

The Gallipolian

*The Journal of the
Gallipoli Association*

No. 107 - SPRING 2005



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

THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

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GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION TOURS 2005

The Association Tours are scheduled for

21-29 May

17-25 September

10-25 September for Walking Tour

Information available from Major Hugh Jenner, address opposite

90TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR SUMMARY CALENDAR OF EVENTS

13 March 29 Division Memorial 1130 for 1200 not 1030 for 1100 as previously announced (see page 5 for details).

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

22 April Sutton Veny Bursary Presentation (see Gallipoli Day supplement for details).

23/24 April Imperial War Museum (see page 6 for details).

25 April Gallipoli Day in London and elsewhere (see pages 3 & 4; see flyer and supplement for details).

28 April Gallipoli Conference at Royal Marines Museum (see page 7 for details).

21 – 29 May Gallipoli Association Tour to Gallipoli.

28 May Major General's Review (see flyer for details).

3 June Collingwood Day (see Gallipoli Day supplement for details).

7 June Evening Reception (see page 4 and flyer for preliminary details).

7 August National Memorial Arboretum (details not to hand, please notify Editor if you require these)

10 – 25 September Gallipoli Association Walking Tour to Gallipoli.

17 – 25 September Gallipoli Association Tour to Gallipoli.

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

GALLIPOLI DAY CEREMONIES MONDAY 25 APRIL

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE

Each year an increasing number of those attending wear a sprig of Rosemary.

“There’s rosemary, that’s for remembrance; pray, love, remember.”

Thus the words of Ophelia to the King and Queen of Denmark and Laertes, son of the Lord Chamberlain, in *Hamlet*, Act 4, Scene 5.

Medals should be worn St Paul’s Cathedral, also at the Cenotaph and in Westminster Abbey

ST PAUL’S CATHEDRAL

A Service and Wreath laying ceremony will take place in the crypt at 0915 for 0930. Please note that because of essential work the ceremony will not take place at the Gallipoli Memorial in the crypt but very close by in St Faith’s Chapel to which you will be directed. Wreaths will be laid by a representative of Her Majesty’s Britannic Government, by senior representatives of the Royal Navy, the Army and by the High Commissioners of Australia and New Zealand and other high ranking officials from France and Turkey.

Members and friends are particularly asked and encouraged to attend this Service arranged by the Association. It concludes in time to travel to Whitehall and the Cenotaph.

THE CENOTAPH

A wreath will be laid at the Cenotaph on behalf of the Association. Because of security considerations access to Whitehall is by way of the Clive Steps which lead off Horse Guards Road, close to the Cabinet War Rooms, direct into King Charles Street. Members and guests should then assemble at the Whitehall entrance to King Charles Street, which is just to the south of the Cenotaph, by 1025. Members are encouraged to join with us to march to the Cenotaph, Major Hugh Jenner will act as our Marshal. As last year, security measures regarding access to Whitehall will be vigorous, thus early arrival is strongly advised.

THE ABBEY

We have as in previous years been invited to join the Anzacs at Westminster Abbey. Please complete the enclosed booking form. Tickets will be handed out by the Secretary

at the Clive Steps entrance to King Charles Street and as we gather in the Street before the Cenotaph service and subsequently at the Abbey door. Members should be seated by 1140 for the Service which commences at 1200. Please ensure that on arrival you are directed by the usher to the seats reserved for the Association in the North or the South Transept.

GALLIPOLI DAY LUNCH

The Gallipoli Day Lunch, commencing at 1315 for 1345, will, as last year, be held in an upstairs room at The Albert, Victoria Street, SW1. This public house is located on the north side of Victoria Street at the junction with Buckingham Gate and is approximately 500 yards from Westminster Abbey.

A separate booking form with costs is included with *The Gallipolian*.

OTHER CEREMONIES

See the separate programme enclosed with the *Gallipolian* for details of other Gallipoli Day and other ceremonies including the Collingwood Memorial, Combined Irish Regiments and Hawick Callants commemorations. Additional copies of the Programme are available on request from the Editor.

We do ask that members unable to join with the Association in London make every effort to attend their nearest ceremony. The Editor is always pleased to receive reports and photographs of other ceremonies.

EVENING RECEPTION – 7 JUNE

Our most major 90th Anniversary event is an evening reception in London on 7 June. Naturally we hope there will be a really good attendance by members and their guests at what will be a prestigious event at a prestigious location. More information, including cost, will be sent in a special mailing to all members in mid-April, meanwhile please note the date and let the Secretary know if you would like to be present. Numbers may have to be limited depending on the response.

AUTUMN LUNCH 2004

The Annual General Meeting and Autumn Lunch will take place at the Naval Club on Wednesday 12 October. More information in the next *Gallipolian*.

29 DIVISION MEMORIAL

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 1130 for 1200 (not 1030 for 1100 as previously announced) on Sunday 13 March when a wreath will be laid 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.

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 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 the next day, Saturday 19 March, followed by a luncheon at the restaurant of the National Assembly. Members 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 Gallipolitan* that they wish to do so.

ANZAC WEEKEND AT THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM THE DIGGER AND THE LARRIKIN LIVE ON

Organised with the Menzies Centre for Australian Studies,
the New Zealand Studies Association & Morley College

Draft programme- please check the website for updates

Saturday 23rd April

- 10.15 Opening address by Suzanne Blumhardt, Deputy High Commissioner New Zealand High Commission.
- 10.30 First UK public screening of Tolga Ornek's documentary about Gallipoli, made in association with the IWM, AWM and the Turkish Military Museum. 90mins.
- 12.15 Panel discussion with Peter Hart and Nigel Steel (both IWM).
- 12.45 Janet Wilson (University College Northampton): '*Once on Chunuk Bair* (1982): Birth of a Nation'. With readings by Terence Bayler.
- 14.15 Catherine Kevin (Menzies Centre): Australian Women and War in the twentieth century with a screening of *Women on the March* (1942), 6mins.
- 14.55 Estella Tincknell (University of West of England) introduces a screening of *War Stories Our Mothers Never Told Us* (1995), directed by Gaylene Preston.
- 15.25 Screen: *War Stories Our Mothers Never Told Us* (1995), 95mins.
- 17.15 Michael Shepherd talks about his paintings depicting war/ or Dr Nancy Underhill (Menzies Centre), 'The Art of George Lambert' [speakers to be confirmed]

Sunday 24th April

- 10.15 Opening address by a representative from the Australian High Commission/Defence Force.
- 10.30 Ian Henderson (Menzies Centre) introduces Charles Chauvel's *Forty Thousand Horseman* (1940).
- 10.50 Screen: *Forty Thousand Horseman* (1940), 87mins.
- 12.45 Catherine Moriarty (Design Council Archive): 'Making Memorials to the Australian War Dead'.
- 14.15 Sarah Davy: 'John Bull's Head Cook: Bee Nilson at the Ministry of Food, 1943-1946'.
- 14.55 Sarah Easen: The career of the New Zealand documentary film-maker Margaret Thomson.
- 16.50 Ian Conrich (Roehampton University) Representations of New Zealanders and their relations with Americans in cinema. Mick Broderick (Murdoch University) Australians and the other in depictions of Americans in Australian movies about the Second World War.

Free tickets for the event can be booked by calling the Box Office on 020 7416 5439 (weekdays 10.00am – 5.00pm) or by email at boxoffice@iwm.org.uk

A CONFERENCE TO MARK THE 90TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN - 28 APRIL 2005

The Royal Marines Museum & University of Portsmouth
Venue: The Royal Marines Museum, Eastney Esplanade, Southsea

0900 Registration and Coffee

0920 Introductions

KEYNOTE ADDRESS

Prof. Sir James Dunbar-Nasmith CBE

HISTORY AND TOPOGRAPHY

- 0945 *The Tragedy of Gallipoli* Nigel Steel,
Head of the Research & Information Department, Imperial War Museum
1015 *Terrain, Intelligence and Mapping* Dr. Peter Chasseaud
1045 Questions and Break

ASPECTS OF THE MILITARY CAMPAIGN

- 1100 *Command in the Royal Naval Division*
Captain Chris Page RN, Head of the RN Historical Branch
1130 *Royal Marines at Gallipoli: Life in the Trenches* Pat Francis
1200 *The Lessons of Gallipoli For Today* Major General Julian Thompson CB OBE
1230 Questions, Buffet Lunch and Opportunity to View the Museum Displays

SUBMARINES AND HERITAGE IN THE SEA

- 1330 *An Overview of the Submarine Campaign* Cdr Jeff Tall OBE RN (rtd)
1400 *The AE2 in the Dardanelles* Selcuk Kolay -
1430 *The Story of E-11* Duncan Dunbar-Nasmith
1500 Questions and Break

UNDERSTANDING GALLIPOLI TODAY

- 1515 *The Quiet Shore: Lessons from the landscape of Gallipoli*
Professor Peter Doyle, University College London
1545 *Visiting the Battlefield Sites* Len Sellers
1615 *Gallipoli in Turkish Collective Memory* Dr. Zeynep Aygen
1630 *Forgotten Submarines of the Dardanelles* Savas Karakas
1645 Questions and Close of the Conference

The cost will be £20 per person to include free admission to the Museum, a finger buffet lunch and teas/coffees. To book please contact The Marketing Department, Royal Marines Museum, Southsea, Hampshire, PO4 9PX. Tel: 023 9281 9385 or Fax: 023 9283 8420. All bookings by 15 April.

SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK

SUNDAY, 16 JANUARY 2005

Wreaths were laid by H.M The Queen and H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh at the War Memorial Sandringham on 16 January.

Members and guests of the Association were very privileged that there was the opportunity of this Ceremony. It was a very special occasion and a most memorable way to have commemorated the start of the 90th Anniversary Year of the Gallipoli Campaign. The day began with morning Service in Sandringham Church. We had a very generous allocation of seats but the Church being very small meant there were unfortunately insufficient places for all. Those that were unable to have been seated gathered in the area reserved for our members by the Memorial. Fortunately the weather was fair and although cool was not unpleasant.

Whilst the Church Service was in progress a Contingent from The Royal Anglian Regiment took their positions around the War Memorial under the Command of C.S.M. Ellis. The Service over, Marcus O'Lone the Queens Agent at Sandringham presented Captain and Mrs Fagan to Her Majesty and Prince Philip. The party then walked from the Lych Gate to the War Memorial a short distance away.

At this point Captain Fagan and James Watson Smith presented the following to the Queen and Prince Philip. Major Dean Stefanetti, First Battalion The Royal Anglian Regiment. Bill Marsh Treasurer and Membership Secretary of the Association. Commander Arthur Coxon whose father was a survivor of the 5th Territorial Battalion, Norfolk Regiment at Gallipoli. Mr Edward and Mr Robert de Plumpton Hunter Grandson and Great Grandson of Captain Frank Beck. Mr John Crowe and Mrs Evelyn Sainty whose father served with 5th Territorial Battalion, Norfolk Regiment at Gallipoli (see pages 18-24).

The Reverend Jonathan Riviere, Rector of Sandringham gave a short introduction and prayer. The wreath laying ceremony then took place The Queen and Prince Philip with their individual wreaths, followed by Captain Fagan on behalf of the Association and Major Stefanetti on behalf of the Royal Anglian Regiment.

"They Shall Grow Not Old" was then recited by John Crowe. The Last Post, silence and Reveille were sounded. Final prayers by Reverend Riviere and a blessing by the Bishop of Carlisle ended the ceremony. Her Majesty and Prince Philip then spoke with a number of our members before departing.

Thanks to the hospitality of Marcus O' Lone and his wife we were invited back to his house "Laycocks" for drinks. Captain Beck when Agent to King George Fifth lived

here and it was a wonderful opportunity for us all but perhaps especially for Captain Beck's descendants to visit the house.

The day was rounded off with lunch for those that wished at the visitors centre opposite the War Memorial. It was a remarkable day and memories of which I am sure will remain with all that were present for some considerable time.

James Watson Smith



Sandringham War Memorial with Gallipoli Association members and friends to the left

Above photograph and those following by Phil Mills.



Members briefing (left to right) John Crowe, Robbie de Plumpton Hunter, (great-grandson of Captain Beck), Edward de Plumpton Hunter, (grandson of Captain Beck), Bill Marsh (Treasurer), James Watson Smith (Secretary). Captain Christopher Fagan (Chairman) with back to camera



Hugh Beck and Mrs Beck (nearest to camera)



*Her Majesty The Queen with Christopher Fagan (Chairman)
meeting members of the Gallipoli Association*



*Her Majesty The Queen
meeting members of the Gallipoli Association. Michael Hickey on left.*



*HRH The Duke of Edinburgh meeting members of the Gallipoli Association,
Dick Rayner on right*



*Her Majesty The Queen and HRH The Duke of Edinburgh
with Christopher Fagan (centre) and James Watson Smith*



*Her Majesty The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh at the wreath laying ceremony.
In background (right) the Rector of Sandringham (reading)
and the Bishop of Carlisle*



*Captain Christopher Fagan (Chairman) with the Gallipoli Association wreath
and Major Dean Stefanetti on behalf of the Royal Anglian Regiment*



(Left to right at Laycocks) Colonel Michael Hickey, Mrs Mary Fagan, Dick Rayner and Captain Christopher Fagan (Chairman)



(Left to right) Lady Angela Oswald, Hugh Beck, Marcus O'Lone (Queen's Agent), Edward de Plumpton Hunter (Grandson of Captain Beck), and Mrs Beck



(Left to right at Laycocks) John Crowe, Lady Angela Oswald, and Robbie de Plumpton Hunter (Great Grandson of Captain Beck)



(Left to right) Bill Marsh, Evelyn Sainty, John Crowe, Richard Smith MVO, Arthur Coxon and Bridget Hickey

A DAY TO BE SAVOURED

ARTHUR COXON

Readers of the Winter *Gallipolian* No 106 page 3 will know about the wreath laying at Sandringham a report of which proceeds this modest contribution to the days events. Turning the pages back much further, to *The Gallipolian* No 92: 16 – 20 readers will know that I am the son of Captain.A.C.M.Coxon, a survivor of 12 August 1915 and subsequently a P.O.W. of the Turks.

