

The Gallipollian

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

THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

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DATES FOR THE DIARY

29 Division Memorial Members and friends will gather at the 29 Division Memorial, Stretton-on-Dunsmore on Sunday 14 March. See page 16 for details.

Gallipoli Day 25 April Full details of the service at St Paul's Cathedral, Lunch at a new venue and other events in the Spring *Gallipolitan* published late March.

Gallipoli Day at the Imperial War Museum See page 22 for more details.

Bursary Presentation Haslar See pages 40-43 for a published report. A full presentation will be made at Haslar on 14 May. Full details in Spring *Gallipolitan*.

14th Sikhs at Gallipoli Lecture on 26 May at Imperial War Museum North. Full details in Spring *Gallipolitan*.

GALLIPOLI: A GLORIOUS DISASTER

SPEECH AT AUTUMN LUNCH 2003 SIR ARTHUR HOCKADAY KCB CMG

When I reviewed Michael Hickey's book on Gallipoli a few years ago for the Royal United Services Institution (RUSI) journal, I opened the review by saying "Of making many books there is no end, says the Preacher, and there will certainly be no end to the writing of books about Gallipoli so long as that extraordinary campaign continues to fascinate with its mixture of heroism, endurance, folly, incompetence and 'what might have been'".

Last year at this luncheon, Sir Henry Leach expressed a similar thought in much more lapidary terms by describing Gallipoli as a glorious disaster. I want to pick that theme up and develop it further. The angle I shall be developing is that from top-down it was a disaster and from bottom-up it was glorious. I must enter a caveat or footnote "insofar as there can be any glory in war." I shall come back to this point, and the good news is that when I do I shall almost be at the end of my remarks.

From top-down, a disaster.

Let's look at the strategic concept. I know that the conventional wisdom is that Gallipoli was a brilliant idea marred by inadequate planning and incompetent execution. I know that Prime Minister Clement Attlee who fought there thought that it was the one outstanding strategic idea of the Great War. I'm afraid I prefer to think of the remark attributed to Field Marshal Alanbrooke that "Winston has ten ideas every day. One of them is good, but even he doesn't know which one". I'm afraid I don't really think that Gallipoli was one of the good ones.

In his Gallipoli Memorial Lecture at RUSI in April this year, the Australian High Commissioner used the phrase 'strategic delusions'. I'm not quite sure whether he had in mind the same thing as I do, but for me the 'strategic delusion' was the belief that even if we had 'won' at Gallipoli, forced the straits, captured Constantinople and knocked Turkey out of the war, it would have had any material effect on the real war, which was of course against Germany. Obviously the British Empire would not have had to dissipate resources in Palestine and Mesopotamia, and the Russians would have been relieved of their campaign in the Caucasus. Indeed, part of the genesis of Gallipoli was an appeal from Grand Duke Nicholas on 2nd January to "do something to get the Turks off my back in the Caucasus". But even while the Grand Duke was sending out that appeal, probably unknown to him in St Petersburg and certainly unknown to those who received his appeal in London, the tide was turning in the Caucasus. The Russians were winning the battle of Sarikamish about which we heard in the Channel 4 series *The*

Great War last Saturday. And by the time you get to April and the Gallipoli landings, things had moved to a point where the Turks were ascribing to an alleged Armenian collaboration with the Russians the setbacks more plausibly attributed to Enver Pasha's logistical incompetence. And indeed they had set in train the Armenian massacres even before 25 April.

Some say that success at Gallipoli might have opened up a supply line to Russia and allowed her to export her wheat to raise foreign exchange. Ah yes, but you have to think about how you are going to get munitions through to Russia. You have to ask "where are they going to come from?" We certainly didn't have any. For us, the shell shortage, even more than Gallipoli, was a major factor in the fall of the Liberal Government and the formation of the coalition in May 1915. Virtually all the other major industrial economies belonged to belligerents, the exception being the USA, and I cannot help feeling that, in the circumstances of 1915, neither the USA in general nor President Wilson in particular would have been very keen to assist the Tsarist regime. Then there is a theory that, if we had captured Constantinople, the Balkan waverers would have rallied to our side and we could have launched an operation up the Danube to knock Austria-Hungary out of the war. Well, it wasn't quite as simple as that. On 20 March, the British Government had given the Russians a secret undertaking that we would let them have Constantinople. If we had had to cash that cheque it would have opened up a lot of cans of worms. How's that for a mixed metaphor? It would have gone down like a lead balloon, and don't forget that the Queen of Greece was the Kaiser's sister. But even if we had knocked Austria-Hungary out of the war, actually we could not have done Germany a better turn because in the Great War the Germans had to spend about as much time and effort bailing out the Austro-Hungarians as they did in the Second World War with the Italians.

I find myself remembering a story concerning the Archduke Otto, last heir of the Habsburg Empire, who during his long exile in Germany (I think he's still alive) was for a long time a European MP for a German constituency. One afternoon he was in the bar or whatever they have in the European Parliament when another member came up to him and said: "Hello Otto. Have you been watching the television?" to which he got the reply "No". "It doesn't really matter" said the chap, "I just wondered if you had the result of the Austria/Hungary football match." "Oh" said Otto, "who were we playing?"

So the strategic concept was pretty shaky in my view. And it wasn't helped by the fact that nobody in London could quite make up their mind what it was all about. In the ministerial deliberations of the first months of 1915 there were some who thought that what we were looking at was primarily a naval operation with some army assistance, and others who thought that it was primarily an army operation with some naval assistance. Then you had Kitchener and Fisher, who to a large extent were the people who made things tick in the two services. They were pretty ambivalent. On the one hand, they appear to have been mesmerized by Churchill's magnetic personality and his advocacy

for the campaign, but on the other hand, they couldn't help but remember that the real war was taking place on the Western Front and in the North Sea.

And so you have Kitchener hovering over whether to send out the 29th Division from India to Gallipoli. Eventually he did, and it was a jolly good job too as they were one of the most professional outfits Hamilton had at his disposal. And you had Fisher worrying about the leakage of ships from the North Sea. He did have a good idea in sending the new battleship *Queen Elizabeth*, which was then the most powerful battleship in the world, to calibrate her gunnery by bombarding the Turkish positions. Then, having sent her, he was always hopping from one foot to the other lest she should be mined or torpedoed, and in fact she was withdrawn from the Dardanelles in the middle of May. This was one of the last decisions taken by Fisher before he walked out in a huff and helped to precipitate a political crisis.

One of the problems of the Great War was that they did not have the Chiefs of Staff infrastructure which in the Second World War, under Alanbrooke's direction for most of the time, was able to subject 'bright ideas' to critical analysis and when they seemed to be good, to prepare careful and meticulous plans for their execution. Planning of the Gallipoli operation was a shambles, illustrated by the fact that most of the storeships carrying our supplies had to be diverted to Alexandria because they had all been packed in a very higgledy-piggledy order. Everything had to be unloaded and repacked to ensure that things needed first would be nearest to the exit ports. That was just typical, but was aggravated, I suppose, when Hamilton went forward to set up his HQ, first in Lemnos and then on board the *Queen Elizabeth*, but left the heads of his administrative departments back in Alexandria.

This was a rather curious thing to do, but it brings me to a second general point about the Great War. This was that the scale was so unprecedentedly large that it outran the current techniques of command, control and communications. This was why, after a month or six weeks of mobile warfare at the beginning of the war, it settled down into the stalemate of trenches that to a large extent applied to Gallipoli as well as the Western Front. It was only after three years or so that either side began to crack it. You saw the first signs of this with German operations against the Russians at Riga, and then the British at Cambrai in late 1917. In 1918, you had first a German offensive in spring and early summer which nearly won them the war and then you had the Allied offensives of 8 August to 11 November which did win us the war, and in which the much-maligned Haig brought home a series of smashing victories over the principal forces of a major foe such as no other British general before or since has brought home in so short a time.

So the planning at Gallipoli was not the best, any more than the strategic concept was. We must next consider the high command. At once you come to Hamilton; the great enigma. Robert Rhodes James has written that it is a measure of the man that the mystery of his personal failure at Gallipoli is still a subject about which people care.

Hamilton was a very fine man. This was shown, if by nothing else, through his work for ex-servicemen between the two wars. He was a fine soldier, as he had shown on the North West Frontier and in the two Anglo-Boer Wars. In the first Anglo-Boer War, at Majuba, he had received a wound which rendered his left wrist virtually useless for the rest of his life. I have sometimes used a cricketing analogy in suggesting that Hamilton was the Graeme Hick of British generalship, by which I suggest he could have been the best, should have been the best, and in some respects perhaps was the best, but couldn't deliver when the chips were down. He seems to have lacked a certain ruthlessness and, although he seemed quite often to appreciate the situation correctly, did not drive it home. Two examples:

On the 25 April when there had been some initial successes at Y-Beach Hamilton rightly thought "Let's try and consolidate them and drive them through." He suggested to Hunter-Weston "What about moving some troops round to Y-Beach?" Hunter-Weston either didn't get the message or did nothing about it. This may have had something to do with Hamilton being aboard *Queen Elizabeth* and Hunter-Weston being ashore, but Hamilton did not sufficiently make clear what he had in mind. He followed the orthodox doctrine that a Commander-in-Chief should not unduly interfere with the operations of his subordinate commanders. But surely the mark of a great commander is, in that position, to seize the odd occasion when he's got to intervene and drive it through. Certainly, following the Suvla landings, most commentators think he should have acted much earlier to kick-start the operation and get Suvla moving forward.

There again of course was ambiguity. Stopford appeared to see the Suvla operation as designed primarily to establish a port and a base for the planned breakout from Anzac. Hamilton saw the Suvla landings as forming an essential part of the breakout from Anzac. Hamilton had obviously not made it undeniably clear to Stopford what the objective of the operation was. Then, following the Suvla landings when they all got bogged down, it was the third or fourth day, I think, before Hamilton went ashore trying to get things going, by which time it was all too late. Of course Hamilton was unlucky in that, as with other generals, the scale of the conflict (as I said just now) outran the techniques of command. He was also, and this is partly a function of the fact that Gallipoli was a subordinate front, unable to get all the officers that he wanted. For the Suvla landings, he wanted as Commander either Byng or Rawlinson, both of whom subsequently achieved fame as Army Commanders on the Western Front. In the end he got Byng, but only after he had to relieve Stopford of command after only a fortnight or so.

There was of course a bit of history between Hamilton and Stopford. It goes back to the Second Anglo-Boer War, if not before. In the last years of the nineteenth century and the first few years of the twentieth, just as the Royal Navy was riven with the feud between the partisans of Fisher and Beresford, so the Army was riven by the feud between partisans of Wolseley and Roberts; the so-called Africans and Indians respectively. Now Hamilton was very much an Indian. Most of his service had been on the North West Frontier. He had served on Roberts's staff and directly under Roberts

on numerous occasions. He took Roberts as his hero and role model. Hamilton, as it happened, was one of those who got caught up inside the garrison at Ladysmith at the beginning of the Second Anglo-Boer War and was present throughout the siege. Ladysmith was eventually relieved by a column under the command of Buller who was a prominent "African". In the course of Buller's advance he suffered several quite heavy defeats, such as Colenso and Spion Kop, but eventually he got there. When Ladysmith had been relieved, Hamilton was very critical of the way in which Buller had conducted his campaign; Stopford was Buller's Military Secretary.

I will just mention one other General, and that was Hunter-Weston, whom I've seen somewhere described as the "jovial Hunter Bunter". I think he must have been the original of that well-known verse: "Good morning, good morning, the General said, as he rode on up to the column's head. He's a cheery old cove, said Harry to Jack, but he did for them both with his plan of attack". Hunter-Weston was also notorious for having, as it is believed, once said: "Casualties? What do I care about casualties?" Well, that's probably enough about the "disaster from the top down."

Turning now to the "glorious from the bottom up", there were of course a considerable number of extraordinary acts of gallantry in the Gallipoli Campaign. For the fighting in the first 36 hours of the Helles landings, 15 VCs were awarded. I haven't got time to mention them all, but in the presence of the Headmaster of Merchant Taylors' I will start by mentioning George Drewry, an Old Merchant Taylor who was serving as a Royal Naval Reserve Midshipman in the *River Clyde*. Drewry was in command of the steam hopper which was supposed to form a bridge by which the soldiers could get ashore from the *River Clyde* when she ran aground in shallow water. Well, for reasons not particularly Drewry's fault, but more to do with inadequate charts and the fact that people did not properly understand the currents, the steam hopper ended up in the wrong place. Whereupon Drewry, acting with Williams and Unwin, got down into the water and held the lighters by sheer main force in position so that the troops could come ashore. All three won the Victoria Cross. Williams was killed on that occasion. Drewry survived Gallipoli but was killed later on in the war in the North Sea.

Then you have got Doughty-Wylie, with his walking stick at Sedd el Bahr, a Staff Officer taking command of a unit that had lost all its officers. You also have the Lancashire Fusiliers at W-Beach with their six VCs before breakfast. When I was doing a bit of revision for this talk I was fascinated to see that, of the six VCs, three were gazetted in 1915 and three in 1917. So I mentioned this to Michael Hickey and of course he had the answer straight away. The Commanding Officer probably thought that every man in the battalion deserved a VC, but anyway submitted a list of six for the award. This was approved by both Hunter-Weston and Hamilton, but somewhere it got lost in the War Office bureaucracy. Hunter-Weston then tried again and was permitted by the VC warrant to hold ballots amongst officers, sergeants and other-ranks. The name of one from each of these categories was then submitted. They were in fact three of the original group of six and their VCs were approved and gazetted in August 1915 at

much the same time as Drewry and his naval chums. The C.O of the Lancashire Fusiliers continued to agitate that this was a travesty of justice as six names had been put forward, and the remaining three were eventually approved but not gazetted until sometime in 1917. I think all this illustrates the proposition, perhaps reinforced quite recently by the Hutton Inquiry, that government is a network of interlocking cock-ups.

I'll just mention one other individual. This is not so much supreme gallantry as an act of supreme leadership. The person I'm identifying is Subadar Major Gambarsing Pun of the 6th Gurkhas. Now on the night of the 8/9 August when the attempted breakout from Anzac was approaching its moment of crisis, the 6th Gurkhas (at least those who had survived enemy fire) got on to the top of the ridge and looked down to see the Straits. And just at this moment they were subjected to what is now called "friendly fire". I don't think anyone knows whether it was the Army or Navy who were responsible for this, but anyway they caught it. By this time, all their officers had been killed or wounded so as to be out of the operation. The British units who were supposed to link up with them had somehow got lost coming up the ravines, and there was sadly no other option open than to withdraw. Allanson was seriously wounded and convention said that a British officer had to command the battalion. The only guy who was still up on his two feet, as you might say, was the medical officer. Allanson handed over command to him and said "Look after Gambarsing Pun, he will not let you down". Of course what he really meant was "let Gambarsing Pun look after you!" The M.O stripped off his red cross armband and was prepared to take part in operations, but Gambarsing Pun took charge of this withdrawal and carried it out with meticulous efficiency, bringing in weapons and destroying those that could not be brought back. Everything exactly by the book. A brilliant small-scale operation on his part. For this, Gambarsing Pun was awarded the Military Cross. His citation would have been rather different, I guess, from that of a subaltern upon whom Hunter-Weston had conferred an immediate MC for summarily executing three soldiers accused of cowardice.

