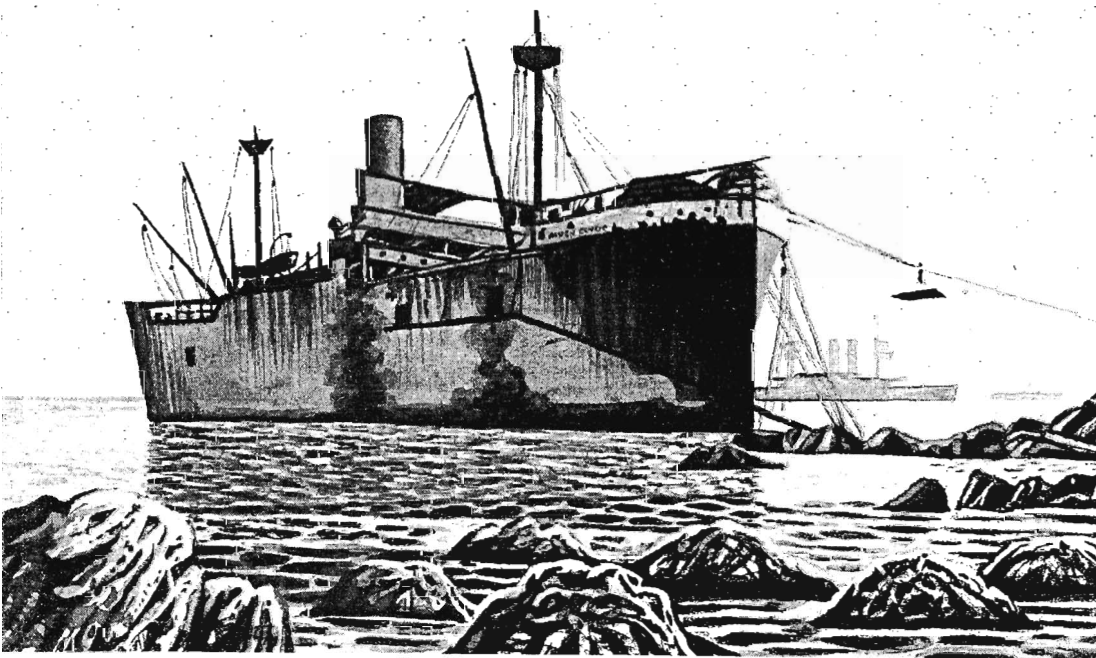


The Gallipollian

*The Journal of the
Gallipoli Association*

No. 97
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THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

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CONTENTS

Page 2-3	29 Division Memorial Re-Dedicated
Page 4	29 Division Memorial 10 March 2002
	25 April and the Zion Mule Corps
Page 5-7	Chairman's Report
Page 7	A Compact Disc: The Great War
Page 8	Gallipoli Weekend Course – Book Now!
	International Perspectives 85 years on
Page 9	Chunuk Bair 2001
Page 10-11	Field of Remembrance
Page 12-15	Royal Naval Division Memorial to Return to Horseguards
Page 16-19	Outcast Anzac Honoured – Hugo Throssell VC
Page 20-28	<i>Tell England</i> – The Novel, The Author, The Film
Page 29-30	Memorial Gates Contract
Page 30	Armies of the Crown – Essential Bibliographies
Page 31	A Lone Pine at the Australian War Memorial
Page 32	A New Map
Page 32-33	Obituary – Patsy Adam-Smith
Page 34-39	The Imperial War Graves Commission in Gallipoli
Page 40-41	C E W Bean Foundation
Page 42	Royal Munster Fusiliers Association; Bust of Roy Longmore;
	Simpson Again; National Army Museum Events
Page 43	Fovant Badges; Video – Gallipoli The Last Crusade
Page 44-46	The Gallipoli Fountain of Honour
Page 47-48	Information Please
Page 48	<i>Gallipolians</i> Required; War Widows Still Soldier On
Page 49	Quartermaster's Stores; Exchange & Wants;
	<i>The Great War: A New Magazine</i>
Page 50-51	The Discovery of the W Beach Reservoirs
Page 52-55	Anzac Day Sydney 1998: The One Day
Page 56	The Volunteers
Page 57-64	Book Reviews
Page 65	Gallipoli Evacuation – A Horse's Complaint
Page 66	A Memorial in Provence

DATES FOR THE DIARY

29 Division Memorial Members and friends will gather at the 29 Division Memorial, Stretton-on-Dunsmore on Sunday 10 March. See page 4 for details.

The Annual General Meeting and Autumn Lunch will take place at the Naval Club on 16 October. Further information in subsequent editions of *The Gallipolian*.

29 DIVISION MEMORIAL RE-DEDICATED

SARAH MILES

(Clerk to Stretton-on-Dunsmore Parish Council)

For many years the Stretton-on-Dunsmore Parish Council have been anxious about the deteriorating condition of the Memorial to the 29th Division – the “Incomparable 29th” – situated on a roundabout on the busy A45. Thanks to a splendid donation of £14,000 from RMC Agregates the Council was able to proceed in July 2001 with a major programme of restoration so that it has now been restored to its original condition with all the names clear and legible.

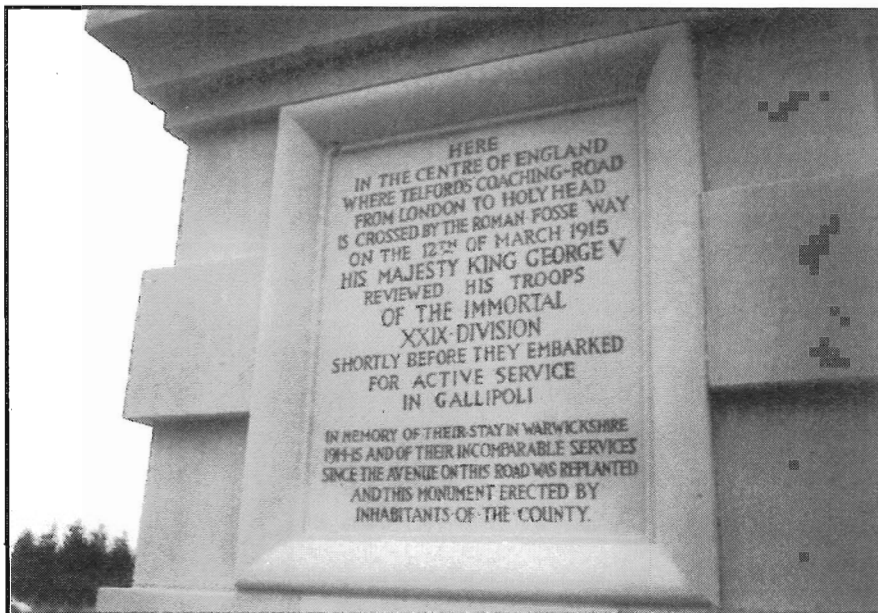
With the work complete a service of re-dedication took place on 23 September. In spite of the short notice it was wonderful to see how many people managed to attend; among the members of the Gallipoli Association was Commander Henry Brooke MBE, DSC, RN, who travelled from Bosham near Chichester.

The band of the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers was unfortunately unable to attend as they were holding their regimental reunion in Warwick but we were fortunate to be able to secure the services of the Bilton Silver Band from Rugby. Mr Geoff Wells, secretary of the Coventry and District Standard Bearers, organised the attendance of half a dozen standard bearers who added enormously to the solemnity of the occasion and to the atmosphere of remembrance.

The service was led by the local vicar, Reverend Christine Pollard, who spoke a prayer of re-dedication following the first hymn. The Reverend Graham Hardwick representing the Bishop of Coventry gave the address. After a second hymn, an extract from *From the Fallen* by Laurence Binyon was read by two ladies from the village. The Last Post was followed by a minute's silence, the police stopping all the traffic during that time. The final prayer of thanksgiving, hymn and blessing were followed by the National Anthem. All present then partook of warm refreshments provided by the Parish Council in the village hall.

The photographs opposite, both kindly provided by Major Hugh Jenner, show the main inscription on the restored memorial (above) and Bill Shields, a member of the Association and a Borough Councillor, whose father and uncle served with the Royal Dublin Fusiliers at Gallipoli

See page 4 for details of the commemoration taking place at the Memorial on 10 March.



29 DIVISION MEMORIAL

10 MARCH 2002

The ceremony will take place at 1430 for 1500 on Sunday 10 March when a wreath will be on behalf of the Gallipoli Association. Wreaths will also be laid on behalf of other organisations and of individuals who served with the 29th Division. The memorial is situated in the centre of a large roundabout on the A45 about 5 miles east of Coventry, grid reference SP415733.

Although the ceremony is at 1500 members and friends might like to gather from 1200 onwards at the Three Horseshoes (01926 632345) in Princethorpe, about two miles south of the Memorial. Lunch or other appropriate refreshments can be ordered, John & Lynne Bowen would be pleased to hear in advance from those who may wish to partake of lunch.

At the Memorial parking for a modest number of cars is kindly being made available off the road on the left just north of the Memorial by Dr Bernadette Taylor to whom we are most grateful.

25 APRIL & THE ZION MULE CORPS

MARTIN SUGARMAN

Present at the Gallipoli commemorations in April 2001 at St Paul's and The Cenotaph, with the delegation from the Association of Jewish Ex-Servicemen and Women of Britain, was retired nurse Mrs Irene White. She is one of the last living links with Colonel John Patterson, DSO, who commanded the Zion Mule Corps at Gallipoli (and later the 38th Bn Jewish Royal Fusiliers who fought in Palestine 1917-19). In the early 1930's she had got to know Patterson when he was living in Mandate Palestine for she nursed him at a military hospital after he became seriously ill. Later he sponsored her immigration to Britain. Here, as a Jewish refugee in the late 1930's she was adopted by the Patterson's and has many happy memories of her life in Buckinghamshire with the family. She stayed in contact with Colonel Patterson throughout the war years and until his death in California in 1947.

Mrs White is the widow of the late Sergeant Adi Weiss, another German Jewish refugee, who served with distinction in No 10 Commando in Italy in the Second World War.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION 17 OCTOBER 2001

Since my report this time last year the Committee have met four times.

Autumn Lunch

This was held at the Naval Club on the 18 October 2000. Our speaker was Major General Julian Thompson, a report of whose excellent and much appreciated talk was published in *The Gallipolian* 95 Spring 2001.

As before, we were extremely grateful to the Naval Club for allowing us to hold the function in their splendid premises.

Gallipoli Day 25 April 2001

This year Her Britannic Majesty's Government was represented by Baroness Symons who laid a wreath together with Rear Admiral Tim McClement OBE and Major General Mike Charlton-Weedy CBE. They were followed by H.E. The Rt. Hon. Paul East, QC, the New Zealand High Commissioner; H.E. Mr. Michael Lestrangle, the Australian High Commissioner; Capitaine de Vaisseau H-F Piot, the French Naval Attache; a representative of The Turkish Embassy, and by myself. Commander Henry Brooke, MBE DSC RN, whose Father was killed at Gallipoli, recited "They shall grow not old", and the Turkish Representative recited the words of Kemal Attaturk. Last Post was sounded by a musician from the Band of The Welsh Guards, and Baroness Symons read the lesson. The simple ceremony was conducted by The Reverend Canon John Halliburton. There were quite a few members of the public at the ceremony this year, including a number of visitors from Australia and New Zealand. We are always so well supported by senior officers and the Ministry of Defence, and I do hope that members will do their best to attend and ensure that it will always be an important event in our calendar.

At the Cenotaph a wreath was again laid by Mr Fred Bunday who at the age of 100 marched proudly upright and in step behind the band of the Grenadier Guards. As in previous years a number of members marched on together with a contingent of the Merchant Taylors' CCF.

The service in Westminster Abbey was followed by lunch at the Union Jack Club, where music was played by a brass quintet from the Band of the Welsh Guards.

The Gallipoli Memorial Bursary

This year two Bursaries were given to the Royal Marines. They decided that they would award them to the two best candidates taking part in the senior officers' amphibious warfare course at Shrivenham. After their visit to the battlefields they came and gave a presentation to their fellow course members at Shrivenham, and members of the Association were invited to attend. We are most grateful to the Commandant and all officers involved for their very kind hospitality, which was greatly enjoyed by a gratifying number of members. There was no question but that the bursaries were very much appreciated by the Marines, nor was there any doubt of the value that is gained in furthering the objectives of the Association.

Finance

It is very difficult for me to find a different way of expressing appreciation to Bill Marsh for the wonderful job that he undertakes for us. He has achieved notable success in taking over the amalgamated tasks of both Treasurer and Membership Secretary. Yet again I would urge everybody to make his job easier by paying by standing order. The finances are in good order and in good hands.

The Gallipolian

Here again we are so lucky in having David Saunders as our editor. Combined with his undoubted knowledge and flair he continues to produce three excellent magazines per year. David of course is lucky enough to have a secret weapon at his side called Shirley and our grateful thanks are due to them both.

Marketing and Management Sub-Committee

Hugh Jenner, Andy Mullen, James Watson-Smith and Bill Marsh have continued their efforts and a number of improvements have been made to the Website. Also the new brochure has been an outstanding success and has undoubtedly been a major factor in the large increase in membership that we have experienced this year.

Membership

Membership of the Association now stands at 901 fully paid members. This is an increase of about 180 over the last 12 months. Please will all members ensure that they always have a brochure that they can give to people who they meet who may have had a family connection or some other interest in the campaign. Last year I reported that our last Veteran had died earlier in the year. However I was wrong, and for a short time we had contact with Mr. Percy Goring who served in the Royal Engineers at Gallipoli, and later in his life emigrated to Australia. Sadly he died in July this year at the age of 106 and we carried his Obituary in *The Gallipolian* 96: 2-3.

Battlefield Tour

As a pilot scheme, the Committee arranged a tour of Gallipoli 19 to 26 May. It was a great success, under the expert tuition of Colonel Michael Hickey, and with the excellent administration and planning of Hugh Jenner and the Marketing and Management Committee. Another tour is being arranged for 2002.

Committee

It is my hope that all members will appreciate just how much work is put in entirely voluntarily by all the Committee. I have already mentioned several of them in this report, but in addition we must particularly thank James Watson Smith our Secretary, who carries out so many varied tasks on our behalf with such dedication and efficiency. Also our thanks are due to Sir Arthur Hockaday and Jim Fallon for their continuing valuable knowledge and contribution to our affairs.

General Outlook

I am delighted once again to be able to report that the Association is in very good shape, and has a strong sound financial base. The objectives are admirable and easy to understand, and, now that we have no more Veteran members, we must ensure that we make the effort to increase the membership. Please help us to do this by encouraging people to join.

In addition we would be only too pleased to hear from anybody who may have spare time to help us with our many tasks, and if anybody feels that they would be able to assist in any way please would they contact either myself or a member of the Committee.

A COMPACT DISC: THE GREAT WAR

An evocation in music and drama through recordings made at the time is now available on a fine CD published by Pavilion Records Ltd* with specialist advice from our members Toni & Valerie Holt. Available from any good record shop the CD is available at £10.50 while a cassette may be purchased for £5.50. The total playing time is 71 minutes and commences with the *United Forces March* recorded in 1919 and concludes with *Land of Hope and Glory* recorded in 1912. Many old favourites are here – *It's a Long Way to Tipperary*, *Pack Up Your Troubles*, and *Keep the Home Fires Burning* together with some less familiar but no less enjoyable titles.

*Pavilion Records Ltd, Sparrows Green, Wadhurst, Sussex. 01892783591. www.pavilionrecords.com

GALLIPOLI WEEKEND COURSE

THE ROYAL NAVY AND THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN OF 1915 9-11 AUGUST 2002

BOOK NOW! SOME PLACES STILL AVAILABLE

The University of Birmingham has linked with the Gallipoli Association to arrange a weekend course taking as the theme the War by Sea and on Land: The Royal Navy and the Gallipoli Campaign of 1915. This will take place from 9 to 11 August 2002 at the Bishop Mascall Centre in Ludlow, Shropshire.

This weekend course, specifically designed for the Gallipoli Association, will include lectures by Dr Bob Bushaway of Birmingham University together with a contribution from Colonel Michael Hickey whose book *Gallipoli* will be very well known to members.

The cost for the weekend course including full board will be £175 per person.

Bookings with a deposit of £25.00 (cheques made payable to The University of Birmingham or by credit card with number and expiry date) should be made to Mrs Margaret Jones, The University of Birmingham, School for Professional and Continuing Education, Selly Oak, Birmingham, B29 6LL. Tel: 0121 414 7363. Please indicate whether a single or twin room is required.

