

The Gallipollian

*The Journal of the
Gallipoli Association*

No. 118 - WINTER 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

The Gallipoli Association
PO Box 26907, London, SE21 8WB
WEB SITE <http://www.gallipoli-association.org>

PATRON

HRH The Duke of Edinburgh KG KT OM GBE AC QSO PC ADC

PAST PRESIDENTS The Lord Granville of Eye

Vice-Admiral E. W. Longley-Cook CB CBE DSO

Lt. General Sir Reginald Savory KCMG KCIE DSO MC

Brigadier B. B. Rackham CBE MC

Lt. Colonel M. E. Hancock MC

VICE-PRESIDENT Jim Fallon

CHAIRMAN Captain C. T. F. Fagan DL

SECRETARY J. C. Watson-Smith
Earleydene Orchard, Earleydene, Ascot, Berkshire SL5 9JY
[01344 626523]

TREASURER W. J. Marsh
Frinton Cottage, 3 Cambridge Road, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex
CO13 9HN [01255 672859]

MEMBERSHIP OFFICER John Crowe
145 Bellingham Road, Catford, London SE6 2PP
[0208 697 2787]

COMMITTEE Colonel Michael Hickey; Major Hugh Jenner;
David Saunders MBE; Brigadier J. R. H. Stopford

EDITOR Foster Summerson
18 Ranulph Way, Hatfield Peverel, Chelmsford, Essex
CM3 2RN [01245 381314 or 0845 324 6620]
e-mail editor@gallipoli-association.org

WEBMASTER Andy Crooks, e-mail webmaster@gallipoli-association.org

The painting on the cover of the landing from the *River Clyde* by Charles Dixon, is reproduced by kind permission of The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment (Queen's and Royal Hampshires) to whom we are most grateful.

CONTENTS

Pages 2–7	Chairman’s Report: 15 October 2008
Page 8	Treasurer’s Report For Year Ended 31 December 2007; Christmas Cards
Page 9	Subscription Rates 2009; East Anglian Regional Lunch: 27 June 2008
Page 10	Hawick’s Gallipoli Commemoration
Pages 10–11	Memorial Service for ‘All The King’s Men’
Page 12	29th Division Memorial; Rugby School – Gallipoli Bursary
Pages 13–15	My Bursary Visit to Gallipoli
Page 16	Gallipoli Bursary Presentation; ‘The Last Man Out’
Pages 17–19	The Story of a Gallipoli Guide
Pages 19–21	Buninyong Poppies
Pages 22–28	The Diaries of Lt. Ralph Dorchel Doughty M.C
Pages 29–36	Coloured Photographic Section
Page 37	Anzac Day Commemorative Stamps; Research Group; Information Please
Pages 38–39	The Salonika Campaign Society 1915–1919
Page 40–45	A Pilgrimage to Gallipoli
Pages 46–53	John Gallishaw and Gallipoli
Page 53	Transports of Delight!
Pages 54–57	‘Fighting Mac’ – Lt. Col. Charles Melville Macnaghten
Page 58	Quartermaster’s Stores; Simpson Badges
Page 59	A Gallipoli Connection
Page 60	Recent Sales
Page 61	Books
Pages 62–64	Book Reviews
Page 64	A Correction
Page 65	Gallipoli Association Tours in 2009; Articles for <i>The Gallipolian</i>

THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION CHAIRMAN'S REPORT: 15 OCTOBER 2008

The Committee met five times during the year.

GALLIPOLI DAY: 25 APRIL 2008

At our annual wreath laying ceremony at St. Paul's Cathedral, Her Britannic Majesty's Government was represented by Mr Derek Twigg, Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for Defence. Other wreath layers were General Sir Richard Dannatt, Chief of the General Staff; Rear Admiral Bob Cooling, Assistant Chief of Naval Staff; Mr Derek Leask, High Commissioner for New Zealand; Ms Frances Adamson, Acting High Commissioner for Australia; Rear Admiral Yann Tainguy, Defence Attaché France; H.E. Mr Yigit Alpogan, Turkish Ambassador, and myself as Chairman of the Association. Last Post was sounded by Sgt. Graham Haynes, Band of the Scots Guards. James Watson-Smith, Secretary of the Association, whose Great Uncle, Colonel E P Smith was killed at Gallipoli on 1 May 1915 while commanding 17th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, recited "They shall grow not old ..." The Reverend Canon Martin Warner conducted the ceremony. There was a good attendance in the Crypt consisting of members of the Association and many members of the public, including Australian and New Zealand tourists.

Later, at The Cenotaph, at the invitation of the Australian and New Zealand High Commissions, I laid a wreath on behalf of the Association. As well as many members, the Merchant Taylors' CCF provided a good marching contingent as they have for a number of years now. Again at the invitation of the Australian and New Zealand High Commissions, members were kindly given seats at the service in Westminster Abbey where a Warrant Officer from the Grenadier Guards in Guard Order, carried the Union Flag together with a serviceman from each of Australia, New Zealand and Turkey. After the service, we held our lunch at 'The Albert' in Victoria Street. This remains a popular place for our lunch that day.

EAST ANGLIAN REGIONAL LUNCH : 27 JUNE 2008

For the second year running 40 people attended this lunch, organised by John Crowe, in The Guildhall, King's Lynn in the presence of the Mayor. It was a most successful event with a very moving talk by Mr Graham Beck about his family's involvement in the First World War. The lunch will be held next year on 26 June.

CEREMONY AT WEST NEWTON: 14 SEPTEMBER 2008

This has now become an extremely popular annual event. The service at West Newton Church, near Sandringham was full to capacity to remember all those who fought at

Gallipoli, and in particular the 5th (Territorial) Battalion, The Norfolk Regiment and the Sandringham Estate workers who fought at Suvla Bay on 12 August 1915. The service was again arranged by Committee member John Crowe and was attended by many eminent people including direct descendants of Captain Frank Beck, the Mayor, and representatives from Australia, New Zealand and Turkey. Next year the service will be on Sunday 13 September.

Congratulations to John Crowe for the outstanding success of both these events.

OTHER REGIONAL EVENTS

It is clear from the above two paragraphs that local or regional events can be very popular, especially in areas where there is a strong Gallipoli connection. If anybody would like to organise such an event in their locality in the name of the Gallipoli Association do please let us know.

AUTUMN LUNCH

This was held at the Naval Club on the 24 October 2007. Our speaker was General, The Lord Ramsbotham, who gave us an excellent and moving talk centred around his own thoughts, interests and experiences concerning the Gallipoli Campaign. We were most grateful to him for giving up his time to be with us. As usual, our thanks are also due to the Naval Club for all the arrangements they kindly make on our behalf for our lunches.

THE GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL BURSARY

This year two bursaries were granted to two pupils of Rugby School. The School and the Headmaster have taken a particular interest in the Campaign, not only because of the number of former pupils who fought there but also because of the proximity of the 29th Division Memorial and all it stands for. They are due to give their presentations at the school on Wednesday 18 March 2009 starting with a buffet in Old Big School at 1815 hrs followed by the presentations in the Memorial Chapel at 1915 hrs. Further details will be published in *The Gallipolitan* and on the website.

FINANCE

Last year I commented that an increase in the subscription was likely for 2009. If it had not been for a very generous bequest of £6,000 in 2006 our expenditure would have exceeded our income. In 2007 our expenditure exceeded our income by £3,350. Admittedly in both those years there was some fairly high expenditure on developing the website, but it would be naïve to suppose that such expenditure on the website will not be needed again, nor that the cost of producing and maintaining the high standard of *The Gallipolitan* will not increase.

Therefore, the Committee have decided that the subscriptions will have to be increased with effect from 1 January 2009. However, we hope that we will at least have taken a bit of the sting away from joint members because a member's spouse will henceforth be able to be a member at no extra cost within the one subscription. We felt that this was justified as such joint members only receive one copy of *The Gallipolian*, and one copy of any mailing. In addition, it simplifies the Treasurer's task.

I will comment under the paragraph concerning the Website about the difficulties we are experiencing in the collection of subscriptions. Suffice it to say here that I sincerely hope that members will pay their subscriptions by direct debit wherever possible. This is by far the most efficient and trouble-free method and makes the Treasurer's task so much easier. To this end we are offering a 10% discount to those who pay by direct debit. I said last year that the four existing methods of paying over-complicates the task of the Treasurer, and so it is proving. It also makes the task of the Membership Secretary more difficult and time-consuming. Provided that the subscriptions are duly increased and received from members I believe that the finances of the Association will continue to be healthy for the foreseeable future. We certainly have no banking or credit crunch problems and we have enough working capital for our immediate needs.

MEMBERSHIP

New members are joining at a satisfactory rate and the total number of members is over 1,200. As always, I would remind members that we must not become complacent. We will always need to encourage new members actively and I would ask you all to make sure that you have a supply of our brochures to give to anybody who you think might be interested and benefit from membership of the Association. There are so many people who had a relation who fought at Gallipoli but are unaware of our existence.

THE GALLIPOLIAN

This year we have a new editor, Foster Summerson, who has taken over from David Saunders. His first issue of *The Gallipolian* was the Autumn issue and I am sure you will all agree with me that he has maintained the very high standard developed over the years by David. We are most grateful to him for taking on this very exacting and time-consuming task. Please give him your support and let him have any details or articles that you feel might warrant inclusion in the magazine.

I cannot let this opportunity pass to express our deepest thanks and gratitude to David Saunders and his wife Shirley for the absolutely wonderful role they have played in producing and posting the magazine for no less than 21 years. David has been an indefatigable editor and has put his huge knowledge of history and the Campaign to such good use for the benefit of us all. Not only has he done this in his role as editor but he has been, and I am delighted to say still is, a really valuable member of the Committee, brimming with ideas and enthusiasm for matters beyond the role of editor.

We do thank David so much, and also Shirley for all the help that she has given to him.

THE WEBSITE

I was delighted when the new website went live on the target date of 25 April 2007. I mentioned last year that there were teething problems, which were only to be expected, but we had more than our fair share! Firstly we found that we could not fulfil our stated objective of putting all past copies of *The Gallipolian* in the members' section. The memory required was too massive to be supported by most domestic systems. However, we are still working on this and will inform you once we have a solution, which I am hopeful will be by early Spring 2009. Then the company that had been responsible for the development of the website was sold to another company. When we discovered this we also found that the new company knew nothing about us! This caused us a great many problems, not least that the published e-mail addresses ceased to function for a time and also we could not access our PayPal account. Then at last we had a bit of luck in that Andy Crooks offered to fulfil the role of webmaster. He has done a superb job not only in sorting out the problems but also in developing and improving the website. I urge you to look at it if you have not already done so. Do not forget that you will need your member login and password to get into those parts that are exclusive to members.

I have always felt that it is essential that we should set up our systems in such a way that the handling of membership matters and subscriptions should be efficient and simple to administer so that the officers responsible for running these tasks should find it easy and straightforward. Under the Finance section of this report I said that I would comment on the difficulties that we are experiencing concerning the collection of subscriptions. A lot of new members are now joining on line. They are given the choice of paying either through their own PayPal account, or by credit card, or by downloading a direct debit form. This has all worked well to date, but now, contrary to what we had originally believed, we have found that we can only increase subscriptions automatically for members who pay by direct debit, (subject of course to the 30 day notice). We cannot automatically increase the PayPal or credit card payments. So we may have to go so far as to contact each individual PayPal or credit card payer and take them through a process to cancel the existing payment and set up a new payment. As I write, we are trying to find a solution to this, but I am sure you can now appreciate why I urge you all to pay by direct debit if you are not already doing so.

Don't forget that you can contact any member of the committee by using the e-mail addresses shown on the website. I hope too that members will start to use the Members' Forum as a means of discussion and communication. We are very grateful to Andy Crooks for the tremendous strides that he has already been able to take with the website.

THE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE

At Westminster Abbey on Thursday 8 November, the Association had its usual allotted plot and it contained a large number of crosses sent or ordered by members. Hugh Jenner fronted our plot for us on this occasion and we were delighted that our Patron HRH Prince Philip came and spoke to us and admired our plot. Members may obtain and send crosses to be placed in our plot if they wish to commemorate anybody who took part in the Campaign. An application form was sent with the Autumn issue of *The Gallipolian*.

BATTLEFIELD TOURS

Although a number of people had registered their interest for the proposed tour in May 2008, a number had to pull out which made the plan unviable. However, a 'recce' party went out in September (at their own expense). They have made plans for two tours next year. One will be our normal general tour where most areas are visited. The other one will be more specialised. Details will appear in the Winter issue of *The Gallipolian* and on the website.

I know that people who have been on our tours have rated them very highly indeed and our thanks go to Hugh Jenner and others for their enthusiasm in making future plans for really interesting and well-run tours.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

For the third year running, John Crowe has produced an Association Christmas card. This time it depicts the famous John Simpson Kirkpatrick with his donkey, painted by H M Moore-Jones. As you will see from the accounts, the Christmas cards made a serious contribution to our income. It is a really lovely card and I would ask you to support the Association by sending as many as you can. Anybody requiring cards should contact John Crowe.

LEGACIES

The Association benefits from time to time from legacies. These range from any amount, both small and large. In 2006 we received one for £6,000, which was an enormous help to us. If you would like to consider remembering the Association in your Will, I can assure you that it will be in a very good cause, and help to perpetuate the memory of all who took part in that Campaign.

THE COMMITTEE

How can I possibly adequately express my gratitude, and those of all members, to all the members of your Committee? They all, without exception, do so much for the Association in their own time and selflessly pursue their various and often arduous tasks

in a very dedicated fashion. They are all totally committed to the Association and its aims and objectives and I often marvel at such dedication.

In alphabetical order we have Andy Crooks, who has taken on the task of running and developing the website, and sorting out the considerable problems that he inherited with determination and enthusiasm. John Crowe, who carries out the role of Membership Secretary and is also responsible for news items on the website, has organised the supremely successful lunch at King's Lynn and the service at West Newton, and the Christmas cards and links with the Sandringham detachment of the Army Cadet Force. Michael Hickey who is responsible for the content of the historical side of the website, for answering questions from members (and others) connected with the Campaign, and for guiding our tours. Hugh Jenner who organises and runs the tours and also arranges liaison with the recipients of Bursaries. Bill Marsh, our Treasurer, which is a very demanding task, not only processing cheques and payments but also matching subscriptions and keeping the accounts. David Saunders who until the Spring edition this year has edited *The Gallipolian* for no less than 21 years and has also arranged all the printing and distribution, stuffing the envelopes with the magazine on the kitchen table with his wife Shirley, and has also helped with many other tasks. Foster Summerson, who has taken on the formidable challenge of following David as editor of *The Gallipolian*. James Watson-Smith, our Secretary, who copes with the arrangements for our various functions and does the minutes of our meetings together with many other administrative tasks.