There is an historical footnote to Gambarsing Pun's exploit. The meticulous execution of the withdrawal was witnessed by a subaltern in a neighbouring company of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. He was most impressed with what he saw – as Michael Hickey puts it, "he realised he was in the company of professionals" – and decided that the Gurkhas were the men for him. He got himself transferred as soon as he could, and the rest is indeed history, for his name was William Slim.

Well, those are some of the more conspicuous examples but of course only a small part of what it was all about. But what we should be primarily thinking about, and what I guess this Association exists primarily to commemorate, is all the many hundreds of thousands of men, and a handful of women, many of them forebears or kinsfolk of yourselves, who sweated it out on Gallipoli. And when I say sweated I mean sweated, though I'm not forgetting the storms and blizzards at the end of November which first filled the trenches with water and then knocked out so many by frostbite.

There is a passage in the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus in which a chap has just come back from the siege of Troy, just across the water from Gallipoli. He is banging on about the hardships which he and his mates had to endure for ten years and he mentions the bird-killing cold of winter and the windless heat of summer. So things weren't all that different 3,000 years previously. But Aeschylus didn't mention the flies. Some of you will immediately be thinking of Jimmy Page, the veteran who lived in the Star & Garter home until a ripe old age and for a very long time was a regular attendee at this luncheon. If Jimmy was persuaded or permitted to reminisce on Gallipoli his refrain was always "the flies, the flies!"

The terrain, particularly in the Anzac sector (and many of us have seen it), how steep it is, how covered in scrub and difficult it must have been. In addition, in that very rocky soil it was difficult to dig proper trenches, and the trenches of the two sides at Gallipoli were a lot closer together than those on the Western Front. It was also jolly difficult to dig graves for immediate burial of those who had been killed. One reads about corpses forming the revetments of trenches and people having to walk over heaps of corpses etc. It was no less difficult to dig proper latrines. I'm not going to go into the amount of detail on that particular aspect that Peter Hart went into in his talk at the IWM in April. There were a lot of Association ties in the audience, so I expect some of you were there. I'm just going to mention that it wasn't until July that Hamilton had a specialist Sanitation Officer on his staff. So when you've got the heat, the unsuitable and monotonous diet, the flies, the corpses and the dodgy sanitation arrangements, it's hardly surprising that so many men went down with dysentery. Attlee was one, and Hamilton wasn't immune either. Indeed, John Lee in his biography of Hamilton tells us that he did not get it out of his system until well into the 1920s. It may well have had a detrimental effect on the exercise of his command.

The statistics are interesting. The total Allied casualties were about a quarter of a million, of whom only about 50,000 were fatal. I know no one should ever use the word 'only' when referring to casualties, but I do so in this case because a fatality-ratio of 20% is historically low. Par for the course is more like one-third, as illustrated by the first day of the Somme (60,000 casualties, 19-20,000 fatal) or by the Turks at Gallipoli, whose casualties again totalled a quarter of a million of which they say fatalities were 86,000. Some people think that this is an under-estimate, but in any event this was a fairly rare example of a campaign in which the winners suffered heavier casualties than the losers. These numbers suggest to me that the Turks suffered a lot less from dysentery than the Allies did. Professor Bob O'Neill, in his Gallipoli Memorial Lecture at Eltham in 1990, suggested that this was because most of the sources of fresh water on the peninsula were within the Turkish lines.

The imagination almost boggles (if you can understand what "boggles" means) at what men must have had to put up with. It must've been worse than what they had to put up with on the Western Front. That's what I had in mind when I said "glorious from the bottom up". When I used the term "glory", I wasn't using it in any triumphalist sense. I

know that this sounds terribly pompous, but I suppose I'm talking about a glory of the human spirit which enables people to go through all this. And, as I said a moment ago, these are the sort of people that this Association exists primarily to commemorate. Had you not done so already, Mr Chairman, I should have been asking you all to drink to the memory of the veterans of Gallipoli.

Acknowledgement: We are extremely grateful to Andy Mullen for transcribing this text from a video recording made at the Autumn Lunch.



Sir Arthur Hockaday at the conclusion of his speech. Photograph Phil Mills.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION ON THE 15TH OCTOBER 2003

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

The Committee have met five times during the year, and the management sub-committee on a number of occasions.

AUTUMN LUNCH

This was held at the Naval Club on the 16 October 2002. Our speaker was Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach who gave us a fascinating talk and answered questions afterwards. Sir Henry very kindly agreed that his talk could be recorded on video, and so we have a permanent record of it.

Our thanks are due to the Naval Club for all the arrangements they kindly make on our behalf for our lunches.

GALLIPOLI DAY 25 APRIL 2003

At our annual wreath laying ceremony at St. Paul's Her Britannic Majesty's Government was represented by the Rt. Hon. Adam Ingram MP, Minister of State for Defence. Other wreath layers were Rear Admiral Tim McClement, Assistant Chief of Naval Staff; Major General Redmond Watt, Major General Commanding London District; Senator The Hon. Paul Calvert, President of the Australian Senate; The Rt. Hon. Helen Clark, Prime Minister of New Zealand; Colonel Pierre-Richard Kohn, Army Attaché France; His Excellency Mr. Akin Alptuna, Turkish Ambassador, and myself as Chairman of the Association.

Last Post was sounded by Lance Sergeant R. Plant, Band of the Grenadier Guards. James Watson Smith, Secretary of the Association, whose Great Uncle Colonel E.P. Smith was killed at Gallipoli on 1 May 1915 while commanding 17th Brigade Royal Field Artillery, recited 'They shall grow not old'. The Reverend Canon Philip Buckler conducted the ceremony.

There was a gratifying number of people in the Crypt, and I would ask members not only to continue to support this event, but to make a special effort next year when it will be on a Sunday, and also the following year which will be the 90th Anniversary of the landings.

At the invitation of the Australian High Commission we attended the ceremony at the Cenotaph. Sadly there was no centenarian for the first time for a number of years and so a mere sexagenarian in the shape of your Chairman laid the wreath on behalf of the Association. We were delighted to have a contingent of the Merchant Taylors' CCF on parade as well.

Last year it was suggested by Mrs. Sewell at the AGM that we should ask if there could be British representation at the service at Westminster Abbey as well as Australian, New Zealand and Turkish. This was taken up with the two High Commissioners who warmly welcomed the idea. It had the support also of senior British officers and I am delighted to say that as a result a British Warrant Officer carried the Union Flag together with the other three at the service last April, and that this will be done in the future. We are grateful to the High Commissioners for their kind and friendly response and for their invitation to the Association to join them in their moving service in the Abbey.

After the service at Westminster Abbey, we held our lunch at the Union Jack Club.

THE GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL BURSARY

On Tuesday 18 March the two Winchester boys gave an excellent presentation at Winchester, which had a predictable ingredient of thought-provoking controversy. We are very grateful to the College for their hospitality and for the arrangements they made to show people round the school, for choral evensong, wreath-laying at the school War Memorial, the excellent buffet and for the presentation.

In my report last year I announced that two Bursaries had been awarded to the Combined Services Royal Hospital Haslar at Gosport, Hampshire. The Hospital created a third bursary from its own resources. Sadly, because of the Gulf War, their visit and subsequent presentation had to be postponed. Eventually the three candidates went out with our third 2003 tour in September. We will inform you of the presentation date in due course.

We have now awarded four Bursaries for 2004. Two have been awarded to Eton College, where I understand that the selection process is underway with two boys already shortlisted. It is hoped that there will be similar arrangements for a tour of the School, choral evensong in the wonderful 15th Century Chapel, (built as a sister chapel to King's College Cambridge but only the choir was completed), wreath-laying at the War Memorial, and a buffet. The presentations will be to the School History Society, and I sincerely hope that as many members as possible will take advantage of this unique chance to see and appreciate aspects of the School at first hand. It will very likely take place on a Sunday in late April 2004, and will probably be over at about 10 pm. If enough people want it we could probably arrange transport from London. On a

different occasion, not open to the Association, the candidates will give a fifteen minute presentation to an assembly of between 250 and 500 boys.

The second two awards have been given to the Joint Services Command and Staff College at Shrivenham. This will be quite different to the previous occasion because the Commandant, Major General John McColl has decided to send out two Directing Staff. The plan is that they will give their presentation to the Advanced Command and Staff course consisting of over 400 students, and students from other courses may also attend. It is understood that members of the Association will be invited to attend and it will almost certainly be during the second half of April 2004. Details will be announced in due course. So there are three separate and very interesting bursary events coming up.

FINANCE

The finances of the Association are in good order. The Treasurers report follows my own while the accounts accompany this issue of *The Gallipolian*. However, I would like to make the point that quite a large number of subscriptions remain unpaid. Please would you immediately take steps to send in your subscription, and please also complete a standing order so that Bill Marsh's precious time is saved from writing individual letters. We already have plans to offer a direct debit facility too, and when this is available I very much hope that as many members as possible will take advantage of this method of payment. It will considerably help Bill Marsh with his onerous task.

Please also remember that the Association, whose income is substantially obtained from subscriptions, contributes to the Bursary fund.

THE GALLIPOLIAN

We hope that you agree that the facelift that has been given to the magazine is excellent. However, it is not enough just to have a pretty face, and from the reports that have been received it would appear that it is universally acclaimed as an excellent magazine inside as well. David Saunders would very much like to hear from anybody with news or material that might warrant inclusion.

MARKETING AND MANAGEMENT SUB-COMMITTEE

Hugh Jenner, Andy Mullen, James Watson Smith and Bill Marsh have met on a number of different occasions and are constantly in touch with each other. To a large extent this is the engine room of the Association.

MEMBERSHIP

Membership has now reached 1054, of whom 14 are honorary and 130 overseas. We are delighted to welcome our 1000th member, Mr. Ian Walton, who, as reported on page 15, attended the Autumn Lunch. Please remember that there are thousands and thousands of people who will have had some sort of a connection with somebody who fought at Gallipoli. Once their interest is kindled they then want to know more and where better to start than membership of the Association? The Brochures are invaluable and have attracted a very large proportion of the newer members. Please ensure that you take every opportunity to talk about Gallipoli and have a stock of brochures that you can pass to anybody who shows an interest. If the Association is to live on then we must continue to increase the membership.

BATTLEFIELD TOUR

This year demand was so great that we ran three tours, two consecutively in May and another in September. The organisation of these tours has now been refined to the point that there is no doubt that no other tour organiser can match them for excellence and value for money. All the wrinkles have been ironed out so that the arrangements run like clockwork, and Colonel Michael Hickey's unrivalled knowledge of the Campaign and his skill as an amusing raconteur, enthral all who go. I strongly recommend anybody who is interested in visiting the battlefield and learning more about aspects which interest them to book up in good time for the tours next year. An information sheet accompanies this issue of *The Gallipolitan*.

COMMITTEE

The Association is extraordinarily lucky to have such a dedicated team on the Committee. It is impossible for me to think of different ways of thanking them adequately not only on your behalf but also personally. Bill Marsh, the Treasurer and Membership Secretary; James Watson Smith, Secretary; David Saunders, Editor of *The Gallipolitan*; Hugh Jenner, Sub Committee Leader; Andy Mullen, Web Site and IT; Michael Hickey, Military Historian; Sir Arthur Hockaday, Historian and retired Senior Civil Servant and Jim Fallon who started off the great increase in membership, have all done so much and with such enthusiasm that I can only hope they have derived as much satisfaction from their endeavours as they richly deserve. They have carried the Association forward in an immensely successful way and we should all be deeply grateful to them.

GENERAL OUTLOOK

We have an excellent springboard from which to launch into the future. The finances

are strong and there is an infinite source from which to derive future members. If we mind about the objectives of the Association and consequently its future, then we need to increase the membership on a regular basis in order to have a viable base to cope with the administration that is necessary. We are starting to formulate plans in this direction, but we must also rely on you the members to encourage and produce new members. Let us look forward to the next 1000! It has been another successful year and, with your help, the outlook is excellent.

C.T.F. Fagan DL Chairman

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR YEAR ENDING 31 DECEMBER 2002.

The Income and Expenditure Account and the Balance Sheet for the year ended 31 December 2002, duly certified by an Independent Examiner, are enclosed with this issue of *The Gallipolian*.

The Association's financial situation remains strong. Income is up by over £2,000 on last year whilst Expenditure has fallen by a little over £2,300 compared with the previous year. Sales of Association merchandise remain buoyant and donations from members are up by over £100. A modest profit on the Association's Tours has also helped our Income flow. Overall we had a surplus for the year of £969. This has resulted in a corresponding increase in the Association's overall reserves which now stand at £10,504.

Finally, I record my thanks to the Chairman and my colleague Committee members for the encouragement and support which they continue to give me. I also extend my thanks to the Association's Independent Examiner, Mr. G. D. Enticknap, F.C.A. for his invaluable help in preparing the documents enclosed.

W. J. Marsh, Hon. Treasurer 15 October 2003

CHANGE OF HON TREASURER'S ADDRESS

Please note that the address of W.J. Marsh, Hon Treasurer has changed to:

Frinton Cottage, 3 Cambridge Road, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, CO13 9HN.

Tel: 01255 672859

THE 1,000TH MEMBER

During 2003 we were pleased when membership of the Association passed the 1,000 mark when Ian A. Walton joined. Mr. Walton is 33 years old and has a degree in 19th and 20th Century Studies from Trinity College, Carmarthen. He works as a freelance consultant to the Liberal Democrats, having formerly been their Deputy Director of Conferences and Events. He has also worked for the Alliance Party of Northern Ireland in Belfast.

Ian Walton has had a general interest in military history for some time. His special interest in the First World War commenced when he discovered that his maternal Great-Grandfather was involved in the Suvla Bay landing. Having joined the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment on the outbreak of the war in 1914 the Regiment formed part of the 11th (Northern) Division which landed at Suvla in August 1915. Whilst in the Peninsula he became very ill with dysentery in the late autumn and had to be sent back to England to recover. He subsequently returned to the Eastern Theatre of Operations only to have to return to England again when stricken by fever. On his recovery, he was transferred to the 1st Infantry Labour Company of the Durham Light Infantry. Subsequently he served with the 32nd Company, Labour Corps in France. It was whilst serving with that unit that he was killed on 14 December 1917 near Passchendaele. He is buried at Duhallow ADS Cemetery, Ypres.

Ian Walton has made clear that he very keen to ensure that the memory of the Gallipoli Campaign is preserved particularly amongst the younger generation and has expressed a willingness to lend his skills and enthusiasm to assist the Association with its work in that regard. Here, at the Annual General Meeting he receives, as the 1,000th member, a complimentary bottle of champagne from the Chairman.

W J Marsh



29 DIVISION MEMORIAL

14 MARCH 2004

The ceremony will take place at 1030 for 1130 on Sunday 14 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.

Friends might like to gather afterwards at the Three Horseshoes (01926 632345) in Princethorpe, about two miles south of the Memorial. Lunch or other appropriate refreshments can be ordered throughout the day as required.

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 once again most grateful.

