

The Gallipolian

*The Journal of the
Gallipoli Association*

No. 106 - WINTER 2004



The River Clyde at V Beach, 25 April, 1915

by Charles Dixon

THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

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

PATRON

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

PAST PRESIDENTS The Lord Granville of Eye

Vice-Admiral E. W. Longley-Cook CB CBE DSO
Lt. General Sir Reginald Savory KCMG KCIE DSO MC
Brigadier B. B. Rackham CBE MC
Lt. Colonel M. E. Hancock MC

VICE-PRESIDENT Jim Fallon

CHAIRMAN Captain C. T. F. Fagan DL

SECRETARY J. C. Watson-Smith

Earleydene Orchard, Earleydene, Ascot, Berkshire SL5 9JY
[01344 626523]

TREASURER & MEMBERSHIP W. J. Marsh

Frinton Cottage, 3 Cambridge Road, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex
CO13 9HN [01255 672859]

PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER Major Hugh Jenner

73 Pymers Mead, London SE21 8NJ
[0208 670 7691]

COMMITTEE A. Mullen; Colonel Michael Hickey;

Lt. Colonel J.R.H. Stopford

EDITOR David Saunders MBE

School House, 75 Laws Street, Pembroke Dock SA72 6DQ
[01646 682622] e-mail DavidGallip15@tesco.net

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

CONTENTS

Page 2	90th Anniversary Year – Summary Calendar of Events
Page 3–6	90th Anniversary Year – Evening Reception 7 June Other events detailed – Sandringham War Memorial; 29 Division Memorial; Invitation to Paris; Imperial War Museum; Royal Marines Museum
Page 6	A Poppy on a Coin
Page 7–11	Chairman's Report
Page 11–12	Treasurer's Report; Legacies
Page 12	The Irish at Gallipoli
Page 13	Autumn Lunch
Page 14–15	Obituary – Sir Arthur Hockaday KCB, CMG
Page 16–19	Text of Sermon by Sir Arthur Hockaday 25 April 2004
Page 20–22	An Enigmatic Footnote
Page 22	X Lighter Wreck
Page 23	What Do You Do With Your Old <i>Gallipolians</i> ? Subscriptions; Autumn Tour 2004
Page 24–41	"You 'ave Been Amongst the Biscuits!" Some Memories of Gallipoli by Major-General Stephen Butler CB, CMG, DSO
Page 42–44	A Forgotten Gallipoli Novel <i>The Path of Glory</i> by George Blake
Page 44	Turkish Prisoners in the Isle of Man
Page 45	Quartermaster's Stores; Simpson & Slouch Hat Badges
Page 46–47	Gallipoli Postcards
Page 47	Information Please
Page 48	Death Plaque – CSM Yates – for sale The Skies of Gallipoli on DVD
Page 49	HMAS <i>Anzac</i> at Anzac Cove; Official History of Australia in the War; Campion's War; SS <i>Ramazan</i> Enquiry
Page 50–62	Book Reviews
Page 62	John Simpson – <i>Dictionary of National Biography</i>
Page 63	<i>Christmas Day</i> by John Still
Page 64–65	Field of Remembrance

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Members are reminded that subscriptions become due on 1 January. A subscription flyer is enclosed with this copy of *The Gallipolian*. Subscription rates are: Member (United Kingdom) £10.00; Husband & Wife (United Kingdom) £15.00; Member (Overseas) £15.00; Husband & Wife (Overseas) £20.00

90TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR SUMMARY CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Further information on early events on following pages,
more to be published in the Spring *Gallipolian*

16 January HM The Queen and HRH Prince Philip will lay a wreath at the Sandringham War Memorial (see page 3 for details and flyer).

23 February Gallipoli Dinner at Joint Services Command and Staff College, Shrivenham (see page 4 for details).

13 March 29 Division Memorial (see page 4 for details).

18/19 March Paris with the Association Nationale Pour le Souvenir des Dardanelles et Fronts D'Orient (see page 4-5 for details).

22 April Sutton Veny Bursary Presentation (details in Spring *Gallipolian*).

23/24 April Imperial War Museum (see page 5 for details).

24 April Brockenhurst Service (details in Spring *Gallipolian*) when Claire Church, Bursary Award Winner will be present at the subsequent reception.

25 April Gallipoli Day in London and elsewhere (details in Spring *Gallipolian*).

28 April Gallipoli Conference at Royal Marines Museum (see page 6 for details).

21 - 29 May Gallipoli Association Tour to Gallipoli (see flyer).

28 May Major General's Review (details in Spring *Gallipolian*).

3 June Collingwood Day (details in Spring *Gallipolian*).

7 June Evening Reception (see page 3 for preliminary details and flyer).

7 August National Memorial Arboretum (details in Spring *Gallipolian*).

10 - 25 September Gallipoli Association Walking Tour to Gallipoli (see flyer).

17 - 25 September Gallipoli Association Tour to Gallipoli (see flyer).

12 October Autumn Lunch and AGM (details in Spring *Gallipolian*).

90TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

EVENING RECEPTION

7 JUNE

Our most major 90th Anniversary event is an evening reception in London on 7 June. We very much hope a member of the Royal Family can be with us at what will be a prestigious event. Naturally we hope there will be a really good attendance by members and their guests, a booking flyer being enclosed with *The Gallipolian*. Numbers may have to be limited depending on the response. More information, including cost, will be provided in the Spring *Gallipolian* meanwhile please note the date and let us know if you would like to be present.

SANDRINGHAM WAR MEMORIAL

16 JANUARY

At the commencement of the 90th Anniversary Year of the Gallipoli Campaign members and guests are invited to the War Memorial by Sandringham Church on Sunday 16 January.

Following the normal service in the church, HM The Queen and our Patron HRH The Duke of Edinburgh will come to the War Memorial by the Church and lay wreaths in memory of those from the 5th Norfolks who served at Gallipoli, especially those lost during the ill-fated attack of 12th August – the often named “Vanished Battalion.” The Church is very small and there will not be room for members in the Church itself for the preceding service.

The wreath-laying at the War Memorial will take place at approx 1155hrs and members wishing to attend are advised to arrive at the Memorial no later than 1130hrs, having already parked and allowed time for security. There will be a specially reserved area for members. It is therefore important that you should inform the Secretary, James Watson Smith using the enclosed flyer as soon as possible if you intend to come, since we need to know the numbers involved. Additionally we will need to have a list. The police will of course be aware of our involvement, and you should be directed to the appropriate area.

Depending on the weather, there may be an opportunity for members of the Association to meet the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh after the wreath-laying ceremony.

Lunch will then be available at the Visitors’ Centre by the Memorial. Again, we need to know the numbers. There will be the normal cost for this.

GALLIPOLI COMMEMORATION DINNER 23 FEBRUARY

We have kindly been invited by Major General Nick Parker, Commandant of the Joint Services Command and Staff College at Shrivenham to attend their annual dinner, which in this 90th anniversary year will be to commemorate the Gallipoli Campaign. It will take place on Wednesday 23 February at 1930hrs for 2000hrs. The guest speaker will be Richard Holmes. Numbers are limited to 20 places, and we will deal with applications on a first come first served basis for members only.

The cost of the dinner is £35.00 per person. Overnight accommodation at £20.00 per person is available for those not wishing to travel home the same evening. Application for dinner and accommodation should be made to our Secretary, James Watson Smith whose address is inside the front cover of *The Gallipolian*.

29 DIVISION MEMORIAL 14 MARCH 2004

In this 90th Anniversary year we hope for a well attended ceremony at the wonderful memorial to the 29th Division, the Incomparable 29th. This will take place at 1030 for 1100 on Sunday 13 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.

Members and 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.

INVITATION TO PARIS

Our friends in the Association Nationale Pour le Souvenir des Dardanelles et Fronts D'Orient have very kindly invited a group of Gallipoli Association members and friends to join with them at the ceremony of "réanimation de la flamme" at the tomb of the unknown soldier under the Arc de Triomphe. The date is confirmed as Friday 18 March, around 6 pm. Normally this event takes place on 25 April but the Association Nationale asked for a change of date, since they are most likely to be in Gallipoli in April. The 18 March 1915 is however also a date to be remembered in relation with the Gallipoli events.

The authorities have agreed on this change. The cabinet of the Ministre Délégué Aux Anciens Combattants has confirmed that the Minister himself warmly supports the proposal. The Association Nationale plans to invite, as usual, the embassies of Britain, Australia, New Zealand and Turkey to the ceremonies. They usually answer very favorably, with often the presence of the ambassadors themselves at the Arc de Triomphe.

Members of the Gallipoli Association are invited to share with us a joint ceremony, representatives could lay flowers on the tomb side by side with the Association Nationale. The ceremony generally includes the presence of many flags. The Union Jack would of course be most welcome at this ceremony.

The General Assembly of the Association Nationale will take place on the next day, Saturday 19 March, followed by a luncheon at the restaurant of the National Assembly. Members of the Gallipoli Association will be very welcome to attend (the cost in 2004 was reasonable at 36 euros). Members wishing to attend should notify Major Hugh Jenner, address on inside cover of *The Gallipolian*, that they wish to do so, also if assistance or advice with travel and accommodation information is required.

THE DIGGER AND THE LARRIKIN LIVE ON 23 & 24 APRIL IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

A weekend 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 cultural identity of these two nations. The weekend will include contributions from Antipodean and British writers, artists and historians.

The programme will include talks on Australian women and war; the wartime career of the New Zealand documentary maker Margaret Thomson, war memorials, New Zealanders at Gallipoli; and a screening of Charles Chauvel's film *Forty Thousand Horsemen* (1940).

Receiving its first public screening in Great Britain will be a new Turkish documentary about Gallipoli, directed by Tolga Ornek and made in close association with the Museum, the AWM and the Turkish Military Museum.

Free tickets for the event can be booked by calling the Box Office on 020 7416 5439 (weekdays 1000 – 1700) or e-mail boxoffice@iwm.org.uk

GALLIPOLI CONFERENCE ROYAL MARINE MUSEUM 28 APRIL

The Royal Marines Museum (RMM) and the University of Portsmouth are collaborating in the organisation of a one day conference to mark the 90th Anniversary of the Gallipoli campaign. The event will take place at the RMM in Portsmouth on Thursday 28 April. The morning session will concentrate on presentations about the history of the campaign, while the afternoon will be devoted to issues relating to the conservation, research and interpretation of the battlefield and underwater sites.

The keynote speech will be delivered by Professor Sir James Dunbar-Nasmith CBE of Europa Nostra. Other speakers will include Nigel Steel, Head of Research and Information Departments at the Imperial War Museum, and Chris Page, Head of the Naval Historical Branch. There will also be contributors from Turkey, including Selcuk Kolay, marine archaeologist, who discovered the final resting place of the Australian submarine AE2 in the Sea of Marmara. During the day, there will also be opportunities to view the displays at the RMM, including exhibits relating to Gallipoli.

To register your interest in attending the conference, please send your name and address to Chris Newbery, Director, Royal Marines Museum, Eastney Esplanade, Southsea, Hampshire, PO4 9PX. Or e-mail as follows:

chris.newbery@royalmarinesmuseum.co.uk

Further information will then be despatched at the earliest opportunity.

A POPPY ON A COIN

Our member, Tom Brooks writing from Ontario has sent interesting newspaper reports on an initiative by the Royal Canadian Mint which marked Remembrance Day with the issue of what is believed to be the world's first coloured circulation coin. Some 30 million of the new 25-cent piece featuring a bright red poppy as the centrepiece have been minted. The centre poppy is set within a maple leaf with the words "Canada 2004" and "Remember Souvenir".

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION ON THE 13TH OCTOBER 2004

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

The Committee 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 15th October 2003. Our speaker was Sir Arthur Hockaday, a most learned and valuable member of our Committee. His talk was enthralling and showed a very deep understanding of the historical, military and political issues of the day, with very interesting opinions of his own and an enlightening question time. We are so sad to have to report his untimely death earlier this year.

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 2004

At our annual wreath laying ceremony at St. Paul's Her Britannic Majesty's Government was represented by Mr. Ivor Caplin MP, Under Secretary of State for Defence and Minister for Veterans. Other wreath layers were General Sir Mike Jackson, Chief of the General Staff; Vice Admiral James Burnell-Nugent, Second Sea Lord and C-in-C Naval Home Command; H.E. Mr. Michael L'Estrange, Australian High Commissioner; H.E. The Hon. Russell Marshall, New Zealand High Commissioner; Colonel Yves Reungoat, Deputy Defence Attaché France; Mr. Irfan Acer, Minister Counsellor Turkish Embassy, and myself as Chairman of the Association.

Last Post was sounded by a bandsman from the Band of the Scots Guards. James Watson Smith, Secretary of the Association, whose Great Uncle Colonel E.P. Smith was killed at Gallipoli on 1 May 1915 while commanding 17th Brigade Royal Field Artillery, recited 'They shall grow not old'. The Reverend Canon Martin Warner conducted the ceremony attended by a large number of people including many members.

I would particularly ask members to note that next year is the 90th anniversary and we hope to make the ceremony that much more special. Please therefore make the effort to attend if you possibly can.

We are very sad to have learned recently of the death of Canon John Halliburton, who officiated at a number of the earlier ceremonies at St Paul's, and was so helpful in all the various arrangements.

Later, at the Cenotaph at the invitation of the Australian and New Zealand High Commissions, I laid a wreath on behalf of the Association. As well as many members, there was an excellent contingent from the Merchant Taylors' CCF.

Again at the invitation of the Australian and New Zealand High Commissioners, members were kindly given seats at the service in Westminster Abbey. As last year, a British Warrant Officer, on this occasion from the Grenadier Guards in Guard Order, carried the Union Flag together with a serviceman from each of Australia, New Zealand and Turkey. I am delighted to be able to report that a Ministry of Defence instruction has now been officially issued to provide a British Warrant Officer every year.

After the service at Westminster Abbey, we held our lunch at The Albert in Victoria Street. This was a departure from the previous formula of a more formal lunch, and only a short walk from the Abbey. It was generally thought to have been a success and much more convenient.

THE GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL BURSARY

This year there have been four presentations by six Bursars.

The first was on 14 May at The Royal Hospital Haslar. Originally Surgeon Captain Lionel Jarvis had hoped to hold the presentations at the 250th Anniversary celebrations in 2003, but the Gulf War intervened. However, Surgeon Captain James Campbell who had by now succeeded Captain Jarvis, kindly arranged an excellent lunch and a tour of the Hospital before the presentations at 1530hrs. These were given by Captain Wigglesworth, Lt. Stephens and Flt Lt. Martin who had joined our tour the previous September and gave very good accounts in front of a sizeable audience consisting of service personnel and members of the Association.

