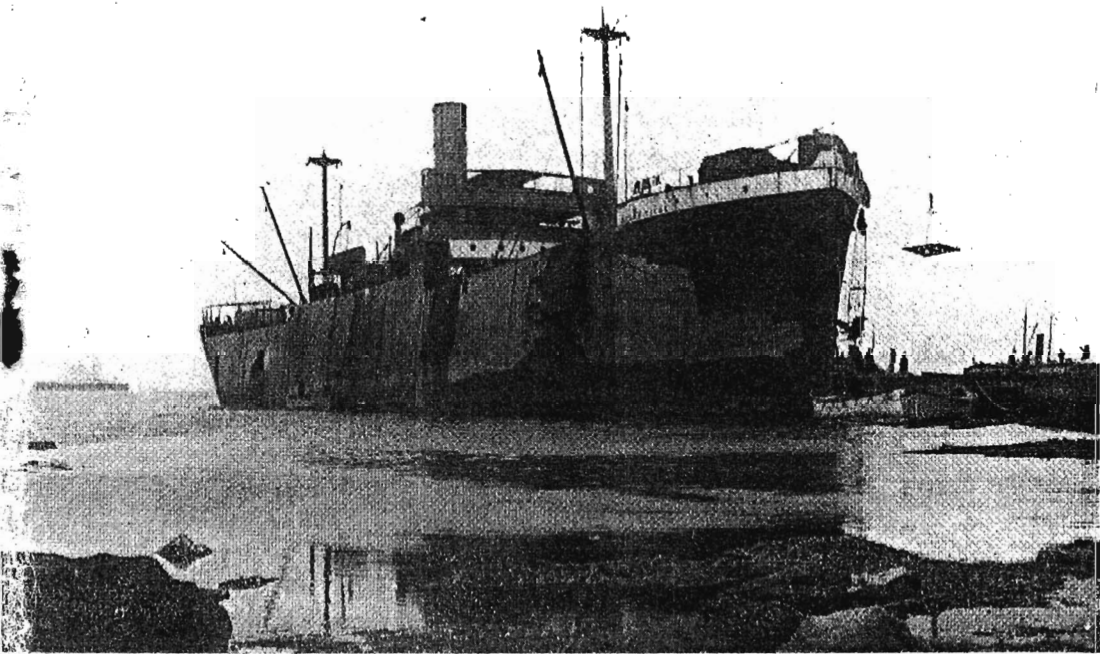


THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 1915

No.70
CHRISTMAS 1992

THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION
FOUNDED BY MAJOR E. H. W. BANNER IN 1969
ON THE CAMPAIGN OF 1915

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AGM GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION

29 OCTOBER 1992

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

The committee met in January and July this year at the RAMC Mess in Millbank and we were most grateful to Major John Ford and to the RAMC for making this possible.

The Autumn Lunch

The lunch was held at the Cavalry & Guards Club immediately following the AGM on the 29th October 1991. The lecture was given by Mr. Nigel Steele from the Imperial War Museum. Not only did this turn out to be a very interesting lecture, but it was enhanced by some very lively comments from veterans.

25th April 1992

The ceremony at the Cenotaph was well attended and the Chairman had the honour of presenting the veterans to their Excellencies the High Commissioners for Australia and New Zealand. After the service at the Abbey we were then transported to Wellington Barracks with the kind help of the 1st Bn. Grenadier Guards, where our lunch was attended by 63 people including 6 veterans and a Chelsea pensioner. Our thanks are due to Lt.Colonel R.G. Cartwright, commanding 1st Bn. Grenadier Guards, for allowing us to use the Mess Room. We were also entertained by a trio provided by the band of the Grenadier Guards, who were then given a lesson in drumming by veteran member Ben Adams. We are most grateful to everybody who made the arrangements for the lunch and the transport possible.

Gallipoli Memorial Lecture Trust

A number of members of the Association attended the lecture at Holy Trinity Church, Eltham on Thursday 30th April to hear Field Marshall Sir Nigel Bagnall. Next year's lecture will be given by Mr. Enoch Powell. Major John Ford and Mr. J. Scudamore, both veterans, attended the wreath laying in the 29th Division Chapel. Excellent food and drink were provided afterwards and we are most grateful to the trustees for their hospitality.

Finance

The finances of the Association continue to be in a strong and healthy position. At its meeting in July, the committee took the decision to remove the limit, within reason, for financial help for veterans to attend our functions. In addition, as mentioned in a subsequent paragraph, further progress has been made on publicity and the committee has decided to make funds available for this. As always I would

like to emphasise how important it is that everybody should pay their subscriptions promptly, and by bankers order please, for the sake of maintaining the healthy financial position and also to save the Treasurer the problem of chasing up unpaid subscriptions.

Publicity

Committee member Mr. Jim Fallon has gone to great lengths and taken an immense amount of personal trouble concerning publicity for the Association. He has approached 40-50 museums and many regimental magazines and all this publicity has already started to bear fruit.

The Gallipolian

David Saunders has continued to produce an excellent magazine 3 times a year and has taken great strides in improving the quality of the print. He is of course always interested in material and anybody who has anything which they feel may be of interest should contact him.

The Committee

We welcomed Mr. Jim Fallon as a new committee member with effect from last year's AGM.

Conclusion

I would like to thank all the officers and members of your committee for all that they have done in the past twelve months involving a lot of personal effort and hard work on your behalf. Inevitably the majority of the work has been shouldered by Donald Bland, our Treasurer, David Saunders, our Editor, James Watson Smith and Norman Pollitt, our Secretary and Membership Secretary respectively, and Jim Fallon who has taken such strides with our publicity. I am pleased to conclude therefore that your Association continues to thrive, with membership up by some 30% to 429 of whom 49 are veterans.

GALLIPOLI EXHIBITION

The Royal Marines Museum will be mounting a permanent large scale exhibition on Gallipoli opening at a date to be announced in a future *Gallipolian*. Donations of objects which might feature in the exhibition would be gratefully received by the Curator, A.J.Lane, Royal Marines Museum, Southsea, Hampshire, PO4 9PX.

OBITUARIES

ERNEST HUGH HAIRE

The death occurred in Edinburgh on 20 October 1992 of Ernest Haire [1061V], at 103 possibly the oldest veteran of the Gallipoli campaign resident in Great Britain. The previous issue of *The Gallipolian* had contained his account of the Anzac Day ceremonies in which he had participated at Edinburgh Castle.

His parents both came from Ireland but Ernest was born at Rockferry, Birkenhead, Cheshire on 8 March 1889. After school in Tranmere he then attended the Liverpool Institute before taking up a post in a Marine Insurance firm in Liverpool. However a year later he enrolled at the Birkenhead Pupil Teachers Centre and in 1908 moved to London, to St John's College, Battersea, part of London University. On completing his training he returned to Cheshire to commence teaching at St Anne's School, Birkenhead.

He had joined the Territorials when in London and then the 4th Cheshires on his return north. It was with these that he was called for service in 1914. In 1915 he sailed for the Middle East and landed at Suvla. Here he was wounded and eventually returned to Great Britain in March 1916. Now followed a spell of light duties during which he applied for a commission. After training he was gazetted a Second Lieutenant in the 4th Cheshires.

In 1916 he was posted to Salonika where he was again wounded, and following two months in hospital in Malta he returned home once again. Having seen his share of front line ground action Ernest Haire now transferred to the Royal Flying Corps and was posted to Ireland where he flew in De Havilland 9's.

Following demobilisation in 1919 he returned to teaching in Birkenhead, this time at Woodlands School of which he became Headmaster in 1930. In 1941 he was appointed Headmaster of Mersey Park School in Birkenhead, a post he held until retirement from teaching in 1954.

Married, and with one daughter who served in the WRNS during the war and was a Second Officer on demobilisation in 1946, the Haires moved to London. Here Ernest took two further posts, one in a leatherwork factory and then with the *Investors Chronicle*. On final retirement they returned to Merseyside and in 1980 to Edinburgh. There are three grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

We are most grateful to Lieutenant Colonel C.M.Hunter OBE., TD. the son-in-law of Ernest Haire for providing information for this Obituary.



Ernest Haire [1061V] laying a wreath at Edinburgh Castle, 25 April 1990 on the occasion of the 75th anniversary of the landings.

(Photo: Gavin Richardson [1077])

L. McDERMOTT

The death occurred in July of "Paddy" McDermott [0820V] aged 94. The son of an Army Director of Music he was born on St Patrick's Day 1898. He was educated at Clifton but ran away when he was 14 and went to sea in sailing ships trading to the Far East.

On the outbreak of war he volunteered for service in the Naval Brigade the recruiting officer not realising that the person with the waxed moustache was barely 16. He landed at "V" Beach on 25 April and some days later was badly injured by an artillery shell. This exploded behind him and he received appalling wounds to both legs and back. Field surgeons thought at first he would have to lose both legs but he pleaded with them to give the wounds time to heal - they responded by offering to cut off just one. Fortunately they did not proceed, and he eventually fully recovered though the scars of the horrific wounds stayed forever.

