate study of the campaign. We now have almost 1400 members, mostly in Britain, but including 18 in Turkey, 44 in Australia and New Zealand. The Association has organised many tours of the Peninsula in recent years.

On the 80th anniversary in 1995 a Gallipoli Memorial was unveiled by HRH Duke of Edinburgh in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral and since then a service has been held here every year on 25 April. Funds raised at that time by the Gallipoli Association have enabled bursaries to be awarded annually to young people – in the Armed Services, schools, universities and recently, Army Cadets from Norfolk, to visit the Peninsula. These funds have promoted an enlightenment and understanding in our young people of the dreadful sacrifice made by those of all nations who fought here at Gallipoli.

We thank you most sincerely, Madame Erdogan, for making this visit and remembrance so possible.”

Note: My personal connection with the Gallipoli Campaign is through a great uncle, Hezekiah Walter Wake, who worked on the Raynham Estate, neighbouring Sandringham. In 1910 he enlisted into 1/5th Battalion, Norfolk Regiment (TF) then re-enlisted as a private in 1914 in the Eastern Coastal Defences. In September 1914 he signed to serve overseas. Aged 28, now a corporal, he was killed when the 1/5th Norfolks, often referred to as ‘The Vanished Battalion’, were in action at Suvla, but has no known grave. His name is inscribed on the Helles Memorial to the missing.

Additional Biographical Notes

Margaret Gwillim: My father, James Joseph Parven Cameron, born 1896, joined as a bugle boy, served as a private with the 54th North Staffordshire Regiment at Gallipoli, going on to Egypt and Palestine. Surviving this war and, using his linguistic skills he went on to serve yet again, sometimes behind enemy lines, throughout the Second World War, dying of TB shortly afterwards.

Suzanne Manners: Lieutenant Alex Beck was my mother's father, eldest of seven sons. He and his brother Evelyn Beck followed their uncle Frank Beck, into the Sandringham Company. My grandfather and Frank Beck never returned from Gallipoli. They were said to have ‘disappeared into the mist’ on 12 August 1915.

May I take this opportunity to thank both John Crowe and Graeham Beck for thinking of me to represent our family. I had always wanted to see the Helles Memorial, this not being on most of the Turkish holiday schedules. I feel it was a privilege to join with both the English and the Turkish ladies in honouring our dead on both sides. The trip was great for me for now I have more friends to share memories with.

THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION WEBSITE

Andy Crooks

The Association website at www.gallipoli-association.org is now receiving active attention, and its layout and content have been developed dramatically since March 2008 when I took on the role of webmaster.

I am sincerely grateful to everyone who has contacted me in the last few months about the website. It will take some time to work through the extensive 'to do' list for the site, but significant progress has been made and a number of new developments are now in train.

My hope and aim is that it can become the reference point of choice on the Internet for everything associated with the Gallipoli campaign. To achieve this, your assistance is both invited and earnestly sought.

If you have not already done so, please visit the website and explore it. You can login on the left hand side of the home page, allowing you to view the 'members section', which is being rapidly developed and extended. Please revisit it regularly – the content is always changing.

Do consider contributing to the website. We are looking for images and copy for the 'Members featured image' page, photographs for the slide shows, news of activities and events, and anything else that might be of mutual interest to fellow members.

We are also adding *Google Earth* links to the site. The software is free to download from <http://earth.google.com> and allows you to access satellite imaging of the Gallipoli peninsula (as well as the rest of the world) to a resolution that can distinguish individual headstones in the CWGC cemeteries.

The forum area is currently quite under-used, but could be an excellent resource. If you have comments, insights, information or questions about any aspect of the Gallipoli campaign, about visits to the battlefields, about the association or anything else related to our common interest, then please raise them in the forum and generate a discussion!

We should also like to develop an occasional E-newsletter. An online system would allow members to opt in or out of this, or to modify their account. To take this project forward, we need to significantly increase the number of members' email addresses, which we keep on the membership database. A new facility for submitting your address has been added to the members' section of the website, and we should very much appreciate your making use of this. You can be assured that we shall only ever use email addresses for the association e.newsletter, and also that we will never supply your details to anyone else.

‘MAPPING THE FRONT’ – GALLIPOLI MAPS ON DVD

For the past 2½ years the Western Front Association (WFA) have been involved in a mapping project with the Imperial War Museum and are now at the stage where they have scanned 4,500 trench maps and over 1,000 aerial photographs. Although the main focus of the project is the Western Front, maps of Gallipoli have also been scanned and the project will eventually encompass the Middle East theatres.

As an adjunct to this digital preservation process, the WFA are offering part of this digital collection to members and to the general public in a DVD format. The DVDs retail at £20.00 plus postage and packing for WFA members and £25 plus P&P for non-members.

The WFA have recently produced a DVD covering maps and sketches of Gallipoli and have generously offered Gallipoli Association members the DVD at a discounted price of **£15 per DVD plus postage of £2.40p**. Cheques should be made payable to ‘The Western Front Association’ and sent to The Western Front Association, PO Box 1918, Stockport SK4 4WN.

Space does not allow a listing here of all the maps but the DVD holds a large number of British trench maps at 1:40,000 and 1:20,000 scales, and British maps at other scales. Some of the maps are overprinted with information on Turkish positions, or with manuscript annotations. In addition, the disk contains a number of ‘pen and ink’ panoramas and ten watercolours by Sapper Moore-Jones. There are also a number of hand-drawn maps and a significant number of Turkish maps at varying scales.

The WFA project team have kindly provided the Editor with some technical information. They advise that the DVD contains .JPG images and some html web-files. Users will need some computer knowledge of how to open .JPG files. **Prospective purchasers should also note that as some of the files are very large, some older PCs. might not have sufficient performance to view the files in an acceptable time.** This is not a compatibility issue, (i.e. nothing to do with Windows versions etc.) it is simply the size of the files. The DVDs will open on Macs, PCs, eeePCs, Linux, main frames etc. A more modern machine will open them faster.

THE ORDEAL OF PRIVATE S A PORTER – A FOLLOW-UP

An article in the Spring 2008 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 116) contained an extract from the book *Guests of the Unspeakable* by T W White about the experiences of Pte. S A Porter, 8th Bn. The Hampshire Regiment following his wounding and capture at Suvla on 8 August 1915.

The article prompted a ‘Letter to the Editor’ from Lieut-Commander Arthur J D Coxon RN (Retd.) whose father, Capt. A C M Coxon, was also a prisoner of war in Turkey at this time. I have reproduced the substance of the letter below, which I am sure will be of interest to readers:

‘At the outbreak of war in August 1914 my father, known as ‘Cedric’, was a nearly qualified Doctor but elected to mobilise with the 5th (Territorial) Battalion, The Norfolk Regiment, having been with them for some seven years. An account of my father’s war service, wounding and capture at Suvla on 12 August, and imprisonment appeared in Spring 2000 issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 92). There is also a photograph of him in that issue.

Following his capture my father found himself acting as a Doctor (unqualified) in the prisoner of war camps as there was no one else to do it. One of his patients was Pte. Sidney Porter. I do not know how long Sidney was in a Turkish Hospital or what treatment they gave him, but his wounds must have taken a long time to heal, and it is a wonder that he did not die from gangrene, blood poisoning or any of the other diseases prevalent at that time. I know that Cedric tended Sidney over a considerable period at the Afion Kara Hissar Camp, where Sidney was an orderly.

Cedric’s medical skills are described in the book *Prisoner in Turkey* by John Still, who was also a POW, although in the book Cedric is called ‘Bill’ for reasons I never knew. Both my Godfather’s were also POWs!

Cedric took pride in the fact that he never lost a patient, although the survival of Sidney Porter must have been a very close thing. Cedric kept in touch with a number of his fellow prisoners – T W White became Sir Thomas White, High Commissioner for Australia in the late 1950s, and with Sir Leonard Stone KC. The latter also wrote a book but it was never published and the manuscript was lost.

Cedric kept in touch with Sidney for fifty years – by letters, meetings and Christmas cards. Even when my father died in 1968, my Mother continued to receive a card from Sidney until his death in October 1973. I am certain that Cedric saved Sidney’s life by his healing skills, and they must both have gone through a lot together, pain, suffering, anxiety, disappointment and the final triumph when Sidney was able to

turn out for a football team. Cedric was also a keen footballer and held a Blue from the Combined Hospitals for which he played at Guy's Hospital.

Cedric and Sidney represent just two pieces in the Gallipoli jigsaw, but they join together to help tell the tale.'

Lieut-Commander Coxon also enclosed a copy of a letter that Sidney Porter sent to his father in 1961 together with extracts from several local newspapers from which it is possible to shed a little more light on his life.