INTERNATIONAL PERSPECTIVES 85 YEARS ON

In April 2000 a conference on the Gallipoli campaign took place in Canakkale, the proceedings of which have now been published by the Ataturk and Gallipoli Campaign Research Center, Canakkale Onsekiz Mart University. The 92 pages includes contributions by Ashley Elkins of the Australian War Memorial, Holger Afflerbach of Dusseldorf and Peter Doyle of Greenwich.

CHUNUK BAIR 2001

As is customary, the feats of New Zealanders on Chunuk Bair in August 1915, described by the historian Chris Pugsley as, "one of the most outstanding feats of arms in New Zealand history" was remembered on 8 August in ceremonies across the land and further afield wherever New Zealand forces were serving. It was on that day that the Wellington Battalion commanded by Lieutenant Colonel William Malone and comprising the Wellington, West Coast, Hawke's Bay and Taranaki companies took Chunuk Bair. For 36 hours they grimly held on against constant Turkish counter attacks until they were forced off the ridge after losing over 700 men dead and injured.



The New Zealand and Turkish flags side by side during the service in Atatürk Park above Tarakena Bay on Wellington's south coast. Photograph Army News.

Acknowledgement: Our thanks are due to Denys Caves JP for this and other information relating to Gallipoli and New Zealand.

FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE

For the first time the Gallipoli Association had a plot at the Field of Remembrance, Westminster Abbey where the opening ceremony took place on the very wet morning of 8 November. Accompanied by the Duke of Kent, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who lost her brother Fergus in 1915, killed at Loos with the Black Watch, spent nearly an hour at the ceremony. The Chairman represented the Association and four other members were also present.

Almost 17,000 crosses were planted this year, nearly double the number of a year ago. Among them and for the first time, some 54 on behalf of those who had served at Gallipoli. These included crosses for a sailor lost on HMS *Goliath*, one for a soldier serving with the 5th Norfolks – the “Vanished Battalion” and one to the memory of the Indian Mule Corps to mention but a few. Information on the Gallipoli Association plot this coming November will be provided in the Autumn *Gallipollian*.



HRH The Duke of Kent meeting Captain Christopher Fagan DL, Chairman of the Gallipoli Association at the Association plot. Photograph Andy Mullen.



Major Hugh Jenner (left) and Andy Mullen at the Gallipoli Association plot.

THE ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION MEMORIAL TO RETURN TO HORSEGUARDS

CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER PAGE RN (RTD)

In addition to the crucial role of the Royal Navy at sea during the First World War, there was a less well known, but major, participation in the great struggle on land. More than 40% of RN casualties were suffered not at sea, but on land by the sailors and marines of the Royal Naval Division formed on the orders of Winston Churchill in 1914. To bring these losses even more into perspective, the average number of men in the RND was rarely more than 10% of the RN.

The division attracted some interesting people, including poets and writers such as Rupert Brooke and A P Herbert, brilliant scholars and musicians such as Patrick Shaw-Stewart and Denis Browne and adventurers like John Dodge. Forced at an early stage to provide its own officers, the RND supplemented an existing cadre of high-calibre Royal Marines with officers promoted from within, including a very high proportion of men from the ranks. Every promotion, therefore, was based on merit, and as a result of performance in battle, and this contributed greatly to the quality of leadership. Two of its most illustrious leaders were Bernard Freyberg and Arthur Asquith: the former won the VC with the RND in 1916, before promotion to Brigadier; the latter, son of the Prime Minister, rose from Temporary Sub Lieutenant RNVR to Commodore in just over three years. The men, many recruited from the north of England and Scotland, showed fierce esprit de corps and fighting qualities. Among them the indomitable Joe Murray, a member of the Association until his death in 1994 whose book *Gallipoli As I Saw It* (1965) is one of the classic personal accounts from the First World War.

During the course of the War, the RND changed from being "Churchill's private army" to a fully-integrated unit of the British Expeditionary Force, and from 1916, army units were incorporated in it. Nevertheless, until the end, the majority of its battalions were manned by sailors and marines and it retained its peculiarly naval character. After returning from Gallipoli, the RND became an elite unit of the BEF, and took a major part in all the principal actions on the Western Front.

After the War the survivors raised the money for a Lutyens memorial fountain to be erected as part of the balustrade of the Old Admiralty Building on Horse Guards, inscribed with the words of Rupert Brooke, the first verse of his poem *The Dead*.

"Blow out, you bugles over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red



Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
 Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
 That men call age; and those who would have been,
 Their sons, they gave, their immortality."

It was unveiled in 1925, and Winston Churchill spoke at the ceremony.¹ During the Second World War, the memorial was dismantled and stored in order to prevent damage during the construction of the new Citadel. It was finally rededicated at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich in 1951. Now that Greenwich is no longer a naval establishment, a charity, under the Patronage of the Prince of Wales, has been set up to move the memorial back to its original site in the ceremonial heart of the capital, where it was designed to stand by one of our greatest architects. All the necessary planning permissions have been obtained, and it now remains to raise the money to move it and pay for its maintenance in perpetuity.

HRH The Prince of Wales has lent his support to the campaign and if you wish to contribute to this worthy cause, please send your donation to: 'The Royal Naval Division Memorial Charity' (Charity Number 262717) c/o Lieutenant Colonel AJF Noyes Royal Marines, Corps Secretary, HQRM, HMS Excellent, Whale Island, Portsmouth PO2 8ER.

For more information concerning the Appeal please contact Captain Christopher Page, Vice Chairman RND Memorial Committee, Poppies, Entry Hill, Bath, BA2 5LY. 0207 218 5447 (work) or 01225 339251 (home).

¹"Every one, I think, must admire the grace and simplicity of this fountain, which the genius of Lutyens has designed. The site is also well chosen. Here, under the shadow of the Admiralty building, where eleven years ago, the Royal Naval Division was called into martial life, this monument now records their fame and preserves their memory. Their memory is thus linked for ever with the Royal Navy, whose child they were, of whose traditions they were so proud, and whose long annals, rich with romantic and splendid feats of arms, contain no brighter page than theirs. But if the place is well chosen, so also is the day. This is April 25, and ten years ago the astonishing exploit of landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula was in full battle. And we here, who have so many memories in common, almost seem to hear the long reverberations of the distant cannonade, and certainly we feel again in our souls the awful hopes and awful fears of those tragic hours.

A mellow light seems to the mind's eye to surround this monument. The passers-by who in other days pause to drink of its water or to examine its design will be held by something else. The famous lines of Rupert Brooke inscribed upon its panel will make their own appeal and tell their own story to any one who loves this island or speaks the English tongue.

These verses, and others given in the order of service, have brought comfort to so

many who sought it long and wearily, and whose spirit seemed broken, but who nevertheless found relief in reading and repeating their noble utterance. Their high, calm peace rises confidently above the tumult and the carnage, and beyond all error and confusion; it reigns by right divine over men and over centuries. We meet his verses everywhere. They are quoted again and again. They are printed in newspapers, written in books, blotted by tears, or carved in stone. But they belong to us, to the Royal Naval Division, to the memory of Rupert Brooke and his comrades and companions. They were the inheritance he bequeathed to them, and through them to us all. They are inscribed on this memorial because it is their proper home, and from here, while these stones endure they will carry to the ears of generations differently attuned from ours the chant of valiant youth entering willing and undaunted into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Ten years and more have gone since this parade ground used to be thronged by bands of volunteers marching off to join the Army amid the blare of music and at their country's call. Nearly seven years have gone since victory was won; since all the kings and emperors against whom we warred were driven into exile, and all their mighty armies shattered and dispersed. Those years have not been years of joy or triumph. They have been years of exhaustion, despondency, and bickerings all over the world, and we are often tempted to ourselves what have we gained by the enormous sacrifices made by those to whom this memorial is erected. But this was never the issue with those who marched away. No question of advantage presented itself to their minds. They only saw the light shining clear on the path of duty. They only saw their duty to resist oppression, to protect the weak, to vindicate the profound but unwritten law of nations, to testify to truth and justice and mercy among men. They never asked the question "What shall we gain?" They asked only the question "Where lies the right?" It was thus that they marched away for ever, and yet from their un-calculating exaltation and devotion, detached from all consideration of material gain, we may be sure that good will come to their countrymen and to this island they guarded in its reputation and safety so faithfully and well. Bold indeed will be the tyrant who seeks again to overthrow by military force the freedom which they established. After the confusion has passed away and the long period of reconstruction has been closed it will be perceived by all that the freedom, not only of individuals, but also of States, has been established upon a broader and stronger foundation.

Humanity, for all its sufferings and disappointments, has yet moved forward through the Great War at least one long stage towards the realisations of its ideals. And this country and Empire, saved by its sons from the worst perils which have confronted it during its long history, remains still able to guide, to encourage, and in a large measure to inspire the peoples of the world. Doubts and disillusionments may be answered by the sure assertion that the sacrifice which these men made was not made in vain. And this fountain to the memory of the Royal Naval Division will give forth not only the waters of honour, but the waters of healing and the waters of hope."

Note: This speech is described by Robert Rhodes James Churchill "as one of the most perfect in expression and conception that Churchill ever delivered" see *The Complete Speeches of Sir Winston Churchill 1897-1963* Volume IV London 1974.

OUTCAST ANZAC HONOURED

DEREK HUNT

Hugo (Jim) Throssell had an extraordinary, but tragic, life. Born the son of an Australian politician and State Premier, he won the Victoria Cross at Hill 60, Gallipoli and returned home a war hero. But, disillusioned with war he married a communist and in declining health later took his own life. A memorial to this controversial hero was unveiled at his hometown of Northam, Western Australia in August 1999, 66 years after his untimely death. Even after so long the memories remained, leading one newspaper to use the headline "Outcast ANZAC Honoured."

Born 27 October 1884, the youngest son of George and Annie Throssell, Hugo Vivian Hope Throssell came from a wealthy family. His father was Mayor of Northam and, briefly Premier of Western Australia. He built the family home *Fermoy* where the young Hugo grew up. Hugo, known as Jim, was educated at Prince Alfred's College in Adelaide where he was a sergeant in the college cadets. He and his brother Ric later farmed land given to them by their father.

At the outbreak of the First World War both Throssell brothers returned to Northam to enlist in the 10th Light Horse. Their unit did not take part in the original landing at ANZAC Beach, and as there was little opportunity for cavalry operations the 10th Light Horse served as infantry, Second Lieutenant Hugo Throssell won the Victoria Cross at Kaiajik Aghala (Hill 60) on 29th/30th August 1915 for refusing to leave his post though wounded, during enemy attacks. Details of the VC action are not included here as they have been fully covered elsewhere, most notably in Steven Snellings's *VCs of the First World War – Gallipoli*.

Hugo Throssell met his future wife, the Marxist Socialist writer Katherine Susannah Pritchard, when he was in London recovering from his wounds and meningitis which nearly killed him. After a hero's welcome in Australia Throssell rejoined his regiment then serving in Palestine and took part in the Battle of Gaza in 1917, where his brother Ric was killed.

With more war wounds, and malaria, he was sent home in 1918. He married Katherine Pritchard in January 1919. At a Victory Parade in Northam in 1919 Hugo Throssell VC expressed his disenchantment with the horrors of war and the profits that others had made from it. He declared that the experience had made him a socialist. His life was plagued with further controversy when his wife became a founding member of the Australian Communist Party. Despite this Throssell always maintained that he was not a communist. The loss of his brother and his declining health and prospects preyed on his mind. His attempts to make a living were severely handicapped by debts, his war wounds and the world-wide slump. He shot

himself with his service revolver on 19 November 1933, while depressed saying in his last will and testament how he had “never recovered from my 1914-18 experiences”, he was 49. Tragically, his son Ric, named after his brother, also killed himself some years later.

Several streets in Greenmount, Melbourne and Canberra were named after Throssell but it was not until 1999 that a memorial was erected in his hometown. He was disowned by many in Northam and died an outcast. Memories are long in small rural towns but by then it was considered time to honour their own VC winner. The memorial, a large bronze plaque on brickwork, was erected just outside the Tattersalls Hotel, Northam – the exact spot where in 1919 Throssell had rejected his previous values and declared to a stunned crowd that he was a socialist.

At 1100 on 28 August 1999 a procession, led by the 10th Light Horse, marched up Fitzgerald Street from the Northam Town Council Chambers to the memorial site. There they received a salute from the Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, Colonel Malcolm Count MBE. The Governor of Western Australia, Major General Michael Jeffery AC MC, was the guest of honour at the ceremony. After speeches by Mr Lloyd Nelson, the Chairman of the Hugo Throssell VC Memorial Fund, which paid for the memorial, and other interested parties, the Governor reviewed Throssell’s war history and then together with Colonel Count unveiled the memorial.

A service was held with the chaplains dedicating the new memorial followed by wreath laying, led by the State Governor. Last Post and Rouse (Reveille) were sounded and then the Australian National Anthem was sung by all. Incorporated in the plaque is a picture of a Light Horseman on the left and a Victoria Cross on the right while the wording reads:

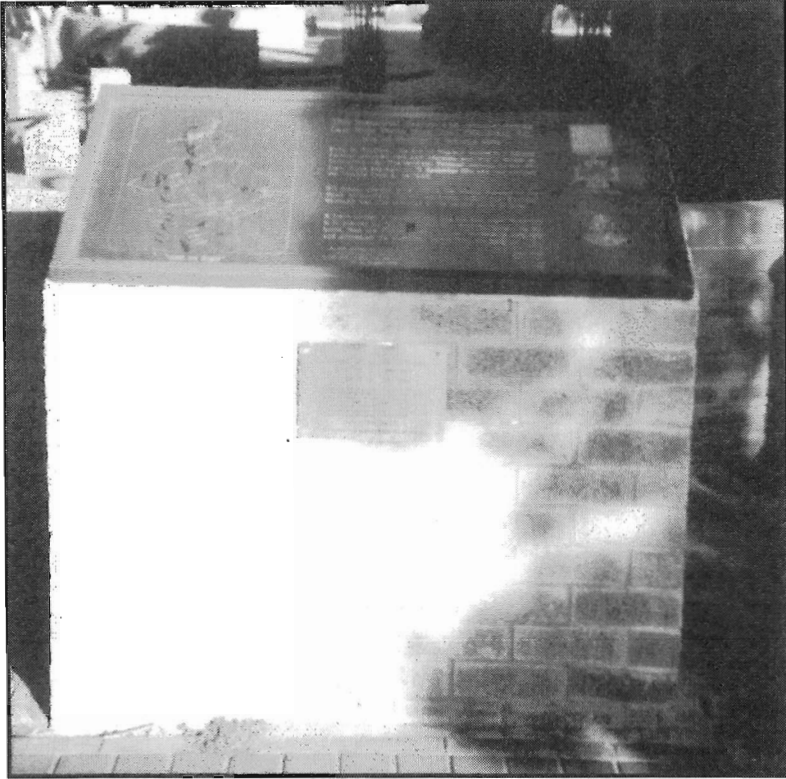
“This memorial depicts and commemorates
Capt Hugo Vivian Hope (Jim) THROSSELL VC,
one of Northam’s famous sons.

Born in Northam, the son of Western Australia’s Second Premier, educated here and Adelaide, and later a farmer at Cowcowing near Wyalcatchem, Throssell enlisted in the 10th Light Horse Regiment on 19th December 1914 and was awarded the Victoria Cross at Gallipoli.

His medal citation is set out on the plaque donated by the town of Northam (Mayor Jan Smith, C.E.O Don Burnett).

Throssell was also wounded at the second battle of Gaza.

A brave soldier, a leader of men and the only Light Horseman to be awarded the VC in the Great War, Throssell, riding a big bay horse, lead the Victory Parade through Northam in July 1919 and addressed the assembled crowd from this spot.”



Hugo Throssell VC Memorial. Photograph by Laurie Evans.

Throssell's VC citation, from *The London Gazette* of 15th October 1915 is shown below on a separate, smaller, plaque which reads:

"For most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty during operations on Hill 60 in the Gallipoli Peninsula on August 29 and 30th 1915. Although severely wounded in several places during a counter attack, he refused to leave his post or to obtain medical assistance until all danger was passed, when he had his wounds dressed and returned to the firing line until ordered out of action by the medical officer. By his personal courage and example he kept up the spirits of his party, and was largely instrumental in saving the situation at a critical period."

Beneath the citation is added:

"Courageous in war: steadfast in peace."

