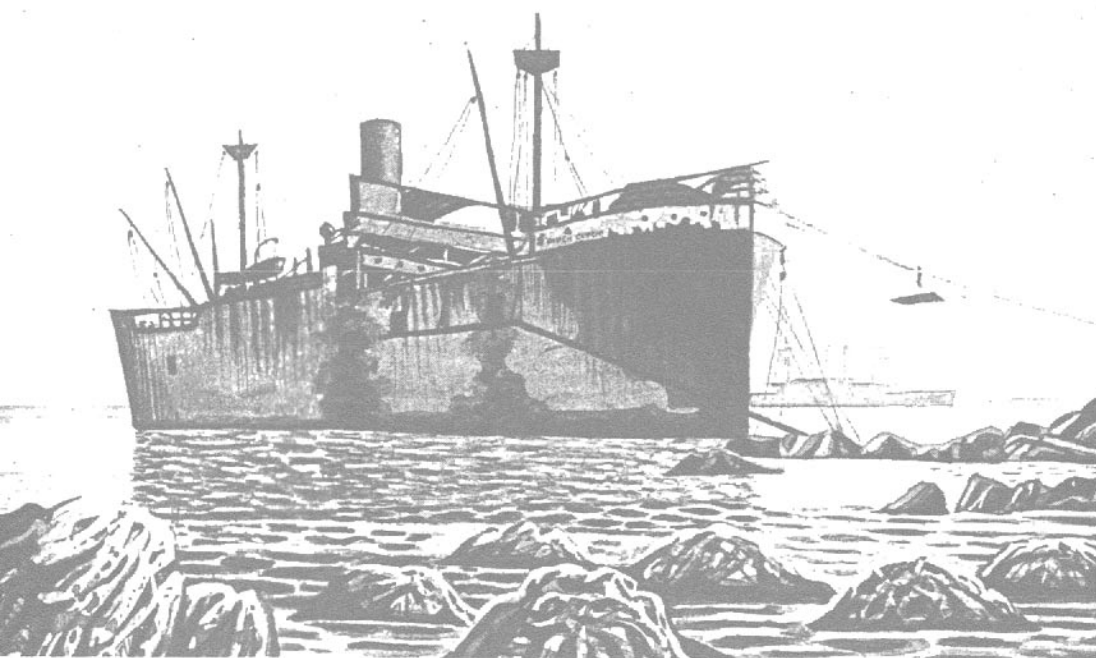


The Gallipollian

*The Journal of the
Gallipoli Association*

No. 83
SPRING 1997

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THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

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AUTUMN LUNCH 1997

The Autumn Lunch will take place on Wednesday 22 October at the Naval Club, Hill Street, London, when the speaker will be John Lee MA, of King's College, London, who is working on a biography of General Sir Ian Hamilton. More details in Autumn *Gallipolitan*.

GALLIPOLI DAY CEREMONIES LONDON

BATTERSEA PARK

Members of the Association have been invited to attend a Dawn Service at the RAAF Remembrance Stone in Battersea Park at 0515 on Friday 25 April. The inaugural service held in 1996, and conducted by the Arcdeacon of Middlesex was very well attended. Tom Miles will lay a wreath on behalf of the Association at the Memorial, which is situated just off the Northern Carriage Drive and close to the Children's Zoo. The Park Restaurant will be open for early breakfast. Further information from Lieutenant-Colonel T. Ridgway, 0181 871 7530.

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

A short service and wreath laying will take place at the Gallipoli Memorial in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral at 0915 for 0930 on Friday 25 April. The timing will allow subsequent travel to the Cenotaph by 1030.

THE CENTOTAPH

A wreath will be laid at the Cenotaph on behalf of the Association. Members and guests should assemble at the entrance to King Charles Street, which is just to the south of the Cenotaph, by 1025. Members are encouraged to join with us to march to the Cenotaph, Hugh Jenner will act as Marshal. Wheelchairs will be available for those who require them.

THE ABBEY

We have been invited to join the Anzacs at Westminster Abbey. Please complete the enclosed booking form if you intend to be present. Members should be seated by 1140 for the Service which will commence at 1200. Tickets will be handed out by the Secretary at the entrance to King Charles Street before the Cenotaph wreath laying and at the Abbey door prior to the service. Please ensure that on arrival at the North or South Transept you are directed by the usher to the seats reserved for the Association.

THE LUNCH

The Gallipoli Day Lunch, commencing at 1315 for 1345, will be held at the College of the Royal Army Medical Corps at Millbank by kind permission of Lieutenant-Colonel F. S. Tredget. A separate booking form with costs, VETERANS ARE FREE, is included with this copy of *The Gallipolian*.

Access to the College is by means of the security gate in John Islip Street and not far from the junction with Ponsonby Place. The nearest Underground Station is Pimlico. Cars may be parked at the Headquarters from 0900 onwards, but occupants must be booked for lunch and be able to provide means of identity. Members and guests may gather at the Headquarters from 1230 onwards. Veterans are asked to wear medals. Other members may wear medals at the Cenotaph and at the Abbey.

SPECIAL NOTE FOR VETERANS

Veterans are reminded that the Association has a fund to assist with costs in connection with attending on Gallipoli Day and should not hesitate in contacting the Secretary concerning this when booking.

GALLIPOLI DAY CEREMONIES OUTSIDE LONDON

EDINBURGH CASTLE

Gavin Richardson (1077) will lay a wreath on behalf of the Association at the Service at 1200 on Thursday 25 April at the Scottish National War Memorial, Edinburgh Castle. The Earl Haig Fund Scotland extends a special welcome to other Members of the Association who can attend.

SHAFTESBURY

The President of the Shaftesbury Branch, Royal British Legion, will hold a short Memorial Service at the cenotaph in Park Walk, Shaftesbury at 1500 on 25 April when a wreath will be laid.

CHEPSTOW

The Royal British Legion will lay a wreath at 1100 on the memorial gun in the centre of Chepstow to Seaman Williams VC who fell at V Beach on 25 April 1915.

OTHER GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL SERVICES

BROCKENHURST

The annual Service at the New Zealand Memorial, St Nicholas's Churchyard will commence at 1500 on Sunday 27 April when a wreath will be laid on behalf of the Gallipoli Association. A special feature of the Service is the participation of local Youth Organisations who will assemble from 1430 onwards. Tea will be available afterwards in the Parish Hall.

BURY

The Gallipoli Sunday Commemoration Service will commence at 1040 on 27 April when the Parade will form up at the Drill Hall before marching to the Church for the Service at 1130. Wreaths will be laid at the War Memorial at 1240 followed by the March Past led by the Regimental Mascot.

CANNOCK CHASE

The Anzac Commemorative Service will be held in the British War Cemetery, Brocton, Cannock Chase at 1030 for 1100, Sunday 27 April at what is the largest Anzac Day Commemoration outside Australia. Members wishing to attend should contact M.G.Morris, The Hollies, 18 Larches Lane, Wolverhampton, WV3 9PX.

GREAT YARMOUTH

On Sunday 27 April, a Parade will leave the Town Hall at 1430 for a Service at St Nicholas Church at 1500. Tea and Anzac biscuits will be available afterwards. The Service coincides with a visit of the replica of Captain Cook's ship *Endeavour* to Great Yarmouth. Further information from Mrs Edward Trafford, Broad House, Wroxham, Norwich, NR12 8TS.

HAREFIELD

A moving ceremony takes place on the afternoon of Gallipoli Day in Harefield Parish Church, near Ruislip, involving the local community, and the Australian authorities.

STAPLEFORD

A service organised by The Royal Marines Association will take place at Stapleford Parish Church, Nottingham on Sunday, 27 April commencing at 1130, followed by the laying of wreaths at the grave of Walter Parker VC.

SUTTON VENY

An Anzac service will take place at 1500 on Sunday 27 April at the church of St John the Evangelist, Sutton Veny near Warminster. Each year since 1916, as part of the Service, local children lay posies of flowers on the graves of the Australian servicemen who are buried here.

GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL LECTURE

The thirteenth Gallipoli Memorial Lecture will be given in Holy Trinity Church, Southend Crescent, Eltham, SE9 at 2000 on Thursday 24 April 1997. The lecturer will be Professor Sir Michael Howard, CBE, MC, FBA, lately Lovett Professor of Military and Naval History, Yale University, previously Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford University. His subject will be War and the Making of Nations.

The Lecture, which is followed by a short service and a modest buffet supper, is open to ticket holders. Tickets may be obtained in advance and free of charge from Wing Commander J.V.Towey, OBE, RAF (retd), Gallipoli Memorial Lecture Trust, 242 Avery Hill Road, Eltham, London, SE9 2JL. 0181 859 2952.

COLLINGWOOD DAY

The Annual Service at the Collingwood Memorial on the Downs just east of Pimperne, will take place on Wednesday 4 June at 1500. Members and friends wishing to attend should meet from noon onwards at the Anvil Hotel, Pimperne, for introductions. Further information from Roy Adam, Camveere House, Portman Road, Pimperne, Blandford, DT11 7DG. 01258 453797.

DISPLAYING GALLIPOLI MEMORABILIA

The Committee wish to explore the feasibility of arranging small displays of Gallipoli memorabilia at certain events in the Association's calendar.

Any member having items such as: Medals, books, photographs, maps, letters, relating to the campaign which they would be prepared to exhibit, is invited to send details to Hugh Jenner, 73 Pymers Mead, West Dulwich, London, SE21 8NJ.

OBITUARIES

JACK GEARING (507V)

Jack Gearing, best known of the Veteran Members, died in his 103rd year after a short illness, on 28 January. He had attended all the functions of the Gallipoli Association throughout his long years as a member, and was indeed with us at the Autumn Lunch in the Naval Club in October 1996. He could recall all the Veterans whose company he had enjoyed down the years, and how the first four pews in Westminster Abbey had once been full of Veterans "until we became so few and so old."

In recent years he had laid the Association wreath at the Cenotaph on Gallipoli Day, and in a short speech at the lunch shortly after the ceremony in 1994 said:

"I was very proud to lay the wreath at the Cenotaph, and talk to you today, on the 25th anniversary of the Association. I shall be 100 this year, and joined the Association soon after it was formed, and have never missed a single function since then.