He later served on the Western Front and was again wounded

His great love was the River Thames and he was closely associated with many of the bodies, both statutory and voluntary concerned with the river and all those who use it. His unfailing charm and wicked humour made him a convivial figure in riverside pubs and clubs.

Acknowledgement is made to the *Daily Telegraph* for information contained in this Obituary.

R. V. H. WESTALL

Rupert Vyvyan Hawksley Westall [0868V] was born on 29 July 1899 and joined the Royal Navy in 1912, going first to Osborne and then to Dartmouth. At the outbreak of war he went to sea in the battleship *Goliath*. The *Goliath* was one of six ships of the Canopus class built at the beginning of the century of which only the *Glory* did not serve at the Dardanelles.

Rupert Westall was on board the *Goliath* when she participated in operations against the German cruiser *Konigsberg* which had been trapped in the Rufiji River, south of Dar-es-Salaam in the autumn of 1914. During these the first naval Victoria Cross of the war was won, by Henry Peel Ritchie, second-in-command of *Goliath*.

The *Goliath* arrived at the Dardanelles just in time to take part in the landings of the 25 April when she was part of the covering force off Cape Helles. On the night of 12 May, while giving support to the French troops at the Kereves Dere she was hit by three torpedoes fired from the Turkish destroyer *Muavane-i-Millet*. She sank within a few minutes with the loss of her captain and nearly 570 other officers and men.

Rupert Westall was first dragged down with the ship, but on surfacing managed to inflate his Gieves waistcoat and thus stayed afloat for over an hour before being picked up.

He later served at Jutland in the battleship *Canada* and then on destroyers before joining the submarine service and L2 and L15 on the China Station. He retired from the Royal Navy as a Lieutenant Commander and after taking his degree at Queen's College, Cambridge became a schoolmaster, later headmaster of West Buckland School and then Kelly College, Tavistock.

It is said that he was one of the last of the old style headmasters, a dominant personality held in awe rather than affection by the boys. He was an impressive, dignified but remote figure with stern unbending views on discipline. Despite this he was remarkably perceptive about the cares and concerns of his pupils, and had a genial side which few people ever saw. He ran his schools almost single-handed without even a secretary, and with just one school rule. "Any breach of common sense is a breach of school rules." He had an eccentric view of parent teacher relationships, insisting that any boy's mother who came to visit the school had to kiss the headmaster goodbye as she left.

He married Sylvia Page in 1925 and had two sons and three daughters.

Acknowledgement is made to the *Daily Telegraph* for information contained in this Obituary

AIR MARSHALL SIR GEORGE JONES

Air Marshall Jones was not only the last surviving Australian Flying Corps ace from the Kaiser's War but probably the last surviving head of any of the fighting services, Allied or Axis from the 1939-45 War. He died in August 1992.

Born in 1896 at Rushworth Victoria he served with the 9th Light Horse at Gallipoli, though was not a member of the Gallipoli Association. Later he was with the Imperial Camel Corps before joining the Flying Corps, being credited with seven "kills." He was awarded the DFC for shooting down two German aircraft in one engagement. On another occasion he ran out of fuel over enemy territory and glided six miles to reach the British lines.

He became Chief of the Australian Air Staff in 1942, a post which he was to hold for ten years until his retirement. He married Muriel Stone in 1919, she died in 1970, they had two sons who predeceased him. In 1970 he married Gwendoline Bauer who died in 1980.

PRISONERS OF THE TURKS

[CONCLUDED]

J. DOUGLAS STOTT [0933]

In concluding this three year serialisation it is appropriate to explain that the listings have been derived from a communication prepared on 16 February 1916 by the American ambassador in Constantinople and forwarded to his opposite number in London. This contained the names of internees of British and Empire army and naval personnel whose units could be attributed to the Gallipoli campaign.

Subsequently the other ranks were transferred to work camps, mainly on the notorious Anotolian railways where some perished as a result of the inhuman conditions imposed by their captors. To this end I have identified those who died in captivity by adding the date of their death. In the early 1920's the graves of these unfortunate souls, where they could be located, were gathered in and individually re-interred in Plot XXI Baghdad [North Gate] War Cemetery and again this information has been added. Where they could not be located their names are recorded on the several special memorials in that same cemetery whereby each panel records their last known geographical resting place. The panel name has been recorded as the alternative to the reserved plot number. The largest number of names fall within the 'Angora' panel and it may be helpful to explain this as more of a general term refering to Anotalia. The other panel names are more specific and can be identified as work camps on the section of railway construction through the Taurug and Amanus mountains and the terminus at Nisibin.

Because of the dire need of the Turkish Army for supplies the extensive tunnel work was conducted with urgency much to the detriment of the prisoners where working conditions were particularly bad. To speed up the operation, the tunnels were first constructed to narrow gauge and enlarged to broad gauge later. In further desperation other existing railways were robbed of the lines and rolling stock. In the event, the first through train reached Nisibin only days before the Armistice with Turkey on 31 October 1918. It was perhaps poetic justice that the prisoners were then able to use the line on a journey to freedom.

It should be mentioned that some prisoners were also employed on the narrow gauge railway construction from Angora [Ankara] to Yozgad. Here however conditions were not as bad and in any case works ceased after the exit of Russia from the conflict in 1917.

In the course of research it is inevitable errors and omissions may occur and will undoubtedly continue to come to light. There follows those known to me at present.

Additions:

7th South Staffordshires	[11 Div]	15473	W.Kimberly
8th Scottish Rifles	[52 Div]	9601	Alexander MacPherson

Corrections:

1/4th K.O.S.B. for Alexander Martin read Alexander Nixon.

Omitted from the American ambassadors list:

1st Royal Inniskillings

James Donachey	Died 07.07.16	Plot XXI
John Samuel	31.12.16	[see following]

Basra Main Memorial

On completion of the Baghdad [North Gate] War Cemetery it was found a number of names were unaccounted for and were subsequently included on the main memorial to the missing at Basra.

1st Royal Inniskillings	8723	John Samuel	Died 31.12.16
1/4th K.O.S.B.	4411	William Martin	10.10.16
4th Worcesters	11101	Ernest Branchett	21.02.17
	19945	Robert Harris	13.09.17
	18130	Sidney North	31.05.17
	9502	Samuel Richards	15.08.15 ?
6th East Yorks	16433	Allen Baker	01.10.18
Fife & Forfar Yeomanry	1684	William Roger Pearson	25.05.16

The ambassadors communication included a supplementary list headed "Additional names of possible British prisoner's - not yet verified." The names which I have been able to attribute, and which were believed to be surviving on 16 February 1916, are appended.

10687	William Bert G.Brown	14 Battalion, New Zealand Infantry
13962	Henry Brown	1st Austr Inf 14th Batt 42 Div D Coy
	John Foster	4th Austr Inf 14th Batt 42 Div
11522	Arthur Gillar	11 Div. Coy 6
	Sabry Gorrick	6th Batt New Zealand Austr Inf 42 Div
11064	Charles Hafless	New Zealand Austr Inf 2 Div 14 Batt D Coy
16412	William Hedd	53 Div 9 Batt D Coy
	Harry Sheridan	42nd Army 1445th Div 5th Reg
	1st Sgt Arthur Gesneli Silk	Austr Inf 42 Div 1st Regt 14 Batt D Coy
	George Spiers	The Reddings Over Whitacre, Birmingham
	Arthur Walswick	New Zealand Inf 14 Batt Aust Regt D Coy
	Guiseppe Rana	Former resident of Constantinople

I would like to thank Gavin Richardson [1077] of Galashiels for correcting errors and omissions relating to the 4th Kings Own Scottish Borderers and likewise to Eddie Lendrum [1203] of Belfast regarding the 1st Royal Iniskilling Fusiliers.

Sources:

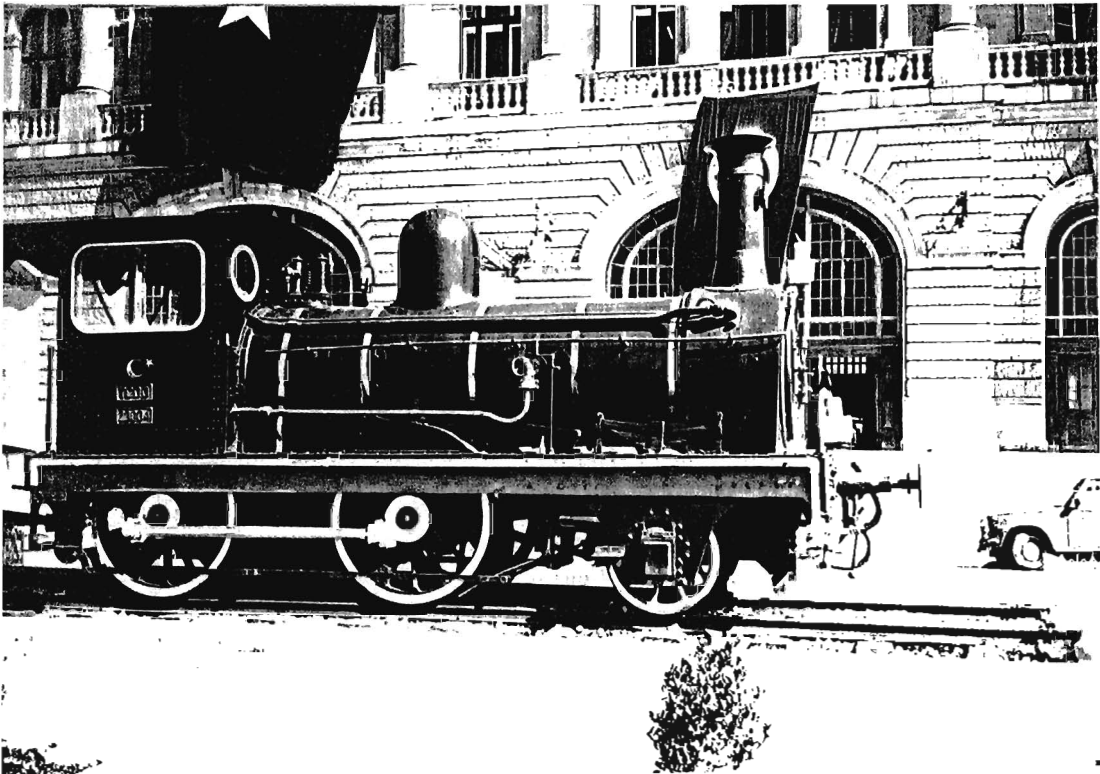
Public Record Office AIR 1-892/204/5/697, WO 329-1