I know you would like me to express our huge thanks to all of them, and a very big thank you to them from me to whom they have given constant support.

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

GENERAL OUTLOOK

The bursaries undoubtedly play a very important part in achieving our aims and objectives. More will be granted next year. Both *The Gallipolian* and the website are superb. We are getting an increasing number of 'hits' to the website and a lot of people joining through it. Provided we can implement the subscription increase successfully the finances will continue to be satisfactory. There are many functions, especially wreath-laying ceremonies, across the country at which there is almost invariably an Association member present. We have every reason to believe that the Association will continue to flourish, so long as people are willing and able to come forward and help with the various tasks.

C T F Fagan, Chairman

TREASURER'S REPORT

FOR YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 2007

The Income and Expenditure Account and the Balance Sheet for the year ended 31 December 2007, duly certified by the Independent Examiner, are enclosed with this copy of *The Gallipolian*.

Whilst the Association's finances remain generally sound, a worrying downward trend has emerged. It indicates that our income needs to be increased if we are to avoid a continuing deficit because at the present time our annual expenditure is running ahead of our annual income. Our main item of expenditure are the costs associated with the production and distribution of *The Gallipolian* but those costs are being held in check by the Editor and I very much doubt that they can really be reduced below their present levels. The main areas where savings may be able to be made are in the areas of Web Site development and Committee Expenses. The Management Committee are looking closely at both these areas to see what savings can be effected in regard to them. But it is in my view now necessary and indeed imperative that we should consider a further increase in the annual subscription. The Chairman also refers to this in his report.

This is the tenth set of Annual Accounts that I have presented to the Association's Annual General Meeting. The help that I have received each year in their preparation from Mr. G.D. Enticknap, our Independent Examiner and his wife, Hazel, has been invaluable. Unfortunately, at least from my point of view, they have now decided to retire. I therefore take this opportunity to place on record my thanks for their excellent work and support over the last ten years.

I have persuaded another Accountant to agree to take on the Independent Examiner role over the coming years.

Finally, I record my thanks to the Chairman of the Association and to my fellow committee members for the continuing support given to me in my role as Honorary Treasurer of the Gallipoli Association.

W J Marsh, Honorary Treasurer

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Association Christmas cards are still available at £4.70 per pack (including postage in the UK). Orders need to be received by John Crowe no later than **Friday 12 December** if required for this year.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES 2009

The Annual General Meeting on 15 October endorsed the Management Committee's decision to increase subscription rates from 1 January 2009.

It was also agreed that Members paying by Direct Debit should receive a discount of 10%, and that a 'member and spouse' will henceforth be able to be members at no extra cost within the one subscription. The new rates are as follows:

Member and Spouse: £20.00 (£18.00 if paid by direct debit)

Overseas Member and Spouse: £25.00 (£22.50 if paid by direct debit)

A letter notifying these changes is being sent to all members.

EAST ANGLIAN REGIONAL LUNCH: 27 JUNE 2008

John Crowe

For the second year running, the regional lunch was held at the historic Guildhall, King's Lynn in Norfolk. It was attended by forty people. They included the Mayor of King's Lynn and West Norfolk, David Johnson, and former Royal Estate Agent Sir Julian and his wife, Lady Lloyd. Association members and guests met in the Stone Hall for a welcoming glass of wine. A group photograph was taken, which was published in the local newspaper – *The Lynn News*.

Photographs taken during the day can be found on pages 29–30.

Lunch was held in the impressive Assembly Room. The speaker was member Graham Beck, a Great Nephew of Captain Frank Beck who commanded the Sandringham Company. He gave a moving account of the Beck family's involvement in the First World War and of its strong sense of duty and patriotism.

[Editor's Note: Mr Beck's talk will feature in the next issue of *The Gallipolian*.]

Note for your diary: Next year's lunch will be on 26 June 2009 at the same venue. Colonel Michael Hickey, the Association's historian will be the speaker and will explain why the Suvla campaign failed.

HAWICK'S GALLIPOLI COMMEMORATION

On 12 July, wreaths were laid by the President of Hawick Callants Club and representatives of other associations at the 1514 Memorial, known as 'The Horse', in the High Street, and at the Town's War Memorial in Wilton Lodge Park to commemorate the 50 men from Hawick who died on 12 July 1915 during the Gallipoli Campaign.

At 7.35am on 12 July, the 1/4th (Border) Battalion, The Kings Own Scottish Borderers attacked 3 lines of Turkish trenches. More than 300 officers and men were killed and over 200 wounded in an action that wiped out more than half of the Battalion. In addition to the men from Hawick, other Border towns suffered heavily including Galashiels, Duns, Earlston, Jedburgh, Kelso, Montrose and Selkirk.

Photographs of the commemoration can be found on pages 30– 31.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR 'ALL THE KING'S MEN'

John Crowe

For the fourth year running, this popular and well-attended memorial service was held at West Newton Church, on the Sandringham Estate, on Sunday 14 September 2008. The service has become an annual event in the Gallipoli Association's diary as well as in the local community, and also has international significance.

The church has a window dedicated to Captain Frank Beck MVO and the men of the 5th Battalion, Norfolk Regiment, who died on 12 August 1915 at Suvla Bay, Gallipoli. Captain Beck was Agent for, and many of his men worked on, the Sandringham Estate.

The service commenced at 2.30pm in glorious sunshine in this picturesque part of the Norfolk countryside. As an established custom, sprigs of rosemary were handed out to the congregation as they entered the church. Members of the King's Lynn Air Cadets were on hand to perform that duty.

As in previous years, the small church was filled to capacity with additional seating provided. Seven standards were presented to the Rev. Jonathan Riviere at the altar who, as in previous years, conducted a touching and dignified service. Lessons were read by the Mayor of King's Lynn and West Norfolk, David Johnson, and by Marcus O'Lone who represented the Sandringham Estate. The words of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk, the

founding Father of modern Turkey, were read by Lt. Colonel Mehmet Canli, who has replaced Lt Colonel Mustafa Gonel, as the military attaché for Turkey. It was good to welcome Colonel Canli to Norfolk for the first time, with his wife and two young children.

Air Commodore Steve Martin, head of the Australian Defence Staff attended for the second year running and read the 'Exhortation'. He was accompanied by Wing Commander Brett Marshall of the New Zealand Defence Staff, who attended the service for the first time. Military historian Raphael Distant and his wife Nathalie, who traveled from St. Valéry-En-Caux in France, also attended for the first time. The bugler this year was Matthew Peake of the Salvation Army who played superbly. A total of eleven wreaths were laid at the memorial window.

Among those present were Sir Michael Oswald, Brigadier Stewart-Richardson MBE and his wife, Colonel David Hedges, Commandant of Norfolk County Cadet Force, Paula Hardgrave who represented the Britain-Australia Society, Graham Beck and Edward Hunter, Great Nephew and Grandson respectively of Captain Beck. Lt. Commander Arthur Coxon, who laid the Association wreath, and his wife Nola. Both Edward Hunter and Arthur Coxon travel long distances to give their support to these local events. In addition, there were many other association members and local residents who loyally attend the service every year.

The Norfolk Police and Norfolk Fire and Rescue Service were both represented, as were various branches of the Royal British Legion, The Royal Norfolk and Royal Anglian Association, King's Lynn Air Cadets under Flt. Lt. Pauline Petch and the King's Lynn Sea Cadets.

As in previous years, the congregation went on to the village hall for tea and Anzac biscuits. Each year combined with the collection this has helped to raise over £300 in funds for the church.

Photographs taken during the afternoon can be found on pages 31–32.

As organiser of this event, I would like to extend my gratitude to everyone whose participation helped to ensure that the campaign is remembered with dignity.

Note: Next year's service will be held on Sunday 13 September at the same time and place.

29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL

The ceremony will take place at 1130 for 12.00 on **Sunday 8 March** when a wreath will be laid on behalf of the Gallipoli Association. Wreaths will also be laid by representatives of other organisations, and by individuals.

The memorial is situated in the centre of a large roundabout on the A45, at the junction with the B4455, about 5 miles east of Coventry (grid reference SP 415733). Members and friends might like to gather afterwards at a nearby hostelry for lunch or other refreshments.

Please contact James Watson-Smith, address inside the front cover, for more information.

RUGBY SCHOOL – GALLIPOLI BURSARY

David Ray

In late August 2008, two pupils and your correspondent visited the Gallipoli battlefields. This was made possible by two Gallipoli Association Bursaries that allowed Xander Morgan and Harry Miller a wonderful opportunity to wander this ‘wonderfully terrible’ place. The primary objective was to locate some of the 28 Old Rugbeians who died here; in particular the nine who fell on 4 June 1915.

In just under three days we covered a great deal and vowed to return after this first visit by all three pilgrims. The pupils reached four of the most remote CWGC cemeteries, paddled in ‘V’ and ‘W’ beaches, paid their respects at Redoubt Cemetery, dubbed by the party ‘Rugby’s Cemetery’ and located graves of 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 year olds.

It was a good time to visit. For much of the tour we felt we had the peninsula to ourselves. There were some Turks here and there but otherwise we met only one coach load of New Zealanders and a solitary Kiwi in a 4 x 4. There were no other British to be seen. Despite a regular breeze and temperatures only in the high twenties at least one of us found the climbing and clambering difficult. We carried a map, camera, notebook and water bottles. What it must have been like carrying rifle and full kit doesn’t bear thinking about. Problems were fortunately few and far between. The road was being repaired and re-laid north of Lone Pine cemetery and no one warned us about the remoteness and dreadful state of the tracks around much of the Sulva Bay hinterland. Packs of dogs and large herds of goats we were prepared for. Nevertheless we got back safely with some remarkable memories.

It’s time to stop or I will steal the pupils’ thunder, and something must be left for the presentation. A photograph of Xander Morgan and Harry Miller at the Anzac commemorative site can be found on page 32.

MY BURSARY VISIT TO GALLIPOLI

Xander Morgan

“Those heroes that shed their blood and lost their lives. You are now lying in the soil of a friendly country. Therefore rest in peace. There is no difference between the Johnnies and the Mehmets to us where they lie side by side here in this country of ours. You the mothers who sent their sons from far away countries wipe away your tears. Your sons are now living in our bosom and are in peace. Having lost their lives on this land they have become our sons as well.” –Ataturk

When it was mentioned to me that I would be undertaking the Gallipoli Association Bursary tour, I had to stop and think where is Gallipoli? Being of Australian descent it had always been a very big deal in my house. But no-one seemed to know where Gallipoli actually was. Being a classicist, I was somewhat shocked to see that it was only a stones throw from Troy, which must make the peninsula one of the most bloodied shores throughout the ages, where many a hero has fallen. Many of my friends knew nothing of Gallipoli and those few who did presumed it was a small and insignificant place, where only a small battle had been fought. Having been and seen the names, it is obvious that this is not so and that every effort must be made to remember the battle that bled two nations for the first time and drained yet more of two dying Empire's, and, even more importantly for Rugby school who lost 9 men on one day and had many others die, including Rugby's highest ranking officer to be killed on the peninsula, Lt. Col. A J O Thompson.

We had also noticed having studied maps of the area and read books that some of the cemeteries were little visited, so Harry and I being of an inquisitive and energetic nature decided to visit these. To this end I would say that Harry and I had three main goals: firstly to get a real feel for one of the more forgotten battle fields of the Great War, secondly to find as many Old Rugbeians as possible, and thirdly to visit the four most remote cemeteries on the battlefield: The Farm, Plugge's Plateau, Shell Green and 4th Bn. Parade Ground Cemetery.

On our first day in Gallipoli we visited the southern most tip of the British landings at Helles and looked at both the Helles Memorial, commemorating those from the Navy and Army who have no known graves, and 'W' beach otherwise known as 'Lancashire Landing'. In January 1916, British forces were evacuated from this and other nearby beaches in the only successful part of the campaign. At Helles the sheer number of names was enough to shock, but what to us was the most unusual thing was that as we scanned the endless names we came to a list of names on which appeared a 'Miller' and directly below it a 'Morgan'. It is strange to think that nearly 92 years ago two young men fought and died sharing the same names as us, and possibly the same friendship. This was probably the most spine-chilling moment of the trip, but certainly not the

first. In the coming days we would both get used to seeing our last name on graves and even an 'A Morgan' in one cemetery, which is exactly my name, and heralding from Wales making him a possible relative, as my family lost two brave young men in the Gallipoli conflict.

The next site we visited was 'W' beach, and we had the privilege of being able walk up the beach and see, to an extent, what the men who landed were able to see. The beach is a superb defensive location, there are cliffs that overlook the landing site on three sides, meaning that there is nowhere on the beach where it possible to be covered from fire. This highlights the blinding incompetence in intelligence and leadership that permeated the whole campaign. One thing that this taught us to appreciate was the sheer bravery of the men involved to get off the poorly made boats and to advance 'winning six VCs before breakfast', If there ever was a perfect example of 'lions led by donkeys' Gallipoli is it. We also visited the beautiful Lancashire Landing Cemetery where Captain T H W Cunliffe, Lancashire Fusiliers is buried. He is one of 9 Old Rugbeians to have been killed on 4 June 1915.



The grave of Captain T H W Cunliffe, Lancashire Fusiliers

The French cemetery near Zimmerman's Farm was by far the most beautiful cemetery. The setting gave a spectacular view over the aqua blue water of the Dardanelles, the white marble memorial with the words 'Glory to our eternal France. Glory to those who died for her: to the martyrs, the brave, the strong, to those who are inspired by them

who wish a place in the temple and who will die as they died'. The white walls, and black crosses gave the cemetery a different feel to the others, instead of the sunken stones, the upright black crosses gave an impression of ordered pride almost like the soldiers lined up in their ranks. Whilst the French lost comparatively few men in a diversionary attack on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, they suffered heavily in later fighting on the peninsula, and their cemetery is one of the best kept.

The Redoubt Cemetery is very important to Rugby School as it contains the Duckworth memorial. This is a solitary English oak tree planted by the father of 2/Lt. Eric Duckworth who died on 7 August, aged 19 (see photograph on page 33). Whilst this is the centre piece of the cemetery and is very impressive, there are 4 other Old Rugbeians buried in this cemetery, 2/Lt. A C Brook, Capt. E Kesler, 2/Lt. T C Walker, and Capt. R G Edgar.

The next day was spent visiting the cemeteries in and around Anzac Cove and the four remote cemeteries, including Lone Pine which I felt was incredibly important given my Australian heritage. The first of the cemeteries that we visited was 'The Farm'. This appears to be a very small cemetery in which only seven men have named graves but over 600 unidentified casualties are buried here. The walk down was about 1km but provided spectacular views of Suvla Bay. The first thing, and one to become a common theme was the feeling of peace and the utter, utter silence that one was almost oppressed by; a very eerie sensation.