The Headmaster of Eton College, who had warmly welcomed the idea of the Bursaries, delegated the matter to the senior history master, Mr. Henry Proctor. The two boys who were eventually selected were Henry Jordan and Tom Wingfield. Henry Proctor accompanied them to Gallipoli in April. On 13 May, it was arranged that these boys would give their full presentation to the Eton College History Society. Attendance is open to members on a voluntary basis and I was delighted that some 60 boys or more turned up, plus the Headmaster and some members of staff. Together with a good number of Association members the audience was about 100. I think all agreed that their presentations, covering two quite separate aspects, were first class.

Prior to the presentations Henry Proctor kindly gave members of the Association a

guided tour of parts of the school. The Provost, Sir Eric Anderson, had kindly given permission for us to have a special service in the College Chapel which he attended personally. The Service was taken by the Conduct the Rev. Charles Mitchell-Innes, and the Precentor, Mr. Ralph Allwood, had made special arrangements for the choir consisting of some 30 boys to sing. Immediately after the service I laid a wreath on behalf of the Association at the College War Memorial in the presence of the Provost, and a boy from the CCF blew Last post and Reveille. We then all had a very good buffet supper before the presentations. Subsequently, on 15 May the two boys gave a fifteen minutes presentation to an audience of 500 boys and a number of staff. They did it extremely well and I am sure it was a very good experience for them and gratifying for us to reach such a large audience. Our grateful thanks are due to the Provost, the Headmaster, Mr. Henry Proctor, the Conduct, the Precentor and the boys for all they did to welcome us and make it all such a special occasion.

Finally, on Tuesday 18 June, two Directing Staff of the Joint Services Command and Staff College, namely Lt. Colonel Stephen Porter, Royal Australian Regiment, and Lt. Colonel Peter Merriman, Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, gave their presentation at Shrivenham. The presentations were, naturally, excellent, but sadly a number of unavoidable circumstances combined to make the audience very small Nevertheless, Gallipoli is one of the Campaigns which is extensively studied on the course by some 400 students and I am sure that the two instructors will have found their experience very beneficial when lecturing to their students. Major General Nick Parker, the Commandant, has told me that he intends that the theme for their main dinner next year will be Gallipoli and that it may be possible for members of the Association to attend.

Next year Bursaries are being given to schoolteachers at Brockenhurst and Sutton Veny who have been responsible for the schoolchildren who lay wreaths at those cemeteries. In addition, two bursaries have been offered to Bury Grammar School. I hope that members will appreciate the undoubted value of the bursaries and give them their support.

FINANCE

Although, as you will see from the accounts, the finances of the Association are currently very sound, I need to draw attention to the fact that the subscription has now remained the same for some 10 years. That we have been able to achieve this owes a lot to efficient husbandry, but we are now approaching the time when we must seriously consider increasing the subscription so that we can continue to provide the Gallipolian and other services to members. A credit card facility is now available for the payment of subscriptions, which will be of particular help to overseas members. In addition we are in the process of being able to offer a direct debit system, which we believe will be of benefit both to members and the Association. Once again I would urge members to help our treasurer, Bill Marsh, by using an automatic system to pay their subscriptions. Please also remember that the Association, whose income is substantially obtained from subscriptions, contributes to the Bursary fund.

THE GALLIPOLIAN

As usual, the reports that I hear about *The Gallipolian* magazine are full of praise. Published three times a year it is our flagship and I hope that you will always read it, not only for the excellent content but also for the various announcements that are made in it from time to time.

MARKETING AND MANAGEMENT SUB-COMMITTEE

Last year I said that 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, and they have done so again this year. This Committee is, to a large extent, the engine room of the Association.

MEMBERSHIP

Membership has now reached 1150, of whom 21 are honorary and 131 overseas. We depend on our membership for our existence. That may seem a statement of the blatantly obvious, but I would urge every member to take every opportunity to encourage others to join and always to ensure that they have some brochures at home to send to those who they find are interested. The potential membership is very large indeed, and we now need to aim for the 2000 figure.

BATTLEFIELD TOURS

I am entirely confident that the tours arranged by the Association are the best organised and the best value for money of any other tour operators. We do have the advantage of the fact that there is no middle man, and coupled with the brilliant organisation now set up by the members of the M & M sub committee, the tours really are unrivalled. This year there have been two standard one week tours with Colonel Michael Hickey, whose factual knowledge is second to none, as the guide. In addition, Andy Mullen, who knows the exact position of every unit location, trench system and movements, took out a walking tour lasting two weeks. This incorporated thought-provoking what-ifs and discussions as to what might have been

done differently. Invaluable for the serious student or those who are interested in greater detail, I gather they arrived back each evening tired and ready for more than one drink, but very stimulating. These tours really are first class, and I commend them to anyone who would like to go. Book up early for next year!

COMMITTEE

The news of Sir Arthur Hockaday's untimely death in August came as a savage blow to all of us. Having been a founding trustee of the Gallipoli Memorial Trust at Eltham, he joined our Committee to continue the liaison between our two organisations in

succession to Judge Paul Batterbury. He rapidly became a most valued and respected committee member and to our great benefit remained with us after the Memorial Trust came to an end. His knowledge and wisdom were invaluable to us and we will miss him very much indeed.

It is difficult for me to express adequately my admiration for all the members of your Committee who work tirelessly and in a most dedicated fashion on Association affairs. On your behalf I would like to thank Bill Marsh, the Treasurer and Membership Secretary; James Watson Smith, Secretary; David Saunders, Editor of *The Gallipolian*; Hugh Jenner, Sub Committee Leader; Andy Mullen, Web Site, IT, and Walking Tour Leader, and Michael Hickey, Military Historian and Tour Guide. Not only have they done so much for the Association but they have also been a huge support to me personally. The Association really has benefited enormously from all their efforts and I know that you will all want to join me in thanking them unreservedly for all they have done and are continuing to do.

90th ANNIVERSARY YEAR

Looking forward to next year, there are a number of functions being planned. Unfortunately at the time of writing this report I am unable to be explicit about two of them, but suffice it to say that I am hopeful there will be a very important occasion in January/February and another probably in June. Please see elsewhere in *The Gallipolian* and also in the Spring edition when published.

GENERAL OUTLOOK

The increase in membership to a new high is gratifying, but we must all do our best to keep up this momentum. The Bursaries and the Tours have been an outstanding success and there is plenty of information available for those members who want it and numerous functions to attend. With these and *The Gallipolian* there is plenty to offer members. We look forward to the future with confidence.

C.T.F. Fagan DL Chairman

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR YEAR ENDING 31 DECEMBER 2003

The Income and Expenditure Account and Balance Sheet for the year ended 31 December 2003, duly certified by an Independent Examiner are enclosed with this copy of *The Gallipolian*.

The Association's financial situation remains fundamentally sound. It is true there is a

small deficit overall for the year of £414. This is due mainly to the contribution made to the Association Income from the Tours being down on the previous year and higher than usual losses being incurred on Association activities. There was also a 20% increase in the cost of *The Gallipolian* as we upgraded the paper used and for the first time adopt a full colour cover.

The Association's Reserves remain at just over £10,000, or at roughly the same level that they have been for the last three years.

I record my thanks to the Chairman and to my colleague Committee members for their continuing encouragement and support to me as Treasurer. Also I record my thanks to the Association's Independent Examiner, Mr G D Entickapp FCA, for his invaluable help in preparing the documents enclosed with *The Gallipolian*.

W J Marsh Hon Treasurer

LEGACIES

In *The Gallipolian* 102: 51-54 (Autumn 2003) we published an Obituary of Commander Henry Brooke DSC, MBE, one of our most distinguished and longest serving members. His father had been killed at Gallipoli on 28 April 1915 while his grandfather was killed near Kandahar during the Second Afghan War. Commander Brooke greatly supported the Association his final service being to leave the Association a generous legacy in his Will, for which we are most grateful.

May I, as Treasurer, ask all members to consider following the example of Henry Brooke by making a bequest to the Association when drawing up their Wills. Such support will prove invaluable to the Association in keeping alive the memory of the Gallipoli Campaign and all who served.

W J Marsh

THE IRISH IN GALLIPOLI

Anthony P (Tony) Quinn an Association member broadcast a short talk, *The Irish in Gallipoli*, in Sunday Miscellany, RTE Radio 1, Irish national radio during the November Remembrance. Another of his pieces is included in a best-selling book of selected Sunday Miscellany radio pieces, edited by Marie Heaney, with a foreword by Clíodhna Ní Anluain, programme producer. Book information from www.townhouse.ie

AUTUMN LUNCHEON

The Naval Club as ever looked after the Association very well for the Autumn Luncheon held on Wednesday 13 October.

We were fortunate that the Hon Nicholas Soames MP, a member of the Association, was able to give us his time with a most enjoyable and interesting talk. The fact that we were approaching a record attendance of fifty-nine members and friends was I'm sure due to his presence as our guest.



Nicholas Soames in conversation with the Chairman. Photograph Phil Mills.

OBITUARY

SIR ARTHUR HOCKADAY KCB, CMG

The sudden death of Sir Arthur Hockaday on 21 August deprived the Association of one its most distinguished members, who since 1990 has been a most stalwart member of our Committee where both his wise counsel and lighter remarks brought a special character to our meetings.

Born in Plymouth in 1926 Arthur Hockaday's schooling at Merchant Taylors' was interrupted by osteomyelitis, a fellow patient in Mount Vernon Hospital being Maldwyn James, later a mining engineer, Welsh international rugby hooker and his life-long friend. Hoping to enlist in the Royal Navy he was instead allocated as a Bevin Boy and following Maldwyn James advice came to Wales as the pits had taller tunnels. Perhaps the rugby was also an attraction, for although a serious injury at school prevented him playing he became a fine referee, an avid follower of the game, missing very few international matches and an active vice-president of the Civil Service Rugby Union.

In the autumn of 1945 Arthur went to St John's College, Oxford, taking firsts in Mods and Greats. Still hankering after a naval connection he entered the Home Civil Service and went to the Admiralty. Here he advanced steadily through a succession of testing jobs, including the negotiations returning the Simonstown naval base to South Africa. From 1962 until 1964 he was Principle Private Secretary to the Minister of Defence, Peter Thorneycroft and remained in post following the change to a Labour Government. In 1965 he was seconded to Nato's International Staff in Paris, a formative time when President de Gaulle withdrew France from the alliance. In 1969 he returned to the Ministry of Defence and the early days of the Northern Ireland troubles. A move to become head of the defence section in the Cabinet Office proved short-lived as in 1972 he was recalled to the Ministry of Defence in the key post of Deputy Under-Secretary of State (policy and programmes). By 1976 he was Second Permanent Under-Secretary. Appointed a CMG in 1969 he was advanced to KCB in 1978.

In 1982 a complete change, Sir Arthur was appointed Director-General of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission in which post he remained until 1989. A period of great travel as he was tireless in his efforts at seeing as much of the work overseas while at the same time greatly instrumental in modernising the Commission.

Retirement was fully occupied, he was active in many spheres and for ten years was Chairman of the British Group of the Council on Christian Approaches to Defence and Disarmament. His local church, St Barnabas at Dulwich was sadly destroyed by fire in 1992, during the difficult months that followed the disaster Sir Arthur was described as a "pillar of strength and wisdom." At one particularly fraught stage with the planning office he burst into the parish office and dictated a letter to the secretary asking her to

sign it off as Sir Arthur Hockaday KCB, CMG. A little surprised she said she had never known Arthur use his full style of address before. "Ah" he replied. "Sometimes a little bullshit goes an awfully long way."

The subject of Gallipoli with its mixture of battlefield heroism and stupidity in high places fascinated Sir Arthur. A member of the Gallipoli Memorial Lecture Trust at Holy Trinity, Eltham he took over as Chairman of the Trust from Major General A.J.Tryhall CB in 1990. The lectures, which he chaired, were those by Professor Robert O'Neill, Osman Olcay, former Turkish Foreign Minister, Field Marshal Sir Nigel Bagnall and Enoch Powell.

Sir Arthur's wife, Peggy, a colleague from early days at the Admiralty, died after a long illness in 1998. There were no children.

In concluding this Obituary of our much loved fellow member one can quote from the Obituary published in the the *Independent*.

"Arthur was distinguished throughout his life by his sharp geniality: his enthusiasm and Christian sympathy made him a pleasure to be with, but his original and challenging perceptions, keen intellect and high standards kept his companions on their toes."

Acknowledgements: We appreciate the assistance of Major General A J Tryhall CB and Wing Commander John Towey with the preparation of this Obituary.



Sir Arthur Hockaday giving his address at the Autumn Lunch 2003.
Photograph Phil Mills.

TEXT OF SERMON GIVEN BY SIR ARTHUR HOCKADAY KCB, CMG AT ELTHAM GALLIPOLI DAY 2004

Note: Sir Arthur, when asked for the text of his sermon replied “Dear Janet, A month or so ago you asked me if I had a text of the sermon that I delivered at Eltham on ANZAC Day. As you know, I did not speak from a text; but I have tried to reconstruct something which corresponds as closely as possible with what I think I remember saying. Here it is for what it is worth!”

Thank you, Father Mike, for your kind welcome. As you say, I have been coming to Holy Trinity for a number of years for your Anzac Day commemoration in the Gallipoli Chapel, though I have usually managed to hide myself away somewhere in the congregation.

If I am going to take a text from Scripture, it will be five words from the book known as Ecclesiasticus, chapter 44, verse 14 – **Their Name liveth for Evermore**. Those words are also found on the Stone of Remembrance in each of the larger cemeteries managed by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. They were chosen for that purpose by Rudyard Kipling, who was a Commissioner from the Commission’s foundation in 1917 until his death in 1936, and who had, himself, lost his only son in the Battle of Loos.

When we come to remember the war dead, whether it be on Anzac Day, Remembrance Sunday, or whenever – and in Australia and New Zealand, today is, in effect, Remembrance Sunday, when they remember not only the dead of Gallipoli but also their dead in all the wars in which they have taken part — we are bound to think about what it is that we are remembering, and then go on to reflect upon larger issues of peace and war, and how they interact with our Christian faith.

If we go right back to the beginning and ask the question, was Jesus a pacifist?, it is as difficult to find a clear-cut answer as with most other questions about Jesus. Some passages seem to point in one direction, others in another. I find it singularly unprofitable to play tennis with verses of scripture; perhaps it is wiser simply to conclude that there is no one Christian answer valid in all circumstances. Indeed, as Christians have pondered the matters through succeeding centuries, there have emerged two broad traditions, either of which can, I believe, be honourably and sincerely held within a framework of Christian belief. One of these is the tradition of Christian pacifism. I will not say very much about that, partly because it largely speaks for itself, and partly because I do not subscribe to it myself, though I have numerous friends who are pacifists and whom I respect for their beliefs. But I do want to say a bit more about the other tradition, which is generally known as the Just War tradition.

The Just War tradition goes back to the early Fathers of the Church. In particular, there

is a good deal about it scattered through the writings of St. Augustine – not St. Augustine of Canterbury who brought Roman Christianity to England, but St. Augustine of Hippo, the great North African philosopher and theologian of the late fourth and early fifth centuries. But the first person who tried to bring it all together systematically was St Thomas Aquinas in Italy in the thirteenth century, who drew considerably upon the work of Augustine and other earlier authorities.

