

# The Gallipolian

*The Journal of the  
Gallipoli Association*

No. 111 - AUTUMN 2006



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

# THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

The Gallipoli Association  
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### AUTUMN LUNCH

Members are kindly advised that the date previously announced in the Spring Gallipolian for the Annual General Meeting & Autumn Lunch has been changed. This will now take place on Wednesday 25 October – see page 2 and the enclosed booking form for more details.

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## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

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Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Gallipoli Association will be held on Wednesday 25 October commencing at 1130 at the Naval Club, 38 Hill Street, London, W1. Directions for the Naval Club are included on the enclosed booking form.

**Please note the Change of Date from that announced  
in the Spring *Gallipolian*.**

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## AGENDA

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- 1 Apologies for absence
- 2 Minutes of the AGM held on 12 October 2005 and printed opposite
- 3 Chairman's Report
- 4 Treasurer's Report & Adoption of 2005 Accounts
- 5 Election of Officers (see list inside front cover of *The Gallipolian*)
- 6 Election of Committee Members (listed inside front cover of *The Gallipolian*)  
Please note John Crowe has been co-opted to the Committee since the 2005 A.G.M.
- 7 Any other business

Members wishing to raise any item under Any Other Business should do so in writing to the Secretary at least 21 days before the date of the AGM.

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## AUTUMN LUNCH

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The Autumn Lunch at the Naval Club on Wednesday 25 October (**note change of date from that announced in the Spring *Gallipolian***) at 1230 for 1300, will follow the Annual General Meeting, see enclosed booking form for details.

Following Lunch the speaker will be Hugh Cecil the actor and writer who, having a special interest in British fiction of the First World War will present a talk "British War Novelists and Gallipoli." This is a subject not previously addressed at an Association Lunch and has been barely referred to over the years in the pages of *The Gallipolian*, but should prove of considerable interest to members who we hope will be pleased to attend on this always special and enjoyable occasion.

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## MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION HELD AT THE NAVAL CLUB, HILL STREET, LONDON, 12 OCTOBER 2005

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The Chairman, Treasurer, Secretary, Public Relations Officer, Editor, Committee Member Colonel S M W Hickey together with seventeen members were present.

Apologies for absence were received from Roger Boissier, Tony Church, Clare Church, Dennis Pollard, Jim Fallon and Colin Hague..

- 1 The Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on 13 October 2004 and published in *The Gallipollian* No 108 were approved and signed as a true record.
- 2 The Chairman presented his report, subsequently published in *The Gallipollian* No 109.
- 3 The Treasurer's Report and Annual Accounts were adopted by the meeting.
- 4 Major Hugh Jenner thanked the Chairman for all that he had done for the Association over the 90th Anniversary year.

The following were elected Officers for the year:

|                                |                        |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| Chairman                       | Captain C T F Fagan DL |
| Secretary                      | J C Watson Smith       |
| Treasurer/Membership Secretary | W J Marsh              |
| Public Relations Officer       | Major H D Jenner       |
| Editor                         | D R Saunders MBE       |

The following having agreed to serve on the Committee in addition to the Officers were then re-elected:

Colonel S M W Hickey; A Mullen; Lieutenant Colonel J R H Stopford

- 5 The subscription to be increased as from 1 January 2006 to:

Member £15.00, Joint Membership £20.00

Overseas Member £20.00, Joint Overseas £25.00

- 6 The well attended memorial service at West Newton organised by John Crowe was briefly reported upon.

*continued on page 4*

- 7 Following a short discussion regarding the production of annual membership cards at £355 pa. the Committee had decided to discontinue these.
- 8 At future lunches and other functions printed name cards will be provided.

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## MEMORIAL SERVICE AT WEST NEWTON

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Following the well attended service at West Newton, Norfolk in September 2005 (see *The Gallipolian* 109: 36-39) a Memorial Service will be held in St Peter and St Paul's Church, West Newton, Sandringham at 1430 on 10 September when the preacher will be the Reverend Jonathan Riviere. Standard bearers will attend from various local ex-service organisations, on behalf of which wreaths will be laid. Afterwards tea and Anzac biscuits will be served in the Village Hall. Everyone is most welcome, further information from John Crowe, who will be pleased to hear from anyone intending to be present so that appropriate seating can be arranged in this small Church. He can be contacted on 0208 697 2787; mobile 0795 618 8826 or by e mail at [johncrowe@uwclub.net](mailto:johncrowe@uwclub.net)

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## ANGLES ON GALLIPOLI BURSARY PRESENTATION PORTSMOUTH GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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Members of the Gallipoli Association and friends are warmly invited to come along to the Portsmouth Grammar School at 6pm on Monday 6 November. The evening will include presentations on Portsmouth Grammar School and Gallipoli from pupils and staff of the school, holders of this year's Gallipoli Bursary. In addition Dr Zeynep Aygen from the University of Portsmouth will offer a Turkish perspective on the campaign.