Sidney Arthur Porter (Photographed in 1972)

Sidney Arthur Porter was born in Newport, Isle of Wight and attended the local Board School leaving to become an apprentice hairdresser (not a wig-maker as stated in the previous article). In 1914, he joined the Isle of Wight Rifles where he served in 'D' Coy and became a signaller.

After his release from captivity in 1918 he had the misfortune to contract malaria on the way home. After recovery, he resumed work as hairdresser. Five years later he married and set up in business with his brother Harold in Pyle Street, Newport, where they worked together for nearly 50 years. They sold the shop in the early 1970s because of Sidney's failing eyesight and hearing. He died in October 1973.

NEW GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL IN BRISBANE

I am grateful to a friend, Keith Langridge, who drew my attention to an item on the Australian Broadcasting Corporation's website about plans for a new Gallipoli Memorial. A report, on 17 April, noted that the Returned and Services League (RSL) had approved the Queensland Government's proposed design for a new Gallipoli memorial in Brisbane. The Government will spend \$320,000 dollars building a new memorial next to the World War II and Vietnam memorials in the Roma Street parklands.

The RSL's state president, Doug Formby, said "... it will be an improvement on the existing dilapidated Gallipoli fountain. It will not be a fountain, or a water-containing memorial – in the days of level six water restrictions, you might think that's pretty appropriate. It'll be more modern, if I can use that word. It's a very attractive low-set tier of three walls".

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, an individual, but have so far failed to find the answer. Surely there is someone amongst the nearly 1,300 members who would be pleased to help? So please do not hesitate to send in your questions, long or short, share your enquiry with the membership, and hopefully someone will provide the answer, or if not the answer another avenue or two to be explored.

Here is one received from Mike Irwin in Australia:

‘I have a copy of the down-to-earth memoir – *Lost Endeavour* by Charles (Cobber) Watkins of the Lancashire Fusiliers but I am missing pages 135/136, and would appreciate it if anyone could supply a copy of these pages.

I wonder too if anyone has information on his family. The last known address was the Isle of Wight, where he retired. ‘Cobber’ was in the same battalion as Lt Eric Duckworth of whom I wrote the book *Oaktree of Gallipoli*.’

Mike Irwin, PO Box 8050, Northland Centre, Victoria 3072, Australia. E-mail: mirwin@eftel.net.au



The 29th Division Memorial. See page 7.



Olivia Watson-Smith laying the wreath on behalf of The Gallipoli Association at the 29th Division Memorial. She is accompanied by Harry Miller and Alexander Morgan (recipients of the Association Bursary) who are laying a wreath on behalf of Rugby School



James Watson-Smith indicates the commemoration of his Great Uncle, Colonel E P Smith 17th Brigade, RFA on the 29th Division Memorial. See page 7.



David and Shirley Saunders at St Paul's Cathedral on 25 April prior to the wreath laying ceremony at the Gallipoli Memorial. See page 8.



Wreaths laid at the Gallipoli Memorial, St Paul's Cathedral on 25 April 2008. See page 8.



Members of the Gallipoli Association forming-up prior to the march to The Cenotaph. See page 8.



The Gallipoli Association Lunch at 'The Albert'— 'Chairman's Notices'. See page 8.



Roger Pepper at The Gallipoli Memorial, National Memorial Arboretum, Alrewas following the wreath-laying ceremony. See page 9.



The Collingwood Memorial Parade, 6 June 2008. See page 15.



The Collingwood Memorial. See page 15.



Roy Adam MBE gives The Exhortation during The Act of Remembrance at the Collingwood Memorial. See page 15.



Lt Colonel Mustafa Gonel, with (right to left) his wife, Berrin, son, Goktug and daughter, Zeynep. See page 16.



Margaret Gwillim, Suzanne Manners, Mary Wilkinson, Shirley Saunders and Gillian Christopher [shown left to right] outside the AK Ruling Party Headquarters with their awards after 'The Missioners for Peace Ceremony' on 17 March 2008. See pages 17–23.



The Australian Ambassador's Reception, 17 March. Jo Hardy, Australian 'Missioner for Peace' (granddaughter of Alec Campbell – the last Australian veteran), present Gudun (son of the last Turkish veteran) with a gift of thanks. See pages 17–23.



Mrs Ermine Erdogan sharing a moment of reflection with Mary Wilkinson at the 'Turkish Memorial Peace Ceremony' on 18 March. See pages 17–23.



The five British 'Missioners for Peace' at the Lone Pine Cemetery on 18 March. See pages 17–23.

LIEUTENANT HORACE VAUGHAN & CAPTAIN WALTER PAINE 10TH KING'S OWN (ROYAL) LANCASTER REGIMENT

Anthony Vaughan

My grandfather, Horace William Henry Vaughan, and my grandmother's favourite brother, Walter Lionel Paine (always known as Lionel), were both killed in action at Gallipoli on 4 June 1915, in the 3rd Battle of Krithia, aged 39 and 34 respectively.

My father, Winston (ironically, named after Winston Churchill, my grandfather's hero from the days of his exploits in the Boer War as a young reporter with *The Morning Post*) died when I was just twelve years old and I was brought up by my grandmother, Milly. I remember she kept always on her dressing table a framed photograph of my grandfather, looking very handsome in his officer's uniform as a newly commissioned Lieutenant, proudly surveying the trenches his men had just dug. It was taken during training at Kingsbridge in South Devon in the spring of 1915.

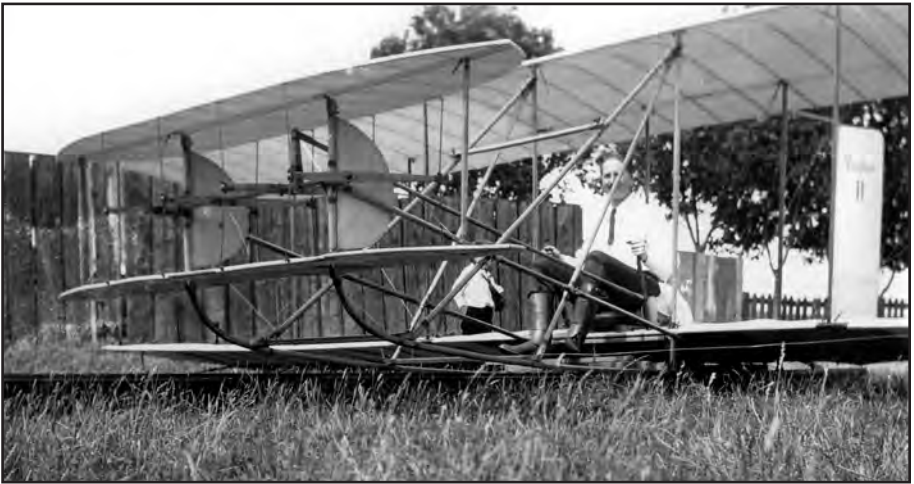
My grandmother rarely, if ever, spoke of the war. I believe this was not uncommon amongst her generation, which had been through so much. I wish now that I had asked her more. It had such a profound effect on all our lives. All I really knew was that my grandfather and great uncle Lionel, having volunteered early in the war, both died in action at Gallipoli, leaving my grandmother on her own in difficult circumstances with little more than a war widow's pension to educate my father, then a schoolboy at Oundle, and his younger brother, Justin. She remained a widow for almost fifty years, and it was only after her death in 1964 at the age of 87 that we found, in a metal deed box under her bed, the bundle of letters, which form the basis of this article. They are thirteen letters that cover a period of less than a month. The first was written from Kingsbridge on the 8 May 1915, and the final one is dated the 1 June 1915, three days before my grandfather was killed. The last letters from the front line at Helles are written in pencil and are heavily stained and faded, but still legible and retaining their original envelopes. They tell a very simple but moving story.

My grandfather was born on 12 January 1876, the eldest of the four children of a successful furniture manufacturer, William Henry Vaughan of The Nook, Gipsy Hill, Upper Norwood. He was educated at Dulwich College and then joined the family firm, W.H Vaughan & Co., 330-334 Old Street, London, EC. Long established in the East End, they designed and made fine quality 'art' furniture for the top West End stores, such as Heal's and Maple's. They also specialised in ingenious patent folding furniture of their own invention, including entire folding dining room and bedroom suites, which they exported to the Colonies.

On 7 June 1899, at St. Stephen's, Dulwich, Horace married Millicent Clara Paine, youngest daughter of George William Paine of 'Cotswold', Farquhar Road, Upper Norwood. Mr Paine had retired early, having made his fortune as a tea merchant in the City. Milly was one of eleven children, with seven brothers and three sisters. Horace and his brother Clinton had been at school with her brothers and the two families, being near neighbours, had grown up together. 'Cotswold' had a large garden which overlooked the grounds of Crystal Palace.