Thomas started from the right end by asking the question: Is it always a sin to wage war? He started from the presumption that war is evil, and asked whether it was therefore always sinful to embark upon it. His answer was no, provided that certain conditions were observed. He, himself, laid down three requirements which any war must satisfy if it is to be deemed just, and these still figure large among the seven or so that constitute current interpretation of the just war tradition – frequently summarised as lawful authority, just cause, right intention, last resort, reasonable prospect of success, (immunity of non-combatants) and proportion.

Thomas's own description of "lawful authority" was *auctoritas principis*, the authority of the sovereign on whose command war is waged. He went on to say that "a private person has no business declaring war; he can seek redress by appealing to the judgement of his superiors". This was, of course, in the context of the near anarchy of the middle ages in which the governments of city-states or emerging nation states had to struggle to maintain their sovereignty against powerful barons or *condollieri*, and in which the Pope and the Holy Roman Emperor were engaged in a continuing contest over "turf" with each other and with other rulers. Much of this has become irrelevant in recent times, though lately we have seen the emergence of non-state agencies like al Qaeda and a greater emphasis upon the United Nations in a role somewhat reminiscent of those claimed by the Pope or the Emperor. For myself, I have never quite understood those who said of the recent Iraq War that it would be all right if we had a United Nations resolution, but not if we did not. A UN resolution can certainly give you a pass as it were, on lawful authority, but cannot of itself make the cause just or the intention right. Perhaps it is more relevant to the question whether a particular war is legal, which is a different question from whether it is just.

The second requirement postulated by Aquinas is "just cause." Where those who are attacked... deserve it on account of some wrong they have done. Notice the word "attacked"; Thomas does not confine his attribution of justness to self-defence against armed attack, but also introduces a strong connotation of "getting one's retaliation in first". But the other guy must at least have begun to raise his fist: there is a quotation from Augustine to the effect that "we usually describe the just war as the one that avenges wrong, that is, when a nation or state has to be punished for refusing either to make amends for outrages done by its subjects or to restore what it has ceased injuriously".

Thomas's third requirement is "right intention"; those who wage war must intend to

promote good and to avoid evil. Moreover, while “lawful authority” and “just cause” are necessary conditions for a war to be just, they are not sufficient if the intention is perverse. Specifically, “those who wage a just war intend peace”; and Augustine is quoted again, this time to condemn “the craving to hurt people, the cruel thirst for revenge, the unappeased and relenting spirit, the savageness of fighting on, the lust to dominate, and suchlike”.

Another criterion probably implicit in Aquinas but only explicitly developed in more recent times is “last resort”. Recourse should only be had to war when we are satisfied that its objectives [which must still satisfy “just cause” and “right intention”] cannot be achieved by other means. This does not require us to continue *ad infinitum* with negotiation, sanctions or other non-belligerent means [and even sanctions can be regarded as a singularly indiscriminate instrument of war], but calls for a careful and responsible judgement of whether the other guy is seriously interested in negotiations and whether there is a serious prospect that they can be pursued to an acceptable result.

The point about “reasonable prospect of success” is, of course, that it cannot be right to send your own servicemen and women into battle or to endanger the lives of other servicemen or civilians if you have not got a hope of achieving anything by doing so. However, the calculus may be a bit different when you have your back to the wall in defence of your own country. I doubt if many dispassionate observers would have rated Britain’s prospects of success very highly in the summer of 1940, yet we all know what happened in the end.

The criteria discussed so far have been concerned essentially with justness or otherwise of going to war: “discrimination” is about the conduct of war once you are in it. The principle is simple: those who may properly be regarded as a “combatants” may legitimately be killed, others may not. But in modern conditions of “total war” it may not always be easy to distinguish clearly between who may properly be regarded as a combatant and who may not. And with modern techniques such as aerial bombardment with aircraft or rockets, and modern concentrations of population, it may be almost impossible to avoid some destruction of non-combatants, however sophisticated your weaponry. An exception to this was the Falklands War, in which I think the number of civilian casualties was two [and I can’t remember by which side they were killed], but I guess this was because there weren’t very many civilians around in the Falklands.

The question of whether, when and how far, the destruction of non-combatants may be regarded as acceptable, leads us straight into the final criterion of “proportion”, which is applicable both to recourse to war and to its conduct, and may in a sense be interpreted as overarching all the other criteria. The criterion of proportion does not mean that if you kill X-thousand of my people I may kill X-thousand of yours. It means that the evil committed in going to war or in any act of war must not be disproportionate to the good achieved or the evil averted by committing it; and it must inevitably be very much a matter of judgement made in good faith.

How does Gallipoli fit into all this? That is a difficult question to answer, to the extent that Gallipoli was a part of a war to which Britain was already committed with the just cause of resisting Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality and the right intention [only partially realised] of creating a new Europe in which militarism did not bulk so large. But Turkey had already attacked Britain's ally Russia, thereby providing a further "just cause"; and indeed part of the genesis of Gallipoli was the appeal of Grand Duke Nicholas to Britain and France to do something to get the Turks off his back in the Caucasus. And while I have not got any figures, I guess Gallipoli scored pretty well on "discrimination", again because there were probably not many non-combatants around. My main doubt about Gallipoli lies with "reasonable prospect of success", not so much in the mini-sense of whether we could have forced the Straits and got through to Constantinople, which I think we could with a bit more luck and with more vigorous leadership, but in the macro-sense of whether, even if we had done so, it would have helped us much in the real war against Germany.

But, of course, our commemoration of Gallipoli is not about its grand strategy. We meet on 25 April each year to remember all those on both sides who fought on Gallipoli, and particularly those who did not come back. We remember many outstanding feats of gallantry, and of leadership at middle and junior levels. But still more, we remember those hundreds of thousands of men, and a handful of women, who sweated it out in every sense of the word, not only in the face of the hazards of war, but in the quite ghastly conditions of climate, terrain, unsuitable diet, dodgy sanitary arrangements, and much more. And it is precisely because of the deeds that they achieved, and the hardships that they endured, that **Their Name Liveth for Evermore**.

Thank you for listening to me.

Acknowledgement: We are grateful to Mrs Janet Pyke, who was in the congregation, for providing this transcript of Sir Arthur's sermon, and a marvellous reminder of his perspective on war theory.

AN ENIGMATIC FOOTNOTE

MICHAEL D. ROBSON

I was so glad to read the speech by Sir Arthur Hockaday at the Autumn Lunch of 2003 see *The Gallipolian* 103 2-9 (Winter 2003/04). To those of us unable to attend these functions (I write from Israel) the publishing of the text of such an address is an essential part of our keeping-up with our more fortunate fellow members.

In his address (see page 6) Sir Arthur refers to Major General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston, or if you prefer 'jovial Hunter-Bunter' and this struck a cord with me for a couple of reasons. Firstly, because like Sir Arthur, whenever I have read Siegfried Sassoon's *The General*, I have thought to myself that it may well have been written specifically with Hunter-Weston in mind. Although this poem mentions Arras, Sassoon would also have been familiar with the Gallipoli campaign, where his brother Hamo died of wounds and is remembered on the Helles Memorial. Secondly, because Sir Arthur also mentions Hunter-Weston in connection with a gallantry award which has puzzled me for quite some time; that to a subaltern for summarily executing three soldiers for cowardice.

The incident is recorded as a footnote by Sir Robert Rhodes James in Chapter IX 'Towards a New Offensive' of his book *Gallipoli* (1965). There he describes the British and French attack on 12 July when "By the evening the troops were utterly exhausted and for almost the first time in the campaign, British troops in one sector 'could not be induced to go forward'". At this point the reader is directed by James to a footnote which informs that "A month earlier a young subaltern had been awarded the M.C. by Hunter-Weston for summarily executing three men for alleged cowardice on the battlefield."

Dr. John Laffin wrote *Damn the Dardanelles* (1980) some 15 years after Sir Robert's book and he may well have been relying upon him when he also mentions the award of such an M.C. by Hunter-Weston. While admitting that he did not know the exact circumstances that led to the award, he remarked that "to bestow the M.C. upon him was an insult to the decoration, to the dead soldiers and to the young officer himself. It revealed the 'cruelty' beneath the charming façade of Hunter-Weston." Dr. Laffin did not suffer fools gladly. Imagine then what would have been his indignation if the decoration in question had been a V.C. rather than an M.C.?

Apart from Laffin and James, other writers make no mention at all of this award of an M.C. To whom then was Sir Robert referring? My current thinking on this subject runs as follows: Have we been put off the scent by a typist's error or a printer's typo? What if the letter 'M' should in fact have been a 'V'? What if M.C. should really read V.C.?

If, as directed by James in his footnote, we go back to "a month earlier" from 12 July then we arrive at about 6 June 1915. That was the date when, two days after the commencement of the Third Battle of Krithia, the by then reinforced Turks returned to the assault. At this stage the 2nd Battalion of the Hampshire's had no regular army officers left and the battalion was under the command of an 18 year old from the 3rd Reserve Battalion, Second Lieutenant George Raymond Dallas Moor.

The enemy counter attacked and on the left they forced their way between the 2nd Royal Fusiliers and the 1st K.O.S.B.s where one company of the 1st Essex had come forward. Ray Westlake in his excellent book *British Regiments at Gallipoli* (1996) quotes C. T. Atkins, "A disorganized mass of men was pressed back against the Royal Fusiliers' left.....officerless men were retreating in confusion." At this point Moor left his trench and ran across open ground to confront the men streaming back in retirement. The Hampshire's' history as quoted by Stephen Snelling in his *VCs of the First World War – Gallipoli* (1995) puts it thus: "The situation was becoming critical, officerless men were retreating in confusion when Second Lieutenant G. R. D. Moor.....dashed across the open in front of the Hampshire's' line with a few men and stemmed the retirement by vigorous and forcible measures, actually shooting one or two panic stricken fugitives. He did not stop here: but having rallied and reorganized the men in a hollow, he led them back to the lost trench and cleared the Turks out, setting a magnificent example of bravery and resourcefulness....."

For a map illustrating the positions of the trenches involved, see 'Sketch 5' in the *Official History – Military Operations Gallipoli*, vol. II, facing page 53. Or, see *The Gallipolian* 76 (Winter 1994) pages 20 and 23. The awkward salient formed by trench H12 was lost, however by Moor's prompt action trench H11 was re-taken and indeed held against a further Turkish counter attack later that day.

Little else is known of this aspect of the battle and Moor himself has left no record of it. However it prompted a congratulatory message from the commanding officer of the 88th Brigade and a recommendation from the officers of the neighbouring 2nd Royal Fusiliers, for the Victoria Cross to be awarded to Moor in view of his desperate actions which had prevented a costly catastrophe. The citation read:

"For most conspicuous bravery and resource on the 5th June, 1915 [sic], during operations south of Krithia, Dardanelles. When a detachment on his left, which had lost all its officers, was rapidly retiring before a heavy Turkish attack, Second Lieutenant Moor, immediately grasping the danger to the remainder of the line, dashed back some 200 yards, stemmed the retirement, led back the men and recaptured the lost trench.

This young officer, who only joined the Army in October, 1914, by his personal bravery and presence of mind, saved a dangerous situation."

A search of the literature for any mention of this incident reveals a modest harvest. Of the modern histories of the campaign only L. A. Carlyon's *Gallipoli* (2002) makes any mention of it and then only in a brief, ten line paragraph. Ray Westlake (1996) as already referred to goes over the action in a little more detail. For the best coverage of Moor and details of his action I recommend to you Stephen Snelling (1995). Snelling has not only thoroughly researched his chapter on Moor, he has also given a useful guide as to how to handle any moral questions which might arise in one's mind regarding these dreadful events:

“With so little evidence to hand any judgement, even with the benefit of hindsight appears worthless. But balanced against the desperate measures taken by Moor is the certainty that a disorderly rout of the kind which threatened to overtake the British line would unquestionably have resulted in far higher casualties among the retreating troops.”

Was Sir Robert Rhodes James thinking of Moor when he wrote that enigmatic footnote? We may never know for certain, but whatever the case, Moor played a part in the drama that was Gallipoli and his story should not be overlooked. Lieutenant General Sir Beauvoir de Lisle described Moor as “one of the bravest men I have met in this war” and that was to continue to be his defining characteristic through to the end. On the Western Front, Moor went on to be awarded an M.C. and Bar, and Major General W. de L. Williams noted that “This officer has a positive contempt for danger, and distinguishes himself on every occasion.” Sadly, where the Turk and the German had failed, influenza succeeded and G. R. D. Moor, VC MC and Bar, died in France on 3 November 1918, shortly after his twenty-second birthday. He had been the youngest Army officer V.C. of the war.

X LIGHTER WRECK

The Times, of Malta, 9 August 2004 contains a lengthy report together with a photograph and a plan concerning the discovery off Manoel Island, Malta, of a wreck, previously described as a barge, which may well be a historic waterlighter. This could have been destined for Gallipoli, or at least served ships at Malta travelling to and from Gallipoli. Designed by Walter Pollock and Son of Faversham, Kent, some 200 of these X-lighters were constructed during the First World War though only one is known to be still in existence, thus highlighting the interest in and importance of the wreck. Divers are hoping that the wreck can be preserved while further research is carried out both in Malta and in Great Britain where Dave Mallard from the Isle of Wight is the key person involved.

John Mizzi

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR OLD GALLIPOLIANS?

Are past issues of *The Gallipolian* retained for all time on your library shelves? Hopefully as a continuing source of information, of inspiration, of enjoyment, however for a variety of reasons copies may eventually be discarded.

Past issues are requested from time to time by members anxious to complete their run of the journal. Naturally the earlier the issue the more sought after it becomes, though even some of recent years are now no longer held "in stock."

May we ask that if you are ever thinking of disposing of copies of *The Gallipolian* please contact the Editor, there could well be a member wishing to obtain them.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Yes, another year has dashed by and we have arrived at the time when subscriptions are once again due. If you do not pay by Standing Order (our thanks to all those who do) please can you use the Subscription Renewal flyer which accompanies this I. The Treasurer will be delighted to hear from you.

AUTUMN TOUR SEPTEMBER 2004

Another very successful Tour to Gallipoli with time in Istanbul, 18 to 26 September. Exceptionally fine weather was experienced giving good visibility. Michael Hickey as ever was his usual form on guiding duty.

The party was based in Canakkale where we met with the walking tour who had just completed their first of two weeks on the Peninsula. Once again it is a pleasure to report that the tour had been extremely worthwhile, informative and enjoyed by all.

Captain Patrick Harland OBE, RN laid a wreath on behalf of the Tour and of the Association at Cape Helles on the final day of the Tour.

James Watson Smith

“YOU ’AVE BEEN AMONGST THE BISCUITS!” SOME MEMORIES OF GALLIPOLI

MAJOR-GENERAL STEPHEN BUTLER CB, CMG, DSO

Each minute I was in Gallipoli was so full of incident and thrill that it is not possible to attempt to write it all up and so I'll try only to tell the story of what were, for, me the highlights and my most vivid memories, of Anzac.