Commonwealth War Graves Commission Cemetery Registers

Asia	51 Haidar Pasha
Iraq	8 Baghdad [North Gate]
Iraq	38 Basra

Official History - Casualties and Medical Statistics, various ex-POW reports.

NOTE: It is hoped that all parts of Prisoners of the Turks can be published together and made available to members of the Gallipoli Association during 1993.



The photograph shows a very fine preserved specimen of an old Anatolian locomotive which would have been all too familiar to the prisoners of war. It is displayed on the forecourt of Haidar Pasha railway station.

WILL MEDGETT HIS STORY

W.J.MEDGETT [1151]

If I made the journey to Sydney, Australia, I would immediately make my way to the Field of Mars Cemetery at Ryde. I would then seek out the Church of England section which contains grave 601. There is nothing to indicate who lies there. It contains the body of a survivor of the Gallipoli campaign, "unwept, unhonoured and unsung".

Grave 601 is the resting place of my father William. He was born in Northgate, Canterbury, England, the descendant of an old Kent family who since at least the 16th century have lived in this historic part of Kent. Some were farmers, others fishermen and labourers, while my grandfather, who had married Ann Smith from Sarre in Thanet, kept an inn called *The Grapes*. He later moved to Chelsea in search of employment to support his growing family and eventually settled in North London in 1891 where they bought a villa called Olive Cottage.

William, my father, was the second child of seven, two boys and five girls. He was born on St George's Day 1879, and after leaving school became a clerk in London. Possibly he was a restless young man, for he enlisted in 1900 for service in South Africa though he did not serve for the whole war. He returned to office life and later became a commercial traveller.

He married my mother in May 1907 and I was born in March 1908 followed by my sister Lucy in December 1909. William had an artistic streak and among several examples of his work we had a framed verse written in archaic lettering as follows:

"The inner side of every cloud always has a silver lining. I therefore turn my clouds about and always wear them inside out to show the lining".

Sadly my parents parted about the end of 1910 and I do not remember my father. Even if I knew both sides of how this came about I would not like to think or speak about it. My earliest recollection is that I must not ask where my father was, something that caused me great pain. My mother used to send me to my grandparents from time to time and instinctively I felt that even there my father must not be mentioned.

I had a stepfather in 1915, an engineer engaged upon munitions work. My stepsister Dorothy was born in 1918, but alas from from that year until his early death in 1928 my stepfather was seldom in employment again.

The thought of my father always haunted me, but without any information other than he had gone to Australia and had enlisted in 1914 I could do nothing to trace him. In 1968 my mother died, and in that same year Kate the wife of my cousin Jack

Medgett, who had gone to live in Australia, provided the clue. She discovered that my father had adopted the name Graham.

That same day I wrote to Australia House with my story. They kindly arranged for the necessary research and on 19 June 1968 replied detailing their findings which concluded with the death of my father on 24 July 1950 in hospital in Sydney aged 71. It seems that he died destitute and had been buried at public expense, I was at least able to recompense the Sydney Hospital for the funeral costs.

The other information revealed that he had enlisted in the Australian Imperial Force on 29 August 1914 and later served in the 1st Pioneer Battalion. He embarked for overseas service on 18 October 1914 and served at Gallipoli, the Middle East and later in France. His last recorded address was 111 Prince Street, Sydney.

The final chapter in this unhappy narrative opens with the 75th anniversary of the Gallipoli landings, Anzac Day 1990. Whilst attending at the Cenotaph in Whitehall I discovered the Gallipoli Association and shortly afterwards became a member. The Editor, David Saunders put me in touch with one of the Australian members, John Price, and he in turn directed my enquiries to CARO the Central Army Records Office.

CARO was able to provide additional information concerning my father, the most exciting being that he had never claimed the medallion awarded to the Anzacs in the absence of a Gallipoli campaign medal. They offered to send it to me as his next of kin, and it arrived in December 1991, what a moment that was. I am the last survivor of my branch of the Medgett family and although the story of my father is a sad one I am pleased that it has after all these years been revealed.

I wish in conclusion to record my grateful thanks to John Price and David Saunders for their assistance and encouragement in the search for Will Medgett.

TWO SONS OF THE BORDER REGIMENT

Meeting for the first time at the lunch on 29 October were two sons of Border Regiment men who had landed on X Beach, Cape Helles on 25 April 1992 over 77 years ago. (See photograph on next page.)

On the right Commander H.J.A.Brooke, DSC, MBE, RN [0588] who's father, Major George Cecil Brooke commanded A Company of the 1st Battalion, The Border Regiment. On the left L.Chandler [1210] who's father, 9526 Private F.W.Chandler was a machine gunner with A Company on that day. On the 28 April Major Brooke was killed. The two would have been only yards apart at the time. Now the sons,

both members of the Gallipoli Association, met for the first time in the comfort of the Guards and Cavalry Club in London. A most poignant occasion.

AUTUMN LUNCH

Some 43 members and guests including veteran members Francis Ching, Jack Gearing and Jimmy Page attended the Autumn Lunch on 29 October. We were delighted to have with us for the first time, Association member Winston Churchill MP, who was accompanied by his wife Minnie and their youngest son Jack.

After lunch the Chairman invited Winston Churchill to say a few words, during which he referred to his attendance at the 75th anniversary ceremony at Cape Helles. He said this was a most poignant and sad occasion second only to how he felt as he had walked behind his grandfathers coffin.

Then followed an address by Keith Simpson, formerly Senior Lecturer in War Studies at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. He drew comparisons with the forces assembled in 1915 to land at Gallipoli, with the immense effort with every aid of modern technology, to recent events in the Persian Gulf. Despite this, and despite the fact that many of the best staff officers were on the Western Front, the mixture of Australian, British, French, Indian and New Zealand Forces was brought together in little more than six weeks and landings accomplished.

Then followed a period of questions and exchanges during which all three veterans played an invigorating part, before the Chairman brought matters to a conclusion. It had clearly been another remarkable day in the history of the Gallipoli Association.



MEMORIES OF PRIVATE WALTER ALBERT BENNETT SERVING WITH THE 42ND EAST LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS ON GALLIPOLI

PRIVATE WALTER ALBERT BENNETT

SUBMITTED BY HIS DAUGHTER AUDREY C. BENNETT.

Being in the Territorials we were among the first to go. To me it was like a holiday. Volunteers were called to go into service abroad. The queue was long, I waited hours and finally my turn came, I said I was 17 but was rejected as too young. I wanted to fight for my country, I wanted to go with my mates. Quick thinking I went back to the end of the queue, more hours of waiting. After what seemed an eternity and with heart thumping, and so eager that my foot hit the leg of the table. Instant recognition on the part of the Serjeant Major, but maybe he saw the desperate pleading in my eyes. "Name"? "Age"? "19 ch right" and I was in, I could'n't believe my luck.

The guaranteed pay of one shilling a day, less allotment to my mother of 6d made me feel like a millionaire, the security of it. Security at that time, little did I realise that there would be times ahead when there was no thought of future security but only the needs of the moment. Embarkation leave, then in a passenger liner the *Avon* to Egypt where for a time we lived in the old Kedives Palace.

The name Gallipoli meant nothing to me then, but I was never to forget it. Assigned to be a stretcher bearer the transmission from boy to man was to be rapid once we landed amongst the machine gun fire on the beaches.

When we reached the Peninsula what a god forsaken terrain it appeared to be, little vegetation apparent from the sea, gullies running between hills. The excitement felt up to now was rapidly departing, being replaced by prickles of fear sweeping over my body in rhythm with rivulets of sweat trickling down my back. The privations of the immediate future were beginning to take shape in my mind. There was little shelter from the relentless daytime sun, the heat of which burnt through our shirts, though we did have helmets to protect our heads. Night brought its own discomfort while later we were to face torrential rain and flooding followed by severe cold which caused much frostbite.