Horace and Milly set up house together at Dinant, Burnell Road, Sutton, their home until 1912, when they moved to Link Lane, Wallington. It was in Sutton that their two sons were born, Winston in 1901 and Justin in 1906.

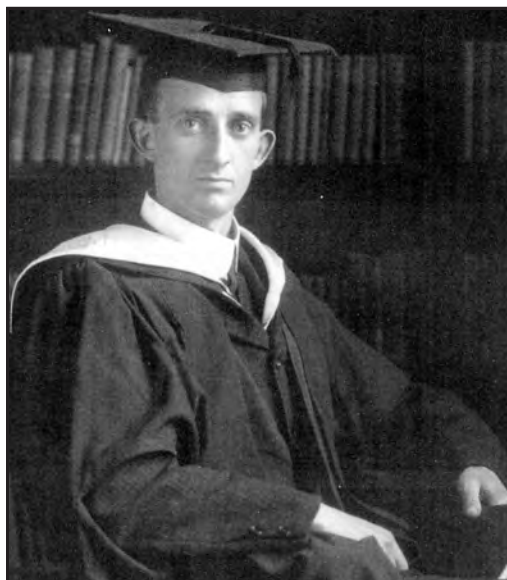
My grandfather was an early gliding enthusiast and his regular pioneering weekly articles, *Gliding Notes*, which appeared in *The Aero* between 1910 and 1913 were devoted to experiments, gliding news, tips and advice. He covered such events as the Aviette Trials in Paris, encouraged competitions and tried to start a Southern Gliding Club. His articles were enlivened by his adventures in gliding and his own illustrations and photographs. He saw gliding as 'the weekend sport for the motoring man of moderate means'.



Horace Vaughan at the controls of the 'Vaughan II' Glider (Summer 1911)

Horace's experiments culminated in his construction of Vaughan II, a full-scale glider with a 33-foot wingspan modelled on the Wright bi-plane. In the summer of 1911 Vaughan II was kept in a stable near the racecourse on Epsom Downs. Every Sunday the family would motor up to the Downs where the glider would be assembled and launched from a 90-foot rail into the wind with Horace at the controls, the others pulling the towing ropes to get it airborne. Often on these occasions they would be accompanied by my grandmother's brother, Lionel, a Classics Master at Whitgift School, Croydon.

Walter Lionel Paine was born in Upper Norwood on 2 March 1881, the sixth of my grandmother's seven brothers. He was educated at Oundle School where he excelled academically and on the sports field. He was captain of school in 1899 and the following year was awarded a Senior Classics Scholarship to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. He returned to the school in 1903 to teach Modern Languages and Classics, later becoming a housemaster. He left Oundle to join the staff of Whitgift in 1909. He was the co-author of several Latin text books and was Secretary of the *Association for the Reform of Latin Teaching*, whose summer conferences he organised. In the tributes following his death he was described as 'a keen and ardent exponent of the newer methods of classical teaching' and as 'a born teacher of rare sympathy, with unique gifts of inspiration and leadership'.



Walter Lionel Paine MA, Senior Classical Scholar, Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge

Following the outbreak of war in August 1914, my grandfather became actively involved with the work of the Belgian Relief Committee. His younger son, Justin Vaughan, in an extract from a brief Memoir written in 1964, remembered:

It was towards the end of 1914, my father, then approaching the age of 39, was spending his evenings after work helping to cope with the influx of Belgian refugees who were flooding into the country. Their tales of hardship and of German brutality were so horrific that, after consultation with my mother, he decided to leave his job and join up before he was too old (38 was the maximum age for enlisting at that time) and he was duly commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant. [He was commissioned a temporary Lieutenant in the 10th King's Own (Royal Lancaster) Regiment, on 10 February 1915].

About the same time, my mother's favourite brother also decided to join up. He was a master at Whitgift School at that time in the centre of Croydon. As he was a Captain in command of the school O.T.C, the War Office refused him a commission. He resigned and joined up as a Private, but was soon yanked out and given a commission as Captain-Adjutant [He enlisted in the Grenadier Guards, September 1914, and was commissioned a Lieutenant in the 10th King's Own, December 1914; Captain and Adjutant, January 1915].



Lt. Horace Vaughan, 10th Bn. King's Own (Royal Lancaster) Regiment

Both my father and my uncle Lionel were drafted to Kingsbridge, South Devon, to complete their training. So Easter 1915 saw my mother and my brother Winston and me, together with our Aunt Bea [Beatrice Paine, Milly and Lionel's sister, who was an artist], holidaying in Kingsbridge.

Although I was only nine and my brother thirteen, we were both boy scouts. It was before Wolf Cubs were started and we were both very proud of our uniforms. We went about saluting all the officers and didn't think much of those who wouldn't return our salute.

How fine my father and uncle looked riding on their chestnut horses towards us across the sands of Devon in their smart uniforms – so different in build and looks. Both tall, my father heavily built with round face and slightly ginger hair and with a military moustache (he had trimmed off the waxed pointed ends of which he had been so proud); my uncle tall and thin, dark haired, clean shaven and with deep-set dark brown eyes.

Kingsbridge. Prunes and clotted cream; banks of primroses; violets – violet, white and yellow; golden sands; sea shells.

Kingsbridge. It was, as I remember, the last time I saw my father and my uncle Lionel, they were both killed at Gallipoli on 4 June, 1915.



'A Quiet Day in the Trenches' – Lt. Horace Vaughan at Kingsbridge, South Devon

Horace wrote to his mother from Kingsbridge on Saturday the 8 May 1915:

I have just received orders to embark at 2 o'clock on Monday to go and fight in the near East; my orders are marked heavily SECRET but I will let you know soon where I am going, I will send you a line from on board. I am very glad to go to the eastern fighting – there is a real campaign there although the fighting is severe and it is infinitely better than the beastly fighting in France. I shall at any rate get some sort of sporting chance of coming through – in France you simply go on and on until you are put out of action.

There are only three of us going out now – a Capt. Masterson, Lionel and myself. It is extraordinarily lucky that Lionel and I go together and quite by chance. The War Office telegraphs you by name and the C.O. (the Colonel) cannot influence it one way or another.

The C.O. is frightfully sorry to lose Lionel as he was the Adjutant and he was very fond of him. I was very well in his good books and he looked upon me as his senior Lieutenant. I have only just missed my promotion to Captaincy by the skin of my teeth. If I had not been quite so keen I should have stayed behind and might have got it, as it is

of course the highest compliment the C.O. can pay you when your name heads the list of efficient officers.

Horace enclosed a note for his younger sister Kathleen, who was convalescing at the time:

Don't you think the enclosed is a good snapshot of me – "a quiet day in the trenches" or something like that. I have just got sudden orders to go off and fight in the near East – I have to be on board at Plymouth at 2 o'clock on Monday. I have had an awful rush getting my kit completed – my sun helmet has just arrived, I look a tremendous nut in it.

I hope as soon as you are convalescent you will be able to get into the country – the flowers and things are simply topping, you would have liked it down here although I have to look at everything from a military standpoint. I am passed as a trained officer, although I don't feel much like it – time has seemed so short.

He proudly signed himself 'Your affectionate brother, Horace W. H. Vaughan, Lieutenant 10th King's Own'. Horace and Lionel duly found themselves on board the R.M.S. *Orsova*, a luxury passenger liner of 12,036 tons. She had been newly fitted out by the Orient Line for their Australia route when she was requisitioned, complete with crew, by the Government as a transport. She was carrying some 200 officers, many of whom were doctors who had left general practice to join the R.A.M.C., 80 nurses and 1,300 men. Horace wrote to Milly from on board:

R.M.S. Orsova, Orient Line [Monday] May 10th

My dearest wifie,

I am sitting in the sun next to Lionel on deck in a deckchair – it is all very luxurious. The whole liner is used as a transport, in the 1st class are officers and nurses – some for Malta but most for the Dardanelles. Lionel and I have a very nice seat at table for dinner – our feeding lunch and tea is excellent and delicately served. No one knows what time we start – opposite to me are two more transports full of soldiers, they will all no doubt start off in the night. The bugle opposite is blowing "cookhouse" so someone's tea is a little late. The scene in the dining saloon at lunch was most brilliant – all officers and nurses – the staff of the liner wait upon us as if we were passengers and there are flowers on the tables.