I reached Gallipoli on May 7th, landed, reported to the H.Q. 29th Division (Hunter Weston) and was told to join the Royal (7th) Fusiliers, then in the front line at Helles. The 29th was an all regular division, and a splendid lot they were, much liked and admired by the Anzacs. I am never likely to forget my walk up to the front line to join them. There was then no system of communication trenches up to the firing line (a rather shallow trench) and it meant walking a long way in the open, carrying on myself all my kit and equipment, weighing in all a good 60 lb.

I wrote home:

“The last mile was full of incident (as I was the only living person, showing) and was under a pretty hot fire all the time. There was no cover at all for the last 400 yards. I ran as fast as I could with my load and the bullets and shrapnel seemed uncommonly near. Panting with exhaustion I fell into the firing line trench of the Seventh Fusiliers and found myself with some of their officers who were awfully jolly and nice. There I sat all day and all day we had the Turkish shrapnel and rifle fire playing on the trench. The Essex and another regiment on our right flank advanced. Their behaviour was magnificent. There was a storm of bullets and shrapnel, but the troops were grand. To see the stretcher bearers carrying men under a heavy fire and “Signals” men calmly mending the line under a hail of bullets made ones heart beat with pride. The Territorial regiments of the Division on our left also, did well under a heavy fire.

Then that evening, a phone message came up that I was to report back to the Divisional H.Q. I, accordingly, humped my kit all the way back again and was told to report to G.H.Q. in the transport *Arcadian*. On arrival there I was told I was posted to the G.H.Q. Staff for Intelligence Duties. George Lloyd who was ‘I’ G.H.Q. had a lot to do with this, I believe. Then from there, I was sent off at once to take over the Intelligence Section G.H.Q. ANZAC as poor Villiers Smart had been killed and I was known to have ‘I’ experience.”

This started my stay with the ANZAC troops of about two years and a half. A gallanter body of men never existed. They were simply superb, scorning danger and death.

Physically they were such a splendid lot of men that at the end of a long and terrible battle for a position which they had won, they still had the physical strength and nerve to beat off a counter attack. This was very noticeable in France in the ghastly, feet deep, mud of Flanders where they never lost a position once they had won it. They looked with a bit of suspicion, at first, on a "Imperial" (as they called us) officers, but, once they got to know you, it was your fault, if you didn't find them the most loyal and pleasant friends and comrades. Their battle discipline, thanks to their very high standard of intelligence, was very good. They appreciated that, to win a battle, troops must respond readily and whole-heartedly to all orders, and accordingly they did so. Naturally, I think, they were a bit wild at first and "rank" meant little to them, but all this righted itself as time went on. The stories of gallantry of the men would fill many a book. I remember one occasion when, on top of one of the steep hills of Anzac, the Turks got into a trench of ours and a lot of fierce fighting went on to turn them out. So many "diggers" (as they were called) down below on the beach, went off, on their own, up the hill, to join in the scrap that a guard was posted at the bottom to prevent further men going up, there was such a jam of men at the top. It was a case of "Is this a private fight or can anyone join in"!!

The situation at Anzac was very extraordinary, as the Head Quarters of the Corps consisted of a lot of small sand bag shelters (in which two or three chaps lived), which were quite incapable of resisting any missile and hardly kept out a bullet. All the hillside and gullies above the beach were one mass of these shelters. The beach itself was narrow, not many yards deep and a wooden pier had been built, sticking out from it. The enemy's big guns enfiladed the beach. Our particular enemies were "Anafarta Annie" and "Beachy Bill", and not a day passed without its toll of men killed and wounded going about their chores on the beach. The Pier was an awful death trap and countless men were killed and wounded on it.

Unhealthy and useless as our shelters were, they were a haven of refuge compared with the beach, as the firing, both of guns as well as rifles, raked the beach with enfilade fire continually, all day, and a lot of the night as well. When you left your shelter it was generally a "toss up" whether you'd ever come back. The heat in the summer was intense and in the winter the rain, and in our case, snow, as we had a blizzard, made conditions too ghastly for words. The ground became a morass, our shelters "so called" sheltered us from very little and we were not clothed or equipped for the cold, snow, and wet we experienced. The casualties from the blizzard were many and the living conditions in the trenches on the hillsides terrible. Many thousands of troops crowded together on top of one another made for most unhealthy sanitary conditions and in the hot weather the flies were legion and almost consumed one's food between plate and mouth.

The standard kit of the "diggers" was just a pair of shorts and they all looked like Indians. The food was plentiful, mostly bully beef, Moconaghy rations bacon, biscuits, jam and plenty of tea and tinned milk. We helped the rations out with what we could get sent up to us by people in Egypt, tinned sausages, chocolate and such like things. The extraordinary



*My first dug-out – on the second day a shell came in and smashed my luncheon basket.
Stewart Butler, Pirie & Gordon.*



"My house" (later) a well constructed building on top of a cliff.

thing was that my memory is that the atmosphere all the time, was cheery and confident. I had keen useful Gen. Staff Officers, Intelligence, working under me in the Divisions (1st and 2nd Australian and N.Z.), one of them (1st Aus. Div.) was Dick Casey (Captain G.S.O.III) later High Commissioner for Mid. East, Egypt, Governor of Bengal, Minister for External Affairs, Australian Parliament, and now Lord Casey. He married May Ryan, daughter of Maj.Gen. Sir C.Ryan (Medical) whom we used to call "Turkish Charley". Dick I've always liked very much and met him in Egypt in 1941 again. May is charming. He has held many other important posts, too many to mention here.

I was more than lucky and got through the Gallipoli campaign unscathed except for a bruise from a ricochet. What really did "steam me up" was the fact that a shell that came into my shelter, smashed up a luncheon basket (a wedding present) that, with infinite care and trouble I had managed to cart up to Gallipoli. The only form of recreation at Anzac was bathing! Shells or no shells, everyone who could get to the beach bathed and no one was keener on it than Birdie – and the bathing kit was our "birthday suit". Birdie, a rather short little man, with quite a tummy, was bobbing about in the waves one day when a "digger" who was close to him, looking at Birdie's tummy said "My Bloody oath mate, you 'ave been among the biscuits"!! "My Bloody oath" was the form of emphatic agreement, with "diggers".

I was so glad I had been posted to the Anzacs, as I liked Birdie so much and admired the "diggers". On my arrival, Birdie was most kind, in his welcome. No one in the Corps knew anything about Intelligence duties in war, and if possible, less about dealing with Islamic orientals like the Turks, so I had quite an interesting job, at the start. I shared a sand bag shelter with Harold Woods, one of the kindest chaps living, the son of the well known Admiral Sir Henry Woods Pasha of Constantinople. He was one of my Turkish interpreters. There was no deceit about him, or any attempt to make out he was fond of war. He was paralysed by the shelling and after every one that was a "near miss" he'd exclaim "Oh, My God"!! His reports were voluminous and rambling, but I was very fond of him.

Nearly every day, Birdie used to go up the cliff face to visit the front trenches in the firing line and very frequently used to take me with him. Birdie was a terror to go with round the trenches, as he seemed to like being shot at and to be quite regardless of any danger. He would always stand and chat outside a trench, in a most exposed position. He was always and under all circumstances, imperturbable!! He used to stop and talk to every digger he met and some funny conversations ensued.

One day, in the height of the hot weather he met a "digger" pushing a large, home made wheelbarrow piled high with earth, taken from a tunnel, under the enemy's lines in which to place a mine. We had so few things like wheelbarrows to assist us at Anzac, that, to see one improvised from wooden biscuit cases and crates, pleased Birdie a lot as the "spoil" from the tunnel was generally carted away in sand bags; a laborious-and slow method of removing the spoil to a place where it would not give away the fact that a



Leslie House, White, Stewart Butler, Woods & Smith.



George Carnill, my batman for three-and-a half years.

mine was being prepared. Stopping the “digger” a very large “digger”, clad only in shorts, sweating profusely and bent double under the weight of spoil, Birdie said to him “Well, my man, that is splendid and shows great initiative – Did you make the wheelbarrow yourself”. To which the “digger” replied “My bloody oath, Mr. Birdwood I did not, and I’d like to catch the B——r that did!!” I laughed till I cried!

Going round the trenches. Birdie always wore an old pair of Stohwasser gaiters, breeches, shirt (khaki) open at the neck and a very old-gold peaked, blue cap, with khaki cover. All the troops loved him and going up to the firing line he’d stop and talk to pretty well every man he met. He lived like us in a sand bag shelter that faced “Beachy Bill” the gun that enfiladed us from the opposite direction to “Anafarta Annie”. He was a most loveable little man and a very kind, true, friend.

In May there were a lot of attacks, mostly at night or in the very early morning. The Turks made no headway and suffered several thousand casualties in each attack. The bombardment of our position was deafening, many shells coming over from the big “Black Maria” as their biggest gun was called. I was kept very busy dealing with the prisoners all of whom, truly I think, said they hated the war, but were compelled to fight. All the same, once in a fight, they proved themselves very gallant opponents. In some cases, the Turkish and Anzac trenches were only a few yards apart. The result of these attacks was that the dead lay in heaps between the lines, the stench was nauseating, in that heat and the flies, from the decaying bodies in millions.

Both for the Turks and ourselves the situation was quite intolerable. On May 23rd the Turks on our right flank towards Anafarta, put out a white flag and so, Birdie told me, as head of the Intelligence, to go over to the Turks, with a white flag and see what it was all about. I, therefore, rigged up a white flag and took with me Aubrey Herbert as an interpreter. It was a long trek along the beach and hard going, until we got to the Turkish lines. Both sides were watching us interestedly, but who watched most interestedly was a sniper who apparently did not realise there was a cease fire, or, and that I was an emissary with a white flag, for he kept sniping at me, and, moreover, managed to get me with a ricochet which fortunately only gave me a bad bruise on the leg. It was quite unpleasant, as I had to continue walking forward as if I didn’t mind, being watched by both armies. Somehow, the fact that I’d stopped this ricochet, got reported in Egypt and there was rather a flap about it as I was believed wounded. On arrival at the Turkish lines we had a pow-wow and as a result I took back with me their representative Col. Kemal Bey Ochri to discuss and arrange an armistice, for the purpose of burying the dead between the lines. I will here quote from my letter home:

“The Turk was a very smart “Jeune Turk” in resplendent uniform, perfectly shaved, and with gloves on. I blindfolded him and led him in by the hand, more than a mile, through the sand of the seashore and how he sweated. He was a most capable man and was up to every trick of the trade. I had to take him out again later (after the talk) and then do the same thing again, next day, when the armistice



Murphy who carried many wounded Australians back from the front line.



Salvaged rifles being taken along the beach by "Diggers."

took place. I took him through our (low) barbed wire entanglement, in front of our position and it was rather funny to see him high stepping (to avoid tripping over the wire) as I told him there was a wire entanglement for about 20 yards after it ended, really!! He was, of course, blindfolded and couldn't see. I'd say "now, step high" and though, of course, there was nothing, he'd make a high step, to get over, and thus got a quite false idea of the width of our wire entanglement.

While I took Kemal Bey over to our line., Aubrey Herbert stayed in the Turkish line as a hostage. I often wonder what he told them! He was a great Turcophile. He went up several times to a trench that was only a few yards from the Turks and used to shout out to the Turks that they should come over to us and this was always followed by a storm of missiles of every sort that our troops begged us not to let him go near them again."

A number of pictures of Kemal Bey and me appeared in the English papers. Some four years later, when I was Head of Naval Intelligence, Constantinople, I was going round the Sultans Palace of Dolma Bagtche and in one of the state rooms, saw a smart Turkish Officer in uniform, he looked at me and I looked at him, both thinking there was something familiar and after a minute we both realised that, once again the man from the English lines and the man from the Turkish lines who had met and been responsible for making the armistice at Anzac, in May 1915, possible, had met again and the greetings were many and long, and this time in great friendship. We saw a lot of each other, he came to a meal with us, with his wife, and we went to a meal at his house. He was a charming and most able man. He had been the principal Turkish Staff Officer on the Staff of Liman Von Sanders, German C.in C Gallipoli. He said that the Turks had no idea we were evacuating the peninsula and Liman Von Sanders when he (Kemal Bey Ochri) said to him, he thought we might be intending to do so, replied that it was impossible for us to do so, for the bad effect it would have on our prestige in the Middle East. Kemal Bey wanted me to collaborate with him in writing a book about the Gallipoli campaign, but I had not the time to do so.

The well-known Australian journalist C. E. Bean was in Gallipoli with the Corps, a very nice chap and a great friend of mine. In the winter of 1915 there was a ghastly snow blizzard and cold weather and the men in the trenches led a pretty awful life. I thought it would be a good idea to start something to interest them and so *The Anzac Book* was born. I got Woods (my Intelligence Officer) and Bean with a small committee, to help me. We called for contributions and from the men in the trenches the most wonderful lot of articles, poems and pictures were produced, their only shelter often being a waterproof sheet and their only materials such paper as they could scrounge from the adjutant, old red and blue pencils, iodine brushes, ink, and such like things. Day and night the missiles never ceased to whistle overhead and at least one good soldier, who was preparing a contribution for the Book was killed with his work unfinished. The standard of prose, painting and poetry is amazingly high. The book was a huge success "Down Under".



After the blizzard.

One of our most valued and precious souvenirs is a copy of *The Anzac Book* beautifully bound in blue leather, with gold lettering, given to Phyl by "The Australian and New Zealand Army Corps" and signed by all the officers of the Corps Staff (including, of course, Birdie). Four such copies were presented, one to Lady Birdie, one to Lady Godley (he was G.O.C N.Z. Div.), one to Mrs. Hughes (wife of the Prime Minister of Australia) and one to Phyl, because I was instrumental in starting the idea, I suppose.

Birdie got a slight graze from a bullet one day and General Bridges (G.O.C. 1st Aus. Div.) died of wounds received. Birdie's nice A.D.C. Captain Onslow, Indian Army Cavalry, was killed. It was extraordinary, how little attention chaps paid to the shelling and rifle fire, on the beach, eventually. Diggers used to run from their shelters and scramble for pieces of the shell as souvenirs, if the shell burst near them, oblivious of the fact that another shell would come along at any moment. There were some quite wonderfully gallant persons at Anzac, who courted death time after time, helping with the wounded. One of them was killed at this self imposed task and his loss was felt enormously by all the diggers who loved and admired him.

I shall always remember a service I saw one Sunday evening in the N.Z. area. I wrote to my father:

"I was out at our extreme outpost, last night, and came in for a mixed Maori and New Zealand service, one of the most real that I have ever been at I think. The setting was quite perfect, a little nook in the cliffs by the sea side, a blue and calm sea with the sun setting crimson behind Samothrace (island), a group of three or four hundred men of whom about half were Maoris, but hard to distinguish from the New Zealanders, so burnt are the latter from the sun, all bare headed and dressed in the tatters of uniform that most of them have been reduced to. In front two parsons, (a Maori with a lovely voice and a New Zealander) with their surpluses over their khaki uniform, everyone with his respirator on his person.