During the dry period water was rationed to one pint per man per day and usually coloured with permanganate of potash. This was for washing and drinking, and many men drank their shaving water. Needless to say we were soon lousy and from this followed trench fever and dysentery. The stench everywhere was terrible, the men with dysentery wasted away with dehydration before our eyes. Many were already dying before they left the trenches.

Often when bodies could not be removed they were buried in the trench walls. All the graves were shallow and the heavy rains of November washed away the light covering, exposing dead faces and hands, adding further to this unreal existence. Despite this reality came to the fore and dead men's boots were removed when they could be used by the living.

The cold of the autumn nights was well notched in my mind, but it caused an event which caused me some trouble. The living and the dead lay almost together in the confined area which we were holding. During the night I found some material and tried to wrap it round myself for warmth. In the morning I awoke to find it was the turban of a dead Sikh. As the turban has religious aspects, it caused much trouble until they realised that it was not done deliberately to offend them.

Food consisted of corned beef, jam and biscuits, often so full of maggots that we ate them at night so as not to see what we were eating. The French had wine and chocolates, and we were sometimes able to exchange corned beef and jam for such delights.

Casualties were appalling. One Scottish regiment which landed with 1,000 men had only 128 left. Our Lancashire Fusiliers lost seventy per cent when they landed, being awarded six Victoria Crosses in one day and that before breakfast.

Most of the raids took place at dawn. As we waited in silence with the young officer revolver in hand, looking at his watch ready to give the signal. He was going to almost certain death in the first few yards, and we didn't care whether we lived or died, knowing that you had to crawl over rotting bodies outside the trenches.

A band of kinship amongst us Lancashire lads was formed in those terrible months which was to last until our deaths. None of us ever expected to get off alive. The intense heat, the smells, the illness and disease all seemed unbearable. Tins of apricot jam, runing in the heat, almost liquid as you spread it on a biscuit. It was covered in flies before you could get it to your mouth.

Most of us longed for death as it whatever form it came it could not compare to the hardships we were enduring day in and day out. A large number of our casualties occurred on the morning of 4 June. This day was etched in my mind for the rest of my life. Then Kitchener came to Gallipoli and saw what a futile exercise it was, the order to withdraw was given.

We had to withdraw without the Turks knowing or they would blow us to smithereens, but they knew. Men began to move out quietly towards the beaches. I was among the last 50 off following a trail of flour in the dark. We passed alongside horses, lined up head to tail and shot to stop the Turks bringing their big guns down into the gullies.

It was heartbreaking to see the men who had looked after the horses with tears

rolling down their cheeks. Sobbing as they put the gun to the horses head. Who knows how close horse and master had become in that hell. The many nights the man slept against the horse for warmth. Pouring out his fears, told the moving attentive ears of his homesickness. Now those great brown eyes full of deep trust were turning towards the hand holding the gun. Is it any wonder that the humans broke under the animals trusting gaze?

The coal barges near the beach took us to the destroyer and then to HMS *Chatham*. I was so exhausted I was unable to climb the ships side so a burly marine reached down and pulled me up and then carried me like a babe in arms below decks and put a cup of cocoa in my hand and said "drink that son." Since that time I have always had a high regard for the Royal Navy and the Royal Marines.

We were taken to Tenedos, and I still remember how cold and windy it was. We had no kit, having had to leave everything on Gallipoli. Our lives had depended on not having anything to impede our progress, the clink of a tea mug could have alerted the Turks and our chance of escape would have gone for ever.

It did not bother me below decks that I did not see the coastline of the Dardanelles receding into the distance and being blown up by the Royal Engineers. At least I was going home in one piece, so many had lost limbs or their sight. There were no thoughts of the future, only total disbelief that I was out of that hell. Nothing I had to face in the future could be as bad as that. To me it was incredible that I had survived it, and when I went later to France it was a holiday camp to what we had endured in Gallipoli.

NOTE: On leaving the Army Walter Bennett worked at Metropolitan Vickers. He always thought that one day each family would have a car and with that in mind in 1921 he joined Willey Overland. He marketed parts for cars and also sold fish from a cart around the streets of Salford. He married in 1924 and had two daughters. In 1925 he opened a spares shop in Deansgate, Manchester and eventually manufactured some parts himself. In the last war these included axle shafts for jeeps. He eventually retired to the Isle of Man where he died, aged 86 in 1982. Never did he lose his sense of humour, and never for a single day did he forget Gallipoli, keeping touch with his friends who had shared the battlefield with him until he died.

Acknowledgements: We are most grateful to Audrey Bennett for making this account of her father's Gallipoli service available to us. Also to K.F.Mee [1247] of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, for bringing this to the attention of the Gallipoli Association.

No. 3 PLATOON, A COMPANY, 1st BN THE BORDER REGIMENT AT GALLIPOLI

LIEUTENANT COLONEL CLIVE ELDERTON,
RAOC

I note from "my records" that 9526 Private F.Chandler (See Acknowledgements) embarked for Gallipoli as a member of 3 Platoon A Company 1 Border Regiment, he was in Burma with the 1st Bn when war broke out. I have a particular interest in 3 Platoon [because I commanded 3 Platoon 1 King's Own Border] and a few years ago bought in auction the medals of Lieutenant William Clague who was your father's platoon commander.

The Platoon landed with the Bn on X Beach Cape Helles shortly after first light, 25 April 1915. A company saw much fierce fighting and Captain [having been promoted] Clague was wounded on 28 April. On this same day Major George Brooke of the Border Regiment was killed, his son and grandson both being members of the Gallipoli Association. The Bn got no rest until 7 July when they returned to Gully Beach and then to Lemnos. The Bn returned to the Peninsula on 21 July.

On 16 August the 1st Bn re-embarked and were shipped north to Suvla, landing the following day. They were now in positions completely dominated by a ring of high ground. On the 21st the Bn was ordered to assault Hill 70 as part of a Brigade operation.

At 1700 on the 21st William Clague informed Bn HQ that he was within 500 yards of his objective but was unable to advance further and needed reinforcements. As the Border Regiment and others struggled to take the crests and supporting features the Turks maintained a fierce barrage.

By 1800 of the 15 Border Regiment officers in the firing line Clague was the only one unwounded. At 2000 it was judged that the situation was hopeless and the Brigade should withdraw. At 0600 the following morning William Clague got word to Bn HQ that he was still holding the extreme left of the position and had received no orders to retire. He now had just 33 men left of his Company and 50 or so from other Regiments. Orders were sent to him to withdraw, this he succeeded in doing without further serious loss despite heavy sniping.

During these operations the 1st Bn had 38 NCO's and men killed, 14 officers and 274 other ranks wounded and 64 men missing. In *The Times* 25 August 1915 your father is noted as being wounded during the Hill 70 action. The fighting was horrific and the scrub covered hills caught fire, many of the wounded being burnt, the survivors described the situation as "sheer hell" in the true sense of the word.

William Clague was appointed Acting Adjutant in November 1915 and returned to England in February 1916. As far as I can ascertain he did not serve overseas again but was awarded an MC and Mentioned in Despatches for his part in the Gallipoli campaign.

He became Regimental Secretary and during the Second World War worked tirelessly for the Comforts Committee. He died just after the war.

The Regimental Museum in Carlisle have his service uniform on display. His medal group includes the Queen's South Africa medal for service in the Boer War as a corporal. He was commissioned in Burma at the outbreak of the War. I am sure your father could not have had a finer platoon commander.

Of your father's platoon - 3 Platoon A Company my records indicate that 63 arrived at Gallipoli. Of these, 20 did not survive the war, and at least 34 were wounded at Gallipoli. The platoon included 9522 Charles Edward Spackman who was awarded the Victoria Cross for capturing a machine gun single-handed at Marcoing, France, 20 November 1917.

Acknowledgements: We are grateful to L.Chandler [1210], whose father was Private F. Chandler, for providing this account by Lt-Col Elderton who has carried out a great deal of research into the history of The Border Regiment.

GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL LECTURE

The Ninth Gallipoli Memorial Lecture will be given at Holy Trinity Church, Southend Crescent, Eltham, London, SE9 at 8.Opm on Wednesday 28 April 1993.

The lecturer will be the Rt Hon. J.Enoch Powell MBE and the title will be "Turkey and Britain: a Paradox."

Admission by ticket only, obtainable from Colonel [Retd] C.S.Kirby, Secretary, Royal Army Educational Corps Association, Block 3/18, The Old Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, London, SE18 4BB. Telephone 081 781 5921.

A SCOTSMAN'S LETTERS FROM GALLIPOLI AND EGYPT 1915-16

"Let those who come after see to it that his name be not forgotten"

R. PIKE [1262]

The photos, mementoes and a number of sun bleached letters tell the story of Archie Alexander, Corporal in the 1/5th Battalion, The Royal Scots Fusiliers. He looks out steadily from his photograph - fresh-faced, innocent, handsome but proudly a soldier. A soldier from Ayr Road, Irvine in the county of Ayr, one of three brothers [Hugh and Jamie survived the War] and a sister. Archie was employed before the conflict by the Glasgow & South-western Railway. Today at St Enoch's Station you will see his name alongside 301 other employees who gave their lives for King and Country on a memorial unveiled in 1922 by Earl Haigh.