The funny part of it so far is that we don't know what is to be done with us three – our position is unique on board but I expect we shall find orders pretty quickly. Masterson we spied over the gallery having lunch with five nurses – I think he makes a pretty good time for himself. We are wondering very much where we shall fetch up. Up to the present fate is using us delightfully. Lionel sends his love – we are not quite sure we shall be able to get this letter posted.

*Goodbye darling and best love to you.
Your loving husband, Horace*

[Obviously they were able to catch the post as the envelope is postmarked 'Devonport, 11th May'.] Horace wrote to Milly regularly during the voyage whenever there was the opportunity of posting a letter:



Postcard sent by Horace Vaughan to his mother from SS Orsova on 10 May 1915

Friday [14 May]

I am writing to you today as I think we reach Gibraltar some time this evening and there may be a chance of posting a letter. We are in the Bay of Biscay now – it is fairly smooth today but was rather rough yesterday and a number of people were put out of action. I have been quite fit. Lionel had to leave the dinner table suddenly last night and went off to bed but he is alright again this morning.

We slipped out of Devonport between 11 & 12 o'clock on Wednesday night. Our escort of five Torpedo Boat Destroyers went out before us and left us at 7 o'clock yesterday morning. We went out of our usual course by 100 miles so as to give the slip to anything waiting for us. I was vaccinated on board yesterday afternoon but my arm does not feel sore. We have run into a sea mist and our hooter is blown at intervals – it makes a deep booming sound.

The nurses seem to have a pretty good time on board – there are eighty and only about twenty are really fit. The others are interesting invalids (from seasickness) and lie about in deckchairs and are tucked up in shawls and have dainty snacks and fruit brought to them by attentive officers.

There are about 200 officers on board, most of them very nice fellows. There are a large number of R.A.M.C. men who are mostly doctors who have left their practices to come. Nothing eventful happens on board, we just read and eat and sleep and talk and play auction [bridge] for mild stakes.

I hope you will have guessed to write to me at one of the ports we call at – as far as I know we stop at Gibraltar, Malta and Alexandria. It is practically certain that I am going to fight in the Dardanelles – starting out from Alexandria.

Tuesday, 18th May 1915

We arrived at Gibraltar on Sunday morning about 7 o'clock and we left about 3 o'clock in the afternoon but we were not allowed to go ashore. Gibraltar is very pretty, lit up by the sun with flowers and palm trees. For a few hours we were anchored just close in outside and we could see everything especially with our glasses – we were quite close in to shore. We then went into the harbour and left our 4.7" gun.

This letter will be posted at Malta which we expect to reach early tomorrow (Wednesday) morning. A lot of people, R.A.M.C. and nurses, leave us there. We may stay a day and a half but I do not think we shall be allowed on shore. We had a lecture last night from the General who is our C.O. on board – later in the evening there was a concert which was not bad. I expect we shall be at Alexandria around the end of the week — how soon we go on to the Dardanelles is a complete mystery. I can't give you any address to write to but send letters any way you can think of such as Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, Alexandria, Egypt. Put on top "Recently arrived by R.M.T. Orsova" and it is sure to find me.

We are now in the Mediterranean, it is calm and blue but quite an ocean. Yesterday we were fairly close to the coast of Africa for a long time but there was nothing to see.

Horace took the opportunity of their expected arrival in Malta to write a reassuring letter to his mother:

Tuesday, 18th May 1915

I am very fit and well as I ought to be living in this luxurious way. [. . .], It is rather a pretty scene on board with the officers' uniforms and nurses in pale grey and red – there are no civilians at all on board – all the ship's staff are now for the time being in the King's service.

It was anxious work for the Captain until we reached Gibraltar with German submarines waiting and looking out for us. Even now at night we keep the portholes and cabin window shutters quite closed when lights are lighted.

Horace's next letter to Milly is dated Thursday, 20 May:

I hope you have been getting my letters. I found that it was not possible for us to have received any letters at Malta – we could only get them if they were posted before we started. We were most disappointed after all that we were not allowed to land at Malta, but the boat went right into the port, which is the town of Valetta, and we saw most of it. A most interesting place with an Eastern look casement windows covered in and overhanging the roads in a sort of Turkish fashion.

The Admiralty and Government buildings are all out of the same stone – the island seems to be made of a kind of white sandstone. They are in Grecian style and the whole place is fascinating with the Navy boats moving about — gunboats, torpedo boats, etc, the white uniforms onshore, the naval men in white and so on.

We landed a lot of R.A.M.C. people and nurses. We expect to arrive in Alexandria tomorrow at 5pm. We may not actually land then, we might have to wait until Saturday morning. The journey has been more like a first class pleasure trip than a voyage on a transport. It has been a good little holiday before we start work.

As they approached Alexandria he wrote to his sister Kathleen:

Friday, 21st May 1915

We arrive this evening at Alexandria – I am anxious to know what they will do with me, there are three of us not attached to any draft and as far as I know there are no battalions of our regiment out there. I expect we shall be sent to the Dardanelles to replace casualties. We called first at Gibraltar and then at Malta (Valetta is the port) but although we were there most of the day we were not allowed to land. Boys came out in boats and dived for money, they are very quick at it and catch a coin as it goes down. They come up with it in their mouths or between their toes.

The boat is a beautifully equipped liner chartered complete by the government as a transport. I have a state cabin with Lionel, two little silvered bedsteads in a complete little bedroom fitted in every possible way. We travel and feed just like ordinary 1st class passengers. We started with about 200 officers, 80 nurses & roughly 1300 men. We left a large number of R.A.M.C people and half the nurses at Malta. The nurses (military nursing sisters) travel first class also and I think they have had a pretty good time – one of them is engaged to a Captain, it seems to be general news although not announced –fairly quick work.

Two days later Horace wrote to Milly from Alexandria:

Sunday, 23rd May 1915

I am leaving this letter with the Steward to post as soon as possible – we are now in the harbour of Alexandria. We have not been allowed to land – nurses and doctors are leaving this morning and we are going on to fight in the Dardanelles I expect we shall be there the day after tomorrow.

We took in coal yesterday – it was an extraordinary sight to see swarms of natives putting it through the coal hatches with baskets – they empty the barges in no time. I don't know when I shall be able to send you a letter next. I am still without a lot of my kit but I just must make do with what I have – I should have liked the drill suit as the stuff my coats are made of is rather hot.

I am leaving with the Steward of my cabin my British Warm overcoat and Sam Brown belt to send off for me as soon as he gets back to England. We are only allowed to take 35lbs in addition to what we carry – the rest we have to leave at the base here. The General casually mentioned that we shall probably never see it again. I have faked up a belt out of the khaki equipment they supply which is just an ordinary soldier's and has nothing to carry all one has to – revolver, glasses, etc. I will try to write again soon but after we land there is no knowing if it will be possible – it is not as easy as from France.

Monday, 24th May 1915

I thought I would write you a little line today as I do not know when I shall be able to get another letter through – this one I will post onboard the ship. As far as I know we arrive at the base for the front tomorrow middle day. After that it may be impossible to send off a letter. All our nurses, doctors as well as cyclists we left at Alexandria yesterday.

We are passing numerous little islands which are apparently rocky and uninhabited, it is not very hot, more like an ordinary English climate. Yesterday I took my turn as Officer of the Guard – two periods, 4–8 in the afternoon & 4–8 early this morning. There are thirteen sentries to visit in various parts of the ship every hour and other duties of various kinds. I have been getting my equipment all ready – it is fearfully heavy, I don't know how I shall get on marching with it. I am afraid you will not get this letter for quite three weeks and it will be still longer before you can get any other news.

They arrived at Gallipoli on 25 May. Lionel, Horace and Captain Masterson were replacements for officers lost in the original landings on 25 April. Lionel was attached to the 1st Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers and Horace to the 2nd Battalion Royal Fusiliers, both part of the 86th Brigade, 29th Division. They did not see each other again.

Horace was sent up to the front at Helles immediately, where preparations were well

advanced for a major offensive, which would become known as the Third Battle of Krithia. The allies were anxious to gain control of the hill called Achi-Baba which would afford them a commanding position over the peninsula. This lay a mile or so behind the Turkish lines at Helles, beyond the village of Krithia. Two earlier offensives on the 28 April and 6 May had failed with considerable casualties on each occasion. By the end of May the two armies were facing each other in two parallel lines of trenches 80 – 500 yards apart stretching across the peninsula continuously from the Dardanelles to the Aegean.