A PLEA FROM ST PETERSBURG

MICHAEL HICKEY

I correspond frequently with Dr Mikhailov Vadim of the University of St Petersburg's history faculty, who is very keen to obtain material relevant to the part played by Ottoman Turkey in the First World War. I have been able to send him some back numbers of *The Gallipolian* thanks to our editor's kindness and these have been warmly acknowledged. He has sent me a most beguiling group photograph of his class of undergraduates, most of whom appear to be young ladies from the pages of *Doctor Zhivago*. When I commented favourably on their evident beauty, singling out Lara third from the right, front row I was delighted to receive an invitation to visit, signed by them all – one to which I hope to respond. Meanwhile, Dr Vadim has suffered an appalling traffic accident from which he is now recovering. There are no funds at the university for the purchase of text books. He begs me to send whatever I can – military history magazines, Osprey books, reproductions of the work of war artists – anything that is relevant to the study of the campaigns of 1914–18 in all theatres. In return he has sent me a fascinating illustrated book on the operations of the German battlecruiser *Goeben* and has promised further material. If any of our readers have a cupboard full of unwanted magazines – particularly well illustrated ones such as the admirable *Then and Now* series, they would be received gratefully. Please contact me, initially by phone (01962 880001) or e mail (smwhickey@onetel.net.uk) if you have anything you think would help Vadim. I will then work out how I can harvest the crop and get the stuff out to him.

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.

Thomas Black, Royal Dublin Fusiliers: My uncle Lance Sergeant Thomas S. C. Black of the 7th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, one of the Pals of Suvla Bay, was wounded at Suvla on 9 August and died of his wounds in Alexandria on 25 September. I visited his grave in the Chatby Cemetery last year. It is beside the point of my enquiry but I must just mention how impressed I was to find the whole area in such perfect order. As my wife and I stood by the grave, one of the gardeners working nearby, came over and placed a bunch of flowers at our feet in front of the grave and disappeared as quickly and silently as he had come.

My question concerns my uncle's wounds and, in particular, the cause of his death a month or more after wounding. Wound sepsis must be the most likely cause. However, as a surgeon with some interest in modern military surgery, I am naturally interested from a professional as well as a personal point of view. At last I come to the question! Does anyone have any idea whether any medical records might remain, and if so, how might I see them.

Any help a fellow Gallipolitan can give me with this would be appreciated. Sir Rodney Sweetnam, 25 Woodlands Road, Bushey, Hertfordshire, WD25 2LS. Tel/Fax 01921 223161.

Suvla Bay – A “Missing” Poem: John Chester is searching for the words of a poem concerned with Suvla Bay (not *The Ballad of Suvla Bay* by John Still) which he recalls his father reciting. His father having in turn heard the words from his grandfather who had served with the Lincolnshire Regiment at Suvla. He believes the title was *The Poem of Suvla Bay* and would welcome any suggestions as to the source of the poem to him at 21 Chester Way, Boston, Lincolnshire, PE21 7PR, 01205 352692. E mail: janchezy@aol.com

Hertfordshire Yeomanry: Piers M Ebsworth, 10 Horizon, Pointe-Claire, Quebec, H9S 5V1 is seeking information concerning the 1/1st Hertfordshire Yeomanry with whom his father served at Suvla. He would like to hear from anyone with information or who had relatives who also served in the Regiment.

THE ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION MEMORIAL

In an impressive service in the presence of His Royal Highness Prince Michael of Kent, GCVO the Royal Naval Division Memorial (see photograph opposite) was rededicated on Horse Guards Parade on 13 November. The Chairman of the Gallipoli Association, Captain Christopher Fagan and a dozen members, were among the large audience present. The Chaplain of the Fleet, The Venerable B K Hammett QHC MA commenced the service by saying:

“We have come together in the presence of Almighty God to call to mind the heroism, self-sacrifice and devotion of the members of the Royal Naval Division. The memorial which we dedicate today, built in their honour in this place, where it stood for 26 years before being re-erected in the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, is now returned to its rightful place in the heart of our nation’s capital to bear witness to their valour. We give thanks to Almighty God for their lives, and especially we remember before Him all those of their number who have passed from our sight and now rest in His eternal presence and peace.”

General Sir Robin Ross, Chairman of the Committee to Reinstate the Memorial read *Blow out ye Bugles* by Rupert Brooke, who served in the Division and whose words are inscribed on the Memorial plinth.

Blow out ye 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 unhopd serene,
 That men call age, and those that would have been
 Their sons, they gave their immortality.

Mr Winston Churchill read the address given by his Grandfather, who, as First Lord of the Admiralty, had formed the Royal Naval Division, at the original Dedication of the Memorial on 25 April 1925. An address described by Robert Rhodes James “as one of the most perfect in expression and conception that Churchill ever delivered.” We published the words in *The Gallipolian* No 97: 12-15.



Prince Michael of Kent, the First Sea Lord – Admiral Sir Alan West KCB DSC, and Commodore Elliott RNR, in front of the Memorial during the rededication service. The Prince's equerry Lieutenant Commander Jane Allen is behind.
MoD, Photographer PO Tony Leather.

**LUNCHTIME RECEPTION AT THE
MANSION HOUSE
FOLLOWING THE REDEDICATION OF
THE ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION MEMORIAL**

**SPEECH BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LORD MAYOR ALDERMAN ROBERT FINCH**

Your Royal Highness, Chief of Naval Staff, My Lords, Fellow Aldermen, Sheriff, Chief Commoner, Ladies and Gentlemen. On behalf of the Corporation of London, it is a very great pleasure for the Lady Mayoress and me to welcome you all to this reception following the rededication of the Royal Naval Division memorial earlier this morning.

The mood at the Horse Guards was certainly sombre. For, only two days after Remembrance Day, we were able to take a moment to recall and to pay homage once again to the dedication and the sacrifice of the Royal Naval Division. And I know that you will all join me in expressing my pleasure that the Memorial has now been rededicated where it was first designed to stand.

Your Royal Highness, we are honoured by your presence, both at the rededication and now here in the Mansion House. You are a reminder to us all that His Majesty, King George V personally approved the siting of the memorial.

At its unveiling in 1925 Winston Churchill said: "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."

In today's somewhat turbulent world those words are very fitting. They remind us that we must continue to protect and pay tribute to the monuments of the past. In doing so, we honour the memory of the men who died to protect our own safety and preserve international peace and security in the past. In recalling them today, we remember the huge sacrifices that the Royal Naval Division made during the Great War as they fought at Antwerp, Gallipoli and on the Western Front.

This great house has been the venue for many commemorative events in both war and peace. And that is why I thank you all for being with us today. It is an apt symbol of the honour and courage that are synonymous with the memory of the Division to this day.

REPLY TO THE WELCOME BY THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON BY HRH PRINCE MICHAEL OF KENT

My Lord Mayor, Chief of the Naval Staff, My Lords, Aldermen, Sheriff, Chief Commoner, Ladies and Gentlemen. Thank you for your kind and generous welcome and for inviting members of the Royal Naval Reserve and the Royal Naval Division Memorial Charity to gather in these historic and auspicious surroundings on this memorable occasion.

The rededication of the Royal Naval Division Memorial this morning in the place where it was originally designed to stand, was particularly significant for me personally. My grandfather King George V gave his approval for its original siting on Horse Guards. My father the Duke of Kent inspected RND veterans there in 1936 and I am now the Honorary Commodore of the Royal Naval Reserve. This year has been very special in the history of the Naval Volunteer Reserves with the celebrations of its Centenary combined with the first compulsory call-up of Reservists for more than fifty years.

The Royal Naval Division was formed in 1914 of men of the RNR and RNVR for whom there were no immediate jobs at sea. They, together with the Royal Marines, comprised the RND, and I am sure that Mr Churchill will not mind me saying that its illustrious founder, his namesake, felt some satisfaction at having his own 'private army', particularly one that flew the White Ensign, which insisted on marching off parades before the Brigade of Guards, had galleys instead of cookhouses, went 'ashore' from the trenches, and even discussed at one stage whether they should disembark from the port or starboard side of a train! More than 10,000 men from London Division fought in the RND.

By 1916 it was obvious that this unit needed to be properly integrated into the British Expeditionary Force in France, and four Army battalions were added to the establishment. It is a great pleasure to see many of the famous regiments that fought alongside their naval counterparts here today. The 63rd (Royal Naval) Division, as it was named, became one of the elite units on the Western Front. But the cost was terrible even by the standards of the Great War: more than 11,500 died and a further 30,000 were wounded.

Over 125,000 sailors of the RNR and RNVR passed through the RND initial training establishment at Crystal Palace, a quarter of whom were to become casualties. More than 40% of all RN casualties during the First World War were suffered not at sea, but on land by the sailors and marines of the Royal Naval Division on the battlefields of Gallipoli, France and Belgium. To bring these losses even more into perspective, except for a very short period, the numbers in the RND were between 4 and 5 per cent of total numbers in the Royal Navy, for the whole of the First World War.

Depressing as these cold statistics are, they must be balanced by measuring what these heroes achieved, and by the reputation they deservedly earned as one of the foremost units of the British Expeditionary Force.

But, in any event, their experience had generated a huge esprit de corps among the survivors, and they, led by Brigadier General Asquith, and supported by his friend General Freyberg VC – later, as Lord Freyberg, to become Governor General of New Zealand – and with the backing of Winston Churchill, they 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. It was unveiled in 1925, and Churchill spoke at the ceremony. His grandson read again those impressive and stirring words earlier today. I am particularly happy that many of the descendants of those who fought in the Royal Naval Division, and set up the magnificent monument to the sacrifice of their fathers, are here today.

During the Second World War, the memorial was dismantled and stored in order to prevent it being damaged during the construction of the new Citadel. It was re-erected and rededicated at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich in 1951. When Greenwich closed as a naval establishment, a charity, under the Patronage of the Prince of Wales, was set up to move the memorial back to its original site. It is truly a happy circumstance that the memorial, designed by the greatest architect of the age, is once again on the spot where it was destined to stand in a position where it will be more easily visible to those who walk through the ceremonial heart of our capital. I congratulate all those who have participated in this most worthwhile venture.

Lord Mayor, I would conclude by repeating my thanks to you and the Corporation for your hospitality today and for your continued support for the Royal Navy and the Royal Naval Reserve, which has been so well demonstrated in this, the Centenary Year for the RNR.

GALLIPOLI DAY AT THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

A weekend, 25/26 April of screenings, talks and readings to celebrate the involvement of Australians and New Zealanders in the two World Wars and to examine the impact that war has had on the political and cultural identity of these two nations. The weekend will include contributions from British and Antipodean writers and historians. Programme details will appear on the Museum's website or can be obtained by calling 020 7416 5293.

Admission is free pre-booked tickets 02074165439

SOLDIERS WHO DIED FOR FRANCE DURING WORLD WAR ONE SGA MEMOIR DES HOMMES.

ROBERT PIKE

This is a long-awaited site that contains a comprehensive database to information about more than 1.3 million French soldiers who died and obtained the special distinction, 'Mort pour la France.' It also accesses separately Aeronautical dead 1914-18. The information was recorded by the French war veterans' administration just after the war. It is now digitalized and indexed from these records which are preserved by the French Ministry of Defence.

With instructions of how to use the site available in English translation and by clicking on 'Research,' it gives you access to the records which give the following information (It is very useful, but not vital, to know the soldier's year of birth before accessing the site, particularly if it is a common name).

Surname; first name; birth & death dates; place of birth & death; rank; corps; recruitment place; recruitment & regimental number; date & place of death certificate & circumstances of death.

Sadly, it does not give place of burial/commemoration, but hopefully this will be the next step.

EXAMPLE

I briefly looked up the details for the writer of '*La Passion : Chemin de Croix*,' (1912) who was killed at Gallipoli.

LOEW Jean Paul Andre Sgt.

176th. Regiment of Infantry Killed 11.6.1915 – Sital Bahr, Turkei (sic)

Disparu in combat (missing in action- body unrecovered)

Born 14.11 1886 at Paris

Recruited 1906 at Seine 2B

The site can be found at www.memoiresdeshommes.sga.defense.gouv.fr

EDGAR'S MINATURE MEDALS

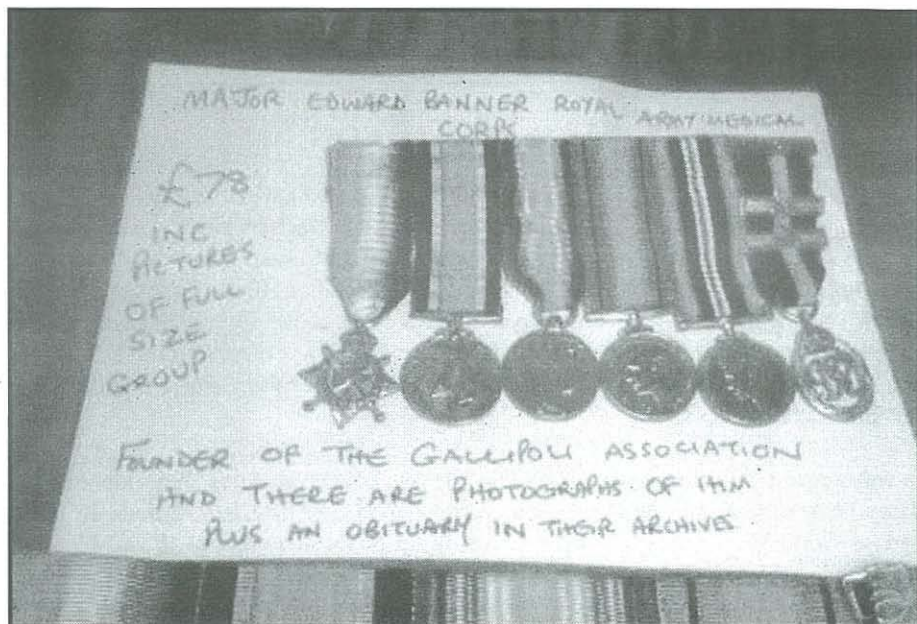
An e-mail from our member Kathryn Atkin in mid-November last alerted us to the sale on the world-wide web auction system – Ebay – of a group of six miniature medals to our founder Major Edgar Banner. The description which accompanied the photograph seen opposite reading exactly as printed below:

WWI GROUP OF 6 MINI MEDALS TO A MAJOR NO RES. Item number: 2204823649.

A SUPERB GROUP OF SIX MINITURE MEDALS TO MAJOR EDWARD BANNER OF THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS, THIS INTERESTING LOT COMPRISES OF THE 3 WWI MEDALS PLUS HIS WAR AND DEFENCE, WITH THE TERRITORIAL MEDAL. INC IN THIS LOT IS TWO PHOTOS OF HIS FULL SIZE MEDALS AND HIS NO's 2 DRESS BARS. FOUNDER OF THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION IN THE 1920's. THE PRICE I PAID FOUR YEAR'S AGO FOR THIS LOT IS ON THE CARD, I WOULD HOPE YOU WILL PAY A LITTLE MORE PLEASE AS THIS LOT CAN EASILY BE RESEARCHED AND WORTH ALOT MORE. HOWEVER I WILL TRUST YOUR JUDGEMENT AND START THE BIDDING ONLY £1.00 WITH NO RESERVE. UK CHEQUE AS USUAL AND PAYPAL WITH 4% ADD PLEASE TO THE TOTAL. P&P SPECIAL DELIVERY ONLY FOR £3.75. OVERSEAS BIDDERS WELCOME. PLEASE EMAIL ME FOR TOTAL COSTS FOR SHIPPING. GOOD LUCK. REMEMBER NO RESERVE.