The Governor of Western Australia said after the unveiling "The people of Northam can take pride in having this reminder" and that "The formal honouring of such an inspiring, courageous man was well overdue." Northam's only Victoria Cross hero had been rehabilitated at last.

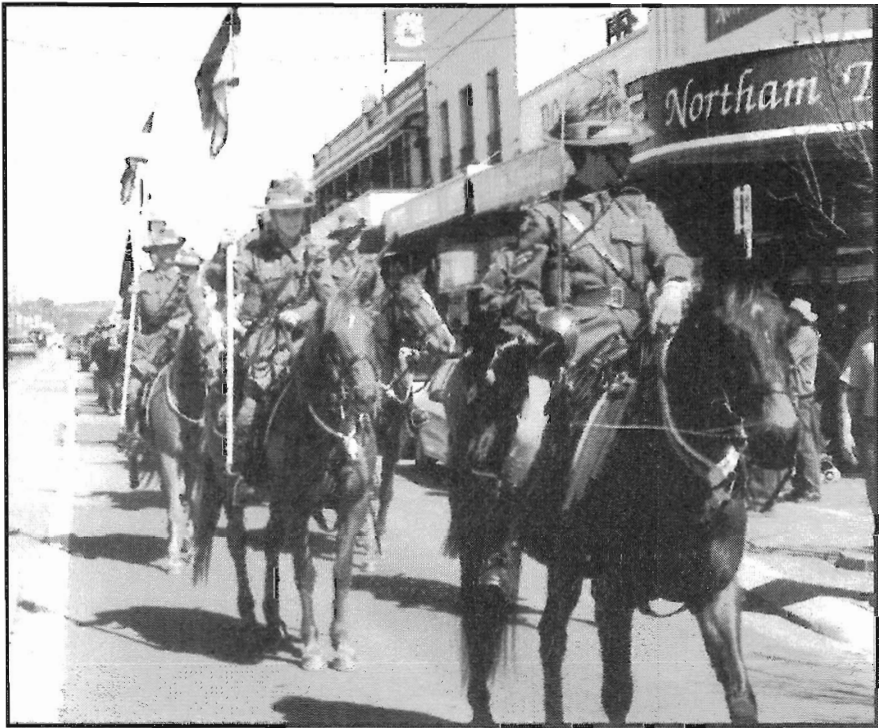
Acknowledgements:

The Hugo Throssell VC Memorial Fund.

Reg Clements, Western Australia, who supplied the information for this article.

For providing photographs at very short notice we are especially indebted to Laurie Evans and to *The Avon Valley Advocate*.

Note: Hugo Throssell VC is a great-uncle of one of our members, Mrs Jill Rodge.



Members of the 10th Light Horse parading through Northam prior to the unveiling of the Hugo Throssell VC Memorial. Photograph The Avon Valley Advocate.

TELL ENGLAND

ERNEST RAYMOND – A BRIEF BACKGROUND TO THE NOVEL *TELL ENGLAND*, SOME INSIGHTS OF THE WAR SERVICE OF ITS AUTHOR AND A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO ANTHONY ASQUITH'S FILM BASED ON THE BOOK

PHILIP DUTTON

You would search in vain for the name of Ernest Raymond in the GCSE English literature syllabus; his ranking in the constellation of war fiction writers is not high and yet *Tell England*, his first novel, published in 1922, well ahead of the war books boom of 1928, was a fantastic and long-running popular success and this despite some very harsh treatment at the hands of intellectual critics on its first appearance.

The novel is in two parts: the first chronicles the friendship of three boys – Archibald Pennybet, Edgar Gray Doe and Rupert Ray during their five years at Kensingstowe an unpronounceable but well regarded public school. The second tells the fate of the three in the Great War. The tales of school and war are told through the eyes of Rupert Ray and his story is mediated for us by the imposing figure of Padre Monty who provides an explanatory prologue.

The novel is very much a period piece and one would guess for many of us now something of an uneasy read. The first section especially seems an extraordinary parody. It is an absolute corker of a ripping public school yarn and testimony to the moral superiority conferred on an already privileged and select social group by the carefully coached forward defensive stroke. The flowery period language of these pre-1914 public schoolboys is slightly embarrassing as is their behaviour and arcane bickering. Perhaps hardest to take today are the liberal doses of sentimentality, patriotism and religion that inform the writing not too mention the disconcertingly frequent descriptions of slender arms and waists, clear brows, and firm jaws. Again, from the literary perspective we are now so used to the orthodoxy of anti-war sentiment and artistic protest – disenchantment, futility and tragedy, as responses to the Great War – that Raymond's wholehearted endorsement of the heroic blood sacrifice is slightly unnerving.

But he writes with great vigour and sincerity and includes some remarkable and very graphic descriptions of active service and front line fighting, especially in connection with operations at Gallipoli, which makes a reading well worth the effort. This aspect of the novel commended the work to Cyril Falls who makes gracious mention of it in his classic review of writings on the First World War, *War Books* (1930).

Many years after the novel's first publication Raymond admitted that even he was

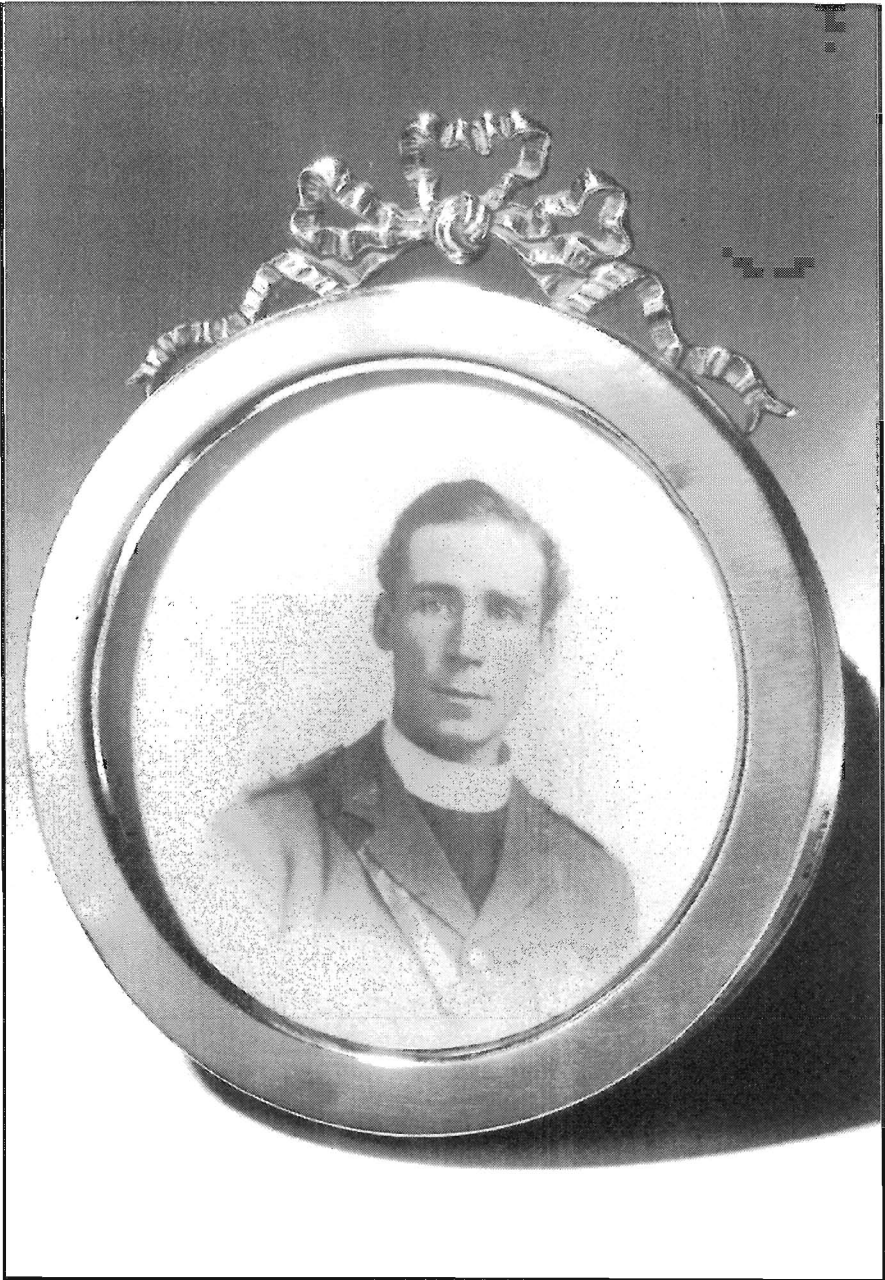
distressed by aspects of his book: the naïve romanticism, pieties, facile heroics and the too wasteful patriotism and he was honest enough to admit that parts of it made him shiver. But the novel sold; indeed it sold exceedingly well up to the mid-1960s in over 40 impressions. Its appeal lay in the certainties it purveyed: notably in the affirmation of the value and nobility of self-sacrifice – death in action for a great cause. There is little doubt his romantic tale offered meaning and consolation to the countless numbers of the confused and bereaved. Its later longstanding success may lie in the near permanent appeal of the self-contained and comforting world of the “school novel” and one written in the liveliest of styles. Raymond went on to write over 50 books but none got near to the tremendous success of *Tell England*, his first. This was a cause of some regret to him as he later regarded *We, The Accused* (1935) as his finest work.

Tell England was inextricably linked to events in his life and elements of his actual experiences were woven into it. Forced by circumstances to leave school at the age of 17, he worked at first as a correspondence clerk at the Army & Navy Stores. From there, he escaped to become a Prep School Master and it was during his time as a teacher that he seriously embraced religion and decided to take Holy Orders.

He did very well in his studies and in his final exam he got a 1st Class which he attributed to his remarkable visual memory. Raymond was ordained a deacon on Trinity Sunday 1914 at Chelmsford Cathedral and ‘priested’ on Trinity Sunday of the next year (1915) and immediately offered his services to the Army Chaplain’s Department. He had been exceptionally keen to join up, and having read Sir Ian Hamilton’s first despatch from Gallipoli whilst on holiday, decided that this was the battlefield he would long to go to. Only a few days after reading this despatch, following an interview by the Chaplain General, Raymond was passed fit for service and the following week, with remarkable good fortune, he began his journey to Gallipoli, with the 53rd (Welsh) Division on the board the Allan Line steamer the *Scotian*.

Arriving at Mudros, he was eventually ordered to Helles to the 42nd (East Lancashire) Division (TF) where he landed at ‘W’ Beach. The Division served alongside the Royal Naval Division and despite Raymond’s close proximity to all the realities of fighting he preserved a surprisingly idealistic attitude to warfare, and admitted to have obtained consolation and strength not only from his faith but also by the poetry and sacrifice of Rupert Brooke.

This intellectual and emotional connection with Brooke was given a physical link whilst Raymond was held up at Mudros. He records that when seven bodies from the *Gascon*, a hospital ship, were brought ashore for burial, he, as burial officer received them. One of the bodies proved to be that of Lieutenant the Honourable Charles Lister – a member of the distinguished party who had buried Rupert Brooke on Skyros in April. The contrast in interments was not lost on Raymond as the



bodies were jolted unceremoniously to the cemetery in a GS wagon.

During his time as a school master Raymond had attempted to write a novel, based on his limited experiences – school and youth – and whilst on Gallipoli he saw a way forward for this mass of untidy chapters. He envisaged that they would form the first half of a two-part novel. This he described:

“ would be a study of my own generation of schoolboys, who after their few years of school, had been called upon to bleed or die for England”. The first half was to be called Five Gay Years of School, the second half And the Rest – War based on scenes at Gallipoli.”

In the course of the First War Raymond was sent to six battlefronts: the Sinai, France, Mesopotamia, Persia and Russia but he gave pride of place to his service in Gallipoli because as he wrote: “the Gallipoli campaign had a glamour, a tragic beauty of its own.” He was also one of the many who regarded it as “the one brilliant strategic conception in (the) First World War.” At the end of the campaign Raymond was evacuated from Helles, he came off from W Beach, and later jested that the only distinction he achieved on the Peninsula was that of NOT being “the last man off” – so many were.

For the rest of the war his inspiration for the *Schooldays-Gallipoli* story kept its hold – it was accomplished in his first novel *Tell England*; but before that he attempted a seriously religious book which he decided to call *God's Wheat*. Written whilst Raymond was in the Sinai where he had so little to do he was able to spend hours in his bivouac, *God's Wheat*, was duly completed and posted off to his Aunt in Brighton for safekeeping. But it was lost when the ship carrying it homeward was torpedoed in the Mediterranean.

Early in 1917 Raymond's Division was transferred from the Sinai to the Western Front – and he spent a year in France and Belgium with tours of duty in various sectors of the old Somme battlefield, the Ypres salient; then to the Nieuport trenches. Whilst there he volunteered for service in Mesopotamia where he served with the 9th Worcesters as part of 39th Brigade. Blessed again with a relatively easy life, with little fighting to do, he gave his spare time to the production of his *School-Gallipoli book*, which was written with great passion following the loss of *God's Wheat*. It was compiled in numerous 'Army Books 152 Field service' (issued to officers for their correspondence). The selection of the title when it came, Raymond described as nonchalant almost careless – but in his opinion almost perfectly apt. He wrote: “I had recently read again the eleven immortal words of Simonides, his epitaph on the Spartans who fell at Thermopylae; “*Tell the Spartans, stranger, that here we lie, obedient to their laws*”. Stirred by them, Raymond, thought of the title *Tell England*. It was a great hit with his eventual publishers.

In September 1918 the 39th Brigade was ordered to proceed into Persia to assist Dunsterforce in its attempts to save the Baku oil fields from falling into Turkish hands. It was here that the notebooks containing *Tell England* were nearly lost in a panic evacuation of the town on 14 September. They were retrieved in time for a more orderly withdrawal the next day.

Demobilized, Raymond rejoined his Vicar now at Brighton and snatched time from parochial duties to the re-assembling of his novel from the notebooks into a proper manuscript and then retyping it for a publisher. The process took a year and the book was complete by mid-1920. The search then began to find a publisher. This was no easy task and the typescript was rejected 13 times. It was difficult period for Raymond, for at the same time he began to have great doubts about his vocation and he was soon to relinquish the priesthood. Eventually, great interest was shown in the book by Cassell and Co and the novel was finally published on 16 February 1922, – it bore on its dustjacket a subtitle – “*A Great Romance of Glorious Youth*”. In its first year it was reprinted 14 times and was to remain in print for 50 years.

The film – *Tell England*

The film version of *Tell England*, directed by Anthony Asquith son of the former Prime Minister was launched in 1931. It was Asquith's first 'talkie' and was selected for him by Bruce Woolfe who had encouraged Asquith's film-making from the very beginning. Asquith was delighted with the assignment and with great care prepared his first full-length script assisted by A P Herbert, himself a Gallipoli veteran, before setting out in 1930 for Malta with Geoffrey Barkas, later a noted director and producer, and three cameramen.

For the war scenes Asquith utilised large crates of black-powder explosives, which, when ignited, suggested shell bursts. He later recounted a tale that he was standing by some of these crates, about to shoot a scene, when the Governor of Malta arrived. At that moment, possibly in nervous reaction to seeing this august figure, someone threw away his cigarette and it fell into the black powder crate nearest to the director. There was an instant explosion, which blackened exactly one half of Asquith, producing a delightfully artistic harlequin effect. Sir John DuCane, the Governor, stared at him for a moment, then, graciously ignoring the unplanned fireworks, warmly extended his hand to welcome him to Malta.

The Anzac Cove and V-Beach landing scenes were filmed with the support of the Admiralty between 16-20 June 1930 and various units of the Mediterranean fleet were used including HMS *Royal Sovereign*, and *Ramilles*, seven destroyers, numerous picket boats and cutters together with a considerable number of Royal Marines. For the V-Beach landing scenes the Syracuse to Malta mail boat, the *Lubiana*, was requisitioned and fitted out to play the role of the *River Clyde* and the whole co-operative enterprise worked perfectly. The attention to detail was noteworthy as evidenced by paragraph 19 of the Royal Navy operation orders issued on 4 June

1930:

“In the interests of accuracy, it will be necessary for Royal Marines to wear khaki cloth and for ratings embarked in boats to wear blue uniform during the actual operation. The consequent discomfort is realised by the film company representatives and they have undertaken to reduce all forms of strenuous movement to a minimum.”

Asquith stated that he was not allowed to pay the Marines for their services which were in fact quite strenuous – they were instead given two bottles of beer each – a ludicrously inadequate return for their steamy exertions in chaffing khaki.