Having received the command from the Editor “Any chance of a report for *The Gallipolian*” I set out below how it was for me.

Fortunately I was able to stay in Kings Lynn, only 15 minutes from Sandringham with a relative. On the Sunday morning the official party gathered outside the entrance to Sandringham Church to be briefed. We had been allocated seats in the Church for the Service at 1100. A couple of minutes before 1100, a door opened into the Choir Stalls and the Royal party entered. The Queen sits just inside the screen, so that although you know she is there, the congregation cannot stare.

The service was straight Book of Common Prayer Mattins, and I was taken back to my childhood at Dersingham only some two miles from Sandringham, where I was born and lived until I was 18. The Bishop of Carlisle had left his flooded city to be with us and preach. At the end of the Service we had to move swiftly to reach our positions at the nearby War Memorial before the Queen arrived as she had a lesser distance to walk. However, our Chairman kept it “step short in front” as he escorted the Queen to the Memorial.

This is set on a public stretch of grass just outside the Royal Park. It is very simple and contains the names of those from the Estate lost with the 5th Battalion and a few from other units. The public were outside the roped off area, and we were inside. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh met us all and I was able to show Her Majesty a photograph taken early in 1942 of the late King and Queen and the then Princess with the local Home Guard Officers at Sandringham. “That is my Father, and that is you next to him Mam” Next to me was Edward Hunter, Grandson of Captain Beck who had the famous watch to show (see *The Vanished Battalion*) that Frank Beck took to the war. John Crowe and his sister were the only other sons/daughters to be there, and he was able to talk of his father (see pages 18–24) and the Red Poll cow herd that Her Majesty remembered, well. J.Crowe’s father was subsequently with my father again in the Home Guard.

A Salute was given, the Wreaths laid, John Crowe recited the words “They shall grow not old”, Last Post was sounded, and we stood in silence. Finally we were blessed by the

Bishop and the Queen moved away to talk to members of the public, a crowd of about two hundred I estimate. Then a big black Bentley arrived and the Queen departed.

I was interviewed by Anglia TV and appeared on the evening news. Drinks were served at the Agents House. Of course Frank Beck lived in this same house for a number of years. The whole event had been very informal as was right and proper. It was a day to be savoured and never forgotten. On a more personal note, after lunch at the Visitor's Centre (yes, that is me below courtesy of Phil Mills) I was able to revisit my village of Dersingham and see my old home.



MY FATHER WAS ONE OF THE KING'S MEN AT GALLIPOLI

JOHN CROWE

I have always known that my father served at Gallipoli but my knowledge of the campaign was confined to two words "Gallipoli" and "Dardanelles" and that he was fighting the Turkish Army for whom he had the highest respect. I also knew that he had been in Egypt as there was a large picture of him sitting on a camel in front of the Sphinx which hung in my bedroom.

I have to be grateful to the inaccurate documentary about the 5th Norfolk's at Gallipoli which appeared on TV with David Jason playing the part of Captain Beck as this started me off on my journey of discovery. Soon after the programme had appeared I had a chance meeting with a lady of Norfolk origin in a cafe in Beckenham in south London. In the course of our conversation I mentioned "The King's Men" this prompted her to give me the name of Gallipoli Association member Patrick Gariepy in the United States and his E Mail.

Then followed a number of exciting E Mail exchanges with him as I provided my fathers full details including his army number and being asked me if I could remember anything he had said about his experiences at Gallipoli. Only then did I begin to realise the interest that the Gallipoli Campaign held for so many people. Most importantly he put me in touch with David Saunders the Editor who kindly send me an edition of *The Gallipolian* with Arthur Coxon's article on his father who was wounded and taken prisoner at Gallipoli and who later became Captain of the local Home Guard in Dersingham, Norfolk with a number of Gallipoli veterans. I realised that his father must have known my father who was also a Sergeant in the same Home Guard. David Saunders also provided me with Dick Rayner's article first published in *Stand To!* setting the record straight as to what actually happened to the Norfolk's at Suvla Bay.

I joined the Association in 2001 and in May 2002 took part in it's tour of Gallipoli still with scant knowledge of the campaign other than knowing the 5th Norfolk's had landed at Suvla and went into action on 12 August 1915. It was a very emotional moment for me to actually stand on the beach at Suvla trying to imagine what took place 87 years before. Following Colonel Michael Hickey's very entertaining and detailed account of the events of 1915 and with Major Hugh Jenner's encouragement it became something of an obsession and I have now consumed many books on the subject and feel reasonably well informed.



My father Robert John Crowe, seen above, was born 16 July 1891 in the small village of Wolferton on the Sandringham Estate, leaving the village school at the age of 13. On 4 August 1914 whilst working as a Carter (Nurseries) Sandingham he joined the Territorial Army no. 772 as a Lance Corporal together with my uncle Jimmy and my grandfather who was a Sergeant. A local man Jack Benstead who was seven years old in 1915 remembered them marching off from West Newton presumably to Wolferton Railway Station (the same Station from which the late King George VI was returned to London after his death whilst staying at Sandringham).

Before they left all the men went to the Estate Agent's house for tea and sandwiches. My father approached Captain Beck to say goodbye – the conversation being in the form of “Well goodbye sir” and the reply “Oh, no Crowe I am not your Captain in peacetime and then abandoning you in war – I am coming too”. My father was surprised as being only 24 years of age and Captain Beck being 54 years old he thought him too old to be going to war. In that respect the TV account was accurate.

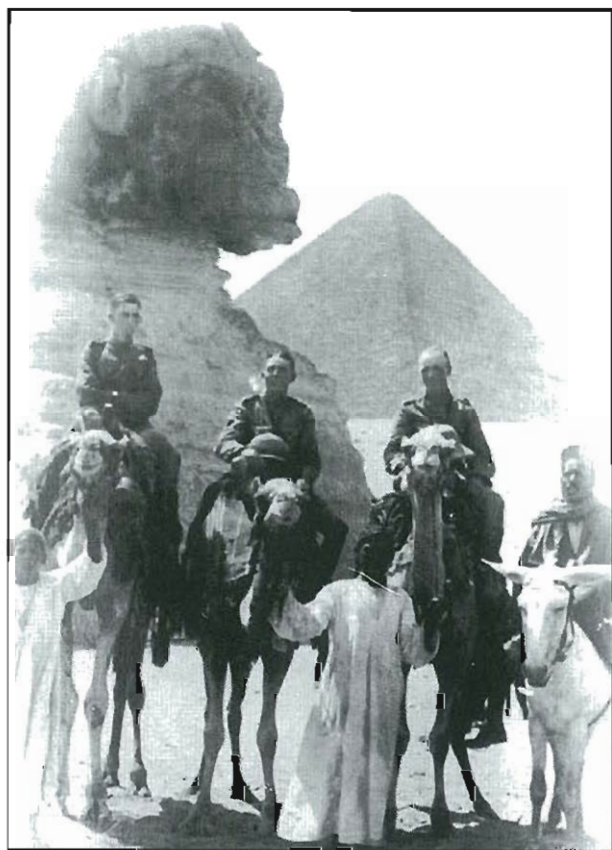
He said that they played a lot of pranks on each other such as hiding each others kit. I now know from records that my grandfather was sent home from Colchester where they went for training presumably because he was too old. It is well documented that they sailed from Liverpool and I do remember my father saying that he stayed on deck whenever possible to avoid being seasick. He didn't know what happened to Captain Beck (Dick Rayner's research indicates that he was last seen sitting or leaning against a tree).

I also don't remember him ever talking about any mysterious disappearance of men from his Company. When they were advancing he jumped into a trench only to fall on top of a dead Turkish soldier and due to the extreme heat at that time this wasn't at all pleasant. Both my father and my Uncle survived Gallipoli although my father received a wound to his back from shrapnel and as it was a “Blighty” wound he returned to England for treatment. I have a photograph of him (see upper opposite) with a group of other soldiers and a nurse but I don't know where it was taken.

After recovering from his wounds he volunteered to rejoin his regiment in Egypt as the alternative would have been France. He swam in the Suez Canal but never swam all the way across as he was worried about the Porpoises. He encountered the Australians and recounted an occasion when they were pinned down in an orange grove by Turkish snipers that two or three of them got frustrated and went off to “fight their own war”.

During this time there was an incident when he took a small patrol outside the perimeter wire and on return the entrance had been closed in error. He demonstrated his initiative in finding another way whilst exposed to enemy action. For this he was promoted to full Corporal. He said he saw Lawrence of Arabia whilst in Cairo. I remember him saying that for a time he was involved with camel transport and had to learn very quickly the skills of riding a camel. He also had to learn to count in Arabic to be able to say how many camels he needed. I later gave his book on Arabic to the local police Superintendent in 1958, who on retirement, became Chief Instructor of the Royal Libyan Police Force in Benghazi, Libya.)

Whilst in the Middle East he volunteered for the Royal Flying Corps and was accepted but withdrew as his friend was declined. I know my father enjoyed his time in the army and was strongly tempted to volunteer for further service but on returning home it didn't materialise. During the Second World War he served as a Sergeant in the Home Guard whilst also working as head herdsman for the Royal Red Poll herd of cattle at Appleton Farm on the Sandringham Estate.



*A classic First World War
photograph from Egypt, my
father being on the left.*

I remember very well the khaki uniforms of my father and brother together with rifles in the hallway. Being a head herdsman was a demanding job which he took very seriously. He won many awards for milk yield, bulls and won prize red poll herd of the year awards. He was presented with a cup by H.M. King George VI at the Royal Anmer Show on the Royal Estate in 1950 (see photographs opposite).

There is no doubt that my father's war experience was the highlight of his life. I found him very willing to talk about it – I now regret that I didn't ask more questions at the time. My father retired in 1958 and died five years later in 1963 and is buried in the graveyard at West Newton Church (see photograph on page 24) close to where the Sandringham Company marched off in 1915. The church has a wooden lych gate with the names of Captain Beck MVO and thirteen others carved on it. Inside the church there is a window dedicated to Captain Beck and the men of the 5th Battalion at Suvla Bay on 12 August 1915.

As a teenager I worked part time at a filling station in Dersingham next to the Sandringham Estate for Mrs Isherwood who was one of Captain Beck's daughters, his widow lived with her until her death. Believing rightly that she would still have an interest, I visited Mrs Isherwood in 1963 to inform her of my father's death. I remember her saying "Oh dear that's another one gone". It was 48 years after the campaign and showed just how close the relationship was among the members of the Company.

In commemoration of the 90th Anniversary of the Gallipoli Campaign a service was held on Sunday 16 January following which H.M. The Queen and H.R. Highness the Duke of Edinburgh laid wreaths at the Sandringham Memorial. It was a great honour to be presented along with my sister Evelyn Sainty to them both. Her Majesty was gracious in remembering my father's work on the Estate. For me to be present at the ceremony and to give the citation was a great privilege. I will take this memory with me when I return to Gallipoli in May this year and for a long time to come.

For me attending the event was returning home as I had spent my first nineteen years on the Sandringham Estate which included six years as a choir boy in both Sandringham and West Newton Churches. To be present with my sister and good friends from the Association was a wonderful experience.





The grave of Robert John Crowe in West Newton Churchyard.

MARKING THE 90TH ANNIVERSARY

In this 90th anniversary year of the Gallipoli Campaign, members may like to mark the event in their local community by reminding their school or church of the event and encouraging some form of acknowledgement.

This may take the form of an editorial in school or parish magazine, or in the local press, in which regiments or individuals are remembered. Where it is appropriate, try to include the Association's contact details, shown on the inside cover of the journal.

Please let me know (my address is on the inside cover of the journal) if I can help with providing information for articles or any other assistance. I would like to know of any other ideas you may have on this subject.

Hugh Jenner

WAS IT THE MOSQUITO OR THE SPIDER THAT KILLED RUPERT BROOKE?

LEONARD SELLERS

Most people who are interested in Rupert Brooke have read that the poet died, just before the Gallipoli landings, from blood poisoning, as a result of a mosquito bite to his lip. This small, but memorable event, took place at Port Said, Egypt, whilst the Royal Naval Division camped there. The R.N.D.'s fleet of transports was busy unloading and rearranging its stores & equipment, after its hurried departure from Avonmouth at the end of February 1915.