The Association has meant a great deal to me, I have met some wonderful men and made some very good friends, who sadly are no longer with us.

The Annual Dinner used to be held at the Cafe Royal, and it was a great occasion, with many distinguished members, I well remember meeting Prince Philip, at the 60th Anniversary of the Gallipoli campaign, and hope to be here next year for the 80th.

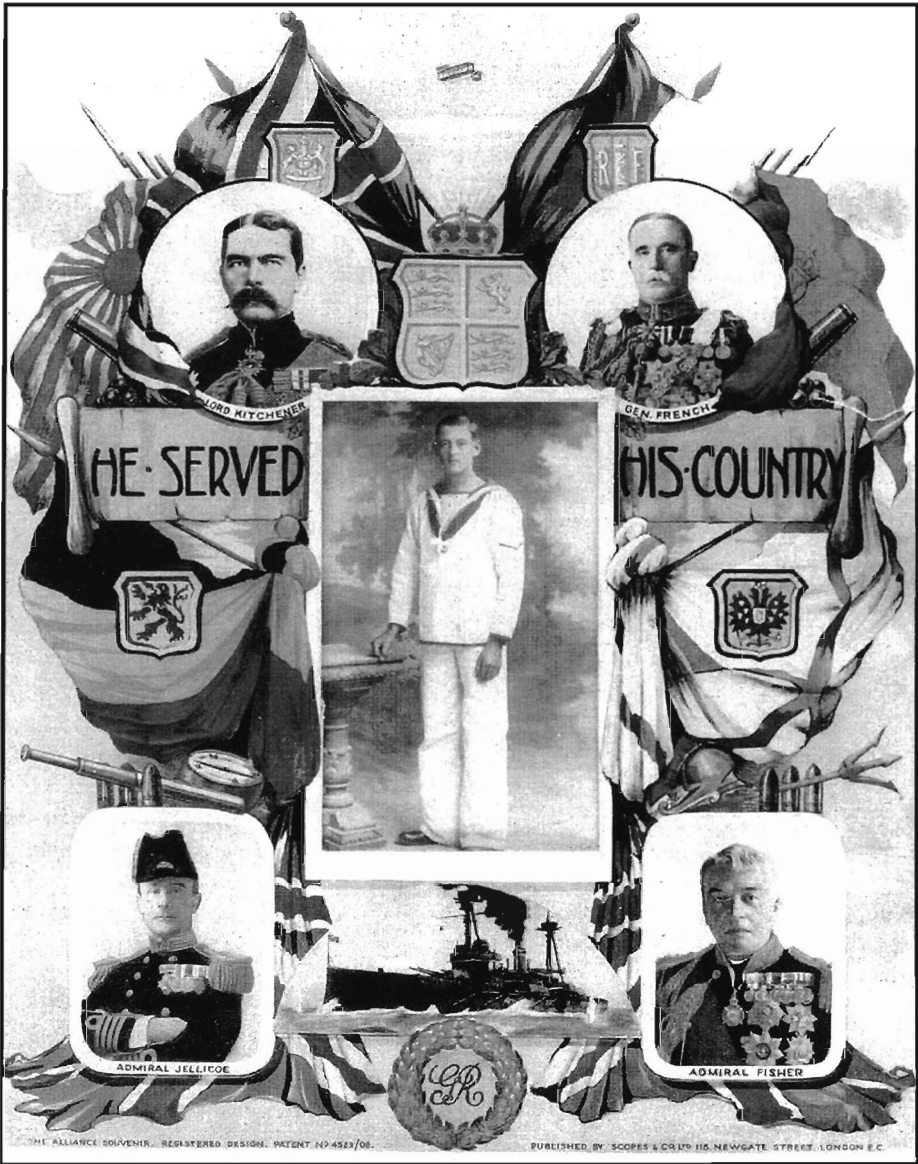
I should like to pay a tribute to Major Edgar Banner, who was the inspiration behind it all. We owe him a debt of gratitude he worked so hard for the Association right up until his death. He would be so pleased to know the Association is in hands, and I thank the present Committee.

I hope it will go on and on for many years, we must never forget the thousands of brave men who gave their lives at Gallipoli.

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

Those Members and friends who have attended our lunches will never forget Jack Gearing's voice as he gave the Exhortation, always finishing with a most stirring command "now altogether" as those present prepared to recite the line "We will remember them."

Jack Gearing was born in 1894 into a family with deep roots in this Country, the name being recorded in Sussex as early as 1296. His Father had travelled extensively



in the Merchant Navy before settling in Greenwich as a shipping chandler and sailing barge owner. On leaving school Jack became apprenticed to his Father as a Waterman and Lighterman on the sailing barges carrying hay and straw from Faversham to Greenwich, returning with the ultimate product of those commodities, namely manure from London's horses. Sailing those barges was immensely skilled and hard work, and he eventually received his licence which enabled him to sail any craft up to 50 tons.

When the First World War broke out Jack Gearing volunteered for the Royal Navy and after training and duties on Zeppelin watch, was posted to the cruiser HMS *Theseus*, which proceeded to the Mediterranean. He saw much service off Gallipoli, especially during the Suvla landings when they transported men from the East Yorkshire Regiment to the beaches. He was later to write how "every sailor was given two soldiers to look after. We gave them our hammocks and slept rough, we made sure they had a good meal and gave them our rum. You see, we knew that where they were going, would be like Hell on Earth, so we gave them all the love we could, because they were going to need it." He himself helped in the ferrying of troops ashore, as well as a 5 inch gun which they towed on a raft. Except for a brief interlude, when together with the *Doris* she shelled Dede Agach, then in Bulgaria, *Theseus* remained off the Peninsula until the end of the campaign, assisting with the evacuations of December and January.

The *Theseus* then patrolled in the eastern Mediterranean, for much of the time based at Crete, though they did help with bombardments at Salonika, and rescued crews of ships sunk by German submarines. In 1917 came the culmination of a lovely story, which began in 1912 when Jack rescued a wind-blown umbrella on Blackheath which turned out to belong to a very pretty girl called May Thompson. Five years later, when he was in Malta, he bought a quantity of the lovely hand-made lace they made there, took it back home on leave, had it made into a wedding dress, and married May in that November. They were to enjoy no less than 77 years of happily married life and raised a family of five children, three grandchildren and a great grandchild. It is indeed remarkable that they lived to see each other reach the age of 100 and it must be something of a record.

Jack Gearing now joined the *Umta*, and sailed from Naples to the Dutch East Indies before returning to the Mediterranean, and eventual transfer for a year to the Merchant Navy after the war. He then joined that hardest of maritime professions, a lighterman on the Thames, working for the South-east & Metropolitan Gas Board, ferrying barges of coal up river to the gas stations. On one occasion he fell in off Greenwich and was only rescued because his loud voice was promptly heard. When the Second World War started he was told he was too old at 45 for the Royal Navy, so he joined the Royal Engineers as a lighterman NCO with the Water Transport Company. One of his tasks was to take a large crane to Arromanches on 6 June 1944, at the same time his son John was on board HMS *Warspite* shelling German



Jack Gearing carrying the Association wreath, Gallipoli Day 1996.



Jack Gearing at the christening of his great granddaughter, Emily May, in September 1996. Roy Letkey.



Jack Gearing Christmas Day, 1996 - the last photograph.

positions inland of the beaches where his other son Albert was with the Royal Artillery. What a wonderful record of family service to which can be added that of daughters Eve in the VAD and Carol in the WAAF.

In 1959, Jack Gearing retired after 40 years on the Thames to Jersey, but after ten years returned to Blackheath, before finally settling in Folkestone and a very active retirement. Their 76th Wedding Anniversary was celebrated at a party at the Imperial War Museum, where they were quite properly feted as the oldest Forces Sweethearts. He attended Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace, had tea with the Queen Mother at a gathering of Old Contemptibles at Clarence House, had tea with Lady Thatcher and much else.



Jack Gearing meeting Lady (then Prime Minister) Thatcher at a gathering of the Old Contemptibles Association, the late Brigadier Sprake stands next to Lady Thatcher.

Those who were present at the unveiling in 1995 of the Gallipoli Memorial in St Paul's Cathedral by HRH The Prince Philip, will well remember how his delivery of the Exhortation was given in such clear tones which echoed round the cloisters. It was the highlight of a very moving service and ceremony, and has frequently been remarked upon since by all who were there.

At the funeral service at Holy Trinity, Folkestone on 10 February, the address, parts of which are included in this Obituary, was given by Captain Christopher Fagan, Chairman of the Gallipoli Association, the Lesson was read by Lewis Jones, while Max Arthur read some of Jack's own words from *The True Glory*. In addition to the Gallipoli Association, wreaths were laid on behalf of The Royal British Legion, The Royal Navy Association, The Royal Engineers Association, Old Contemptibles Association, HMS Theseus Association, Western Front Association, the Royal Navy Benevolent Trust Association, Pembroke Hospital for ex Sailors and Marines and The Company of Watermen and Lightermen of the River Thames.

In Captain Fagan's words on closing his address at Jack's funeral "The best memorial we can give him is not to forget, and so, with all my heart I say to Jack, "Thank you, and we *will* remember you."

EVAN PARRY (1627V)

Although alas a member of the Gallipoli Association for just a short period, Evan Parry had reached as advanced age as any of our Veterans when he died at his home at Blackmill in the Ogmere Valley, Glamorgan, on 11 January, aged 104.

Evan David (Dai) Parry was born in London on 19 October 1892. He was the oldest child of Griffith James Parry, a recent arrival in London, who had previously worked in the lead mines of West Wales. Owing to the poor health of his mother, Evan David, aged just three weeks, was sent to live with maternal grandparents at Goginan near Aberystwyth. He remained in this Welsh speaking village all his boyhood, returning to his Father at Holborn, London in about 1908.

His first job was as a leaded window maker, but his Father could not afford the apprentice fees so he had to leave to become “the boy” in a furniture repair and restoration workshop, about which he had a great fund of stories. His main job was French polishing, so it was largely to seek relief from the tedium of the daily grind, and “for devilment” as he later put it, that he joined 11th County of London Regiment (The Finsbury Rifles) Territorials in 1912.