The next cemetery we visited was 'Plugge's Plateau' which is near a feature known as the 'Sphinx' – the name given to it by the Anzacs who had spent the weeks before the landings training in Egypt under the Sphinx's watchful stare. A scene immortalized by the 1981 movie *Gallipoli*. 'Plugge's Plateau' was a command post when the landings happened and is now a cemetery containing 17 identified and 4 unidentified casualties. Again the eerie silence prevailed, and a superb view of Anzac Cove was provided. One very touching moment was the grave of Pte. G Bell of Scotland who had a tartan scarf wrapped around his grave and a photo of him as a young man wearing his uniform, with pride and steely determination in his eyes.

The 4th Battalion Parade Ground – reached by a stepped-path – was not too much of a remote cemetery, but one that contained a man very important to the school and the highest-ranking Old Rugbeian officer killed, Lt. Col. A J O Thompson of the 4th Bn. Australian Imperial Force. Finally, the largest of the remote cemeteries 'Shell Green' with 408 Australians and 1 UK airman who died during the campaign, so called because of the frequent Turkish shelling. This cemetery due to its size had a slightly different effect as it was less moving on an individual scale due to the increased number of graves but it saddening to see so many young men who had died in such a small, desolate area.

Once again thank you to the Association for providing the trip of a life-time. Much has been learnt.

GALLIPOLI BURSARY PRESENTATION

The Gallipoli Bursary presentation will be held at Rugby School on **Wednesday, 18 March 2009**. There will be an optional hot buffet at 6.15pm (cost £12 per person) in Old Big School followed by the presentation in the Memorial Chapel at 7.15pm.

The school would like to have an idea of numbers attending the presentation so if you plan to attend, please contact David Ray, Flat 2, 12 Hillmorton Road, Rugby, Warwickshire CV22 5DQ or e.mail David on rdr@rugbyschool.net no later than **27 February**.

‘THE LAST MAN OUT’

Dr June Scudamore forwarded an article under the above headline, which appeared some years ago in a Canadian newspaper, *The Spectator*. Sadly, Dr Scudamore died before there was an opportunity to feature the story in *The Gallipolian* and I am grateful to her sister, R Anne Scudamore for bringing the matter to my attention.

The article was about **Colonel Leeming Anderson Carr** (1892 – 1952), from Hamilton in Ontario, who served at Gallipoli with the RAMC and claimed to be the ‘the last man out’. The article is too long to reproduce in full and includes some of the usual ill-informed media criticisms about the way the campaign was conducted but the story of the then Captain Carr is an interesting one.

Leeming Carr was one of the medical officers in the Helles sector before the evacuation on 8/9 January and it had been arranged that medical services would be provided on the beach to deal with the casualties that were expected to occur. Although the evacuation proved to be extremely successful and there were a few wounded, Carr was apparently treating one man when the last boat left. It appears that his presence was overlooked and only discovered some time later, when a boat was sent back to pick up the doctor – no mention is made of the wounded man. Carr therefore claimed to be the ‘last man off’ and commented “... when I watched the last boatloads of troops pull away I felt pretty darned lonely.”

Following the evacuation, Carr joined the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps and served on the Western Front, where he was awarded the Military Cross. After the war he set up practice in Hamilton but enlisted again at the outbreak of the Second World War and became the commanding officer of No. 13 Canadian General Hospital, which was located near Haywards Heath, Sussex.

Given that the evacuation at Helles was made from several beaches, the Editor would be interested to know if other readers have come across claims of being ‘the last man out’.

THE STORY OF A GALLIPOLI GUIDE

Güven Pinar

It was in 1998 that for the first time I had the chance of attending a Dawn Service at Anzac Cove. We Turks call 'The Gallipoli Campaign' the 'Canakkale Battles', which has a significant place in the history of modern Turkey with its relationship to the emerging of our national leader Mustafa Kemal Atatürk. Because of this, during all levels of education, any Turk is thoroughly taught about these bloody battles, but only from Turkish point of view. It is a pity that not many books are written in Turkish about the tragic events of 1915 despite the fact that at least one man from almost all Turkish families was either killed or wounded on the Gallipoli Battlefields.

After having worked for 22 years as an architect for the Turkish State Highways Department and also for a Turkish-American Joint Venture, I retired at the end of 1997. My intention was to move from the big city I had lived in for more than 40 years to a small and peaceful seaside town anywhere in Turkey, and to sit serenely in my 'cushy' corner and read the many books that I could hardly find time to do during all those long years of hard work. It was by chance that I checked-in to a small hotel in Eceabat on the Gallipoli Peninsula early 1998, only to stay for a few days and see if this was the right corner to materialize my dream of years.

The atmosphere of the hotel and also of Eceabat so much embraced me that I kept extending my stay there. It was during those days that the young receptionist asked me if I had ever been in Eceabat on 'Anzac Day'. My first reaction was "What's Anzac Day?" Ariburnu, Conkbayırı (Chunukbair), Anafarta, Kanlıdere were some of the words carved into my brain but I was never told about 'Anzac' ...

The young receptionist seemed quiet happy having found someone he could pour out all his knowledge; "Oh... you should see. On 25 April every year thousands of Australians and New Zealanders come here. They fill all hotels, motels, pitch tents here and there. They sleep even in the corridors if it's cold and rainy. Dignitaries and soldiers also come from those countries, a very interesting experience, something worth seeing. They perform a special dawn ceremony on the shore, fire salute guns, and sing their national anthems. Even a priest reads verses from The Bible. You must stay and see it..."

I was astonished, and this grew with every new word from him. We were always told that Allies had assaulted the Gallipoli Peninsula, and that we had fought with British and French troops, but Australians and New Zealanders were never mentioned. I had no idea about the word 'Anzac'. "Alright..." I said finally. "Let me stay some more time and see what you're talking about ..."

During my younger years, my mother had always told me about her uncle Raci martyred at Kanlidere in 1915. When I thought over what the receptionist had said and my mother had told me, I got pretty confused. Would I meet those people who had killed my great-uncle? Why they were coming here all the way from the other end of the world? What for? Where were the Britons and French we had fought?

This is how my Gallipoli adventure started. I was astounded to witness exactly what the receptionist had told me. Thousands came on that 1998 Anzac Day. Because of my command of English, I was asked to act as interpreter for the driver who was transporting a bus load of Aussies and Kiwis to the Dawn Service site, and today I regard this as my first guiding at a place that I hadn't the slightest idea about! After having travelled among a trail of hundreds of vehicles of all kinds and sizes in a pitch darkness, the driver parked our bus and asked me to tell all onboard to "... disembark and walk towards that certain point illuminated, and then come back when the service was over". Fearful of getting lost, I preferred to stay onboard. A book left on a seat by one of the tourists attracted my attention: *Defeat at Gallipoli*. I started reading it only to pass the long hours I had to wait there.

My astonishment grew more and more with every new page I turned. It was obvious that what I was told and taught was only a drop in the ocean. Incredible events had happened here 83 years ago. The limited time I had there was of course not enough to complete reading that thick book, I ordered a copy after the hectic of that day. Then I borrowed other books from the university library. With every new book I became more interested in the history of this sacred ground. After having read about a dozen books, I began walking over the ground where those ghastly events had taken place, with one of those books in one hand and a map in the other. After having read some two dozen books, I was told by friends that I could easily guide people here once I had a licence. After a series of courses, examinations and bureaucratic paperwork, I finally became a Gallipoli guide.

Between 2001 and 2007, I conducted some 600 tours and guided more than 7,000 tourists, mainly Australians, New Zealanders and Britons. I also had the pleasure of conducting The Gallipoli Association group during their tour in May 2000. Although it may seem a monotonous job to some people, every new tour was different and exciting for me as the reaction of every Gallipoli visitor is different. I learned the reason why Gallipoli is important for Australians and New Zealanders and why thousands of them come here every year. I also learned from them that I should visit the Kanlidere area where my great-uncle Raci was martyred and had no known grave. I could do this only after having given up guiding and only with my British friend Richard Szwed's advising me that I should do so. I paid my respects to Uncle Raci by placing a plastic memorial crescent which Richard had brought for me from London, and a bunch of wild flowers, on a dry plane tree just by the ravine Kanlidere, which means 'bloody stream' in Turkish. It was called so for it had run 'red' for some time in May/June 1915 after those bloody battles were fought in the area, just like the report of the British

airman flying over 'V' Beach at Cape Helles that the water of the bay 50 metres from the shore was red with blood of the many British soldiers died there on 25 April 1915.

Unfortunately, due to health problems, I had to stop the pleasant and proud job of guiding in March 2007. Henceforth I am a retired Gallipoli guide but still have some energy to guide members of the Gallipoli Association, with pleasure, certainly. A photograph of Guven at Beach Cemetery can be found on page 33.

BUNINYONG POPPIES

Caroline Hutterer

Red Buninyong poppies catching the chill dawn light on the broken cliff faces at Gallipoli? This year, such was the case.



Recently I returned to Ballarat following a very special experience. As part of the Conservation Volunteers Australia (CVA) group, I joined 14 other enthusiastic Australians and 3 equally enthusiastic New Zealanders to go to Gallipoli on a tour and working holiday. Our team leader from the CVA, Garry Snowden, spent several days leading us through some of the 21 war cemeteries surrounding Anzac Cove. He inspired us by sharing his extensive knowledge and passion about the campaign and its history, prior to our duties commencing.

Before leaving Australia, Garry had spoken to the Buninyong Returned Services League (RSL) and they had kindly donated sufficient red poppies for all the participants in the group to place, in remembrance, where they felt appropriate. When we heard of this, on our first day at Gallipoli, it gave us all a great focus. Even though some of us had family members involved in the campaign and some did not, we all put a great deal of thought into the placement of our poppies.

When Dee Buckland read the poignant words "When you live in the hearts of the ones you love, you will never die" on one headstone, it was there that she chose to place her poppy. Wendy Kelly was also touched by the wording on a soldier's plaque in Shrapnel Valley cemetery and left her poppy there. Tony Kelly knew that his uncle had lost his

life at the battle of Lone Pine and when he searched for, and located the headstone, his poppy had found its home. It was at the same cemetery, above the ragged ridges and the plunging ravines, that Jenny Budden's red poppy lay beside a headstone that had a connection to her family. At the same revered site, her husband, Steve, found a soldier's plaque with a shared surname, although not related, and thought it an appropriate place for his remembrance flower.

Floating on the waters of Anzac Cove, Bill Luck's poppy gently rose and fell with the waves. He felt by leaving it there, it was encompassing everybody who was involved in the battle. He also walked the length of the beach, reassuring himself that by so doing, he must surely cross the footsteps of his grandfather. Another red poppy that floated on the water was put there by Garry O'Byrne in memory and in awe of the bravery of the second wave of Anzacs out of the trenches at The Nek, because they had witnessed the terrible fate that befell the first wave. These were all men of the 8th Regiment, Australian Light Horse, who had left their horses behind in Egypt and had been deployed to serve as infantrymen at Gallipoli. They were also men who predominately came from Western Victoria.

The headstone of Pam Morley's great uncle, a tin miner, was located at Lone Pine and her poppy rested there. She was also able to drop a piece of ore from a tin mine in Tasmania, his home state, over the wreck of the steamer *Milo* when we were taken to view the coast from the Aegean Sea several days later. This was a very symbolic gesture and gave her a great sense of connection. The 'Milo' was sunk after a storm towards the end of the campaign and was used as a breakwater. It also helped in the safe evacuation of the troops in December 1915.

The unusual plaque of a Light Horseman in Shrapnel Valley cemetery, which had been partly scoured out and had a horseshoe embedded in the space, was the place chosen by Michele Streight to leave her poppy in memory of her grandfather who served with the 5th Light Horse Regiment. Carol Holt knew part of the story of a 20 year old private from northern Victoria, whose life was lost on the day of the landing, and found his headstone at Lone Pine. Her poppy was left there. She is hoping to research more of his story.

Although few families remained untouched by the losses, there was often a common thread of silence about the experiences of the war. However, Leonie McNally was able to locate, after some searching, the headstone of her lost great uncle at Lone Pine and this became a very meaningful home for her poppy. Our Turkish guide, Enis, was also keen to place a poppy. He chose the unusual headstone of a young soldier in Shrapnel Valley cemetery. This has in front of it a large piece of engraved bluestone, brought over from Melbourne by the soldier's family in 1922, and Enis placed his poppy there.

Our three New Zealanders, Rosanne Taylor, her son Shane and daughter Hayley, had the names of a grandfather and a great uncle to find. The latter's name was located on

the commemorative wall at Lone Pine and Shane's poppy was placed there. Their grandfather fought at the battle of Chunuk Bair, high on the ridge, which the brave Kiwis managed to capture briefly, before it was lost once more. Rosanne and Hayley left their poppies near the high monument, erected by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, which carries in admiration the very moving words, 'From the uttermost ends of the earth'. It is a sacred site for New Zealanders.

Our leader, Garry Snowden, also placed his poppy at Chunuk Bair after being moved by the Kiwi commemorative service. Not only is the site a very stirring place above the precipitous cliffs, but from its high strategic vantage point, it looks down on so many other sites that evoke the scenes of battle and deeply touch the emotions. Both Leonie Winner, our assistant leader, and her husband Jim, took their poppies to Egypt to place them in memory of a great uncle who lost his life there.

My poppy? At the cemetery on the scrubby slopes at Baby 700, very close to the top of the ridge, I found the headstone of Capt. Joseph Lalor – grandson of Eureka's Peter Lalor, the man who led the miners' uprising on the Ballarat goldfields in 1854. Joseph lost his life on the day of the landing, a day that saw this site change hands five times, with the trenches no more than seven yards apart in places. Capt. Lalor was killed as he rose to lead his men in an advance. Being a Ballarat resident myself, I chose to leave my poppy at Joseph's headstone (see photograph on page 34).

We worked through the night of 24 April, welcoming and assisting the throngs of people arriving in great anticipatory mood. Early in the morning of 25 April, when the velvety darkness began to subtly give way to the gradual light of dawn, there were 10,000 entranced visitors at the commemorative site. Beneath the high rocky outcrop of the Sphinx, we watched, listened, sang and shed a tear during the Dawn Service. The only sounds to be heard in the moving silence that followed the bugler's 'Last Post' were the gently lapping waters on the pebbly beach.

But there were 17 Buninyong poppies nestled into the ridges and gullies amongst the rosemary, and on the water, that had been placed with reverence and respect, creating lifelong memories.

**'From the uttermost ends of the earth' with determination and unbelievable
bravery they came.**

THE DIARIES OF LT. RALPH DORCHEL DOUGHTY M.C

Peter Kivell

Our family is one of the lucky ones that have in their possession five cherished war diaries that cover Ralph Doughty's experiences during WW1. [See Note 1] They start in Egypt on 5 April 1915 with his artillery training, then on to Gallipoli, France and Belgium, with his day-by-day entries finishing on 16 March 1917. They provide a vivid personal account of the life of an artilleryman.