William Denis Browne wrote:

Aboard Grantully Castle off the Gallipoli shore on Sunday, 25th April 1915

We got to Port Said on Saturday March 27th from Lemnos. So far Rupert had been quite himself. On Monday 29th he went to Cairo with Arthur Asquith & Patrick Shaw-Stewart, and stayed for two days, coming back to Port Said on Wednesday 31st March. I went to Cairo that same night, passing Rupert in the train at Ismailia & came back 2 days later on Friday to find him ill with a touch of the sun, a headache & sickness. He slept or dozed outside his tent under an awning all Saturday just as you see him in a photo I sent you. It was taken that very day. In the morning, about 11 o'clock he was visited by Sir Ian Hamilton, who apparently asked him to go on his staff, but he refused. Rupert never told any of us about this, but it seems to be true. I suppose he wouldn't leave his platoon or Freyberg. At 4 in the afternoon he went off in a cab to the Casino Place Hotel, where he found Patrick Shaw-Stewart who had been laid up with the same thing a day earlier; and they shared a room (no. 17). As he got better he developed a little sore on the right side of his upper lip. It swelled up slightly for about 2 days & then went away. (1)

The fleet sailed from Egypt on 10 April with Rupert confined to his bed on sick leave. He had suffered not only from this sore to his lip but the combination of sunstroke and dysentery had greatly weakened him, leading to his tragic end. By the 22 April Brooke was in and out of a coma, and had pain in his chest and back. At 11 am the Hood Doctor McCracken sent a wireless message requesting a second opinion; as a result, the divisional staff's second medical officer, Captain Casement, arrived, along with the fleet surgeon, Caskell, and the brigade medical officer, Doctor Schlesinger of Guy's Hospital. Brooke's sore was fomented and looked angry and swollen, and his temperature was now back to 101. Opinions differed over the most suitable treatment, but there was general agreement that the swollen lip was, in the first instance, the result of a mosquito bite which had become infected. The original treatment for sunstroke had kept the illness

dormant until he became run down and his resistance to infection was low. An incision was made in the swelling, and a swab taken for further investigation. Bacteriological examination of the pus by Doctor Henry Goodale, a junior medical officer on board the *Grantully Castle*, showed the presence of pneumonococci in large numbers. The medical certificate number 24 gave the cause of death as *oedeme malin et septicocomia foudroyante* (malignant oedema and rapid septicocomia. (2) (3) (4).

However, there is another explanation for the bite. When I was researching my book *The Hood Battalion* on a number of occasions I taped interviews with Joseph Murray, an Able Seaman of the battalion. Now, Joe was a very interesting character later becoming a published author of two books on his experiences with the Royal Naval Division. At this time he was Arthur Asquith's runner (The Prime Minister's son and officer in the Hood). This duty entailed being ready at all times to pass any messages as ordered.

The day Rupert Brooke was ill on his camp bed, under a green canvas awning, Asquith instructed Joseph Murray to find Rupert Brooke and invite him that evening for dinner. Joe told me that he had great difficulty in finding Rupert's location, but eventually tracked him down. Brooke was on his bed pointing and touching his lip saying that he had been bitten. Joe said he made quite a fuss about it and was a nuisance. Suddenly, Joe saw near Rupert's bed a large black spider. He didn't like the look of it so killed it with his boot. With this, Asquith arrived wanting to know why Joe had been so long. Joe told him he had had trouble finding the officer but had now passed the message. (5)

It seems likely, that Joseph Murray might well have been the first person to learn that Rupert Brooke had been bitten on his lip.

My research leads me to understand that spiders are often attracted to moisture and that it is not unknown for people to suffer such bites to their lips. Rupert's friend and fellow officer Denis Browne states that when he took the photograph, Brooke was sleeping or dozing. This is confirmed, when I found a tiny photograph in the archives of King's College Cambridge, later to be enlarged and reproduced on the rear cover of my book *Hood Battalion*. Rupert is shown on his camp bed, under a blanket, wearing his cap, with his mouth pointing up to the awning. It was therefore quite possible for a spider to descend on its thread, onto his upper lip. A sudden movement of the sleeping officer might well have resulted in the bite.

Was it the mosquito or the spider ?

References:

1. Letter to Edward Marsh (Churchill's Secretary) by William Denis Browne 25/4/1915. Published in *The Letters of Rupert Brooke* pages 682/687. Also

published in the *R.N.D. History of the Royal Naval Division, Antwerp, Gallipoli & Western Front* by Leonard Sellers, number 7. ISSN.1368-499X.

2. *Hood Battalion* by Leonard Sellers, chapter 6. ISBN 0 85053 386 9. Copies of this book can be purchased at the Rupert Brooke Museum, Grantchester.
3. Medical Reports written by Fleet Surgeon Arthur Gaskell & Surgeon Schlessinger. King's College, Cambridge, ref XC7.
4. Death Certificate King's College, Cambridge, ref XC4.
5. Taped interview of Joseph Murray by Leonard Sellers 5/11/1991 in Dorking Surrey. (Rupert Brooke details). A copy of this tape can be found in the Rupert Brooke Museum, Grantchester.

RESEARCH GROUP

Since May last year a small group of members have met once a month at the National Archive, Kew for the purpose of researching matters of interest for members who cannot get access to the Archive, themselves.

We have found individual service records, citations, and various references to ship and unit actions which have helped to complete family records. We will continue to do this and aim to undertake more ambitious projects as we progress in getting the hang of using the archive.

For those who could get to Kew, but have not yet done so, it is a very worthwhile experience. If you would like to join us on an occasional or more regular basis, we will be meeting on the second Tuesday of every month in 2005. You are free to do as you like and research any matter you choose, but we aim to meet at 1100 and 1400 in the Tea Room. I usually wear the Association tie to help with recognition for new members.

You need a Readers Ticket. If you do not already possess one this requires minimal effort on arrival to acquire; you do need a reasonable form of identification, eg. Bankers Card. Kew is well served by the District Line, direction Richmond. For those travelling by car, there is a good, free car park, sign-posted off the South Circular to the National Archive, or still in some cases to the old name of the Public Records Office.

Hugh Jenner

THE MAORI CONTINGENT AT GALLIPOLI BURSARY AWARD

CLARE CHURCH

I was honoured to receive a Memorial Bursary for 2004 and subsequently visited Gallipoli on the fifth Association Tour in May (see *The Gallipolian* Autumn 2004, pp.60-63). My interest arose from the research I had previously undertaken for my book *New Zealand Graves at Brockenhurst*. Out of the 93 New Zealanders who are buried in this tranquil graveyard in the New Forest, 12 served at Gallipoli, and one was a Maori. This prompted me to investigate the Maori Contingent and its contribution to this horrendous disaster. I soon learnt that although small in number, these men played a significant part and were much praised for their actions. I also realised that little is written about the Maoris in the many books on Gallipoli. Some authors say nothing, whereas others briefly mention their presence in a few lines or sentences. However, I have been fortunate in obtaining the memoirs of Rikihana Carkeek in *Home Little Maori Home* which have recently been published in New Zealand, and these give a vivid account of what the conditions were really like 'at the coal face'.

At the outbreak of the First World War many 'loyal' Maori tribes supported the British cause and offered volunteers to serve alongside 'Pakeha' (European) New Zealanders. Initially, the British Government ruled that native forces from the Empire could not take part in any European War and the Maoris were only allowed to undertake garrison duty. It was decided that 200 men, the pick of New Zealand and representing all tribes, would go into training and proceed to Egypt. Eventually this figure was raised to 500. Basic training took place at Avondale Camp at Auckland Racecourse from October 1914 to February 1915. Seventy five per cent of the men were raw recruits, never having experienced any previous military training. Nevertheless they were very fit, keen and alert and willing to learn modern mechanisms of war, and applications for enlistment were greater than the desired number required.

The day came for the men to depart overseas and the 1st Maori Contingent sailed from Auckland on Troopship No. 20 (SS *Warrimoo*) on 10 February 1915. The voyage took them via Wellington (where they were inspected by Lord Liverpool at Newtown Park), Albany (Western Australia), Colombo, Aden and they eventually reached Suez on 26 March. On arrival in Egypt the Maori Contingent presented the Commander of the transport ship, Captain Alex Milford Edwin with a scroll, signed by all. (Captain Edwin's widow later donated this scroll to Auckland War Museum Library). The Maoris were based at Zeitoun Camp near Cairo, and they appeared to be regarded by military authorities as an 'entertainment group', demonstrating 'hakas' (war dances) for the hierarchy, and not treated seriously as a fighting force. Soon the men were on the move again; on 5 April they departed for Port Said to proceed to an unknown

destination for garrison duty – this turned out to be Malta. The island had been established as a hospital base in addition to the facilities at Lemnos and Egypt. On 12 April the men marched into Marina Pinto camp, Chain Tuffeiha, where according to Carkeek, “military training continued, together with much boozing”!

Eventually, however, the Maori Contingent received permission to participate in military combat. On 6 May the Governor of Malta, Lord Methuen visited the camp and read a message from the Hon. J. Allen, the New Zealand Minister for Defence in Wellington; “Those Maoris who desire to go to the front may do so, and those who do not may say so” – all men agreed to go.

Amidst constant gunfire, Anzac Cove greeted the men at 1.00 a.m. on 3 July. They transhipped in batches onto steam launches and landed safely on the piers in the dark, then marched straight to No. 1 Outpost post through a long chain of trenches. This was to be their ‘home’ for several weeks. The Maoris camped wherever they could find suitable space on ledges out of range of snipers and shellfire from the enemy on the hills above. They were ordered to get themselves comfortably fixed before doing any fighting. Carkeek describes his first view of No. 1 Outpost thus:

“At dawn we arrived at our post and made the best of it in the rain – no dugouts or shelter of any description. Just in the open, digging in as best you can to avoid the rain.” No mess tents existed, food was cooked on open fires in small groups, scarce firewood was dragged from dangerous zones, water collected from tanks on the beach; all these problems to encounter as well as “the damn flies worrying a man almost to death, running away with a man’s bread and marmalade if one did not keep a sharp look out.”

The Maori Contingent was required to assist with widening the ‘Great Sap’, a deep trench, which led from Ari Burnu to the New Zealand Outposts inland of North Beach. Men, both fit, and unfit on stretchers, as well as mules carrying supplies needed to pass in the trench unhindered. This was the theory, but in reality it was still very crowded even after the digging was completed. Part of the trench lay through sand and been easy to widen and excavate, but the harder clay soils proved more difficult to deal with.

Friday 6 August was the last day on which the Maori Contingent was together at No. 1 Post as a complete unit. From then on it would never be the same; they would be killed, injured or fall sick and only a minority would survive to fight another day. Everybody was ready for the fray, dressed in calico-striped shirts and shorts. At 05.30 the men moved off from their base to take part in the big attack on the Sari Bair Ridge, under Brigadier-General A. R. Russell. Against their wishes, they were split up to reinforce the New Zealand Mounted Rifle Brigade (Auckland, Wellington, Canterbury and Otago Regiments). They first had to tackle the foothills on the way to their target, Chunuk Bair, which was eventually reached on 8 August, only to be relinquished two days later. Cowan in *The Maoris in the Great War* describes the heroism of these men in great detail and comments

"It was the most deadly yet the most glorious day of the campaign, glorious because of the countless deeds of valour and self-sacrifice that attended the splendid lost-endeavour." Many Maoris were killed in this battle, and those who survived the slaughter were required to capture Hill 60 on August 21, again without complete success.

The Contingent's initial strength of 476 officers and men were reduced, incredibly, to 60 by early October when the exhausted remainder were sent to Sarpi Camp on the island of Lemnos for a rest. Carkeek had arrived there on 9 August as a result of wounding and he regarded the place as comfortless

"in a tent with only an oil sheet and a couple of blankets to lie down on the hard ground, poor food given at the hospital, no conveniences for the wounded, hardly enough medical officers and awful accommodation."

Cowan makes no mention that the Maoris returned to Gallipoli after resting. However, on 9 November the so-called fit men left Lemnos on *SS Osmanich*. Carkeek writes daily about his personal experience of life back on the peninsula. In his new 'home' on Rhododendron Ridge he seems to be permanently hungry owing to inadequate food supplies and the cold weather. His diary of 28 November states:

"What a sight and great surprise to our post on coming out of the tunnel to find the whole country covered with snow. What a great difference from the summer months, as hot as hell. Now it's almost impossible just to keep warm. We are expecting the roof of our dugout to cave in. The weight of snow on the roof is getting too damned heavy. We've no material; timber or iron are very short, only groundsheets and blankets to keep the snow out."

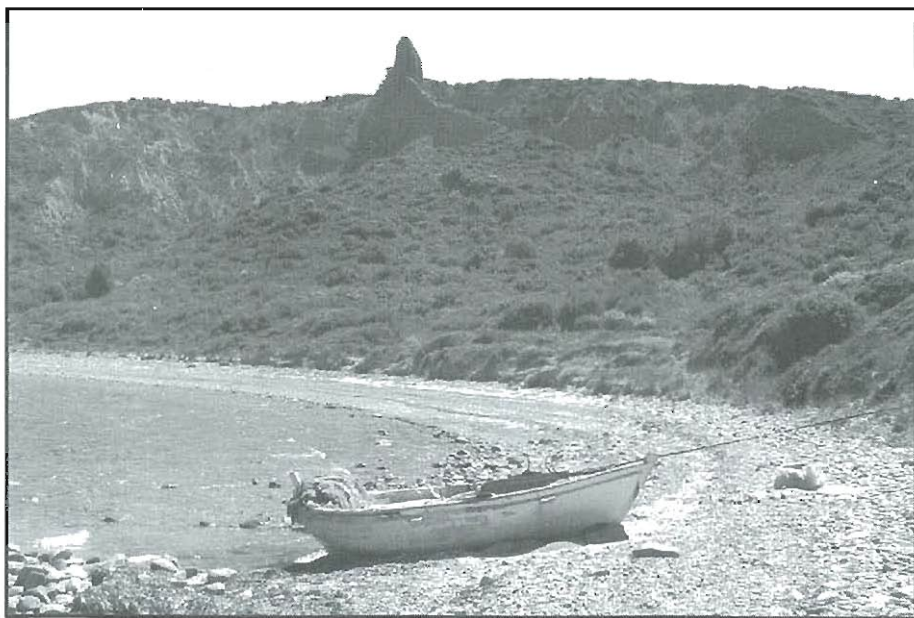
The men had to endure these harsh conditions until 13 December when there was a sudden order to pack up full kit and be ready to move off by 2000. This was their first indication of evacuation. Nothing went to plan, however, and after being told they were going to Imbros Island for a month they eventually got away the following evening on a packed transport ship, bound for Mudros harbour, Lemnos. The remnants of the Maori contingent was now safe from snipers and shelling, and united again for the first time since leaving No. 1 Outpost on 6 August.