He was mobilised at the outbreak of war and spent the early months training in East Anglia, they thought for France. While at Hatfield Park they were kitted out with khaki drill and sun helmets and told they were heading for the Dardanelles. A two day railway journey followed before embarkation on the liner *Aquitania* at Liverpool as part of the 54th Division.

Shortly after landing at Suvla during the attack on Kidney Hill they suffered many casualties. Life then became a battle for survival, not just against the enemy, but the sun, shortage of water and vermin, until in mid-September, after several days lying on the beach at a Casualty Clearing Station, he was evacuated suffering from dysentery and enteric fever.

Evan Parry was away from Suvla for about six weeks, and on his return was detailed to help with unloading stores. Later he was given a waggon and two horses to help move water and ammunition to the forward positions. Like all those who were there he had most vivid memories of the terrible conditions during the November rains and the terrible frosts which followed. He had a great admiration for the Indian Sappers and Miners with whom he came into contact at this time, sharing chapatti with them on several occasions. During one foray, he received a head wound from shrapnel or flying stones, and although the injury was treated at the Field Hospital he suffered life-long head pains and early deafness.

Following the evacuation they reached Egypt just before Christmas, and served throughout the Palestine campaign. Together with a friend from his Territorial days

he was severely wounded in the chest and upper left arm during the Battle of Gaza. Although he subsequently returned to his unit, he was medically regraded to non-combatant duties following which he was posted to a line of communications unit at Headquarters at Ramlee, serving as a general carrier with two horses and a cart. He was sent home in 1919 from the Mediterranean with a small pack containing a change of underwear and a travel warrant made out to Aberystwyth, where he returned to his relatives at Goginan.



Evan Parry, a photograph taken in Ismalia in 1916 or 1917.

After two weeks leave he was given a medical discharge and a disablement pension of 2/6 a week, which in 1926 was "bought out" for £10 under a disabled soldiers scheme. He took employment with the Post Office and in 1922 transferred to Bridgend from where he became the village postman for Blackmill, in a rural area about six miles away. Here his postal round, all on foot, extended for up to 17 miles, and it was not until many more years had elapsed that he was provided with transport.

The Postman (Dai the Post), was an important figure in the area. In addition he became a pillar of the Blackmill Wesleyan Church, being at times Sunday School Teacher, then Superintendent, Local Preacher, Senior Steward, Secretary and Treasurer. Indeed with the help of one or two others Evan Parry was largely responsible for keeping the Church open to this day.

During the Second World War he served in the Post Office Battalion Home Guard. His final years of employment saw him as a postman-driver covering a large area in the Vale of Glamorgan. Although Evan Parry retired in 1953, he helped as a relief postman at Christmas for another 11 years until final retirement aged 71. He remained closely associated with the Post Office, attending the monthly meetings of the Post Office Pensioners up until a few months before his death.

Even aged 99, he would catch the bus from the village to Bridgend, attend the meeting, do some shopping for "the poor old dear next door", a lady aged 70, then return on the bus and walk three-quarters of a mile to his house where he had lived for 70 years. Although predominantly a soccer player and supporter he watched Wales play rugby on the TV on the afternoon of the day he died. Evan Parry, who was widowed twice, just a short while ago was reported as saying that his only problems were "a shortage of cash, arthritis in the knees, and too much tongue pie."

Evan Parry, like many Veterans, was reluctant to talk about his service at Gallipoli. Indeed it was not until his 100th birthday when being interviewed by a local paper, that I, his nephew, became aware that he had served there. On questioning him later he said he had tried to shut out these experiences from his mind, "no man should ever have been made to endure what we had to, and I do my best to forget it." Later, only when I heard of the Gallipoli Association, and began to read more and ask him questions, that he slowly and reluctantly told me his story. Indeed the only voluntary comments he made were to roundly condemn "the establishment" for their incompetence and bungling, and further the lack of acknowledgement of the sacrifices made at Gallipoli.

He was delighted when he heard about the plans by the Gallipoli Association to unveil a memorial in St Paul's Cathedral, and was determined to be present at the ceremony, even though he had passed his 103rd birthday.

R.B. Male (1783)



Evan Parry on the occasion of the unveiling of the Gallipoli Memorial in St Paul's Cathedral, November 1995.

WILFRED EDGAR THEAKSTON (1430V)

Wilfred Theakston, always known as Bill, died after a short illness on 24 December 1996, aged 98. He was born in Bloomsbury, London on 28 January 1898, third of five children, the family later moved to Edmonton, where as well as being Head Boy at school, he played soccer for West Ham in the Schools' Shield.

Just after the outbreak of war in 1914, his cousin who was serving in the Royal Navy, was sunk and drowned and Wilfred, then aged 16 was determined to enlist to avenge his cousin's death, however the Navy was no longer accepting recruits. Catching sight of a poster showing the full ceremonial dress of the Royal Horse Artillery he decided to join that Regiment, putting his age at 19. At the Royal Artillery Recruiting Office, the Sergeant thought Wilfred was not the sort of name to have in the Army, so he wrote him down as "Bill". He has remained Bill ever since both to family and his wide circle of friends.

Sent first to Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, he later moved to the Royal Artillery Riding School at Chapeltown Barracks, Leeds. As a driver, he was instructed in Battery and Gunnery training, followed by firing practice using 18 pounders in Wales. Training continued at the Codford transit camp, where in the words of doggerel at the time:

"There are lots of little huts, all dotted here and there, For those who have to live inside, I've offered up a prayer. Inside the huts there's RATS as big as any nanny goat, Last night a soldier saw one trying on his overcoat."

Then to Milford, before embarkation with B Battery, 58th Brigade of the 11th Division at Southampton for the voyage to the Mediterranean where he arrived at Alexandria in late June 1915. Shortly afterwards he was sent on to Imbros, and thus to the landings at Suvla Bay on 6 August. He survived the chaos and disorganisation of the early days and took part in the attack of 24 August, but shortly afterwards suffered a shrapnel wound and was evacuated to Malta. Recovering from this he returned to the Peninsula, where only a few of the original members of his battery remained. The preparations for a final withdrawal, during which the battery was to give covering fire, were carried out in tropical kit during a freezing blizzard. Evacuation proper soon followed.

Back in Alexandria Bill Theakston transferred to 28 Division and thus to Salonika and a further change, this time to the 84th Infantry Division. A year later after having contracted malaria, he was sent back to England and to a hospital at St Helen's, after which he reported to Topsham Barracks at Exeter for retraining. In October 1918 he arrived at Woolwich for kitting out having received orders to move to France. However, before he was ready to leave the War ended and he was released from the Army.

In 1919 he married Annie Rush who lived in a neighbouring street, and to whom he had written throughout his wartime service, they were to have two daughters and a son. He gained employment with the sugar refiners Tate & Lyle, and was to rise to become Packaging Manager. During the Second World War he commanded the Refinery Home Guard as a Captain, and survived the Blitz in the London Docks.

Following retirement in 1962 he moved with his wife to Lyme Regis and pursued his interests in poetry, painting and golf. Sadly his wife died after 58 happy years of



Bill Theakston during the First World War.

marriage. He enjoyed driving, which he had done for 85 years, for his father was a cab driver, and Bill had learned to drive when just eleven. Indeed he was driving his own car until a few weeks before his death.

Bill Theakston was very proud to have been present at the unveiling of the Gallipoli memorial in St Paul's Cathedral, and to have laid the wreath in Holy Trinity Eltham on the occasion of the Gallipoli Memorial Lecture in 1996.

D.W.Theakston



Bill Theakston at home, shortly after the unveiling of the Gallipoli Memorial in St Paul's Cathedral.

LORD HANKEY

The 2nd Lord Hankey, for many years an Honorary Member of the Association, died in late October. He was the eldest son of Maurice Hankey, who as Cabinet Secretary, "Man of Secrets," from 1916 to 1938 was one of the most influential figures in Great Britain. His visit to Gallipoli in July 1915, when Secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence, resulted in a report on conditions there which has been described as being "by any standard this report is a remarkable document."

The 2nd Lord Hankey was educated at Rugby and New College, Oxford, and joined the Foreign Office in 1927. He was proficient in seven languages, and his first postings were to several European capitals, being Second Secretary in Warsaw when the Germans invaded Poland. He managed to escape to Romania, and later to Teheran, before making a circuitous journey home, during which he was stranded for a week in Lagos. Here he showed his versatility by learning to surf, tuning the Governor's piano, making a detailed report on the Nigerian fiscal system, and (being without breeches) riding through the bush in pyjamas and three pairs of bathing trunks.

Other foreign postings were taken up, the final one being as Ambassador in Stockholm, after which he led an active retirement both in this country and overseas. He was married three times, his first two wives predeceasing him, and had two sons and two daughters, his son Donald succeeding him as 3rd Baron.

GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL BURSARY

In the course of the Gallipoli Memorial Appeal we added a third Objective for the Association:

To encourage and facilitate the study of the campaign to ensure that its memory and valuable lessons are not forgotten.

It is intended that the surplus funds from the Appeal will be used to fund an Annual Bursary to enable visits to Gallipoli and on-site study of approved topics.

For 1997 the award of £1,000 has been given to the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst and will be shared by two cadets who were chosen from over twenty applicants. Officer Cadets Barthorp and Coates will go to Gallipoli on 23 April and will study the actions of the Lancashire Fusiliers and the 1/6th Gurkhas. A report of the project will be published in the next Gallipolitan.

In 1998 the award, also of £1,000 will go to the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.

WILLIAM CHATHAM AND CHATHAM'S POST

G.R. WALPOLE (1606)

The position on the southern end of Bolton Ridge, part of the southern flank of the Anzac battlefield, which in 1915 Bean (*Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-1918 The Story Of Anzac*), described as "covered with dense, almost impenetrable scrub" is known as "Chatham's Post," after Lieutenant William Chatham, 5th Australian Light Horse.