Thursday, 27th May 1915 4:45am

Here I am in a trench just behind the firing line. As I wrote to you in a hurried postcard I'm attached to the 2nd Royal Fusiliers and on arriving at the base yesterday morning was sent up to the front at once. It is fairly hot in day time and I feel the weight of my equipment and pack rather. One of my kit bags is at Alexandria and one at the landing place but I can get nothing up to the trenches but what I can carry. All day long bullets go whistling and buzzing overhead – I can't help thinking of them as a sort of deadly insect. Shells go over and around with a sort of buzzing scream and our batteries answering back make a pretty good row. All night long the firing from the trenches just in front goes on – sometimes fiercely and sometimes dying down. It is going on now not very actively – I have not slept very well with the novelty, and noise.

I am lying in a sort of dug-out with the Captain of my Company, (X Coy) and another Lieutenant. There is a lot of mud in this trench – in one part it is nearly knee deep in liquid stuff. The night before I arrived they had a torrential rain which flooded them out and left everything beastly – all are in a great state of mud. We have four days rest here and go on with digging – on Saturday it is our turn to go into the firing line and we stay there a week with only hurried snatches of sleep. Things are pretty beastly out here and not at all the kind of thing we expected – rather worse than France.

All attacks are made from the firing line at night. The two firing trenches of ourselves and the Turks are from 80 to 400 yards apart along our line. An attack was made by us a few nights ago and we lost a good many people but the Turks lost more. During the day our aeroplanes go up and over the enemy's lines and are immediately potted at with shrapnel – the shells burst all round the machines but they have not brought one down yet.

It is very cold at night. I must try and get a wash and a shave now, I did not get one yesterday at all and feel pretty beastly. The firing last night from the fire line was so excited that I think there was a bit of a show – I shall hear more presently. We are about 500 yards back from the fire trenches – there are some snipers get at odd corners of our trench – bullets whistle in from nowhere at some places.

I send a cheque for £2/10/- will you post me out as quickly as you can get them a soft

service cap 6? and a mackintosh (not oilskin it is too slimy). Parcels will reach here fairly quickly – people seem glad of chocolate (plain) and cake – parcels should be done up very tightly sewn in canvas if possible. Send me also some tinder cord for a patent lighter. We censor our own letters as you will notice on the envelope but I must not tell you exactly where we are or about any movements.

*Are you getting on all right darling?
Best love to you and the boys darling,
Your loving husband, Horace.*

He sent a further letter the next day:

Friday, 28th May 1915

Here I am still in the same reserve trench just back of the firing line. I was up ready equipped last night and did not get any sleep — a message came through for our Company to prepare to go out to reinforce an advance at 9 o 'clock but no further instructions came through. I thought I was in for my first fight — they are pretty desperate.

I am commander of No. 7 Platoon of 54 men — they are mostly splendid fighting fellows absolutely fearless — all those of the original regiment and mixed in with them some good and experienced territorials. Many of my men are from those who made the original landing — a marvellous piece of work carried out with astonishing nerve. Bullets still whiz and ping and whistle all over the place. Shells are going over at intervals — the real evening hate begins about 5 o 'clock when things get lively.

Part of our firing line made an advance last night of 150 yards without requiring our help. Just in front of us were the battalions of two regiments and one of the French. The middle one made the advance and I think the French on our flank the other battalion covered them; there was a deuce of a row in the night and the air was fairly humming. I mustn't mention any names of forces or places. We are making for a hill and village which are of importance in the advance — I hope if we get there I don't have to charge up the hill.

We three officers of X Company have a very cosy little dugout where I am now writing. Our servants are very cunning at making us comfortable. There are three comfortable little beds made of groundsheets with blankets over them and an awning of waterproof sheets over them. On the right is (buzzbuzz ...bullets) our dining room and neat piles of ammunition boxes for a table.

I find sleeping on the ground rather hard but am getting used to it. It is very hot in the daytime and cold at night. A machine gun is getting very busy on the right flank. I don't know how Lionel is getting on. I have not seen him since I landed but I expect he is doing

much as I am. We go into the firing line and have a hot time for a week tomorrow. Then we get back after sundry attacks and have four days rest here – making and improving this reserve trench, it gets better and more habitable every day but I hope we don't have any more rain.

I am now having all my platoon letters brought in to be censored – I sign them just as this is signed on the envelope. Our menu for lunch which is beginning to be dinner:

*Boeuf Bully a la Dardanelles
Painfraish au naturel
Pommes non-existents a la maitre d'hotel
The a l'Angleterre
Fromage – beurre non-descripte
Sauce de Faim piquant*

It is not at all bad.

Horace's last letter is dated Tuesday, 1st June:

My dearest wifie,

I don't know when this will reach you to wish you many happy returns of your birthday darling.

I am writing this in what is called the support trench just behind the firing line – we are for the moment the support company for those in the line. Actions go on every night along the line when small advances are made or attacks repulsed the fighting is very desperate. We have a certain number of daily casualties in the battalion – snipers catch us in every direction and bullets fly all over the place. Yesterday I was digging a communication trench a little further back. We had to dig it in the open and snipers were very busy with us – luckily there were no casualties in my platoon.

Our rations are not very varied here – it is not at all like France. I would be glad to have some things like Horlicks milk tablets and cigarettes. We drink tea without milk. We got into this trench last night in the dark and I slept (very little) in a most uncomfortable little chair [?] – unless we go out tonight I will have a more comfortable recess dug for me. I have had to leave nearly all my kit behind at various places – I can take only what I can carry on my back.

I don't know at all what has become of Lionel or whether his regiment has yet been in action. I am now going to censor the letters for the platoon – I expect there are about a hundred to glance through, gum up and sign in the corner the same as this. We have to drink all sorts of water here and I am afraid some of it is very dangerous and it is not possible to boil it always. I am expecting to be sent off with my platoon to dig some more

trenches presently. Bullets make a funny sound when they come near you, a sort of loud "thwack" – the pinging and buzzing are mostly spent or ricocheted bullets.

Every day I expect to go out into action – I hope I get on with the work with some confidence. I expect you will have read in the Daily Mail all about us here. I should like to write you all about it but I must not.

*With best love darling to you and the boys,
Your loving husband,
Horace.*

Horace was killed in action on 4 June, 1915, in what was officially named the Third Battle of Krithia. On 2 June orders had been issued by GHQ for a general attack to be launched against the Turkish positions on the morning of the 4 June. The limited objective was to capture the enemy's forward system of trenches. This was to be achieved by two waves of infantry assaults following an intensive preliminary bombardment, the first to commence at 12 noon and the second after an interval of 15 minutes. Horace's platoon was in the second wave.

A letter from his Sergeant, William Wright, written on 12 June from hospital in Egypt, movingly describes what happened:

Madam. It is in connection with the death of Lieut. H. Vaughan, The King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment, that I am writing to you. I am sorry to inform you that he was mortally wounded in action at the Dardanelles on Friday the 4th June. I was present at the time and nursed him until he died. We were in a general advance to attempt the taking of a hill known as Achi-Baba. We commenced at 12:15 noon and before we had advanced more than 50 yards Lieut. Vaughan received a terrible wound between the legs, just above the knees, caused by an explosive bullet. He suffered considerably from loss of blood. Although wounded myself at the same time below the left eye, I managed to get him back into our trench under a murderous fire from rifle and machine guns, also shrapnel. I made him as comfortable as circumstances permitted. He did not seem to feel any pain and remained conscious to the end, which came peacefully at 5:30pm. He informed me before he died that he had a wife. Although Lieut. Vaughan had been with us only a few days, he had made himself very popular with the men under his command, who were ready to follow him anywhere. We shall miss him very much.

The last letter headed Turf Club, Cairo and dated the 27th June is addressed to Horace's father by his Company Commander, Capt. N.W. Gardener:

I was commanding X Company of the R.F. and was wounded in our advance of the 4th, and learnt yesterday for the first time that your son, who was with me, died of his wounds: it came as a great shock to me to read this in The Times of the 14th, and I hasten to write and offer you my deepest sympathy, and also to tell you as much as I

know. The advance started at noon and our firing line lost very heavily, and we were forced to come back and reform – I led out our support line at 12:15pm, and your son commanding the right platoon was hit leading his men against the Turkish trench. His was a very gallant rush and successful: I then got hit myself four times, only grazes, and a fifth shot broke my arm, and on my way back I went to see how your son was getting on and found him in our front trench having his wound dressed. He was awfully plucky and while I was with him his only thought was to know how the fight was going. I left him in the charge of one of our stretcher parties and I know he must have died, as he had fought, a very gallant officer.

The R.F. went out of action without an officer left, all having been killed or wounded, and the battalion is now, I believe, commanded by Captain Taylor, R. Dublin Fusiliers.

My grandmother spent the rest of the War working for the Red Cross. She never remarried and remained a widow for almost fifty years. Horace's father came out of retirement and struggled on with the family business for a few years, but without capital and the energetic direction of a younger generation, the firm was no longer competitive and did not long survive him.