Visit to Anzac May 2004

I was determined to visit No. 1 Outpost (a sandy knoll) and examine the terrain. I approached it from the south, walking from Anzac Cove along North Beach. The peaceful surroundings with the chirping of birds above me bore no resemblance to the noise of gunfire in 1915.

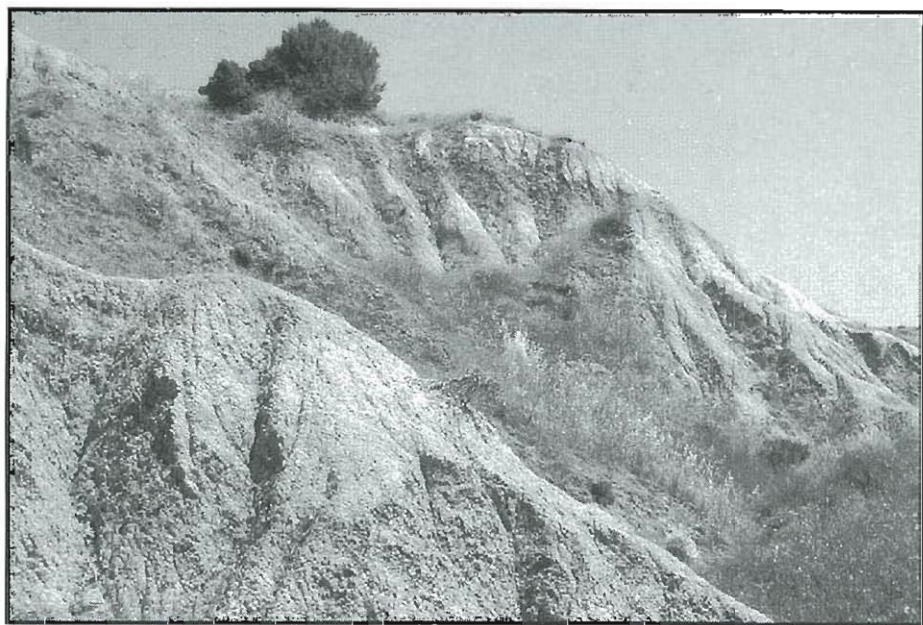


View of North Beach and No. 1 Outpost (to the right of the trees)



North Beach with view of the Sphinx

It was difficult to envisage how so much activity took place in such a small area – offloading of troops, storage of supplies, casualty clearing station etc. Of course, the whole area now looks completely different, particularly the gullies up which the troops scrambled. Much sandstone erosion will have taken place over the years, together with growth of gorse-like bushes and sharp-leaved trees. Before reaching No. 1 Outpost, I called at the CWGC complex with its guest bungalows, workshops, nurseries and gardeners' cottages. Nearby are remnants of the Great Sap, and I enquired from the workmen where it actually was, and they knew that traces could be seen. I think I found the right spot, but the detective in me had to play a large part! The highlight of my day was a close up view of No. 1 Outpost. How the men lived, slept and cooked under improvised shelters on unstable ledges for months on end, amidst constant mayhem, noise and appalling conditions is beyond belief. The Contingent of 'natives', who had not been thought fit to fight, had acquitted themselves with honour: a DSO, an MC and seven Military Medals attested to their performance.



Close up No. 1 outpost

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 Pugsley, C. *Te Hokowhitu a Tu – The Maori Pioneer Battalion in the First World War* Reed, 1995
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GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION TOUR

19 – 26 SEPTEMBER 2004

BURSARY AWARD

Having been the Anzac co-ordinator at Sutton Veny School for several years' people were always asking if I had visited Gallipoli or Australia. The answer to both of these questions had always been "No I haven't but I would love to go to Gallipoli, to see feel and touch the place to be able to share with the children my experiences."

I never thought that I would ever make the trip to Gallipoli and it is thanks to so many people that I did. It was our head teacher Christine Folker who set the ball in motion and from there it gathered speed. Major General Robert Staveley spoke to Colonel Michael Hickey who in turn approached the Gallipoli Association who agreed to award me a bursary for the trip to the Peninsula. During all of this Annabel Merriman was the go-between for the school with copious amounts of e.mail back and forth to all and sundry, I am so grateful to her for all of her help. The Australian High Commission with whom I have had a great deal of contact over the years also agreed to sponsor my tour along with the Sutton Veny Parochial Church Council. That was it, all was arranged and I was off, bound for Turkey with nine members of the Association together with James Watson-Smith as our tour leader and Michael Hickey as our guide.

After a long coach trip from Istanbul with our driver Mustafa and Turkish guide Temar we arrived at our hotel in Canakkale. It wasn't until the next morning that one was able to appreciate the wonderful view across the Dardanelles.

Our first day was spent at the city of ancient Troy (a must for any tourist). We took lunch at the little bar/restaurant and were fortunate to have a book on Gallipoli signed by its author Mustafa Askin We visited the Dardanus Battery to study the Naval Attacks in 1915 the views here were quite staggering. Then to the Canakkale naval museum and Cimenlik Fort. We climbed aboard the *Nusrat*, (well at least a jolly good replica of the original), the afternoon finished with a few cold beers in the student bar.

Monday saw us all out early to catch the small (very small) ferryboat across the narrows to Eceabat and for me my first taste of the places I had read about. There were only two of us out of the ten who had never been to Gallipoli, myself and a very enthusiastic Kiwi.

The Turkish Memorial above Morto Bay which it would seem can be seen from all over the peninsula. The symbolic headstones laid out in the Turkish flag. We set off for the French cemetery above Morto Bay it was here that I had the first of several tasks I had agreed to do whilst away. This was to photograph the French cemetery for our French family we have at school.

From here we travelled to V beach where the *River Clyde* was run ashore having been used as a latter day Trojan horse the troops a sitting target for Turkish guns waiting around the natural amphitheatre above. Later that day we visited Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery for what was a very moving and emotional visit for one of our group members.

Tuesday was the day I had been most waiting for. To stand above Anzac Cove the place that every year I talk to the children about, to see it for myself was a dream come true.

We visited the Gaba Tepe information centre and walked around the museum. It was here that I met Mike Godwin and his school party from McKay North State High School in Queensland. Mike is a teacher whom I met in England in September 2002. I knew he was going to be in Canakkale and on the Peninsula around about the same time as we were, but didn't expect to come across him quite so suddenly. After a brief introduction to some of our group members we went our separate ways and did not bump into each other again. His group had an incredibly busy tour, which would take them on to France before their return to Australia.

We were dropped at the entrance to Gully Ravine then onto Shrapnel Valley and up to Plugge's Plateau. Amongst the gorse bushes, the heat was oppressive and the terrain unstable under foot, one couldn't help but imagine what those young men had gone through bearing weighty packs, with little or no fresh water and under constant enemy fire. Our descent was a little quicker, with loose rocks under foot a little more wearing on the ankles and knees too.

We took the coach to Lone Pine. Another task awaited me here. To find the name of a soldier W.Combs, his family from Ballarat Australia were not sure if I would find his name here or in the cemetery at The Nek. He was a soldier of the Australian 8th Lighthorse regiment killed in action on August 6th at the attack on The Nek. I did find his name among the many others carved into one of the memorial panels. What a moving place, so many headstones so many names.

We visited The Nek that same day what a most haunting place, so many killed and yet only five named headstones. A cemetery so empty, yet so full. It is the place that remains uppermost in my mind when I think of Gallipoli and all for the sake of not synchronising watches!

At Chunuk Bair it was time for our New Zealand friend to have his precious few moments alone, to pay his respects to a family member who lost his life there during the New Zealand attack of 6-10 August 1915.

It was also our first visit to Bigali and the house/headquarters of Kemal Ataturk. An incredible little village that time has left almost untouched. We had a few very welcome cold beers at the local bar.

Wednesday- Suvla, Scimitar Hill, Lala Baba, Hill 10, Chocolate Hill – so called because the soil is so dark – chocolate coloured – compared to soil in other areas of the Peninsula. We didn't get too far across the field before barking dogs appeared and we swiftly, disappeared!

Thursday – Options Day – Carol and I elected to take the short trip once again across the water to spend the whole day walking up over and around the peninsula. We were dropped at the Australian memorial walked along to Ari Burnu stopped briefly at Anzac Cove then made our way firstly to Shell Green Cemetery. We walked further up the hill to Lone Pine Cemetery (according to Andy Mullen head of the walking tour this isn't far and not steep at all, believe me, it is!). We met the walking tour party for lunch then took the coach. After dropping the walking tour at Chunuk Bair we went on to 7th Field Ambulance from here we walked the route along to Embarkation Pier, N.Z No 2 Outpost, and Canterbury. Finally stopping again at Ari Burnu to just sit with our thoughts and catch up on diary entries whilst waiting for the walking tour to collect us before heading back to the ferry and the hotel. Dave one of the Australian walkers went for a swim at Anzac Cove as so many of his countrymen had done 89 years before.

Friday was our last day in Canakkale. We took our usual morning trip across the water. After a very moving service at the Helles Memorial and another task completed for me, to find two names out of the thousands there and photographing them for families back here. With help from fellow tour members I was able to complete this task. We visited Redoubt Cemetery for our tour leader to pay his respects to a family member before moving on to Twelve Tree Copse for a final visit to the grave of Major Godfrey Barker.

All too soon we were packed and heading for Istanbul an overnight stay and back to our families. The tour was something I have dreamt about. I learned so much more about the campaign. I also learned that very few people visit only once and having been there I now know why !

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Members are reminded that subscriptions become due on 1 January. Subscription rates are: Member (United Kingdom) £10.00; Husband & Wife (United Kingdom) £15.00; Member (Overseas) £15.00; Husband & Wife (Overseas) £20.00

HOOD ENSIGN RESTORED

ROY ADAM MBE

At the Remembrance Service on Sunday 14 November 2004 in St Peter and St Paul's Church, Blandford Forum, I delivered this short address on the occasion of the rededication of the Hood Ensign (see *The Gallipolian* 103: 54-55 Winter 2003).

This White Ensign was handed to this Parish Church of Blandford Forum for safe keeping approximately sixty-seven years ago after the Hood Battalion of the Royal Naval Division Old Comrades disbanded.

The White Ensign is the Flag of the Royal Navy and normally flies at the stern of warships, so why was it by an apparently Army unit? It was in 1914 that Winston Churchill then the First Lord of the Admiralty decided to form the Royal Naval Division to assist the Army in landing operations and in other ways should the need arise. The Division was sub-divided into eight Battalions comprising the Anson, Benbow, the ill fated Collingwood, Drake, Hood, Howe, Hawk, and Nelson all named after famous Admirals and three Battalions of Royal Marines.

This Ensign was the Flag of the Hood Battalion and had been in service during the heroic actions of the Battalion during the Gallipoli Campaign and on the Western Front. After the War the survivors of the Battalion held regular re-unions and its Ensign would be proudly present. In 1937 it was decided it should be on permanent display here in this Church of St Peter and St Paul. But you may say why here in landlocked Blandford Forum. The answer is simple after the Royal Naval Divisions first expedition, to Antwerp in 1914 they were sent to Blandford for further training before deployment to Gallipoli, then Blandford became its home base.

King George V came with Winston Churchill to see the Division march past on its way to the Aegean Sea and Gallipoli. Here the Hood Battalion played a heroic part with very heavy casualties. The Battalion then went to the Western Front again distinguished themselves with bravery and devotion until the end of the War.

Today I particularly welcome to this Remembrance Service the relatives of those Gallant Men who served in the Hood Battalion and the other Battalions of the RND and the Royal Marines. Also the representatives of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines who are here today.

This famous Ensign has been cleaned and treated by the Textile Conservation Centre of Southampton University and the Blandford Branch of the Royal Naval Association are most grateful for generous donations and in particular the Valentine Trust.

After this Service the Ensign will be returned to its original position. It must remind us of the sacrifice of the many men of the Hood Battalion, and how they helped to save our way of life and our Country. We must feel very proud to honour their memory. In conclusion the words of Rupert Brooke of the Hood Battalion who died whilst serving in Gallipoli.

If I should die, think only this of me, That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England

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. The **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 s&c, orders please to The Treasurer, Frinton Cottage, 3 Cambridge Road, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, CO13 9HN.

PRIVATE WILLIAM GEORGE CRISP MM
1892-1968
2ND BATTALION SOUTH WALES
BORDERERS

Bill Crisp was born in Leeds on 3 May 1892. His father died eight days after he was born and his mother died when he was 16. He had a brother-in-law in 2nd SWB who had served in South Africa and this influenced him to join the same battalion, which he did in 1910. He, too, was posted to South Africa, and then in 1912 the battalion moved to Tientsin in Northern China. They were still there at the outbreak of war in August 1914. They played a major role in the capture of the German garrison at Tsing Tau later that year soon after which they were recalled to Coventry where they joined the 87th brigade of the 29th Division.