From reading the diaries and gathering family and military information over the last year or so, I have come to a deeper understanding of how he lived his life, both here in New Zealand as well as during his years of service with the Australian Imperial Force.

Ralph's Five Personal Diaries

Ralph wrote the first three diaries (see photograph on page 34) while he was on the Gallipoli peninsular, with diaries 4 and 5 being written while he was serving in Egypt, France and Belgium. The entries are written in indelible pencil and over the 93 years they have faded slightly, so all of Ralph's thoughts and experiences had to be transcribed into a readable format before they were lost forever. This was done by Jane Webster and Gary Danvers. They are transcribed just as Ralph wrote them. In some cases, words have eluded the transcribers. These are indicated thus ... Where the transcribers were uncertain as to the word, it is shown in square brackets with a question mark [Gillagan?]. Ralph's own comments are shown in round brackets (thus). Explanations or expansions of his slang terms are indicated in square brackets without the question mark.

Diary 1 is particularly interesting, as Ralph had cut leather off a horse saddle to use as protective covers; he then placed a copper wire through the top of the pad to bind it all together, which is still intact. Diaries 2 and 3 are small pocket note pads that Ralph would probably have taken with him during a day's firing to make entries into while he was next to his gun. Diaries 4 and 5 were written in *Army Book 152: Correspondence Book (Field Service)*. The former being hard covered, and the latter soft covered.

Family and Military Service

Ralph Dorchel Doughty was born on 1 October 1891, the youngest of eight children born to William and Susanna Doughty of Stratford, New Zealand. Ralph's first job was in Stratford as a warehouseman, but he soon decided that when he was old enough he would travel to Australia to find a better paying job. This he did in 1913, at the age 22.



Lt Ralph Dorchel Doughty MC

It was during Ralph's time in Australia that the First World War broke out and men were asked to sign up to fight for King and Country. Like many others Ralph did so without question, enlisting with 2nd Battery, 1st Field Artillery Brigade in Sydney (N.S.W) on 28 August 1914. He was allotted army number 193 with the rank of artilleryman. Signing on as an artilleryman would not have been a hard decision for Ralph, as he had already had three years of artillery experience with 'H' battery of the New Zealand Field Artillery. His low number indicates he was among the first to sign up and 'get stuck in to the Turks' as he put it.

During more than two and a half years of service with the Australian Military Forces, Ralph was promoted through the ranks, being made provisional Corporal on 20 June 1915 at Gallipoli. He was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant at Tel-el-Kebir on 12 March 1916 and posted to 9th Battery, 3rd Field Artillery Brigade, being promoted to Lieutenant on the 13 June 1916.

The First Diary Entries

Ralph's initial training was in Egypt (Cairo) before moving onto the campaign at Gallipoli, with the first entry in the diaries being:

Brief account of my personal experience while on active service proper dating from April 5th 1915.

After having come from Australia per SS 'Argyleshire' and arrived in the Land of the Pharaohs where rigourous training and tons of good fun and High Life generally were the rules of the road we got embarkation orders thank God!.....

Ralph left the port of Alexandria on 10 April and travelled to Lemnos in preparation for the landings at Gallipoli. It was during this trip that Ralph and his fellow servicemen got their first indication of where they were going. He wrote:

10 April 1915

Left the wharf at 12 noon. Saw the last of Alexandria at 2 pm. Great city and absolutely Eastern in appearance. Splendid shipping accommodation. Contrary to expectations we went straight out of the harbour instead of anchoring in the stream for a day or so. Don't know where we're off to. Think it's the Dardenelles. Beautifully calm. Drew one month's pay in advance. Wish I had leave ashore tonight!

12 April 1915

Arrived at Lemnos. Anchored under torpedo protection at 5.30 pm. Splendid naval base. About 50 or 60 ships here now. Transports and warships – passed the Askold, two French Monitors and several English warships, including the Queen Elizabeth 'Lizzie' whose band received us with 'It's a Long Way to Tip'. A first class battleship name unknown but flying the white ensign passed us a short time after we anchored. Splendid sight. Saw one cruiser, which from outward appearances has been in action. Just got an order 'Enemy's aeroplanes about, douse all lights' so it's bunk with a vengeance tonight.

Ralph's first experience of battle was at Gallipoli on 26 April 1915, although this was to be a very short experience of being under enemy fire:

26 April 1915

Woke up at 6.15 by the 'Majestics' broadside. Proves a real good alarm clock. Observing the naval fire all the morning. Was having quite a snooze about 1 pm when Gibson woke me up with 'Full Marching Orders' to go ashore. Saw to the slinging of horses and got aboard the punt, and was towed ashore by a mine-sweeper. Within a mile from the shore we became a mark for the enemy's snipers and they served it up pretty hot, one bullet went through Doc's haversack, while another introduced itself to Sgt Gurd and myself as we were sitting together. Missed Gurd's head by a matter of decimals of an inch. Passed close to 'London' as she let go a broadside. Knocked one chap's cap off. On getting to the shore, rec. orders to go back as the landing was too crowded. Didn't we curse, but orders are orders on service, so back we went. I'd like to have 5 minutes with that particular officer who handed out that order. The enemies snipers got busy again but only splashed the water around us.

27th April 1915

Went to bed absolutely down and out last night. Awfully disappointed at not being

allowed to land. Woke up at 5.30 this morning by bursting shells. Seems to me they can't leave this craft alone. Four 10 inch lyddite shells lobbed in the water close to us, one rang in my ears for sometime afterwards. Their gunnery is rotten, made an awful mess of the water. Got the order to clear out of range. Put back to sea at 9 am. Went SW on some shrewd movement. Cruised about all day and part of the night. Curse that officer. Bunk 9.30.

Ralph's Sense of Humour

Throughout his diaries, Ralph often made some quite humorous remarks on the events that were happening around him. These were, I suspect, used to try and take away all the sights of carnage and loss of life that he witnessed every day. Here are a few extracts from the entries he made on the Peninsular:

June 1915

Our friends woke up again very early this morning. Must have some liver complaint. They brought another gun up on the Asiatic side. This one is a 13.5 siege gun firing Armour piercing shells. A battleship has just gone over to inquire into things, blazing away from every starboard gun. A big howitzer shell from Ache Baba ricocheted from somewhere handy and lobbed about 12ft away while we were having tea. Fortunately it failed to explode, otherwise it would have been 'a perfect lesson in aviation for some of us'. We went for a swim this afternoon but they couldn't leave us alone again, one burst right over us and blew out two Frenchmen.

13 June 1915

Evidently our friends located us by our flashes last night and have detailed a 6 inch gun to blow us to Australia – perhaps, anyhow from 5:30 til 8 am this morning they've been giving us particular "H", one landed 30yds from 'D' gun dug a hole 10ft deep and 12 across, but the most remarkable prank played, I think was one of the same breed striking the road in front of our gun entering the ground, travelling 15ft underground coming out again and going for a further 25yds, stopping exactly 7ft in front of the gun, without exploding. Had it done so, 'B' sub would have been hanging on the moon by now. The only one to miss exploding out of 10. Later all day long we have been paid special attention by this gun and its associates. A 4.7 and a 7.5 "H". No special damage done however, only knocked the landscape about a bit.

16 September 1915

Heavy shelling of the French Reserve lines in rear of our position by a new Turkish 6 gun battery. Not much damage done however. After last nights rain the French had put out their blankets & waterproofs today on the sunward slopes of the hill and our friends had possibly taken these for tents. Saw one shell lob into a dug-out.

Immediately after a Frenchie came out, dusted himself and went back again. Big beano during afternoon & night. Beautiful day after last nights squall. "Quiet" night. Particularly for NSH & myself.

Carnage and Loss of Life

Ralph would write entries in the diaries on the terrible carnage and loss of life that was happening around him, or make remarks on the sights he saw that no one would wish anyone to see. These got dramatic with each entry.

6 May 1915

Our first big action. Fighting all day and going some too. Big attack on the town of Krithia and main entrenchments of the Turks. From early morning the British and French wounded have been passing us in a continual stream. This afternoon several infantry chaps were hit around our position and many were dragged into our pits for attention and protection. Sgt Selmes and Gr Gilligan slightly wounded.

As I write this seated on the left gun seat waiting for the order to open fire again, they're not half peppering us. Our friend the sniper has our range and occasionally lobs one into our pit. We're after him tonight. Reckon he's had a fairly good innings. Bitterly cold. – Exit sniper. Under shell fire all day.

3 June 1915

Buried 'Mary' this morning beside 'Kinky'. Extremely interesting to know that we have 3 woman snipers now. They are down in the base quartered in a wire cage arrangement similar to what they put tigers in at the zoo. Swim this afternoon, our Asiatic friends couldn't leave us alone again and peppered us with 16 inch hwitzers, several fell in water near us, while one landed 30 yards away while we were dressing. They can't possibly let us alone. Lt Clowes and Gnr Tanner returned today. Clowes wounded in the head, Brown lost one arm.

13 July 1915

Up at 4 am this morning. Turks counter attacked in force and gave us particular 'H' with vengeance. We've just stopped firing for the 3rd time this morning and as far as we can find out, the ground gained yesterday (1000 yds) has been held by our chaps. 6 am. Had a glorious time. Started at 6:30 am, stopped firing at 9:10 pm. Worked the old gun till the springs broke and the piece itself was so hot that the bearings expanded with the heat and stopped the recoil. We fired 1160 rounds. My hands are burnt beautifully. Can hardly close my left. Got a whack on the knee which put me off the gun for half an hour but it's O.K. again. Heavy fighting all night. 8 pm. What a day. One of the hottest and best we've had. Got another 3 trenches in the centre, but don't

know how the right got on. Have [heard?] Clark, Adams, Cairns and 2 others all out of it. Later. Have just repulsed a mass attack by the Turks. Can't close my right hand, agony to write. We're all like niggers. Absolutely black with cordite smoke and dust. Like Mother to see me now.

17 July 1915

Awfully hot again today. Flies making things not much pleasant. Got orders to accompany Clowes to the trenches again for observation work. Came up here, and are quartered in a ____ of a hole. In the Turks original 2nd line. The trench for close on a mile is full of dead Turks with but 6ins of earth over them. The ramps of the trench are thick with dead. The odour is, well I won't try and describe it, but it's not Eau de Cologne. And we're here for 48hrs. HOW ROMANTIC.

Ralph's Pals

Ralph would always mention the pals that he had around him, both during his time spent in Gallipoli and in the other campaigns that he served in. He wrote about what they did during the times they were in action, serving up shells to the enemy and what they received in return, or getting some valuable rest time (when they could), playing of cards, down to collecting rations for the day or taking swims at the beach when the Turks allowed them to do so.

14 April 1915

Real NZ day after yesterday's squall. Norman OK again. Arrival of more troopships. Believe we are going to get particular 'H' when we land. Let 'em all come. All our 18 lb ammunition fused and ready packed 1000 rounds per gun. Guess the Turks will think it's Christmas or Guy Fawkes night when the eighteens start. Chas and I played Burnell and Challen at 500 tonight [Note 2]. It's a shame what we done to them. Chas and I always did play together and really I reckon we're 'hot stuff'. Got a present of one bottle of wine. Active service uncertainties again.

23 September 1915

Got leave today and Delaney & myself walked to the beach. En route had a screw at the new 10 inch howitzers which the French have just got into position. They had to be brought up on a specially built railway and are enormous guns. Got into some "...[Haven?] down at the beach bought some Grapes & apples also 4 bottles of Black & White. Don't half need it nowadays. Just before we arrived a shell from Asia landed square into the canteen and blew things about a bit. No word of our leaving as yet. Very chilly night.

What became of Ralph?

After the evacuation from Gallipoli, the 3rd Field Artillery Brigade was sent to Egypt and then to France. Ralph was wounded in action on 18 November 1916, and was evacuated to England three days later for rest and recuperation. He rejoined the 3rd Field Artillery Brigade in France on 9 February 1917.

On 8 May 1917, Ralph Doughty was awarded the Military Cross for his actions in support of a successful attack on German positions near the village of Hermies, east of Bapaume. The citation records:

At HERMIES on the 9th April 1917, Lieutenant Ralph Dorchel DOUGHTY displayed conspicuous courage and initiative when working with the Right Battalion, 1st Australian Army Brigade F.O.O. for the 3rd (Army) F.A. Brigade. He was responsible for the successful employment of the Artillery on his flank at a crucial period of the operations, and did not hesitate to push out beyond the furthest point reached by our Infantry patrols in order to secure better facilities for our observation. There can be little doubt that it was to his devotion to duty and resource, that our line in front of HERMIES owed its immunity from counter-attack, during the whole day of attack.

Ralph was wounded again at Passchendaele, Belgium on 23 July 1917, but this time luck was not with him and he did not recover from wounds received. He died on 25 July 1917, and is buried in the Coxyde Military Cemetery, close to the Belgium coast.

A photograph of his grave can be found on page 35.

This remembrance story of my great, great uncle, along with the extracts that I have taken from his WWI diaries will, I hope, pay full respect and honour to the life that he lived, and for the self-sacrifice he made at Passchendaele – far, far away from his home.

Let those that come after see to it that his name is not forgotten

NOTES:

1. The five diaries of Lt. Ralph D Doughty MC can be read using the link:
http://www.thekivellfamily.co.nz/family_pages/ralphs_diaries/Ralph_Doughty.html
2. The name of the game is derived from its objective. A game is completed when one team or pair of players reach 500 points by attaining a call which gives a total score of 500 or more, or fail to attain a call which reduces their score to minus 500 points or more. Thus, the object of the game is to reach 500 first, or force your opponents down to, or past, minus 500.



Gallipoli Association members and friends in conversation in the 'Assembly Room', The Guildhall, Kings Lynn, prior to the East Anglian Regional Lunch.



Group photograph of Gallipoli Association members and friends attending the East Anglian Regional Lunch.



Information about the Gallipoli Campaign displayed in the 'Stone Hall' during the East Anglian Regional Lunch.



Commemorations in Hawick. (Left to right) Mr Viv Sharp, Henry Douglas (Hawick Callants Club President), Zandra Elliot (Honorary Provost) after the wreath laying ceremony on 12 July at the 1514 ('The Horse') Memorial.



The Hawick Town War Memorial, Wilton Lodge Park on which wreaths were laid on 12 July in memory of The Fallen of the 1/4th (Border) Battalion, King's Own Scottish Borderers.



The Mayor of King's Lynn and West Norfolk, David Johnson, with Lt. Colonel Mehmet Canli, Madame Canli and family, and other guests at West Newton Church on 14 September.