The price on the card referred to above was £75.00. Sadly, and despite bidding £100 the Association failed to secure this medal group, nor was it able to learn subsequently who had bought them. Was it a member of the Association?

Our thanks to Kathryn Atkin for first bringing the medals to our attention and to Bob Pike for endeavouring to trace the successful purchaser.



M33 – AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE

A report by Simon de Bruxelles in *The Times* 2 January provides unwelcome news concerning the monitor M33, about which we have reported from time to time in *The Gallipolian*. It seems M33 is likely to be sold abroad because of a wrangle over funding. She has sat in dry dock near HMS Victory at Portsmouth since 1991 but a continuing deadlock over funding is holding up restoration plans and she is to be mothballed to prevent her becoming a further burden on local taxpayers. Unless a solution can be found, she will be sold to a foreign buyer, probably from Australia.

The Museum and Archive Service of Hampshire County Council, which owns the ship, says that it has promises of £500,000 for the restoration but needs £1 million to do the job. It would like to apply for a lottery grant but cannot unless all the other users or the dockyard agree on one, all-encompassing bid.

The stalemate has lasted for two years and the Council says it is not fair on the county's tax-payers to expect them to continue to pay for the vessel. Peter Lawton, the project manager, said that "there were a huge number of reasons why the other users of the dockyard could not agree on a business plan. "I hope we can make progress... The M33 is a unique ship and is a national treasure. It would be awful to lose her."

Stop Press: We have just informed by Hampshire County Council that there are no plans to dispose of M33 to Australia or anywhere else. She is to remain in Portsmouth. More news in subsequent *Gallipolians*.

THE AUSTRALIA WAR MEMORIAL, HYDE PARK

JILL HAMILTON

Considering the image of Australia's national identity as baptised in the blood shed at Gallipoli and confirmed in the mud of trenches on the Western Front – while fighting for the defence of Britain – the lack of any prominent Australian war memorial in London until now has been a serious omission. There has always been the argument that the Cenotaph in Whitehall is representative of all of the Commonwealth nations. But, at last, a poignant monument brings the Australian war dead into the heart of the capital. On Armistice Day 2003 the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, unveiled the new memorial.

It was not until the summer of 2000 that the two prime ministers, John Howard and Tony Blair, announced that a memorial 'commemorating Australia's support of Britain in two World Wars and celebrating the maturing of the relationship in the 100 years since Federation...' would be built in London. It took nearly two years of discussions, proposals and counter-proposals – which included everything from stainless steel to bronze – to prepare a plan agreeable to all parties. Work started in early 2003. The trend in London against either figurative sculpture or new memorials appearing to be military based influenced the stark design of the fifty metre long concave curving wall.

Situated on the enormous Hyde Park Corner roundabout – one of the busiest traffic areas in England – the memorial is seen by well over a million people each week complete with the notorious noise and hub-hub of over a hundred thousand vehicles per day encircling the island.

The memorial wall rises gently to a maximum of just over three metres before ending in a two metre drop down to pavement level. The abrupt finish symbolizes the premature deaths of those which the memorial commemorates. Faced in stippled greenish grey granite panels from Australia (Perth Laguna Green), it was pre-fabricated in Australia and shipped to England, and cost just approximately \$A9 million.

The most admired feature is the calligraphy. Inscribed on the wall are 50,000 letters spelling out the names of approximately 5,000 Australian towns – everywhere from Albany and Wagga to Maroubra and Woy Woy – all places with homes to which the Australian war dead never returned. Some names are more deeply carved to create darker patterns on the flat surface forming words such as Boer War, Gallipoli, Beersheeba, Jerusalem, Passchendaele, El Alamein and Tobruk – battles where Australians fought side by side with British forces. The texture of the calligraphy is emphasised by the narrow waterfalls. Dry sections alternate with wet areas.

But criticisms have already been levelled. Some say that the wall is out of scale with the

tall neo-classical buff-coloured Portland stone of the surrounding nineteenth century monuments. Others say that its lighting, a soft artificial light which is supposed to give the surface a slightly luminous quality, is so discreet that it cannot be clearly seen at night.



The Queen with Peter Tonkin, one of the architects.

It is timely to remember that the Australian army in the First World War was the only force in that war to comprise solely of volunteers. Firstly, even without conscription the ratio of eligible civilians enlisting in the army was high. Between 1914 and 1918, Australia, a country then of less than five million people, sent 331,781 volunteers overseas to fight for 'King and Empire'. Secondly, Australia suffered the highest proportion of casualties sustained by any allied or enemy army during that war. The casualty rate was 82 per cent.

While it is estimated that over four million German, French or British soldiers died during the war, that is – one in six who served, – the Australian rate was just over five: 59,342 Australians did not return; 152,171 were badly wounded or crippled by mustard gas, lost limbs or were blinded; over 4,000 were taken prisoners of war; the bodies of 20,000 in France were unidentified. Thirdly, Australians, greatly moved by the deeds of

their countrymen, organized the first commemoration for any one particular campaign in the First World War. Fourthly, although many battles were timed to begin before dawn, in the half-light in which a man can barely see, the Australia is the only country which has a national commemoration – let alone one with an enormous attendance – to mark the hour when their soldiers waded ashore on the beaches of the Gallipoli peninsula.



The Queen, Mr Howard and Mr Blair at the unveiling.

New Zealand is not to be outdone by the Australian War Memorial. A New Zealand monument is planned diagonally opposite. As the Australian and New Zealand memorials will be cheek by jowl with each other it will be possible to hold joint Dawn Services on Anzac Day, which since 1996 have been held at Battersea Park. But it seems to be a case of “the last shall be first”. The New Zealanders are on the Piccadilly/Park Lane corner where the land is higher. The Australians are on the lower ground facing the walls of Buckingham Palace and the Lanesborough Hotel.

The Australian memorial wall is the first of four major new memorials in London within two miles of each other. Two days after the unveiling of the Australian memorial less than a mile away to the east at Horse Guards Parade, the Royal Naval Division (RND) fountain designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens in 1924, was unveiled, as reported elsewhere in *The Gallipolian*. Plans are also near completion for work to start on a fourth memorial in the West End – the huge Animals in War monument in Hyde Park facing Park Lane, which has Princess Anne as a patron.

Acknowledgements: We are greatly indebted to several correspondents both in Australia and Great Britain for providing copies of newspapers reports concerning the Memorial and also to the Australian High Commission in London, especially Rita Fitzpatrick of the Public Affairs Branch for information and photographs.

THE LAST TO LEAVE

BY LEON GELLERT

The guns were silent, and the silent hills
Had bowed their grasses to a gentle breeze.
I gazed upon the vales and on the rills,
And whispered, 'What of these?' and 'What of these?'
'These long-forgotten dead with sunken graves,
Some crossless, with unwritten memories;
Their only mourners are the moaning waves;
Their only minstrels are the singing trees.'
And thus I mused and sorrowed wistfully.
I watched the place where they had scaled the height,
That height whereon they bled so bitterly
Throughout each day and through each blistered night.
I sat there long, and listened – all things listened too.
I heard the epics of a thousand trees;
A thousand waves I heard, and then I knew
The waves were very old, the trees were wise:
The dead would be remembered evermore –
The valiant dead that gazed upon the skies,
And slept in great battalions by the shore.

January 1916

Acknowledgement: The help of Bob Pike who kindly provided a copy of the poem and indeed much else on Gallipoli matters is greatly appreciated.

RICHARD BOWEN WOOSNAM THE MAN WHO DIED TWICE 1880-1915

J M BROWN

Tumbling down from the Cambrian Mountains – the very backbone of Wales – the tiny River Severn wanders eastwards along the course which rambles into neighbouring England; then southwards and out into the Bristol Channel, skirted on its north bank by Wales, the country of its birth. Barely ten miles from its source in the nearby mountain range lies the little town of Llanidloes, an ancient site of human occupation, sitting almost exactly in the centre of Wales. The Severn flows right through this old town, whose history reaches back to the seventh century when a Celtic ecclesiastic, St Idloes, made a start on a church overlooking the stream. The classic medieval town possesses a rich history based initially on the industries of wool and flannel. Later, in the nineteenth century, the lead mining which the Romans had pioneered centuries before, was revived and the town prospered, with even a railway serving its needs and connecting its valley lair with the outside world. And during all these times the venerable church of St Idloes quietly watched over the little town's progress.

Inside St Idloes church will be found the usual complement of memorial plaques, and one of them is of particular relevance to this tale. In white marble, it holds the names of several members of the Woosnam family, a name common enough in that part of Britain. The final inscription, at the very bottom of the plaque, gives the name of a man who in his short life subscribed much to the honour of his country: as a soldier in two of the British Empire's wars, and as a naturalist of considerable stature in international circles. Willingly he gave his all to these services, and died in battle at Gallipoli in 1915. He has no known grave, and even the place of his death was a mystery, until careful research verified what the St Idloes church plaque clearly indicated – Gallipoli.

On 17 November 1880, Kate Woosnam gave birth to her only son, Richard Bowen Woosnam. He was the third of her four children, the others being all girls. There was confusion as to the place of his birth. His birth certificate is clear in its declaration that he was born at 41 Warwick Gardens in Kensington, London. According to this document his father, Bowen Pottinger Woosnam, was at the time a Barrister-at-Law, and gave the above as his home address. Another source – his obituary in *The Ibis* – states emphatically that young Richard had been born at Tyn-y-Graig, Builth, Brecknockshire. One can only conclude that the officially signed birth certificate gave the true location. The boy at some stage earned the nickname 'Boysie' by the family, and when he was old enough joined his father regularly on shooting excursions in the country, the family Game Book recording that on nearly every occasion he was 'out all day'. Those happy days fell when he was aged between 9 and 12 years, and surely must have instilled in him an enthusiasm for the pleasures of the outdoors and the interest of nature.



Richard Bowen Woosnam. Reproduced from The Ibis, October 1915.

Nothing is known of his early schooling, but he went on to attend Wellington College in Berkshire for the final three years of his education from 1895 to 1898. A lean, athletic youth, he played in the three-quarter line of his house rugby team, but of his scholastic achievements nothing was recorded. Certainly his interest in the outdoors must have stimulated an enthusiasm for nature in its many guises, and provided the impetus which served such useful purposes in the years ahead. One can only guess at the heights to which he would have risen in the world of natural history had he been allowed a full lifespan, but in the few years he was given his accomplishments were impressive.

On leaving school Woosnam was thrust into troubled times. It was the year of Kitchener's famous victory at the Battle of Omdurman, but another war was looming in the southernmost part of the continent. Ominous war clouds were building up in 1899 between Britain and the South African Republic. The diehard Afrikaners in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State were being hard pressed by the pressures created by their new-found wealth in the form of gold and diamonds, and particularly by the consequent arrival of hordes of foreigners intent on finding riches. In the lead of these was a small band of tough, materialistic men, amongst whom were Cecil Rhodes, Alfred Beit and Julius Wernher. The friction between these tycoons, backed by British scheming, and the aged President Paul Kruger, a seasoned old-world Boer leader, rose to an insoluble pitch and culminated in war. Into this disturbance young Woosnam was sucked, and on 4 December 1899, barely two months after war was declared, he was embodied into the militia. Three months later, on 6 March 1900, he was commissioned into the 3rd Bn Welsh Regiment as a 2nd Lt, and on his way to South Africa. For two years he served in that war-torn country, being appointed to the 2nd Bn of the Worcestershire Regiment on 27 July 1901. His record of service briefly mentions that he 'took part in operations in South Africa 1900-1902; first as Railway Staff Officer; subsequently in the O.R.C.' His service in the field ended on 28 April 1902, when he sailed from Cape Town for England. On 2 October 1903 he resigned from the army, to follow a new path in life.

From his obituary in *Nature* comes this reference to the direction he later followed: 'it was during this period [the Boer War] that he first became known to the Natural History Museum by sending to that institution a number of small mammal and bird skins, prepared so well that it was at once noticed that they were the work of a skilled collector and true naturalist.' Woosnam had made his contribution as a soldier of Britain, but his heart was really in the sphere of nature and its mysteries. With this in mind he offered his services to the Museum soon after resigning from the army. The famous institution immediately seized its opportunity and put him to work.

At the beginning of the twentieth century Africa was a paradise for naturalists and hunters. Woosnam had already discovered its possibilities when on his occasional collecting forays during the Boer War. His desire to return and resume collecting in southern Africa received encouragement from the Museum, and in early 1904 he was back in the Cape Colony in the company of a retired brother officer, R.E. Dent. There

they made a collection of zoological specimens, continuing into Bechuanaland and the Kalahari in their searches. In February 1904 the two men were busy at their work, as a letter to the Museum tells, with mice, rats, bats, birds and small animals being carefully prepared and shipped regularly to London. From one letter it is evident he was doing this work at his own expense, and time was therefore his to use as he felt fit. This was expressed in a letter he wrote to the Museum in April 1904, which stated: 'I have no ambition to make a fortune out of the specimens I send and I know it is impossible, but some £.S.D. is necessary to exist and as long as I can pay my expenses I am satisfied. I do it because I like it ... I can manage till August or September when I hope to be home in England'. With optimism he added: 'next time I will start properly equipped with traps etc.'

On his return to England he was occupied with tidying up his field notes on the birds he had collected, and it was at that time a friend, who later wrote his obituary for *The Ibis*, recollected: 'Good to look at, tall, rather slight, and cleanly built, full of life and energy; add to these physical attractions the finest character imaginable, strong, delightfully modest and simple, transparently honest. Altogether a man on whom one could absolutely rely on all occasions. As a skilled field-naturalist and taxidermist he had few equals, and few could handle a gun or rifle better, while in all sports requiring field-craft or skill he was proficient.'

Woosnam's success on the South Africa trip must have impressed the Museum officials, who were at the time planning an expedition to the Ruwenzori range. His appointment as the leader of this important trip was significant, for it was the first serious attempt by white men to explore the massif's natural history. But before this extended journey came about Woosnam made a short diversion to the Middle East. Accompanying a Colonel Bailward on an expedition in western Persia and Armenia, he amassed a fine collection of birds and mammals for the Museum. With that behind him he was ready to tackle the onerous task of organising and leading the Ruwenzori expedition, one which lasted for thirteen months. The chief arranger of this long trip, with its staff of four Europeans, later wrote: 'In Woosnam I found the ideal leader.'