Members and friends are also invited to pre-event drinks at 5pm followed by a tour including a visit to the War Memorial Library. Refreshments will be available afterwards.

The school is within easy (5-10 minutes) walking distance of Portsmouth and Southsea station, and limited parking is available on site. Full details and directions on how to reach the school are available from the school website: [www.pgs.org.uk](http://www.pgs.org.uk)

It would be helpful if anyone intending to be present returns the enclosed booking form to the Secretary no later than ten days before the event. This is particularly important if you wish to drive to the school as parking spaces need to be known in advance if arriving for 5pm.

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## FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE WESTMINSTER ABBEY

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The Gallipoli Association will again have a Memorial Plot in the Field of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey (see *The Gallipolitan* No 100 Winter 2002 page 66). The Field will open for a week from Thursday 9 November and members are cordially invited to be present that morning from 1030 onwards for the opening by a member of the Royal Family. The picture below, kindly provided by Mrs J Aldridge, is our Patron, HRH The Duke of Edinburgh together with our Chairman Captain Christopher Fagan at the Gallipoli Association Plot, November 2005.

The Field of Remembrance was the inspiration of Major George Howson MC founder and chairman of the Poppy Factory until his death in 1936. In 1928 just two crosses were planted by the organisers – one in memory of Private Tommy Atkins the other in memory of Field Marshal Lord Haig. Others were offered to passers by to plant for those they remembered.

Details of the Gallipoli Association Plot and how to arrange for a Cross to be placed is provided in an information flyer accompanying this issue of  
*The Gallipolitan*.

### ASSOCIATION TOURS TO THE PENINSULA

Please note the Tour Dates for 2007

19 – 27 May

22 – 30 September

See the Tours flyer accompanying this *Gallipolitan*

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### DONATION OF BOOKS

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We are most grateful to Stan Thomas for the kind gift of two books which had belonged to his father, a Gallipoli veteran. These are John Masefield's *Gallipoli* and Volume II of General Sir Ian Hamilton's *Gallipoli Diary*. The Association is always pleased to receive books on the campaign and other material including back issue copies of *The Gallipolitan*.

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## REMEMBRANCE SERVICES

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We are most grateful to all those who so very kindly send us details, photographs, news reports, service sheets of Remembrance Services not just in Great Britain but across the world. Please keep them coming. Space, sadly does not allow full coverage in our journal but besides those reported here we would like to briefly mention two others. On 23 April an Anzac Day Festival of Remembrance was held in the Grace Cathedral, San Francisco, such a service has been an annual event since 1966. In addition to the Union Jack and the Australian, New Zealand and Turkish Ensigns the Ensigns of three other participating countries at Gallipoli in 1915 were carried, those of Canada and both parts of the former Indian Empire – India and Pakistan.

On 25 April an Anzac Day Service was held on board the cruise ship *Discovery* operated by Voyages of Discovery when sailing north off the coast of Peru, en route to Ecuador and the Galapagos Islands. (See photograph on page 33). There were many Australian and New Zealand as well as British passengers on board, though the service itself was taken by the Reverend Bob from California.

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## ANZAC DAY IN ADELAIDE SOUTH AUSTRALIA 2006 A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

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JOHN HARVEY

I felt both privileged and humbled when invited by the 10th Battalion AIF Association to march with them in the Anzac Day parade. This being the Battalion in which Sergeant Thomas Hunter – “The Lonely Anzac of Peterborough” served in the First World War.

But my memories of the emotions that spread across the City of Adelaide started before dawn on 25 April. I can do no better than quote extracts from a press report – “In pitch darkness, they had streamed from the comfort of their beds to mass in their thousands in respectful silence around the State War Memorial on North Terrace - a hush of humanity. With almost unseasonable weather, it was one of the biggest of Adelaide’s Dawn Anzac Day Remembrance Services, over 8000 faces upturned to the illumination on the memorial, which was 75 years old, to the day. As Governor, Margaret Jackson Nelson, laid the first wreath, the first hues of dawning bathed the city a glow of peach. Finally, it was the most haunting of all solemn Anzac moments as the bugler sounded The Last Post.”