Nearby, a group of bare chested men being inoculated for cholera, about 20 yards away lines of graves of some of the gallant lads who died defending this post. The enemy were about 200 yards distant and all the time the "ping" of bullets went on overhead, so that at times the words of the parson were lost. The Maoris have beautiful voices and sing in parts. I wish you could have heard them singing *Lead Kindly Light* and *Son of my Soul* as I did last night. I do not think anyone could forget it soon!!"

Villiers Stuart, whom I succeeded, in those very early days at Anzac was buried at night, as the burial place was in an exposed position and all the time the noise of the bursting shells and bullets was so great that you could hardly hear what was said. It was dark but just light enough to see the faces of those standing and just behind us the waves were adding their murmur to the noise of the shells.

I can see, now that sunlit morning on the beach at Anzac when by my shelter I was looking at the *Triumph* which was lying off the coast. There was an explosion, and gradually she started to roll over, and bit by bit, got lower in the sea until she disappeared. It was, indeed, a most awesome sight and all on the beach were much affected by the horror of it all and the loss of life. The British Navy meant so much to us, there, and were looked on as our very good friends and guardians. We had a destroyer off each flank, every night, which lit up the country in front of our flanks with their searchlights, so, preventing any surprise attack. The *Bulldog* (well named) is the one I remember best.

One of my brightest memories is my visit for the night to H.M.S. *Endymion*. Writing home I said

"I had such a treat the other night. I went off to H.M.S. *Endymion*, a cruiser, and spent the night in her. The quiet and peace was such a change that I could not sleep (in a bed with sheets!!) I had food like a Christian, a table cloth, plates, cutlery, silver and glass and such a wash in a real warm bath. I soaped and soaped and at the end the bath was simply black!! What a joy and wonderful "break" that night was!"

Captain Lambert (R.N.) with his ship, helped me an awful lot in my job, as he took off chaps of my Intelligence organisation and, at night, landed them behind the enemies lines, to get all the information they could, and then picked them up again the next night. One gallant Anzac soldier was landed and on another a splendid. Greek from that part of Gallipoli who was called. "The Miller of Taifer Kui". They both brought us back any amount of most useful information.

I had a bit of a jolt one day up in the front trenches, looking at the Turks defences, with another chap. We were looking through our field glasses. Suddenly there was a crack and he fell down beside me, hit by a Turkish snipers bullet. Fortunately he was not shot through the head but hand. He was holding the glasses up to his eyes and the metal of the glass just caused the bullet to glance off a bit and go thro' his hand or it would have gone right, through his head!

A rather amusing incident happened to one of our planes. It flew one night over the Turkish aerodrome on Gallipoli and the Turks, thinking it was one of their own planes returning, turned on all their lights, to let it land. Our chap took advantage of the place being lit up, to select and bomb, the biggest hangar!! Not long after, he went over the aerodrome again, and the Turks being sure that this time it must be their plane, lit up again and were bombed by our chap again. Then, when the Turks heard, a third time a plane coming, they determined not to be caught out again by an enemy plane, and opened fire on it and this time, it was their own plane they fired on; I do not guarantee the facts, but this is the story we had on the beach.



Slightly wounded prisoner being attended to.



Woods, Stewart Butler & McGonaghy taking a Turkish prisoner to Imbros.

Towards the end of our occupation of Anzac, Lord Kitchener paid us a visit and was taken round the place by Birdie. They were great friends, since they had been together, when K. was C. in C., in India. I got some good photos of K. and Birdie looking at the Turkish lines, from a position on the way up the cliff, behind the beach. The men were very interested in his visit and crowded round him. He was delighted with his very informal chats with them and was under no misapprehension as to what they thought about it all.

At the time of the Suvla landing, I was up above on the left flank, and down below, saw, in the N.Z. sector, a fierce fight going on. I saw a N.Z. soldier carrying back to cover; several wounded men, who were lying in an exposed open stretch between the lines, which was being swept by rifle and maxim fire. He was himself wounded, (in the neck, I believe) but left the cover of his trench and for at least twenty minutes tended, and carried to safety several badly wounded men, he, being exposed to fierce rifle fire all the time. I reported the matter and I'm glad to say I got the man a V.C.

The Suvla landing was rather a tragic affair. A number of the attacking British troops were landed in our area and launched their attack from our lines. I had to lead up a division of lads from English counties (I think 13th (East Anglian Division) young looking, rather white faced compared to our burnt "diggers". They were Territorials, with no experience and not much training, everything to them looking so strange and difficult, I thought, poor lads. I felt awfully sorry for them. I feared they were in for a very bad time as they were and had terrible casualties. It was at the Suvla landing that the Gurkha's did their magnificent attack on Hill 971. I'm sorry to say the Suvla landing was not a shining example of good staff work and achieved very little.

On one occasion, before the Suvla affair, the Turks made a desperate attack on part of our firing line, rushing across the short space that divided the two armies. A "digger" picked out for single combat, a big Turk, and watched by both sides, this "Lutte a la morte" was won by the Anzac, both men armed only with rifle and bayonet.

Our chaps had great admiration for the fighting qualities of the Turk, who were undoubtedly very brave though badly trained and in many cases unwilling fighters. We captured the letter of a Turkish officer commanding a regiment, in which he said that, out of 500, only 80 had any worth while training.

I felt very honoured when I was informed I had been granted a French Croix de Guerre. The heat was so trying at Anzac in the hot weather, that I had my head shaved, and was sorry afterwards when thousands of flies sat on my bald and frightfully ugly pate!

On 1st of December 1915 I was transferred from Anzac to the island of Imbros as Birdie had taken over command of the Dardanelles Army from General Monro, who had moved to Mudros with G.H.Q. This was because the evacuation of the Peninsula had been decided on, when K. came out. Birdie became C. in C. of all troops in Gallipoli,



Lord Kitchener at Anzac.

had his H.Q. on Imbros and took me with him to run the Intelligence for the Army bearing in mind the necessity for the evacuation preparations being kept very secret. The whole success of the operation and consequently the lives of hundreds of British soldiers depended on the evacuation being a surprise. I had to put in force many "camouflage" arrangements. A big danger was the fact that many Greeks, in fishing and other boats used to go from one island to the other and, had they come to Imbros, they would have been certain to see signs of our preparations for evacuation. I accordingly had published a civil notice to the effect that owing to an outbreak of small pox on Imbros no visiting boats could be allowed to put in at our landing places. This and many other measures were put into force.

Imbros is a charming little island, and when work permitted, I loved to wander with Harold Woods over its hills and valleys, visiting its small Greek villages. As on Anzac (where every prospect pleased, and only man was vile) the country was a mass of wild flowers and sweet smelling herbs.

Then at last, came the all important day (December 18th 1915) on which, when darkness fell the evacuation of Anzac and Suvla was to take place. The lives of so many of our splendid lads depended on the weather, that, never in our lives, did anyone of us, in the know, pray so hard for fine weather. The wrong high wind and the whole operation would be the most ghastly, tragic, and costly failure. Birdie and I dined in *Lord Nelson* with Admiral Wemys and then, we all three went off to H.M.S. *Chatham* and never in my life have I passed such a tense, nerve racking, night. One ship, a small suspicious noise, so many things, might make the Turks suspicious and realise we were going, and under those circumstance the evacuation of an army from Anzac and Suvla would have been practically impossible. God was good to us! The night was dark and the wind kind, till many had got safely away. The navy with their boats were magnificent.

The two most amazing military operations ever undertaken by the British Army are without doubt the evacuations of Gallipoli and Ostend. On board, the tension was almost unbearable, every puff of wind almost gave us a nervous breakdown. Then, at zero hour, all was quiet, and we knew that evacuation had started unopposed. It was a pitch dark night and standing on the quarter deck, we just glimpsed boatload after boatload of men like phantom craft, glide past and vanish into the darkness. The only person on board quite calm and collected was dear Birdie himself, on whom the responsibility for the whole, operation rested. The sea and wind got up a little, but nothing to matter, and how we prayed that it would not mess up everything. At length, after what seemed to us like years, the whole operation was complete and Anzac and Suvla had been evacuated before dawn. Our casualties, left on the beaches, were nil.

No one, before it took place, thought it possible for us to get away without suffering severely. Afterwards, many people said it was a "put-up" job and we'd squared the Turks to let us go. These critics were very wrong. A large number of casualties were expected, so much so, that the C. in C. Mediterranean Expeditionary Force (General Monro at Mudros) had written and signed a letter to the Turkish commander on

Gallipoli requesting his permission, under the terms of the Red Cross, to send ashore, in motor craft, next morning, our medical personnel to tend the wounded and take them back to hospital. I was detailed by General Birdie to take this letter to the Turkish C. in C., next morning after the operation. I had made a white flag, had detailed an interpreter and a pinnace was ready to take me. Then, the evacuation took place and no sick or wounded were left ashore, and so there was no need for me to go with the white flag!! Also, the letter signed by Monro to the Turkish C. in C. which was in my possession, was left with me, and I still have it, bearing silent witness to the fact that we visualised heavy casualties.

No! No casualties!! The surprise was complete, and when the charges we left behind, to blow up our dump went off, the Turks began to open a furious gunfire on our trenches, which continued for three hours. (See also copy of my letter to my father dated 22.12.1915 on next page). Then, on January 8th 1916, we had to go through it all again, at Helles, but this time, the risks were far greater, as, having evacuated Anzac and Suvla, the Turks were presumably expecting us to evacuate Helles also, which we expected would mean our departure would be opposed furiously by the Turks. Then on the actual night, conditions were rendered terribly difficult by the weather. Once more, I was on *Chatham* with Birdie (and Admiral de Robeck) and, as the wind rose and the sea became rougher and rougher, we felt that under such exceedingly difficult conditions for small boats, we must lose many of our "diggers" in the operation. But, once again, the British Navy proved how wonderfully they were able to overcome and make a success of the most difficult undertaking. Our state of anxiety watching and waiting for the completion of the evacuation can well be imagined.

General Lawrence (later Chief of Staff to Sir Douglas Haig and my "boss" when in charge of Intelligence at G.H.Q., B.E.F.) was in charge of the operations ashore, and he and General Maude (Divisional Commander) were among the last to leave. Maude found that his servant and bedding were missing and refused to leave the beach, till they turned up, which was not very well received by those waiting on the boat but, eventually, the servant and kit arrived and the last boat pushed off. A "wag" who was among those held up on the boat till the servant appeared, wrote the following little verse:

Oh! come into the lighter, Maude
 The fuse* has long been lit
 Oh! come into the lighter, Maude
 And never mind your kit.
 The seas rise high
 But what care I?
 I'd rather be sea-sick
 Than blown sky high.
 So come into the lighter Mauude
 Or I'm off on the launch alone.

*This fuse to a huge pile of stores under which a mine was laid with the fuse timed to go off as soon as the last boat left.

Well! The huge explosion, sending piles of material on the beach sky high once again was followed by three hours of the shelling of our empty trenches by the Turks.

Copy of letter to my Father dated 22.12.1915.

"You will have seen in the papers that we have given up Anzac and Suvla. It is not for us here to criticise, but to obey. The order was obeyed and the most miraculous withdrawal ever chronicled in the history of the world was carried out, without the loss of a single man or gun. I am thankful to say I was privileged to witness all the last night's operations, with Birdie on H.M.S *Chatham*. It was I suppose, the most memorable night of my life I think and the strain and excitement were terrific on everyone there. We had dined first on H.M.S. *Lord Nelson* with the Vice Admiral, and went on with him to the *Chatham* afterwards.

I was ordered to be ready to go ashore, next morning to arrange for the removal next day of our hospital staff and wounded (if possible), and had my white flag ready. Woods was to go with me, as interpreter. However so complete was the evacuation and so successful that not a man was left behind and no one was wounded during the movement. The last 2 hours were the exciting time, when it was a matter of 6000 only left, against 80,000!! Of course if the weather had not in the most providential way kept calm, goodness knows what would have been the result. As it was, it was almost 1000 to 1 against us having weather like that. I think Providence has a special care for our little General. Each hour ticking off the minutes left, and the amount of men still left was thrilling work, and from time to time a ship full of troops would loom up from the coast, pass into the night without a sound, like some phantom vessel, and one heaved a sigh of relief. Thank God!! Another 2000 safely away".

Of course, it was not all done on one night and that is what made the last night and day so tricky. Only a few men left, and if the wind got up! No embarkation possible and every minute the chances of the Turks finding out increasing. Birdie, of course, was all round the Aus. Div. trenches on the last afternoon and the men full of heart. They were literally quarelling to be allowed to be among the men forming the rear guard. Each one claiming that he had more right to be allowed to stay until the last, than the other. One would have almost betted Lombard Street to a china orange that the rearguard would as like as not have a fearful job getting off, if get off it could at all. And though in places our trenches touched the Turks, they had not a glimmer of an idea what was happening and when a mine we left behind went up started shelling our front trenches for 2 hours after the last man had embarked! Oh, it is simply marvellous and no one but our little General could have seen it through. There is nothing in the military history of the world to touch it in the way of a successful withdrawal.

As at the evacuation of Anzac and Suvla, I was detailed to go ashore after the

operation was over, with a letter to the Turkish C in C requesting permission to send ashore medical personnel to tend the wounded and, once again, I did not have to go, as we had left no one ashore. A wonderful feat. The actual withdrawal of men and material had begun, in dribbles, some time before the actual evacuation, both at Anzac and Suvla as well as Helles, but, of course, in each case, enough men had to be left to repel any Turkish attack and, in the case of Helles, the Turks put in a very fierce attack the day before we actually evacuated, in which they suffered defeat and lost several thousand casualties”.

So ended the Gallipoli campaign and the Anzac Corps were withdrawn to Egypt. While at Imbros, the Huns bombed our camp and killed and wounded a number of men and 100 mules. Amongst those killed was the cook of a mess near my tent (which received a bit of a bomb).

I rather “let myself go” about the evacuation, but it did seem to us, impossible for the lives of so many, that being able to evacuate thousands of men and masses of armament, stores and horses was nothing short of a miracle. Every sort of subterfuge was employed to deceive the Turks, many of the trenches evacuated were within a few yards of the Turks. The telegrams reporting the evacuation (copies of course) were given to me by the Gen Staff Operations as, of course, there was no longer any need for secrecy.

Note: Major-General Stephen Seymour Butler was born on 6 October 1880. After education at Winchester he joined the Royal Warwickshire Regiment from the Militia in 1899 and served in the South African War. In 1905 he joined the King’s African Rifles, taking part in the Nandi Expedition in 1906 and the Embu Expedition the following year. Although transferred to the Staffordshire Regiment in 1908 he was quickly seconded to the Egyptian Army. Further desert journeys followed including one from Baghdad to Damascus, a route previously unexplored by Europeans.