This mammoth undertaking, in a country still primitive in communications and conditions turned out a success story. Woosnam and his party arrived in Mombasa on 6 November 1905. It took over three weeks of travel to reach the foothills of the mountains they were to work in, and as was usual with this elusive range on only one occasion did it expose itself in full view. But the promise of an interesting collection was great, as he wrote to the Museum in late December: 'I think we shall get you some queer animals from here it is an extraordinary place.' For months the party laboured in wet dripping conditions, reaching an altitude of 16,794 feet. This was only a matter of 20 feet below the summit point, which was reached by the huge expedition led by the Duke of Abruzzi in 1906. Collecting of every plant or creature they could find went on in all conditions of weather and altitude, and the rewards were high. By the end of the trip the inventory of specimens sent to the Museum was described by a senior member

of staff as: 'The collections formed are among the finest that have ever been sent to the British Museum ... A large number of the species were new to science'. The expedition completed their journey in the mountains and returned home travelling westwards through the Congo, finally arriving back in England late in 1906. The trip had been immensely rewarding, earning these words of praise from the Zoological Society of London: 'To Mr R.B. Woosnam, the leader of the expedition, special praise is due for the admirable manner in which he conducted the exploration of Ruwenzori and brought it to a most successful termination in the face of many serious difficulties. The Zoological Society of London, in recognition of the signal services he has rendered to science on this and other similar occasions, has awarded him a silver medal, and certainly no reward was ever more justly merited.' One year on, in December 1907, Woosnam read a paper to a meeting at the Royal Geographical Society in London, titled 'Ruwenzori and its Life Zones'. Sometime later, another privilege was given him when he was elected a member of the British Ornithologist's Union in 1909. All in all he was proving his worth in the field of natural history, especially as a leader of collecting expeditions to far places.

Not long after his return from the Ruwenzoris Woosnam was off again with Colonel Bailward, this time to the Caspian Sea and the nearby Elburz mountains, where an excellent collection was made for the British Museum. A spell in England followed, when he busily wrote up the reports of his various travels; articles appearing in the Zoological Society's 500 page account of the Ruwenzori trip, and *The Ibis*. In 1909, having cleared his desk, he returned to Africa, with the principal aim an investigation of the rapidly drying up Lake Ngami. A collection of the resident fishes, so soon to disappear, was the main objective, and this was accomplished, together with a useful assemblage of birds. All these were dutifully donated to the Museum and described by him in *The Ibis* in 1912.

It was at this point Woosnam decided on a major change of course in his life, one that provided him with a new and challenging profession, while at the same time keeping him involved in wildlife matters. It had not been an easy decision for him, deciding which of the two enticing offers he had been given was the correct one to take. In 1910 the British Museum offered him the opportunity of full-time employment at the Museum. In the same year The Secretary of State for the Colonies presented him with the chance to be the Game Warden of British East Africa. Such tempting posts put him in a quandary, and after much deliberation he finally decided. Africa it was to be.

His letter to Dr Oldfield Thomas in the Museum explained all: 'I ought to have written to you long ago, but it has been difficult to make up my mind. I have given your kind offer my most serious consideration, but I am afraid I have decided against it. You will I know call me a fool and rightly so for throwing away so great a chance and one which ten years ago was what I most desired but since then many days have passed ... if I came into the Museum I should soon feel my lack of real scientific education a very serious handicap and there is nothing more wretched than trying to live above your capacity

either intellectual or pecuniary ... I believe I have a good chance of getting this E. African post and shall take it if I do get the chance and believe I can really do some useful work there, you know as well or better than I do, how all the larger fauna is disappearing off the face of the earth. I know it can't be prevented ultimately but we can try and retard the process.'

Woosnam arrived in East Africa towards the end of 1910. He plunged himself wholeheartedly into his new task as head of the country's Game Department, exhibiting enthusiasm and a mature wisdom in his responsible position. Just on 30 years old, he displayed the assurance and ability of an older and more experienced man, and was soon earning commendations of a high order for his achievements. His obituary in *The Ibis* gave these well-earned words: 'As game warden in British East Africa he was a great success, and brought his department into a high state of efficiency. He did his duty without fear or favour, but was nevertheless one of the most popular and highly esteemed men in the Protectorate. He has been justly described by one of his colleagues as "the whitest man he ever met".' Up to that stage in its short history British East Africa had experienced a succession of game wardens, and all had struggled to establish a modicum of discipline and system in the embryonic department. It was Woosnam who finally pieced everything together, and before he left in 1915 he could well claim to have constructed a sound base for future officers of the department. His name is almost unknown today, but it deserves recognition as one of the ablest men ever to lead East Africa's Game Department.

In August 1914 war erupted with Germany. With a German colony – Deutsch Ost-Afrika – immediately next door, mobilisation of forces from local sources commenced, and Woosnam was no exception. With the advantages of previous war experience and a good general knowledge of the whole country, he was in an excellent position to assist. The Intelligence Department quickly availed itself of his expertise, giving him the rank of Captain, and full charge of organising bands of local men, black and white, to act as eyes along the border zone. But the call for more active service was strong, so, after five months he left for Britain to rejoin his regiment, the Worcesters. He wrote to Thomas in the Museum from the South Raglan Barracks in Devonport on 30 April 1915: 'I have been allowed by the Colonial Office to rejoin my Regt: for the period of the war and am expecting to go to France to the 2nd Worcesters in about a week to see if I can't bag a few square heads. Then I shall go back to my Rhinos!!' This was proof enough that his heart was truly in his job in East Africa, and it is a matter of great regret that he was not destined to continue with the excellent work he was doing in that fabled country.

On retirement from full-time service with his regiment in 1903, Woosnam did not completely sever links. He remained on their reserve of officers with the rank of 2nd Lt, so it was a simple matter to report for duty in early 1915. While his expectations were for a short step to the Western Front in Europe, this didn't happen, and he was last found fighting on the battlefields of Gallipoli. The battles for the village of Krithia are well-known to the student of that ill-conceived campaign. They were known as the 1st,

2nd and 3rd Battles of Krithia, and the Worcesters fought with vigour in all of them, before finally the attempt to capture the village was abandoned. Woosnam in the 4th battalion acquitted himself well throughout, and is given mention in the regiment's history by Captain H. Stacke, MC.

The 3rd Battle of Krithia opened at 9.30am on 4 June 1915 with two heavy artillery bombardments of the Turkish lines. After the second the infantry advanced. The regimental history states simply that: 'Under a storm of fire the Worcester's platoons rushed forward across the open and into the enemy trenches. Three successive lines of trenches were cleared.' Then came stalemate and consolidation, when wounds were licked and losses counted. It turned out a sombre roll-call with five officers killed and three missing. Among the missing was Woosnam, who was never found. So ended a splendid life at the beginning of its fulfilment, with only a name on a white marble plaque in a quiet little Welsh town church to bear visible witness to its former existence.

Woosnam's story did not end with his death at Krithia. Eighty-six years afterwards I was researching for material on this almost forgotten man, to add to a biography I was compiling on a contemporary of his who was a big game hunter in East Africa before the First World War. Woosnam's part in the story was a supplementary one, but important, so the wheels of investigation were started. They uncovered an extraordinary story, which took me in correspondence to the regimental museums of the Worcestershire Regiment and the Green Howards in Yorkshire, and the Commonwealth War Graves Commission.

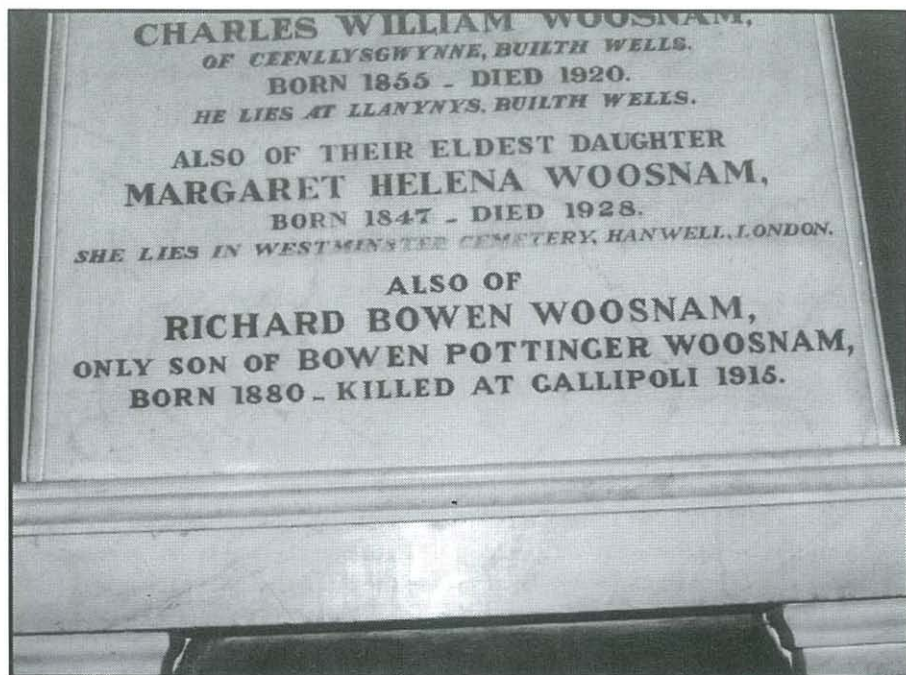
My opening request was to the Worcestershire Regiment Museum Trust, for any information they could find on Woosnam's service with that regiment. The Trust researchers did their work meticulously, and back to me came a comprehensive sheaf of selected, carefully copied papers. It was clear from the extracts out of the regiment history that he was killed on 4 June 1915 at the Third Battle of Krithia. But out of these papers one frustrating query cropped up. He was, it transpired, transferred at one stage to the Green Howards, and it was suggested I write to them about this. At that point what had appeared as a straightforward matter – the date and place of his death – became confused. The reply from the Green Howards contained startling news. It claimed: 'He was serving with our 4th Bn when he was killed in action on the 4th June 1915 near Ypres.' This was perplexing, more so when a reply came from the War Graves Commission confirming that in their records he was killed at Ypres on 4 June 1915 while serving with the Green Howards, and that his name was inscribed on the Menin Gate. All three parties were adamant they were correct, but the obituaries in *Nature* and *The Ibis* supported the Worcesters' claim for Gallipoli.

At that stage the Editor, David Saunders, came to my aid and joined the quest for truth. He located Charles Woosnam whose grandfather was Richard Woosnam's uncle and gained confirmation from various sources – including a copy of Woosnam's Army Death Certificate and a photo of the plaque in St Idloes church – that he was in fact a

casualty at Gallipoli. Finally the mystery was resolved, and in a letter to the War Graves Commission from the Worcesters the last sentence stated: 'He was clearly never declared dead and therefore never appeared in the Regimental Roll of Honour or on any memorial in the Dardanelles'. One last word from the War Graves Commission declared that: 'they do not tend his grave in the Dardanelles, presuming his name is not on the Helles Memorial ... then it ought to be added.' There the matter rests, and Woosnam, who was never found after the battle, sleeps in an unmarked grave near Krithia.

The author, who has lived all his life in Kenya, has a special interest in the subject of this article. Since youth he has been involved with East Africa's wildlife, and while operating his own safari business in the 1960s and early 1970s he outfitted eleven collecting expeditions for the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History. He also served with the Kenya Game Department in the 1950s, so has an understanding of the work Woosnam pioneered in East Africa's early days.

His further interest in Gallipoli arises from the fact that an uncle, one of his mother's brothers, fought at Suvla Bay in 1915 with the Lovat Scouts. He survived, to fight on later at Salonika.



*Part of the Woosnam Memorial in St Idloes Church, Llanidloes, Powys.
Photograph David Saunders.*

ONE HUNDRED & THREE YEARS YOUNG

COLIN HAGUE

William Stone, who delighted all who sat near him at our Autumn Lunch, was born in Devon on 23 September 1900. At thirteen years old he decided to join the Royal Navy, and at fifteen got as far as the Recruiting Office, but his father wouldn't sign the necessary papers. On his eighteenth birthday, however, he joined up at Plymouth as a Stoker. His first ship, after training at Devonport was the battlecruiser HMS *Tiger*, which was at Scapa Flow when the German Fleet scuttled in 1919.

In 1922 he went round the world showing the flag on HMS *Hood*. Whilst serving on this famous ship, William became the ship's part-time barber. He cut the hair of some famous men, such as Evans of the Broke. As Leading Stoker, William served on HMS *Chrysanthemum*, HMS *P40* (a submarine chaser), HMS *Eagle*, HMS *Harebell* (a sloop), the destroyers HMS *Thanet* and HMS *Tenedos*, and HMS *Carlisle*, a light cruiser. It was whilst on HMS *Eagle*, (an aircraft carrier) that he cut the hair of Major Franco – the General's brother – following his ship rescuing the major after he had ditched in a seaplane.

From 1937, now Chief Stoker, he served on HMS *Salamander*, a minesweeper. This ship made five trips to pick up soldiers from the Dunkirk beaches in 1940. He was also on Russian convoy duty, sweeping to Archangel. In 1941 he was posted to the newly commissioned HMS *Newfoundland*. After Atlantic convoy duty, the ship was torpedoed during the Sicily landings in 1943. With no rudder, she was patched up at Malta then limped to Boston, Massachusetts for a proper repair, steering by selective engine power and a jury-rigged sail. William was Mentioned in Despatches.

Following the German surrender William completed his war service with three months guarding the island of Sylt in north Germany. For this he was required to wear an army uniform with his naval cap. After 27 years eventful service CPO Stone returned to civilian life, and used his barbering skills to open a shop in Paignton, subsequently moving with his late wife to Watlington.

William was born just one month after the late Queen Mother, who he used to meet at Not Forgotten receptions at Clarence House. They seem to have been on very good terms! On 1 July William was on parade at the Cenotaph, where he was pictured making sure that Winston Churchill, Chairman of the Friends of War Memorials, laid a wreath the right way up. In early November he was to be seen selling poppies outside his local supermarket. While William had the honour, together with two other veterans of being driven down Whitehall and past the Cenotaph at the head of the Remembrance Day march past at the Cenotaph.

Apart from the Royal British Legion he is an active member of many associations, including Dunkirk Veterans, Royal Naval, HMS *Hood*, HMS *Chrysanthemum*, Malta George Cross Island, and the Western Front Association.

As one of a dwindling band of veterans, William has been much in demand. In the autumn he was interviewed in one of the television series on the Great War. By coincidence it was an episode about the Gallipoli landings, although of course he wasn't serving at that time. Our friend and member the late Fred Bundy also appeared in that episode.

Since he was not coaling, William agreed to wear his formidable complement of medals for our Autumn Lunch. At 103 years old, he puts us all to shame by using a chest expander every day!



William Stone (centre) with Colin Hague (left) and Phil Mills (right).
Photograph Phil Mills.

GALLIPOLI BURSARY 2003

LIEUTENANT ANDREW J STEVENS QARNNS

CAPTAIN KERI WIGELSWORTH QARANC

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT HELENE MARTIN
PMRAFNS

In honour of Royal Hospital Haslar's 250th anniversary, the Gallipoli Association awarded the annual bursary to serving officers of our unit. One officer from each Service within the Defence Medical Services had the honour to study medical aspects of the campaign. The following is an account of our visit and findings.

Conflict and Casualties

Those who have visited the Gallipoli peninsula will have seen the duality of the landscape. It is beautiful yet hostile. The land is undulating in places, steep and hilly in others, but always sloping upward from the blue Aegean. The Anzac area consists of cliffs and gullies with narrow ridges. Generally the ground is hard, dry and stony but covered in tough, prickly gorse and hawthorn like bushes. The climate is variable, reaching 40 degrees in summer and dropping to well below freezing in winter.

Although the battlefield is small compared to the Western Front, the soldiers were expected to secure the high ground above Helles, a distance of five miles, within a day of landing. Add enemy fire and a lack of fresh water to this terrain and it is easy to imagine the difficulties that were faced.