The parade itself started at 1000 with the Veterans leading the 7,800 people that took part, watched by well over 100,000 more. The Regulars and Militia of the Australian Armed forces were the last to march past, led of course by the Australian Navy. All of these marched with their Colours unfurled, fixed bayonets or drawn swords. A truly magnificent sight in the bright sunshine. The continuous applause from the massive crowd at times became almost overpowering. The parade took just over two hours to pass the saluting dais and at the end were the Salvation Army serving tea, coffee and hot dogs.

My day was not yet finished as I had been invited to give my talk on "The Lonely Anzac of Peterborough" to the members of the Naval, Military and Air Force Club of South Australia and then be their guest of honour at the Dinner that followed. The talk was very well received by the large audience of serving and retired officers.

So my first Anzac Day in Australia came to an end and it was pleasing to return home and learn that the service at the graveside of Sergeant Thomas Hunter in Peterborough was again well attended. Wreaths were laid by the Lord Lieutenant for Cambridgeshire, the City Mayor, the Australian High Commission representative and many ex-service organisations. Twelve standards were paraded and dipped as the notes of *The Last Post* faded away. So 2006 was a year when tributes were paid to

### The Lonely Anzac of Peterborough

on opposite sides of the world thus ensuring that due recognition was taken of the last two lines on his Honour Scroll:

Let those who come after see to it  
that his name be not forgotten

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## ANZAC REMEMBRANCE IN DUBLIN

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### ANTHONY P QUINN

The Service of Commemoration and Thanksgiving was held in St Ann's Church, Dawson Street, Dublin on Sunday 23 April 2006. Canon Tom Haskins led the inclusive service. The New Zealand and Australian national anthems were sung. HE Mr Berki Dibek, Turkish Ambassador, conveyed a message of peace and also read the renowned words of Kemal Ataturk. Biblical readings were by Mr Alan McCarthy, NZ Honorary Consul-General and Mr Sean Singh, Australian Embassy. Major John (Sam) Bassett, NZ military attache attended with his wife. Their children, Hamish and Elspeth, were flag bearers.

Canon Haskins' reflected on the theme of memory. Representatives of various Associations, including NZ Ireland and Ireland-Australia, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, (RDFA), Royal British Legion and Irish National Ex-Servicemen, read intercessional prayers, adapted from those written by Rev Terry Falla, Melbourne. The Last Post was sounded. The Australian Ambassador, Ms Anne Plunkett, the Turkish Ambassador, Mr Berki Dibek and other diplomats laid wreaths. Congregation members placed candles at the altar.

Anthony Quinn placed a carnation in memory of Gerald Plunkett, killed in Gallipoli on 4 June 1915, echoing the laying of a carnation wreath on the Plunkett's family behalf soon after the barristers' memorial was unveiled in 1924. Gerald Plunkett, an Irish barrister, was remembered on 23 April 2006 on Irish national radio in a Sunday

Miscellany talk by Anthony Quinn which also recalled the memory of Gerald's half nephew, Joseph Mary Plunkett, executed after the Easter Rising, 1916. That national event was commemorated officially in Ireland on its 90th anniversary this year while the Irish role in the Great War is also being formally remembered.

After the Anzac service, Mr Alan McCarthy, Hon Consul General behalf of the New Zealand Ireland, welcomed guests to the reception held at the Mansion House, courtesy of Cllr Catherine Byrne, Lord Mayor of Dublin. There was a warm welcome for Ms Anne Plunkett, the new Australian Ambassador to Ireland and her husband, Gary Gray. On ANZAC Day, the Australian Ambassador officiated at the Dawn Service organised by the Australian Embassy at Grangegorman Military Cemetery, Dublin. The event attracted wide interest from the public and media. The RDFA was represented by its chairman, Tom Burke, MBE, and Philip Lecane who spoke on RTE national TV news about the service. For Anthony P Quinn's book, *Wigs & Guns, Irish Barristers in the Great War*, including Gerald Plunkett, see Review on page 61.

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## ANZAC INTERNATIONAL MILITARY TATTOO AND A PERSONAL MEMORY

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### SERGEANT JASON PICKIN

I'm a Sergeant in the Band of the Grenadier Guards and a member of the Gallipoli Association so you can probably understand that I was very excited to participate in the Anzac International Military Tattoo and parade on Anzac in Sydney. Others appearing included The Band of Her Majesty's Royal Marines, The Royal Band, the Tongan Royal Corps of Musicians, the New Zealand Army Band, the Thula Sizwe Zulu Warriors, various drill teams and Celtic dance groups and 100 massed Pipers.