The concern with historical accuracy as regards the depiction of the military operations was paramount. Early on in the film Sir Ian Hamilton himself appears in order to explain, albeit slightly awkwardly, the grand strategic vision of the campaign and highlight the associated perils. The spectacular coverage of the landings was a triumph and the vivid realism of the action scenes totally convincing. It is recorded that Gallipoli veterans of the 4th Battalion The Royal Sussex Regiment, who at their re-union, viewed the film at the Capital Theatre, Horsham in October 1931, were immensely struck by the film’s gripping re-creations. For many the film brought back vivid memories of the campaign. The novelty of sound re-introduced the noise of battle and the incessant whine of shells in the film in particular acted as powerful stimulants, complementing the striking visual images.

A ground-breaking first talkie, the distinctive sound for the film required huge and primitive carbon microphones with thick leads. Victor Peers, the sound editor described their use:

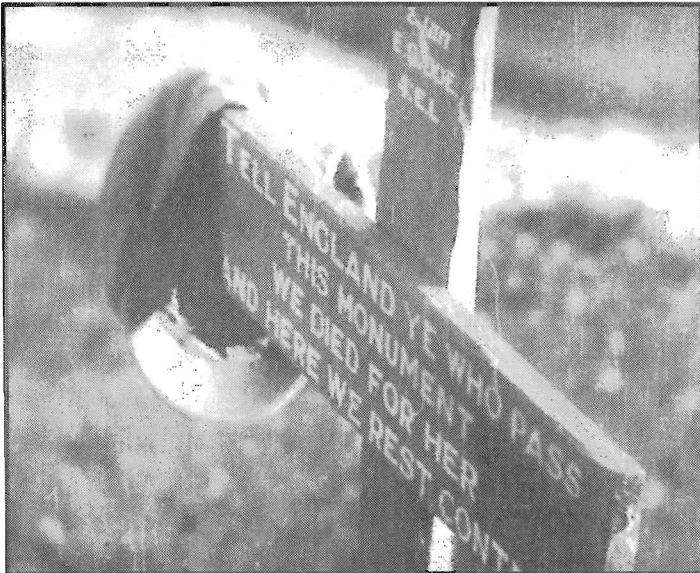
“They were large, heavy, black carbon mikes with a very thick lead to the recording apparatus. For the scene in which the Colonel makes a speech we hid the ungainly mike in a fruit dish behind a vase of flowers on the dining table. At the end of the speech he said ‘I’d like one of those bananas’ not realising that it would be recorded. We had to erase it of course. The Welwyn studio was built before sound came in and a sound-proof studio had to be built especially for the sound recording. It was not all that good, but it served their purpose.”

In addition to the Welwyn studio Asquith made much use of his own Thameside home, The Wharf, Sutton Courtney, Berkshire for some scenes; notably the opening shots of Edgar and Rupert’s aquatic sporting, which includes some memorably playful splashing and strangled dialogue. The family’s own swimming pool was used for the scenes of the swimming gala.

Raymond makes no mention of the film version of his novel in his two volumes of autobiography and we are not clear what he actually thought about it. Perhaps his



Action scene reconstruction, V Beach landing of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers 25 April 1915. Photograph Imperial War Museum.



Second Lieutenant Edgar Gray Doe's grave cross. Photograph Imperial War Museum.

public silence on the film was evidence of his unhappiness with Asquith's tamperings with the original plot. Sure enough there were many modifications in the film to the actual details of the novel: some trifling alterations, others more fundamental changes.

In the film by far the greater balance of treatment is lavished on the war and the original three chums are effectively reduced to two (there is no sign of Archie Pennybet and his speedy extinction on the Western Front). Rupert Ray's dominant mother is transferred to Edgar Doe. Edgar, who, as an orphan in the novel, had been brought up by an aunt is in the film treated to the lavish attentions of a beautiful and exquisitely sensitive Mrs Doe (played by Fay Compton). In the novel, the drama of school life is centred on an epic 'summer of 1914, end of era, cricket match, in which Rupert plays a crucial role. In the film an inter-school swimming relay match (filmed at Asquith's house), takes centre stage as the dramatic final curtain on Kensington, with the victor (who shall for the present remain nameless) being carried shoulder-high for his match winning 90mph final length. Necessarily things had to be left out of the film, so saying the continuity is, in the opening sections, challenging, as the two friends are speedily transformed from school uniform into officers' kit and propelled into the arena of military life. But these are trifles compared to Asquith's re-fashioning of the relationship between Ray and Doe on the Peninsula, and the remodelling of Doe's personality which rendered him late on, in the style of Stanhope in "*Journey's End*", more susceptible to depression, self-centredness and alcohol. Asquith certainly moderated Raymond's unmitigated endorsement of the justified blood sacrifice and introduced if not precisely anti-war sentiments some moderate challenges to the ideal or illusion of the nobility of death in action in modern industrialised warfare

The film, which had taken over a year to make, was very well received by critics in 1932 especially in connection with its innovative cutting and use of sound, and was compared favourably to *Journey's End* and *All Quiet on the Western Front* – both of which had been made in the USA.

References:

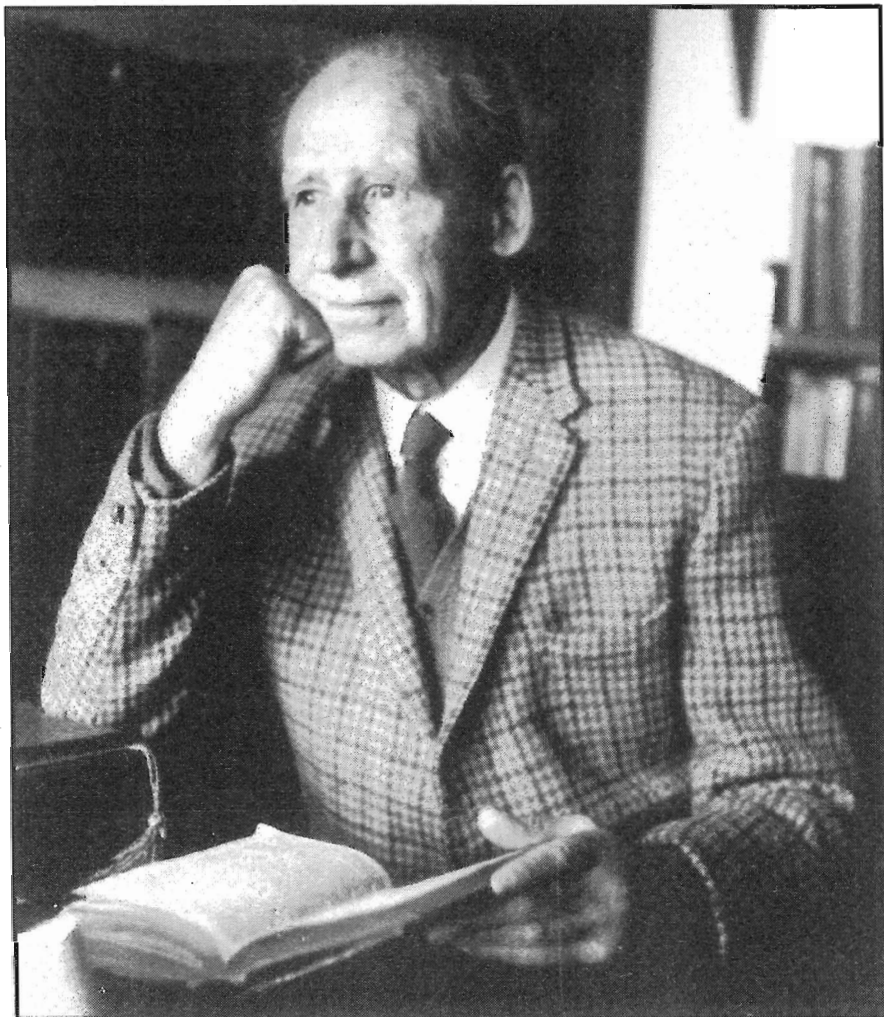
Published works:

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- The Quiet Shore* Ernest Raymond, Mayfair Books, 1961
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- Please you, draw near: an autobiography* Ernest Raymond, Cassell & Co, 1969
- Cinema and the Great War*, Andrew Kelly, Routledge, 1997
- The War Film* Ivan Butler, The Tantivy Press, London, 1974
- Puffin Asquith: the biography of the Honourable Anthony Asquith*, R J Minney, Leslie Frewin, London, 1973

Private papers:

Papers of Captain E H Wethey CBE RN, held by the Imperial War Museum's Department of Documents (Ref 99/42/1)

We are indebted to Mrs Diana Raymond, wife of Ernest Raymond for providing the photograph below of her husband in later life and also that taken during the First World War which we reproduce on page 22.



MEMORIAL GATES CONTRACT

Geoffrey Osborne Ltd has won the contract to build the Memorial Gates on Constitution Hill in central London. Work will be completed by late Spring 2002. The memorial, the foundation stone was laid by Her Majesty The Queen on 1 August 2001, will commemorate the part played by nearly five million men and women from the Indian sub-continent, Africa and the Caribbean who volunteered to serve with the British Armed Forces in the First and Second World Wars. A contribution has never been fully appreciated or recognised in this country. In the First World War nearly 1.5 million Indians and over 15,000 men of the British West Indies Regiment volunteered for military service. They saw action on the Western Front, in Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, Egypt and Italy. The contribution from the British African colonies was substantial in terms of troops, transport auxiliaries, money and raw materials. In the Second World War some 2.5 million men from the Indian sub-continent, over 375,000 Africans and several thousand West Indians fought as volunteers on every front, especially the Far East, North Africa and Italy. It is clear that without this outstanding contribution the outcome of the war might have been very different, and would certainly have lasted much longer.

The monument, designed by Liam O'Connor, will be situated on Royal Parks land at the junction between Constitution Hill and Hyde Park Corner. It will take the form of four stone piers in Portland Stone forming a square, which will frame the Wellington Arch. Each pier is to be topped by a bronze urn and have the names India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, Africa, Caribbean and Kingdom of Nepal, carved into the sides. A pavilion will be located between the piers to the north in Green Park, opposite the wall of Buckingham Palace. The names of those who were awarded the Victoria Cross and George Cross will be inscribed in the dome of the pavilion, with two stone blocks on either side listing the major campaigns where those commemorated fought. Hydraulic bollards cast from bronze will close off Constitution Hill to traffic on Sundays and Public Holidays. The road space defined by the four piers will be paved with Indian granite setts in a radial pattern.

The construction of the memorial is being paid for by the Memorial Gates Trust, which was set up in 1998 to raise money for this purpose. Funding has come from a Lottery grant of £912,500 from the Millennium Commission, applications to grant-making bodies, and private donations. The total cost of the project, which includes professional fees, a maintenance provision, education project and administrative costs, is in the region of £2.7 million. The Trustees now need to raise at least another £250,000 to achieve their target.

Geoffrey Osborne Ltd and Cathedral Works Organisation, its subsidiary stonework company, have a strong track record of combining on major new build stonework projects, including the Queen's Gallery at Buckingham Palace, the Corinthian

column in front of St Paul's Cathedral, and the Ouse Valley Viaduct. Other companies involved in the tender bid are Granit Union for the granite setts; ATG Access for the hydraulic bollards; and Morris Singer for the bronze work. Other appointments for the project include Gilmore Hankey Kirke Ltd as project manager and contract administrator; Liam O'Connor Architects as designer; Henry Riley & Sons as quantity surveyor; Hyder Consulting as services engineer; Alan Baxter Associates as structural engineer; and SKK Lighting Consultants as designer of the lighting scheme.

Further information from Sophie Renton, Secretary, Memorial Gates Trust, 6-7 Great Newport Street, London, WC2H 7JA. Tel: 020 7240 9987. Email: srenton@mgt.demon.co.uk

ARMIES OF THE CROWN

Those indispensable bibliographies *Regimental Histories of the British Army* compiled by Arthur S White and *Regiments and Corps of the British Empire and Commonwealth 1758 to 1993* by Roger Perkins are now available on CD-ROM. Published by The Naval and Military Press* the two volumes can now be accessed at the flick of a switch, or almost, on ones home computer – what a gem to have at ones fingertips. No computer, well every reference library ought to have the CD-ROM if they are without the books themselves. Here a typical entry chosen at random.

UNDER FURRED HATS - 6th Australian Light Horse

Lieut George L Berrie. W C Penfold & Co Ltd, Sydney, 1919. Buff, black, Regimental flash in green/red, 7.5x5.0, -/179. Frontispiece, 48 monochrome photographs, no maps, Index. Appendixes: Roll of Honour (Gallipoli and Sinai/Palestine), Honours and Awards.

A well produced book covering the services of 6 LH from formation in September 1914 to its return to Australia in August 1919. Compiled by an officer who served with the Regiment throughout, it is based partly upon the war diary. His descriptions of the bitter fighting on Gallipoli are admirably clear, as are his accounts of the cavalry tactics and charges in the Sinai campaign (Battle of Romani). The advance into Palestine, the action at Beersheba, and the raids into the Jordan Valley are similarly well covered. The lack of maps is a weakness in this book, and it is not always easy to know which year is under review. However many officers and their appointments and promotions are noted in the narrative, and the book is a sound source for military and family historians alike.

*£38.00 plus £6.65 VAT plus £3.25 postage. No VAT on overseas orders. From The Naval & Military Press, Unit 10, Ridgewood Ind Park, Uckfield, East Sussex, TN22 5QE. 01825 749494. E mail order.dept@naval-military-press.co.uk. Web site www.naval-military-press.co.uk

LONE PINE

AT THE AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

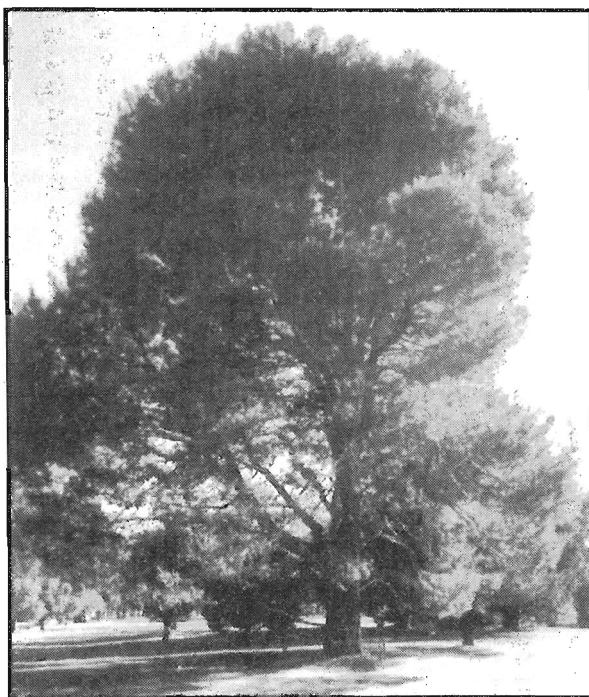
Following publication of *A Lone Pine in Sheffield, Tasmania* see *Gallipolitan* 95: 66 Spring 2001 Mrs Jean Metters has kindly provided photographs, one reproduced below, of another "Lone Pine" a fine specimen in the grounds of the Australian War Memorial where the caption reads:

Aleppo Pine

Pinus halapensis

Planted by HRH The Duke of Gloucester 24th October, 1934.

After the capture of Lone Pine Ridge in Gallipoli (6th August 1915) an Australian soldier who had taken part in the attack, in which his brother was killed, found a cone on one of the branches. The tree was used by the Turks as overhead cover for their trenches, and sent it to his mother. From the seed shed by it she raised this tree, which she presented to be planted in the War Memorial grounds in honour of her own and other's sons who fell at Lone Pine.



A NEW MAP

A splendid map of the Gallipoli Peninsula published by the Gallipoli Peninsula Historical National "Milli" Peace Park has been described as "the best modern map of Gallipoli I have ever seen." It comprises several detailed maps in one: a complete map from Helles to Suvla, one of Anzac, one of Helles, the Landings, the Naval Attacks and a brief history of events to name but a few. The map goes into great detail, including current roads, settlements, museums, cemeteries and memorials, trenches, streams, shipwrecks, forestry and other natural areas.

Copies are available at £3.50 including post from Steve Chambers, 71 Station Road, Horsham, West Sussex, RH13 5EX.