William Chatham, according to his military records, was born near Netherton, Staffordshire, on 4 October 1882, while other information indicates Cradley Heath. Both locations are actually in Worcestershire, being just to the south of Dudley, while there are also Stourbridge connections. Little is known about his early years other than he was a grazier by trade and Church of England by conviction, and he was possibly in Australia by 1900. In a postcard to his sister in 1905 a friend expressed that nothing had been heard from him for eight months.

On 14 November 1914, in Queensland, he joined the 5th Light Horse, having previously been a reserve officer in the 14th Australian Light Horse. His records describe him as six foot, weighing 178 pounds and with a 40 inch chest. Complexion dark, eyes and hair brown, with no identifying marks.

The 5th Light Horse was raised in Queensland after the departure of the First Light Horse Brigade in September 1914. This Second Brigade consisted of the 5th, 6th and 7th Light Horse. Lieutenant Chatham was attached to C Squadron under Major E.E. Righetti, the other officers being Captain D.C. Cameron, Lieutenants J.M. Hanly and Second Lieutenant W.M. Lyons.

Commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel H.J.I. Harris (killed in action 31 July 1915), they left Brisbane quietly, without public demonstration or send off, by train on 12 December, arriving in Liverpool, New South Wales, on the 14th. From here they moved by road to Flemington and then to Port Jackson, embarking on the troopship A 34, the SS *Persic* on 21 December. First to Albany in Western Australia, then in a convoy of 16 vessels for the Mediterranean, stopping briefly in Aden and arriving at Alexandria on 1 February. During the voyage they lost one man who was buried at sea, and seven horses.

On arrival, the horses understandably weakened by the voyage, were led by the men to Maadi some six miles distant, and it was here they were to be based until departure. Intensive training took place in the surrounding hills with special attention being given to rifle shooting. It was from here that he sent a postcard home, saying he was hopeful of returning to England, as indeed many Australian soldiers were.

"I hope before we go to the front I am able to see you all we are working hard and getting through training before we are let go. The dust in the desert where we drill is very trying. Otherwise we are having a splendid time —"

Another postcard written some time later, was from Cairo, when he was obviously aware of changes and the hint of things to come.

"Am anxious to know how you are all faring. Have not heard from you since I left Australia —. We are camped near the Pyramids, a few miles over the Nile —. I do not think we shall be in England before we go to the Front, as we hoped to be —"

On 15 May William Chatham marched, dismounted, out of Maadi with his Regiment, to travel by train by way of Cairo to Alexandria where they arrived at daybreak the following day. Here they embarked upon Transport A25, the *Lutzow*, and so joined the rest of the Brigade. Three days later they arrived off Anzac Cove where they disembarked on the trawler *Claxton* on the morning of 20 May.

Once ashore they moved up Monash Valley and so to Reserve in the 1st Light Horse Brigade near the old Turkish HQ, from where he was attached to the 1st Australian Infantry Division on 23 May. On the 27th he sent home a Field Post Card saying that he was quite well but had received no letters lately. It was received at Stourbridge at 1800 on 29 July, coincidentally the day he was evacuated.

In 31 May he was attached to No 1 Section C Squadron, temporarily under the command of Major L.C. Wilson, now part of the 9th Battalion, which occupied the extreme right at Sappers Post. On 6 June an officer and 12 other ranks proceeded to Twin Trenches some 1,500 yards beyond the front line towards Gabe Tepe, to ascertain "if those trenches were occupied as strongly as usual and to rouse the enemy if they got the opportunity."

During this endeavour Lieutenant Hanly was shot and two men wounded. A Sergeant carried Hanly back a few hundred yards under fire until he was considered dead, later, parties on successive nights made attempts to recover the body, but only succeeded in drawing Turkish fire.

On 19 June Number 1 Section of trenches held by the 9th Infantry was taken over by the 5th Light Horse.

"A covering party under Lieutenant Chatham, with 34 other ranks, proceeded along A Ridge, while Major F.S. White and 200 other ranks of the 6th Light Horse Regiment constructed a communication trench 200 yards along from No 1 Post, to the knoll 200 yards South-West of a machine-gun position on "A" Ridge, subsequently officially known as "Harris Ridge", in honour of our Regimental Commander. Lieutenant Chatham met a Turkish patrol at 11.30 pm, about 20

strong, near Balkan Gun Pits and reported three Turks killed by rifle fire.”

The position had been patrolled by both sides earlier in the campaign, skirmishes occurred intermittently as patrols encountered one another in the scrub during the night. During such an incident a new post was established and a redoubt dug on 22 June, which subsequently was called Chatham's Post. A communication trench was dug later on, which via a tunnel, connected with Bolton's Ridge. The south flank thus became the province of the Australian Light Horse.

On 26 June, in support of actions at Cape Helles, the Australian forces staged a diversionary attack. The 5th, two troops of the 7th and two companies of the 9th Battalion, supported by the 11th Battalion of the 3rd Infantry Brigade, attacked the Turkish trenches at Gaba Tepe. Moving along Harris Ridge the 5th was subjected to heavy fire from the Turkish trenches and from Gaba Tepe, they were also fired upon by an Allied destroyer. Casualties were 23 killed and 79 wounded, while



Looking north from Chatham's Post. G.R.Walpole.

Sergeant M.G.Delpratt was taken prisoner. On 29 July the 5th Light Horse took over positions from the beach to Machine Gun Corner on Harris Ridge including Chatham's Post. They were to remain here until the end of November when they moved to Ryries Post.

Lieutenant Chatham was evacuated on 29 July suffering from diarrhoea and enteric fever. First on board the *Gloucester Castle*, then to Malta and eventually to England. He did not return to duty until the following February, rejoining his unit in Egypt where he was severely wounded in August. Subsequently he was seconded to Brigade Headquarters and attended the School of Instruction at Zeitoun. He was attached temporarily to the 3rd Light Horse and in between service with the 5th was seconded to command the 2nd Light Horse Training Regiment. He was promoted to Major in October 1916 and mentioned in General Murray's dispatches of 28 June 1917, his service in the Middle East continuing until 1919.

In June that year he embarked upon the *H.T.Ellenga* and sailed for England, subsequently returning to Australia on board the *Aneas* the following January. He left the Army on 28 April 1920, being noted as an "energetic and capable officer, keen and reliable." His ability, professional knowledge, power to maintain discipline, leadership, capacity and feel for training, and fitness for promotion were considered good. This report was signed by Granville Ryrie, Commanding Officer of the 2nd Light Horse, later Major-General Sir G. de L. Ryrie, KCMG, CB, VD, whose name is commemorated by Ryrie's Post.

Major William Chatham died on 14 January 1947 at the age of 65.

Request for Information: I am hoping that readers of *The Gallipolian* may be able to provide me with further information concerning William Chatham. All information would be gratefully received, and I would be especially pleased to receive information about his home in Worcestershire, or from anyone who might have met him or can suggest further sources of information. G.R.Walpole, Flat 1/2 Ewing Avenue, Kingston Beach, Tasmania 7050, Australia.

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION LUNCH

23 OCTOBER 1996

SPEECH BY ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR BENJAMIN BATHURST GCB

Forty years ago, almost to the day, I was in Malta in HMS *Bulwark*, the aircraft carrier in which I was serving. We were due to sail the next day for the eastern Mediterranean and I thought I would take the opportunity of a last run ashore. I popped into the bar of the Phoenicia Hotel for a drink where I found your Chairman who I had not seen for a year or so since we were at school. His battalion was about to embark for Suez, an operation for whatever its political shortcomings was a very competently executed amphibious operation. I was not to see you Chairman for another 38 years when we met during the D-Day ceremonies in Portsmouth. So you see that there is a thread of amphibiosity in our relationship which has now landed me up to my neck amongst the experts of Gallipoli. Where that amphibious thread will take us next I do not know but I have a hankering after Quebec where Wolfe and Saunders carried out a supremely successful joint operation with all the essential elements including surprise.

You have very kindly asked me to speak for 15 minutes or so on Gallipoli. I am not an expert but no one can fail to be fascinated by this campaign where heroic efforts from those on land and sea contrast uncomfortably with indecision and conflicting strategic direction. A campaign which employed exciting emerging technologies; the aeroplane, the submarine in joint operations. It set the pattern for the command structure for amphibiosity which is still with us today; purpose built and modified landing craft, real time communications between military and naval authorities, including rear area and strategic centre of gravity HQs. But we also remember the Dardanelles campaign, and you will forgive me if I keep to seaward, for the individuals who took part and whose heroism, determination, innovation and sheer guts came so near at time to success as well as those individuals whose caution, egos, recklessness, and indecisiveness must be a lesson for all future commanders. It is easy with hindsight to attribute blame and historians have not been slow to do so. But having hindsight available I think we should be careful before we dismiss the Dardanelles as unwinnable. And had it succeeded who would have been our man of the match, there would have been a stampede of claimants. At the highest level I would judge Churchill would have had a clear run. He had the strategic vision to pick up the rather tentative ideas in Hankey's paper and sell it to his cabinet colleagues. He would have overcome the lack of coordination between Kitchener and Fisher – at one point at the meeting on 13 May when it was decided to withdraw the *Queen Elizabeth* provoking a choleric row between the two men, Churchill writes "Could we but have exchanged the positions of these two potentates at this juncture, have let Kitchener hold the Admiralty to its task and sent Fisher to the War Office to slam in the reinforcements, both would have been happy and all would have been

well". Churchill was in favour of a war of movement, he understood the need to keep momentum but he was up against an Admiralty Board whose position was exemplified in Fishers memorandum of which summed up a defensive doctrine of maritime supremacy.

Would Fisher have had a claim as man of the match. I do not think so. Not the father of success but the grandfather. Fishers strategic leadership of the navy in the first year of the war was flawed. He was tired and supported by a tired Board. Despite his enthusiasm and drive in earlier establishing a naval staff, he conspicuously failed to use, he did not consult. Jacky Fisher's great achievements came earlier.

His reform of the Royal Navy's manpower and training which converted a Victorian spit and polish flag showing navy into a professional war fighting machine, seizing the new technologies and ruthlessly driving them through against entrenched opposition from his brother officers. His success as Controller with a building programme that carried all before it, a programme which at least enabled sufficient old battle ships to get the Dardanelles operation on the road. But in his role as the Government's professional adviser on naval affairs he was inadequate. Even by today's standards, I doubt whether any CNS or CDS would allow his role to be usurped to the extent that Churchill did Fisher's. A stream of signals, many personally drafted, many entirely apposite but what on earth were the professional naval officers on the Board doing!