As the Division began to concentrate, the *Coventry Herald* carried the following article about the arrival and recent exploits of the battalion:

“Hard on the heels of the Munstermen came 900 men of the 2nd Battalion South Wales Borderers, the gallant 24th of glorious renown as the old song had it. About 5am on Wednesday the first of two special trains arrived at Coventry station, bringing these men, who had only disembarked on Tuesday at Devonport, after a long journey from China. These men are a fine lot physically and very smart in appearance. They have the distinction of having taken part in campaign in the Far East, where a combined Japanese and British force captured the German fortress at Tsing Tau. The Borderers had a great respect and sincere appreciation of the Japanese. The Welshmen; that is a euphemism, for despite the territorial title the battalion is not overwhelmingly Welsh in composition were met by Superintendent Imber, a body of special constables, and a member of the City Police. Under their guidance the troops were taken to their billets in Cheylesmond, All Saints, St Mary’s and Stoke wards. The men were suffering much from fatigue and were greatly relieved at the prospects of spending a short time within hospitable English homes, partaking of good meals and sleeping in beds.

The two trains brought 785 men and 22 officers, but later in the day 197 more of the battalion arrived with the baggage. The police were expeditious in conducting the soldiers to their billets, where generous English breakfasts worked magic. Like their Munster colleagues, they lost little time making themselves acquainted with their temporary homes, and they were loud in their thanks for all the kindness and consideration shown to them by the citizens generally. As it happens some of the men are by no means strangers to Coventry, for they have relatives here, and before going East were frequent visitors. Of their experience in China, two Sergeants spoke in interesting and even graphic style.



The Regiment, they said, went to Tientsin from Africa in November 1912. They had an opportunity of associating with soldiers of other nations, including the Germans, whom they numbered as friends. At the outbreak of war the Germans began to concentrate troops. The sergeant referred to the Japanese ultimatum to Germany, and added that on 19th September 2SWB embarked at Tientsin for Tsing Tau. They were escorted part of the way by the battleship *Triumph* and the torpedo boat *Usk*. We had our first opportunity of observing the Japanese army on a war footing, one of the sergeants continued we were very much struck by the excellent arrangements they made. On 25th September we left our base camps, and later were told that unless we were up by the 29th we would probably not have a chance of being with the Japanese at the final attack.

Owing to bad roads we were obliged to make a big detour. The conditions of the ground may well be imagined when I say that it took us nine hours to travel eight miles. By forced marches we managed to be at the stipulated point at the date stated, and from that time on we were continually under German artillery fire. They did not do too much damage to us, and we noticed many of the shells, which were made in Germany, failed to explode. The Germans had an observation balloon and also a very fast monoplane, which they used for reconnaissance.

We were now given Japanese cloaks in order that our allies could distinguish us easily, for the Germans were wearing a helmet of very similar pattern to ourselves. For a number of days the Germans bombarded the main roads leading up to our position. The weather became delightfully wet, and the trenches were consequently washed in upon us. On October 7th we had the pleasure of seeing the German balloon break loose and drift away eastwards. We found it paid to move our position after dark as the German monoplane had relayed our daytime position to the guns, and next morning we found that our previous position had been demolished. Fragments of the shells indicated that they were of large calibre—some 11 inches, and evidently intended for naval purposes. We advanced within quite close range of the enemy redoubts, and it must have been a surprise for the Germans in the morning to find we had made another trench 300 yards nearer to them than on the previous day. On 28th October we were joined by half a battalion of Sikhs, and on 31st the bombardment began at daylight; the few rounds set the petroleum tanks on fire. We watched the results of the Japanese fire with interest, and saw their work was good in every case. The Japanese showed some cunning by sending up a captive balloon. The Germans, believing the officer controlling artillery was on board, concentrated fire on the balloon, but the officer in question was in another position altogether. Cold winds, dismal rain, and frosts were the order of the day and night. By 4th November we had pushed our trenches to within a few hundred yards of the advanced German redoubts. We dug our trenches in shingly ground under constant heavy fire from maxims, pom-poms and rifles. On the night of 5th November this began to take

real effect and we had a bad patch as far as casualties were concerned. Next day the Germans kept up this heavy fire mostly on us. But at daylight we were all pleased to see a white flag flying from their fort. We moved into Tientsin in the highest of spirits. Then we moved to Hong Kong and then to England. During the campaign we received packages of comforts and cigarettes from Chinese residents. We were only short of smokes for three days, during which time you could see men smoking China tea and all sorts of stuff."

The battalion was reviewed by King George V close by the Blue Boar hotel on the Coventry Road during the famous parade on 12 March 1915. On Tuesday 16 March the battalion arrived at Port of Bristol, Avonmouth Docks in five trainloads and boarded from Shed T. The ship was the 500-foot British and North Atlantic Steamship Company's, *Canada* 9,415 tons gross. It took aboard 2SWB, the 89th Field Ambulance, a general hospital and stores, a field bakery and a field butchery; altogether 71 officers, 1,472 men, 90 horses, 40 wagons.

The exploits of the battalion at the landings at S Beach on 25 April 1915 are well-known as are their subsequent actions as part of 87th Brigade, particularly in Gully Ravine. The following extract from the battalion War Diary relates to the action for Scimitar Hill on the night 21-22 August for his part in which Bill Crisp was mentioned in dispatches.

Scimitar Hill – Hill 70

August 20th 10am. Conference of Cos when probable orders for attack were explained. 87th Bde to first of all proceed to Hill 53 and dig in in the heather out of sight from the enemy. Bde moved off at 8pm and after many delays caused by 86th Bde marching through us the battalion arrived at its destination at Chocolate Hill[Hill 53] at about 11.30pm Proceeded to dig in. The position was a difficult one as just on our right flank was a battery of guns which was likely to draw fire. C&D coys were put in a small nullah and A&B coys on the slope of Hill 53. Battalion HQ was behind the hill. Water had to be got during darkness as the enemy was reported to be shelling the wells.

August 21st Quiet morning during which C.O. took O.C. coys up to view the position which the Bn had to attack.

2.30pm bombardment by all available guns.

3.5pm Inniskillings started the attack passing through the K.O.S.B.s lines and building up a firing line opposite the objective Hill 70[Scimitar Hill]

3.30pm Assault on Hill 70 commenced

5pm Border Regt ordered up to support R.I.F.

6.10pm In accordance with orders received Bn advanced to the assault of Hill 70.

Unsuccessful attacks by Inniskillings and Border Regt caused a change in the orders. C&D coys formed the front line. A&B coys in support. Bn HQ moved up into K.O.S.B. trenches. The mounted Bde were supposed to attack on our right but for some reason they also advanced straight on Hill 70 and so got muddled up with us. C&D coys appeared to get on well and charged over the top of Hill 70. Darkness then came down and it became impossible to see what was going on. A great many Yeomanry came back and said that they had been given the order to retire. B coy was then sent up to try to work up the left hand spur of Hill 70 from which the Turks were bringing an enfilade fire to bear on those already on the hill. Major Going, the C.O. accompanied by the adjutant, then proceeded on to the hill and found everything in confusion. The only officer there was 2Lt Burrell 2SWB. On the hill there were about 200 Border Regt and 300 SWB and a great many Inniskillings and Yeomanry. The only way to re-organise was to order all SWB to the left; all Border Regt to the right and all Yeomanry to collect in the centre. The Inniskillings were ordered back to the support trenches.

11.30pm The adjutant was sent back to report to the Bde Major. Soon afterwards it was decided to withdraw.

87 Bde took some 1,100 casualties; 2SWB had over 300 casualties mostly missing in action. It was during this action that Pte Crisp earned a Mention in Dispatches. The citation from the C.O. reads:

No. 10465 Pte Crisp No. 9901, Pte Porter. These two men acted as orderlies during the action on Hill 70 on the night of 21/22 August. Both acted in the most gallant manner in continuously moving backwards and forwards along the firing line carrying messages between the two portions of the defensive line across a very dangerous re-entrant which was being swept by fire. Pte Porter was dangerously wounded while performing his duties.

LG 28.1.16

After the evacuation from Gallipoli the 29th Division moved eventually to the western front, where they were soon involved in the Battle of the Somme. Before the battle Bill shook hands with two relations in the Leeds Pals, both of whom were killed in action; he, himself, was wounded. He was married on 16 September 1916; sadly his brother-in-law was killed in the same month on the Somme. Bill Crisp was posted to the 8th battalion SWB. He saw service in Salonica and was awarded the Military Medal and the Gold Medal for bravery from King Peter of Serbia (see photograph opposite).

We are very grateful to his son, also called Bill, for providing this comprehensive information and photographs. He lives in Leeds and recently joined the Association. He is looking forward to joining one of our tours and seeing the scene of some of these actions for himself.



X LIGHTER WRECK CORRECTION

In *The Gallipolitan* 106: 22 Winter 2004 we published a note based on a report in *The Times* of Malta. Subsequently Henry Higgs has kindly informed us that the information is not quite right in every respect saying:

“There never was a firm “Walter Pollock and Son of Faversham, Kent. The firm was James Pollock, Sons Company Limited and not of Faversham at the relevant time because they only started up a shipyard there in 1917. Even then all the commercial and design work was at 3 Lloyds Avenue, London, EC3 and for many years after. I was apprenticed to that firm early 1938 and served five years in the yard. The X-lighter sunk in Malta should be identifiable quite easily by reference to the Navy List. I believe we took on fresh water in Oliema from one of them in 1945. Mr Walter Pollock, born 1873 was the fourth child and fourth son of James Pollock founder of the firm.

WHERE IS GALLIPOLI?

It all started with a clock. When Gallipoli Association member Howard Mallinson became the fourth generation owner of a family heirloom, a 'handsome timepiece' presented to his great grandfather on retirement in 1907, all that he knew of the man was that he had served with distinction in the Lancashire Fusiliers. The proud new owner of the clock knew nothing of the man nor any of the dark secrets of the family's loss at Gallipoli. Armed only with the information on the inscription to the clock – a gift from the officers of the 1st Volunteer Battalion – Howard Mallinson set off on a detective investigation of the background to a family that died with the Great War. The result is *Where Is Gallipoli?* – a 150-page well-illustrated book* which will be launched by the author in Bury on Gallipoli Sunday.

The book is a story of discovery of the grief of a town and the previously hidden grief of the author's family: The only hint, says the author, of there being a veiled family tragedy was that his grandmother could only spit the name of the "The Dardanelles" as her tears were held back – tears which not once in his lifetime revealed their secret. Bury was the depot town of the Lancashire Fusiliers and it had a fine tradition of Territorial service. The owner of the clock was too old for overseas service when he rejoined his regiment in 1914, but his son, Private George Vivian Ash rejoined his Territorial battalion – a battalion that was sent to garrison Egypt. This Territorial battalion had the misfortune to be the nearest available reinforcements when the landings became bogged down. They came ashore on Lancashire Landing only eleven days after its noble capture by the 1st Battalion. Many of those Territorials were to die, including the man who should have inherited his father's clock. Bury, a town of 50,000 lost over 1,600 Territorial soldiers, many of them at Gallipoli – a name that continues to be remembered with grief in the town.

In his foreword to the book, the Association's own Colonel Michael Hickey writes:

"Using a variety of sources the author has been able to reconstruct the civilian and military world in which father and son grew up and lived their lives and has succeeded in bringing both vividly to life. This is social history at its most vital and an important contribution to our knowledge of a world which vanished in four terrible years."

The book contains extracts from the diary of Brigadier-General Sir Steuart Hare, who commanded the 86th Infantry Brigade and who himself landed at Lancashire Landing with the Lancashire Fusiliers only to be badly wounded while organising men to link up with X beach. This diary has never been published before, and it is with the author's thanks to the late David Hare, the grandson of Sir Steuart, that extracts are published in *Where is Gallipoli?*

A tribute to David Hare, a member of the Gallipoli Association and to his famous grandfather grandfather was included in *The Gallipolitan* No 103: 46-49. Winter 2003.

* The bookshop price of *Where Is Gallipoli?* is £17.95, but it is available to Gallipoli Association members at a special price of £13.95 plus £2.20 post & packing, directly from the author Howard Mallinson at 22 Gordon Road, Claygate, Surrey, KT10 0PQ.

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.

Patrick Burke asks to be put in contact with anyone with information about the 8th Btn. Duke of Wellingtons Regiment, and in particular Thomas William White. Perhaps you had a relative who served in the regiment. Please contact Patrick at 367 Ben Jonson House, Barbican, London, EC2Y 8NQ or e-mail janepat.burke@macunlimited.net

Great Uncle: My great uncle fought at Gallipoli, first at Anzac where he landed with the Chatham Battalion RMLI on 28 April. Subsequently he moved to the Helles Peninsula where he fought until wounded on 17 September. He died of his wounds on 23 September – both dates shown in Battalion records at the National Archives at Kew. However he is buried in the Royal Naval Cemetery at Chatham, Kent. Can anyone explain how he could have been transported home in less than a week? Information and suggestions please to G S Watt, 9 Ridgemount, Oaklands Drive, Weybridge, Surrey, KT139JD. Email: Swatt9r@aol.com

Simols, Simola or was it Somali? This ship, possibly a hospital ship embarked wounded troops from Cape Helles on 20/21 June 1915. My grandparents understood their son was placed on board but died on 22 June. During their lifespan they firmly believed he was buried at sea. However enquiries have revealed he was buried in Lancashire Landing Cemetery. Is the ships log or other information available concerning casualties at Cape Helles during the latter part of June? Please reply to A A Macmillan, Cottage 21, G.E.M. Village, Private Bag X3, Irene, Gauteng 0062, R.S.A.

Thomas Gilligan & 6th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers: My great grandfather Private 13757 Thomas Gilligan landed with the Battalion at Suvla Bay and was subsequently killed at Kiretch Tepe Sirt on 15 August, his body was not recovered so he is remembered on the Helles Memorial. I would be most grateful if readers have information on the Battalion, its formation, training at Basingstoke and time on the Peninsula. S Gilligan, 36 Rookery Close, Shippon, Abingdon, Oxon, OX13 6LZ.