OBITUARY

PATSY ADAM SMITH

Probably not too well known in Great Britain, but a legend in Australia, Patsy Adam-Smith died, aged 77 on 20 September 2001. Among the Obituary headlines were "*The Anzac legend's great storyteller dies at 77*", "*A woman of letters who helped keep the Anzac legend alive*" and "*Weaver of dreams, teller of our tales.*" Her most famous book, certainly as far as members of the Association are concerned, is *The Anzacs* published in 1978 and which popularised the Anzac legend, won the Age Book of the Year for non-fiction and sold over 100,000 copies. Some measure of the breadth of her scholarship is the fact in preparing for this book she read over 8,000 diaries and letter. Soldiers sought her out to tell her why they went, what they saw, and how they felt about that great holocaust. Small wonder it was later made into a 13 part TV series.

The daughter of a railway worker Patsy Adam-Smith grew up in small Victorian towns and then in 1939 enlisted as a VAD. Later as the first women to be articled as a Radio Operator she worked on an Australian merchant ship 1954-1960. Then followed a spell as an Adult Education Officer in Hobart before appointment as manuscripts field officer for the State Library of Victoria until 1982. She was a prolific author with 32 books to her name including her acclaimed first volume autobiography *Hear The Train Blow!* In addition to *The Anzacs* there were two other noteworthy military history titles *Australian Women at War* and *Prisoners of War*, which was awarded the Order of Australia Book Prize in 1993. Canon Albert McPherson, a long time friend, said at the funeral that her "military histories were so compelling because they concentrated on people, rather than strategies.



Best of friends ... Patsy Adam-Smith and companion Tigger, a hand-delivered gift from Queensland shearers. Photograph The Age.

Acknowledgements: We are most grateful to Malcolm Orchard and James Orton for providing news reports upon which this Obituary is based.

THE IMPERIAL WAR GRAVE COMMISSION IN GALLIPOLI 1920-22

JO WADESON AS TOLD TO EDWARD LEVER¹

Joseph Robert Salmon was born in 1887. He studied architecture in the years before the Great War 1914-18 and was a keen member of the Cheshire Yeomanry where he was 1873 Sergeant (Rough Rider). As such he was called up immediately war was declared and saw service from the first to the last days of the war. When the Cheshire Yeomanry was dismounted in September, 1915, as a valuable senior NCO, he was transferred to the Labour Corps where his skills in surveying would have been of great value. In 1917 he was sent for Officer Cadet training and ended the war as a Captain. He was still suffering from his wounds when he was discharged in November 1919. Like so many others, he found work hard to come by until he applied for and was appointed to a position with the Imperial War Graves Commission, becoming their surveyor on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

In the Spring of 1920, accompanied by his wife Madeleine and their eight year old daughter Jo, he joined the Orient Express for the five-day journey to Constantinople. On arrival, the family stayed at the Pera Pallas hotel whilst awaiting a boat to take them to the Peninsula. The Ottoman Empire was almost at the point of complete disintegration at this time and gunfire was heard in the city at night so that they were pleased when two days later they embarked on a Greek ship which took them to Chanak on the Asiatic shore directly opposite the Gallipoli peninsula. On arrival there, they were met by the British Consul who entertained them to breakfast in the Consulate. They were introduced to the Colonel who commanded the British troops in the area and he placed his boat at their disposal for the short journey across the Narrows to Kilia, a mile or so north of the small village of Maidos.

Joseph Salmon was to be assisted by an engineer, Mr Bailey and by Mr Robinson who was responsible for the clerical and financial side of the work. Mr Robinson was accompanied by his French wife and Mr Bailey by his wife, a beautiful White Russian lady whom he had met in Constantinople. The families lived in a small compound which adjoined a similar one occupied by British Army families. There were five bungalows, each family occupying one, the remaining two becoming the kitchen and the communal dining room. At night the compound was guarded by an armed Turkish guard.

Following the end of the war and the surrender of the Turkish army there was a partial breakdown of law and order. The whole area was infested by bands of brigands and it was unsafe to go into the interior alone. Whether at their work for the Commission, on shopping trips to Chanak or exploring the local countryside, they were always accompanied by armed Turkish guards. It was necessary to visit



Captain Joseph Salmon as an officer cadet.

Chanak twice a week to obtain supplies and for this, they were given a permit to visit the castle which was the headquarters of the British garrison. Here they were able to purchase many of the supplies they needed such as butter and marmalade. They also took the opportunity to shop in the local market which was held every day along the harbour front where they could buy fresh produce such as vegetables and fruit. The local people were always friendly and no transaction could be completed until thick Turkish coffee had been produced and consumed. They were frequently given presents of fruit by the stallholders and they were never short of servants, many of whom simply attached themselves uninvited. On one occasion they found that more than sixteen 'workers' had arrived without being asked! All were

anxious to obtain employment with British families since they knew that they would receive food as a reward for their labour.

It was a difficult, lawless time. Every day groups of manacled prisoners were brought down to Chanak after their capture in the hills by parties of the British occupying force. Nevertheless, so clever were these brigands that one night they entered a tent pitched in a quarry where the IWGC officials were sleeping, and stole a watch which one of the group had placed under his pillow for safe keeping. The families had a Turkish cook and generally ate together in the communal dining room. Curried 'lamb', which was strongly suspected of being goat, figured largely on the menu.

The British presence was enhanced by light cruiser HMS *Torch* which was frequently stationed on patrol in the Narrows. The families' social lives were enlivened by invitations from the captain to go aboard for deck tennis and afternoon tea. Jo loved the novelty of playing tennis on board ship, especially since RED tennis



A charming photograph of eight-year old Jo Salmon on her main method of transport at Gallipoli.

balls were used. The older members of the party were invited on board for dinner as were other residents. The little group were the first representatives of the IWGC to begin work in the area where some of the fiercest battles of the war had been fought five years before. The terrain was virtually an uncleared battlefield. All their journeys were made in Ford Model T cars which were ideal because of their high ground clearance. They were able to negotiate the rutted tracks which were the only 'roads' on the peninsula at that time. On their journeys inland from Chanak they were always accompanied by armed Turkish guards in order to guarantee their safety from attack by brigands or by the packs of wild dogs which roamed the countryside. Both Mr. Salmon and Mr. Brown always carried their own revolvers. It was not considered unsafe to go out alone in the daytime however, provided they kept to the coast. Occasionally, young Jo was allowed to go out in a car with one of the Turkish drivers who enjoyed trying out his English on her. She remembers that he always had a dagger stuffed into his cummerbund and believes he may have carried a firearm. At other times Jo and her mother used to ride to Maidos on their donkeys.

From time to time boats came down from the Black Sea with British troops on board, perhaps part of the evacuation of the South Russian Expeditionary Force. On one occasion a young nine year old Russian boy was landed from one of these boats.

He stayed for a while and looked after Jo on their swimming trips. Other White Russian émigrés arrived from time to time. Dimitri, a Russian Count, and his wife came. They were completely destitute and were glad of any work they could find such as gardening or working for the Colonel in the British compound. Occasionally Jo played with twelve year old Roger, the son of the British consul in Chanak. For most of the time her companion was her mother and later Anna, the wife of the Russian Count, who lived with them whilst her husband was working for the Colonel. Jo's mother devoted a lot of time to her as there were no other children in the family. They bathed a lot and she was encouraged to read anything which came to hand, including newspapers and magazines which came out from England. There were no lessons as such but every day she joined her mother, Mrs. Bailey, Anna and sometimes Mrs. Robinson for tea and talk. Life was good for Mr. Salmon's eight year old daughter since the weather was warm and there was no school to attend. However there was the ever-present danger of living in what had been a war zone. At times mines were washed up on the beach and there was a tragic accident when a British sailor attempted to sit on top of one of these in order to be photographed for his family at home. The mine exploded and he was killed outright.

The peninsula was littered with corpses and the hastily dug graves of the many thousands who had lost their lives in the Gallipoli campaign. Most of the work of the IWGC party consisted of directing a force of Greek and Turkish workmen in collecting and identifying the many bodies discovered. One such body which excited a great deal of interest was that of a German Uhlan officer in full dress regalia. The grisly business of collecting, identifying and reburying the bodies which had lain about for more than five years continued day in, day out. Some could be identified by their identity tags, others had papers and photographs but many could not be identified at all, becoming in Kipling's famous phrase, 'Known Only Unto God'. From time to time officials from the Commission came out to inspect the work. They established a small quarry a little way north of their base at Kilia. Here blocks of marble were quarried and transported to the various sites which they were busy surveying for future use as cemeteries and memorials. The mixed workforce of Greeks and Turks had no love for each other, frequently falling out and knife fights were not uncommon. The work must have been hot, tiring, unpleasant and often heartbreaking. It was almost always dangerous, since accidents occurred when unstable ordnance exploded and workers were injured by stray grenades and explosives of all kinds which littered the battlefields.

These dangers increased as the days of the Ottoman Empire finally came to an end. Kemal Ataturk now led his Turkish forces in the War of Independence, ejecting the Greek population from mainland Turkey. For the time being at least it was considered unsafe for the Commission to continue its work on the Peninsula and the families were taken on board HMS *Torch* for transport home. Arriving at the port of Smyrna they witnessed the burning of the town and its fall to Ataturk's forces. The next day they were transferred to a cargo boat for the long journey home.

Joseph Salmon and his family never returned to Gallipoli. Instead he took up a post in Belgium, again working for the Commission, but the area evoked sad and painful memories for him of the days he had spent in the Salient during the war and after a while he looked for other work. He was ill for two years with bronchitis and emphysema but nevertheless was able to become inspector of the concrete work on a new long promenade and sea wall at Wallasey in Cheshire. Later he worked for the Ministry of Works in the North and in Scotland retiring early on a War Pension. He died in 1974, aged 87.

For Jo, school and a new life beckoned, warm days fishing, swimming and playing in the sun with were left behind. But memories remain of events in a different age and place now over eighty years ago.

¹ This article was previously published in the Western Front Association Bulletin, October 2001. We are most grateful to the Editor, James Brazier, for permission to publish in *The Gallipolian* together with that of both Jo Wadeson and Edward Lever who so readily gave their agreement also. In addition Mrs Wadeson very kindly provided the historic photographs reproduced below and opposite of the first Anzac Day ceremony at Anzac Cove, probably in 1920 or 1921.

Edward Lever in the introduction to the original article, wrote:

“Some time ago, I discovered that an old friend and colleague, Mrs Jo Wadeson (nee Salmon), now in her 89th year, had spent two years of her childhood in Gallipoli whilst her father was employed as a surveyor by the Imperial (now Commonwealth) War Graves Commission on the peninsula. Her memories of those days are still vivid and this is Jo Wadeson’s story as told to Edward Lever.





C E W BEAN FOUNDATION

The C E W Bean Foundation to honour the work of Australian war correspondents was launched on 27 August, 2001, at Old Parliament House, Canberra, by the Prime Minister, John Howard. Intended to honour Australia's great war correspondents and protect its future ones the foundation is named after Charles Bean who did more than anyone to foster the sense of Australian nationhood. He won a ballot that took him to Gallipoli. So began the extraordinary career of the man, keeper of the Anzac flame whose *Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-1918*, of which two volumes are devoted to Gallipoli, is arguably the best produced by any nation. Without Bean would there have been an Anzac tradition? The Australian War Memorial was Bean's idea, as were the Commonwealth Archives.

Among those who spoke was journalist and author Les Carlyon (see also page 57), this was just some of what he had to say:

Many years ago someone asked me who was the Australian journalist I most admired. Without thinking I said Charles Bean – a man who left us an honest and detailed account of the First World War that is unlike any other official history, anywhere. If a soldier – be he a private or a colonel – did anything that mattered in the Great War, you'll find him in Bean's history, along with the news that Corporal Smith, a farrier, was born at Elmore, Victoria, in 1895.

As a historian Bean did not have the clarity of a Geoffrey Blainey or the rhythms of a Manning Clark. He sometimes joined one sentence to another, so as to create jungles where one had to trudge on, page after page, until a shaft of sunlight finally broke through the canopy. But Bean was more than a historian. He became the keeper of the Anzac flame, the archbishop of an Australian church. Shrapnel Valley had been his Damascus Road. Bean was born at Bathurst in 1879, and grew up in England. His family spent winters in Brussels and young Charles often walked the battlefield at Waterloo. He returned to Australia with a law degree but journalism beckoned. He eventually joined *The Sydney Morning Herald* and won a ballot that took him to Gallipoli as a correspondent.

He splashed ashore at Gallipoli at 10 on the first morning, a shy and skinny man with russet hair and the air of an ascetic. He installed himself in a dugout with his clackety Corona typewriter, his brass telescope, his box of paints, his piles of blank diaries. And he began to report a war as no other correspondent has done before or since. He would often spend the whole night writing those diaries by candlelight and when you read them you can sometimes sense his tiredness. But he got it right. He put together a mountain of facts that he had checked and cross-checked. And this mountain is still so rock-hard that no-one can write about Gallipoli without going to it and acknowledging a debt.

After a few weeks Bean went to Helles with Australia's 2nd Brigade for the British attack on Krithia. The Australians were shot up badly late in the afternoon of 8 May, and the wounded lay in the open as dusk approached. Bean made at least seven trips across that battlefield to take water to the wounded and to direct stretcher-bearers to them. Among those he saved was Walter McNicoll, then the father of a son just six months old called David. That same David in 1944 reported the liberation of Paris as a war correspondent.

Bean was recommended for the Military' Cross but couldn't receive it. He would have been embarrassed anyway. Decades later he was offered a knighthood. He said he couldn't come to terms with the idea of his wife going to the butcher and asking for the meat for Sir Charles Bean.

A few months after Krithia, Bean was shot. He hobbled back to his dugout, told no-one he was wounded, and slumped down. Next morning a doctor recommended he be evacuated. Bean refused and lay in his dugout for three days. This was a man who got all his material first hand. Of course he wouldn't leave. The Turkish bullet was still in Bean when he died in 1968.

Bean wrote in his diary that other war correspondents exaggerated, and that the "tender Australian public" only wanted to hear flattery. He mentioned that other correspondents had written "nonsense" about wounded men begging to be sent back to the front. "I can't write that it occurred if I know it did not, even if by painting it the way I could rouse the blood and make the pulse beat faster" he wrote. After this, several newspapers stopped taking his copy.

It's right that we now have a foundation that bears Bean's name. He virtually created that unique and wonderful institution down the road, the Australian War Memorial. And for those of us who care about journalism, he is the man to look up to. He got the facts right. He did all his reporting first-hand. He did not defer to anyone, but he was never arrogant. He stayed in the background; he never thought *he* was the story.

All that journalists can ever hope to leave behind them are the words their readers care to remember, which means Bean will be remembered, because he told us so much about the way we were, long ago.

Acknowledgement: Malcolm Orchard first drew attention to the launch of the C E W Bean Foundation, as always such assistance is greatly valued.

ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS ASSOCIATION

The latest issue of the Associations journal contains a short item concerning Lieutenant Kevin O'Duffy who was killed at Gallipoli while serving with the 7th Battalion at Suvla Bay on 15 August. The subscription to the Association is IR 5.00. The Treasurer John Moore, 2 Meadow Vale Close, Raheen, Limerick.

BUST OF ROY LONGMORE

On 11 November, as part of the Australia wide Remembrance Day commemorations, a bust of Gallipoli veteran Roy Longmore was presented to the Waverley Returned Servicemens League in Glen Waverley, Victoria. This had been sculpted by Cameron McFarlane who only met Mr Longmore two weeks before he died on 21 June 2001 see *The Gallipolian* 96: 4-5 2001.

Acknowledgement: We are grateful to Malcolm Orhard for bringing this information to our attention.

SIMPSON AGAIN

An editorial in *Lifelines*, the newsletter of the *New Dictionary of National Biography*, issue 6, June 2001 has reference to John Simpson of donkey fame:

“But we nowadays seek a more earthly posthumous reputation which is sometimes more than life itself: John Simpson Kirkpatrick (1892-1915), for example, “the man with the donkey” who carried the wounded back from the front line at Gallipoli. With statues in at least five cities, he helped Australia towards its sense of national identity.”

NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM EVENTS

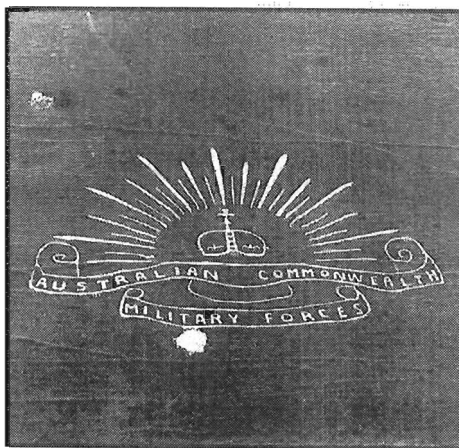
As always the National Army Museum have a very full programme of special event weekends, lunchtime lectures and study days. The latter includes Researching a First World War Ancestor on 18 April. A First World War Book Fair on 21 April sounds interesting while the Military History Challenge takes place from 6-18 May. Further details on these and all other events from the Museum at 020 7730 0717 or visit www.national-army-museum.ac.uk

FOVANT BADGES

Man has long left his mark on the Downs between the valleys of the Nadder and Ebbles to the west of Wilton, Wiltshire. Ancient trackways, camps, tumuli and earthworks abound and below Chiselbury Iron Age fort an equally remarkable, though not yet a century old feature, the Fovant Badges. Commenced in 1916 and cut into the chalk grassland, are a series of giant regimental badges, the importance of which being recently recognised when they were scheduled as Ancient Monuments.

A major period of restoration work is now required in order to bring the badges, which include one commemorating the Australian Forces stationed here, back to their former glory. The Fovant Badges Society has recently launched an Appeal for £220,000 to restore the Badges. Further information from the Society at Apshill House, Lower Chicks- grove, Tisbury, Wiltshire, SP7 6NB.

Or e mail sarahvig@waitrose.com or visit www.fovantbadges.com



VIDEO: GALLIPOLI THE LAST CRUSADE

Originally screened in 1999 by Tyne Tees Television in the *Great Battles of the Great War* the 50 minute video *Gallipoli** is one of three now available. The others are *Ypres* and the *Somme*. *Gallipoli* includes archive material and extracts from *Tell England* in addition to much location filming on the Peninsula, the Asiatic shores and in Istanbul, thus providing in addition to the main historical theme a nice introduction for those who have still to make a visit. The narrator is Andy Kluz while Dr Peter Liddle, a member of the Gallipoli Association provides expert analysis. The words of a number of those who took part in 1915 are included, among them Lance-Corporal Comyns, NZEF, Lieutenant Holbrook VC of B11, Lance-Corporal McEwan, Ross Mountain Battery and Joe Murray, Royal Naval Division.

* Gallipoli is published by Hartnell Marketing Limited at £13.99 and should be available in video shops. In case of difficulty the publishers are at Hazelwood, 4 Hartford Bridge Farm, Hartford Bridge, Bedlington, Northumberland, NE22 6AH. 01670 820444. E mail info@northern-heritage.com. Web site www.northern-heritage.com

THE GALLIPOLI FOUNTAIN OF HONOUR

ARTHUR BURKE

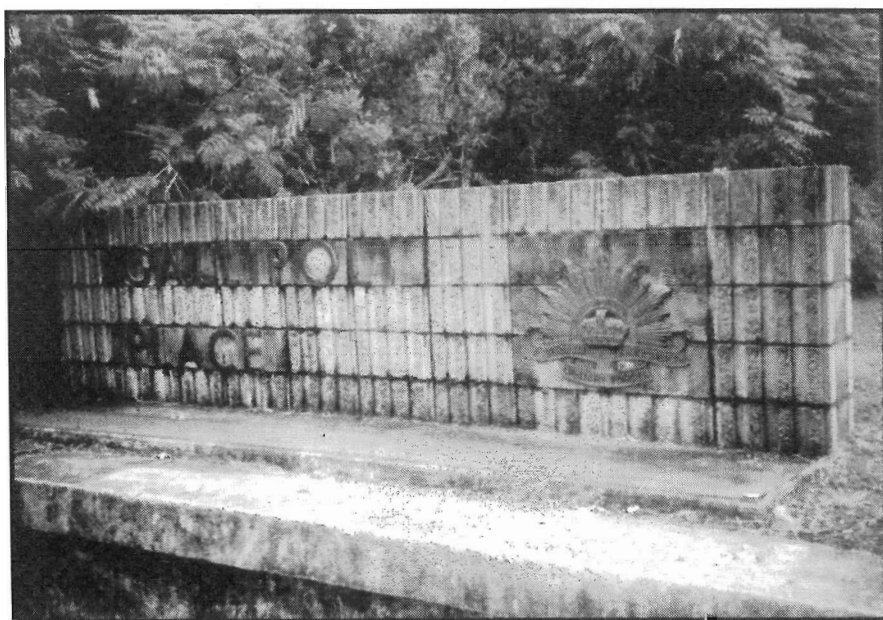
Dwarfed by the Roma Street station towers and innocuous behind the grime encrusted cement facade and untidy surrounding hedge, Brisbane's Gallipoli Fountain of Honour gushed away in almost insignificant oblivion. The plight of what had obviously once been a fine tribute to the ANZACs was brought to the attention of the ANZAC Day Commemoration Committee (ADCC)'s Executive Committee early last year by a letter to the editor of *The Courier-Mail*. Amazing as it might seem, not one of the Executive members had any knowledge of how, when, exactly where or why this memorial was commissioned; nor did they know who was responsible for its maintenance. As Honorary Secretary my subsequent research unveiled a fascinating story.

To commemorate the 50th anniversary of that fateful landing on 25 April 1915, a member of the Gallipoli Legion of ANZACs, Harold Baker proposed the construction of a memorial that would be dedicated on ANZAC Day 1965. Under the patronage of Premier Frank (later Sir Francis) Nicklin MLA, the Gallipoli Jubilee Remembrance Committee was formed on 26 August 1963 to bring this objective to fruition. Major General J.H. Cannan (a former Queensland President of the RSL) was appointed chairman and Mr Baker became the treasurer.

The initial concept was to include this memorial as part of the planned redevelopment of ANZAC Square. When it was agreed that a fountain was a practical and aesthetic tribute, the name was changed to the Gallipoli Fountain of Honour Committee. Sadly, the Square's facelift was abandoned, estimates on another site doubled the project cost and this opportunity for a 50th anniversary memorial lapsed.

Without fiscal support the project could not progress. Thus began a plethora of paperwork for the Committee as it launched requests for funds at the Federal and local governments and the corporate and community sectors to supplement the State Government's original promise of \$44,000. The results were less than promising as the attraction of a 50th anniversary tribute was no longer available. Interest in the project began to wane.

In 1970 a new catalyst appeared from an unexpected quarter. The Australian representative on the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, Mr Ian Allen returned from a trip to Gallipoli and presented the Committee with a large rock and some pebbles from ANZAC Cove. During his trips over the next two years, Mr Allen also delivered flora from the Gallipoli Peninsula: seedlings from the Lone Pine area, olive grove seeds, sage and holly bush. Until such time as the memorial area was ready to be graced by this ANZAC vegetation, the Brisbane City Council staff at the Botanic Gardens in Alice Street accepted the task of nurturing the plants.



So enthused, the Committee renewed its quest for a memorial fountain and before General Cannan resigned due to ill health in 1975, he had persuaded the then Premier Joh (later Sir Joh) Bjelke-Petersen MLA to donate the State owned 'Railway Gardens' site in Roma Street for the Fountain of Honour. Surveyors, architects and engineers were then engaged to produce a costed feasibility study. Finance promised by the Patriotic Fund of Queensland, the Government of Malaysia, the Bank of New South Wales and an additional \$15,000 from the State Government allowed tenders to be called in December 1977. Watkins Limited were awarded a \$94,400 contract and the target for completion was ANZAC Day 1978.

Under grey and sullen skies on the morning of 1 March 1978, Premier Bjelke-Petersen had just officially turned on the Gallipoli Fountain of Honour when the heavens opened and heavy rain sent many of the guests and spectators to cover. Stoically, however, the Gallipoli veterans, Minister for Defence The Honourable D.J. (later Sir James) Killen MP and other stalwarts remained steadfast and were drenched as Mr A.J. Campbell CMG, chairman of the Committee delivered his address from under an umbrella.

By contrast, spirits could not have been higher in the Officers' Mess at Victoria Barracks soon afterwards when, by invitation of Minister Killen, refreshments were taken to celebrate the culmination of 15 years of dedication by the Gallipoli Fountain of Honour Committee. Sadly, patron Sir Francis Nicklin was not in good health in 1978 and was unable to attend this dedication.

Although by 1978 the ANZAC seedlings in the Botanic Gardens had become a Gallipoli Lone Pine plot which could not be transplanted, the rock and pebbles were incarcerated beneath the fountain and the huge Rising Sun badges provided by the Gallipoli Legion of ANZACs emblazoned the corrugated concrete walls of the park. Before 25 April each year, contractors engaged by Queensland Rail rejuvenate the grey facade of the memorial whilst maintenance staff cut, trim and prune the surrounding lawn and hedges.

If you are ever in Brisbane and find yourself passing Roma Street Station heading into town, look for the words "Gallipoli Place" on the concrete ramparts to the eastern side of the buildings and spare a couple of minutes to visit this unique tribute to the original ANZACs.

I was able to piece together this story from records in the John Oxley Library of the Gallipoli Fountain of Honour Committee (Minute Book 8/63 to 11/79 – QM.FQ/1/1) and microfilm copies of *The Courier-Mail* (Thursday 2/3/78).

INFORMATION PLEASE

Do you have a question about some aspect of the Gallipoli campaign? Something perhaps you need to know about a regiment, a ship perhaps, an individual, but have so far failed to find the answer. Surely there is someone amongst the nearly 800 members who would be pleased to help? So please do not hesitate to send in your questions, long or short, share your enquiry with the membership, and hopefully someone will provide the answer, or if not the answer another avenue or two to be explored.

Mentioned in Despatches & a Lost Diary: My late father, William (Bill) Ounstead Miles died in 1975 aged 81 at Harts Hospital, Woodford Green, Essex. He had enlisted in the RAMC in February 1915 and in October 1915 was sent to the Gallipoli, joining the 13th Casualty Clearing Station as a private soldier, first class nursing orderly. He is thought to have been present during the last days of the evacuation. He is certainly known to have subsequently served with a mobile X-ray unit with the 13th CCS in France and Belgium.

The RAMC Historian has kindly written to say that the 13th CCS war diary indicates that the main bodies of the Station were posted near to the No 3 Pier Anzac and at No 2 Post. Subsequently they were at Walkers Ridge and after the evacuation Mudros West before leaving for Alexandria in January 1916. He has also confirmed that the personnel records of the Corps were mostly destroyed during the bombing of London in the Second World War but that some damaged ones are now available at the Public Record Office.

I wonder if any member might possibly be able to provide information. Private Miles was mentioned in despatches from Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig of 16 March 1919 but I don't know what for although I have understood from childhood that it was in connection with the evacuation but whether this was so I do not know. Secondly, my late father kept and retained a diary of his experiences at Gallipoli. This was lent by my late mother to a young boy, the son of a friend, unknown to me however, who also lived in Woodford Green, I think during 1975/76. It was never returned and I have been unable to trace its present whereabouts. I would very much like to know more about the MID circumstances and to trace the missing diary. Peter Ounstead Miles, 27, Roman Way, Lechlade, Gloucestershire, GL7 3BS (tel/fax 01367 252768).

Names of Horses: Guven Pinar is interesting in learning the names given to the horse, donkeys and mules used at Gallipoli. Are any recorded? If so please inform the Editor who will pass the information on.

Died in Constantinople: G R Moore MBE, 7 Ferndale Road, Herne Hill, London, SE24 0AQ is seeking information relating to his maternal uncle Henry James William Turner MSM who died in Constantinople while serving on HMS *Caesar* in 1919 and is buried in Haidar Pasha Cemetery. Previously he had served on HMS *Europa* and possibly in submarines. Information is required on the services of both ships and did anyone ever meet Petty Officer Stoker Turner?

Royal Irish Regiment: A Mrs Aphra Maclaren seeks information about the service of her father Major Dermot Lowther Noel MacCartney-Filtate MC of the Royal Irish Regiment who never spoke about his experiences at Suvla. His daughter is most anxious to discover more about the services of her father and his regiment and may be contacted via Patrick Harland on patrick.harland@virgin.net or by post via the Editor.

GALLIPOLIANS REQUIRED

One of our members, Doug Sim, 31 Hawthorn Drive, Ayr, KA7 3TB, is very anxious to complete his set of *The Gallipolian*. To do this he requires Nos 1-9, 11-14, 16, 18, 19, 23, 26, 37, 47 & 48. Can anyone assist?

WAR WIDOWS STILL SOLDIER ON

Following Remembrance Day both *The Sydney Morning Herald* and *The Age* carried reports on the widows of First World War veterans in Australia. There are no fewer than 1,421 of these compared to just 17 veterans. Among the 132 who have reached 100 is Alice Fitzpatrick who married her husband Jim, a veteran of Gallipoli in 1917. She has 25 grandchildren, 45 great grandchildren and 23 great-great grandchildren.

QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

TIES, BADGES GALLIPOLIAN BINDERS

The **Association Tie** which comprises wide green bands for the land of Gallipoli and blue-grey for the waters of the Dardanelles, with narrow stripes of navy-blue and scarlet for the services is available price £5.00 including post.

A **Lapel Badge** in the same colours is available price £5.50 including post.

Binders, which hold 12 copies of *The Gallipolian* are available finished in an attractive simulated leather, coloured maroon, with the title blocked in gold on the spine. Price per Binder is £5.25 including post in the United Kingdom and £6.25 including post for overseas.

Orders with payment, cheques and postal orders made out to The Gallipoli Association, to the Secretary, James Watson-Smith, Earleydene Orchard, Earleydene, Ascot, Berkshire, SL5 9JY.

EXCHANGE & WANTS

Have you any items of Gallipoli interest to dispose of? Is there something you require, that elusive book for instance. An obscure article published many years ago? Photographs, badges, books, artefacts, indeed anything to do with the Campaign of 1915. Then why not send details to the Editor to include in *The Gallipolian*. You may be able to help another Member, or another Member may be able to help you.

THE GREAT WAR

A NEW MAGAZINE

The first issue of a quarterly magazine, dedicated as its title indicates to the First World War, was published in September 2001. In an A5 format, the new magazine will feature the personal stories, diaries, memoirs, letters and poetry of the men and women of all nationalities who served between 1914 and 1918 and is a very welcome addition to the bookshelves. Published by Great Northern Publishing, PO Box 202, Scarborough, YO11 3GE. 01723 581329. www.greatnorthernpublishing.co.uk E mail books@greatnorthernpublishing.co.uk The subscription is £10.99 per annum in Great Britain, £18.99 overseas, cheques payable to Great Northern Publishing. To pay by credit card please telephone the above number.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE W BEACH RESERVOIRS

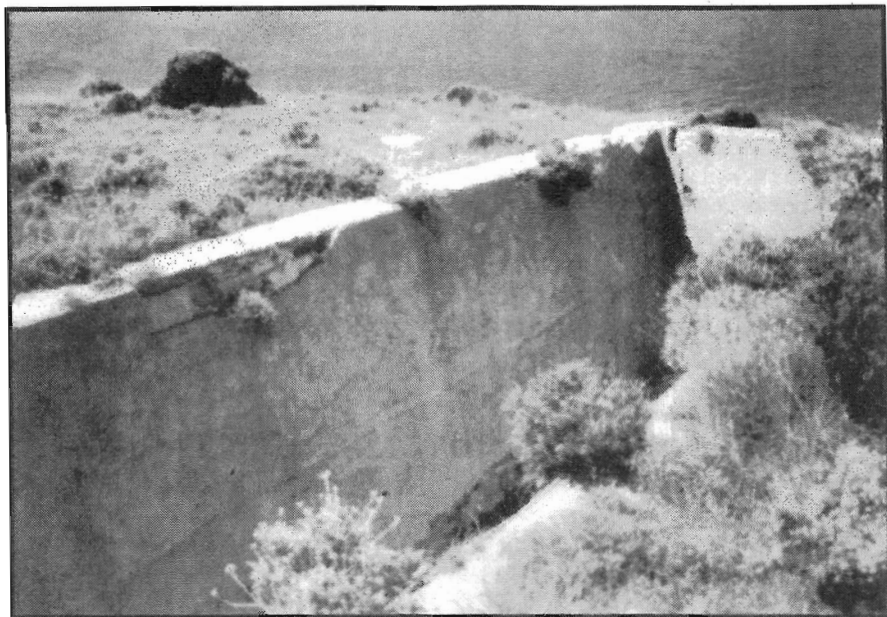
STEVE CHAMBERS

During a trip to Gallipoli in May 2000 an unusual 'gun emplacement' attracted my attention. Located on top of the Tekke Burnu cliffs at Lancashire Landing are two large concrete rectangular constructions. As much of this area, until recently, was closed and contains many modern Turkish army fortifications, we thought no more. Upon closer inspection one of our party noticed a small concrete plaque inscribed "5 COY MON RE AUG 1915". Initial feelings pointed to this being a 'fake' as it was accompanied by other 'modern' graffiti. The construction, in excellent condition, also appeared to be too new. Further discussion in our party sprung ideas that they may not be gun emplacements, but a Turkish Officers swimming pool. This amused us greatly, but was closer to the truth than we thought. Leading from these were also crude looking concrete/clay pipes, many just broken fragments, but others easily recognisable. We left, and thought no more.