We like to think that it is only with the advent of satellite communications that Ministerial interference and conversation with the commander in the front line, President to Foxhole – has been possible. But Churchill made a pretty good fist of it with basic morse code. And the final straw, Fisher's behaviour on May 14th and 15th. At the meeting of the War Council where he disowned the Dardanelles operation followed by his disappearance to the Charing Cross Hotel from whence he had to be ordered back to his duties, duties to which he never returned, is the stuff of high drama but scarcely something of which the Navy can be proud.

It is, as I have said, very easy with all the hindsight, the historical records, the autobiographies, and the Dardanelles Commission report to attribute blame and to come to the conclusion that the Dardanelles were not done at all. Slightly more difficult but still plausible to argue that if – were to be done were best it be done quickly. And here the armchair strategist can play with the "if onlys". If only a combined General and Naval staff had produced a joint plan in the beginning. Despite the more ponderous process of assembling the landing force, and some of you will note that I am not averse to making the odd point about the flexibility of maritime forces in their ability to get quickly to trouble spots, it should have been possible to have produced a combined force, tactically loaded, and yet still preserved the element of surprise and kept ahead of Turkish reinforcement of the Peninsula. A

joint plan would have avoided the thread of confusion as to whether this was to be a naval operation in support of a military campaign or a military operation in support of a naval campaign and the oscillations between the two which was to bedevil the strategic direction.

If only Hamilton had been given time to plan, if only he could have got to theatre earlier. On 17th March, on the eve of the naval assault on the narrows he writes: "Here am I still minus my Adjutant General, my Quartermaster General and my Medical Chief, charged with settling the basic question of whether the Army should push off from Lemnos or from Alexandria. Nothing in the world to guide me beyond my own experience and that of my chief of General Staff, whose sphere of work and experience lies quite outside these administrative matters. I can see that Lemnos is practically impossible; I fix on Alexandria in the light of Braithwaites advice and my own hasty study of the map. Almost incredible really we should have to decide so tremendous an administrative problem off the reel" and then "We might sup tomorrow night on Achi Baba. With luck we really might. Had I been here for ten days instead of five and had any time to draft out any sort of scheme, I might have had a dart". And then this *cri de coeur* "If the 29th Division were here....Could I hope for the 29th Division within a week....had my staff and self been here ten days ago.... Then the moment the Fleet cried off, we might have had a dash in, right away, with what we have here".

If only as much attention had been paid to the role and quality of the minesweeping forces as to the bombarding forces. If only the momentum despite the check on 18 March had been kept up. If only DeRobeck had listened to Roger Keyes. And back to my man of the match. What a contender Keyes would have been. Yes he was young, yes there was an element of foolhardiness, but what energy, what fighting spirit. For nearly a year he had thrown himself into this operation often under fire in the frontline both afloat and ashore. It is not surprising that Churchill singled him out – the ardent Keyes – along with Beatty, Trywhitt, Pakenham, as "Masters of the storm capable of rivalling upon the sea and against the enemy's coasts the exploits of the famous sailor figures of the past. But on 18 March. the naval momentum was lost.

Churchill attributes de Robecks unwillingness to risk his ships in the following terms and it is has lessons for today. "To statesman or soldiers, ships in time of war possess no sentimental value. They are engines of war to be used, risked, and if necessary expended in the common cause as readily as artillery ammunition is fired to shelter an infantry attack. But to an admiral of this standing and upbringing these old ships were sacred. They had been the finest ships afloat in the days when he as a young officer had first set foot upon their decks. The discredit and disgrace of casting away a ship was ingrained deeply by years of mental training and outlook. The spectacle of this noble structure on which so many loyalties centred, which was the floating foothold of daily life, foundering miserably beneath the waves, appeared as an event shocking and unnatural in its character"

This is still one of the hardest aspects of naval warfare. The ship is expendable yet the people precious but in the end one has to accept losses. And here I would mention the need to battle harden the mind. In my naval career, there has only been one campaign in which ships were sunk. In 1982 I was one of the four Directors on the Naval Staff. When the news of the sinking of HMS *Sheffield* came in, this was a new experience for all of us and we were knocked off balance and if left to our own judgement could have faltered. But luckily with Henry Leach as First Sea Lord and Terry Lewin as CDS we had officers who had seen far worse in World War II and knew that this was part of the rate of exchange of war. They kept us and Ministers concentrated on the aim though I know they felt the losses as deeply as any. The resistance that Churchill experienced was in part due to a Board and CinC who were the product of a prolonged period of peace, unused, unpractised and inexperienced in the strategic direction of naval warfare.

Your Chairman also suggested I might say a few words about today's defence scene. The contrast between now and 1915 could not be more stark. Then we were in the early stages of a major continental war with the throttles of military expansion pushed fully open to generate the vast quantity of men, munitions and equipment needed. Yes, there was an Alliance but Command, on the whole, on the western front was unintegrated yet in some ways the manner in which French Forces worked together with the UK, Australian and New Zealand forces on the peninsula was ahead of its time and on the naval side much credit must again go to Keyes and Admiral Guepratte, a warrior if ever there was one. Today though, no obvious direct threat to the UK although as I was writing this Boris Yeltsin was sacking Lebed. An alliance, NATO, that despite the Jeremiahs is still strong, relevant, and with integrated command structures in place and an impressive interoperability which has been achieved by sheer hard work over the years but must be unique in military history. And there is a waiting list for membership of this club. Highly professional regular armed forces who despite the relentless and sapping squeeze on resources, achieve wonders. I worry that this process which has rightly flushed out many inefficiencies may also have flushed away our ability to sustain, support and regenerate in time of crisis or when asked to put the foot down on the accelerator. All three Services need to be fit and fresh to fight and I worry that we may be eroding this in the tight roulements that are a feature of life today for all three Services. There is also a grave danger of our services becoming dangerously hollowed out and despite Ministerial protestations of commitment to defence, with an election and budget looming, a cynic like me, my mind warped by 15 years in the Ministry of Defence, might wonder whether that commitment will ride the storm.

I found against the background of seemingly unending cuts over the last six years, one of the most difficult things in talking to the public, and just as importantly to ones own people, was to get the right balance between explaining that things are not as black as they are painted yet nor are they as good as I would have liked. You will forgive me if I take my own Service as the example. We still have the most

professional and widely capable Navy in Europe. The sub-editors habit of screeching Navy down to 35 ships is irritating and it is bunkum. Numbers are a part of the equation but they are just one part. We have structured the Navy around three core capabilities, each of which can ruin someones day. In no particular order the Carrier Force capable of deploying airpower independent from host nation support using the internationalism of the sea. You may have noticed recently the reluctance of some Middle East nations to grant basing facilities. The nuclear submarine force, capable of deploying worldwide unsupported covertly and at speed.

We will soon have Tomahawk. I can not overemphasise the significance of this weapon. It gives the Navy a key role in modern crisis management. We can pay our subscription to any coalition operation silently, covertly, quickly and at low risk. SSNs can reach the four corners of the globe using the freedom of the seas without the palaver of overflying rights and host nation support. I always used to encourage colleagues and Ministers that whenever an unexpected crisis occurred the first question they should ask is where is the nearest Carrier, get it moving and buy yourself thinking time. Very soon they should also ask where is the nearest Tomahawk SSN.

And lastly the amphibious force centred around 3 Commando Brigade with its own helicopter lift, and specialist shipping. Our two LPDs are being replaced by *Bulmark* and *Albion*, ordered a few months ago. HMS *Ocean* the new helicopter carrier will be joining the Fleet in 1998. This specialist shipping is needed to move the battle winning equipment for our Royal Marines. There is much loose talk of Ro-Ros. They have a role and indeed we have just acquired two to add instant availability to the JRDF but they are no substitute. Our amphibious force can be used over the whole spectrum of operations from tactical landings in fighting formation to humanitarian relief and low level peacekeeping. The force can be held offshore making minimum demands on what may be virtually non existent civilian infrastructure and allows vehicles, equipment and stores to be put in over the beach independent of sophisticated port facilities. I wonder what De Robeck and Wemyss would have given for that type of specialist shipping and it is to the greatest credit of those most gallant soldiers and sailors that so much was achieved. Indeed it is fair to say that the ingenious improvisations that we saw on the beaches of Gallipoli have led directly to the LPDs, LSLs, LCTs and LCMs of today. I would never wish to find that we had so neglected our amphibious lift that some future generation were forced to make do as those men had to.

So that is the core of the Fleet and around it are the essential destroyers and frigates who in peacetime take the lion's share of the worldwide workload – and yes we are still a worldwide navy. Also the Minehunting forces. From the trawlermen who through no fault of their own were thrown unprepared into a very hot military situation, then reinforced and correctly replaced by regular Royal Navy Officers and men has grown today's Minehunting force. We are the world leaders. First into

Kuwait and the *Sandown* single role minehunter a world beater. If we had had that professionalism from the outset in the Narrows how different things might have been.

And overarching all this Trident. One could speculate that if we were having to make a decision now to replace Polaris, whatever the merits of the case, and they are considerable, it would be a battle to get Cabinet approval. But that is hypothesis. The money is largely spent. Government policy is firmly for an independent nuclear deterrent. No longer does even that seem the political bone of contention it was. In this uncertain world the question seems to me to be more who may we need to deter tomorrow rather than today.

But enough of the present save to say that I hope I have reminded you of the key, indeed pivotal role the Royal Navy and Royal Marines play in our Defence policy, doing what we have always done over the years. Back to the Dardanelles.

Well have we learned the lessons of the Dardanelles. After every amphibious campaign we tend to say we learnt no new lessons just relearnt some old ones. There has been some attention given in the Press to the new Joint headquarters and the Joint Rapid Deployment Force. This is perhaps a long overdue recognition that all warfare is always going to be joint, that a joint command is an essential prerequisite. That it is better to start planning in a joint way rather than have to change when the crisis becomes more critical, and that planning on a joint basis in peace by the headquarters that would be tasked to fight the war is the best way of providing that seamless transition from one to the other. The new organisation provides a joint core, capable of adaptation but one that would have been tailor made to pick up the Gallipoli baton. Getting it right next time is the best possible memorial to all those who have lost their lives in amphibious operations and particularly those who died on and in the sea around the Gallipoli Peninsula.