The story begins with the mementoes of a soldier - the brass cigarette box given at Christmas 1914 redolent with patriotism and military glory. "Imperium Britannicum" it proudly proclaims and is surrounded by names martial - Servia, Montenegro, Russia, Japan, France, Belgium. A tattered envelope holds three pristine ribbons of the 1914 Star, the British War Medal and Victory Medal. "Pip, Squeak and Wilfred" sadly someone stole the actual medals; a soldier's New Testament dated Stirling 1914 inscribed "Love Life"? and most poignantly a faded identity disc, faint but discernible "7611 A.Alexander 5RSF."

Archie Alexander was to be found in 1914 in the 1/5 Battalion TF South Scottish Brigade, Lowland Division, in May 1915 becoming 155th Brigade, 52nd Division. It is evident that he was a prolific and natural letter writer in an elegant educated hand. The first surviving letter is from Cambusbarron, estimated date 14 May 1915 just before he left for the Mediterranean.

"Everything up here is a splitter and I have been working in the Orderly Room all week and will likely be there until we move off. No one seems to know when but from what we are told it will likely be about Tuesday or Wed. Our destination I hear is Egypt then from there work our way up the Dardanelles so at last I will be able to see a bit of life and trust in good luck to get thro' safely - The voyage I understand is about 10 to 12 days so this will make up for the cruises I won't get this year! - I was up before the Officer today and I am to get another stripe and I may get it before we go off, so I think I am not badly off either, and it is always a little to show I have been keeping clear of any trouble and I'll be doing my best at all times."

Archie, in fact sailed from Liverpool on the *Mauretania* on Friday 21 May and reached Mudros on the 29th and Gallipoli, Cape Helles sector, on 6 June. The regimental history states that even on the day of the landing the Brigade "were

heavily shelled in the first rest camp" It is apparent that at sometime between then and early July Archie was wounded in the stomach. In a letter to his sister, unfortunately the first page is missing but it is post 11 July, he states that "he sent a letter to Mum from here" [Malta] on 11 July and signs it "Baldie."

"I know you would be writing from home to me in the trenches but these letters would go there [ie Gallipoli] – Malta is a fine island and a very nice and convenient place to bring the wounded. [He reports the local paper giving the temperature as 132F]. – It is something similar on the Peninsula where we are engaged and it dont make matters any more comfortable for us. – I heard our Brigade was being re-inforced by some Highland regiments. I have had the experience of seeing our naval forces in action up here and they cant half make the Turks know they are here."

Aug 23rd Fort Ricolozzi [Malta]

"at above place convalescent. I will be here no more than a week, then I go to Alexandria in Egypt – from there back to the Dardanelles to rejoin my regiment – I have four mates here some Australians and they are fine fellows."

From Malta Archie moved to Alexandria from where he wrote on 1 September, having arrived the day before, on notepaper headed "Church Army Recreation Tent, Mediterranean Expeditionary Force."

"I am now at Mustafa Barracks, Alexandria, Egypt arriving here yesterday after a 3 day sail from Malta. This is the final clearing station where you get equipped and passed fit again for the Dardanelles. – I just about failed to pass the Doctor yesterday. You know he saw my old wounds and was quite surprised. He asked me all about them and brought me up again and said I would have to get an abdominal belt. – I will go back on the first draft from here, probably in a week or less. – It is another 3 day sail from here to the D. so I fancy I will soon be a sailor let alone a soldier. Is Johnnie Tulloch's regiment out yet I think their lot are for France. – The Sgt I mated with in the trenches and was taking care of my letters when I was away was wounded in the charge of July 12th, so no saying when I'll see him again."

The un-named Sergeant was probably wounded in the attack on 12 July between Kereves Dere and Achi Baba nullah. The division lost over 4,800 killed or wounded, "In large areas between Tweed and Forth scarcely a household but mourned a son" so wrote John Buchan [History of the Royal Scots Fusiliers].

It seems likely that Archie left Egypt around 8 September and returned via Lemnos to Gallipoli. His first letter written from the Peninsula is dated 29 October and most

of his weekly epistles have survived. It is interesting in reading John Buchan's description of this time on the Peninsula he might almost be echoing Archie.

"The troops had to sit still in their stifling trenches and every acre of that butt-end of Gallipoli was searched by the enemy's fire. Under such conditions - inaction, grave losses grave discomforts - it was a marvel that men maintained so high a spirit and so steady a cheerfulness."

October 29th 1915

"I am in the firing line and having my short spell off so I am pleased to use my time this way. No doubt things out here will be appearing as quiet to folks at home, quite true in a sense but busy enough for those actually concerned. The Turk and his German advisors try to harass us as much as possible keeping us very much on the alert and taking no chance. Trench warfare is - ? We have a lot of mining, sapping and getting at him with Bombs and many an anxious time he has. I have just got over a short spell in a hot corner of a bombing sap after doing our best to oust some of their snipers from an awkward position. - You would not know me I have not shaved my lip for over 2 months and have a fancy mousetache, eh? - We lost another of our old officers the other night - Chris Vivers ' a fine fellow he was too. Shot thro' the throat by a sniper in this part we are in now. He was a schoolmaster in Ayr Ac."

November 4th

"After I left Egypt I was sent to a place called Lemnos a Greek island not far from here I wrote you to say - was well but the letters were under a strict censor - I am still in the firing line and making the best of it. There is not a great deal of heavy fighting this time but we are having it hot enough at times. It has been a big success we have had in France but I see it has cost a great many lives. I was sorry to see of George Donaldson being killed. He was unfortunate poor fellow and he is very young too. It's a great war, but it must come to an end some time or other. - It is dark now by 6 o'clock which means extra work for us as we have to mount guard whenever darkness sets in and keep a look out in case of attack."

17th November

"We came up into the firing line on Sunday and have kept at it since then I can tell you. I can't say much but I'll risk a little. We attacked the Turks on Monday 15th and gained our objective then they made a counter attack on us during the following night but they were repulsed after some hard fighting as we knew they would try to recover lost ground we were fully prepared. It was quite an anxious time and to make

matters worse it poured almost all night and thunder and lightning was awful but I came thro' it all right. – We also blew up a mine underneath their trench. Talk about an explosion it could be heard above the heavy shelling and rifle fire. – You will see I am still a Lance Cpl yet. Well I don't fancy my chance of ever being any more. I missed my chance of promotion while away in hos. and now there are almost as many N.C.O.'s as men in the Coy but I don't worry as I am as content one way as another."

25th November

Mrs Tulloch will be in a bad state about Johnnie [Lance Cpl John Tulloch, 7th Cameron Highlanders killed at Loos 25 Sept 1915] and I also see where Alex [?] has been wounded, bad enough too. He will be the lucky man who comes thro' all this without a scratch. I have a lot to be thankful for —? and there's nothing like taking things as they come and making the best of everything."

On 7 December the positions at Anzac and Suvla were evacuated. The task of the 155th Brigade was to "distract the enemy." This was mainly in the line in small bombing enterprises around Krithia nullah.

8th December

"I am in the firing line again. My mate on the sentry post beside me got wounded first night up the bullet going in at one shoulder and out the other. He was one of my old platoon and there are very few of us left by now I was just counting. Out of 48 men who came out with us only 1 Sgt, 2 Cpls, 4 Lan Cpls and 11 men are left. The rest are either killed or wounded or away sick. It is 6 months past on Monday since we first landed here [6 June] and the battn. has never had a rest away from here during that time. I was lucky getting my spell off. But it will come to a finish sometime sooner or later. I see Johnny Tulloch has been reported killed. It is hard lines I was reading a column about him in the Troon and Prestwick Times."

In his next letter, a very hurried, brief affair with evidence of the censor's blue pencil, Archie was obviously involved in the evacuation of Gallipoli.

Jan 4th 1916

"This is all I can tell you but hope to have good news for you soon."

By now the 155th Brigade had been relieved on 31 December and evacuation took place on the 7 – 8 January, the last troops being off by 03.30 on the 9th. Archie went with the 1/5th Battalion to Egypt and the next letter continues the story.

Feb 29th 1916

"I am in the desert, no sign of life except Arabs with their camels. Very little water and what is has to be boiled before we can use it. But dear Mother, I am content and thankful to be here."

March 5th, Cairo

"I am now away from the desert again. I came here yesterday to undergo a 3 week course of Instruction for Non-Commissioned Officers. So many from each Battalion are represented, two of us are here and glad I am to get back to civilisation again. – Where we were doing duties before I came here was 8 miles right into the desert and you hardly realise what it is like. Nothing but sand. We were doing outpost duty always night work but its the game. You did not get washed twice a day there. All the water that we got was brought to us in tanks carried by camels and we used it all for cooking. But I am seeing both sides of life now and it will do me no harm. – I remember often he [Archie's father] told me when I first listed that the war would last longer than we thought. – Inside you get a snapshot Jamie Couper took of me. Its no good I am twisted into an awful shape but I'll send you it, but don't let anyone see it."

March 29th

"Talk about heat you feel like being roasted out here."