Later, when reading the history of the Royal Monmouth Royal Engineers, especially the short chapter on Gallipoli, I was amazed to discover details of two concrete reservoirs. Each was capable of holding three days supply of drinking water, constructed on top of the cliffs at Lancashire Landing. Examination of the unit's War Diary at the Public Records Office concluded my search. They were original wartime British water reservoirs, built during the summer of 1915.

Work had commenced 22 July 1915, shortly after the arrival at Gallipoli of No.5 Siege Company, Royal (Monmouth) Royal Engineers. Under the supervision of 2nd Lieutenant Robertson thirty engineers built two 30,000 gallon reservoirs. Work was completed on 1 September. The *SS Krini*, moored at the pier, could then help in the transfer of water into the reservoirs. This method was wholly reliant on the Navy, and it wasn't long when the *SS Krini* left for England. By the end of September however, a "Worthington Pump" and pipes had been setup to continue the water supply, independent of the Navy. This pump was installed on the inner hulk of the pier below, with pipes leading up to the reservoirs. The pump could then transfer water from the barges, filled with water brought from the Nile and Sweet Water Canal in Egypt, into the reservoirs up upon the cliffs.

During the November storms, the pipeline from the pier was destroyed, and thereafter abandoned. The reservoirs continued to be used, right through to the evacuation, but reliant mainly on water supplied from the neighbouring wells. This was put under the supervision of the C.R.E and R.N.D, with the water chlorination managed by the 'W Beach' Sanitary Officers. Today the two water reservoirs stand as testimony to the wartime engineering skills of this small group of Royal Engineers.



Former reservoir above W Beach. Photograph the author.



The plaque reads 5 COY R. MON RE AUG 1915. Photograph the author.

ANZAC DAY SYDNEY 1998

THE ONE DAY

GEOFFREY MOORHOUSE¹

Anzac Day was announced in the middle of the night by the sound of alarm clocks going off all over the place. Some people may not have gone to bed at all if they lived in the outer suburbs, where public transport was moving before three o'clock so as to get everyone to Martin Place on time. The Dawn Service was not due to begin there until 4.30 a.m. but, an hour before that, men, women and even some children were taking their places behind barriers in front of the old GPO, so as to get a good view of the wreath-laying and the dignitaries in their special enclosure opposite the Cenotaph. And 4.30 a.m. it had to be, for that was the very moment when the 3rd Brigade of infantry stumbled ashore to their beachhead at Ari Burnu all those years ago, and began to create the great legend of Australian valour on Gallipoli². In a sense, the entire twelve months since the last 25 April had been a waiting for the small hours of this day, and certainly no one in Sydney for some time beforehand could have been unaware that the memory of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps in 1915 was about to be reconsecrated yet again. At the top of George Street, outside the Anglican cathedral, small wooden crosses had been sold every day for a couple of weeks and then stuck into a plot of grass, each with a sprig of rosemary bound to it with an elastic band ('There's rosemary,' said Ophelia, 'that's for remembrance'). Across the street, a corner shop had hung its own talisman, a banner, conspicuously above its front door: 'Woolworth's Salute ANZAC,' it said. 'Lest We Forget.'

By four o'clock there would have been several hundred people in Martin Place, and grandparents with small girls and boys were being helped to the front of the barriers by everyone else so that the children could have an unobstructed view of this great testimony to their nationhood. Old chaps in their best suits, with medals on their chests, were marched up in small platoons and took their positions close to the Cenotaph, whose bronze guardians – a soldier and a sailor standing at ease and back to back at either end of the low granite block — gleamed dully when the television arc lights were switched on. A younger man strolled up, wearing the uniform of the Light Horse, with its hackle of emu feathers fastened into the famous old Digger's hat, and a row of medals pinned over his right breast. 'They must've belonged to his dad,' an old lady explained to the boy at her side. 'You're only allowed to wear them on the left if you've won them yourself.' As the Premier of New South Wales and the other notables arrived and sat down in front of the Post Office, Scouts and Guides were working their way through the crowd, with baskets full of rosemary cuttings, which they distributed methodically to everyone there. A couple of sailors appeared and bent Australian flags to the two tall poles rising above the Cenotaph. Autumn leaves drifted down from the trees now and then. By this time, the lower

end of Martin Place was packed, and hundreds more spectators had arranged themselves on the other side of Pitt Street, where the precinct sloped up towards the Sydney Hospital. There may have been more than a thousand people between George and Castlereagh when the Dawn Service began.

It began precisely on time but an hour or so before dawn actually broke upon a warm and pitch-black night, which is exactly the way things were when the Anzacs landed on the peninsula. It began with everyone singing *Abide with Me* and, apart from the culminating national anthem, it ended with Rudyard Kipling's recessionary hymn; and these two solemnities encompassed a ceremony that was never for one moment diverted into a triumphant nationalism. It was a lamentation, just that, such as only New Zealanders could also comprehend.³ A naval chaplain read prayers, an admiral gave a brief address, the state Governor recited the Dedication to "the comrades who went out to the battlefields of All Wars, but did not return"; and that great concourse of people stood with their heads bowed as the words were spoken for them, and sometimes took a deep breath, and occasionally dabbed their eyes with a handkerchief. But they stood upright again when the Last Post was sounded by a naval bugler, when Laurence Binyon's melancholy lines were proclaimed, and when Reveille rang and rang and rang again along the mourning thoroughfare. Small parties came out of the gloom and laid wreaths along the Cenotaph's plinth, and the children watched as motionless and as silently as everybody else; and in this way a torch was handed on to another generation of Australians. And then good nature, warmth, humour even, took over again, and sadness was dissipated in the dawn. A loudspeaker informed us that the Hyde Park Barracks canteen would be open for breakfast forthwith, and that anyone who wanted to inspect the museum there could do so free of charge until 8 a.m. Another announcement advised drivers to shift their cars out of Pitt Street before six o'clock, "otherwise they will be towed away in the nicest possible manner".

There was then a hiatus in Anzac Day, and people filled it by wandering up to the barracks or to some of the near-by cafes that were laying on bacon and eggs earlier than usual. But soon the pavements along George Street started to attract newcomers who had given the Dawn Service a miss, but who certainly intended to be there when the big parade began. Which it did at nine-o'clock when the sun, rising across a cloudless sky, promised Sydney another unseasonable scorcher in the autumn of its year. As unbroken lines of watchers formed along both sides of the street, the Scouts and Guides returned and handed out more rosemary to anybody who reached for it, which presently appeared to be everyone along a good half a mile of George. Many of them also had Australian flags, and these were waved in a rippling salute as a huge fleet of taxis rolled up the road, each carrying disabled ex-servicemen on a free ride to Hyde Park, where the parade would eventually end; but not for a while.

The marchers and their musicians had been mustered in Martin Place after breakfast was done, and the first contingent now left-wheeled into George behind a pipe band

playing *Waltzing Matilda* with a confident skirl and a bonny swing of the kilt. First up were a mass of cadets, each with a flag, and these were brandished enthusiastically at the growing crowds waving back on either flank. Then the old sweats came into view, men who had been at Tobruk and on Crete, in Singapore and along the Owen Stanley Range, though no one any more who had been at Gallipoli: the last of the original Anzacs who made that first landing on 25 April, Ted Matthews of Leichhardt, had died only five months earlier at the age of 101, and they had given him a state funeral with full military honours on Macquarie Street.

Old soldiers from the Second World War, some of them great-grandads by now, were not by any means the only men marching between the thickening crowds. Old matelots came along behind placards identifying the ships in which they had served – HMAS *Australia*, *Perth*, *Canberra*, *Yarra*, *Ballarat*, *Bundaberg* and many more. There were old airmen, including a group who called themselves the Odd Bods, because they had enlisted in the RAAF but had fought most of their war with the RAF. There were men in white berets who styled themselves the Polar Bears, Australian ratings who somehow or other had found themselves at the wrong end of the world, sailing with the Royal Navy in the terrible Arctic convoys to Murmansk. Nobody, it seemed, had been forgotten. Not the Poms, who had Dunkirk veterans on parade and even (you wouldn't want to read about this!) some expatriates who had fallen in behind a banner declaring their affiliation to the Brigade of Guards. Not the Salvation Army (the 'Salvoes'), not the war correspondents, a small posse of men marching behind a green banner, not the immigrant communities: Estonians, Czechs, Greeks, French, Italian Combat Partisans, Serbs (but no Croats that were obvious), Vietnamese and even former members of the Soviet Army, who jangled with many more medals than anyone else in sight. Three men from New Guinea were there, wearing head-dresses above collars and ties that made them look like visiting Sioux businessmen, who were referred to more than once by Australians who owed their lives to them, as Fuzzy-wuzzies; but this was said in such an affectionate and obviously grateful way that it was stripped of all offensiveness.

It was a very Australian quasi-military parade, quite apart from its wonderful inclusiveness: smartly turned out but very relaxed, the marchers waving, grinning and chatting among themselves as they strode and limped along, endlessly, doggedly, laboriously, breathlessly, in the mounting heat of the day, no longer always in step and sometimes in wheelchairs. They sang *Kiss Me Goodnight*, *Sergeant-major* when one of the bands struck up the tune, and they looked as pleased as Punch when friends and relatives rushed impulsively out of the crowd to shake their hands, pat their backs, hug them and kiss them from time to time. One old codger (and he was not the only one) had his grandson walking alongside him, just in case, and the lad couldn't have glowed more if he'd been at Kohima himself. There he was, enfolded in that astonishing display of affection from the biggest gathering of people he could have seen before in his life. The television commentators kept track of the numbers, though goodness knows how: by ten o'clock there were an estimated fifty thousand

along George Street and Bathurst, as the long column made its way to Hyde Park. By eleven the figure had grown to eighty thousand, and three-quarters of an hour later the nation was told that a hundred thousand citizens had turned out in Sydney this Anzac Day. Certainly, wherever the cameras panned, people were standing four and five deep on both pavements, without interruption, all the way from Martin Place.

It took three hours for that parade to pass a given point, and when the last squad of marchers moved off from the GPO, all the people on the sidewalks fell in behind them and stepped out for Hyde Park too, until the length of George Street bobbled with the movement of surging humanity. They were glad of the trees when they reached the park, for the sun by then was at its height, and there was still a little way to go before this day was officially done. Another service was conducted from the threshold of the great Anzac monument, where a notice beside the soaring entrance to a Hall of Silence reminds everyone who comes here that "This memorial is sacred. No smoking or noise." It was reflected, with the building itself, the vestments and the uniforms and the density of onlookers gathered there, in the long Pool of Remembrance that lies straight down the middle of the park. And when the service was over, when Reveille had once again died away, a sense of vigilant constancy, over and done with for another year, was almost palpable. People were gossiping as they drifted off and, until then, they hadn't done that since the parade began. They reached for their fags and lit up as they put some distance between them and the sacred place, and often made a beeline for the nearest pubs. The old sweats headed for their regimental or squadron or messdeck reunions, which had all been carefully listed in the newspapers; or they fell back on their local outpost of the Returned and Services League, as they did week in and week out in the course of a year. Some of them would be playing two-up within the hour; most of them would probably have thick heads before the next dawn. But Anzac Day would have been honoured yet again in the only way possible.

¹ Geoffrey Moorhouse, a member of the Association and well known author of travel books, also *Hell's Foundations*, the story of the effect of the campaign on the Lancashire town of Bury, has kindly allowed us to reproduce part of Chapter 10 *The One Day* from his book *Sydney* published in 1999 by Weidenfeld & Nicolson. ISBN 0297815962

² In the confusion of that dawn, the Australians landed on either side of Ari Burnu instead of, as intended, on two beaches to the south of the headland. Some of the tows put their troops ashore on the northernmost of these bays which subsequently became known as Anzac Cove.

³ This is not quite literally true, in fact. The small town of Bury turns out for its own version of Anzac Day on the nearest Sunday ("Gallipoli Sunday") to 25 April each year. Bury was the home of the Lancashire Fusiliers, which landed at Cape Helles at the same time as the Anzacs were going ashore further up the Peninsula: the Regiment left nearly 2,000 dead there before 1915 was over.

THE VOLUNTEERS

The March 2001 edition of *The Volunteers*, the journal of the New Zealand Military Historical Society is primarily devoted to the Gallipoli campaign. The introductory paragraph of the Editorial refers to:

“ — a new ground swell of national interest regarding the New Zealand participation in the Anzac debacle. Over the past five years a number of books dealing with the subject have been privately published by well-known presses. There is a continuing trail of thesis students revisiting the Gallipoli battle site while thousands of youthful, and not so youthful Kiwis, have made the pilgrimage to Anzac Cove and the Dardanelles in recent years. — There have been developed in recent years within the school of military academics a subject known as Gallipoli studies. An entire society of military enthusiasts in the UK is dedicated to publishing and continuing the Gallipoli legend.”

Colin Townsend, a member of the Gallipoli Association whose book *Gallipoli 1915* was reviewed in *The Gallipolian* No 91 Winter 1999 was the Guest Contributor. The vivid impressions of Cyril Bassett VC from 1915 and by contrast 1948 are followed by those of a 28 year old Harold Browne who fought at Chunuk Bair. This is a particularly unique account in that only recently have some 92 photographs taken by by Harold Browne at Gallipoli using a Kodak 120 camera come to light and seven are reproduced in the article. Details of New Zealand prisoners of war are followed by an account by Colonel Temperley of the Battle of Chunuk Bair¹. This concludes with a some poignant words:

“I have indulged in no descriptive writing or eloquent passages telling of what our men endured or how they fought. But I know that along the far-flung battle line from the Belgian coast to Baghdad no troops ever fought more bravely or held their ground more unflinchingly than did the New Zealanders on Chunuk Bair. The New Zealand Government is erecting a monument on Chunuk Bair as a memorial to her dead. As the steamers and fishing boats ply up and down the blue Aegean Sea on their lawful occasions, this great pillar will tell all those who pass by that New Zealand has kept faith.”

¹ The full account was published in *The Gallipolian* No 64 Winter 1990 pages 11-31.

BOOK REVIEWS

GALLIPOLI

LES CARYLON

Pan Macmillan Australia 2001. 600 pages, 57 illustrations, 14 maps.
ISBN 0 7329 1089 7. AUS\$45.00.

Here a book to take its place alongside the earlier much loved and frequently quoted accounts of the campaign, those by Robert Rhodes James and Michel Hickey come immediately to mind. The author, one of Australia's most respected journalists researched his book in Australia, Great Britain and Australia and on the Gallipoli Peninsula itself, then manages to weave into his account numerous personal stories and the private tragedies which so dominate the campaign. Among them those of Joe Murray of the Royal Naval Division and of the Gallipoli Association, indeed using his words to close the penultimate chapter – "Perhaps as the years roll by we will be remembered as the expedition that was betrayed by jealousy, spite, indecision and treachery. The Turks did not beat us – we were beaten by our High Command!" Len Carlyon's view being that "Soldiers always say that. This time it was probably true."

I SHALL NOT FIND HIS EQUAL

NIALL CHERRY

Fleur de Lys Publishing 2001. A 4 format, 49 pages, 31 illustrations, 2 maps.
ISBN 0 1873907 13 3. £12.00*

The Gallipolitan No 91 Winter 1999 carried a request from the Manchester Regiment Archives for someone to research the life of Brigadier General Noel Lee who commanded the Manchester Brigade at Gallipoli and died in Malta as the result of wounds received on 4 June. One of our members, Niall Cherry took up the challenge and now, just two years later the results of his labours are available in a handsomely produced book. Over half of is devoted to Gallipoli and much of the rest to Egypt where the Manchesters had been stationed since the previous September.

Naturally pride of place is given to the actions of the Manchesters on 4 June which the author considers "the outstanding Brigade action of the entire campaign and if properly reinforced could have altered the whole character of the Great War." General Sir Ian Hamilton when writing of that day described it as "the boldest and most brilliant exploit." The tragedy of the failure to reinforce the Manchesters is compounded when one reads of how Noel Lee made his own way to the Field Hospital, a padre stopping to pray for him on the way. Transferred to Malta he

suffered a relapse and died on 21 June as his wife was waiting at Marseilles for a ship to transfer her to Malta. The message to her a shattering "General Lee died peacefully this morning, funeral tomorrow don't come."