From a medical perspective, the terrain, high casualty numbers and the difficulty in evacuating from a peninsula provided a major challenge. Generally, the nature of the fighting during the First World War placed enormous strains on medical staff to provide adequate care, but nevertheless the methods of treatment and evacuation were fairly robust. However, at the beginning of the Gallipoli campaign, the story was very different mainly because of poor preparation.

At the time of the initial landings on 25 April 1915, the planning for evacuation of casualties was inadequate. Overall, the land offensive was rushed. The naval attempt to secure the area in March had failed, but due to the strategic importance of controlling the Dardanelles, it was decided to send an Expeditionary Force. Generally a lack of accurate intelligence and time made medical planning difficult. Senior medical staff were often told nothing of the strategic plans because of tight secrecy. For this reason, medical plans were formulated by those responsible for the offensive rather than the

medical and logistic specialists. Consequently, it was expected that there would be 3,000 casualties, but when reviewed by senior medical staff days before the landings, the figure was revised to 10,000.

A new medical plan was submitted the day before the landings. Evacuation of casualties was only possible by sea. The original estimation of numbers made assumptions that the landings would be decisive, with a rapid move forward. This would have allowed three stationary hospitals to be landed ashore behind the assault that would provide adequate treatment until evacuation was possible or enable soldiers to return to the front line. However, even though the new medical plan was more realistic it could not respond to the assault moving slowly forward and had little time to allocate appropriate resources to evacuate the wounded by sea and to care for them in transit. All that could be done in the time available was to provide an increased number of 'Blackships'. These were normal troop and equipment-carrying ships without purpose built hospital ship facilities. In many cases the holds were still covered in manure as they had just transported horses and donkeys to the area. In some cases they sailed without any medical staff

Tony Fagin of the Auckland Infantry Regiment, talking in the 1980's, described the reality of the poor planning. After being one of the first to land he was shot in the abdomen. He was found by stretcher-bearers who were unable to do much more than apply a field dressing and take him back to the beach. He then says,

"...I was put aboard a barge. We stopped at two troopships (that were full). Eventually we arrived at a ship that had some space. My stretcher was winched up...There were 600 wounded aboard, two doctors, no nurses, no medical orderlies, no anaesthetics, and there we lay. I wasn't touched all the way to Alexandria."

The voyage would have taken nearly four days. On 29 April, nurses at Alexandria were astonished to find him and 3,400 other casualties unloaded from ships, destined for their hospital. With no extra resources, they relied on local women volunteers to help.

Problems continued after the initial landings. The safe triage of the wounded was difficult as initially there was a lack of suitable landing areas on the nearby islands. They were being sent directly to Malta, Egypt and even Britain. This meant that less seriously wounded men were receiving care meant for more needy cases. Some 'Blackships' were converted to hospital ships but they remained undermanned and larger numbers were being taken on the longer voyage to Britain as the hospitals in Egypt and Malta were overflowing.

Ashore, the terrain remained difficult. The wounded had to be moved to the beach by stretcher-bearers and stretchers were always in short supply. There were a few motor ambulances but their use was very limited by the state of the tracks. There were some

communication trenches but these became very busy and almost impassable when it rained. They also remained under constant shell and sniper fire.

As the campaign progressed, however, it was not just the wounds that had to be dealt with, as dysentery became an overwhelming problem. Of the 52,000 men evacuated in August and September 1915, 78% had diarrhoea. Sanitation standards had improved and senior medical staff had been given responsibility for it but it was the bodies of the dead that caused most problems. There are many descriptions of the swarms of flies that covered everything including food and drink that ultimately spread the disease. It became so bad that a truce was arranged so that each side could remove their dead from no-mans land to allow proper burial.

The impact of the disease was seen on the island of Lemnos situated a few miles from the peninsula. On the temporary wards there, a lack of water made maintaining basic hygiene difficult. The high numbers of sick and wounded meant that dressings, morphia and supplies quickly diminished and nurses had to tear up their own clothes to make bandages. The dysentery was often so bad that all the nurses could do was tie up the men's trouser legs. Many of those caring for the men became ill themselves due to exhaustion.

Towards the end of the campaign a very different problem faced the men and the medical services. During freak blizzards in November 1915, 16,000 men, mainly from the Suvla front, were admitted to receiving hospitals with frostbite and exposure. By this point, however, the evacuation process was robust and finally a medical depot had been built on the nearby island of Mudros with six hospitals and convalescence facilities capable of taking 13,000 casualties. Even though the medical support now existed, the troops were demoralised and this was the beginning of the end of the campaign.

The eventual evacuation is regarded as an example of discipline and planning. The embarkation was carried out in secret from the Turks in an attempt to reduce casualties but since these were still anticipated, medical services stayed until the last. In case they were captured, they had a chit written in Ottoman explaining that they were not fighting soldiers but only working in connection to the wounded and sick. However, everyone was embarked with no losses and great care was taken to ensure that no wounded were left behind. The end of the campaign was a contrast to its beginning.

In all, 400,000 men were engaged against 300,000 Turkish troops. Of the Allies, 117,549 were wounded or killed and a further 100,000 were evacuated sick. The Turkish wounded have been estimated at 250,000 including 86,000 dead. These numbers are a testimony to the ferociousness of the fighting and the conditions that had to be endured. Providing medical care in this environment was always going to be a great challenge and the heroics and dedication of the medical staff is not in question, but the circumstances that led to poor planning inevitably did not help them to save lives.

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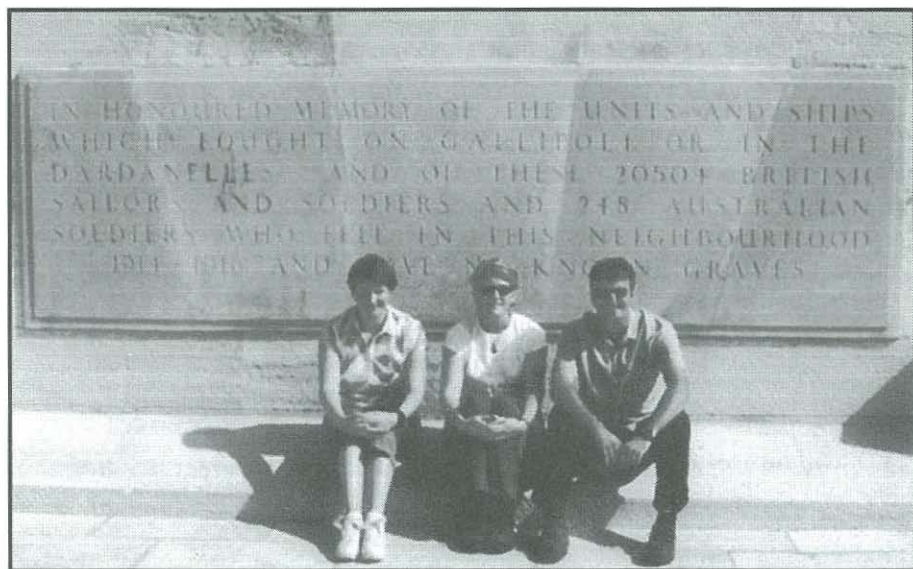
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Left to right: Captain Keri Wigglesworth QARANC, Flight Lieutenant Helene Martin PMRAFNS, Lieutenant Andrew Stevens QARNNS

SPECIAL SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE AT SUTTON VENY SCHOOL

On Thursday November 6th 2003 staff and children gave a very warm welcome to a visiting party from Australia.

The party of 29 World War Two veterans along with representatives from today's Australian, Navy, Army, Air Force, Marines and Military padre.

Also in attendance were representatives from the Australian Veterans Service, Australian War Memorial and Returned Service League.

The party enjoyed morning tea served by the Friends of the School

Children from class six chatted to the veterans, mesmerised by the medals that adorned each before escorting them into the church for the Remembrance Service.

Repatriation Commissioner, Rear Admiral Simon Harrington gave a brief outline to staff and children for the reason behind the visit to the U.K.

Merchant Navy veteran Ron Ware whose father came to Sutton Veny during WW1, presented the school with 12 little Koalas.

Dr Richard E Reid presented the school with a signed copy of his book 'Australians in Britain'

The school also received a copy of the book 'Australians at War' along with 5 copies of a book from Toowoomba presented by one of the veterans, hats, badges, stickers, scarves and coasters.

A plaque was presented to head teacher Mrs Christine Folker with the inscription,

**'Presented to the
Sutton Veny Church of England
Primary School
By the Australian Veterans Group
On the occasion of the Commemorative Mission to Great Britain
To dedicate the Australian War Memorial, London**

The service began with the Representatives from the Australian Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines who made up the catafalque party taking up their position at the altar. (A catafalque party is a guard mounted over a catafalque on any one of the following occasions at a memorial or special occasion such as ANZAC Day or Remembrance Day).

Reverend Hugh Hoskins welcomed all to the service this was followed by a prologue from the representative of the Returned Service League. The singing of the hymn 'Lord of all Hopefulness' followed one of our Year six students reading the poem 'In Flanders Field'. The Australian Anthem was sung followed by prayers and blessing from the Australian Military Padre. The older children then escorted the veterans and party to the cemetery to lay a poppy on each of the war graves. The younger children took the opportunity to talk to the veterans and military representatives about the medals they were wearing and the rifles they were carrying.

The morning ended with a quick visit to look at the Anzac memorabilia on display in the school before rejoining the coach to travel to the Land Warfare Centre in Warminster for lunch at the Infantry Mess. Adults and children alike had a thoroughly enjoyable morning and were left with feelings of immense respect for the veterans and humbled by the courage, endurance and suffering they had shown.

Nicky Barnard
Sutton Veny School



*Nicky Barnard with Year 4 pupils. Each card contained the words
"In Remembrance from the children of Sutton Veny C of E School.
We Will Remember Them."*

A GALLIPOLI GRANDAD

HOWARD MALLINSON

Sadness is a part of life's pattern: in 2003 I lost a friend – David Hare – who was a member of the Gallipoli Association and whose passing gives us an opportunity to remind ourselves of the role of his grandfather at Helles on 25 April. There is in Claygate, Surrey an unofficial sub-branch of the Gallipoli Association: three descendants of men who served in the campaign. Regulars at the Foley Arms, who discovered by chance that their forebears had been at Helles, two of them in the 29th Division, another in the 42nd East Lancashire (Territorial) Division. Both Len Chandler's father and David Hare's grandfather had been wounded but had survived; my grandmother's brother (Private George Vivian Ash) had died at Helles.



Left to right: Len Chandler, Howard Mallinson and David Hare with portraits of Sergeant-Major George Ash died 16 March 1915 and his son George Vivian Ash, died 4 June 1915 and remembered at Helles

The connection between our ancestors' lives had been revealed from a chance remark, and had escalated and intrigued us all in quick time. Len Chandler is the senior member of the Foley Arms group. His father, Private Frederick Chandler* was rowed ashore on X beach, of which more below; surviving the fighting at Helles, he was later wounded at Suvla Bay. My grandmother's brother, being unfortunate to be in Egypt with 5th Lancashire Fusiliers (part of the 42nd Division) and which, being closest at hand, were the first reinforcements. They landed at Lancashire Landing eleven days after it had been taken, called in by Sir Ian Hamilton when the landings had not met their objective; he died six weeks later in the third battle of Krithia.

Len Chandler and myself were the first of the group to discover that our relations had been part of the glorious failure of Gallipoli; thus an engaging common interest was established and was to be a constant theme of conversation in the Foley Arms over the coming months. Overhearing our conversation one day, as Len and I were talking, David Hare announced, as he pulled a pint, that his grandfather had commanded (commanded? we noted) the Fusilier Brigade, in which Len's Dad had been part, at the Helles landings, and that he had been wounded there. Now we were three; quickly Len introduced David and I to the Gallipoli Association. Before long two other Foley Arms irregulars had joined the Association: Captain Graham Ward (Welsh Guards and the Hampshire Regiment) and Jim Thornton of the RAF. Now we were five.

Major-General Sir Steuart Hare (1867-1952) survived a bad flesh wound at Gallipoli and after he had died in old age an obituary was published in *The Times* on 27 October 1952. Shortly after David Hare was diagnosed with cancer, a disease which he confronted with great composure, he gave me a copy of a letter which the family had received from H. Brown, written following the appearance of the obituary, who on 25 April 1915 had been a stretcher-bearer with H Company, 1st Lancashire Fusiliers.

He it was who had been ordered to attend the Brigadier-General (as he then was) who had been reported injured on the bluff at the western end of what was to become known as "Lancashire Landing". "I happened to be in the same small boat as the General", wrote Private Brown, "that left the battleship HMS *Implacable*." Those who know the story of Lancashire Landing will recall that the greater part of 1st Lancashire Fusiliers were carried in cutters rowed ashore by matelots from HMS *Euryalus*. The terrible mauling that they received must have been witnessed by those in *Implacable*'s boats. Brown wrote in 1952 of how gratifying it had been, that the General had spoken "encouraging words to each one of us in his boat".

Brigadier-General Hare was in command of the 86th Brigade of the 29th Division, of which the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers was part: he issued a Brigade Order to his men on the eve of battle. This is what he said:

"Fusiliers! Our Brigade is to have the honour to be the first to land and to cover the disembarkment of the rest of the division. Our task will be no easy one. Let us

carry it through in a way worthy of the traditions of the distinguished regiments of which the Fusilier Brigade is composed; in such a way that the men of Albuhera [during the Peninsular war] and Minden [during the Seven Years War], of Delhi and Lucknow [Indian Mutiny], may hail us as their equals in valour and military achievement, and that future historians may say of us, as Napier said of the Fusilier Brigade at Albuhera- ‘Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry’”.

Steuart Hare was an educated man: the next day, 25 April 1915, encouraged by ‘*Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry*’, the Lancashire Fusiliers famously won “Six VCs before breakfast” According to our correspondent, Brigadier-General Sir Steuart Hare, witness to the taking of Lancashire Landing, “believed in doing things himself”.

“He could see from the casualties on the beach that the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers had been badly knocked about. He must have made up his mind to get in touch with the Royal Fusiliers on the next beach to see how they were faring.”

The “next beach” was X beach where the invaders, including Len Chandler’s dad, had disembarked with minimal casualties. In one of the great unspoken “what ifs” of the campaign, the sniper who wounded Brigadier-General Sir Steuart Hare may have done far more to prevent the taking of high ground on the first day at Helles than has been remarked before. If Hare had not been wounded, and having the tactical insight to attempt the link-up with X beach early in the day, and finding, as he would have that X force was intact, he would have been sufficiently on the spot and able to take command of the men to take the high ground well before sun down. It had been Hare’s instinct to go the high ground to the west on landing on W beach. Sadly for him and the invasion he was shot: as Colonel Michael Hickey says in *Gallipoli*:

“At 6.30 [am] the Fusiliers [on X beach] were on top of the cliff and set out immediately in the direction of the main landings [W beach]. They had not gone far when they ran into heavy opposition and it became clear that the landings further round the cape had run into serious trouble.”