April 7th

"I have been issued with light khaki. That is light togs for the heat. Shorts above the knees nice and cool and of course the sun helmet which we have had for some time. We do duty here in short sleeves and its hot as you may guess. I am in the desert again miles from nowhere doing rather important duties, getting it hard enough too but still smiling. You were asking if my visit to Cairo was a forerunner to promotion. Well in a sense I fancy my chance in fact I'm first for anything thats going but no saying when that may be. I and a few others of the "old firm" consider we have been been done dirty as regards promotion. You see we have been getting drafts of reinforcements sent out from home lately to make up our losses we had on Gallipoli. Well with these drafts come out lots of Sgts, Cpls etc who have seen no fighting at all and they are put in the same footing as we are, but I'm not worrying any. I've done not too bad and am content. Hugh I hope is keeping at it. Tell him from me mind

No 1 always. I'm not what is called an old soldier but I know a thing or two now."

The last letter is dated 15 April 1916. It confirms the impression of a fine young man determined to make the best of it, determined to keep smiling and do his duty, however onerous with efficiency and pride.

"I have now shifted another 9 miles further into the desert and instead of writing "somewhere" I use nowhere for this is No Man's Land right enough. My company is doing very important Outpost duties. Nothing but the desert sands for company except for the daily visit by the camels with our water and rations but through it all I keep smiling. It will come to an end sometime. Tell him [his brother Jamie who has also enlisted] to keep his heart up, put all his heart and soul into it, don't trust too much to anyone and mind No 1 he won't go wrong. – This Derby ² affair will be making some of the slackers hop. I only wish I had some of them out here having a taste of this. They may be sorry they did not take their chance along with the others. Soldiering is bad enough without having to do it against your will eh. but I suppose they will get the same thanks as the rest of us once its over, but that don't worry me in the least."

The final chapter in Archie's tragic but familiar story takes place on 23 April 1916, Easter Sunday. He was shot in the head at an outpost El Dueidar and died instantly. However there is an intriguing confusion about the circumstances of his death. Amongst his letters is a detailed diagram sent to a "Mr Dickie, Irvine per R.Couper which has these annotations on it.

"1/5th RSF 'A' Company at El Dueidar

Easter Sunday 1916

Outpost El Dueidar

Strength 120 1 Platoon fully equipped and ready [A.A.]

Attacked 5.10 a.m.

Cpl AA & 3 or 4 men went out to reinforce No 1 Post [3 men & NCO] & found the post garrison driven out & at about X AA led men back to their post & was fatally wounded in head in doing so. Stopping the original Garrison from retiring he took initiative."

Most mysterious of all is the cryptic message at the bottom of the page "I could say very much more."

Also included is a letter to Archie's parents dated 6 June from P. Ritchie.

"Although we were not in the same Battn I knew that he would be always ready & willing to make any sacrifice asked of him – While he was in charge of a small outpost I learned from his men that he was trying to locate a sniper who had been troubling him, but unfortunately the sniper

got his shot in first and so he died trying to save his comrades. Could anything be so brave that he should give up his life for others. It might be a little consolation to know that he got a decent burial and his grave is marked with a beautiful cross. I seen him laid to his last long rest, and all the Dreghorn boys were there too. Archie is sorely missed in his own Battalion as he was one of the best and most esteemed N.C.O.'s and he is also missed by all the Dreghorn men."

There is an obvious discrepancy between these two accounts of Archie's death. It is equally obvious that Ritchie would want to avoid any controversy in a letter to Archie's parents but the speculation must be from the notes on the diagram, the last sentence that the men from No 1 Post were driven out in disarray, were perhaps even running away, and that Archie rallied them and persuaded them to do their duty as he thought opportune and honourable. In doing so he was killed. Whatever the truth both accounts are agreed on Archie's qualities as a soldier and as a man.

On 12 May the fateful Army Form B104-82 was sent to Archie's parents at Cemetery Lodge, Irvine, with those devastating three words written immaculately in ink "Killed in Action." A faded photograph of Archie's original grave remains with 18 other names accompanying his, all killed that same day. Today Archie lies in Grave 220 Row F, Kantara War Memorial Cemetery on the eastern side of the Suez Canal, 50 kilometres south of Port Said.

His two brothers, Hugh and Jamie, survived the war but both died young as the result of wounds received: Jamie in 1924 and Hugh in 1930.

Let the final words come from Archie himself as he closed what was to be his last letter, full of the typical goodness and humanity which he displayed at all times.

"I'll now close as I'll have to get my rifle cleaned again and off for another 12 hours night duty. Its all night work here so ta ta meantime and trusting my dear Father and keep well and remember me to all my friends. Love to all. Your loving Son Archie xxxx"

1 John Vivers, son of William and Mary Vivers, of Manse Crescent, Brydekirk, Annan, Dumfriesshire was educated at Edinburgh University and later a schoolmaster. He was killed on 27 October 1915, aged 25 and is buried in Redoubt Cemetery.

2 Lord Derby was Director General of Recruitment when conscription became law in January 1916. Archie shows the volunteer's natural antipathy to those who joined because they had no choice!

Acknowledgement: The letters are reproduced by kind permission of Archie's descendants, the Lawley family of Harlow, Essex.

LADY GALLIPOLI

COMMANDER IAN HAMILTON RN [1304]

Foal "Lady Gallipoli" born on Gallipoli, with her mother and "Foal-Major" Gunner Andrew Boyle of the 4th [Highland] Mountain Brigade, Royal Garrison Artillery who delivered her. The foal was a great favourite with the troops.

The ponies of the Brigade had been employed, before being requisitioned pulling farmers' milk carts and merchants' vans. They were greatly preferred to the mules with which they were gradually replaced later in Egypt.

Battery Sergeant Major Mackenzie tells an extraordinary story of a Driver being wounded by a bullet and falling off his horse. The animal took fright, disappeared, and was lost. It was recovered 18 months later in the Remount Depot in Salonika!



INFORMATION PLEASE

William Charles Burgin: W.M.Burgin served with the Drake Battalion, Royal Naval Division at Antwerp and then Gallipoli. After these land based actions he transferred to HMS *Royal Oak* in time for the Battle of Jutland. He survived the war and died in 1968. His grandson Simon Knight [1259], 5 Mountpleasant Road, Hastings, East Sussex, TN34 3SB would be pleased to hear from anyone with information which would be of help in revealing more concerning his grandfathers service and the Drake Battalion.

Hamilton Hodgson: Captain Hamilton Hodgson of the Lincolnshire Regt attached to the Hampshire Regiment was killed during the Second Battle of Krithia on 6 May 1915. He has no known grave and is commemorated on the Cape Helles Memorial. Captain Hodgson had served for many years in the Egyptian Service including acting as Governor of Dongola, Wau and Khartoum. John Kingsmill [1258] of Coremansstraat 24/B6, 2600 Antwerp, Belgium, seeks any information concerning his cousin.

Scottish Horse at Gallipoli: Mrs J.Whateley [1231] is seeking information about the Scottish Horse at Gallipoli with which her father, Frank Harold King, served as a Second Lieutenant from December 1914 until he transferred to the Warwickshire Yeomanry in August 1916. The Scottish Horse arrived at Suvla Bay in mid August 1915, eventually leaving in time to return to Alexandria to celebrate the New Year. Information please to 12 Ownstead Gardens, Sanderstead, South Croydon, CR2 0HH.

John Simpson Kirkpatrick: J.M.Cameron [1248] of Lochiel, 9 Smithy Road, Stranraer, Wigtownshire, DG9 8LP is anxious to obtain illustrations of Simpson "The Man with a Donkey" especially of his grave at Beach Cemetery.

Dardanelles Campaign Airfields: J.M.Cameron [1248] see address above, is searching for photographs, maps or any other information concerning airfields in use during the Gallipoli campaign and up until the Armistice.

Royal Marines: A.J.Jane, Curator of the Royal Marines Museum, Southsea, Hants, PO4 9PX, is researching the activities of the Royal Marines during the Gallipoli campaign. He would be most grateful for any information regarding private diaries and letters or recollections from veterans. The research includes the Fleet Marines, the Marine Brigade and Marine Aviators. It is hoped that a book will be published during 1993.

TROOPER POTTS MEMORIAL

J.DOUGLAS STOTT [0933]

Reading's Victoria Cross holder, Trooper F.W.O.Potts died in 1943 and was cremated locally. At the time of his death Great Britain was in the desperate fight for survival in World War II which no doubt was a reason for the event not being commemorated. That is to say not until now.

A full account of Trooper Potts was published in *The Gallipolian* No 54 Autumn 1987, so only the briefest summary is given here. He won the award for bravery whilst serving with the 1/1st Berkshire Yeomanry at Suvla on 21 August 1915. In the attack on Scimitar Hill [Hill 70] he was severely wounded but remained on the hill for 48 hours rather than desert a wounded comrade who was unable to move and whom he himself was too weak to carry. Eventually using a shovel as an improvised sledge, and fired at by the Turks all the way, he dragged his comrade to safety. Such was the act of courage for which the award was made.