Royal British Legion Standards are borne from the church at the conclusion of the Memorial Service at West Newton Church on 14 September.



Bursary recipients, Xander Morgan and Harry Miller, at the Anzac Commemorative site, Anzac Cove.



Plaque commemorating the oak tree planted at Redoubt Cemetery in memory of 2/Lt. Eric Duckworth of Rugby School.



Gallipoli Guide, Guven Pinar, with an attentive audience at Beach Cemetery.



Caroline Hutterer, of Conservation Volunteers, Australia, places her Buninyong Poppy by the headstone commemorating Capt. Joseph Lalor, 12th Bn. Australian Infantry.



Diary One
5 April 1915 to
15 September 1915



Diary Two
16 September 1915 to
21 November 1915.



Diary Three
22 November 1915 to
3 January 1916

*The diaries of Lt. Ralph Dorchel Doughty MC covering the period
April 1915 - January 1916.*



Lt. Ralph Dorchel Doughty's grave at Coxyde Military Cemetery, Belgium.



John Gallishaw at the time of enlistment in St. John's, Newfoundland in March or April 1915.



Caribou Hill, from which the Turkish sniper shot Gallishaw in October 1915, is located approximately in the middle distance.



The former Bristol City Omnibus seen at Suvla Bay in May 2008 by Dale Hjort.

ANZAC DAY COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS

The Autumn issue of *The Gallipolian* reported that 'Australia Post' had produced a series of stamps to mark Anzac Day 2008. These are no longer available but one of our members in Australia, Jennie Nairn, has kindly donated four 'First Day Covers' featuring the five stamps in the series. They are available to members in return for a donation to Association funds.

Those interested should contact the Editor (address inside the front cover) in writing, or by e.mail, by 1 January 2009. If necessary, allocation will be determined by ballot after that date. Donations should not be sent at this stage.

RESEARCH GROUP

Clare Church

Members are 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).

INFORMATION PLEASE

Do you have a question about some aspect of the Gallipoli campaign? Something perhaps 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 among the membership 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 **Brian Blackler** who lives at Frinton-on-Sea, Essex.

I am seeking information about **Fred (Fredrick) Catto**, born in Canning Town, East London in 1886, the son of Keith & Sophia. In 1901 Fred was an Apprentice Bricklayer. He went to Australia between 1901 and 1915 because his Australian Army Records (I have a full set) show that he enlisted into the AIF on 16 January 1915 in Liverpool NSW. His occupation was given as a Marine Fireman.

Fred joined the 4th Bn. Australian Infantry (Army No. 1922) and on 13 April 1915

embarked on HMAT A55 Kyarra at Sydney NSW. He joined the battalion at Gallipoli on 17 June 1915. His mother was then living in Whitwell Road, Plaistow, London, England. According to a fellow soldier (Pte. J W Holt) Fred was fatally shot in the head on the 7 August 1915 (the day after the Regiment had charged the Turkish Lines at Lone Pine). The CWGC records show that Fred is commemorated on the Lone Pine Memorial.

His medals were sent to his sister Mrs E Ingleton, 71 Palmer Street, Balmain, NSW. I have his Death Plaque and a photo of him and would appreciate any further information about Fred, the whereabouts of his family. I would also like to locate his medals'.

If anyone can assist, please send any information to the Editor and I will pass it on.

THE SALONIKA CAMPAIGN SOCIETY 1915-1919

Alan S Wakefield

Anglo-French forces began landing at the Greek port of Salonika on 5 October 1915. The troops – some originally intended for, or transferred from Gallipoli – were sent to provide military assistance to the Serbs who had been attacked by combined German, Austro-Hungarian and Bulgarian armies. The intervention came too late to save Serbia and after a brief winter campaign in severe weather conditions on the Serbian frontier, the Anglo-French forces found themselves back at Salonika. At this point the British advised that the troops be withdrawn. However, the French, with Russian, Italian and Serbian backing still believed something of strategic importance could be gained in the Balkans. After preparing the port of Salonika for defence, the troops moved up country.

During 1916, further allied contingents of Serbian, Italian and Russian troops arrived and offensive operations began. These culminated in the fall of Monastir to Franco-Serb forces during November. A second offensive during the spring of 1917, the British part of which was the First Battle of Doiran (24-25 April and 8-9 May), made little impression on the Bulgarian defences. The front line remained more or less static until September 1918, when a third offensive was launched. During this the British attacked at Doiran for a second time (18-19 September). With a breakthrough by Serbian forces west of the River Vardar the Bulgarian army was forced into a general retreat. The campaign concluded with the surrender of Bulgaria on 30 September.

Malaria proved to be a serious drain on manpower during the campaign. In total the British forces suffered 162,517 cases of the disease and in total 505,024 non-battle

casualties. With the campaign being a low priority for the War Office the assistance rendered by voluntary medical organisations, such as the Scottish Women's Hospitals, proved invaluable.

The British Salonika Force was commanded by Lieutenant General George Milne, from May 1916, following General Sir Bryan Mahon's posting to Egypt. At its height (late 1916 – early 1917) it comprised six divisions, grouped into two corps. These were:

XII Corps: 22nd, 26th, 60th Divisions

XVI Corps: 10th, 27th, 28th Divisions

This made it a mixture of regular, new army and territorial formations, with battalions of English, Irish, Scottish and Welsh origin. The Army's mounted force consisted of yeomanry and cyclists. The only crucial weakness lay in artillery, especially howitzers. In support were Royal Engineers, British, Maltese and Macedonian labour battalions, ASC, Indian and Maltese muleteers, RAMC, Canadian and volunteer medical services. Air support was provided by Nos. 17 and 47 Squadrons RFC and No. 17 Kite Balloon Section. A third squadron, No. 150 was formed during 1918. RNAS aircraft based at Stavros, and on the island of Thasos also assisted with operations.

The Salonika Campaign Society was formed to promote interest in the Salonika Campaign of 1915–1919. Its aim is to perpetuate the memory of those of all nations who served, whether they were members of the armed forces, medical service or civilian staff. The Society traces its roots back to the Salonika Reunion Association, which existed between 1924 and 1969. This was at heart a veterans association, the only criteria for membership being wartime service in the Balkans. When, due to its ageing membership, the association folded, many former members wished to continue the tradition of meeting annually in London. Thus, the Salonika Society was formed in 1969. This was a more informal affair welcoming descendants of veterans alongside those who had served.

After 23 years, with membership declining, the Society was wound up. Yet again a small group continued to meet annually to lay a wreath at the Cenotaph and attend overseas commemorations. The Salonika Campaign Society, which now has over 200 members, continues this tradition and encourages all members with an interest in the campaign to attend.

The Society's newsletter, *The New Mosquito* – which is named in honour of the journal of the Salonika Reunion Association, *The Mosquito* – is published twice a year. To find out more, please visit the Society web site – www.salonika.talktalk.net – or contact me, Alan S Wakefield, Chairman, The Salonika Campaign Society, 4 Watson's Walk, St Albans, Herts AL1 1PA.

A PILGRIMAGE TO GALLIPOLI

I thought readers might be interested in contrasting more recent visits made to Gallipoli with one made in 1936 on the ill-fated Cunard White Star Liner, *Lancastria*. The following article was written by Mr G E Willis of the *Newbury Weekly News* under the title 'Gallipoli – Salonika Re-visited'. I have excluded that part of the account relating to Salonika, not all of which has survived. The photographs are reproduced by kind permission of The Lancastria Association.

GALLIPOLI – SALONIKA RE-VISITED PILGRIMAGE TO HISTORIC WAR-TIME SPOTS MEMORABLE INCIDENTS IN 6,400 MILES' CRUISE 500 Pilgrims, with 180 Poppy Wreaths

We sailed from Liverpool in the well equipped Cunard White Star 17,000 tons liner *Lancastria* with 611 passengers, of whom 500 were definitely 'pilgrims', and among these were 60 or 70 nurses who had served on hospital ships in the Mediterranean, or in hospitals in Macedonia. One woman was the proud wearer of 13 service medals, a few others, if they could be induced to talk, could relate a thrilling story of a war-time sea rescue from a torpedoed hospital boat. Some of the women were mothers or widows who had saved up for months to seize this unique opportunity of going to see the last resting place of their loved ones, and there were some who knew there was no grave to visit, for the names of their dear ones were recorded on the huge memorials to the missing. For several who were unable to make the journey, the Pilgrimage Committee had promised to secure photographs of graves and to lay wreaths.

Among our cargo were 180 poppy wreaths. They varied in design from the humble spray sent by a poor widow to the three large wreaths, three to four feet in height, sent by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London. Other cities, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Belfast, sent wreaths, many came from reunion associations, several were inscribed to the memory of men in certain divisions, of particular regiments and units, and even 'dumb friends' were remembered. The inscriptions upon those to be laid on Greek, Yugoslav and Turkish memorials to the memory of gallant comrades and chivalrous foes alike were printed in the appropriate language as well as in English. All these 180 wreaths had been made by and purchased from the war disabled men working in the British Legion factories.

The wreaths came aboard in cases, and when unpacked were hung around a large room which was designated the 'Pilgrimage Canteen'. Here in this beflagged spacious apartment were also displayed excellent representations of the signs of all the divisions which took part in the Gallipoli and Salonika campaigns, and a large collection of war-time photographs covering both fronts and the hospitals at Malta to which many men were sent. Here, too, the complete list of registers in respect of all the cemeteries in

these theatres of war were available for inspection. During the voyage many reunion gatherings took place in the pilgrimage canteen.



The Wreaths

Wonderful Reception at Malta

The first port of call was Malta, where the local branch of the Salonika Reunion Association had prepared a wonderful reception for the pilgrims. Following an official welcome on board the 'Lancastria' the passengers disembarked and accompanied by guides visited buildings and places of interest in Valletta. Then I had the duty assigned to me of conducting a party of ex-servicemen to the Malta War Memorial Hospital for Children, where we were received by Judge, the Hon. Professor Sir A Bartolo, Kt. Chairman of the Governing Body. After touring the hospital, the men lined up in the corridor, two minutes silence was observed and the oldest soldier present, Mr G J Berry of Swindon laid a wreath on the memorial tablet. Photographs were taken and this party then drove off to rejoining the main body at the Casino Maltese, a palatial club in the Strada Reale, opposite the Palace at Valletta. Here all the 600 members of the pilgrimage were invited to cocktails.

Next, some 70 of the ex-Service men attended a reunion dinner at the Osborne Hotel. This was presided over by His Excellency the Governor, Lieut. General Sir Charles Bonham Carter KCB CMG DSO who proposed success to our pilgrimage. Replies were made by our two distinguished leaders, Field Marshal Sir William Birdwood GCB etc. and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes GCB etc. All the speeches were broadcast to the islanders. At 9.45 pm everyone attended a grand gala performance at the Manoel

Theatre, which is the oldest opera house in the world. All the boxes were encircled with coloured lights and draped with regimental colours. In the centre of the stage was a huge Union Jack, bearing the word ‘Welcome’ in silver letters.



‘The Lancastria’ at Malta

A Night of Memories

It was a night of memories, typified by a stirring programme. First Lieut. Colonel P H Hansen VC [See Note 1] gave an address of welcome asking the pilgrims to accept the gala as an expression of Malta’s friendship and goodwill. The band of the 1st King’s Own Scottish Borderers appropriately opened with Alford’s ‘Vanished Army’. This battalion took part in the original landing at ‘Y’ beach, Gallipoli. A cornet solo ‘Love’s Sweet Song’ was followed by a post horn solo, then came a selection of Scottish melodies by the kilted pipers of the band. For the next quarter of an hour there was community singing, which, with all the programme, excepting a film show, was broadcast. The films included topical news in which the Cup final at Wembley was screened.

Then there was a series of ‘still’ pictures of the Salonika and Gallipoli campaigns, during which the band played regimental marches. Next ‘a silent thought’, when amid the reverent silence of the standing company Colonel Hansen read the opening stanza ‘They shall grow not old’ of Lawrence Binyon’s immortal poem ‘To the Fallen’. A surprise item was a film of the *Lancastria*’s arrival in the harbour, groups taken on board and disembarkation. Then joining hands, the company sang ‘Auld Lang Syne’, and an impressive programme ended with the National Anthem and Field Marshal Sir William Birdwood echoing the sentiments of the pilgrims by thanking Malta for its wonderful reception, which he said would be “memorable and unforgettable”.



*(left to right) Field Marshal (Lord) Birdwood,
Admiral Sir Roger J.B. Keyes RN and Captain Edward Unwin VC RN*

Salonika Strike Causes Ship to Change its Course

Two days later we were passing among the islands of the Grecian Archipelago and making for Salonika when a radiogram was received advising us that there was a general strike affecting all transport at Salonika. So the *Lancastria*'s course was dramatically changed towards the Dardanelles. We learned later that the Sunday when we should have landed at Salonika there were clashes between 6,000 strikers and armed police when 20 strikers were killed and over 150 wounded.

We reached Cape Helles half-an-hour before sunrise, and at 5.35am anchored off Chanak to pick up Turkish officials. These included customs officials, who later demanded the sum of £100 in customs' duty for the poppy wreaths we intended laying on the Peninsular and the two for the Turkish War Memorial at Istanbul. The request staggered us but after a prolonged discussion the sum was reduced to £30 14s. 6d., which was met by a 'whip round' among our passengers. Greece it may be stated waived any claim that might exist for customs' duty on wreaths. Just before reaching the Narrows a service was held on board to those who had died at sea, and a wreath was cast into the waters. Istanbul looked most picturesque from the sea, and the sky being clear and sunny, the hour's cruise up the Bosphorus was greatly enjoyed.

We turned when in sight of the Black Sea. Sunday evening was spent ashore at Istanbul, and on the following day we visited the famous mosques, the museum, underground cisterns, and finished up by shopping in the bazaars. Everywhere we found the prices most exorbitant, short taxi rides 7s. 6d., a cup of tea 4s. 6d. or 5s., and one passenger

was charged £4 for a bottle of champagne. To purchase curios or souvenirs called for expert bargaining to get them at anything like a reasonable price.

Adventures on Gallipoli Peninsula

Early next morning we anchored in Kelia Bay, and landing in small Turkish boats, following endorsement of our passports, we spent two days touring the Peninsula. On the first day a convoy of motor buses – old, and with more than a suspicion of having done duty with the British army took a large party to the Lone Pine and Chunuk Bair Memorials, down Shrapnel Valley to Brighton Beach, where we ate a picnic lunch, then on to Anzac Cove. All the surrounding cemeteries were visited, short services were held and wreaths laid. Old trenches, many of them now collapsed and covered with masses of flaming poppies, were explored, and there was still evidence of war time occupation, dumps of rusty tins, strands of barbed wire, shell cases, pieces of shrapnel and even bones. Another party visited the Helles area, where the programme was similar, excepting that there was time to go on those fateful beaches where heroes landed in the spring of 1915. On ‘V’ beach where the *River Clyde* made history, there is a mass of wreckage of war. Next day the parties reversed their routes. On the first night we gave a dinner on board to His Excellency the Vali of Chanak and leading Turkish residents after which we danced with them in the ballroom.