And if a further epitaph is needed the inscription on the Chindit Memorial or the embankment which I noticed the other day seems to have an application here:

“The boldest measures are the safest”

RECENT SALES

During recent months several items of Gallipoli interest have appeared in the London auction rooms. Chief amongst these was "The Highly Important and Historic Victoria Cross Group to Lieutenant Colonel Richard Willis, Lancashire Fusiliers, one of the immortal 'Six V.C.'s Before Breakfast' won by the regiment at the Gallipoli landings on 25 April 1915." Over three pages of the Dix, Noonan and Webb sale catalogue for 29 November, including illustrations, was devoted to Richard Willis, his service on the 25th, and a brief biography. The group, which in addition to the Victoria Cross, comprised eight other medals, had an estimated price of £30,000 to £35,000 and realised £54,000.

Earlier in the autumn, the Christie's Exploration and Travel sale on 27 September included three album's of prints from Captain Scott's National Antarctic Expedition, 1910-1913. Sold for £6,000, these had been taken by Dr George Murray Levick, surgeon and zoologist on the Expedition, during which Scott and his five companions reached the South Pole only to die on the return march. Levick was a member of the Northern Party under Victor Campbell (see *The Gallipolian* No 75) who was later, like himself, to serve at Gallipoli.

At Sotheby's English Literature and History Sale on 17 December a further Levick item was available, this time having a direct Gallipoli connection. This eleven page letter to his mother had been written while serving as Staff Surgeon on board HMS *Bacchante*, and covers the period from 26 April to 1 May 1915. He vividly records his impressions of the landings, as well as lighter moments as when he sent a bottle of whisky ashore labelled "medicines, very urgent" for his friend Aubrey Herbert MP. The letters were bought anonymously for £3,450.

The Dix, Noonan and Webb Sale of 12 February, which comprised part two of the Douglas-Morris Collection of Naval Medals, contained several items of Gallipoli interest. These included a 1914-15 Star Trio to Lieutenant A.G.N.Chalmers RNVR who served with the Hood Battalion at Gallipoli, and a Star Trio to Sapper C.T.Smith of the Royal Marine Engineers who was wounded at Gallipoli and is buried in Malta. Also for sale were the Distinguished Service Medals of Leading Seaman J.McElliott, "for services in picket boats of HMS *Majestic* and *Triumph*," of Ordinary Telegraphist C.H.Thomas who, on shore at Cape Helles, "has served continuously since 25 April displaying great ability and resources on all occasions" and of Petty Officer John Corby of HMS *Bacchante* "for good services on the beach at Anzac."

Spink's sale on 18 March contained two lots with a Gallipoli connection. Described as "An emotive group of seven" were the medals of Lieutenant, later Captain, C.H.Godwin, who was awarded the DSO for his command of HMS *Majestic's* picket boat, and was responsible for the successful shot by which the E15 was destroyed

after running aground." A family group at the auction included the medals of Colour-Sergeant Frank Crafts, RMLI who was killed in action at Gallipoli.

The Editor will always be pleased to receive details of sales containing items of Gallipoli interest as a means of keeping Members informed.

ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION

A NEW JOURNAL

Len Sellers (1155), an enthusiast for the history of the Royal Naval Division and author of *The Hood Battalion* and *For God's Sake Shoot Straight*, the story of the Court Martial and Execution of Sub Lieutenant Edwin Dyett, both published by Leo Cooper in 1995, and whose great-uncle, Albert Walls of the Hood Battalion, was killed at Gallipoli on 18 July 1915, is shortly to commence publication of a new magazine.

From June, *R.N.D.* will be published quarterly, the intention being to build into a major history of the Royal Naval Division, for there is much unpublished material. Each issue will include maps and photographs in colour and black and white. An index will be published after each set of eight issues.

Subscriptions of £8.00 for the first two issues should be sent to L. G. Sellers, Honeysuckle House, 17a Bellhouse Road, Eastwood, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, SS9 5NL.

THE GHOST AND THE DARKNESS

The film, *The Ghost and the Darkness* released in January, has a Gallipoli connection, in that the hero, Lieutenant-Colonel John Patterson, played by Val Kilmer, later went on to command the Zion Mule Corps at Gallipoli. Here he arrived at V Beach shortly after the initial landings, and remained until evacuated sick in late November.

Ghost and Darkness, were the names given by the Africans, for they considered them supernatural beings, to the Lions which terrorised the Tsavo region during 1898, as the railroad was being pushed inland from Mombasa. The epic story of how they continually took workers from the construction teams, and how John Patterson hunted them, was told in his own book *The Man Eaters of Tsavo* first published in 1907. This now forms the basis of a 110 minute film which is well worth seeing, even though one reviewer concluded that, "a nagging doubt remains as to which pair of buddies are the heroes of the piece, whose teeth should be chomping whom."

CONGRATULATIONS

Our congratulations must be extended to another centenarian amongst our Veterans. Darcy Jones who was 100 on 26 November last, served with the Worcestershire Yeomanry at Gallipoli. Later he took part in the famous charge of the cavalry at Huj in Palestine, then transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. He played golf until about five years ago and says, "I have never drunk too much, and I was happy in my work. My advice? Never to give advice."



SAM LODGE

An extract from John Gallishaw's book *Trenching at Gallipoli* "A personal Narrative of a Newfoundlander with the Illfated Dardanelles Expedition" published in New York in 1916, and one of the scarce eye-witness accounts from the Suvla sector.

A Company had suffered heavily in the front line trenches that day. A number of stretchers had passed down the road that ran in front of our dugouts, with A Company men for the dressing station on the beach. Snipers had been busy. From the A Company stretcher-bearers came news that others had been killed. One piece of news filtered slowly down to us that evening, that had an unaccountably strange effect on the men of B Company. Sam Lodge had been killed. Sam Lodge was perhaps the most widely known man in the whole regiment. There were very few Newfoundlanders who did not think kindly of the big, quiet, reliable looking college man. He had enlisted at the very first call for volunteers. Other men had been killed that day; and since the regiment had been at Gallipoli, men had stood by while their dugout mates were torn by shrapnel or sank down moaning, with a sniper's bullet in the brain; but nothing had ever had the same effect, at any rate on the men of our company, as the news that Sam Lodge had been killed that day. Perhaps it was that everybody knew him. Other nights men had crowded around the fire, telling stories, exchanging gossip, or singing. To-night all was quiet; there was not even the sound of men creeping about from dugout to dugout, visiting chums. Suddenly, from away up on the extreme right end of the line of dugouts, came the sound of a clear tenor voice, singing, "Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground." Never have I heard anything so mournful. It is impossible to describe the penetrating pathos of the old Civil War song. Slowly the singer continued, amidst a profound hush. His voice sank, until one could scarcely catch the words when he sang, "Waiting for the war to cease." At last he finished. There was scarcely a stir, as the men dropped off to sleep. It was a quiet, sober lot of men who filed into a shady, tree-dotted ravine the next day behind the stretcher that bore the remains of Private Sam Lodge. Stenlake read the burial service. Everybody who could turned out to pay their last respects to the best liked man in the regiment. After the brief service, Colonel Burton, the commanding officer, Captain Carty, Lodge's company commander, a group of senior and junior officers, and a number of profoundly affected soldiers gathered about the grave while the body was lowered into it. In the shade of a spreading tree, within sound of the mournful wash of the tide in Suvla Bay, lies poor Sam Lodge, a good, cheerful soldier, uncomplaining always, a man whose last thought was for others. "Don't bother to lift me down off the parapet, boys," he had said when he was hit; "I'm finished."

Note: Samuel Lodge, a single man from Catalina, Newfoundland, who worked as a storekeeper, had joined at St John's on 2 September 1914, sailed for England on 3 October, and reached Egypt at the end of August 1915. He landed at Suvla Bay on the night of 19-20 September and was killed by a bullet in the chest on 1 October. He is one of twelve Newfoundland Regiment casualties known to be buried in Azmak Cemetery, Suvla.

His Mother received the following letter from the Colonial Secretary dated 18 October 1915.

Dear Madam,

I beg to tender you, on behalf of the Government as well as for myself, sincere sympathy on the death of your son No 165 Private Samuel Lodge of the Newfoundland Regiment, who died of his wounds on October 1st, 1915, and I assure you that this Government and indeed the whole people of this Colony mourn with you the loss of him who has given his life for his King and his Country.

Your son's name will stand high on the Roll of Honour of those who have, with such unselfish devotion, stood in the breach in the time of the nation's danger.

It will, we are sure, be solace to you to remember that he died in defence of the principles of Righteousness and Justice and that his name will ever be held in remembrance by those whom he went forth to defend and for whom he ultimately gave up his life"

Sympathetically yours

John Gallishaw, author of *Trenching at Gallipoli* had a colourful life. Born in St John's, he was a student at Harvard University when war broke out, but immediately crossed into Canada and signed up with the Canadian Armed Forces, then asked for and received, a discharge enabling him to return to Newfoundland to enlist in the Newfoundland Regiment, which was heading overseas as part of the British Army. In 1915, while most of the Regiment moved to Aldershot preparatory to being shipped to Malta, Gallishaw was transferred to London to keep the records of the Regiment for the War Office. Just prior to embarkation he applied for and received leave to say good bye to his friends. With a little help from some regimental buddies he stowed away on the train, and then onto the troopship *Megantic*. Once this passed Malta he "turned himself in" and was assigned to B Company, the Colonel saying "I've often heard of men leaving a ship when she is going on active service, but I've never heard of men stowing away to get there." He served at Gallipoli where he was injured, and was subsequently discharged.

Following recuperation Gallishaw returned to Harvard, this time as a lecturer. However when the United States entered the war in 1917, he enlisted with the American forces and went to France, where he participated in several battles. Later he served with US Army Intelligence and was made a liaison officer with the British Army.