Gallipoli Day Unley 21 April 1917: S Gilligan, address above enquires after a badge (see illustration below). This measures some 1 3/8ths in diameter and is a normal pin type. Unley is a suburb of Adelaide but why 21 April?



GALLIPOLI REVISITED

ERNEST RAYMOND (See end note page 49)

Gallipoli. It's all so long ago, 50 years to-morrow since an army of British, Australian and New Zealand soldiers, with batteries, cruisers and destroyers thundering behind them, stormed from open boats the beaches of Gallipoli.

It seems as well, therefore, not only for the sake of the young but also for those of middle years who were babies in 1915, to rehearse very briefly what it was all about. As we've been reminded often in the last few weeks, "Gallipoli" was the chosen and beloved conception of the young Winston Churchill, and most of us still hold that it was by far the finest strategic conception of that old First War.

The Gallipoli Peninsula falls like a long drooping finger into the Aegean Sea, and the ribbon of the Dardanelles Strait runs between it and Asia, the narrow immemorial

waterway to the Sea of Marmara, and the coasts of Turkey, Bulgaria, Rumania and Russia.

Could this British and Anzac army capture the Peninsula's low hills which dominated the "Narrows" of that strait they would have flung open the gates of the Dardanelles to the waiting British Navy, which would have sailed through to the Golden Horn and addressed its guns towards Constantinople. Then Turkey must surely have fallen out of the war; Bulgaria, Rumania and Greece would probably have formed a Christian Alliance against their old enemy the Turk: Russia could have been supplied with abundant arms, Britain and France with abundant Russian grain; the road would have been closed, to India, Mesopotamia and Egypt: a way opened for a mighty drive with the Russians across eastern Europe to the flank of the Austro-Hungarian armies: Austria might sue; and the war, as likely as not, be ended two years sooner. "Through the Narrows, Churchill proclaimed, "and across the ridges of the Gallipoli Peninsula, lies the shortest path to a triumphant peace."

All that, or much of it, was what "Easterners," as distinct from the "Westerners," have always felt.

Haunting Beauty

That was the great hope, on a calm Sunday morning in April 1915, when an armada of grey ships, appearing out of a rose-flushed dawn, stood around the Peninsula, while the open boats, drawn by bluejackets, came tearing out of the sea and through a hailstorm of bullets to carry the beaches. V Beach, W Beach, Y Beach, Anzac Cove – how the old names haunt us still.

Yes, a grand strategic idea but, over and above all this, the Gallipoli campaign has a glamour, a tragic beauty all its own—a haunting atmosphere, of which not even the landings in Normandy, 30 years later, can deprive it.

First, because of the legendary places in which it was conducted, and the waters that washed them. When sometimes we stood in dreams on the low hill of Helles, above V and W Beaches, we saw across the mouth of the Dardanelles the roadsteads of Asia where Agamemnon moored his thousand ships, and on the rolling Hill of Troy. There, by Troy, was Mount Ida," many-fountained Ida," from whose summit Zeus sat watching the Trojan War.

If we turned and looked the other way we might see, in the westerly haze, the towering table-topped island of Samothrace whereon, so legends said, Poseidon, God of the seas, sat to consider the siege of Troy. I used to think of him sitting naked on that high rock with his chin on an opened fist, like Rodin's *Penseur*. South of us, west of us, we could see other fabled Isles of Greece "lying like shields upon the water" in the wonderful violet sunsets. And all of us before landing on the Peninsula had been massed at the

Intermediate Base, the Island of Lemnos, where Vulcan in his smithy forged the weapons of Achilles.

Tragic Pattern

Then again, by an extraordinary sequence of chance and circumstance, mostly unforeseen, the Gallipoli campaign assumed the perfect pattern, the "Attic shape" of a Greek tragedy. It began in the bright dawn of a spring morning, with the boats running towards the six beaches; it ended in a mid-winter midnight, with an army of tired men who'd fought well, endured terribly, and failed at last slipping quietly away. It began with a thunder of guns; it ended in a shuffling silence.

On that spring morning thousands fell and died the sea was laced with blood, and the sandy beaches filtered it away; on that winter midnight, so successful were the evacuation plans, not a man died; the only blood on beaches and hills was that of our poor mules who'd been brought down the scrub to their sacrifice.

But the enforced and shuffling silence was only on the beaches. Miles behind us, believe it or not, our old trenches, without a man in them, were still firing. It was as if the ghosts of the dead whom we had left behind were now manning our abandoned lines. *Debout, les morts.* To cover our going perhaps. Actually it was a matter of many tricks with clocks, cigarette tins into which sand slowly filtered, petrol tins which received a slow trickle of water, and other such contrivances which after a time, after we were gone, pulled strings and worked gun-triggers so that our old friend the enemy, Johnny Turk, might rest in peace, believing us still there.

And yet further across that rolling Troad plain the Greeks had finally forced the gates of Troy by the stratagem of a huge wooden horse laden with armed men; we, too, had our Trojan horse in the form of an old collier, 4,000 tons, built in Glasgow, the *River Clyde*, laden in its holds with 2,000 armed men; it was driven to, and grounded off, V Beach, so that the men could rush from its special sally-ports in the hope of opening soon the gates of the Dardanelles. Many of them died on the gangways, in the sea or on the beach.

Should you one day be on the quays of Barcelona or Castellon you might see a very old Spanish cargo ship bearing the name *Maruja V Aurora* (Mary and Aurora); and should you go on board her you might notice that her bulkheads, are still bent as if They'd once known the blast of shellfire, and her rails still pocked with marks that suggest a storm of bullets. Go down into her heart and you will see a memorial plaque which pictures her as "River Clyde at V Beach, April. 1915." Some of us have always wondered who dared to sell this old collier, with her glory, and her story to Spain, and why she was not brought back to a berth in the Thames, or in Portsmouth Harbour or, better still perhaps, in the River Clyde.

Is it too late, even now, to bring her home?

A tragic fact of the Gallipoli story is that for a few hours the campaign's objective was

won — and perhaps the war with it. Speaking very roughly, the position was this: either of two hills, if finally carried, would have commanded the Narrows and determined the issue. One was Achi Baba, a gentle hill of 700 feet behind V and W Beaches: the other was Sari Bair, a tormented ridge of 1,000 feet, opposite Anzac Cove and Suvla.

We never carried Achi Baba: but on August 9th in the early morning a Major Allanson with a battalion of Gurkhas and some Lancashire companies, in a splendid dash, seized the summit of Sari Bair. And there across the tumbled waist of the Peninsula (they saw it with a wild surmise) was — not an ocean — but a streak of water: the silver prize of the Narrows.

“The Turks turned and fled,” wrote the Major in his report. “I felt a very proud man; the key of the whole Peninsula was ours. Below I saw the Straits, and the motors and wheeled transport on the roads leading to Achi Baba.”

Counter-Attack

Allanson and his men held on to their victorious brink by their fingernails, but they were not supported and on August 10th, in the early morning, no less a person than Mustafa Kemal, later Kemal Ataturk, creator of modern Turkey, commanded a powerful counter-attack which swept Allanson and his weary, water-starved men off

The ridge; and the Dardanelles were lost to us. None of us on the Peninsula ever saw the Narrows again.

I have often said that my most emotional moment in that war was after the war. It was an April morning of 1919, four years after the great landings. Returning from Russia I had taken a ship at Batum which steamed across the Black Sea and down the Dardanelles. And now I stood on its deck and there so close to me, in the lovely pellucid Grecian air, lay the long shape of the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Here were the Narrows. At last. There were the shattered trenches: there the gentle swell of Achi Baba, looking no more than an English down. And there, before Cape Helles, red with rust, listing, empty, and abandoned, was the *River Clyde*, still grounded where we had left her in a midnight darkness four years before. And a cable's length away, green with weed and gently lapped by the quiet water, was the long keel of the old *Majestic*, oldest battleship of all, which, torpedoed in the sunrise of a May morning, had rolled over in the sight of all on Cape Helles turned turtle, and now lay deck downward and defeated on the bed of the Aegean Sea.

Note: This article was first published in *The Daily Telegraph* 24 April 1965 and we are grateful to the authors daughter Lella Raymond for permission, forty years on, to republish in *The Gallipolitan*. Miss Raymond's own article *The End of the River Clyde* was published in *The Gallipolitan* 62: 7-12 Spring 1990.

AN IRISH GIANT WHO HATED TO BE FUSSED OVER

TADHG MOLONEY MA

Hon Secretary, Royal Munster Fusiliers Association

William Cosgrove, who was awarded Great Britain's highest honour for gallantry at Gallipoli, the Victoria Cross (VC), was born at Aghada, County Cork, Ireland, on the 1 October 1888, to Michael and Mary Cosgrove. He was one of six brothers and a sister, Dan, Ned, David, Joseph, Michael, William and Mary-Catherine, and not necessarily in that order. While they were still young their father emigrated to Australia, and this may have prompted Mrs Cosgrove to send some of her children, when old enough out to work (he was to return later).¹ In the meantime the family had moved to a cottage in nearby Peafield, where the children attended the national school at Ballinrostitig. When William was old enough he was employed as an apprentice butcher to a Mr Rohan of Whitegate, which was not too far from his home.² An aspect of his job was to deliver a daily consignment of meat to the military, which was based at the nearby establishment of Fort Carlisle (now Fort Davis). These regular visits were to impact on the young William as he decided to forego his butcher's apprenticeship for that of a career in the army.

Enlisting at 20 years of age in the regiment associated with the area, the Royal Munster Fusiliers on 24 March 1909, he was assigned to the 1st Battalion and received army number 8980.³ Life in the army for many soldiers including William as they guarded the Empire's outposts was very mundane. He was to spend five years with the 1st Battalion in Burma, which was a part of India at that time.⁴ Regiments of the line had two regular battalions, one served overseas as a part of their duty while the other based at home sent out drafts to keep it replenished. However, the outbreak of the First World War drastically changed all that.

Leaving Burma on 21 November 1914, the delay in departing was due to waiting for relief of a Territorial Battalion to arrive from the United Kingdom and take over duties.⁵ Cosgrove, who was by now a Corporal landed in England with the battalion on 10 January 1915, which consisted of 19 officers and 879 other ranks who were still in their Indian issue uniforms and stood on the quays shivering in their khaki drill shorts. A company that had been on duty in the Andaman Islands, Burma, joined them on 2 February.⁶ The battalion was after a short period of rest and relaxation assigned to the 86th Brigade of the 29th Division, later to be known as the 'Incomparables.' This had been formed in the West Midlands in January 1915 under the command of Major-General Aylmer Hunter Weston (later Lieut-General), and generally consisted of regular army battalions.⁷ Vigorous training was undertaken in preparation for the campaign, in addition to practising disembarking operations in ship's whaleboats.

The battalion left Britain on the 16 February with Corporal Cosgrove, and arrived in Malta eight days later, the 24th and Alexandria on the 29th, its numerical strength by this time was 28 officers and 1002 men. Training was continuous during this period. Finally the battalion under the command of Lieutenant Colonel H.E. Tizard departed on the 8 April together with the 1st Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers, and arrived on the 10th at Mudros where the regiment was to spend three weeks, and extensive training was carried out. Captain G.W. Geddes a Company Commander in the regiment noted in his report that “we practised landing from our Transport into ships boats – in full marching order – by the aid of a pilots rope ladder...”⁸ The island was also to be the assembly area for the invasion. On the 24 April the *River Clyde* a converted coal collier under the command of Commander Edward Unwin, R.N., set sail for their destination, Gallipoli, it was Unwin’s idea that the ship should be converted so that it would serve the purpose of a modern Horse of Troy.⁹ On board this ship were the 1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers (RMF), 1st Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers (RDF), and Hampshire Regiment, in addition to companies and platoons of other important units.¹⁰ Commenting on the men from his regiment (RMF), Captain Geddes proudly reported that what struck him “most forcibly was the demeanour of our own men, from not a sound, and this from the light hearted, devil may care men from the South of Ireland. Even they were filled with a sense of something impending which was quite beyond their ken”.¹¹

The *River Clyde* beached according to plan at 06.30 on the morning of Sunday the 25 April at V. Beach, their destination, but the welcome that they got was not that which they had expected. The Turks were waiting for the men as they came out of the ship, and two Companies of the Dublins in Tows came up on the Port side and were met with a terrific rifle and machine gun fire. They were literally slaughtered like rats in a trap’, in fact the carnage was such that the water in the immediate vicinity of the boats and shore was red with blood. Although the Turks had been subjected to an immense naval bombardment at 05.00 hrs, the time between the actual shelling and landing allowed them to return to their positions in readiness.

When the turn came of the Munsters to depart from the ship they did so without a murmur “cheering wildly”, however, they too got shot to pieces, but they never faltered. Many of the men jumped into the water in an attempt to wade ashore, but due to the weight of their kit they drowned. It was estimated that each man, officers included, was carrying 250 rounds of ammunition, and three days rations. An officer of the RDF, Captain French later remarked that ‘no finer episode could be found of the men’s bravery and discipline than this – of leaving the safety of the *River Clyde* to go to what was practically certain death’.¹²

Those that did manage to get ashore, which included Corporal Cosgrove made for a ledge on the shore that gave them cover. Captain Geddes in his report commented on the structure of V Beach stating that it “formed an Amphitheatre about 300 yards in diameter with Sel-El-Bahr Fort on the right, and on the left high cliffs surmounted by

Fort No. 1'.¹³ Anyone who has seen a picture or drawing of the beach area would certainly concur with that description. The remainder who were on board the *River Clyde* waited until nightfall before going ashore. On the following day it was decided to destroy the wire entanglements facing the men that the naval bombardment failed to do.