Anzac Cove (1936)

The ‘roads’ on the Peninsula were really not much more than cart tracks in places, and although the Turkish drivers drove the old buses quite skilfully there were many breathless incidents as they swayed from side to side, skirting steep slopes, bumped over small bridges merely consisting of a piece of loose corrugated iron, and crossed small streams full of boulders. Several of the vehicles broke down under the strain, some got

bogged and had to be towed out with ropes or by oxen. The continuous jolting and bumping was an experience for the occupants who had to be satisfied with backless wooden seats, but no one complained of the aches and bruises received.

Roses Blooming in the Cemeteries

We found every cemetery beautifully kept, grass and bushes neatly trimmed, and amid the rows of small raised stones recording the names of those buried there, were the gardens of English flowers in bloom. Standard roses, pansies, irises, sweet peas, anemones, stocks and phlox, and rosemary bushes and other shrubs. The belts of cypresses and other trees have developed so well that the cemeteries have now the setting visualised by the architect when the general scheme of lay-out was adopted. The contrasts with the surrounding desolate country with its miles of scrub and waste was remarkable. What impressed those who had endured such different conditions on this ground 21 years ago, was the peacefulness of the places today.

When the *Lancastria* left Kelia Bay she steamed round the Helles point close-in to give the passengers good views of the coast, this action of the Captain being much appreciated. The voyage continued to Salonika, which was reached the following morning. Sadly, because of the earlier change of plan caused by the strike, the planned two day programme had to be packed into one. Pilgrims were given a choice of visiting either the Doiran or Struma battlefields, with a third alternative a trip to Hortiach and Mikra although it is recorded that a small party set off in cars to visit spots of special significance to them...

Postscript:

The 16,000 ton *Lancastria* made its maiden voyage under the name *Tyrrhenia* in 1922, the name being changed in 1924. At the outbreak of the Second World War the *Lancastria* was taken over by the Admiralty. It was sunk, some 5 miles off St Nazaire, on 17 June 1940 with the loss of over 4,000 lives.

NOTES:

1. Colonel (then Captain) Hansen VC DSO MC CG (Fr), 6th Bn. Lincolnshire Regiment was awarded the VC for conspicuous bravery at Yilghin Burnu, Gallipoli on 9 August 1915. The Regimental History records that after the Lincolns had reached their new line, from Hill 50 to Sulajik, Capt. Hansen dashed through burning scrub, clouds of smoke and a stream of bullets to save wounded men from being burnt alive. He did this six times rescuing six men. He was subsequently awarded the MC on 9 October.
2. More photographs of the *Lancastria's* 1936 voyage can be found on the Lancastria Association's website, which can be accessed via a link on the Association website.

JOHN GALLISHAW AND GALLIPOLI

Philip E Smith

Introduction

The Newfoundland contingent at Gallipoli was one of the smaller national units on the Allied side in that campaign, and certainly the smallest combat unit. It consisted of a single infantry battalion of the Newfoundland Regiment or, as it became later in the war, the Royal Newfoundland Regiment. It is often overlooked when relating the story of Gallipoli, for it was embedded in a division of regular regiments of the British army, the 29th, and its individuality was inevitably diluted. Although it served for nearly four months at Suvla Bay and Cape Helles in very difficult conditions, it arrived too late to take part in any major battles and its casualties through direct enemy action were relatively few. Nonetheless, this modest contingent produced an author who wrote a well-regarded book, a magazine article and a piece of short fiction about the campaign. The book has usually been viewed merely as one more first-hand account of activities on the peninsula by a participant. There was more to the book than this, however, just as there was more to the author than is generally known.

The author was John Gallishaw and the book was *Trenching at Gallipoli*, published in New York in 1916. [See Note 1] It was one of the first books to offer the American public a soldier's eye-view of the Dardanelles venture, at a time when the United States was still neutral and public opinion was divided on the merits of the Allied cause and its prospects of success. The significance of this will be discussed later. First, something about the author and his background before Gallipoli.

Alonzo John Gallishaw (he later dropped the first name) was born in St. John's, the Newfoundland capital, on 14 November 1891, the son of a sailing ship captain and master pilot. His early paternal ancestors were from Jersey in the Channel Islands, where the family was originally Gallichon or Gallichan, and probably French speaking. His mother's family was Irish. He left school in his fourteenth year after his father's death and for the next decade led a rambling life in Newfoundland, Canada, the United States and elsewhere. In those years he held many jobs: auctioneer's clerk, lumberman, farm labourer, shorthand stenographer, bank and stock exchange clerk, political aide to a member of the Canadian House of Commons, assistant secretary to a Prime Minister, campaign worker during Theodore Roosevelt's failed bid to regain the US presidency in 1912, gold miner in South America, and assistant editor of a trade magazine in New York City. In September, 1914 he entered Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts as a Special undergraduate student to study English literature. He withdrew a few months later to enlist in the Canadian army in Halifax, Nova Scotia and trained there for four months in the Cyclist Corps of the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

[Note 2]

In March, 1915 he requested a discharge on the grounds that he wished to join the Newfoundland forces. He was released and immediately returned to St. John's where on 3 April he enlisted in the newly-raised Newfoundland Regiment. A photograph of Gallishaw taken at taken time of enlistment in St. John's in March or April 1915 is on page 35. Gallishaw's motives in this transfer are not clear; he was perhaps impatient to get overseas quickly, or he may simply have wanted to serve with his own countrymen. His service documents describe him as tall with blue eyes and brown hair, and give his previous occupations as student and journalist. A week later he was promoted to lance-corporal in charge of a platoon section. [Note 3]

The Newfoundland Regiment

The Newfoundland Regiment was an unlikely creation. In 1914, Newfoundland was a self-governing Dominion within the British Empire – it did not become a province of Canada until 1949 following two hotly contested referendums – with a population of about 250,000 people of mainly English and Irish descent, plus some small aboriginal (Inuit, Indian) groups. Most lived in hundreds of fishing villages along the coasts of the island and nearby Labrador. The economy was based almost entirely on natural resources – the cod fishery, the seal hunt, mining and forestry – and was chronically unstable. Unlike the richer Dominions it had no armed forces of its own, not even a militia or coast guard.

When war was declared against Germany in August the public, caught up in a wave of patriotism and imperial fervour, was anxious to contribute to the war effort. These sentiments may have been intensified by the memory that Newfoundland, unlike Canada, Australia and New Zealand, had not contributed any forces to the South African war. Many young men immediately went into the Royal Navy, but it was felt more was required. Since there was no pre-existing military nucleus, nor any department of defence, an unorthodox approach was adopted to create an instant citizen army. A group from the business and professional elite of the capital, with the approval of the government, formed a Patriotic Committee and proposed to raise a force of five hundred men for land service abroad. This civilian committee, with the British-appointed Governor as chairman, was responsible for the recruitment and organisation of the regiment until 1917 when the Newfoundland government replaced it with a Department of Militia. A suggestion early on that the contingent should be made part of the Canadian Expeditionary Force was rejected, largely for nationalistic reasons, and it was decided to offer it to the British government. The offer was accepted and in October the contingent of over five hundred recruits, now named the First Newfoundland Regiment, was transported to Britain in a converted sealing ship. (A second regiment was envisaged but never realized and the word 'First' was later dropped.) [Note 4]

They represented men from all sectors of the local society: fishermen, seamen, woodsmen, hunters, trappers, miners, farmers, longshoremen, railwaymen, skilled

craftsmen, office clerks, shop assistants, labourers, teachers, students (one in theology), lawyers, businessmen, and the unemployed. All, by regulation, had to be native Newfoundlanders or residents; outsiders were turned away. Some from St. John's had been members of quasi-military brigades sponsored by the local churches (the Anglican Church Lads Brigade, the Catholic Cadet Corps, the Methodist Guards and the Presbyterian Highlanders), and at the beginning volunteers from these groups were quickly promoted to non-commissioned and commissioned rank. Virtually none of the recruits had any genuine military experience apart from a handful with Royal Naval Reserve training.

A few British army officers were appointed at the start but as time went on men were commissioned from among the NCOs. The Commanding Officer, however, was always from the British army. It was not easy to turn this group of enthusiastic and independent-minded civilians into disciplined soldiers, and there was a certain amount of friction at the beginning as their irreverent attitudes clashed with the strict rules of the professional army. The friction was reduced with time as each side came to understand the other better. Nonetheless there was always some resentment on the part of soldiers in British regiments at what they saw as the extravagant pay of the Newfoundlanders – the “friggin five bobbers” as they were sometimes called. The pay for privates was the same as in the Canadian army: \$1.10 a day, or about five shillings in sterling. Pay and disability pensions were the responsibility of the Patriotic Committee and the Newfoundland government. In essence, the British army had acquired a regiment free. The regiment retained its administrative structure separate from that of the British army throughout the war.

The contingent landed in Devonport on 20 October and spent six weeks on Salisbury Plain. From the muddy misery of that camp it was sent in early December to Fort George in Scotland, near Inverness. The winter was spent in training until in February the regiment was moved to Edinburgh Castle as its garrison – the only non-Scottish regiment ever to have that distinction. The local citizens were at first dismayed by this breach of tradition, but in time grew accustomed to the strange men with their curious dialect from what to the Scots must have seemed the Polar regions. In the meantime recruiting had resumed in Newfoundland to bring the original contingent up to full regimental strength.

In late April, 1915, less than a month after enlistment, Gallishaw was on his way overseas in a draft of reinforcements. After a week in Edinburgh Castle he moved with his battalion to Stobs Camp, near Hawick in the Cheviot Hills, for basic training. In early August, just as the battalion was transferred to Aldershot camp for advanced training, Gallishaw was posted to the Pay and Record Office of the regiment in Victoria Street in London. His earlier career as a clerk and writer may have persuaded his superiors that he would be most useful there.



John Gallishaw, probably taken while training at Stobs Camp, Scotland in spring or early summer of 1915

In reality neither Gallishaw nor his regiment was supposed to go to the Dardanelles. The regiment believed it was preparing for the trenches of the Western Front. Suddenly and improbably the War Office decided to assign the Newfoundlanders to the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force as part of Kitchener's cherished 29th Division. Until then the only non-regular battalion in that division had been the 1/5th Royal Scots, a territorial unit from Edinburgh, but it had suffered heavy losses at Cape Helles and was temporarily withdrawn from combat. The Newfoundland Regiment was selected by Kitchener to fill the gap and would remain in that division until 1918. Its First Battalion of 1076 officers and men sailed on the *Megantic* from Devonport on 21 August. It shared the troopship with a battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment destined for Khartoum. Instead of dropping off the Newfoundland battalion on Mudros, however, the ship was diverted to Alexandria. The battalion spent several weeks near Cairo, first at Abbasiya barracks and then under canvas at Heliopolis. The men amused themselves in the city in the usual ways, mixing amicably with Anzac troops according to Gallishaw. On 14 September they left Alexandria for Mudros and reached the peninsula at Suvla Bay on the night of the 19th, disembarking from the *Prince Abbas* at Kangaroo Beach near Suvla Point.

Very likely Gallishaw was supposed to spend the rest of the war as a clerk in London. This was not to his taste, however. He had strong views about the use of fit, able-bodied men to do clerical work. On learning that his battalion was about to leave for the Dardanelles he asked to be returned to it. When this was refused he obtained a day's leave, took a train to Aldershot, and with the help of friends managed to stow away on the troop train and then on the troopship in Devonport. He hid below, coming on deck only at night. No one gave him away although many were aware of his presence. Five

days later, with the ship in the Mediterranean and safely beyond Malta, he emerged and presented himself to the orderly room. The Commanding Officer (Lt. Col. R. de H. Burton, formerly of the Middlesex Regiment) was so amused by his audacity that no desertion charges were laid and he was not demoted or officially reprimanded. Instead he was put to work clerking in the orderly room until they reached Egypt. There he was allowed to become an infantryman again.

Suvla Bay and After

At Suvla Bay the Newfoundlanders were part of the 29th Division's 88th Brigade, with battalions of the Essex, Hampshire and Worcestershire Regiments. The division had been at Suvla since August when it was transferred from the Helles sector, and was situated in the centre of IX Corps lines, between the 11th and 13th Divisions. The Newfoundland Regiment was now the only non-regular unit in the division, and of course the only 'colonial' one. It was also the only regiment from the Western hemisphere on the peninsula, and Gallishaw must have been a rare instance of a resident of the United States involved in the fighting. It suffered its first casualties on the beach the morning after landing, from shrapnel and shellfire. It was held in the support trenches for some days while detachments from each company were sent forward to become familiar with the other battalions and with trench warfare. Before the end of September they were all in the lines north of the Salt Lake. Following the heavy fighting in the August surge, of which the botched landing at Suvla was a part, a stalemate had set in.

The Newfoundlanders were involved in sporadic raids, but the nearest thing to a pitched battle they experienced was the night-time seizure in November of a small knoll occupied by Turkish snipers between the front lines. It was retained and renamed Caribou Hill (see photograph on page 36) after the North American reindeer that was the emblem of the regiment. Four men were awarded medals, the regiment's first, for this exploit. Earlier a request by the regiment's C.O. for permission to storm the heights of Tekki Tepe was, sensibly, denied. For most of the time the men endured the heat, flies, lice, thirst, poor food and diseases that plagued all the forces on Gallipoli. Far more men were lost to dysentery, jaundice and enteric fever than to bullets and shellfire. The Newfoundlanders disliked the heat but suffered much less than other troops in the great flood and blizzard of late November when so many froze to death; coming from a frigid country where many had been outdoors men they knew how to look after themselves, and while some were frostbitten, none died or lost limbs.

When the evacuation began in December the Newfoundland Regiment was chosen as part of the rearguard covering the withdrawal of the 29th Division. They left Suvla on the last ships on the 19th. After a few days of rest on the island of Imbros they were returned to the peninsula, to Lancaster Landing, as stevedores and support troops for their division, and suffered more casualties. The last of the Newfoundlanders got away from 'V' and 'W' Beaches on the night of 8-9 January 1916. One company, at 'V' beach,

passed through the *River Clyde* to board the lighter. They were taken to Lemnos and Imbros to await disposal.