He published four books in addition to *Trenching at Gallipoli* which he dedicated to Professor Charles T. Copeland, "Of all that Harvard has given me I value most the friendship and confidence of Copey." His second book, *The Man in the Ranks* was a soldiers' handbook co-written with William Lynch. The three remaining books dealt with the art of writing *The Only Two Ways to Write a Story* 1928; *Twenty Problems of a Fiction Writer* 1929, a series of lectures on short story techniques; and *Advanced Problems of a Fiction Writer* 1931, a discussion of basic plot patterns.

In addition to his books Gallishaw published several analytical and critical articles and established the John Gallishaw School of Creative Writing in Cambridge, Mass. He also wrote plays and radio and later TV scripts, and became a writer in Hollywood, working with MGM, Columbia, Paramount and Universal Studios as a consultant. He collaborated at one time with F. Scott Fitzgerald, and was involved with movies starring Clark Gable, Robert Young, Cary Grant, Jean McDonald and Nelson Eddy. During this period he also lectured at the University of California and in Hawaii. John Gallishaw returned to Newfoundland, for the opening of the Memorial University of Newfoundland in 1961.

We are most grateful to Patrick Gareipy (1323) for information concerning Sam Lodge, and to David Parsons (1116) for that concerning John Gallishaw which is largely from *The Encyclopedia of Newfoundland*.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE TRUE GLORY: THE ROYAL NAVY 1914-1939

MAX ARTHUR

Hodder & Stoughton 1996. 292 pages, 29 illustrations, £20.00

The author, a member of the Gallipoli Association, has assiduously brought together the marvellous personal stories of over 30 Sailors, Royal Marines and Wrens. These span the period 1914 until 1939 and are told in their own words.

Several accounts from Gallipoli are included. There is Jack Gearing who provides a brief resume of his life and service, and who was one of the small galaxy of Veteran contributors present when the book was launched last autumn. Signalman Eric Peacock tells how he was present during the naval attack of 18 March, then landed at W Beach with the Lancashire Fusiliers. Joe Clements serving with the Royal Marine Light Infantry was in the force that sailed into the Gulf of Saros to cause a diversion, and then landed at Anzac a few days later, subsequently moving to Cape Helles where he was among the last to leave the following January. Tom Spurgeon, who was on the *Ark Royal* at Gallipoli, recalls that when we left "I was a bit sad because it hadn't been a success and there had been a lot of death. As a young man I couldn't understand what it was really all about."

The sweep of accounts makes marvellous, and at times poignant reading. One moves from Jutland to the Western Front, learns of the problems of leave ashore when serving on Q-ships, being in civilian clothes the girls pinned white feathers to you. Here is the Wren driver of Admiral Jellicoe telling her story. While others tell of surviving the sinking of the destroyer *Pellew* in the North Sea, and of flying in an airship. Then world-wide service during the inter-war years, and finally the early months of the Second World War concluding with the Battle of the River Plate.

Indeed more than enough to wish the author had set out on his quest some years previously when more survivors were still with us to tell their stories. For "Far they had steamed and much they have known" and later in the same Kipling poem "much they have braved." However we do have his book on the Royal Navy in the Second World War to look forward to. Perhaps in this we can be given a brief biographical note on each participant, I would have much appreciated learning more about those whose contributions make this such a special book.

AIR MARSHAL SIR ROBERT CLARK-HALL

R.H. & J.L. CLARK-HALL

The Raven Press 1995. 172 pages, numerous illustrations. £14.00*

The title may not suggest a Gallipoli link, but indeed there is a very strong one in

that this remarkable man, commanded the seaplane carrier, *Ark Royal* at Gallipoli. Robert Clark-Hall had commenced over 30 years ago to write his biography but unfortunately died before completion, so his son took up the task, and although originally only intended for the family this little volume has now been published.

Air Marshal Sir Robert Clark-Hall also held the ranks of Commander, Royal Navy and Lieutenant Colonel. Born in Chelsea he began his service life on board the training ship *Britannia* in 1897, three years later he served in China during the Boxer rebellion. Having come into a small legacy he learned to fly and received his licence in 1911.

Taking command of a seaplane carrier being completed at Blyth he suggested that as it was from Noah's Ark the first aerial reconnaissance took place, the new ship should be named *Ark Royal*. He took her out to the Mediterranean where her seaplanes assisted at Gallipoli by spotting, reconnaissance and bombing, the latter simply by dropping 20lb bombs out of the aircraft cockpit. One of the pilots present during the campaign was Flight Sub-Lieutenant E.H.Dunning who in 1917 was the first person to land an aircraft on a moving vessel, and who was killed shortly afterwards trying to emulate this pioneering venture. An interesting book, though as always one would have liked to learn more of his Gallipoli experiences.

* Available price £14.00 post free from Mrs Spanton, Hill Crest, Hindon, Salisbury, Wiltshire.

ARMY SERVICE RECORDS OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR

SIMON FOWLER, WILLIAM SPENCER & STUART TAMBLIN

Public Record Office 1996. 55 pages (A4 format), 15 illustrations. £5.99.

In November 1996 public access was granted to some of the surviving service records from the First World War. The records are described as having "a chequered history" in the custody of the Ministry of Defence before being transferred to Kew. Unfortunately about 60% of the records were totally destroyed during a bombing raid in 1940, and the remainder badly damaged by fire and water. Known as the Burnt Documents, and occupying 33,000 boxes on 3.2km of shelving, they contain records of about 30% of the men who served in the British Army during the First World War. They are currently being microfilmed and will not be available until this task is completed in about five years, then there will be about a one in three or four chance of finding a soldier's record.

Currently available on microfilm are the Unburnt Documents, though these do not include papers for men killed in action and had no dependants, or who were discharged as part of the demobilisation at the end of the war and could not claim a pension. Caution should be exercised as there is only a one in ten chance of finding the person you require.

This booklet provides a guide, not only to the records now being released at the Public Record Office, but to other sources and references nationwide. It is essential reading for anyone wishing to delve into the military records of the First World War.

WHO SAID THIS?

In the Winter *Gallipolian* we asked who said:

In August 1915 I found myself, a young subaltern, commanding what was left of a British battalion as it fought its way to the summit of a great hill overlooking the Narrows of the Dardanelles. The battle was prolonged, bloody and confused. At its height, among my men from the Midlands of England, I found some strangers, cut off from their own units, Sikhs from the Punjab, Gurkhas from Nepal, soldiers of the Indian Army. I could not speak to them. I could only give them orders by signs. Yet their discipline, cheerfulness and courage on that stricken hillside moved me in a way I still, after thirty years, remember. Later in that war I saw more of the Indian Army on other fronts. My first impressions were confirmed and, by some rather unscrupulous string pulling, I got myself transferred to one of the battalions I had first seen in Gallipoli. Thus I followed in the footsteps of the thousands of Britishers who, for nearly three hundred years, officered the Indian Army.

The answer: Field-Marshal Sir William Slim GCB, GCMG, GCVO, GBE, DSO, MC in *Courage and Other Broadcasts* 1957, in the chapter The Indian Army, a broadcast which he had made at the time of Partition .

Now another WHO SAID THIS? This extract contributed by Colijn Hague (1573).

It seems a perfectly desperate undertaking. I can hardly expect to see many of my men alive again. My present feeling is that the whole thing has been bungled. The Navy should never have started the bombardment without the Army. Now there has been no bombardment for some weeks. Meanwhile the Turks, under German direction, have perfected their defences. The aerial reconnaissance reports acres of barbed wire, labyrinths of trenches, concealed guns, maxims and howitzers everywhere. The ground is mined. In fact everything conceivable has been done."

OBSERVATION HILL

LEN SELLARS (1155)

While researching for my book *The Hood Battalion* in the late summer of 1992, I stayed with my family at the Abide Hotel on the shores of Morto Bay. From here one can see the Plain of Troy, the Dardanelles and the Turkish Memorial so large and brooding on the cliffs above. It was here that the Battalion had rested, the Hon Charles Lister describing how when swimming "care has to be exercised in avoiding dead horses. Once out of their reach the water is deliciously cool and clear."

During the two week holiday I was able to explore the area of operations of the Hood Battalion. One day, with my son Mark I made for the Krithia Road, passing fields of long dead sunflowers, their nodding heads still with occasional yellow showing between the brown. The slight wind did not effect the heat of the sun making me pleased for my large white Essex County Cricket Club hat. We reached the junction, turning right onto the Krithia Road. The surface was not bad and walking on we did not see a soul. At Skew Bridge Cemetery alongside the road, a line of high dark fire trees guard the entrance. Fir cones littered the ground and it was here on other days that we had parked the hire car and taken refreshment. The place has a sense of peace and stillness. Many of the Royal Naval Division are buried here, known and unknown. Colonel Quilter the Commanding officer of the Hood is here. He died carrying a large walking stick into battle.

Continuing on for a short distance the road rises to wooded Observation Hill. One sees a metal mast about 25 feet high to the right, enter the undergrowth and there is an old mortar set in concrete. Overgrown trenches full of brush wood radiate from it. Walking further into the wood at an angle towards Achi Baba one finds the slope starting to descend towards the Achi Baba Nullah, a water course around which the R.N.D. fought. Take great care here as danger lurks for the unwary. Two very large ventilation holes open up without any guard or warning. One slip and you would be lost, there is a drop of some twenty feet below, and there would be nobody to come to your aid or hear your cry!

Walking with care down the white chalky slope one sees the rectangular opening to a dug out, set in a hollow. I peered in when suddenly a black object flew towards my face! I shouted and ran out. But Mark confirmed that it was only a bat that I had disturbed! Gaining courage I entered. The ventilation holes give a good light and I was very surprised to find storage places cut into the wall. And against the wall a table in brick and stone that could have been used for treating the injured. Leading from this room is another down a corridor. Outside this dug out and all along the hill can be found bits of rusting tin and parts of rum jars.