It was during this attack that Corporal Cosgrove, performed the action that was to earn him that most coveted award, the *Victoria Cross*, and the regiment's first of the war. Cosgrove himself best describes the action:

"Our job was to dash ahead, face the trenches, bristling with rifle and machine guns and destroy the wire entanglements... Fifty men were detailed for the work... Our Sergeant – Major was killed, a bullet through the brain. I then took charge, shouted to the boys to come on. From the village near at hand came terrible fire to swell the murderous hail of bullets from the trenches... Well, some of us got close to the wire and we started to cut it with a pliers, you might as well try and snip Cloyne Round Tower with a lady's scissors."

Observing that they were getting no place fast with their endeavours, only death and mayhem all around, Corporal Cosgrove, 6 foot 6 inches in height, decided to take matters literally into his own hands, running approximately 100 yards he grabbed hold of the stakes holding the barbed wire. Recounting what he had done, not taking all the glory for himself, he later stated that:

"I dashed at the first one, heaved and strained and it came into my arms the same as you'd lift a child... I could not tell you how many I pulled up. I did my best and the boys around me were every bit as good as myself, and I do wish they that they all got some recognition. Having been wounded during the action by a bullet that passed clean through him, it took some splinters off of his backbone and he was removed to a hospital in Malta, where two operations were performed on him. He was promoted to Sergeant but saw no further action due to his wound, which was a contributory factor to his death later on. He underwent two operations at hospital in Malta where the splinters in his backbone were removed.¹⁴

The award of the Victoria Cross was gazetted on 23 August 1915; it stated that it was awarded:

"For most conspicuous bravery in the leading of his section with great dash during our attack from the beach to the east of Cape Helles, on the Turkish positions, on April 26th 1915. Corporal Cosgrove on this occasion pulled down the posts of the enemy's high wire entanglements single – handed, notwithstanding a terrific fire from both front and flanks, thereby contributing to the successful clearing of the heights."

Surgeon P. Burrowes Kelly, R.N, D.S.O., who was present on the occasion described him as an "Irish Giant...continued a task of clearing through the Turkish wire...The

manner in which the man worked out in the open will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to witness it'.¹⁵ Interviewed after having received his award Cosgrove paid a glowing tribute to the Turks "They met a brave, honourable foe in the Turks, and I am sorry that such a decent fighting men were brought into the row by such dirty tricksters as the Germans".¹⁶

During his recuperation he spent some time at home in Aghada where he was feted by the members of the 4th Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers (South Cork Militia), under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Brasier Creagh.¹⁷ During his time at home and when on furlough, the one subject that was never discussed was politics. His brother Michael had after all become the local commander of an organisation that had a difference of opinion with the British Government.¹⁸

In 1918, three years after being presented with the most coveted award for valour he transferred to the Royal Irish Fusiliers where he spent two years before going to the Leinster Regiment. With the disbanding of the Southern Irish regiments in 1922 he saw service with the Northumberland Fusiliers where he spent eight years, before transferring as 7042223 Staff Sergeant Instructor to the Indian Territorial Force. In 1935 he returned home to Aghada on leave of absence pending his discharge to pension. However, his plans were to go drastically wrong as he was admitted to Queen Alexandra Military Hospital, Millbank, London, but took his discharge before he was fit. He returned home to Cork for some short furlough, after which he returned to London, where he was admitted to Middlesex hospital. Later he was transferred to Millbank hospital where he died on 21 July 1936, some two months short of his forty-eighth birthday.

His body was conveyed from London to Fishguard by road en route to Upper Aghada for interment in his native place. About five hundred members of the Old Comrades Association (OCA) of the RMF met the vessel at Penrose Quay, Cork, and formed a guard of honour as the coffin was taken from the boat to the waiting hearse. The grand salute was also sounded, the guard of honour standing to attention bareheaded. When the remains reached Upper Aghada the coffin was shouldered by members of the Cork OCA, and local people to the burial place. The Last Post was sounded, while ex-army men stood to attention. It was stated that this was an unusual spectacle in those days with many people visibly moved. This simple ceremony closed the chapter in the life of a great Irish soldier, an Irish Giant, or as a person who remembered him said "a very shy man who hated to be fussed over".¹⁹

On the 16 June 1940 the OCA of the RMF unveiled a memorial over his grave, which reads "His comrades of the Regiment and of the British and Allied forces remember him and his deed with ever lasting gratitude". Some thirty seven years later in 1972 Cosgrove's Victoria Cross was sold for what was then a record price of 2,300 pounds sterling to a private collector. When questioned about the high price that the medal fetched the Auctioneer replied that "when one buys a gallantry medal, it is not just the medal one buys, but the act that won it".²⁰

On the 5 June 1998 the Royal Munster Fusiliers Association including Ex – Servicemen's organisations participated in a ceremony at the grave of Sergeant Cosgrove VC grave in which the Association laid a wreath; a fitting tribute to a brave man who had for a long time been forgotten.

- 1 *Cork Hollybough*, Christmas Number, 1977.
- 2 *Cork Examiner (C.E.)* 25 August 1915.
- 3 Royal Munster Fusiliers Old Comrades Association Annual Report 1936.
- 4 *C.E.* 25 August 1915.
- 5 McCance, Captain S. *History of the Royal Munster Fusiliers Volume II 1861 – 1922* (Aldershot, 1927) p 44.
- 6 *Cork Hollybough*, Christmas Number, 1977 & McCance, Captain S. p 44.
- 7 Steel, Nigel & Hart, Peter. *Defeat at Gallipoli* (London, 1994) p 39. The Division also included some territorial units.
- 8 National Archives, Kew, Surrey, England. WO 95/4310, p 1. This report is undated, but obviously written some days after the landing. Captain Geddes was to be awarded the Distinguished Service Order (D.S.O) on 3 July 1915. He was later to attain the rank of Major and carried the King's Colour of the 1st Battalion on 12 June 1922 when the colours of the regiment were handed over to King George V at Windsor Castle prior to its disbandment on 31 July 1922.
- 9 Commander Unwin was awarded the Victoria Cross for actions he participated in during the landings on the 25th April.
- 10 McCance, Captain S. p 45 & 47. The other companies and platoons were the West Riding Field Engineers, two sub-divisions Field Ambulance, one platoon 'Anson' Battalion, Royal Naval Division, and one signal section.
- 11 National Archives, Kew, Surrey, England. WO 95/4310. p 1.
- 12 *Ibid*, p 5 & McCance, Captain S. p 48.
- 13 WO 95/4310. p5.
- 14 *C.E.* 25 August 1915 & *Soldiers Died In The Great War 1914 – 19 Part 72 The Royal Munster Fusiliers*. (Reprinted Suffolk, 1989) p 3. The Sergeant – Major Alfred Bennett, army number 6426, a native of Ballyseedy, Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland.
- 15 McCance, Captain S. p 212.
- 16 *C.E.* 25 August 1915.
- 17 *Ibid* 25 August 1915.
- 18 Information received from Cosgrove's niece, Whitegate, County Cork, Ireland.
- 19 *Cork Hollybough*, Christmas Number, 1977 & Royal Munster Fusiliers Old Comrades Association Annual Report 1936.
- 20 *Cork Hollybough*, Christmas Number, 1977.

GALLIPOLI THE WAR BENEATH THE WAVES

BILL SELLARS

During their final meeting before General Sir Ian Hamilton was dispatched to take command of the Allied expeditionary force that was ultimately to try and capture the Gallipoli Peninsula and open the way for a Franco-British fleet to subdue the Ottoman capital of Constantinople, Field Marshal Lord Kitchener made a disparaging comment on the state of moral of the troops Hamilton's men would face:

“Suppose one submarine pops up opposite the town of Gallipoli and waves a Union Jack three times, the whole Turkish garrison on the peninsula will take to their heels and make a beeline for Bulair.” Following their victory in the campaign, the Turks coined a phrase, still used, then referring to the deeds of 1914-16; “The Dardanelles were not passed”.

In hindsight, both were wrong.

On the morning of 26 April, having successfully navigated the Straits the day before, the captain of the Royal Australian Navy's submarine AE2, Lieutenant Commander Henry Stoker RN, ordered the British ensign raised from the wireless mast of the vessel as it entered Turkey's inland Marmara Sea. Contrary to Kitchener's overconfident prediction, the Ottoman Fifth Army didn't “take to their heels”, instead holding their ground and fighting every Allied offensive to a standstill.

However, the Dardanelles were passed, with the AE2 being the first of eight Allied submarines to break through into the Marmara. Though less well remembered than the land battles on the peninsula, submarines played a major role in the campaign. Allied submarines managing to pass through the Dardanelles on at least 14 occasions, with some British submarines even attacking Turkish shipping in the Bosphorus, the first time enemy warships had entered Constantinople since its capture in 1453.

The Allied submarines had to brave a series of natural and man made obstacles in their fight to enter the Marmara, swift and swirling currents, mines and heavy nets strung across the Strait to ensnare them. During the campaign more than half those that attempted the passage were lost.

Turkey's ally Germany also had submarines active in the campaign, with one boat, the U21, accounting for two British battleships, the *Majestic* and the *Triumph*, in a space of three days. Both sides inflicted heavy losses on their opponents, with much of the Turkish mercantile fleet carrying supplies to the Ottoman army on the peninsula being sunk or damaged and a number of Allied troops ships and cargo vessels also being sent to the bottom with heavy loss of life.



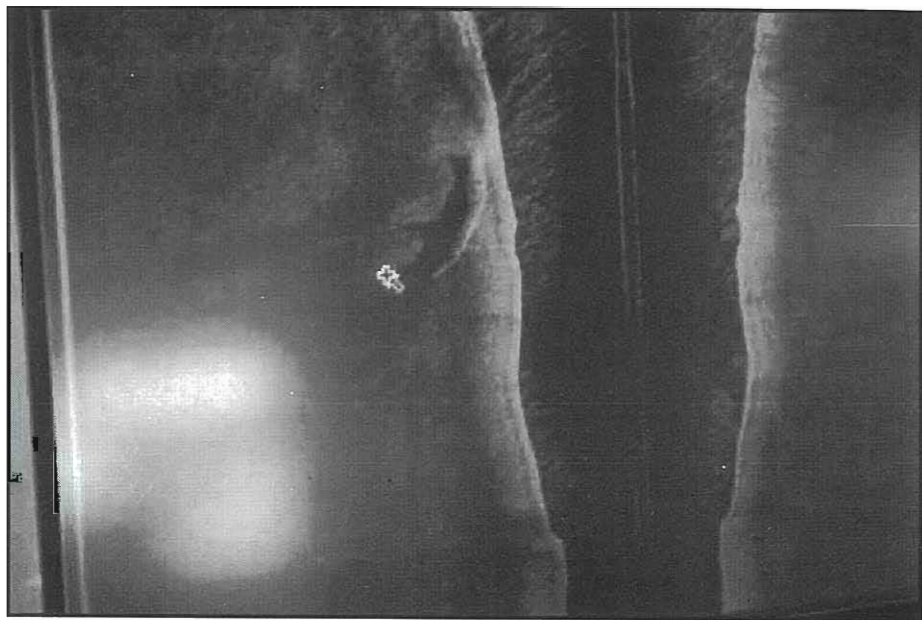
Diving on the wreck of HMS Majestic sunk by U21

It is the story of these submarines, their crews and their victims that Turkish film producer Savas Karakas, underwater archaeologist Selcuk Kolay and myself, an Australian historian, have joined forces to record in a documentary currently in production.

We are conducting the first concerted effort to pinpoint the location of the submarines lost in the 15 month long battle between the Ottoman Empire and the Allies, and of the Turkish ships they sank. The project is being carried out with the support of the Turkish Institute of Nautical Archaeology (TINA), a non-governmental organisation dedicated to the preservation of Turkey's maritime history.

Two weeks of intensive work in the waters of the Dardanelles Strait resulted in the pinpointing of the locations of the wrecks of two British submarines, the *E7* and the *E15*, and three French, the *Saphir*, *Joule* and *Marionette*. All were sunk while trying to pass through the heavily defended waterway during the campaign.

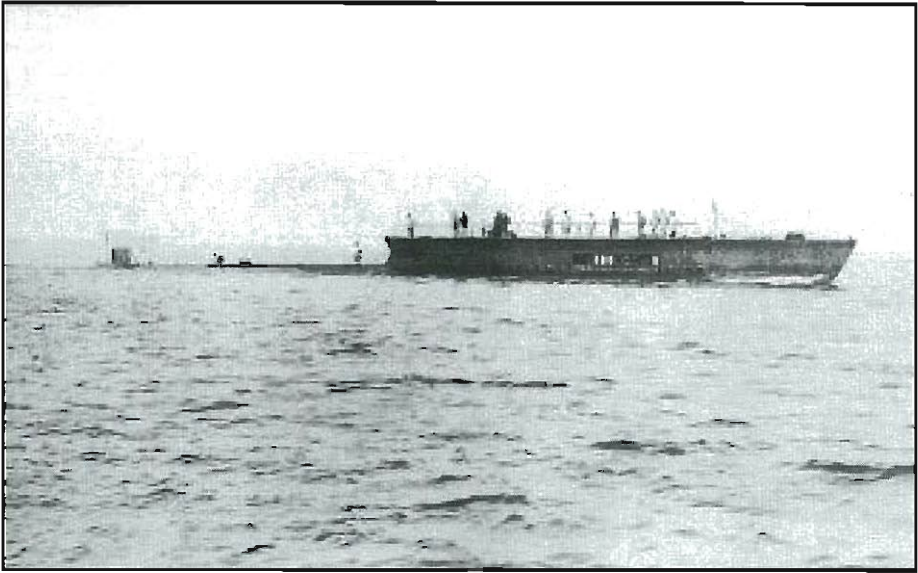
Using advanced sonar and side scanning equipment, the team combed the seabed of the Dardanelles, often having to dodge tankers and cargo ships plying the busy waters of the Strait. They were able to obtain the first film footage of the *Joule*, sunk on 1 May 1915 off Kepez Point below the town of Canakkale when she struck a mine in the middle of the waterway. The *Saphir*, which lies above the town, and which was the first submarine to attempt the passage of the Strait, has also been recorded on film, as have the remains of the *E-15*.