In one little-known episode of this final evacuation at Helles a Newfoundland officer probably saved the 13th Division's commander, Major-General Stanley Maude, from capture by the Turks. Maude and some of his staff had lost their way in the darkness while proceeding on foot to the embarkation beach, and with a storm brewing the agitated evacuation officers debated whether they could afford to wait for them any longer. A Lt. Owen Steele of the Newfoundland Regiment who was familiar with the terrain volunteered to make a search; he went alone into the hills and after much shouting finally located the general and his entourage wandering about. They were hustled to 'W' beach as the last boats were leaving and just before the set charges exploded in the dumps. One can only speculate how the campaign in Mesopotamia in 1917 might have gone had Maude not been rescued. Steele was killed later that year on the Somme in France. [Note 5]

Altogether the battalion lost 49 men killed and 93 wounded in the fighting on the peninsula. Far more had been evacuated as sick or incapacitated; a number of these died in hospitals in Egypt, Malta, and England [Note 6]. Still, all things considered, the Newfoundlanders were fortunate in 1915. Diverted by Kitchener from Flanders, they were spared the ordeals of Ypres and Loos where their losses would probably have been much greater. As late arrivals at Gallipoli they were not thrown into any of the battles that had decimated other battalions. As part of a division of regulars rather than of a New Army division, they could be blooded and trained gradually under experienced overseers. Even the weather favoured them, for the worst of the summer heat had ended when they arrived. In January the greatly depleted battalion was shipped back to Egypt to recover and re-train at Suez, under a new Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. Arthur Hadow of the Norfolk Regiment who had experience in India, Afghanistan, Tibet and the Sudan. Some men were detached to serve in the Western Frontier Force against the Senussi tribesmen threatening the Egyptian border. In March the replenished and now relatively seasoned battalion was shipped to France to join the rest of the 29th Division on the Somme, in preparation for the great battle. It was on the Somme that its luck finally ran out.

Campaign's End for Gallishaw

Well before this, however, the Gallipoli campaign had ended for Gallishaw. On the morning of 23 October he was in charge of a fatigue party cleaning up a parapet in a front line trench. They came under sniper fire from the still-uncaptured Caribou Hill, and while trying to aid one of his men he was shot in the back. In his book he vividly described his sensations.

I felt a dull thud in my left shoulder blade, and a sharp pain in the region of my heart. At first I thought that in running for cover one of the men had thrown a pick-ax that

hit me. Until I felt the blood trickling down my back like warm water, it did not occur to me that I had been hit. Then came a drowsy, languid sensation, the most enjoyable and pleasant I have ever experienced. It seemed to me that my backbone became like pulp, and I closed up like a concertina. Gradually I felt my knees giving way under me, then my head dropped over on my chest, and down I went. In Egypt I had seen Mohammedans praying with their faces toward Mecca, and as I collapsed I thought that I must look exactly as they did when they bent over and touched their heads to the ground, worshipping the Prophet. [Note 7]

The machine gun bullet had gone through both shoulders and injured a nerve, but miraculously had missed the spine. He was rushed several miles to a dressing station, where he was lightly sprayed with shrapnel fragments, and evacuated that night to Egypt on a hospital ship. For some time his survival seemed doubtful because of shock and loss of blood. He spent almost four weeks in a military hospital in Alexandria where he gradually recovered. He was then sent to England to convalesce and in early December was admitted to Wandsworth hospital, London. Next month a medical board declared him unfit for further service and he was officially discharged on 24 January at the regiment's depot in Ayr, Scotland.

Very unusually, he insisted on being discharged in Britain and declined the offer to be repatriated to Newfoundland where his mother and a sister lived; he also waived any claim for a disability pension. Instead he took passage as a civilian on a Canadian liner from Liverpool to Saint John, New Brunswick. By mid-February he was back in Cambridge, Massachusetts, ready to resume the studies he had abandoned some fifteen months earlier and to write and lecture about the things he had experienced at Gallipoli.

Editor's Note: A second instalment of this article, dealing with Gallishaw's Gallipoli writings and his later career, will appear in the next issue of *The Gallipolian*.

Dr. Philip E. L. Smith is a retired professor of Near Eastern archaeology in Montreal. During his professional career he excavated prehistoric sites in Egypt, Iraq and Iran. Like Gallishaw, he was born in Newfoundland and educated at Harvard University. His father served in the Royal Newfoundland Regiment in 1918.

NOTES:

1. John Gallishaw, *Trenching at Gallipoli. The Personal Narrative of a Newfoundlander with the Ill-fated Dardanelles Expedition*, The Century Co., N. Y., 1916; H.B. Gundy, Toronto, 1916. A paperback reprint was issued in 2005 by DRC Publishers, St. John's.
2. Alonzo John Gallishaw, Reg. No. 20, Canadian Expeditionary Force. Accession 1992-93/166, Box 3385-1, Library and Archives Canada, Ottawa.
3. Alonzo John Gallishaw, Reg. No. 1369, Royal Newfoundland Regiment, Library and Archives Canada, Ottawa.

4. Col. G. W. L. Nicholson, *The Fighting Newfoundlander. A History of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment*, Government of Newfoundland, St. John's, 1964. Several brief accounts of the regiment at Gallipoli have appeared in *The Gallipolitan*. See John E. Price, 'The Newfoundlanders – a forgotten contingent at Gallipoli', No. 64, Christmas 1990, pp. 34-36, and W. D. Parsons, 'The Newfoundland contingent at Gallipoli', No. 67, Christmas 1991, pp. 30-33.
5. Steele's diary with an account of the rescue was recently edited by David R. Facey-Crowther, *Lieutenant Owen William Steele of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment: Diary and Letters*, McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal and Kingston, 2002. The incident was accurately related in Robert Rhodes James, *Gallipoli*, B. T. Batsford, London, 1965, p. 346 (James had been able to consult Steele's manuscript diary in St. John's). Other authors describe Maude's rescue without mentioning Steele's role, e.g., Alan Moorehead, *Gallipoli*, Hamish Hamilton, London, 1956, p. 354.
6. P. Whitney Lackenbauer, 'War, memory and the Newfoundland Regiment at Gallipoli', *Newfoundland Studies*, St. John's, vol. 15, no. 2, 1999, pp. 176-214.
7. Gallishaw, *Trenching at Gallipoli*, 1916, p. 180. This description of a near-death experience has been cited admiringly by the author of a recent study of the Gallipoli campaign as a rare example of effective writing by a wounded soldier in the war. Jenny Macleod, *Reconsidering Gallipoli*, Manchester University Press, Manchester, 2004, p. 153.

Acknowledgements: The photograph on page 35 is from the Gallishaw family papers, USA. The one on page 49 is held at the Provincial Archives of Newfoundland and Labrador.

TRANSPORTS OF DELIGHT!

Dale Hjort

In May this year, I accompanied a party of friends on their first visit to Gallipoli. I had chosen the West Beach area of Suvla to hold forth on the difficulties of transport, but was interrupted by someone commenting – with no apparent sense of irony – that a double decker bus was approaching. We signalled a request for the driver to stop, and after an exchange of such remarks as “Dr Livingstone, I presume?” we learned that the crew, Dan Spokes and Mat Lumber had left the UK in April after two years raising funds and adapting their former Bristol City omnibus for a journey to Nepal and back. Having driven down from Istanbul the previous day they were exploring an area whose history was unfamiliar to them – they were made aware of the Gallipoli Association before they drove on to Suvla Point! A photograph of the bus can be found on page 36.

The following week I saw, from the balcony of Pansiyon Helles Panorama, another unexpected and inspiring sight – HMS *Illustrious* steaming down from the Dardanelles after HM The Queen’s State Visit to Turkey.

‘FIGHTING MAC’

LT. COL. CHARLES MELVILLE MACNAGHTEN

Derek Hunt

The impressive autograph collection of W Reginald Bray, the self-styled ‘Autograph King’, contained a varied selection of personalities, including sportsmen, politicians, actors and soldiers. Mr Bray sent postcards to famous or newsworthy people asking them to sign the cards and return to him. He would appear to have had some success with this direct approach as his postcards declared that he was the ‘owner of the largest collection of modern autographs in the world’! Between 1899 and 1934 Bray had amassed a collection of over 10,000 autographs.

I recently acquired a few of these autographed postcards, all relating to the Great War, and one in particular has an interesting story attached. The autograph belongs to Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Melville Macnaghten, who commanded a battalion at Gallipoli and later re-enlisted as a private when wounds prevented him from getting back on the active list. His story is told in a cutting from an unidentified newspaper and it is no doubt this that caught the attention of W Reginald Bray. Macnaghten’s postcard is dated December 1918, which is probably around the time the newspaper article was published. Under the heading *Fighting Mac*, the newspaper reported:

Of all the tales of gallantry and grit disclosed by the war none surpasses that told of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Melville Macnaghten, the details of which have just become known. This officer, son of Sir Melville Macnaghten, for many years head of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard [See Note 1], who won the CMG for gallantry in command of a battalion at Gallipoli and acted as a brigadier-general in Egypt, deliberately threw away his rank and position because, as an officer, he was “shelved” through wounds, and enlisted as a private, and was again commissioned for gallantry in France.

On the outbreak of war Colonel Macnaghten, who, like his father and grandfather, is an old Etonian, was in Australia practising law as his profession and soldiering with the local militia as a hobby. Within twenty minutes of the declaration of war Colonel Macnaghten booked his passage for England, intending to join the British Army. The ship by which he was to travel was commandeered for military purposes, and before another vessel sailed arrangements were afoot for mobilising an Australian contingent. He was appointed to the 4th Battalion of the 1st Australian Infantry Brigade, and as second-in-command he went

into training with his battalion in Australia and Egypt.

As all the world knows, the 1st Australian Brigade made the landing at Anzac Cove, Gallipoli, Major Macnaghten being the first man to reach the shore. He was wounded almost immediately, but "carried on". Next day he received two more wounds, and was sent into hospital at Alexandria and afterwards in England. He succeeded in being returned to his unit at Gallipoli, where to the great joy of the men of the 4th Battalion, to whom he was known as "Fighting Mac", he was appointed to succeed Lieutenant-Colonel Onslow Thompson, killed in action while in command of the battalion. He led the 4th in their immortal charge at Lone Pine, of which gallant action General Sir Ian Hamilton wrote:

"At an early period of this last counter-attack the 4th Battalion were forced by bombs to relinquish portion of a trench, but later on, led by their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Macnaghten, they killed every Turk who had got in."

Next came the evacuation, and Colonel Macnaghten was one of the officers engaged in that marvellous military enterprise. Service in Egypt followed, during which he temporarily did duty as a brigadier. But it was not long before his wounds and fever laid him low, and he was eventually invalided to England. In the meanwhile it had been announced that the King had rewarded his distinguished services at Gallipoli with the CMG.

While in England Colonel Macnaghten was always seeking to get back to his regiment, but the doctors refused; he had suffered too much in the war. Eventually he was sent back to Australia as second-in-command of the Australian Sandhurst. From that period onwards his story is best told in his own words to a relative, diffident and modest though they are.

"I tried to get on to the active list again out there, but it was of no avail, and eventually I decided to slip away and join one of the reinforcement battalions. I got away to Queensland, where, after four attempts – I am a bit lame after Gallipoli – I was enlisted as a private under the name of Charles Melville in the 9th Battalion reinforcements. My one fear was that I should be recognised before getting to France, but I was not, and eventually I found myself in England training with the rest of them on Salisbury Plain.

I had been promoted to corporal, and one morning on parade the commanding officer, in whom I recognised a fellow passenger in the hospital ship which brought me to England, sang out 'Corporal, do you think you could drill this company'? Seeing that among other things I had acted as a brigadier while in Egypt, I replied that I thought I could and did so.

All the time I was trying to get into a draft to France and at last succeeded, but there I found my identity could not be hidden for long, for I was among officers and men who had known me in Gallipoli and I was 'given away'. General Birdwood, who had known

me at Lone Pine, sent for me and gave me a commission. I was invalided to England and the next thing was I received a summons to attend Buckingham Palace in my old rank as lieutenant-colonel to receive the CMG which the King had conferred on me years before."

Colonel Macnaghten omitted to mention that he was especially congratulated by his general in France for gallantry at Messines but did not neglect to extol the valour of his men at Gallipoli and across the Channel. "They," he said, "did everything; I did nothing by comparison." But the colonel, who is not yet 40 years old, wears four wound stripes, and in the words of one of his old battalion, "He is riddled like a colander: it's only his fighting spirit which keeps him alive."

That his identity should not be traced when he enlisted as a private he deliberately cut himself off from all his relatives, even from his wife, who was nursing in England, for fear that in the censoring of letters his true name and rank might be discovered.



Lt.-Col. C M Macnaghten CMG

Charles Melville Macnaghten was born in India on 18 November 1879 and spent his early life in East Bengal. In 1888 the family returned to England and Charles was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, receiving his BA in 1901.

In about 1903 he emigrated to Australia and later qualified as a solicitor, working for a law firm in Sydney. In 1909 he joined the local militia and was appointed 2nd Lieutenant in the 1st Battalion New South Wales Scottish Rifle Regiment, where he was responsible for the training of cadets. Promotion quickly followed and by December 1913 he had reached the rank of major.

On 15 August 1914, following the outbreak of war, Macnaghten was appointed second-in-command of the 4th Battalion of the newly raised Australian Imperial Force. His battalion was sent to Gallipoli and he was wounded on landing at Anzac Cove and wounded again the following day. The *Australian Dictionary of Biography* notes that:

Macnaghten was shot twice in the chest and throat, and a note written from his stretcher was the first hint received by the staff that the sole unit of the 1st Division intact after the landing had been decimated. He returned to the unit in June and on 14 July was appointed to command with rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Macnaghten was wounded again, in the knee, during the Turkish counter-attack on Lone Pine on 7 August 1915. He was evacuated to England but returned to Gallipoli in December, in time for the successful withdrawal from the peninsula. On 14 January 1916 he was appointed a Companion of the Order of St Michael & St George and two weeks later he was mentioned in despatches for his actions in Gallipoli.

He then served as Camp Commandant at Tel-el-Kabir, Egypt, where he was again hospitalised, before returning to Australia. Because of his many wounds his AIF appointment was terminated on 7 September 1916 and he was not considered fit enough for active service. He was given a staff job at the Royal Military College, Duntroon but became restive, and decided to enlist as a private under a false name. On 19 October 1916 he re-attested as a private in the 23rd Reinforcements, 9th Battalion. He was eventually sent to France in April 1917, by which time he had been promoted to acting sergeant. Although his identity was soon discovered, he was commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant on 26 May 1917 and continued to serve on the Western Front for a while. Sadly, Macnaghten was again wounded, being discharged as permanently unfit on 10 October 1917.

After the war Macnaghten spent some time in England, which is where W. Reginald Bray wrote to him, before emigrating to Canada, where he worked for the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal as an accountant. He died of pneumonia, aged 51, on 4 February 1931. He had married Annetta Hopcroft in 1904; they had no children.