Mr. Walter Cassell, the son of Mr. George Cassell, who was W.H.Vaughan & Co's London & Suburban traveller from circa 1905-25, recounted:

One of my father's vivid recollections was of the day when he met for the last time young Mr. Horace Vaughan in the Guvenor's office at Old Street – now enlisted as a soldier – very smart in officer's uniform with his Sam Brown belt – he remembered they discussed the worrying problems of the War and of Gallipoli. Young Horace was all set for Gallipoli; the eyes of the world were on Gallipoli that summer. Sad it is to remember that young Horace never came back to Old Street. Had he done so, could he have been the young 'guvenor' with drive, ambition and know-how who would have brought into the firm youthful new ideas and set it on course for the next stage ahead?

The passing of Vaughans was a casualty of the Great War my father said.

To find out what happened to Lionel Paine it is necessary to refer to his War Office file and the Regimental Diary. He took part in the general advance on the 4th June with his regiment, the 1st Battalion, Lancashire Fusiliers (attached by then to the 29th Indian Brigade from the 86th Brigade).

The preliminary bombardment had inflicted little damage on the Turkish trenches and the regimental diary describes how, as soon as the men appeared above the parapet and advanced at the double, continuous rifle fire and machine gun fire opened up on them at point blank range with a cross-fire from both flanks. Many men were hit on the parapet, but several got forward varying distances from 30 to 70 yards. The fire was too intense and accurate for it to be possible to get to the Turkish trench and they were driven back.

According to one account the Lancashire's were mown down almost to a man before they had got many yards from their own parapet.



Capt. Walter Lionel Paine

Amongst those who did not return was Captain Walter Lionel Paine. We learn from his file that initially he was reported missing and it contains anxious letters from his family to the War Office and the Red Cross pressing for news. For a time it was hoped he might have been taken prisoner but inquiries by the American Ambassador in Constantinople proved negative. Finally there is a statement dated 20 October, 1915, from a Private Thomas Tansey, 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, 2nd Western Hospital, Manchester:

Informant states that on 4th June 1915, he saw Capt. Paine fall and that he never moved again. The wounded and killed from the attack on that date were for the most part not recovered for a very long time afterwards. They lay between the English and Turkish lines and it was impossible to go out for them. A few bodies and wounded were recovered but not Capt. Paine's. His death is beyond doubt. It was light at the time.

His death was officially confirmed by the War Office on the 21 November 1915 in a telegram to his mother. Some idea of Lionel Paine's qualities as a man and a teacher can be gained from his obituary in *The Whitgiftian*. Having paid tribute to his sound scholarship, boundless enthusiasm and sympathy, and knowledge of several languages and literatures, it makes reference to his important pioneering work in teaching of Latin by the Direct Method, which he had previously seen applied to the teaching of modern

languages in France and the pathos of its being cut off at its most interesting point. It goes on:

He was the life and soul of the many meetings and conferences he organised. He shone as a teacher, not because of any method, but because of himself; he was very human and sympathised with everything human. Assuredly no boy who was ever taught by him will forget the experience. He was devoted to the school and part of its living soul. All sorts of people enjoyed the gift of his friendship; workmen and gardeners especially, for he cultivated with his own hand a garden allotment – behind Sydenham Road. One's first feeling at the news of his death was a sickening sense of waste – it has been a frequent experience lately; but he had redeemed the time (breve et irreparabile tempus) and he will live by his example.

Lionel never married. It was always understood that, if my grandfather was killed, my grandmother would keep house for him – but it was not to be. He and my grandfather have no known graves and are both commemorated on the Helles Memorial.

Acknowledgement: I am most grateful to Stephen Forge, the archivist of Oundle School and William G. Wood, the archivist Whitgift School for their help in providing information concerning Lionel Paine for this article.

2/LT. HENRY GWYN JEFFREYS MOSELEY (1887 – 1915)

A plaque honouring the physicist Henry G J Moseley, one of the most brilliant of Oxford University's scientists to die during the First World War, was unveiled at the Department of Physics by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr John Hood on 24 September 2007.

The hexagonal shaped blue plaque, which is mounted on the building where Moseley completed his pioneering work, was donated by the Royal Society of Chemistry as part of its National Chemical Landmarks scheme. It records:

*Clarendon Laboratory
where H G J Moseley (1887 – 1915) completed his
pioneering studies on the frequencies of
X-rays emitted from the elements.
His work established the concept of atomic number
and helped reveal the structure of the atom.
He predicted several new elements
and laid the groundwork
for a major tool in chemical analysis*



H G J Moseley at work

Henry Moseley was born in Weymouth on 23 November 1887, the son of Annabel and Henry N Moseley. He came from a family with a long scientific tradition. His father had been Professor of Anatomy at Oxford and his grandfather had been a well-known mathematician. Henry studied natural science at Eton and Oxford, and then, in 1910, joined Ernest Rutherford at Manchester. His first research involved the study of beta emission from radium. He then turned his attention to the study of the X-ray spectra of the elements.

Moseley enlisted in the Royal Engineers soon after the outbreak of the First World War and was commissioned into the Royal Engineers. He sailed for the Dardanelles on 15 June, landing at Suvla in early August. He was killed by a sniper during the advance at Suvla on 10 August. He has no known grave and is commemorated on the Helles Memorial.

[Editor's Note: I am grateful to member **Derek Hunt** for sending me an extract from *Oxford Today*, The University of Oxford Magazine and for related material on which parts of this article are based.]

SOME BASIC RESEARCH TECHNIQUES

Clare Church

I am sure that many Gallipoli Association members have detailed knowledge of the campaign, even to the extent of the exact spot where their relative fought, was wounded, or killed. However, there may be someone who is desperate to undertake research but does not know how to go about it. It has therefore been suggested that I give some basic information for ‘starters’.

First, I could not cope without the aid of a computer and access to the Internet. This may seem daunting to some people, but there is always help available, even possibly free classes at your local community centre. Even if you do not own a computer, most local libraries nowadays have several to use, often free of charge.

I am going to assume that you are interested in researching a particular person. Let us say you know the regiment but do not know whether he served at Gallipoli. There are many books available, but one worth mentioning is *British Regiments at Gallipoli* by Ray Westlake, published in 1996 by Pen & Sword Ltd. (ISBN 0 85052 511 X) which gives details of infantry battalions and yeomanry regiments of the British Army during their service on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Next, if your man died as a result of WW1, the Commonwealth War Graves Commission website (www.cwgc.org) has a *Debt of Honour Register*, which records when and where he died, plus information regarding the cemetery in which he is buried, or named on a memorial.

The main research centre for WW1 records is The National Archives at Kew, London. Even if you are not able to visit, there is a wealth of information on their website (www.nationalarchives.gov.uk). Some references worth noting are:

WO 301	Various maps from the Gallipoli Campaign
WO 317	Photographs from the Gallipoli Campaign
WO 339	Army Officers Records
WO 363	Soldiers' Documents – known as the ‘Burnt’ Series (they are incomplete).
WO 374	Territorial Army Officers
ADM 157	Royal Marines Other ranks
ADM 196	Royal Navy Officers
ADM 240	Royal Naval Reserve Officers
ADM 242	Royal Navy and Royal Marines who died in WW1
ADM 273	Royal Naval Air Service Officers
ADM 337	Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve Officers

BT 334	Merchant Navy
BT 377	Royal Naval Reserve ratings
AIR 76	Royal Flying Corps

The First World War Prisoner of War records and records of Royal Naval seamen are also available online from The National Archives.

If you visit Kew, you will be given, on arrival, a Reader's Ticket on production of proof of identity. Many 'How to...' leaflets are available to help you get started. Medal Roll Index cards on every person who served overseas give brief details of service, regiment and theatre of war served in. There is also a library containing regimental histories, plus the Army and Navy Lists.

Other sources of information include:

The Times Newspaper Digital Archive 1785-1985, which can be accessed via the Internet, also *Gazettes Online*.

Regimental Museums, which often have research libraries.

Imperial War Museum Library, London (www.iwm.org.uk) – it is necessary to reserve a seat in advance.

British Library (www.bl.uk) – Reader's Ticket available on production of 2 items of identity; from my experience I had to prove that my research could not be carried out elsewhere.

Ancestry website: (www.ancestry.co.uk) – useful for researching Census records and WW1 Pension Records.

These are just a few suggestions to start you in your research. It is a never-ending learning curve, and a most rewarding one.

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

QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

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

Standard Tie – in Association colours is available price £5.00 including post.

Blazer Badge – hand embroidered wire and silk blazer badges are now available (see illustration in Spring 2002 *Gallipolian*) at £5.50 including postage.