The centenary of Trooper Potts birth took place in November and it seemed appropriate to make a lasting tribute. Members of the the local Territorial Unit decided to raise funds for a memorial stone. This was unveiled at a parade and ceremony at Brock Barracks, Reading on 14 November and will be situated near the cenotaph within the Barracks.

Among the invited dignitaries and members of the public there was one surprise when a gentleman came forward to introduce himself as the grandson of the comrade whom Trooper Potts rescued 77 years ago.

A GALLIPOLLI TOUR

Colonel [Retd] S.M.W.Hickey is to lead a Gallipoli tour in May 1993. This is being organised with Ulusoy, a leading Turkish travel company, the cost is estimated at between £500-£600. The tour will include several days in Istanbul with three days on the Peninsula and half a day at Troy. All interests and ages will be accommodated on the tour which will be of a leisurely nature, with plenty of opportunity for participants to search for special places, graves and other points of particular interest. Further information from Colonel Hickey, Pipersmead, Springvale Avenue, Kings Worthy, Winchester, SO23 7LH.



On the left the Reverend J. Mackney who conducted the blessing and dedication. In the centre Sir David Black Bt. Honorary Colonel to the Yeomanry. On the right is Major W.S. Sampson, OC commanding 94 [Berkshire Yeomanry] Signal Squadron who read the citation.

Photo J. Douglas Stott

BRITAIN'S OLDEST POPPY SELLER

Gallipoli veteran Albert Thompson [1080V] aged 97 is the oldest poppy seller for the Royal British Legion. He sells poppies from the lobby of the retirement flats in Clements Court, Folkestone where he lives.

A PARK SHELTER TO COMMEMORATE A GALLIPOLI CASUALTY

JOHN E.PRICE [0952]

St Vincent Gardens are a virtual oasis in the Albert Park district of the busy South Melbourne municipality. Bounded by the Edwardian type dwellings of St Vincent Place North and South, the Gardens may be regarded as a “much needed lung” for the local citizens.

The Albert Park Bowling Club is located at the eastern end of the Gardens, towards Ferrars Street and, at the Club's northern sector, stands a partly attractive – partly utilitarian brick and tiled shelter, see illustration opposite. It is doubtful if the people who frequent the area, fully realise the significance of this extremely useful structure, but during Melbourne's somewhat inclement weather, it proves to be a pleasant venue.

The metal plaque affixed to the building gives few clues as to when it was constructed and by whose authority. It does not even advise the passer-by who Frederick Miller Johnson was, and why he was honoured so practically. Enquiries in both the local Library and the Historical Society failed to shed any light on the mystery. Nevertheless the edifice is a Gallipoli memorial and ought to be remembered as such.

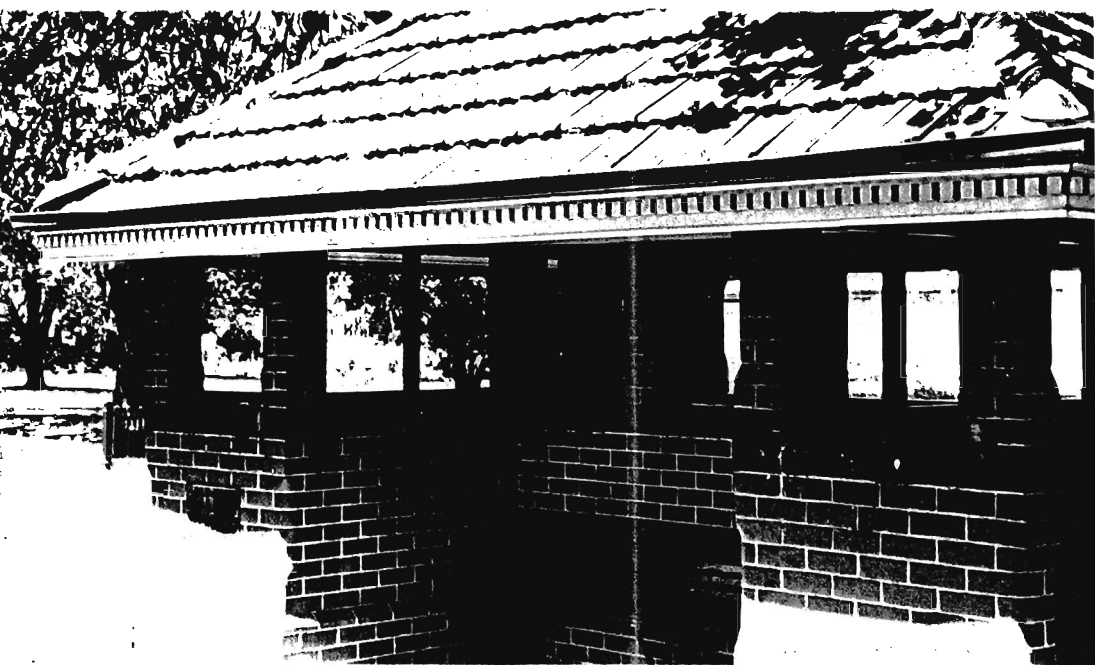
The plaque reads:

In Honour of Frederick Miller Johnson
Killed on service Gallipoli November 29 1915
“He Died as he lived Nobly doing his duty”

Major Miller Johnson is buried at Lone Pine Cemetery, Row C of Plot 1. He served with 6th Field Ambulance, Australian Army Medical Corps and was aged 52 when killed. A native of Hobart, Tasmania, he was the husband of E.A.Johnson, 76 Wattle Road, Glenferrie, Victoria.

A CENTURION

Not a member of the Association, but a veteran of Gallipoli, David Parry of Blackmill, Glamorgan celebrated his 100th birthday in late October. We are sure Association members will wish to extend our warmest congratulations to him.



CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to Jack Gearing [0507V] who with his wife May celebrated his 75th wedding anniversary at their Folkestone home on 17 November. The happy couple were televised on Coast to Coast by TVS during which references were made to Jack's service at Gallipoli. The wedding dress made of pure Maltese silk which he had bought during his service in the Mediterranean was also shown.



THE LAST CHARGE

JOAN WHATELEY [1231]

I recently had the pleasure talking to Mr D'Arcy Jones, a veteran of the Gallipoli campaign who has just joined the Association. Mr Jones, who now lives in Newbury, Berkshire, is an active, alert 95 year-old, with a good memory and a lively sense of humour.

He joined the Worcestershire Yeomanry in 1914 at the age of 17. Although officially under-age for active service, it appears that his brother was friendly with the squadron commander at the Depot, so that was that.

The Colonel in Chief of the regiment at that time was the Earl of Dudley who, before the war broke out, had built two riding schools, equipped them with horses and bought out twenty-one regular cavalymen to train the local lads, including Mr Jones, to ride. Furthermore, he had provided swords for his recruits, at his own expense, and these were to stand them in good stead in Palestine.

Apparently, the Earl had one leg shorter than the other, so he cut rather an ungainly figure when in the saddle. Mr Jones recalls an amusing incident which occurred when the regiment was en route for Gallipoli. Their horses were to be left in Egypt, so the Worcestershire Yeomanry, much to their chagrin, were destined to embark as infantry. As a protest, they marched to the docks wearing spurs, led by the Earl of Dudley who, unable to walk very well, was transported in an Egyptian cab or "ghari."

Mr Jones took part in the Suvla Bay landings in August 1915, in which 12 men from his regiment were killed. The role of the Worcestershire Yeomanry was to support an Irish regiment which had become held up. He recalls the next few months in the trenches as the weather deteriorated, and of being plagued by Turkish snipers and dysentery, and is still amazed that the subsequent evacuation was carried out without any loss of life.

After Gallipoli, Mr Jones served in Egypt and Palestine and is believed to be the sole remaining survivor of the famous cavalry charge at Huj in November 1917. This brilliantly executed charge by 163 officers and men is considered to be one of the finest in history, and certainly one of the last. In this connection, he appeared on Central TV in November 1991, when he had the opportunity of telling viewers about this very daring action, when the Earl of Dudley's swords were put to good use.

In 1918 Mr Jones transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, from which he was demobbed in 1919 as a Second Lieutenant. Anyone visiting him today will find him surrounded by his amazing stamp collection which, at the last count, numbered 37,000!

BOOK REVIEWS

SOME CORNER OF A FOREIGN FIELD

EDITOR JAMES BENTLEY

Little, Brown 1992, 120 pages, numerous illustrations, £13.99

The editor of this handsome book was a Major in the Royal Army Chaplains Department, and is now an historian and travel writer. He has brought together a selection of poems, some well known, others less so, together with an excellent selection of the visual record of the war by artists like Eric Kennington, John Nash, C.R.W. Nevison, William Orpen and Stanley Spencer.

The suffering of both the men giving their lives for their country and of the families who waited for them at home is vividly portrayed by both the poets and the artists. The book is divided into four sections – Home and Abroad, Courage and Chivalry, Bitterness and Rage, Compassion and Reconciliation. In addition the editor has provided a fine Introduction.

What of the Gallipoli connection, just one poem, *Crocknaharna* by Francis Ledwidge who served in the Royal Iniskilling Fusiliers at both Gallipoli and Salonika. Later at Ypres his unit Chaplain recorded in his diary for 31 July 1917 “Ledwidge killed, blown to bits; at Confession yesterday and Mass and Holy Communion this morning, RIP.”