We had a very smooth flight to arrive in Sydney the evening of the 16th. Despite being very tired, some headed straight for the local bars, some even staying out all night followed by Bondi beach at dawn. The freight was then unloaded and checked, all was fine so the rest of the day was time to acclimatise. For some this was back to bed to catch up on the jet lag or to cure hangovers. Others visited the Harbour to take in the breath taking views of the Opera House and the Bridge and others hitting Bondi Beach to soak up the sun and ride the surf.

Next followed two days of rehearsals. It was going to be a long haul and patience was needed from everyone. We started with a music rehearsal giving us the first chance to meet and greet the New Zealand and Tongan bands. Then moved onto the arena where the usual logistical problems were encountered and resolved. During the second day we had a bit of a problem. The Senior Drum Major, Household Division, had shouted the words of command, "MASSED BANDS OF THE ANZAC INTERNATIONAL MILITARY TATTOO, BY THE CENTRE, QUICK MARCH!!!!!!!" so many times he'd lost his voice, so it was a quick trip to the chemist to get some antiinflammatorys.

The Sydney Super Dome is located in the Olympic Park and seats 11,500 people. It's a magnificent venue with an awesome acoustic and the show had a great lighting and sound production team. It started with two soldiers in First World War Anzac uniform riding on horseback to the music of Mozarts *Ave Verum* and voices which told us about the start of the Gallipoli campaign. The Fanfare *Dignified* was then played by ourselves and the Marines, then on marched the massed bands to *National Emblem* and *Scotland the Brave*. The National Anthems of both Anzac nations were played and it was off to *On the Road to Gundagai*.

The first act was the Lochiel Marching Drill team from New Zealand, accompanied by the Army Band from that country. A show of exceptional precision from 20 young ladies. The Royal Marines came next with their usual high standards and a selection of tunes from around the British Isles, the drummers wooing the audience with their usual class act. Then followed Zulu's dancing and singing to the rhythm in their traditional dress, armed with spears and shields, they re-enacted a fight between two of the tribes young men. I'm so glad I wasn't at Rorkes Drift! We were then in for a treat. The Tongan band's display had to be seen to be believed. Slow marching onto the arena, then breaking into *Glorious Victory*, you'd think it was going to be a traditional display, but it was a display with a difference. The next sequence was a waltz where all band members found a partner and started to dance, this was how the rest of the display went on with the band, including their Director of Music strutting their stuff and throwing the drill manual out the window. They finished the with some traditional Tongan dancers in grass skirts and feathered head-dress. A very entertaining act and one I'll never forget.

After the interval there was another unusual display from the New Zealand Army Band. Through *Bolts and Bars*, they then broke into the theme from 007 where the trumpets ran around the arena acting like a section of James Bonds. Similarly to the Tongan's the

band then danced to the *Sugar Plum Fairy*, *YMCA*, *Jake the Peg* and *Sman Lake*. They even managed to do the Haka.

Then it was our turn and we showed everyone how it should be done! We finished with Roger Swift's *Royal Celebration* to mark the Queen's 80th Birthday. We were followed by 110 young musicians of The Millennium Marching Band, and a demonstration from the NSW Police Rescue and Bomb Disposal Unit of the extremely dangerous work they have to carry out. The last act was from the Irish and Scottish Dancers all dressed in their respective traditional colourful dresses. Then the massed bands and the rest of the cast marched on and found their positions for the Finale a very moving tribute to all the Anzacs who lost their lives in the Gallipoli campaign with a piece by Demir Demirkan called *Gelibolu*. After *Sunset* and the pipers lament it was into a wonderful performance of *You Raise Me Up* sung by the NZ tenor Benjamin Makisi.

We awoke on Anzac Day to news coverage of dawn services all over Australia and in Gallipoli. It was raining and we were to take part in the Anzac Parade, not dissimilar to our own Remembrance Day at the Cenotaph. Later a return to the Super Dome for the final performance of the Tattoo. Both the tour and the show were a great success and ricket sales exceeded 30,000. Our final day provided a last look around this amazing city before an evening flight back to Blighty, knowing we were returning to the usual public duties and troop season, but also buzzing that we'd done another excellent job.

The whole week left me feeling I'd done something to honour my Great Grandfather, I found it all a very fitting tribute to his memory. He was Private Thomas Pickin, who served at Gallipoli with the 6th York & Lancaster Regiment being killed on the 25 November 1915 and lies in Hill 10 Cemetery, Suvla.

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## 29 DIVISION MEMORIAL

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This year, the important ceremony took place on Sunday 12 March, the very date of the King's inspection at Stretton-on-Dunsmore in 1915. As seems traditional we had our usual interesting weather conditions, very fresh easterly winds and snow flurries. This may have explained the slight reduction in local attendance. However this was made up by larger than ever contingents of living history units and standard bearers. (See photographs page 31). David Ray made the introductions and gave an excellent address.