Lapel Badge in the Association colours is available price £5.50 including post.

Binders, which hold 6 copies of *The Gallipolian* are available finished in an attractive simulated leather, coloured maroon, with the title blocked in gold on the spine. Price per Binder is £5.25 including post in the United Kingdom and £6.25 including post for overseas.

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 most attractive 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 an sae, orders please to The Treasurer, Gallipoli Association, Frinton Cottage, 3 Cambridge Road, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, CO13 9HN.

GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL BURSARY

The Association's Memorial Bursary plays an important part in keeping alive the memory of Gallipoli, and encouraging the study of the campaign.

The Committee would welcome the help of members in the administration of the Bursary scheme. Anyone interested in assisting the Association in this way are invited to contact Major Hugh Jenner (address inside the front cover) giving brief details of their background and availability.

L/CPL. WILLIAM JOHN THOMAS HUMPHREY, 1ST BN. THE ESSEX REGIMENT

Frances Speakman

Readers may be interested to know that I have been successful in acquiring the medals and memorial plaque awarded to 9992 L/Cpl. William John Thomas Humphrey, 1st Bn., Essex Regiment who died of wounds at Gallipoli on 9 August 1915. I am not a 'medal collector' but for many years have been researching the 1,159 Ilford men who are commemorated in the Ilford War Memorial Hall, which lies within the Ilford War Memorial Gardens, on the north side of the A12 (Eastern Avenue), Newbury Park, Ilford, Essex. William Humphrey is among those commemorated on the memorial.

William Humphrey was born in Sidcup, Kent, the son of Mr and Mrs William Humphrey. He enlisted in the Army in 1912 and in August 1914 was serving with the 2nd Battalion, Essex Regiment, which embarked for France on 22 August as part of the 12th Brigade of the 4th Division. William was wounded during the Battle of the Aisne, being shot through the lungs. After treatment at the American Hospital in Paris, he was evacuated home and received further treatment at a hospital in Manchester. While there he was granted leave in the week before Christmas and visited his parents' home at 101 Francis Avenue, Ilford, Essex.



*Medals awarded to L/Cpl. William John Thomas Humphrey,
1st Bn., Essex Regiment*

In February 1915, he was on the Essex coast at Dovercourt, possibly convalescing, and on being discharged from hospital was posted to the 1st Battalion, Essex Regiment, which had returned to England from South Africa and Mauritius in December 1914. The Battalion embarked for the Dardanelles at Avonmouth on the *SS Caledonia* on 21 March, arriving at Alexandria on 6 April, as part of the 88th Brigade of the 29th Division.

William would have been with his battalion, when it landed at ‘W’ Beach on the late morning of 25 April, and thereafter during the three battles for Krithia on 28 April, 6–8 May and 4–6 June, and at the Battle of Gully Ravine on 28 June – 1 July. Although these were difficult times for the battalion, which suffered heavily, William appears to have come through unscathed. He was promoted to Lance Corporal and wrote cheery letters home to his parents, the last of which were in the last days of July, when the battalion was at rest on Lemnos. Sadly, his ‘luck’ did not hold and he was badly wounded on 5 August, just before the 4th Battle of Krithia. He was evacuated and while on the hospital ship he sent a field service postcard home on 8 August. Sadly, he died the following day and was buried at sea. He was 21.

In reporting his death, the local newspaper, *The Ilford Recorder*, noted that ‘... his distressed parents received many expressions of sympathy on the sad loss of their only son, who was described by those who knew him as a splendid young fellow, whom everybody liked thoroughly...’

L/Cpl. William John Thomas Humphrey is commemorated on the Helles Memorial.

RECENT SALES

David Saunders

Among the survivors when HMS *Goliath* was sunk on 12 May 1915 in the Dardanelles was Joshua Bennett who had enlisted in the Royal Navy in 1890, serving in the Gambia Expedition of 1894 when he was wounded. His East and West Africa medal and service papers realised £520 (estimate £400–500).

The Colonial Auxiliary Forces Long Service Medal awarded to Lieutenant-Colonel R Spencer Browne CB reached £1,050 (estimate £200–250). Following distinguished service in the Boer War, Spencer Browne was invalided back to Australia but continued his career before transferring to the Reserve in 1911. He joined the AIF in March 1915 and in September replaced Colonel R Linton who had been drowned when the *Southland* was torpedoed. Despite his age – 59 – he remained, largely at Lone Pine and Quinn’s Post, until the evacuation in December. He died in 1943.

A Ceylon Volunteer Service Medal 1914-19 to Harold Young who served at Cape Helles from August to October before being hospitalised, and eventually discharged in May 1916 reached £130 (estimate £80-100). Lot 989 comprised three British War Medals 1914-20, the most interesting being that of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Oppenheim, Adjutant with the Westminster Dragoons at Gallipoli. Later he 'did invaluable work in the raising of the tank formations which fought at Cambrai.' The medals sold for £320 (estimate £70-90).

Private A R Coleman of the Essex Regiment was shot by a sniper at Gallipoli on 28 April, his war medals and memorial plaque reached £280 (estimate £160-200). Private G Bright of the Australian Light Horse served at Gallipoli before invalided to Malta with chronic dysentery, something from which he never recovered, dying in August 1918. His War and Victory Medals reached £210 (estimate £120-160).

A rare group of 12 medals to Major-General Sir Michael Bowman-Manifold whose long service commenced with the Dongola Expedition of 1896. At Gallipoli he served from April until December. Placed on the retired list in 1924, he died in 1940. Estimated at £8,000-10,000, the medals sold for £8,500.

One of the most remarkable of men, Colonel W F Stirling, served as second in command of the Dublin Fusiliers at Gallipoli, to which he had hurried after hearing of the disaster that befell the regiment during the landings. He remained for three months until he was partially buried by a shell, which burst on the parapet of his trench. He subsequently served with T E Lawrence who described him as "a skilled staff officer, tactful and wise." His DSO and Bar, MC group of fourteen medals reached £28,000 (estimate £25,000 -30,000).

A rare 1920 'Army of the Black Sea' MC group of four awarded to Major E U Grimshaw, Royal Engineers who had served at Gallipoli reached at £1,600 the lower estimate of £1,600 -2000. A Gallipoli Mining Operations DCM group of four to Thomas Wilkinson, 4th Battalion East Lancashire Regiment sold for £2,200 (estimate £1,400-1,800). While a Gallipoli DCM group of three to Private John Jackson of the Essex Regiment for 'stalking and shooting snipers' reached £1,300 (estimate £1,200-1,400). The three brothers Johnstone of Whalley Range, Manchester all served at Gallipoli, all in the Royal Army Medical Corps, indeed all survived the war. Harold was awarded the Military Medal and this together with all the brothers medals sold for £320 (estimate £220-260).

By way of a postscript, Dix Noonan Webb have the Gallipoli VC and other medals of Lieutenant (later Major) H James of the Worcestershire Regiment for sale in their auction on 25-26 June. The award was made for conspicuous bravery during operations in the 'southern zone' of the Gallipoli peninsula on 28 June and on 3 July. Major James, always a shy, reserved man, died alone, in straitened circumstances, in a rented 'bed sitter' in Kensington in August 1958.

A GALLIPOLI VETERAN IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE?

David Saunders

Controversy continues to surround what to do with the long vacant plinth in Trafalgar Square. In March, Terry Smith, a City philanthropist who wants to fund a statue, vigorously promoted the idea, together with full size replica Spitfire, that the person commemorated should be Air Chief Marshal Sir Keith Park who during the Battle of Britain played a key role while leading 11 Group RAF.

As to the Gallipoli connection, Keith Park, then in the army landed at Anzac Cove with his artillery unit on 26 April. He was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in July and the following month he was at Suvla, later to the Helles sector with a naval twelve-pounder sited on Gurkha Bluff. His battery eventually evacuated on 2 January. So there would, if the idea is accepted, be a Gallipoli veteran in Trafalgar Square.

LEMNOS

The following was found by an Association member some years ago. I fear the name of the contributor has been misplaced. It is taken from *The Gallipoli Campaign, A Personal Reminiscence* by Wilmot P M Russell, and appeared in the *National Review* in 1926.

‘Russell served as a company commander with a Territorial Division, then Adjutant and Brigade Major at Gallipoli (Suvla and Anzac) for four months and wrote:

At a certain spot on the island were hot springs, which filled a bathing pool. The pool is known by local tradition as the ‘Baths of Hephaestus’, the Greek God of Fire. Here, according to legend, the young Achilles was immersed by his Goddess mother Thetis, who held him up by the heel as she plunged him in the water whose properties were believed to confer immortality. The heel, which was not dipped, was the only vulnerable part of his body.