Recalling his exhortation to his men to emulate Napier ‘Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry’ this “serious opposition” might have yielded to Hare’s leadership against the forces which blocked the link-up between X and W beaches. As it was our stretcher-bearer correspondent tells us that he found him “helpless in a semi-conscious condition with a severe leg wound. “One of his calves was hanging off and what with loss of blood I thought he would die before I could do anything for him.” Until he read the obituary, our correspondent had thought that he *had* died: in fact thanks to Brown having staunched the loss of blood, Hare recovered and was evacuated the same day. Later he was to participate in commanding the Suvla Bay withdrawal and after that he served with Allenby in Palestine.

David Hare was modest of his grandfather’s life as a successful professional soldier, but

quietly very proud; so too was he of his father who also had a very interesting life and had himself cheated death in a flying accident in 1938. At the time he was a test pilot with the RAF in which role he tested pre-production prototypes. In this capacity he tested a prototype Wellington bomber, designed by Barnes Wallis in the days when Mutt Summers (who test-dropped the Dambusters bomb) was Hare's opposite number at Vickers. Putting the Wellington into a test dive, the fin which had been insufficiently designed for the aircraft (it was a borrowed design from a slower aircraft) disintegrated, throwing the Wellington out of control. The involuntary spin which up-ended the bomber had sufficient force to eject the pilot, who was unbelted, through its roof: pilot Hare landed by parachute unconscious and survived; his co-pilot died, trapped in the doomed fin-less aircraft. Maurice Hare went on to be a test pilot with Vickers with whom he spent the rest of his career. According to David, nothing would ever induce him to wear a car seat-belt.

David Hare was a lovely man; humorous, gentle, manly: in the way he handled himself in the fourteen months it took for his cancer to kill him, he displayed the bravery which was plainly his genetic inheritance. Eschewing any treatment, taking only relief from pain, David found peace at home. When at last death came, David's funeral was spectacular: the coffin was taken from the hearse at the entrance to the crematorium, and carried the two hundred yards to the door preceded by a New Orleans jazz band. I am enriched, as is Len Chandler and our Foley Arms chums, by having known David Hare: now we are four!

David leaves a widow, Pippa; a daughter, Poppy; and three sons, Lucas, Sam and Fergus from a former marriage.

* Private Frederick Chandler's story is one of those of the good news variety. A professional soldier in the 1st Battalion, the Border Regiment since 1908, he survived the fighting at Helles. He recovered from wounds at Suvla Bay in time to fight on the first day of the Battle of the Somme on 1st July 1916, where he was wounded; he recovered in time to be wounded twice more in France. On being invalided out of the army on 10 November 1918, he attended the Armistice Day celebrations next day dressed in civvies. "*Cor, you're lucky mate, its all over; you won't have to fight now*" came the friendly but unknowing comment from a stranger! He survived for 40 more years, dying in 1955.

EARLY TOURS TO THE PENINSULA

MICHAEL HICKEY

A map has come into my possession which indicates that an enterprising gentleman, Mr C. Whittall, was running tours there possibly as early as 1923. To a scale allegedly of 2.53 inches to the mile, his map indicates that the Chanak narrows are only 400 yards wide; apart from that, he shows the positions of all the Imperial War Graves cemeteries that had been completed by that date. Notable omissions are The Redoubt, V Beach,

Lancashire Landing and Pink Farm at Helles, all of which must have been still under construction. However, all those at Suvla and most at Anzac are shown. The roads on the peninsula at that time were of course little more than unsealed tracks, as implied in Mr Whittall's prospectus:

TRANSPORT – Country carts seating three to five persons are most suitable, owing to the fact that they can traverse roads and tracks in all weathers. A few Ford vans are also available and will be used if weather permits for the transport of passengers who wish to visit particular points at a distance. Each vehicle will be allotted to its passengers for the day, and will be entirely at their disposal. Route- from Kelia bay (the headquarters and base camp of the Imperial War Graves Commission, opposite Nagara Point) across the peninsula to Lone Pine. Thence to Chunuk Bair (New Zealand memorial) from which point a magnificent view of the whole battlefield is obtained. From Chunuk Bair via Lone Pine to Shrapnel Valley via Shell Green. (Mr Whittall obviously believed in exercising his clients). Visitors will then proceed along the Suvla Road, from which they may visit the cemeteries and other points of interest on foot, and obtain a very fair idea of the difficulties encountered by our troops in landing. Owing to limited time visitors should not proceed beyond Green Hill, and two hours should be allowed for the return journey to Kelia. **NOTE** – The excursion will be accompanied by Turkish-speaking Englishmen with a knowledge of the country. Parties visiting points lying off the main road are recommended to keep an eye on the movements of the main party, and on the time. Visitors are warned to keep a careful guard over their wraps, rugs, etc.

Mr Whittall may have been employed by the Graves Commission who may or may not have known of his off-duty activities. His printing was done by the Maltese firm of Caruana and his map is derived from one published by Waterlow & Sons Ltd of London, Dunstable and Watford. There are some curious misprints – such as “Stew Bridge”, and “Anzac” for Azmak. Although a dotted line shows the route to be taken at Anzac there is no similar indication for Helles or Suvla, presumably because they were not yet ready for visitors. It is pleasing to imagine his “excursions” setting forth each morning in their country carts and rickety Ford trucks, laden with picnics, wraps and blankets, in the same sense of anticipation tinged with apprehension that we all know on our visits. The battlefields would have presented a stark picture, with masses of debris, uncleared wire, trenches, unexploded ordnance and evidence of the fighting; although the distant cemeteries at Suvla had been finished, they were to remain in lonely isolation for many years. By the mid-thirties there was only a trickle of visitors. Even in the seventies the Australian historian John Laffin was told that he was the first visitor in three years to Azmak, where we always stop to pay particular tribute to the 1/5th Norfolks and the “Sandringham Company”, so ill-served in the BBC's TV film *All the King's Men*.

QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

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

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

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

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

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

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

SIMPSON & SLOUCH HAT BADGES

The Gallipoli Association holds a small stock of these most attractive badges produced by the ANZAC Day Commemoration Committee of Queensland. The Simpson Badge is an oval design (three-quarters on an inch) showing Simpson in classic pose with his donkey, while the Slouch Hat measuring about an inch across is exactly that. Each badge costs £2.50 plus an sae, orders please to The Treasurer, Nowhelan, The Common, Womersley, Guildford, GU5 0PH.

GALLIPOLI NAMES AMONG THOSE REMEMBERED IN DUBLIN

ANTHONY P QUINN

Commemorative projects at Belvedere College, Dublin, including the plaque which former Taoiseach (Prime Minister) Dr Garret FitzGerald unveiled, were innovative and inspiring. The inclusive activities remembered past pupils and staff of the Jesuit secondary school who died in 20th century military conflicts, ranging from the Boer War to the Cypriot conflict. Covered were both world wars and also the Anglo-Irish war and the civil war in the early 1920s. There is now a more mature and balanced approach on remembrance, especially following the Good Friday Agreement, heralding better relations between diverse traditions in Ireland. Among the 68 names on the Belvedere memorial and in the related book, *The Cruel Clouds of War* compiled by Oliver Murphy, maths master at Belvedere, are the following with Gallipoli connections, listed in the date sequence of their deaths :

Gerald Plunkett, Sub Lt, 'A' Co, Collingwood Bn, RND, RNVR, Oxford graduate, barrister, singer and keen yachtsman. Killed in action 4 June 1915, at 3rd battle of Krithia. No known grave, named on Helles Memorial.

John Valentine Dunn, Capt. 7th Bn, Royal Munster Fusiliers, solicitor's apprentice, student at Trinity College, Dublin (TCD). Killed in action at Suvla Bay, aged 23, 15 August 1915. No known grave, named on Helles Memorial.

Kevin Emmet O'Duffy, Lt. 7th Royal Munster Fusiliers, TCD student. Killed in action 15 August 1915 at Suvla Bay, aged 20 in the same incident as John V. Dunn was killed. No known grave, named on Helles Memorial.

Herbert S (Bertie) Tierney, 2nd Lt. Cheshire Reg. 8th Bn. Formerly a Private in Dublin Pals, 7th Bn. Royal Dublin Fusiliers, barrister, graduate of Royal University. Survived Gallipoli but reported missing, believed dead, 9 April 1916, aged 28 at siege of Kut, Mesopotamia. No known grave, named on Basra Memorial, Iraq.

Arthur Herbert (Bertie) Flannery, surgeon Royal Navy, wounded while serving in the army during the Gallipoli campaign. Died of heart attack while serving as a surgeon in Royal Naval hospital, Haslar, Gosport, Hamps., 31 December 1916, aged 25. Grave A 48, south end of Glasnevin cemetery, Dublin.

Louis Lawrence McKeever, MC, Capt. RAMC, att'd. 1st/4th Bn. Royal Scots Fusiliers. Survived Gallipoli, killed in action at Gaza, 8 November 1917, aged 26. Grave IIA, Gaza war cemetery.

For copies of the book, *The Cruel Clouds of War* contact Oliver Murphy, museum curator, Belvedere College, SJ, Great Denmark Street, Dublin 1, Ireland.



Dr Garret Fitzgerald former Irish Prime Minister (Taoiseach) unveiling the plaque in Belvedere College, Dublin. Photograph Anthony P Quinn.

HOOD ENSIGN RESTORATION

Blandford Camp in North Dorset is the busy centre of the Army's Royal Corps of Signals today. In the future it is likely to help with naval communication training too. This will continue the Camp's long association with the Royal Navy including its historical role in relation to the Royal Naval Division in the First World War. The Division trained here and in 1915 marched to operational duty in front of King George V and Mr Winston Churchill. Disbanded in 1919 twenty years later as the Second World War loomed, the memory of the Royal Naval Division was strengthened visibly through the presentation and display of the White Ensign of the Hood Battalion in the Parish Church of Blandford Forum (St Peter and St Paul).

Now, after 60 years, this proud reminder has been showing its age. The Chairman of the Blandford Branch of the Blandford Branch of the Royal Naval Association Roy Adam MBE whose Father had been in the Benbow Battalion and RND Headquarters ordered refurbishment and preservation. The core of the Colour Party needed to lower the Ensign comprised a retired Vice Admiral and retired Chief Gunnery Instructor so there was no doubt who was in charge! (See opposite.)

In July last year the Ensign was gently lowered and rolled onto a prepared drum with acid free tissue paper between each layer. It is being cleaned and preserved at Southampton University's textile Conservation Centre. This has the expertise and is currently helping to preserve the one remaining sail of HMS *Victory* worn at the Battle of Trafalgar.

Meanwhile the Ensign staff is being cleaned. Costs have been met by generous individuals and a local Trust. On completion of the work the Hood Ensign will be refurbished and rededicated in St Peter and St Paul later this year.



A DARDANELLES 1915 WEB SITE

www.navyingallipoli.com

The web site has been prepared by Piotr Nykiel, M.A., a Polish specialist in Turkish studies, whose research into the subject started ten years ago. His present occupation is the Second Secretary at the Embassy of the Republic of Poland in Ankara, Turkey. The web site includes the paper showing that the Allied Navy could not get through the Dardanelles if it had renewed the attack in March. The text based on Turkish, British and French sources, provides new light on the Turkish defence abilities, while an extensive bibliography is included in a separate link. The site includes plenty of photographs taken both by the Turks and Allies during or contemporarily by the author and grouped in separate links concerning: Allied Navy, Ottoman Navy, Submarines, Fortifications, Artillery, Mine Lines and Commanders. A reader can also find two tables related to the minefield in the Dardanelles and the ammunition consumption of the Turkish artillery on 18 March 1915.

ANZAC BISCUITS FOR SALE

Are you partial to Anzac biscuits? The Editor certainly is and thus was pleasantly surprised when shortly before Christmas a daughter observed packets for sale in her Sainsbury's supermarket. Produced in Australia by UNIBIC and distributed in Great Britain by Siro (UK) Ltd, the Company donates 4% of their sales value to the Royal British Legion. So seek the biscuits out. They come in a striking blue packaging with the biscuits clearly illustrated. Once tried you will be hooked, and yes they are better than the home-made variety, the Editors anyway.

Siro (UK) Ltd are kindly donating packets of the biscuits for members on Gallipoli Day, so make sure you book for lunch and thus the opportunity to sample the biscuits.



BOOK REVIEWS

FORGOTTEN VOICES OF THE GREAT WAR

MAX ARTHUR

Ebury Press 2003. 321 pages, illustrations. ISBN 0091 8888 75. Paperback £7.99.

Described by Stephen Fry as "An extraordinary and immensely moving book" we commended the hardback version in *The Gallipolitan* No 100. If you missed purchasing a copy do not pass by the present opportunity. Some measure of the interest the book has created is that since the autumn it has remained in the Top Ten of paperback non-fiction sales. Some 2,236 copies sold in week ending 18 January. The author is a member of the Gallipoli Association.

HORSEMAN, PASS BY

LINDSAY BALY

Kangaroo Press 2003. Softback 337 pages, illustrations & maps. ISBN 0 7318 11747.

Lindsay Baly opens his history of the Australian Light Horse in the First World War with the quiet reminder that the last light Horseman of that era passed on just over twelve months ago. A former Trooper with the 9th Light Horse Regiment AIF, Albert Whitmore, died in Barmera, a town on the River Murray in South Australia, on 26 July 2002, and was honoured by a State funeral. He was in his 103rd year.

A sailor "home from the sea", and the son of an Australian Light Horseman, Lindsay Baly is worried that, with the gradual thinning of his own generation. Thus the experiences and the exploits of his father's contemporaries in the First World War and especially of those who served in the Light Horse, may soon be forgotten. Hence, *Horseman, Pass By*, a history adroitly built around family letters written by three Australian Light Horsemen with disparate experiences during the war.

Born in 1894, Nathaniel Barton interrupted his medical studies to join the 7th Light Horse Regiment in 1914 as a Second Lieutenant and saw service on Gallipoli and in Sinai and Palestine. Promoted to Major in command of a Squadron at 23, he was severely wounded at the Battle of Amman in 1918 and repatriated to Australia. He graduated in medicine, post war, and maintained his army links as a citizen soldier. In 1937 he was second in command of the Coronation Contingent for the Coronation of King George VI and rode in the Sovereign's Mounted Escort. During the Second World War he was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Australian Army Medical Corps and served in Darwin, New Guinea and Borneo.

A grazier in the Scone district of New South Wales, Jack Davies was born in 1883, and, with the rank of Captain sailed for Egypt in 1913 with the 12th Light Horse Regiment. Kept in Egypt with residual duties, he did not serve on Gallipoli, to his disappointment. He earned the Military Cross by leading the left front of the famous, epic charge at Beersheba, and is credited with being the first Australian into the town. Promoted to Major, he commanded B Squadron until the war's end remarkably, none of his service in Sinai, Palestine and Syria was interrupted by either wounds or ill health. During the Second World War he served as a liaison officer on the troopship Queen Mary before retiring in 1943.

The author's father, Byron (Jack) Baly, joined the Australian light Horse in April 1915 and, as a 7th Light Horse reinforcement reached Gallipoli on 2 October. Two days later, in a letter home he wrote: "Everything is OK except cracks and screams and bursts, part of the game. Had a good wash today, the first for 90 hours. We are well fed, considering. The worst trouble is flies, the worry of our lives." But, as Lindsay Baly notes, no-one informs their mothers of the actual horrors experienced - his father referred to them in abstract: "if one were to see at home what we see here, it would prey on the mind for a long time, but we just look and pass by, thinking nothing of itotherwise we could not stand it."