The view from Observation Hill is fine, one can look left and see Achi Baba,



Dug out on Observation Hill - Beware of ventilation holes which are dangerous and unmarked. Len Sellers.

brooding in its unreachable distance. Looking straight ahead in the distance is the French areas of operations, towards the Kereves Dere. At the bottom of the hill are fields of dotted olive trees. On occasions, one can see women working in the fields or sitting in the olive groves, out of the midday sun, taking refreshment and catching up with the news. There is nothing to hurry for, tomorrow will do. One could have viewed the same scene for many a century, before the invaders made their mark for the short nine months of 1915.

We left Observation Hill walking across the field to the Achi Baba Nullah. Here it is small and insignificant, nearer the front line it will be more deep and dramatic. At this time of the year dry and barren. Undergrowth hides it, until a gap allows access. We crossed the Nullah and nearby fields until we came to an earth path/roadway. Armed with a map from the P.R.O. at Kew we wanted to find Romanos Well. (Named after the well-known Restaurant) We were lucky, alongside the path there it was, capped now and in concrete with a metal pipe extending upwards. It was here that the Turks had a machine gun that caused such casualties to the R.N.D.

Walking on, with Observation Hill to my left, still with an eye to my maps, we attempted to find the White House captured by the Hood Battalion on the 6 May the Second Battle of Krithia. Once again we were lucky, it could have been easily missed. It was in approximately the right place. We came across piles of broken stones. Which must have been some form of habitation. Looking closely we saw bones mixed up with the stones. I kicked one with my foot, it broke and was surely old. Nearby was the sole of a shoe and a small glass bottle with a black top, like one that is used for medicine. But was this the White House? I needed confirmation. A search was then made near undergrowth and bushes for the two banks that were set at right angles. These Joseph Murray and others had sheltered behind. With growing excitement we found them. Proof positive that I was on the right track. This banking is also shown in a photograph taken that day by Lieut-Commander Hedderwick of the Hood Battalion in which Lieut Ferguson has his hand to his mouth. Next to him I think is Bernard Freyberg. (My opinion is agreed by his Grandson the present Lord Freyberg.)

However there was one other fact that would help me in proving that we had found the White House. According to maps the Brown House was situated only a short distance away, but slightly forward and to the right. If we could find it, there could be no doubt. We did not have to search for long, for low and behold there were other piles of stones in the correct position, I was sure! The Brown House was used from the 6th May as a field-dressing station. Lieut Commander Hedderwick took a photograph of it on this day. The caption to this photograph states that – The dressing station was moved forward from its position which had been a small hill close by Backhouse Post. – This must have been Observation Hill, could the dug-out I had found been the original field dressing station? It appears likely.

As we searched this area we could hear the sound of female voices, but we could not see anyone as they appeared to be some distance away. We did not want to disturb them should we be in a private area. Retracing our steps and recrossing the Achi Baba Nullah we went in search of the Backhouse Post. The advanced supply dump of the 2nd Royal Naval Brigade named after Commodore Oliver Backhouse its Commanding Officer. We could find nothing, no hole, or excavation.

The visitor to the peninsula is taken by the strange atmosphere of the place. There is a mellow lost wishfulness. As if lost and left souls mourn for their youth. For so many young men died before they knew life, in all its ups and downs and before they could fulfil their destiny. These souls, from upwards of 16 years hardly knew the reasons why. It was an adventure, but an adventure with a terrible cost. The air seems also to ask the question, never to be answered! Why me?

M33 *MINERVA* RESTORATION

The Gallipolian No 56 Spring 1988 and No 68 Spring 1992 contained reports on the project to restore the Monitor M33, later HMS *Minerva*. Built in 1915 she had arrived at Gallipoli in time to give close support to the Suvla landings and remained for the rest of the campaign before moving to Salonika.

Her restoration has not proved easy. First taken to Hartlepool in 1987, and then purchased by Hampshire County Council who brought her back to Portsmouth in 1991. Since then much has been accomplished on a vessel, as much part of our naval heritage as better known ships, but without the glamour to attract sufficient resources.

A setback occurred during stormy weather in February when a large quantity of water was taken on board and the Hampshire Fire Brigade assisted in the pumping out operations. She will shortly be moved to a permanent position in a dry dock not far from HMS *Victory* in the Royal Naval Dockyard at Portsmouth.

Meanwhile a recent project update in December includes among the tasks completed a report that all defective upperdeck plating has been replaced on the boatdeck and over the steering gear compartment. The external structure of the galley has been returned to its original form, hatches have been replaced and positioned correctly while newly constructed masts manufactured in the workshops of the Merseyside Maritime Museum have been installed. Members will be pleased to learn such progress continues, and that M33 will eventually be fully restored, not just to her 1915 configuration, but as a memorial gallery to the Gallipoli campaign.

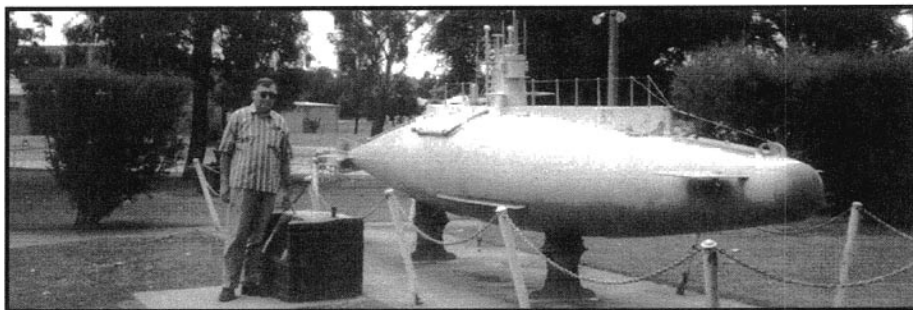
We are grateful to Jennie Stringer for first drawing the February flooding to our attention and to Brian Wines MBE, the restoration supervisor, for much information on the recent progress made, and an invitation to Members to visit the ship where he can assure them of a warm welcome. He can be reached at M33 (*Minerva*), c/o Royal Naval Museum, HM Naval Base, Portsmouth, 01705 722508.

HOLBROOK AND THE DARDANELLES

Why would a place like Holbrook, a farming community in New South Wales, Australia, and 240 miles from the nearest seaport have a life size submarine? As you drive down the main street of the township, the relic of the decommissioned *Otway* appears, above the water line, about 90 metres from bow to stern. Holbrook's unique link with submarines began during World War I when the town's forefathers believed Germanton was no longer an appropriate name. About that time, Lt. Norman Holbrook's name hit world headlines for the most daring underwater raid in the war. On December 13 1914 he had taken the submarine B11 on a hazardous journey through the Dardanelles to torpedo and sink the Turkish battleship *Messoudieh*.

In a submarine whose battery power limited her to six knots under water for only two hours, Holbrook braved minefields and came under fire from Turkish batteries. Despite a shattered compass, the submarine scraped along the bottom of the channel literally feeling its way out, staying submerged for nine hours ... unheard of in 1914 ... and all the crew escaped. He was gazetted the Victoria Cross, making him the first naval VC of World War I as well as the first submariner to get the medal. Holbrook's First Lieutenant Lt. Sydney Winn received the DSO and every man of the crew was awarded the DSM.

Back in Germanton, Cr. John Ross' suggestion that Holbrook be a fitting name for the town was greeted with enthusiasm and the first meeting of the new Holbrook Council was on August 24, 1915. Links with the submarine service have been maintained, culminating in the purchase of the submarine *Otway* which has recently been brought inland in sections. Something made possible by a public appeal and an amazing gift from Mrs Gundula Holbrook, widow of Commander Holbrook VC. The dedication of the Submarine Memorial will take place on 7/8 June. Located nearby is a model of B11, a statue of Commander Holbrook and a Mark II torpedo, the latter commemorating the action at the Dardanelles of Lieutenant H. Stoker and the crew of the submarine AE2.



Model of the submarine B-11 in Holbrook, New South Wales.

INFORMATION PLEASE

Intelligence Gathering in Mesopotamia: The grandfather of our member Jonathan Ali (1622), Bramley Fold Farm, Hawkshaw, Nr Bury, Lancs, BL8 4LG, served with the Indian Army in Mesopotamia from 1914 until 1928. Family tradition avers that in his latter years he was involved in intelligence gathering. All that is known is that he was a lowly Indian trade agent in the Supply and Transport corps who left behind a few photographs of heavy bombers and of the Babylonian ruins. Can any members provide, or suggest sources of information to Jonathan Ali, on supply and transport, intelligence gathering and unit deployments in Mesopotamia?

Lancashire Fusiliers: A kind friend recently gave me three little books which had belonged to Private J.S. Lord 1707, of The Cottage, Bassfield, Walmersley, Bury, who served with A Coy 5th Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers, 125 Brigade, 42nd Division. That by George Bigwood – *Lancashire Territorials in Gallipoli – An Epic of Heroism* has several inscriptions in addition to the owner's name. It records that he enlisted on 12 February 1914. How he was wounded in an enemy bayonet charge and British counter-attack 5 June and discharged medically unfit in June 1916 "from wounds in Gallipoli & explosive bullets through left arm, bomb wound right arm, bullet wound 1/2" left of spine!"

A further inscription says "In affectionate remembrance of my three comrades Tom Toothill, Fred Porter, Teddy Lee, who gave their lives in the common cause for Liberty & Justice. Greater love hath no man than he layeth down his life for his Friend."

Any further information on Private Lord would be welcomed by the Editor.

Private Luther D. Isaac of the 4th Welch Regiment landed at Suvla Bay on 8/9 August 1915, was subsequently wounded and evacuated to Malta where he died on 22 September at the Military Hospital in the Tigne Barracks. Lynn Isaac (1767), 20 The Glebe, Bishopston, Swansea, SA3 3JP, is anxious to learn more about the service of the Regiment at Gallipoli, and hopefully something of his grandfather both there and at Malta. The inscription on the grave in the Pieta Military Cemetery makes no mention of Gallipoli, see photograph on page 45.



Grave of Private Isaac in the Pieta Military Cemetery, Malta. Lynn Isaac.

“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 Mehmetts to us here; they lie side by side
here in this country of ours.

You, the mothers
who sent their sons from faraway countries
wipe away your tears; your sons are now lying in our bosom
and are in peace,
after having lost their lives on this land they have
become our sons as well.”

The message of Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, given to the visitors from Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand in 1934, and inscribed on the memorial at Anzac Cove.