For each copy of this most attractive book sold a donation will be made to The Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal and the Earl Haig Fund [Scotland].

THE WORLD WAR ONE SOURCE BOOK

PHILIP J. HAYTHORNTHWAITE

Arms and Armour Press 1992, 416 pages, 250 photos and maps. £25.00

A single volume reference to the essential facts of the Kaiser's War. The contents are divided into seven sections – History of War, Weapons and Tactics, The Warring Nations, Biographies, Sources, Miscellanea and a Glossary. Don't be put off by the scope of the work, in which the authors object has been to compress the largest amount of information into the smallest possible space, for this is a valuable source to further reading to which the reader is guided by numerous references.

Heading for Gallipoli one finds barely a page of text, two very clear maps and several photographs, including the same view of the River Clyde as appears on *The Gallipolian*. I found the section on Turkey which covers just over 6 pages much

more helpful, as are the mini-biographies of the war leaders. At last the answer to why Liman von Sanders, the Sanders he adopted upon his ennobling in 1913, taking the Sanders from the name of his wife who had died in 1906.

THE VANISHED BATTALION

NIGEL McCREERY

Simon & Schuster 1992 140 pages, 25 illustrations, 2 maps, £14.99

One of the greatest mysteries of the First World War finally solved is used as the sub-title of a book based on the BBC Television documentary *All the Kings Men* in which several members of the Association participated. The King George V's Sandringham Company of 5th Battalion Royal Norfolk Regiment, was formed entirely from the farm labourers and household servants of the Royal estate in Norfolk and commanded by Captain F.R.Beck, Agent at Sandringham.

They landed at Suvla on 10 August and on the late afternoon of the 12th attacked the Turkish lines on Kavak Tepe to the north of where the Azmak Cemetery is now situated. Pressing forward about a mile casualties began to mount, and eventually a large group of officers and men were cut off and not seen again. Such was the mystery of their disappearance that fantastic stories later circulated with quite preposterous explanations as to what had occurred.

Although in 1919 122 bodies were discovered and interred at Azmak Cemetery it was not until the authors recent research and enquiries has the full story become known. The Turks were clearly reluctant to take prisoners, and those who remained alive after forcing their way forward that hot afternoon were quickly rounded up and despatched by their captors.

A gallant action in the foothills above Suvla at last receives full recognition in this excellent, well researched book.

ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION ROLL OF HONOUR – NELSON BATTALION

Imperial War Museum 1992. 74 pages. £12.00

In *The Gallipolian* No 66, Autumn 1991 we announced that the Imperial War Museum was embarking on a series of publications covering the war dead of the Royal Naval Division. That covering the Hood Battalion was reviewed at the time, now we are pleased to announce publication of the Roll for the Nelson Battalion.

It has an A4 format, a typical entry being:

HULME, HUMPHREY, A.B. R.N.V.R.
London Z/259
Widnes, Lancashire
Killed in Action, Gallipoli, 6 June 1915

Of the Gallipoli casualties, the largest single loss was on 13 July when 88 men were killed or were missing believed killed in action. The Battalion's casualties in Gallipoli were:

Killed in Action	113	Died of Disease	17
Missing sub reported KIA	69	Accidentally Killed	2
Died of Wounds	54		

WITH FULL AND GRATEFUL HEARTS

A REGISTER OF ROYAL MARINE DEATHS 1914-19

Royal Marines Historial Society 1991. 361 pages. £13.00, or £14.95 by post from the
Royal Marines Museum, Eastney, Southsea, PO4 9PX.

The title comes from the signal sent by His Majesty King George V to the Fleet at the end of hostilities with Germany on 11 November 1918. A volunteer team of members of the Historical Society, including at least one member of the Gallipoli Association, L.R.Chandler [1210] searched several hundred cemetery and memorial books, their efforts co-ordinated by Captain J.A.Good R.M.

Of special interest to Association Members are the Gallipoli campaign casualties with some 278 burials on Gallipoli itself with a further 100 in Egypt, Malta and Gibraltar. In addition 452 names are recorded on the Cape Helles Memorial, while 80 Royal Marines were lost in the sinking of HMS *Goliath*. A total of 910, while several further names have subsequently come to light bringing the total to 916.

The book is divided into three main sections. The first is a complete alphabetical list of all those who died eg Dymond Walter, Pte, Ply 12783, 13.5.15 H.M.S.Goliath, and a reference to the memorial registers reproduced later. Then lists by ships and units, followed by cemetery and memorial registers.

Those who have laboured to compile this wealth of information are to be commended. It will prove an invaluable reference work for years to come.

THE DOUGHTY-WYLIE GUN

DAVID SAUNDERS [0928]

In *The Gallipolian* No 49, Christmas 1985, in a brief biography of Lieutenant Colonel Charles Doughty-Wylie VC, I referred to the machine gun memorial to him at Thebberton Church, in east Suffolk and lamented upon the decline in the condition of the gun since I first saw it in 1957, and more recently its loss.

I was moved to write early in 1991 to the Church Warden at Thebberton, Dr B.Powell, to see whether the memorial might be returned to its former state if a replacement gun could be acquired. It was a pleasant surprise on receiving his reply, to learn that the original gun had not in fact been destroyed.

Dr Powell wrote "It is true that the gun had deteriorated and was removed. I think that at the time, some people felt it was inappropriate in a churchyard, but that was before I came to live here. However a few years ago it was retrieved and completely refurbished by an expert armourer of the Royal Anglian Regiment and by arrangement with the Parish Council it now resides in the Museum of the Regiment. There is of course still a memorial window to Lieutenant Colonel Doughty-Wylie in the church, and recently we have put on display a photograph of his grave at Gallipoli. We also have a notice in the Church explaining the present location of the machine gun."

Major A.G.B. Cobbold of the Suffolk Regiment Museum, Bury St Edmunds provided further information regarding the saving of the gun. "The machine gun, having been dumped in a garage scrapyard near Thebberton, was discovered by a First Battalion Warrant Officer during his leave. The owner of the garage was glad to get rid of it and gave it to the said Warrant Officer. The gun was restored by Staff Sergeant Richard Ashley who was amazed that such a rusty weapon could still be stripped down and put back into working order."

My further enquiries revealed that the gun did not in fact reside in the Regimental Museum but was now at Hyderabad Barracks, Colchester, in the foyer of the Sergeant's Mess, 1st Battalion The Royal Anglian Regiment. Captain Rory Milligan of the Regiment kindly provided a copy of the history of the gun. This is displayed beside the gun which is visited by all recruits on their tour of the Barracks, so that all personnel know of the weapon and the deed of gallantry which it commemorates.

The machine gun, an NG 08, sometimes called the scheres Maschinengewehr 08-SMG08, is a typical maxim design mounted on a heavy sledge; with a spare barrel and two spare locks the total weight when empty was about 137 pounds. It was an excellent model and its use with the German army continued until the end of the Second World War. The Doughty-Wylie gun was made in Berlin in 1918 and has been damaged by shell and small arms fire. A shell has gone through the side plate,

while a bullet or shell splinter has amputated the front legs of the mount, with the elevating gearbox and top rear plate also damaged.

A considerable debt of gratitude is due to the late Mr P. Keeble of The Garage, Thebberton, who rescued the gun when it was about to be disposed of. Also to his son J.W.Keeble for further information on the history of the gun. The "rediscovery" of the gun, as far as the Gallipoli Association is concerned, would not have been possible without the considerable assistance of Major A.G.B.Cobbold, Hon Curator, Suffolk Regimental Museum, C.D.Johnston TD, appropriately of Doughty-Wylie Crescent, Thebberton, Captain Rory Milligan, 1st Battalion The Royal Anglian Regiment, Dr B.W.Powell, Churchwarden at Thebberton and the Reverend Barry Williamson formerly of Thebberton.

Overleaf: The Doughty-Wylie gun and some of those closely concerned with its restoration. Photograph courtesy of the Bury Free Press

WHO SAID THIS?

In the Autumn *Gallipolian* we asked who said "the Turks did not beat us – we were beaten by our own High Command."

The answer is Joe Murray, [0242V] one of our Veteran members who used these words at the conclusion of his book *Gallipoli As I Saw It* published by William Kimber 1965 and subsequently in paperback by the New English Library, 1977.

Joe Murray, a miners son from Durham whose eldest brother was lost in HMS *Good Hope* at Coronel, 1 November 1914, joined the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve in October 1914 and from Cryatal Palace Park went first to Devonport, and then to Blandford Camp with the Hood Battalion, Royal Naval Division. He served throughout the whole of the Gallipoli campaign, landing on 25 April as one of the diversion party near the Bulair Lines, then at Cape Helles on the 29th, not leaving until about midnight on 8 January 1916.

Now another WHO SAID THIS?

"The long and varied annals of the British Army contain no more heart-breaking episode than the Battle of Suvla Bay. The greatness of the prize in view, the narrowness by which it was missed, the extremes of valiant skill and of incompetence, are features not easily to be matched in our history.

The answer in the next issue.