Jack Baly earned a Military Medal during the Battle of Amman, and was recommended for a commission in late 1918, but hospitalisation and the end of the war overtook his promotion. Bill Gammage in his ground breaking, very successful (1974) book, *The Broken Years*, also drew on letters by Sergeant Jack Baly MM.

In consequence of these letters, Lindsay Baly, when describing in depth the campaigns that involved the Australian Light Horse AIF in the First World War, from Gallipoli in 1915 to Aleppo in 1918, is able to include, with skill, personal insights and asides from three Australians with disparate backgrounds. A very readable history of campaigns that must not be overlooked or forgotten.

Malcolm Orchard

A GALLIPOLI DIARY

BRYN DAVIES

Merrivale 2003. 49 pages, illustrations and maps. ISBN 0 9515207 9 2. £4.50*

The experiences of Private Bryn Davies 4th Battalion Welch Regiment at Suvla Bay as recorded in his diary which commences with departure from Bedford on 16 July. It concludes on 16 October with the incomplete entry "I am expecting some parcels in very soon, but as I am leaving for hospital today. If anything does come for me"

He had been hit by shrapnel in the right ankle which caused him to limp for the rest of

his life, and more seriously in the back, wounds that resulted in him being discharged from the Army in January 1916. Such little books as this are gems of Gallipoli literature, and the efforts of Bryn Davies son, Peter Davies in publishing his fathers diary with supporting information deserve every support.

*Available by post at £5.00 in Great Britain from Peter Davies, 5 The Pebbles, St David's, Pembrokeshire, SA62 6RD. All proceeds are being donated to the Royal British Legion.

FROM GALLIPOLI TO GAZA. THE DESERT POETS OF WORLD WAR ONE

JILL, DUCHESS OF HAMILTON

Simon & Schuster 2003. 277 pages, 17 illustrations. ISBN 0 7318 1187 9.

It is appropriate that Jill, Duchess of Hamilton, begins her study of the Desert Poets with the words of the finest poet of the Gallipoli campaign – Leon Gellert. – “A gentle rustling runs along the line. At every cost, they said, ‘it must be done.’” (The Attack at Dawn – May 1915). How many people would today recognise his name? How many poems of Gallipoli and the Middle East are to be found in the standard anthologies? Perhaps Rupert Brooke’s name would inevitably arise, although he never even reached Gallipoli! Nowell Oxland, A P Herbert, Tom Skeyhill, perhaps? This apparent paucity of material from a series of long, hard campaigns lasting from early 1915 until the Armistice, has for far too long been accepted without argument. But Jill Hamilton’s magnificent book dispels this myth and rectifies this omission in stirring terms. The poetry of Gallipoli and the resultant campaigns in the Middle East is a neglected gem.

Poetry of the Great War has been inexorably the perceived preserve of mud-filled Flanders trenches, the ‘lions led by donkeys,’ and the bitter reproaches of poets like Sassoon and Owen. Now we have an anthology of little-known nuggets and at the same time a perceptive history of the war in ‘the cradle of civilisation’; illustrated through poems linked to events that do honour to the common soldier and, Be your Mulga bred chestnut or bay. If there’s a hereafter for horses as well. Then may we be with you some day.’ (Farewell old war horse – anonymous 1918).

Jill Hamilton traces her story from the sudden awareness of the Turkish enemy, through the Gallipoli campaign and the taking of the war to Palestine, and Mesopotamia, through poetry that ranges from near-doggerel, – ‘Same work. Same menu. Same dugout. Same rifle fire. Same shelling...’ (Friday 14th. May – Sgt. Cooper, Gallipoli, 1915); to greatness, – ‘Was it so hard, Achilles, So very hard to die?/Thou knowest and I know not So much the happier I. I will go back this morning From Imbros, over the sea; Stand in the trench, Achilles, Flame-capped, and shout for me.’ (Imbros 1915, Patrick Shaw-Stewart).

From ‘Banjo’ Paterson, – ‘Said the soldier to the Surgeon, ‘I’ve got noises in me head/

and a kind o' filled up feeling after every time I'm fed;' (Swinging the Lead. Egypt 1918); to the epic verse of Harley Matthews – 'He got up. From his eyes had gone all doubt. He threw his rifle up to fire; to shout; 'Kill! Kill them all!' There showed upon the hill, No one. But we knew then that, for a war, Love they enlisted too, as well as Hate.' (Two Brothers).

From notable names such as John Masefield, Brooke, Sassoon, to 'obscure men who seized a pencil and a notebook, ' but all who had in common, a desire to record their thoughts, feelings and events 'as they happened.' "It was on the 21st of August 1915 I recall the scene of the 29th Division, Moving up through fire and shrubs of green. That caught alight while on their way. Moving steadily forward on that dreadful day. I do not wonder that Hamilton was known to say. The discipline, the blood of the Yeomen of England." (Suvla Bay 1915 Sgt. Clifford Mumford, Essex Regt.).

In this anthology the author has limited her selection to those who 'were there.' Poems that are a product of personal experiences, ranging from laments for lost friends, a longing for home; the monotony of daily life. The utter feeling of desolation to leave so many 'mates' behind after the evacuation from Gallipoli and at the end of the long, painful trail to the Armistice. 'Sleep on, dear fallen comrades! You'll ne'er be forgotten by the boys who fought beside you and the boys who saw you die.' (Fallen Comrades – A Voice from Gallipoli. Tom Skeyhill 1915).

This selection tells a vivid, enthralling, but little-remembered odyssey of hardship and valour. The first, definitive examples of a vast, untapped supply of verse, some contemporary, some retrospective, some poor, some good, some great, that emanated from the tragic road that began at Helles and Anzac Cove and culminated in the ride to Damascus. 'We'll gallop our files through the shell-torn aisles of a sadly shaken throng, and the fire of hell will grandly swell to a martial storm of song.' (Battle Song, 'Trooper Gerardy.' Palestine 1918).

The author a member of the Gallipoli Association is to be congratulated on her immaculately-researched and articulate efforts to bring this neglected area of war verse to a greater public.

Robert Pike

Special Offer: The same author's book *God, Guns and Israel* ISBN 0 7509 3323 2 has just been published at £20.00 but is available to readers at £18.00 (post free) by calling Haynes Publishing 01963 442030 and quoting reference GI.

VALOUR BEYOND ALL PRAISE

DEREK HUNT

Published by the author 2003. 148 pages numerous ills. ISBN 0 9545871 0 3. £13.99.*

We commend this book concerning Harry Greenwood VC, DSO* OBE TD not a Gallipoli hero, but whose exceptional life is so ably chronicled here by a member of our Association. A military life which commenced in the Boer War and concluded in the Second World War. The Victoria Cross being awarded for his bravery at Ovillers, France in 1918. This book is an excellent example of the bringing together the fruits of much research, and then the task of publishing it oneself.

Available at £15.99 in Great Britain including post from the author at 9 Harrington Close, Windsor, SL4 4AD. Overseas members please enquire as to cost plus postage.

GALLIPOLI DIARIES

TONY KING

Simon & Schuster Australia 2003. 306 pages, numerous illustrations, map.
ISBN 0 7318 1205 0. AU\$49.95.

Sub-titled *The Anzac's Own Story Day by Day* the book was published to commemorate the 85th anniversary of the end of the First World War and as a memorial tribute to the fallen. Their story, largely told with extracts from the diaries and letters of those who served and often died at Gallipoli. This is a day by day account, an account commencing on 24 April and concluding two hundred and forty two days later on 22 December. The text is supplemented by numerous illustrations, many published for the first time. One that particularly caught my eye was that of Lieutenant-Colonel Carew Reynell reading a book with his two young children, he was killed on Hill 60 on 28 August. Another was James Martin with younger sister Millie before he sailed for Gallipoli and his death while still aged fourteen of heart failure after contracting enteritis.

An admirable book nicely presented, a model of its kind which deserves a place on every Gallipoli bookshelf. Perhaps it will serve as a model, an inspiration for someone to publish such a book, is 2005 too close, drawing on the immense store of British diaries and letters, both those held by institutions, but others still in private hands.

TURN RIGHT AT ISTANBUL

TONY WRIGHT

Allen & Unwin 2003. 250 pages, 16 illustrations, 2 maps. ISBN1 86508 830 7. AUS\$ 24.95.

In his introductory chapter Tony Wright notes that: "Every year now, thousands of Australians and New Zealanders make the trip to Gallipoli. Or, rather, call it a pilgrimage, for there is something of the sacred quest in it. "Happily, the trip to Gallipoli is also a journey to Turkey. This is a country that might not be a nation at all if Turkish soldiers had not successfully defended their land in 1915.... They were soldiers like our own: farmers, villagers, teachers, lawyers, boys hardly out of short pants, intellectuals and shopkeepers. They died and were wounded in roughly the same numbers, perhaps many more, because records were not accurate then, as the massed troops of all the allied nations that came on to the peninsula that had seen warriors marching across it for thousands of years. This book attempts to take you there, but it is not a book of history. All the good histories of Gallipoli have been done. It is a journey."

And his publishers agree, classifying *Turn Right at Istanbul* as "travel writing". But it is more, because, in his backpack is a handwritten copy of his great uncle's First World War diary - he had served on Gallipoli. Great uncle George had enlisted on 22 August 1914 in Portland, Victoria. A very skilled horseman he had been a driver in the ammunition column of the 2nd Field Artillery Brigade of the 1st Division AIF, which meant, as Tony Wright quietly points out "his job was to ride the lead horse of a team dragging ammunition wagons into battle. But, as he also comments: As it turned out, there wasn't much call for an artillery column driver on the cruel steep ridges and the exposed gullies of Gallipoli. George spent his time carrying ammunition from the beach at Anzac Cove to the trenches, dodging snipers and hoping a spray of shrapnel did not kill him. Or hauling with teams of men and sometimes mules—howitzers and great shells to the artillery batteries that rained hell on the Turkish defenders. George survived the war; his horses didn't.

Anecdotal in style *Turn Right at Istanbul* has several themes. A travel guide for intending visitors to Turkey and Gallipoli. A description of Tony Wright's walking tour on the Gallipoli Peninsula in 2002, and his attempts to discover why thousands of young, and not so young, Australians and New Zealanders make a trek to Gallipoli every year - and did so again this year for ANZAC Day

Tony Wright also visited Gallipoli this year, and attended the Dawn Service above North Beach and at Lone Pine. But his attempts to understand fully why so very many make the April pilgrimage remains unresolved. For as he writes: "The hills above Anzac Cove exist for us - Australians, New Zealanders and Turks - as a long frozen moment piecing the story of our nations being. It can mean, for each of us, whatever we want it to mean." An interesting, entertaining book.

Malcolm Orchard

IS THIS A GALLIPOLI PHOTOGRAPH?

Carl Makahian has sent this picture asking whether it is Gallipoli. Answers and suggestions please to the Editor.

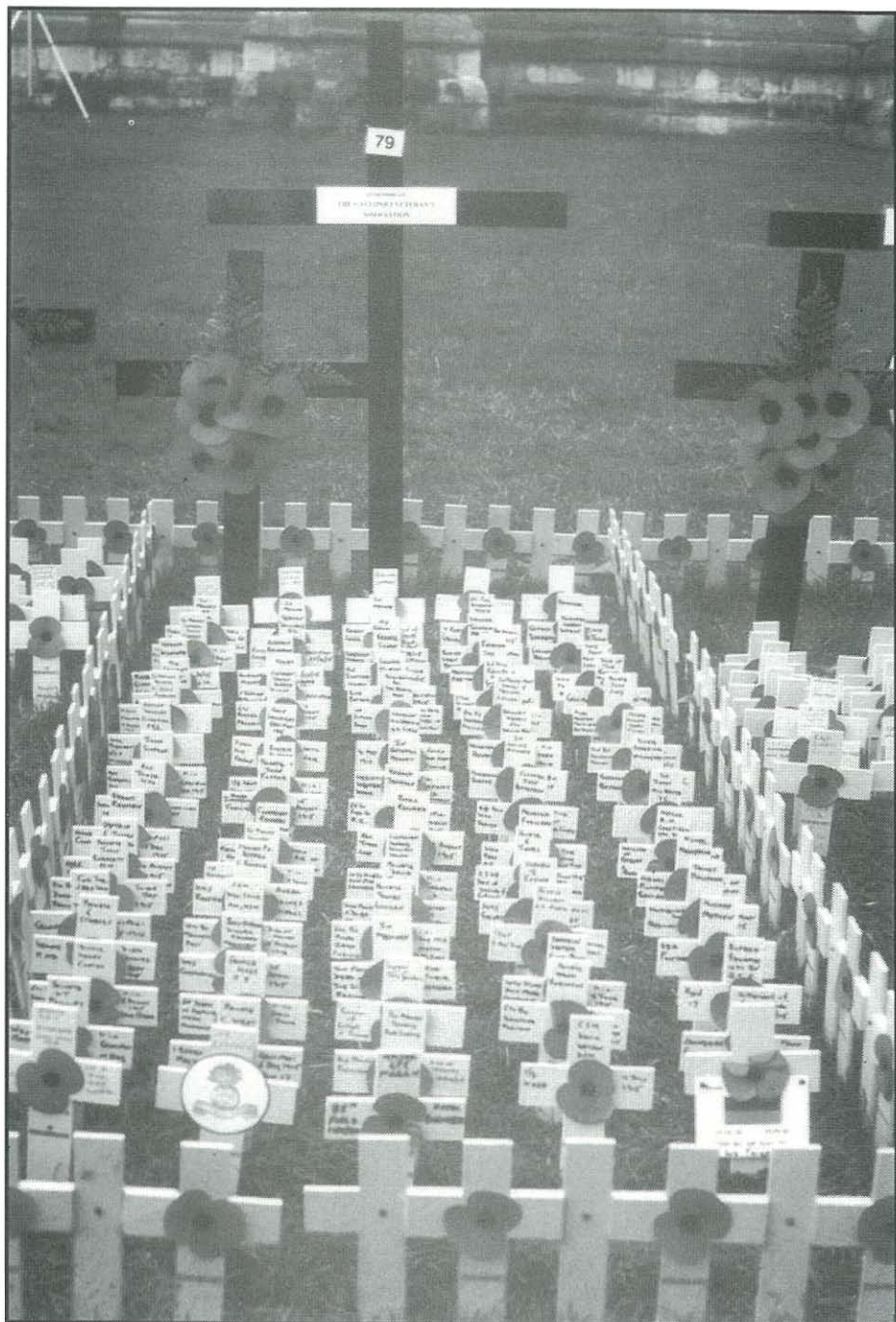


FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE

For the third year the Association plot at the Field of Remembrance, Westminster Abbey was well supported. Many members took up the offer of having a Cross planted on their behalf and we are especially grateful for the generous donations received. A small number of Crosses were planted individually, this too is a welcome feature which we are pleased to encourage. Information on the 2004 Field of Remembrance and how to participate will be provided in the Autumn *Gallipolian*.



His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh (seen above) reviewed the Field of Remembrance on the morning of 6 November and spoke with Captain Christopher Fagan, Chairman of the Gallipoli Association at our plot. Looking on from the extreme right is Mr Bill Tweddell, Deputy High Commissioner for Australia.





OBJECTIVES

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

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

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

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