NOTES:

Although not directly involved in the Jack the Ripper investigation, Sir Melville Macnaghten later wrote a comprehensive review of the case and the likely suspects, which has since been used by numerous writers.

Acknowledgements: Tom Johnson BEM who sent me the W Reginald Bray autographed postcards and the *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, which supplied most of the biographical information.

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 postage.

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 postage.

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

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.

A GALLIPOLI CONNECTION

David Saunders

The death occurred on 11 August 2008, aged 80, of Sir Bill Cotton CBE, perhaps best known as the BBC Television's Head of Light Entertainment who launched Morecambe and Wise on their unstoppable careers. He also first brought the two Ronnie's together on television and presided over such favourites as *Steptoe and Son*, *Last of the Summer Wine* and *The Likely Lads*. Interestingly there is a direct Gallipoli connection. His father, Billy Cotton served at Gallipoli and later became the famous band-leader whose popularity was such that he kept two homes, employed a 20 strong band and indulged in his hobbies of flying, motor racing and sailing.

Born on 6 May 1899, youngest of ten children, Billy Cotton Senior was a choirboy and a drummer, an occupation he pursued, together with the bugle in the Army when, in August 1914, he joined the Royal Fusiliers. Despite his age, he later denied that he had lied to get into uniform, saying with a wink and his cheeky grin "They never asked me!" When he landed in Gallipoli he had not even started shaving and he remained there until the 2nd Bn. Royal Fusiliers left the Peninsula on 2 January. Later he joined the Royal Flying Corps, managed to get his pilot's wings but was then seriously injured in a fighter plane crash and spent the last months of the war in hospital.



Billy Cotton in 1915/16

After recovering he took a variety of jobs including an acrobat in a circus, a boxer, a footballer with Brentford, a bus conductor and eventually in 1925 he formed his own band. The rest of his career is, as they say, history.

RECENT SALES

David Saunders

Pride of place in the Dix Noonan Webb sale on 25 and 26 June and mentioned in the previous *Gallipolian* was the Victoria Cross and other medals of Major H James these fetched £180,000, it is said purchased for display in Australia.

Among other Gallipoli connections which caught the eye was a group of four medals to Stoker Walter Angus who had served on HMS *Doris* during the South African campaign, discharged in 1911 but recalled in 1914 and posted to the Hood Battalion RND. He died of wounds on 27 May and is buried in Lancashire Landing Cemetery. The medals estimated at £300-350, reached £750.

Surgeon-General William Birrell was DMS Mediterranean Expeditionary Force during the Gallipoli operations, his five medals sold for £520, estimate £300-400. A group of three plus memorial plaque to Private E V S Pedley 11th Battalion AIF who died of shrapnel wounds in the legs at Gallipoli in August and is buried in Shell Green Cemetery fetched an amazing £1,900 (estimate £250-300). Groups of three to two other Australians, who survived Gallipoli and the Western Front, fetched £410 (estimate £150-200) and £330 (estimate £100-120). Private Robert McGaffin's two medals sold for £350 (estimate £260-300); he was killed at Gallipoli on 8 August and is commemorated on the Lone Pine Memorial.

The fine Gallipoli DSO group of four awarded to Lieutenant-Colonel E C P Bridges, South Staffordshire Regiment who was severely wounded while leading his battalion at Lala Baba on 21 August fetched £2,400 (estimate £1,400-1,600). He returned to hospital in England, was mentioned in Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch of 11 December and awarded the DSO. The MC and pair to Second Lieutenant G T Crook who served at Gallipoli with the RNAS Armoured Car Division fetched £620 (estimate £450-550); the MC was awarded for subsequent service on the Western Front.

Petty Officer Thomas Read was awarded the DSM for services on board the cruiser *Europa* at the Dardanelles. This medal sold for £550 (estimate £600-800). A Military Medal and Bar group of four to Petty Officer James Watson of the Hood Battalion sold for £3,800 (estimate £2,500-3,000). He arrived at Gallipoli a member of the Collingwood Battalion transferring to the Hood Battalion on 8 June. Subsequently invalided back to England, he later rejoined the Battalion on the Western Front where he received his two awards.

BOOKS

CAPTAIN LINDLEY MC

Author: John Lindley Contents: 176 pages. Price: £10.95.

Privately published (see note below regarding arrangements for purchasing copies).

When his mother died, the author found letters and photograph albums on clearing the house. John's mother had mentioned his father's letters but he had assumed they were sent to her at the time they were courting but they turned out to be letters he had written during the First World War to his mother, father, sister and brother at their home in Nottingham.

John Cyril Lindley – known generally as Cyril – died when John was only 3 and he has little memory of him. On the death of his father, John and his mother moved to Oldham where she was brought up, and then to Saddleworth. On her retirement from teaching John's mother moved to Guisborough to be close to her family.

The letters were written in pencil on flimsy paper and some were barely legible. John's wife, Mary, began the task of transcribing and typing the letters. The idea initially was to write a book for family interest but staff at the Imperial War Museum in London thought the letters could be of wider interest, and a book was started. John took over the project after he retired from ICI.

Cyril served with The Prince of Wales's Volunteers (South Lancashire Regiment). He was a very interesting and descriptive writer and his letters start with his journey by troop ship from Devonport to Gallipoli, dodging the German submarines. The ship, RMS *Scotian*, called at Valletta, Malta and Alexandria for supplies. Cyril took shore leave at both these places, where he posted letters and sent several postcards. His letters from Gallipoli describe life in the trenches as he saw it; what they ate and drank, military routines, snipers, shell fire, what they talked about, letters and parcels from home etc. The letters start with optimism that the campaign would soon be over but turned to pessimism as the war dragged on into the winter, culminating in the evacuation. He provides a graphic account of that operation.

His service continued in Mesopotamia where he was wounded and from where he wrote several letters from hospital. He was later promoted to Captain and was awarded the MC for his part in a reconnaissance operation when he was trapped for a time behind enemy lines and several of his men were wounded. The book also contains letters from his friends serving in France, and one from Clement Attlee who was in the same Regiment.

Copies available from the author (lindleybooks.co.uk) or from the Guisborough Bookshop (Tel: 01287 610179 or www.guisboroughbookshop.com).

BOOK REVIEWS

GALLIPOLI : THE LANDINGS AT HELLES

Authors: Huw & Jill Rodge Publisher Leo Cooper 2003

Contents: 192 pages, numerous illustrations & maps. ISBN 1 84415 009 7. Price £9.95.

For some inexplicable reason this book by two of our members escaped review when it was first published in 2003, but better late than never we hurry to draw it to the attention of members, and especially those who, like this reviewer, had previously missed it. The other Gallipoli titles in the series, again written by members are *Gully Ravine* (published in 2003) and *Anzac The Landing* (2008) both by Stephen Chambers, and *Gallipoli* (2007) by Nigel Steel.

The dedication includes words by Horace ‘The story of gallant deeds should be told before it is too late’. The landings at Helles and at Anzac were indeed gallant deeds and much has been accomplished over the almost 100 years since to ensure they are not forgotten. In the case of Anzac, for easily understood reasons, the events are well known but at Helles the efforts, no less gallant, no less controversial, are often overlooked or overshadowed by what happened just a few miles to the north-east.

After the introductory section, the main body of the book comprises six chapters, five based on walks across the battlefield commencing with ‘Y’ Beach – and what might have been. Those following being ‘X’ Beach – a defiant stand, ‘W’ Beach – six Victoria Crosses before breakfast, ‘V’ Beach – courage and carnage and finally ‘S’ Beach – success at last. An excellent book to take the next time you visit the Peninsula, while if no such visit is planned then it still warmly deserves a place on your bookshelves.

GALLIPOLI: ATTACK FROM THE SEA

Author: Victor Rudeno Publisher: Yale University Press

Contents: 338 pages, 17 illustrations, 9 maps, 11 tables. ISBN 978-0-300-1240-8. Price: £25.

A book one might say long overdue, concerning the naval aspects of the Gallipoli campaign, which although often of epic proportions are, not surprisingly, overshadowed by the events on land. The author an engineer with a PhD in Philosophy lives and lectures in Australia so one wonders as to why a United States rather than an Australian or British publisher? Whatever the reason, the book is well produced, eminently readable and is one no student, no enthusiast for the Gallipoli campaign should do without. A must for ones Christmas book list.

One disappointment is the lack of reference to the Gallipoli Association and our journal, which I, as a former Editor is first to admit did not include as much naval

material as it might have done. Nevertheless the author quotes from and includes in the Bibliography reference to the patrol by submarine *H1* in the Sea of Marmora, this from the account by Petty Officer Moth, which we published in *The Gallipolian* (No. 53), Spring 1987.

The first chapter opens thus:

Modern chaos theory would suggest that the tiny movements of a butterfly's wings could result in a hurricane thousands of kilometres away. In our story the butterfly was the German battlecruiser Goeben, and the resulting hurricane that produced so much suffering and death was the Gallipoli campaign.

Some butterfly one can well remark!

One is swept from those events of 1914 throughout the travails of the campaign at sea, the highs, and yes there were some, but as readers know the lows, the disappointments and the endless 'what ifs'. Plenty of scope for discussion and argument but that is what makes the Gallipoli campaign whether on sea or land so compelling. The activities of the German submarines are described, though the Allied submarine effort in the Sea of Marmara provides compelling reading and certainly no argument with Winston Churchill when he commented:

The Naval History of Britain contains no page more wonderful than that which records the prowess of her submarines in the Dardanelles.

Indeed the Epilogue of Rudenno's book is largely concerned with the gallant effort by *E14* commanded by Lieutenant Commander Geoffrey Saxon White to seek out the *Goeben* which had run aground near Nagara Point in the Narrows. Alas, by the time *E14* reached the spot the *Goeben* had slipped away and during an attack on a Turkish ship *E14* was lifted to the surface by the explosion and subsequently sunk. Her commander being posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross. Indeed *E14* is the only vessel in the Royal Navy for which two different commanders at different times have been awarded the medal. The other recipient being Lieutenant Commander E Courtney Boyle for his three-week patrol 27 April to 18 May in the Sea of Marmara.

[Editor's Note: I am grateful for **David Saunders** for the above reviews].

GALLIPOLI SNIPER: The Life of Billy Sing

Author: John Hamilton. Publisher: Pan Macmillan Australia.

Contents: 340 pages (soft back), 32 photographs, 2 maps. ISBN 978-1-4050-3865-2.

Price: \$(A) 34.99. [Available from ABC books in the UK at around £17.00 plus postage]

The author and journalist, John Hamilton, will be known to many readers from his previous book *Goodbye Cobber, God Bless You*, – an account of the charge of the Light Horse Brigade at The Nek. His latest book tells the story of the Trooper William (Billy) Sing DCM, who became a successful sniper with over 200 credited ‘kills’.

Hamilton traces Billie Sing’s early life and employment as a drover, cane cutter and labourer before he joined the 5th Light Horse in October 1914, apparently with little difficulty despite being of mixed race. Given the lack of primary sources – only two letters from Sing have survived – the author has relied heavily on the accounts or experiences of those who either knew Billie, or had similar backgrounds. This does not detract from the book, which gives an interesting insight into life in pre-war rural Australia and that of a Light Horseman under training. A similar approach is followed in relation to Sing’s time in Gallipoli when he began his ‘career’ as a sniper on Bolton’s Ridge and nearby Chatham’s Post, gaining the upper hand against the enemy in his sector, and the respect of his mates and senior officers.

The latter part of book deals with Sing’s service on the Western Front where he suffered several periods of sickness, was wounded twice and gassed, eventually being returned to Australia in August 1918, as unfit for further service. In the inter-war period he tried his hand at farming and gold mining, the latter being more successful than the former but Billie’s health was failing and he drank heavily. He died alone in May 1943, not forgotten by those who knew him, but his death attracted no great attention in Australia at the time.

This is a well-written and useful book for those who wish to learn more about one of the legends of the campaign.

A CORRECTION

Anthony Vaughan, the author of the article about Lieutenant Horace William Henry Vaughan and Captain Walter Lionel Paine, which appeared in the Autumn issue of *The Gallipolian* (No. 117) has advised me of a correction, which he felt should be brought to the attention of readers.

The Archivist at Oundle School, which was attended by Walter Paine, has informed Mr Vaughan that Captain Paine is commemorated on a special memorial (C. 270) in Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery, where he is known to be buried, not on the Helles Memorial as noted in the final sentence of the article.

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION TOURS IN 2009

The Explorer Tour: 11 – 19 September

We had intended to run this tour in May, but find that we would not have the freedom of movement on the ground to allow the exploration we envisage. In September, once the harvest is in, the options are greater. This tour provides opportunities to explore and spend more time in areas of particular interest.

The Standard Tour: 19 - 27 September

The itinerary for this tour takes you to each of the Helles, Anzac and Suvla sectors. The more we learn, the better able we are to get to places where previously we had not had the time; but there is a limit and we try not to rush. There is also the Option day, which allows the chance to re-visit and explore a little. We round off the tour with a weekend in Istanbul, one of the most beautiful cities in the World.

Further information on both tours is given on the attached flier, and on the Website.

The tours are very interesting and great fun; the more the merrier, but we must limit numbers for each tour to 20. Some places have been reserved already. I urge those of you interested in joining a tour next year to register your interest and reserve a place as soon as possible by completing and returning the attached reply slip to me.

Hugh Jenner, Tour Organiser

ARTICLES FOR *THE GALLIPOLIAN*

It goes without saying that, like my predecessor, I welcome articles and items of interest about any aspect of the Gallipoli Campaign. These should be submitted direct to the Editor at the address given inside the front cover.

For those considering the submission of articles I can provide a copy of 'Notes for the guidance of Contributors' on request.

Foster Summerson, Editor

DISCLAIMER

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



OBJECTIVES

*To keep alive the memory of the
Gallipoli campaign of 1915.*

*To ensure that the men who fought and died
in the campaign are not forgotten.*

*To encourage and facilitate the study of the
campaign so that lasting benefit can be
gained from its valuable lessons.*

The Gallipoli Campaign is characterised by countless deeds of heroism and endurance. It took place in an area smaller than Southampton amid appalling conditions, such as heat, flies, lack of water, equipment and proper sanitation. Later on, rain and a freak spell of sub-zero temperatures had to be endured, to say nothing of the desperate close quarter fighting throughout the campaign. Some 559,000 Allied personnel were committed, of whom 420,000 were British and Empire troops, 80,000 French, 50,000 Australians and 9,000 New Zealanders. The cost in human terms was terrible. The Allies had 250,000 casualties, of whom 50,000 were killed with only 10,000 having known graves. Turkish forces with some Germans, numbered between 300,000 and 400,000 and of these some 87,000 were killed. The evacuation in December and early January 1916 was a masterly operation - one of the great feats of military history.