Side scan image of the British submarine E7

Thanks to the kind assistance of the Turkish Navy, the team was able to obtain access to otherwise restricted waters and have the opportunity of a life time, to stand on the wreck of the French submarine, the *Mariotte*. This lies in shallow waters within the grounds of a naval base.

The focus of attention then shifted to the Sea of Marmara, where the crew dived on the wreck of the *Intizam*, an Istanbul ferry used to carry troops and supplies to the Turkish army on the Peninsula, and the *Nur-ül Bahir*, a Turkish warship sunk by the British submarine *E14*. They then filmed the wreck of the Australian submarine the *AE2*, the first submarine to pass through the Dardanelles, using both a remote controlled camera and hand held cameras. Sadly, the wreck, which lies at 72 metres, has deteriorated in the six years since being located by Selcuk Kolay, with some of the damage having been caused by heavy trawls used by Turkish fishing boats.



A 1915 photograph of the French submarine Mariotte



Selcuk Kolay, Savas Karakas and Bill Sellars on the wreck of the Mariotte



The wreck of the Mariotte

More than just a record of the exploits of the submariners of four nations and those who tried to thwart them, the documentary will also set out to refute some myths of the campaign. Quite apart from changing popular Turkish perceptions about the inviolability of the Dardanelles, the program, tentatively named *Gallipoli: War Beneath the Waves*, will overturn the belief, widely held especially in Australia, that the AE2's success in breaking through into the Marmara was crucial in Hamilton's decision not to evacuate the ANZAC beachhead on the night of April 25. This and other issues are at the core of the documentary.

Amongst those interviewed for the program have been the Gallipoli Association's Michael Hickey and Kenan Celik, one of Turkey's leading experts on the campaign.

Association member Savas Karakas, the documentary's producer, has a number of major credits to his name, including *History in the Depths*, a documentary showing the wrecks from the Gallipoli Campaign and which told the story of the naval contribution to the battle.

Selcuk Kolay has won international renown for a series of discoveries of vessels lost in Turkish waters, including the Turkish submarine *Atilay*; the World War One cruiser the *Midilli*, the former German warship the *Breslau*; and the Australian submarine the *AE2*. In recognition of his contribution to Australia's naval history Selcuk was presented the Order of Australia, that country's highest civil honour.

Myself, writer Bill Sellars, who lives in the town of Eceabat on the Gallipoli Peninsula, is the historical advisor to the project, having spent many years researching the campaign and the activities of the various submarines that took part in it.

The documentary on the voyage of discovery to locate and film the lost submarines of the Gallipoli Campaign is scheduled to be broadcast on Turkish television 18 March 2005, to coincide with the 90th anniversary of Turkish victory over the Allied fleet when it tried to force its way through the Dardanelles. It is hoped the documentary will have an international release at a later date.

BOOK REVIEWS

HORSEMAN PASS BY

LINDSAY BAYLY

Spellmount Ltd 2004. Softback 337 pages, illustrations & maps. ISBN 1 86227 255 7. £16.99

A welcome re-issue in Great Britain of a book first published in Australia by Kangaroo Press in 2003 and previously reviewed by us in *The Gallipolitan* 103: 57-58 Winter 2003. In brief a very readable history of the campaigns by the Australian Light Horse which must never be forgotten. The very short chapter on Gallipoli is followed by much detail on their exploits in Sinai and beyond.

GREAT GABLE TO GALLIPOLI

EDITED BY ROBERT BONNER

Fleur de Lys Publishers 2004. 66 pages, large format, numerous illustrations.

ISBN 1 873907 206. £15.00 plus £1.40 post*

This, the diary of Lieutenant Colonel Claude Worthington DSO from 5 October 1914 to 25 September 1916 while serving with the 6th Battalion The Manchester Regiment. The Gallipoli part of the diary commences with departure from camp in Egypt on 2 May until evacuation on 29 December. A day described thus:

“Remained in bivouac at Geoghans Bluff until 4.00pm then moved down to Gully Beach where we concentrated and on to V Beach. Baggage was sent down to V Beach and then to W Beach. Got to Gully Beach at 5.30pm and at the Haystacks above V Beach at 7.15pm. Some heavy shelling. Left there at 7.35pm. Embarked through the River Clyde on to a trawler. Then on board the Abbasia. All aboard at midnight, baggage etc by 4.30am. Arrived Mudros 9.00am.”

Very useful, and a feature to be commended to other authors are the biographical notes on all those mentioned in the diary, no fewer than 80 entries.

The Trustees of the Manchester Regiment are to be congratulated for ensuring publication of the diary, hopefully Association members will provide support by their purchases. Perhaps other Museums and Archives will be encouraged to embark upon such ventures to ensure valuable diaries and other accounts like this find a wider readership.

*Available from RHQ (1) The King's Regiment. TA Centre, Ardwick Green, Manchester, M12 6HD £16.40 including postage & packing.

**MAD FOR ZION
A BIOGRAPHY OF COLONEL J H PATTERSON**

PATRICK STREETER

Matching Press 2004. 191 pages, numerous illustrations.

ISBN 0 951866 443. £14.99 softback plus £2.00 post*

J.H.Patterson, died 1947 and best known for *The Man-eaters of Tsavo* was a colourful, unconventional character who was awarded the DSO during the Boer War. He commanded the Zion Mule Corps at Gallipoli and one would have liked to have more of this part of Patterson's service included. He subsequently devoted the rest of his life to militant Zionism assisting in the rise of Haganah and Irgun in Palestine.

Available from Matching Press, 1 Waterman's End, Matching Green, Harlow, Essex, CM17 0RQ. E mail spstreeter@aol.com £16.99 softback, £32.00 hardback including post and packing.

THE LIFE AND SELECTED WORKS OF RUPERT BROOKE

JOHN FRAYN TURNER

Pen & Sword Military 2004. 228 pages, 15 illustrations. ISBN 1 84415 139 5. £19.99.

A concise biography of the well know poet who died while on his way to Gallipoli serving in the Hood Battalion Royal Naval Division. This a reissue, revised and updated of a book first published in 1992. The final poem, dated April 1915 is:

The Dance
A Song

As the Wind, and as the Wind,
In a corner of the way
Goes stepping, stands twirling,
Invisibly, comes whirling,
Bows before, and skips behind,
In a grave, an endless play---

So my Heart, and so my Heart,
Following where your feet have gone,
Stirs dust of old dreams there;
He turns a toe; he gleams there,
Treading you a dance apart.
But you see not, You pass on.

PRIVATE HERBERT PERCY CLEARY 6TH BATTALION LINCOLNSHIRE REGIMENT REMEMBERED ON EIGHT MEMORIALS

A L STUBBS

Bourne in the southern part of the County of Lincolnshire was a busy market town with a population of some 4,000. When war was declared on 4 August 1914 Bourne as with most areas threw itself into the business very quickly after all the popular perception was that it would all be over by Christmas!

Sergeant Todd the local recruiting officer was doing a roaring trade, young men hurried to sign up many with a feeling of patriotism, some seeing the chance of adventure and foreign travel and others just simply because their mates had. The citizens of Bourne were in the meantime welcoming Belgian refugees, taking on allotments, rearing pigs and organising comforts for the soldiers.

Kitchener, asked on the 6 August 1914 to become Secretary of State for War very quickly realised that we did not have an army! We had a colonial police force and a very large navy neither suitable for a European war. He is reported as saying after initial war cabinet meetings that "my colleagues are very brave men they have declared war on the mightiest military nation in the world and we have no army". So his immediate task was to create one and he did not follow the popular mood of over by Christmas he knew that the conflict would last for some years.

The 6th Service Battalion Lincolnshire Regiment was one of the first battalions of Kitchener's Army to be raised, and also the first service battalion of the Lincolnshire Regiment. It was formed during the first week of the war. Two officers arrived at Belton Park the grounds of Belton House home of the Brownlow family, near to Grantham, to make preparations for receiving recruits from Lincoln. Very quickly the recruits together with a nucleus of regulars soon became a battalion under the command Lieutenant-Colonel Phelps.

The Battalion became part of the 33rd Infantry Brigade with the 11th Division. For the first few months the new recruits were quartered in tents and paraded and trained in their civilian clothes. By November they had moved to huts and had been issued with uniforms. In March they moved to Salisbury Plain and then onto Frensham, Surrey, with the training advancing to brigade and divisional level. In June the Battalion was reviewed by the King and on the 31st departed to Liverpool and embarked on the *Empress of Britain*, sailing the same day to the Mediterranean.

Herbert Percy Cleary was the ticket collector at Bourne station, then a busy junction of the G.N.R and sadly long since gone. He was in his thirties, single and living with his

widowed mother in Sleaford being one of the first to join up. His late father having been a Sergeant Instructor with the Lincolns.

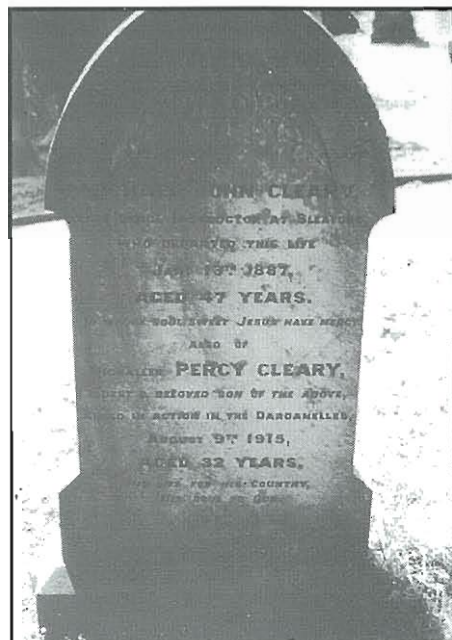
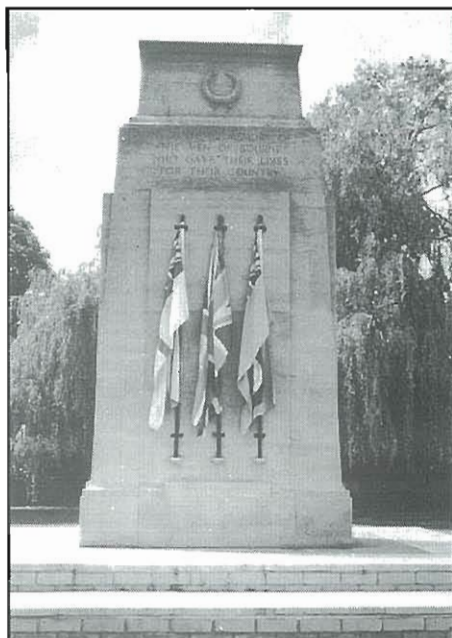
He arrived with the 6th Battalion in Alexandria, Egypt, on the 12 July and left on the 16th to arrive on the 18th in Mudros Harbour. Two days later they landed at Cape Helles relieving a battalion of the Royal Naval Division in the front line. The trenches they took over were in a very bad state and needed improving which was carried out under continuous fire from the Turks. After two weeks the Battalion was taken out of the line and re-embarked for the island of Imbros. During this period the casualties had been light but dysentery was beginning to take effect.

On the 6 August the Battalion embarked on a destroyer and were landed later that evening at Suvla Bay, the landing was only lightly opposed. However due to delays, ill defined orders and a lack of coordination the Turks very quickly built up an effective defence. At 1400 on 7 August the battalion with others units were involved in the capture of Chocolate Hill which resulted in the deaths of five officers and 164 other ranks.

On the 8 August orders were received that the Battalion would attack the Anafarta Ridge the following day. The Battalion would form up in front of Hill 10 or Scimitar Hill, as it was better known, situated 2,000 yards before the Ridge. During the night British troops holding the Hill had been withdrawn and the Turks had occupied the area. The ensuing battle for Scimitar Hill was fierce and the casualties on both sides were very high. The crest was taken but eventually the battalion with others had to withdraw and the ground was never again taken. During this battle Private Cleary was wounded and then bayoneted to death by the Turks together with two other men from Bourne, Corporals Frank Baldock and Robert Benstead. Captain Hansen won the Victoria Cross for rescuing wounded men from the burning scrub. The Battalion had been reduced to five officers and approximately 120 men.

Private H P Cleary, the ticket collector from Bourne station, has been commemorated on eight memorials. He is recorded on the Helles Memorial, Gallipoli, to the missing, as he has no known grave. He is to be seen on the original War Memorial in Bourne Abbey Church and subsequently on the main town memorial in the Memorial Gardens which was unveiled in 1956. He lived in Sleaford, a market town north of Bourne and is commemorated on their town memorial in the market square and also in the nearby parish church. He was born in Quarrington, small village on the outskirts of Sleaford, and appears on the brass memorial inside the church of St Boltophs and his name has been added to his father's headstone in the churchyard. Finally as he worked for the Great Northern Railway his name appears on their memorial at Kings Cross Station.

An ordinary man from an ordinary family who went off to fight for King and Country.



*Bourne Abbey Church (top left), Memorial in Bourne Memorial Gardens (top right),
 Sleaford Town Memorial (bottom left), Percy Cleary remembered on his father's gravestone
 in Quarrington Churchyard.*



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.