In 1915 he joined, as described in his *Memories*, the General Staff of the Anzacs at Gallipoli. Later he served in France. Following the war he served at Constantinople and in 1920 moved to Rawalpindi as Military Secretary to General Birdwood, taking part in the Waziristan Campaign. Subsequent postings included the post of Military Attache in Bucharest, Inspector General of the Royal West African Frontier Force and Kaid of the Sudan Defence Force. Promoted to Major-General he was given command of the 48th (South Midland Division) retiring on the very day that war broke out, only to be immediately recalled. Appointed head of the Military Mission to Turkey 1939-1940 and in 1941 charged with the formation of the new Ethiopian Army. He died in June 1964.

Acknowledgement: We are most grateful to Major-General Hew Butler, son of Major-General Stephen Butler CB DL for providing a copy of his father’s *Gallipoli Memories* and the kind loan of his father’s photograph album from which the photographs which accompany this article are reproduced.

A FORGOTTEN GALLIPOLI NOVEL THE PATH OF GLORY

ROBERT PIKE

I have been compiling a bibliography of Gallipoli-related fiction and have come across a magnificent Scottish novel, *The Path of Glory*, by George Blake, which seems to have disappeared into unjustified obscurity. This is an attempt to rehabilitate it.

George Blake was born in Greenock on 28 October 1893 at 60 Forsyth Street. He was educated at Greenock Academy and at seventeen commenced an apprenticeship with the law firm of Neill, Clerk and Murray. His studies however were interrupted and in 1913 he was gazetted into the 5th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. A year later he was mobilised and served at Gallipoli where he was wounded and discharged in 1917. He returned to law for a time and then began to dabble in journalism under the influence of Neil Munro (the creator of *Para Handy*). In 1918 he joined the staff of the *Glasgow Evening News* where he later became literary editor. In 1923 Blake married Ellie Lawson (of Greenock Apothecaries and Lawson). They had two sons and a daughter. In 1924 he moved to London and was appointed acting editor of *John o'London's Weekly* and then four years later moved to *Strand Magazine*. For two years until 1932 he was with the publishing firm Faber & Faber but then returned to Scotland to join the *Glasgow Evening News* as a special writer.

In 1935 Blake retired from journalism to concentrate on writing books and settled in Helensburgh. However he maintained his connection with journalism and in 1939 emerged as editor of the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*. Much of his early work was written under the pseudonym "Vagabond". His chosen field was the industrial, middle class of Scotland with much of his material based on Greenock, its shipyards and social conditions. It is not too difficult to recognise that the town of "Garvel" is really Greenock, since Blake uses the burgh as a backcloth. The "Garvel" novels follow the lives of sailors, ship designers, ship builders and their families. *The Westering Sun* (1946) and *The Constant Star* (1946) demonstrate this love of the Clyde and its ships. His best known book *The Shipbuilders*, (1935) tells a story of Clydeside in the Depression years which describes the contrasting lives of a shipyard owner and a riveter; the story was later filmed, as was another of his novels *Flood Tide*. In later years, Blake undertook general histories such as *The Ben Line*, *Lloyds Register of Shipping* and *The Gourrock*, – a history of the ropework company.

Blake had also been a broadcaster for many years and instituted the radio feature *The Week in Scotland* which he carried on exclusively for eighteen months. He commentated too on memorable events including the launching of the *Queen Mary* and the Coronation of King George VI. His last official visit to Greenock was in September 1960 to officially open the Watt Library, Union Street, after it had been renovated. Blake died in August 1961 aged 67.

The Path of Glory, was first published in 1929 by Constable & Co., and contains a dedication to Hugh Adam Munro, the son of Blake's mentor, the writer and journalist, Neil Munro. Captain Hugh A Munro 1/8th. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders was killed on 22 September 1915 and is buried in Millencourt Communal Cemetery Extension, Somme. It is also interesting to note reviews of some of Blake's other novels, which describe him as 'a Scottish Thackeray,' and 'Scotland has found a realist of the type of Mr. (Arnold) Bennett in George Blake.' Why, therefore, is this novel from the pen of such an acclaimed writer relatively unknown? Part of the reason may purely be its lack of availability – my searches have located one copy at over £300! However, I am fortunate to have a photocopy of it send by another 'fan'.

It is not my intention to review *The Path of Glory*, but suffice to say that the quality of writing is powerful evidence that the author was there. It is the story of three ship yard workers, Col McAuley, John McLeod and Joe Deveney. They join the 5th (Renfrewshire) Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders – six Companies based in Greenock, Port Glasgow and Gourock. At 224 pages long over 100 pages are taken up with enlistment, basic training, domestic problems and leave, most of the basic training taking place on the hill at the back of Greenock where they are billeted at Cult's Farm, and in Fife.

On page 125 the friends embark from Devonport, landing using the hulk of the *River Clyde* at Cape Helles in July and follows their progress around Pink Farm and an attack towards Achi Baba. They were one of the last units to leave for Egypt in January 1916, where they served on the defence of the Suez Canal and at Gaza before leaving for France in April 1918. The book ends a month before the Armistice at Cambrai. In my opinion *The Path of Glory*, should be equated with those two great Gallipoli novels, A P Herbert's, *The Secret Battle*, and Stanton Hope's *Richer Dust*. Here a brief extract:

"A bell clanged in the engine-room below. The glimmer of star-shells disappeared as the ship slipped under a bluff of land. In a trice, as it seemed, the technical dexterity of the Royal Navy had brought the Bulldog to rest alongside the hull of a stranded ship. When Col recovered from his surprise, he saw that B Company was being led from the starboard side of the ship through a black gateway cut in the rusty side of the hulk. Then he heard the lance-corporal of his section announce in a whisper that they had been detailed to clear the destroyer's deck of battalion stores.

It seemed but a minute before the ship had rid itself of its passengers. In a state of blank confusion Col found himself bundling packages from the Bulldog's deck on to a barge alongside, while a naval officer followed him about in a sort of suppressed frenzy.

"Take your bloody boxes off my ship," he whispered fiercely. "Take your bloody boxes off my ship."

Col stared meekly at the infuriated mariner. He was dragged on to the barge. The destroyer slipped out of sight."

Acknowledgements: Thanks to Stephen Lockerbie for help in the preparation of this article.

A DISTANT TURKISH MARTYRS' CEMETERY

GAVIN PINAR

The Isle of Man is a popular tourism centre today but commencing from 1914 it served, as a giant POW Camp for the thousands of Central Power soldiers. By the end of 1914 the first party of 200 POW's arrived, 115 of them Turks, the rest, German and Austrian soldiers. During the following years the total rose to 28 000.

It is still unclear as to which fronts the Turkish soldiers were brought from but we know that 14 were in the camp in Douglas, and the rest in one in Knockaloe. Life in the camps was hard. Let alone the psychological collapse, the physical conditions were disastrous. A group of American diplomats having visited the camps in 1915 reported that the huts were not impregnable and the rain-water leaking made everything mouldy while the whole camp area had been turned into a swamp.

After the Second World War Germany started a project of collecting all German burials in one single German Memorial Plot in Cannock Chase, work which was completed in 1962. Only the graves of seven Turks, and two Germans of the Jewish faith were left behind in Patrick Churchyard. In 1972, a co-ordinated programme by the Turkish Embassy in London and the Commonwealth War Graves Commission began to re-arrange these graves, and look after them in perpetuity, funds for this being provided by the Turkish Government.

At a ceremony in May 2003, the new memorial with seven new head-stones was unveiled. An inscription reads:

*The Graves of Seven Turkish Martyr's whose lives ended
in a POW Camp in England. Reconstructed and unveiled in 2003.*

There were 115 when brought to the Isle-of-Man. Seven of them today have eternal resting places. As to the rest no one knows what happened to them, where they went or were sent away. No trace exists today about any of them.

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 *Gallipolitan*) at £5.50 including postage.

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

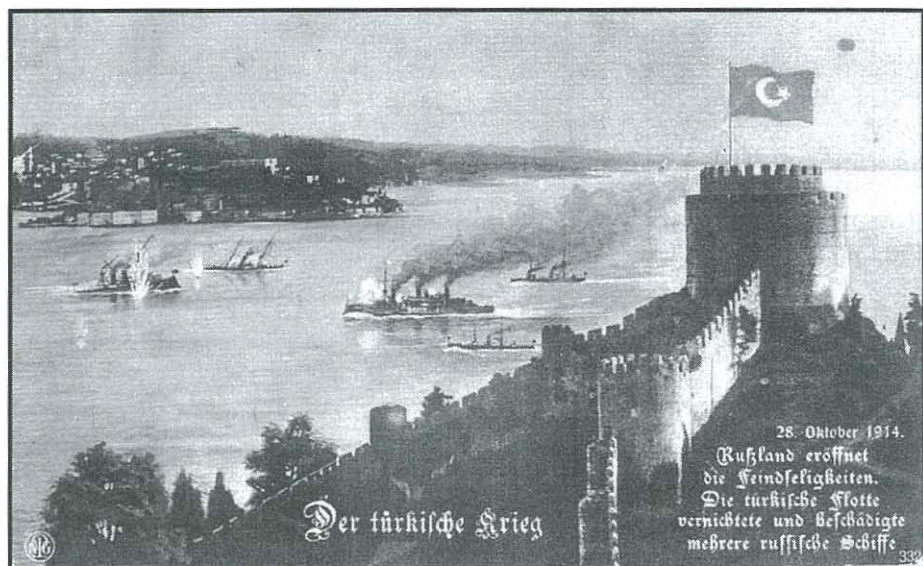
Binders, which hold 6 copies of *The Gallipolitan* are available finished in an attractive simulated leather, coloured maroon, with the title blocked in gold on the spine. Price per Binder is £5.25 including post in the United Kingdom and £6.25 including post for overseas.

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

GALLIPOLI POSTCARDS



Colonel Carl Mahakian has kindly provided copies of the two postcards reproduced opposite. The upper showing the Turkish attack on the Black Sea ports of late October 1914. The lower the sinking of the battleship *Majestic* on 27 May 1915.

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 1,200 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.

A Canadian Mystery: Tom Brooks, writing from Gravenhurst, Ontario, has drawn attention to a Canadian killed at Gallipoli who wasn't serving with the Newfoundland Regiment.

Gerald Philip Esten was born in Toronto enlisted with the 1st Canadian Contingent and came to England with the 3rd Battalion. At some point he transferred to the 9th Battalion The Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment being listed in the Canadian Expeditionary Force Roll of Honour as a Lieutenant with the Regiment. He was killed in action on 6 August in the vicinity of Twelve Tree Copse and by now was attached to the 1st Battalion, Essex Regiment. Having no known grave he is therefore commemorated on the Cape Helles Memorial.

Information concerning Gerald Esten will be welcomed by the Editor.

General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston: I am engaged in some research on General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston and would be very interested (and grateful) to hear from anyone who might have some information on any aspect of his life and career – both military or political. Please contact Elizabeth Balmer: Tel. No. 0117 9682953, or e-mail: eliza@hotmail.com

Missing Vent Cover

Brenda Campion is seeking the assistance of members in tracing a vent cover from her father's helmet which he wore at Gallipoli. Her father (see above) served with the Warwickshire Yeomanry. Although she retains items from her father's service at Gallipoli and subsequently the vent cover from his helmet is missing. Advice and assistance please to Brenda Campion, 27 Mill Road, Kislingbury, Northants, NN7 4BB.

DEATH PLAQUE OFFER

COMPANY SERJEANT MAJOR YATES

Tim Chamberlain, Lancaster House, The Capes, Aslockton, Notts, NG13 9AZ Tel: 01949 850086 has a Gallipoli Death Plaque which he offers for sale at £135.

The Plaque which comes in a cardboard folder is in memory of Company Serjeant Major James Hargreaves Yates, 1/5th Lancashire Fusiliers.

Geoffrey Moorhouse in *Hells Foundations* published in 1992 writes:

“The 1/5th too had by now been reduced to a token of its original strength. It landed in May with 30 officers and 1,000 men. When George Horridge returned to it on August 15th, he found to his horror that it had shrunk to 6 officers and 150 men. Company Sergeant Major Yates was one of those who had disappeared during Horridge’s absence in the Egyptian Hospital. In Cairo, before they set sail for the Peninsula, Yates had confided in the young Second Lieutenant his belief that he would die sometime in the months ahead. But he had come through the landing and Third Krithia without a scratch. The night before the Helles diversion he spent several hours quietly alone, at prayer. He went over the top next morning carrying a walking stick, with a pistol in his other hand. He returned from that engagement, too, unharmed. During that night a shell landed in his trench, and that was the end of him.”

CSM Yates was killed on 7 August and is remembered on the Cape Helles Memorial. Aged 34, both his wife Annie and his parents lived in Bury.

THE SKIES OF GALLIPOLI ON DVD

In *The Gallipolian* 102:57 (Autumn 2003) we carried a review of author member Cenk Avci’s book *The Skies of Gallipoli*. Now Cenk has created a video version – *The Aerial Combat Over the Skies of Gallipoli*. Running for some 101 minutes (equal to a football match including half-time) it comprises four parts and took eight months to produce. He is anxious for offers of assistance in recreating the DVD to a more professional standard, but meanwhile is pleased to provide copies at £20.00 sterling (includes air mail post) sent to himself, Cenk Avci, Poyracik Sok. No 21/5 Nisantasi-Istanbul, Turkey.

HMAS ANZAC AT ANZAC COVE

On 25 April 2005 the 3,400 tonne frigate HMAS *Anzac* should be standing off Anzac Cove on the occasion of the 90th anniversary of the landings in 1915. *Navy News*, not that published in Great Britain but that published in Australia, reported in October, on Trafalgar Day as it happens, that the frigate will be present at the Dawn Service. This during a lengthy voyage round the world which will also include being present at Spithead on the occasion of the Naval Review to mark the 200th Anniversary of the death of Nelson.

Malcolm Orchard

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA IN THE WAR

Charles Bean's Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-1918 is now available on the Australian War Memorial web-site. A PDF reader, Adobe being a popular one is required and is free so investigate the volumes, two are devoted to Gallipoli at <http://awm.gov.au/histories/index.asp>

CAMPION'S WAR

Our member Brenda Campion draws attention to a 20 page booklet *Campion's War* being the experiences of a Warwickshire Yeoman 1914-1918, those of her father Philip Campion MBE who served at Suvla, was an early member of the Gallipoli Association and who died in 1979. Published by the Warwickshire Yeomanry Museum Trust, Castle Street, Warwick it can be obtained for a donation of £5.00 to the Trust.