The baths were a favourite resort for a riding excursion from the camp after the evacuation. A bath was enjoyed and oh! the delightful flavour of the omelettes which were served in the small hostelry after the eternal bully beef of the Peninsula. How many heroes of the landing may have bathed here before they set foot on Gallipoli I know not. Their bodies may have perished on the Peninsula, but their memory is endowed with immortality’.

[Editor’s Note: A hurried check of the Medal Card Index at the National Archives suggests that Wilmot P M Russell may have served as a Captain in one of the Territorial Battalions of the London Regiment at Gallipoli but perhaps readers may have more information on this?]

BOOKS

BAND OF BRIGANDS

David Saunders

Members may be excused for thinking that a recently published book about tanks* has no place in *The Gallipolian*. However the review on 16 December 2007 in *Seven*, the magazine supplement which accompanies *The Sunday Telegraph* refers to Winston Churchill, the Royal Naval Division and yes the Dardanelles, with the words ‘... may have led him into the ruinously wasteful and ill-fated Dardanelles expedition.’

This brought a response on 30 December from E S Fletcher of Helston, Cornwall in Churchill’s defence who concluded that the naval action ‘... the operation as Churchill had planned it should have succeeded; he was not to blame for the tragic failure. Only later was it decided to put the Army into Gallipoli, and this decision was taken by others.’

Not surprisingly two further letters were published on 6 January. The first from Ajax Bardrick of West Moseley took issue with the previous correspondent. He likened the events of 18 March to ‘... a watery equivalent of the Light Brigade charge at Balaklava and the outcome for Roebuck’s force would have been the same if he had been foolish enough to continue with it.’

The second letter, this from Walter Jenkins of Burnham-on-Crouch, drew attention to the brilliant operations by the submarines at the Dardanelles, AE2 being commanded by his great uncle Commander Stoker.

* *Band of Brigands: The First Men in Tanks* by Christy Campbell is published by Harperpress at £20.

GALLIPOLI 1915 : THROUGH TURKISH EYES

Author: Haluk Oral (Translated by Amy Spangler)

Publisher: Turkiye Is Bankasi Kultur Yayinlari

Contents: 495 pages, ISBN: 978-9944-88-217-0 Price: See note below

I am grateful to Turkish member, **Güven Pindar**, for alerting me to the publication of this book. The following description is taken from a bookseller’s Internet listing.

‘This book is the product of Haluk Oral’s passionate quest of some twenty years, during which he fastidiously collected the documents, objects and recollections. It is not a typical study of war or war history. At the heart of this work are the ‘human landscapes’ of the Battle of Ari Burnu, one of the most critical clashes of

the Gallipoli Campaign. The author traces the stories of the people of both sides, shaped as they were on the thin line dividing life and death, there on that narrow coastal strip. The autonomous short stories provide important clues to the past. The book reveals aspects of history that are hidden in the details, and often overlooked by wider histories of the campaign’.

[Editor’s Note: I do not have a publication price but the book is being sold on a number of Internet sites at between £60 – £75 plus postage, which may be off-putting to all but the most enthusiastic collector!]

BOOK REVIEWS

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH DICTIONARY OF TOMMIES’ SONGS AND SLANG, 1914-18

Authors: John Brophy and Eric Partridge

Publisher: Frontline Books 2008.

Contents: 238 pages, 11 illustrations. ISBN 978-1-84415-710-5. Price: £19.99.

Author and editor Malcolm Brown in an introductory essay describes this book, first published in 1930, as a jewel. Few will disagree with him. It certainly deserves a place on every member’s bookshelf. He reveals that one of the authors – Eric Honeywood Partridge – who lived in both New Zealand and Australia served at Gallipoli, and later described, in the third person, in the book *Three Personal Records of the Great War*, the adventures of one Frank Honeywood (sic) at Gallipoli and then on the Western Front.

In the introductory chapter *After Fifty Years* in a later edition of the Dictionary and re-published here, John Brophy refers to how in 1964 Lord Attlee was being interviewed for television and when asked about his service at Gallipoli:

... his face was transformed, and instead of an elder statesman there appeared a debonair smile and period jargon, who was disarmingly resolved to pretend that Gallipoli had been only a kind of natural history expedition, involving a certain amount of sleeping rough but on the whole quite interesting.

Every page of the Soldier’s Slang section of the Dictionary (135 pages) is of interest and at times not a little amusement as this snippet from the entry Angel of Mons shows when the late Eric Kennington, asked if he believed in the legend once replied: “Madam, I was one of them”!

YEOMAN SOLDIERS

Author: John Lewis Publisher: Trafford Publishing 2008.

Contents: 196 pages, 64 illustrations, 10 maps. ISBN 978-1-4251-4103-5.

Price: £9.95 (see note at the top page 65 regarding purchasing copies).

This book, by a long standing member of the Gallipoli Association, charts the history of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Yeomanry from the raising in 1795 through to their return home from Palestine and Syria at the end of the First World War during which the author's father, Fred Lewis, had served with the Regiment. Indeed, as a small boy, he had witnessed the parade led by the Prince of Wales through Cheltenham in 1897 (it had been postponed from 1895) to celebrate the centenary of the founding of the Regiment. A Regiment very much part of the Gloucestershire countryside. In 1914 sent first to Norfolk and then the following March by train to Avonmouth, a journey which fortuitously took them via Cheltenham where a ten minute stop enabled some of the men to briefly greet their friends and families on the platform.

Fred Lewis writing home after arriving in Alexandria on 24 April commenced his letter by stating he was not allowed to say where we are, and a little later revealed he was a guard at a prison camp. They did not leave for Gallipoli until 14 August and landed on the 17th, in time to take part in the great attack of 21 August. His father when describing these events concluded his letter with a request for some more malted milk tablets. Such were the casualties and illness that by early September they were serving jointly with the Warwicks and the Worcesters. Fred Lewis fortunately came through relatively unscathed and was among the 81 officers and men of the Regiment evacuated on 31 October. During the 1967 pilgrimage one of the Gallipoli Gloucestershire veterans on seeing a statue of Ataturk commented:

"... there's the bloke who beat us at Gallipoli" to which another replied "very ably assisted by our general staff."

The bulk of the book is devoted to the subsequent years spent by the Regiment in the Middle East, the author's father, serving right through the campaign, which included the Battle of Katia on 23 April 1916. A day remembered since 1922 by an annual service at the fine Regimental War Memorial on College Green, beside Gloucester Cathedral. On this, bronze relief plaques depict the actions of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry, rightfully including that at Suvla Bay.

In 1967 John Lewis with his father and other veterans visited Gallipoli and repeated the line of advance made that epic 21 August 1915. Now four decades on he is to be congratulated on bringing together this history of the Regiment for publication, so make sure you have a copy on your bookshelves. Maybe it will encourage others with similar Gallipoli connections to bring their material forward, there is still so much to be told.

Note: Copies may be purchased by post from the author John Lewis, Copse Green, Elmstone Hardwicke, Cheltenham, GL51 9TB at £11.45 in Great Britain. In Europe £12.22 in the Rest of the World £14.04. All prices include postage.

THE LANDINGS AT SUVLA BAY, 1915

Author: Michael J Mortlock Publisher: McFarland & Company 2007.

Contents: 237 pages, maps & illustrations. ISBN 13 978-0-7864-3035-2. Price: £22.95 softback.

The author, born in West Suffolk and now living in Richmond, Virginia, examines in detail the landing at Suvla Bay under six main sections: Plans and Prevarications, The Preparations, The Landings, Failure, The End, The Conclusion. We are told he has spent the past 27 years on a work of three volumes, a history of the 54th (East Anglian) Division in the First World War. The present book is a portion of this much larger work. A relative, Private Jacob Mortlock served with the 1/5th Suffolk Regiment at Suvla being invalided to Malta when diagnosed as a severe case of diphtheria. He survived the war to die aged 76 two days before Christmas in 1971. Among the books conclusions being that ‘the impetus was there, it only required competent generalship to sustain the forward momentum — the generals squandered the golden opportunity presented to them at Suvla Bay.’

Another must for the bookshelves of all Gallipolians.

[Editor’s Note: I am grateful to David Saunders for the above reviews, which I am glad to receive from any reader]

LEGACIES

The Association benefits from time to time from legacies. Whether large or small, they are of enormous help to us. Should you decide to remember the Association in your Will, you can be assured that it will be in a very good cause, and help to perpetuate the memory of all those who took part in the Gallipoli Campaign.

DISCLAIMER

Readers are reminded that the observations and opinions expressed in articles and letters published in *The Gallipolitan* 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.