Well done the author. Well done the Manchester Regiment Archives. One hopes that with this excellent example to follow other researchers will find archives willing to support and finance the publication of memoirs and papers from Gallipoli. There is certainly no shortage of wonderful material deserving to be made more widely available.

*Available from RHQ(I), The King's Regiment, Ardwick Green, Manchester, M12 6HD for £12.90 including postage.

BLINDFOLD AND ALONE

CATHRYN CORNS & JOHN HUGHES-WILSON

Cassell 2001. 543 pages, 26 illustrations, 12 documents, 5 maps.

ISBN 0 304 35397 3. £25.00.

A massive book in every sense, though not the last word on the emotive subject of British military executions during the First World War, indeed will there ever be one? Three hundred and forty-six men executed between September 1914 and November 1920. Of these three were at Gallipoli, indeed the first shot for desertion away from the Western Front was Private Harry Salter of the 6th East Lancashire Regiment on 11 December. Why he deserted, and where he thought he was going were never explained and he made no attempt to defend himself. Thomas Davis, 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers was executed on 2 July, the charge "quitting his post". Sergeant John Robins, 5th Wiltshire Regiment was executed on 2 January 1916, the charge "disobeying in such a manner as to show wilful defiance of authority —." Whatever ones view regarding the campaign to pardon those executed this is a book not to be missed, however horrific the story it unfolds.

34 MEN

GEOFF CROMPTON

Published by the author 2001. 220 pages, numerous illustrations.

ISBN 1 902185 09 9. £9.95*

For the past three years Geoff Crompton, a member of the Gallipoli Association, has researched the men of Moulton, a village to the south of Northwich, Cheshire, who gave their lives in World War One and who are commemorated on the war memorial there. The result a 220 page fully illustrated book of dedication to their memory. Tony Spagnoly, who has written many books on the First World War in conjunction with his co-writer and editor Ted Smith, has provided the Foreword.

The book tells the story of the war and the men of Moulton who died for the freedom we all enjoy today. The author has turned over every possible stone in his search for information including local papers, parish and social club records, school registers and battalion war diaries. He has talked with regimental historians and also some of the relatives of those who died. As well as writing about each man he reveals something about village life during the conflict.

Only one resident served at Gallipoli, Private Horace Hitchinson of the Cheshire Regiment who subsequently sailed for India where he died in October 1918. A possible relative, John Hitchinson, formerly of the village was killed in action on 10 August and is remembered on the Helles Memorial. Two expatriate brothers, George and William Lunt survived Gallipoli but later fell in Egypt and on the Western Front.

*Available at £9.95 + £1.25 p&p (UK) £3.50 (ROW) with all net profits going to The Royal British Legion - Poppy Appeal Fund. from the author at 20, Lambert Way, Hartford, Northwich, Cheshire CW8 IRR. E-mail: geoff@gacrompton.freemove.co.uk

KEEPING FAITH

BRIAN HARDING

Leo Cooper 2001. 480 pages, 136 illustrations. ISBN 085052 826 7. £25.00.

This year, 2001, is the 80th birthday of the Royal British Legion and the occasion has been celebrated in style by Mr Harding in preparing a superb book detailing the history of this very worthwhile organisation from its founding in 1921.

Mr Harding served in the British Army and travelled to many parts of the world before he joined the offices of the Legion in 1989. On retirement in 1997 he found himself carrying out considerable research on the organisation's activities over the last 80 years, which is reflected in the content of this very worthwhile book. It presents the history of the Legion in diary style format and by so doing makes those who read the book aware of the contribution the organisation has made to British history during its 80 years existence.

Before 1921, there were five ex-servicemen organisations in being, covering parts of the country but inevitably there were gaps in their geographical spread and the approach to Government was weakened by their diverse structures and it became obvious that one central voice and organisation was the answer. Accordingly, a Conference was held in London to bring this about. When the debate was concluded, a vote was taken on amalgamation, unfortunately one abstained but the other four were very keen in their support of the proposal. The one who abstained quickly fell into oblivion and faded away as the new organisation prospered under the leadership of Field Marshal Earl Haig, so well known for his strong leadership in the First World War.

Although many of our countrymen still associate the Legion with its Poppy Day Appeal for donations, they should read this book and understand the depth and breadth of the Legion's activities. Although inevitably, with the passage of time and the changing needs of ex-servicemen and their dependent relatives, activities have changed but always, the common theme of service before self and the need to ensure that the best possible solution to the various problems that arise and affect those who have served King and Queen of this country are provided and made possible by the Legion.

As with a number of organisations relating to service to the Crown, unfortunately numbers are falling for various reasons, not the least of which is that members are growing older. It would perhaps help to stop this decline if this book was placed in every school's library and could be made compulsory reading in a term when scholars are able to comprehend what they have read.

The Queen was gracious enough to bestow the title 'Royal' on the Legion in 1971, an honour that the whole membership appreciated

Incidentally, the history of the Legion will be of special interest to members of the Association for reference is made to General Sir Ian Hamilton, of whom we all remember as Commander in Chief during much of the Gallipoli campaign. He was, apparently, a keen member of the Legion and Chairman of a London Area. Pre-1939 he made a number of trips, on behalf of the Legion, and took parties of members to Europe in efforts to avoid further European conflicts. In 1938, Hitler sent a plane to pick up Sir Ian., on a trip to Germany with Legion members, and they had lengthy discussions at Berchtesgaden on peace in Europe. Sir Ian's conclusion was 'Hitler is strong for peace' but unfortunately, he was wrong again. Readers will I hope, share with me the fact that this book is essential reading and I trust they will not hesitate to buy it.

Jim Fallon

ATATURK

ANDREW MANGO

John Murray 2001. Paperback Edition 2001. 666 pages, 36 illustrations, 7 maps.
ISBN 0 7195 6226 0. £18.00.

We reported on this much acclaimed biography first published in 1999 – see *The Gallipolian* 91: 56. If you missed the book then here is another opportunity to ensure you have this definitive work on your shelves, the life of the man who perhaps above all other, encapsulates the heroism at Gallipoli of so many, mostly unknown combatants from both sides. Witness his words of 25 April when he met retreating soldiers of the 9th Division:

"Why are you running away?" I asked. "The enemy, sir they said."
"Where?"

"Over there" they said pointing to hill altitude 261 metres (This hill led to a higher peak known as Conk Bayiri, Chunuk Bair in British sources.) Sure enough, an enemy line was advancing towards the hill and was already nearer me than my own troops. I don't know whether reason or intuition impelled me to turn to the retreating soldiers and say, "You mustn't run away from the enemy." "We've no more ammunition left" they replied. "If you've got no ammunition, you have your bayonets." I ordered them to fix their bayonets and lie down. As they did so, the enemy too lay down. We had won time.

PARK

VINCENT ORANGE.

Grub Street. New Edition 2001. 301 pages, 22 illustrations, 8 maps. ISBN 1 902 304 616.
Paperback Edition £12.99.

"If ever any one man won the Battle of Britain, he did" The words of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder describing Air Chief Marshal Sir Keith Park whose much acclaimed biography, first published in 1984, has now been re-published. Why mention it in *The Gallipolian*? Well its subject served with the New Zealand artillery at Gallipoli where his unit spent the first day of the campaign afloat, rather than ashore as planned. Early next morning they landed and were soon in action near Plugge's Plateau. Park was commissioned in July and took part in the landings at Suvla Bay and then transferred to the 29th Division, remaining with them when they returned to Helles. A note in the Royal Field Artillery War Diary in December recorded that "2nd Lt. Park exercised the horses on the sky line near to Corps Headquarters resulting in the enemy shelling the sacred area."

FORGOTTEN VICTORY

GARY SHEFFIELD

Headline Book Publishing 2001. 298 pages, 30 illustrations, maps.
ISBN 0 7472 7157 7. £20.00.

The author, one of our leading military historians, and a member of the Gallipoli Association, provides a thought provoking book, sub-titled *The First World War: Myths and Realities*. He opens with the proposal that part of the success of the Blackadder television series was it reflected and reinforced most of the public's views and emotions about the First World War. A war, he concludes as being just and necessary and has remained forgotten for too long. As to Gallipoli itself – "Brilliant as the conception might have been, its execution left much to be desired" a campaign where "courage by itself was not enough."

ARMY SERVICE RECORDS OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR

WILLIAM SPENCER

Public Record Office 2001. 128 pages, 35 illustrations. ISBN 1 903365 23 6. £9.99.

The new, expanded edition of this best-selling guide, which has been one of PRO Publications' best selling titles, coincides with the transfer to the Office of British Army Nurses and Indian Army Records. The author joined the Office in 1993 and since 1996 has been Military Specialist, so is well able to describe the wealth of military sources available at the Office and elsewhere. The result an essential publication for anyone interested in military history, whether of an individual or the wider canvas.

THE FIRST WORLD WAR VOLUME I: TO ARMS

HEW STRACHAN

Oxford University Press 2001. 1227 pages, 30 maps. ISBN 0 19 820877 4. £30.00.

This quite extraordinary volume, the first of three, covers a sweep of events including naturally the origins, some of the campaigns but also issues like Germany's global strategy, financing the war and industrial mobilisation. Of particular interest to Gallipolians will be the section on Turkey's entry into the war, some 50 pages devoted to the topic, the escape of the *Goeben* & *Breslau* "more debatable than tradition allows". Asquith's view being that "As we shall insist that the *Goeben* shall be manned by a Turkish instead of German crew, it doesn't much matter: as the Turkish sailors cannot navigate her – except on to rocks or mines." An invaluable book to dip into time and again, but formidable in other respects for most readers, nevertheless one looks forward to the subsequent volumes.

PORTRUSH HEROES 1914-1918

ROBERT THOMPSON

Published by the author 2001. 117 pages, numerous illustrations. ISBN 0 9537583 1 1.
£8.00*

We have reviewed the authors previous books *Bushmills Heroes 1914-1918* and *Ballmoney Heroes 1914-1918* (the latter still available at £13.00 including post) in *The Gallipolian* 81: 34 & 92: 64, now comes a third in the same comprehensive mould. Here telling of the 78 who fell for King & Country and whose names are recorded on the war memorial in this town on the coast of Co.Antrim. Well not quite, for the author discovered that the John Tosh of the memorial is really John McIntosh while Joseph Johnston, sadly, was missed altogether.

Two of those listed fell at Gallipoli. Henry McCormick, 5th Bn Royal Irish Fusiliers is remembered on the Helles Memorial being one of 37 lost by the Battalion on the

Kiretch Tepe ridge beyond Jephson's Post on 16 August. Four days later Samuel MacFarlane 13th Bn Australian Infantry enlisted in Australia while serving in the Merchant Navy, refused a commission and was killed on 20 August being commemorated both on the Lone Pine Memorial and at Portrush Presbyterian Church.

*Available for £8.00 including post from the author, 9 Riverside Road, Busnmills, Co Antrim, BT57 8TP.

GALLIPOLI 1915

TIM TRAVERS

Tempus Publishing Ltd 2001. 287 pages, 78 illustrations, 4 maps.

ISBN 0 7524 1975 7. £25.00*

The author, Professor of History at the University of Calgary, Canada and a member of the Gallipoli Association, drew upon the general staff Ottoman archives, including previously unpublished photographs, as well those of the Allied nations during research for this book. In addition a 40 page letter written in 1915 from Captain Carl Muhlmann the future German historian of the campaign which has only recently come to light (see *The Gallipollian* 88: 37-40) provided an insight to the German participation at Gallipoli, an aspect often overlooked. Professor Huw Strachan describes *Gallipoli 1915* as "The most important new history of Gallipoli for 40 years groundbreaking." While some might dispute this claim there is certainly no argument for not ensuring the book is in the library of every Gallipoli enthusiast.

Three members of the authors' family were killed at Suvla. His great uncle, Major Hugh Price Travers 8th Battalion, Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment and Hugh's cousin Lieutenant Spenser Travers, 7th Battalion, Royal Munster Fusiliers fell on 9 August, the death of the latter being witnessed by his brother Arthur who died young having never recovered from this experience. Twelve days later a nephew of Hugh Travers, Captain Hugh Eaton Travers, 9th Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers fell during the large attack on W Hills. Major Hugh Travers is buried in Hill 10 cemetery while the other two are commemorated on the Helles Memorial.

*See special offer flyer enclosed with *The Gallipollian*.

THE SHIP THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

DAN VAN DER TAT

Birlinn Limited 2000. 252 pages, 14 illustrations, map. ISBN 1 84158 062 7. £9.99.

A revised edition of a book first published in 1985 charting the story of the *Goeben*, not forgetting the *Breslau* and the escape across the Mediterranean in July and August 1914. Maybe the claim in the title is a little extravagant but this doesn't

diminish the value of the book as it traces one of the naval episodes from which no one on the Allied side emerges with honour. The *Goeben* survived both the war and the vicissitudes of peace to emerge as the flagship of the Turkish Navy in 1930. Not until 1976 was she broken up, indeed there some among our membership who saw the ship prior to this, at least one even walked upon her decks. What a chance was missed to retain an historic ship, not forgetting our own missed opportunity with the *River Clyde* just ten years earlier.

Birlinn are to be congratulated on re-issuing this key title for Gallipoli enthusiasts who might like to know that two others by the same author are also available *The Last Corsair: The Story of the Emden* (£9.99) and *The Atlantic Campaign* (Second World War) (£12.99). In addition Richard Hough's *The Great War at Sea* (£12.99).

LOCAL HISTORY WEEK

The Historical Association is bringing together organisations from all over Great Britain to celebrate a week of local history events from 4-12 May. The aim being to use the Local History Week as a way of combining the diverse activities which already exist at a local level and give them more widespread publicity and appreciation. Hundreds of events will be taking place including the Society of Genealogists Family History Fair on 4/5 May at the Royal Horticultural Society conference centre in Westminster. The climax of the week will be a Keynote Event at the Beveridge Hall, London on 11 May. Members researching the Gallipoli campaign and in particular the numerous connections with local communities and families, especially with respect to casualties, may well wish to gain publicity for their projects by becoming involved in Local History Week.

The full programme is accessible on line at www.history.org.uk then click on the Local History Week logo. Or contact Suzanne Cawsey, The Historical Association, 59A Kennington Park Road, London, SE11 4JH. 0207 735 2021. E mail suzanne.cawsey@history.org.uk

GALLIPOLI AND OTHER POEMS

Alistair Te Ariki Campbell born in Raratonga in 1925 has been writing poems for more than 50 years in addition to having four novels published. His little book *Gallipoli & Other Poems* was published by Wai-te-ata Press in 1999. Of the 28 poems 14 are devoted to Gallipoli, these commence with *The 29th British Division* and conclude with *Gallipoli Evacuation: A Horse's Complaint* (reproduced below) and *Gallipoli Peninsula*.

Gallipoli Evacuation A Horse's Complaint

The word is out that we will die tonight.
The horses hang their heads - even Rex
our leader sighs, and hangs his head.
The mules have never been so quiet,
so submissive. They too have heard the news,
but not once did they kick or bray. We gave
good service, suffered the heat, the dust,
the flies, the mud, the brackish water,
the shrapnel, the kicks, the beatings
by haggard and exhausted troops. Now there's
a lift to their steps, a light in their eyes -
they are leaving. Only a few remain.
The rest are being taken off so secretly
to transports close to shore, barely visible
in the darkness, the Turks suspect nothing.
Now a squad approaches, rifles in hand,
and Wiremu who rubbed me down at night
has tears in his eyes. He puts a rifle
to my head and murmurs sadly, "Goodbye,
old friend. You deserve a better fate."

A MEMORIAL IN PROVENCE

COLIN HAGUE

Whilst we are sometimes critical of our Antipodean friends for overlooking the heavy British casualties in the Dardanelles theatre, we, in turn, tend to forget that French soldiers also fought and died during the campaign. Here, as a small reminder of the French contribution in 1915 is a photograph of the war memorial at Brantes, a picturesque hill village deeply hidden away in Provence about 30 miles north-west of Avignon and to the north of Mont Ventoux (6,271 feet). Cotes du Ventoux being a very acceptable wine. The old village is tiny, with less than a hundred inhabitants while a new and slightly larger village may have five hundred.

One must wonder if three of the five dead named on the memorial were brothers.