SS RAMAZAN INFORMATION REQUIRED

On 19 September 1915 the SS *Ramazan*, which had already served as a mule transport at Gallipoli, was sunk after being shelled by a German submarine in the Aegean Sea. Three hundred and six men were lost, mostly Indian troops. Patrick Garipey is most anxious to learn more concerning the loss of the *Ramazan*, if you can help please contact him at 4278 Torington Avenue, Eugene, Oregon 97404, USA or e mail leanes-trench@comcast.net

BOOK REVIEWS

SYMBOL OF COURAGE

MAX ARTHUR

Sidgwick & Jackson 2004. 686 pages, 68 illustrations, 8 maps. ISBN 0 283 07351 9. £25.00

Sub-titled *A History of the Victoria Cross*, the author, a member of the Gallipoli Association and military obituary writer for the *Independent*, provides details on how each of the 1,354 award winners came to be honoured for their deeds together with brief introductions to the campaigns in which they served. Sadly the treatment changes as one proceeds. From the Crimea to the Second World War short adaptations of the citations published in The London Gazette. For those honoured subsequently the full citation is given or on occasions a slightly edited version. Although each entry is brief, usually no more than two lines, the Biographical Index is particularly valuable. As to the book it deserves a place on every shelf.

FORGOTTEN LUNATICS OF THE GREAT WAR

PETER BARHAM

Yale University Press 2004. 451 pages, 11 plates & numerous illustrations.
ISBN 0 300 10379 4. £19.95.

The story of the treatment of other ranks in the First World War, who became mentally ill as a result of their experience of modern warfare, is one which is long overdue. Officers are not ignored in this book however, though their experiences are recounted largely as a contrast to the treatment of other ranks.

The author is a psychologist who has produced an excellent, all be it long, account of these forgotten casualties. The introduction alone is nearly 4,000 words, but it reveals the author's purpose in chronicling the lives of these soldiers – 'My aim is to restore them to our memory as honourable members of the community of serving citizens in the Great War'.

What then is in this book for the Gallipoli historian? Among the case histories are six soldiers who served at Gallipoli, including one officer.

These men sometimes lacked even the most basic military abilities. One private in the Royal Irish Fusiliers could neither drill nor shoot, yet after Gallipoli he was sent to Salonika and Serbia. Under the circumstances it is hardly surprising he lost his balance of mind. Even the most experienced soldier could end up in the same condition. A former regular served throughout the Gallipoli campaign, from which he emerged as a

sergeant, only to end up in a military hospital in 1918 suffering from melancholia. Three of these men, in should be noted, suffered from dysentery at Gallipoli, which can only have served to aggravate their mental condition.

Does the author succeed in his intention? I think the answer must be yes. Anyone who reads this book can have little doubt, that the soldier whose mind was shattered through serving his country, should be remembered with as much respect as one who was physically wounded fighting for his King and Country.

John Welch

THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM BOOK OF 1914

MALCOLM BROWN

Sidgwick & Jackson 2004. 337 pages, 57 illustrations, 4 maps. ISBN 0 283 07323 3. £20.00

Although Gallipoli naturally barely receives a mention, one brings the book to members attention as it was the events of 1914 vividly described here which brought about the campaign of 1915. Sub-titled *The Men who Went to War* as with the previous books in the series this is based around the letters and archives of the Imperial War Museum.

DIARY OF AN OLD CONTEMPTIBLE

Edited by PETER DOWNHAM

Pen & Sword Books 2004. 329 pages, 39 illustrations, 13 maps. ISBN 1 84415 135 2. £25.00

A remarkable book, by any standard, for Edward Roe, an Irishman and Old Contemptible, served in three theatres during the First World War, was badly wounded twice, but survived. His regiment the East Lancashires, travelled to France in late August of 1914 and Edward remained there until wounded the following May, his words on hearing he was being returned to England "I'm sure I could leap over a five-barred gate."

Here he was to remain until October when he was placed on draft for Gallipoli "a change from the everlasting mud, misery and dreariness of Flanders" sailing on board the *Ausonia*. First to Mudros and then on 6 December for Suvla, being landed by Thames bargemen who "were in a devil of a temper and used language that would sink the *Queen Elizabeth*". He was to remain on the Peninsula for just eleven days before evacuation but provides fine descriptions of these final days. Amongst them his account as one of the firing party at the execution of Private Salter.

Then followed service in Egypt and on to Mesopotamia where he was again wounded, and eventually return home in May 1919. Asked by the Adjutant if he would join the Colours and be promoted to Sergeant he refused, and was told he would regret it. At

the celebration party on arriving home he asked for a bottle of Bass's ale only to be told all there was only ginger wine. The book concludes with his comment "Hells Bells, so this is the land Lloyd George made fit for heroes to live in."

BOWLER OF GALIPOLI

FRANK GLEN

Australian Military History Publications 2004. 150 pages, 42 illustrations, 2 maps.
ISBN 1876439 82 3. AU\$40.00

Here is another fine addition to the Australian Army History Collection, the praiseworthy Collection that is a joint venture between the Australian Army History Unit and Australian Military History Publications. The Tasman Sea between Australia and New Zealand is crossed with an outstanding military biography. As military historian Christopher Pugsley points out in his astute Preface, "the story of one man's experience of the Gallipoli campaign and its impact on his life and beliefs". And adding that Gallipoli broke Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Bowler "both physically and spiritually".

Bowler of Gallipoli is the biography of the only New Zealand staff officer to serve on the Staff Corps of ANZAC at Gallipoli in 1915. Its author, Frank Glen, is a past editor of the *New Zealand Journal of Military History*; following the dictum, "you must go where the evidence leads you", he visited Anzac Cove in 1997 and spent several days retracing many of Bowler's tracks.

Edmund Robert Bowler was born in 1866 at New Zealand's Inchclutha; after attending Otago Boys' High School he went on to the University of Otago where he graduated in law. He was admitted to the Bar in 1888, was married in 1890 and two years later he established his legal practice in Gore, population 1800, some 150 kilometres south of Dunedin. He soon fitted in to the local community by, playing cricket and rugby being active in St Andrew's Presbyterian Church where he was the choirmaster, being a foundation member of the Gore Early Settlers' Association and being granted life membership of the Gore Orchestral Society.

However, in Frank Glen's words: "Edmund Bowler's life-long abiding interest lay in citizen soldiering". He was commissioned in 1894 as a Lieutenant in the Gore Volunteer Rifles; by 1907 had reached the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and had been posted to command the 7th Southland Mounted Rifles. When war broke out the demands of his practice prevented him from immediately volunteering for the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. Having found a suitable locum tenens he enlisted in November 1914 with the substantive rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and was appointed Officer Commanding the 2nd Reinforcements – the training of some 1700 men was necessary before embarkation. He sailed for the Middle East on 14 December.

In Egypt he was appointed Assistant Provost Marshal (AI-M) on the ANZAC Headquarters. In the planning for the landing he also became a Military Beach Landing Officer directing the 1st Australian Brigade on the 25th. Three weeks later was not only the APM but also Commander of the Inner Defences – this meant holding the precarious beach position where the ANZAC supplies and reinforcements were landed. Later Bowler's command was re-designated to that of Commandant Anzac Cove. This meant, as Christopher Pugsley also points out:

“He lived with the worry of knowing that the security of the Anzac perimeter rested on a knife's edge. He was 49 years old and although fit and active he like everyone within the Anzac perimeter found that conditions were such that if there was a personal weakness, either physical or mental, then the endemic dysentery, the tension of being under constant fire, and the lack of good diet and fresh water, inevitably broke men down.”

As it eventually did; Bowler had to be evacuated from Anzac Cove three times: firstly, on the 7 July to a hospital ship for three days, then having returned too soon, to Malta and finally by hospital ship to London where he was granted sick leave, and where, as Frank Glen notes: he made not the slightest pretence of censoring his opinion of either the Gallipoli campaign or his trenchant belief that for the future welfare of the Anzac nations their soldiers must be withdrawn. He left his friends in no doubt of his views, well knowing that many of them had links with politicians and the aristocracy. He became particularly incensed in mid-October, barely eight weeks before the evacuation, when the London press reported a parliamentary debate on the prospects of an early evacuation of the Expeditionary Force from Gallipoli. His anger arose not at the suggestion itself, but that such a public utterance was a warning to the enemy of the prospect of an evacuation and its costly consequences in lives.

Bowler left England in early February 1916 for Egypt expecting a posting back to the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. Not wanted and after only four days in Egypt he was shipped home to Wellington. As Pugsley writes:

“We do not know what transpired over the four days he had in Egypt I suspect ... (it was recognised) that Bowler was a man who had given his all and, was spent. He was now too old for war, even if he believed he had something to offer. Gallipoli and Anzac had broken him and so he was sent reluctantly home”.

To which, Frank Glen adds:

“Edmund Bowler was never mentioned in dispatches or decorated although he was twice slightly wounded while Beach Commander. He remained unrecognised by any award, and that singles him out as an exception when compared with Australian or New Zealand survivors of similar rank, for he shares this lack of recognition with the outspoken Lieutenant-Colonel William Malone”.

Edmund Bowler died on 15 December 1927 from an illness that according to his medical records was attributable to his service on Gallipoli. His letters to his wife Ethel and their three daughters form the solid structure for *Bowler of Gallipoli*. These began before he left New Zealand with a pre-arranged and clear understanding that he would write frankly on matters that he regarded as important. He also requested that they were to be kept in confidence within his immediate family and that no newspapers were to have access to them. Frank Glen thinks that he gave little or no thought to censorship, or, if he did, any indiscretion was justified by the fact that “by the time the letters arrived in Gore the contents would have become common knowledge.”

Glenn considers the letters to be a 21st century confirmation by one significantly placed witness to the birth of the Anzac legend. And that Edmund Bowler's letters bear witness to a time of mutual tragedy which military and social historians have come to recognise as the ingredient of the spirit of Anzac.

Bowler of Gallipoli is profusely illustrated by a splendid collection of archival Gallipoli photographs.

Malcolm Orchard

GOD, GUNS & ISRAEL

JILL HAMILTON

Sutton 2004, Revised paperback edition . £10.99.

In *The Gallipolitan* 104: 59-60 (Spring 2004) we carried a review of the first edition of our member, the Duchess of Hamilton's book *God, Guns & Israel*. Just published is the revised paperback edition which was favourably reviewed in a range of publications from *The Daily Telegraph* “... fascinating ... running through the book like a Golden Thread ...” to *Arab News* “... Jill Hamilton's illuminating new book ...” to *Contemporary Review* “... An unput-downable whodunit ... I would have liked the book to go on and on ...”

GOODBYE COBBER, GOD BLESS YOU

JOHN HAMILTON

Pan Macmillan Australia 2004. 365 pages, 32 illustrations, 3 maps. ISBN 0 405 03624 9.
AUS\$ 30.00. (Soft cover)

As a journalist, John Hamilton first visited Gallipoli in 2000 to cover for his Melbourne newspaper the 85th anniversary of the landing. He then knew little about the Dardanelles or Anzac Cove and “had never even heard of a place called The Nek”. However, within a day he had “found a piece of rusty bully beef tin, a spent .303 casing, and in the emptiness of the cemetery nearby on Walker's Ridge, became profoundly moved too”.

He was with a group having a senior military historian from the Australian War Memorial their guide. On their first day they visited the little cemetery at Ari Burnu, where, in the middle of the front row, near the sea, John Hamilton noticed the grave of Lieutenant Edward Ellis Henty. He was intrigued at seeing the surname of a well known Victorian pioneering family there. And then, in looking around he realised that Lieutenant Henty was "united in death with so many others in the cemetery by common inscriptions – the units, the 8th and the 10th Australian Light Horse and the one date 7 August 1915".

Next their historian took the group up Walker's Ridge to The Nek and explained what had happened on that particularly awful day. John Hamilton knew then that he had to find out more about Edward Henty of the 8th Regiment, Australian Light Horse, and about "so many more Australians who lived, died and were buried anonymously together here under this square of springy turf on Russell's Top".

Several months later he finally tracked down Lieutenant Henty's son, a son who had been born in 1915 just a few months after his father's death. Then, a few days later, a grandson showed him the silver salver that had been the 1914 wedding present for Lieutenant Henty, it was engraved with the names of his loyal troopers who would die with him at The Nek. Further down the track, he was able to handle another priceless family heirloom: Lieutenant Colonel Alexander White's pocket watch – "the actual pocket watch, slightly burned and with a bullet hole through its cover – which he had used to count down the minutes before the Charge that led to his death".

Two very tangible, inspirational reasons for writing a book and, appropriately, he found its poignant title on a grave marker in Walker's Ridge cemetery. Trooper Harold Rush of Western Australia's 10th Light Horse Regiment was only 23 when he died on the 7th at The Nek. Born in Ipswich, he had migrated to Australia to be a farmer and an Aussie. His father, in England, chose the wording for his epitaph.

HIS LAST WORDS "GOODBYE COBBER, GOD BLESS YOU"

John Hamilton, a member of the Gallipoli Association, has won Australia's top award for journalism, the Walkley, two years in succession, as well as the National Press Club Canadian Award of Journalism Merit for his international reporting. And naturally, his writing and meticulous research skills shine through in *Goodbye Cobber, God Bless You*. As a painstaking historian, John Hamilton has returned to Gallipoli several times since the first, making visits that have helped him to understand rough 1915 sketch maps, to find old overgrown bivouac sites, and to experience the terrible terrain.

To read between the lines in letters and diaries that are now nearly ninety years old. Soldiers' letters and diaries are the core of his book – letters and diaries that start in 1914 with early recruitment and proceed to training camps and bivouacs, the sea voyage, Egypt and Gallipoli and suddenly stop. Letters and diaries that John Hamilton has used

extensively and extremely well to paint his word picture, and to make *Goodbye Cobber, God Bless You* painfully moving for the reader. For, as he says:

“Although it was only one of a number of failed actions at that time, there was nothing sadder or more futile than the charge of the 8th and 10th regiments of the 3rd Australian Light Horse Brigade at The Nek. It was heroic but it could have been stopped. In the words of Lieutenant Colonel Noel Brazier, commanding officer of the 10th, it was sheer bloody murder as well”.

Malcolm Orchard

MAJOR & MRS HOLT'S GUIDE THE WESTERN FRONT – NORTH

TONIE & VALMAI HOLT

Pen & Sword Military 2004. 288 pages, numerous illustrations most in colour, maps.

ISBN 0 85052 933 6. £14.99.

The comprehensive, lavishly illustrated guide we have come to expect from these prolific authors, members of the Gallipoli Association. A reminder here to members that one of their other titles concerns Gallipoli, and was published in the same series in 2000, see *The Gallipolian* 93: 61 (2000) for the review.

REDCOATS TO CAMS

IAN KURING

Australian Military History Publications 2004. 570 pages, 170 illustrations including 40 in colour.

ISBN 1 876439 99 8. AUS\$50.00.

From small acorns come large oak trees. The acorn for Warrant Officer Ian Kuring was being given the task, some eight years ago, of compiling a small training pamphlet that briefly spells out the history of the Australian Infantry Corps. An acorn that grew over those years into an oak, as this recently published large, very impressive book, stoutly testifies. A particularly fine history of Australian infantry from the beginning of British settlement in 1788 until the end of 2001.

However, as its author quietly points out, doesn't tell the story of individuals or specific units, but does tell the story of organisational development and employment of infantry by Australia in war. He also advises the reader that he has tried to avoid writing a “drums and bugles” history that tells how good Australian infantrymen have been, without acknowledging the problems that have had to be overcome and, in some cases, are still waiting to be dealt with. Also, as he says by way of preface;

“I have attempted to cover the main events in the development of the infantry as the

close combat arm and basis for the combat organisation of the Australian Army. My description of campaigns, operations and battles are not intended to be complete, or balanced accounts, but have been written to highlight participation by Australian infantry units. In some cases, a greater amount of description detail has been provided, to highlight what I consider to be important events or developments."

The Gallipoli campaign is given its due, being looked at by – The landing; Krithia, May 1915; Defending at ANZAC, May – September 1915; The Battles of Sari Bair Range, Lone Pine and The Nek, August 1915; The 2nd Division arrives at Gallipoli; Defence of the Anzac Area, September-December 1915; The Evacuation, December 1915. The last men were withdrawn during the night of 19 December. The author sums up the campaign thus:

"The Australians had gone to Gallipoli as enthusiastic, but inexperienced and poorly trained soldiers; these characteristics combined with their bravery and aggression took them into situations where large numbers of casualties were suffered for little or no gain. However their courage and determination also resulted in the successful defence of positions in close proximity to Turkish positions and the successful attack at Lone Pine. The Australians had also demonstrated their ability to improvise, with their manufacture and employment of "jam tin" bombs, trench periscopes and "drip rifles". The Gallipoli campaign provided them with valuable combat experience in close infantry combat and this helped to prepare men who would become commanders and junior leaders as the AIF expanded in size."

Ian Kuring has been a member of the Australian Army and the Royal Australian Infantry Corps since 1965, with 34 years experience in the Regular Army, including operational service in South Vietnam during 1970-71 and a trip to Somalia in 1993. Also during this service, he has been curator of the Infantry Museum at Singleton (New South Wales) (1985-90 and 2000-01) and a member of the Army History Section in Canberra (1993-95). He retired from the Regular Army in August 2001 and is currently a member of the Army Reserve employed part-time as Research Officer with Army History Unit. General Peter Cosgrove, AC, MG, Chief of the Australian Defence Force has said of *From Redcoats to Cams*:

"Ian has managed to capture some telling insights into the practice of Infantry work, the Australian way, showing it to be part craft and part profession. His revelation of the scope of change in the Corps, the size of Infantry organisations in major wars and the huge significance of the citizen soldier in the Australian Infantry will be a surprise to many...."

Redcoats to Cams is profusely illustrated with clear maps and a vast array of fine photographs. It is most certainly a valued addition to my personal library.

Malcolm Orchard

RECONSIDERING GALLIPOLI

JENNY MACLEOD

Manchester University Press 2004. 262 pages, 6 illustrations, 2 maps.

ISBN 0 7190 6743 X. £14.99 (paperback) £49.99 (hardback).

An interesting view of Gallipoli 1915 by a member of the Association which she completed while a lecturer in defence studies, King's College London, at the Joint Services Command and Staff College. Focusing largely on two myths of Gallipoli in the historiography of the campaign up to 1939 a period during which most of the participant-authors made their own and very varied contributions to the campaign. Although using the word "myth" Jenny Macleod is at pains to make clear that this in no way means a falsehood.

After the Introduction the chapters take as their themes the official response, this being the Dardanelles Commission, followed by the Official Histories, the journalists' response, personal narratives, the commander's response – General Sir Ian Hamilton's *Gallipoli Diary*. Finally the post-participants – John North, Alan Moorehead, Robert Rhodes James and others, concluding with Les Carlyon, whose successful book she says "demonstrates the continuing resonance of the heroic-romantic myth and particularly the Anzac legend, and that they may be blended together and reinvigorated with contemporary attitudes and recent research so that Gallipoli once more captures the imagination."

A book which should be on the bookshelf of every student of the Gallipoli campaign, while the author is to be congratulated on bringing a fresh dimension to the study of the campaign and those who participated in the recording of and assessments of what happened almost ninety years ago in the Eastern Mediterranean.

GALLIPOLI 1915

JOSEPH MURRAY

Cerebus Publishing 2004. 192 pages, 17 illustrations. ISBN 1 84145 047 2. Softback £9.99.

Nicely produced and at a modest price is this reprint of one of the classic accounts of Gallipoli, perhaps the last to be written by a combatant. It also has the further enchantment of it being written not by an officer but someone from the "lower deck" for the author served in the Hood Battalion of the Royal Naval Division. He will also be remembered as a stalwart of the Gallipoli Association, loyally attending functions almost right up until his death in 1994.

If, when the book was first published in 1965 as *Gallipoli As I Saw It*, or subsequently you failed to obtain a copy (there was also a paperback edition with the title *Gallipoli 1915*) then go straight out and buy this new addition. Joe Murray's book must be on

every Gallipoli Association members shelf. It records the authors time with the Royal Naval Division from 1914 through the landings at Gallipoli and on until evacuation in January 1916. He concludes with the words "The Turks did not beat us – we were beaten by our own High Command."

FASTEST TO CANADA

RICHARD OLLIFF

Silver Link Publishing 2004. 144 pages, numerous illustrations. ISBN 1 85794 233 7.
£16.99 softback.

Sub-titled *The Royal Edward: from Govan to Gallipoli*, the author traces the history of the ship, and especially her loss on Friday 13 August 1915 en-route to Gallipoli when almost 1,000 men were killed. Among these was Richard Oliff's great-uncle Duncan Dick Nimmo. See *The Gallipolitan* 100: 40-5 (2003) for an informative account of the tragedy and 104: 15-16 (2004) for details of the sinking of a plaque at the site of the disaster.

With rather little published on naval operations at the Dardanelles and nothing previously in book format on the *Royal Edward* one welcomes *Fastest to Canada*. Is this the last word? Almost certainly not, for two members of the Association have been researching for some years the facts behind the tragedy and something of those lost that day. One looks forward to the results of their labours, meanwhile the present book helps keep the story in readers minds.

MONASH: THE OUTSIDER WHO WON A WAR

ROLAND PERRY

Random House Australia 2004. 586 pages, 48 illustrations, 12 maps.
ISBN 1 74051 280 4. AU\$ 49.95.

On the 12 August 1918 King George V travelled to the Australian Corps HQ in France, at the Bertangles Chateau, some eight kilometres northwest of Amiens and two kilometres from Villers-Bretonneux. There, he invested Lieutenant General Sir John Monash with the knighthood which had been bestowed a few months earlier. And, according to Roland Perry, Monash's latest biographer, it was "the first time a king had knighted a commander on the battlefield in 200 years."

As is well known, the comprehensive breaking through of the German defences on the 8 August 1918, the Battle of Amiens, was followed by a series of victories, also commanded by Monash, until the end of the war – victories that established him as an outstanding general. Indeed, as Perry also points out, some experts ranked him the finest on the Allied side – Liddell Hart, the well known British military historian,

thought that Monash might well have replaced Haig as Commander-in-Chief had the war gone on into 1919. And he also noted in his *Through the Fog of War* published in 1938, the distance he (Monash) went “in spite of a tremendous compound handicap of prejudice.” Prejudices, of the time, which Perry lists as being of birth (in a far-flung colony), race (Jewish), background (German descent) and being from the militia, not the regular army – four admitted huge handicaps.

John Monash was born on the 23 June 1865 in Melbourne, his parents Jewish emigrants from Prussia. Equal dux of Scotch College in 1881, he moved on to Melbourne University the following year. Here, in order to augment his meagre income, he joined the University Company (D Company) of the 4th Battalion, Victorian Rifles; he was appointed a probationary Lieutenant in the North Melbourne Battery of the Militia Garrison Artillery in 1887. Within ten years he was a Major and the battery's commander; promotion to Lieutenant Colonel came in March 1908; his last appointment, pre-war, came in June 1913 when he assumed command of the 13th Infantry Brigade. In the meantime, by the end of 1893 he had a Masters degree in engineering and also degrees in arts and law. And in early 1905 his very successful Reinforced Concrete and Monier Pipe Construction Company was founded.

Monash went ashore at Gallipoli with his 4th Infantry Brigade, Australian Imperial Force, and the 14th Battalion AIF in the early morning of the 26 April. He celebrated his 50th birthday (in June) at his Brigade HQ, in the narrow area dubbed “Monash Valley”, seated on a kerosene tin to eat a cake presented to him. Fifty match sticks masqueraded as candles. Drawing heavily from the first letter Monash was able to write home to his wife in Melbourne, written in mid May, Perry describes the noise of Gallipoli:

“Apart from the ever-present threat of snipers, the noise of shrapnel bullets and explosions was incessant and preyed on men's nerves. Monash ensconced in his vulnerable HQ dugout just below Courtney's from the night of 27 April, counted ten seconds as the biggest lull at any time of a or night. He could distinguish the different sounds. The bullet that passed within five metres, such as the one that killed his clerk, purred, like a low caressing whistle, long drawn out. Those that passed high above from a distance cracked like a whip and felt closer than they were. Enemy rifle and machine-gun fire seemed like cracker packets going off overhead even though they were coming from up to 600 metres away. The Anzac rifle fire from where he was sounded like a low rumble and growl. The Turks' shrapnel seemed like a gust of wind in a wintry gale and ending in a loud bang, and a cloud of smoke when the shell burst. But the noisiest of all was the Anzac artillery. The discharge of the guns and the shell bursts were ear-splitting, with an echo that reverberated for thirty seconds. Many soldiers would be made deaf or partly so by the experience.”

At war's end Monash did not return home to his wife and daughter in Melbourne until

Boxing Day 1919; on the 21 November the previous year he had been appointed Director-General of Repatriation and Demobilization. As the *Australian Dictionary of Biography* records: "The efficient and harmonious repatriation of 160,000 Australian soldiers, almost entirely within eight months, is among the most remarkable of Monash's achievements".

Sir John Monash died on the 8th October 1931 aged sixty-six. After describing the funeral procession, watched by some 300,000 people, and the funeral service, with its seventeen gun salute, Roland Perry adds in his postscript chapter:

"John Monash was never going to be forgotten. From the year of his death lectures, memorials, portraits, statues, streets, avenues, scout troops, schools, universities, institutions, libraries, books, films, horse races, a horse, a cavern and a valley commemorated his exceptional life. There is also now the Sir John Monash Foundation Scholarships where annually up to eight awards will go to outstanding graduates from Australian universities. The aim is for the award winners to study abroad at the best and most appropriate universities for the applicable field. The Foundation was able to commence with a \$4,000,000 contribution from the Federal Government in 2002. The desire is for the Monash Awards to have the status of the Rhodes Scholarship or Fulbright Award."

Malcolm Orchard

NELSON AT WAR 1914-1918

ROY SWALES

Pen & Sword Select 2004. 242 pages, 36 illustrations, 4 maps. ISBN 1 84468018 5. £19.99.

A book, written by a member whose father served in the Nelson Battalion, traces the history of the Battalion from August 1914 until February 1918. Of particular interest is the fate of its members, over 300 individuals being mentioned in the text, a full Roll of Honour is also included. Training at Blandford is covered with six subsequent chapters detailing their activities from the landing until evacuation from Gallipoli. Remaining chapters cover the Western Front to disbandment in 1918.

Extremely well researched, *Nelson at War* is an important contribution to the literature of the Royal Naval Division during the First World War.

James Watson Smith

THEIR COUNTRY'S URGENT CALL

N J THORNICROFT

Published by author 2004. 117 pages (A4 format), numerous illustrations.
 £18 from author, 49 Sebert Street, Kingsholm, Gloucester, GL1 3BS.

In the Autumn 2004 *Gallipolian* we published a short article *A Cotsmold Churchyard* (see pages 32–33), this concerning the grave at Amberley, Gloucestershire, of Captain James Dinwiddie who died of wounds received at Gallipoli. Reference was made to the research by Nick Thornicroft on the war dead of the village. We are now pleased to report that his book on the casualties from Amberley and the nearby villages of Box and Woodchester has now been published. Inspired as a boy growing up in the village by seeing the memorial he has painstakingly brought together a wealth of information on the casualties, which in addition to Captain Dinwiddie include four others from Gallipoli, one of whom also came home to die, Private Edgar Miles of the Gloucestershire Regiment who is buried in Netley Military Cemetery. A highly commended war memorial history which can surely inspire others.

JOHN SIMPSON

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY

There has rightly been much press coverage concerning the publication of *The New Dictionary of National Biography* – 54,922 lives, 62.5 million words and requiring for its 60 volumes some twelve feet of wall space. Although long anticipated and now much welcomed there have been criticisms and concerns expressed, not just at some of those left out, indeed concerning some of those included. One (*History Today*) even claims the biography of William Shakespeare “famously the greatest writer in the English language, has probably the worst-written biography in the entire Dictionary.”

How many of those who served at Gallipoli are included in the Dictionary is impossible to say, perhaps an assiduous member may come up with the answer? One can however mention that John Simpson, of Simpson and his Donkey fame is included. Our thanks to John Mulholland for providing information and the *History Today* review.

CHRISTMAS DAY

YEARS ago. Years ago.
Three years ago on Christmas day,
Out in a forest far away,
The monkeys watched me down below,
And saw me hide in the waving grass
While the elephant herd went trampling past.
Oh, the great wild herd that Christmas day!
And I as wild and free as they,
As free as the winds that blow.

Christmas day. Christmas day.
Across the yard with footsteps slow
The sentries pace the mud below;
The wind is cold, the sky is grey;
Christmas day in a prison camp,
With freedom dead as a burnt-out lamp.
The lions eat and the lions rage,
Three steps and a turn in a narrow cage,
And I am as free as they.

Rich and poor. Rich and poor.
Poor as a sparrow or rich as a king,
This world can offer but one good thing,
And my heart is sick to be free once more.
For the sun may shine in a sapphire sky,
But give me freedom or let me die:
Free and fresh is the forest breeze
Whose spirit rides on the tossing trees,
And the waves break free on the shore.

AFION KARA HISSAR, 25.xii. 1916

The poem *Christmas Day* was written by John Still, captured at Suvla in 1915 and reproduced in his *Poems in Captivity* published by The Bodley Head.

FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE

Being the 11 November, this year the opening ceremony on the Thursday before Remembrance Sunday was at a slightly earlier time. Her Majesty the Queen accompanied by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at 1045 and following presentations and prayers Her Majesty laid a personal Cross of Remembrance. Following the silence at 1100 Her Majesty and His Royal Highness commenced a review of the plots, in the photograph below Her Majesty is at the Gallipoli Association plot with Captain Christopher Fagan, Chairman of the Association (left).

As in previous years the Gallipoli Plot was between those of Australia and New Zealand and it was once again gratifying to see so many crosses placed by or on behalf of members. We wish to record our thanks to all those who so generously gave donations when requesting crosses to be placed. Information on the 2005 Field of Remembrance and how to participate will be published in the Autumn *Gallipolian*.



Photographs by Phil Mills





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.