Wreaths were laid by the Mayor of Rugby, Councillor Richard Lane, the Gallipoli Association by James Watson Smith, the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, Western Front Association, City Battalions, Great War Living History Unit & Coventry Standard Bearers Association.

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## THE MOST MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE OF A LIFETIME ANZAC DAY AT GALLIPOLI 2006

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GARY SNOWDEN

GROUP LEADER CONSERVATION VOLUNTEERS AUSTRALIA

After many months of planning and organisation, the Conservation Volunteers Australia team of 25 came together at Changi Airport in Singapore. With volunteers from Victoria, Western Australia, South Australia, Queensland and the Australian Capital Territory, it had not been possible for the team to come together earlier, although sub groups had been able to meet in Ballarat and Perth.

On arrival in Istanbul our team immediately transferred to buses for the four hour drive to the Gallipoli Hotel. After a quick check in, and nearly 40 hours since most had got out of their beds in Australia, we headed straight down to the battlefield area about 30 kilometres away to the south. Four of us had visited Gallipoli before, but for the rest of the group this was their first visit to what has become Australia's most important overseas pilgrimage site.

The day was perfect, so despite the tiredness, the first view of Anzac Cove was a very special and emotional moment especially for those seeing it for the first time. We then moved around to the Anzac Commemorative Site (ACS), the site of the Dawn Service, for an initial site induction. This was followed by a short visit to Lone Pine and the Nek, so that on day one everyone managed to see those places which contributed so much to the creation of Australia's Anzac legend.

Further briefings and site familiarisation was arranged for the following day, 23 April. The pace was a little more leisurely and everyone, in their own time, enjoyed a reflective stroll along the beach at Anzac Cove to Beach Cemetery, the location of the headstone of John Simpson Kirkpatrick of "Simpson and his donkey" fame. Gazing up at the steep hills rising from the beach we could only marvel at the courage of the young Anzacs to even attempt a landing there.

At 10.00 on 24 April we started our work shift which finally concluded around mid afternoon on Anzac Day itself. Our task was to assist with the smooth movement of the visitors into and out of the ACS and Lone Pine Cemetery, so as to minimise any harmful impact on these sites. CVA assumed responsibility for greeting visitors as soon as they cleared security, issuing them with wrist bands and providing them with an information pack that contained the Order of Service, a Gallipoli 2006 pin, a waterproof poncho and a biodegradable litter bag (see photo page 34). It was our deliberate plan to be upbeat and welcoming, hoping to do our bit to create a positive spirit that would motivate people to be respectful of both the site and the occasion.

Despite the bitterly cold wind, the CVA team spent the entire night on our feet welcoming the steady stream of visitors as they arrived. The visitors, mostly young people, huddled on the lawns or in the temporary stands and variously dozed or watched the progressively more moving interpretive programs on the big screens.

Seeing first light at Gallipoli is a very unique and moving experience. With the imposing silhouette of the Sphinx rising behind us, it was not difficult for our imaginations to see the shadowy landing boats approaching the beach. The Dawn Service itself is intensely solemn and moving, but it is also such an individual experience that this writer cannot presume to represent the feelings of others who are part of it.

Another of our tasks was to assist with the seating of “special needs” visitors, mostly elderly. In their own way these people were magnificent living examples of the Anzac spirit. Despite the arduous journey to reach Gallipoli, the cramped seating and many hours of exposure to the bitter wind, there was not a murmur of complaint from any of them. Inspirational!

In recent years the younger visitors, or at least some of them, have been criticised for littering and disrespectful behaviour. Not so in 2006. Behaviour during the service was impeccable, and, as the crowd was dispersing we marvelled at the complete absence of litter on the lawns. We were proud of the young Aussies who landed there 91 years ago, and while the circumstances were very different, we were equally proud of the young Aussies who shared the occasion with us.

Later in the morning, and buoyed by the sense of achievement arising from the ACS, we enjoyed what was for many of us, an even more moving Australian service at Lone Pine. The large crowd stood in haunted silence as the bugler played the Last Post, and many tears were shed during the singing of the hymn Amazing Grace. Geoff Craggs and Denise Castro laid a wreath on behalf of the CVA group.

At the completion of the Lone Pine Service our jobs were done and, as a group, we strolled down Artillery Road, past Shell Green Cemetery, back to the beach and then on to the celebratory barbecue at the Commonwealth War Graves cottage. We were joined there by the Governor General, Sir Michael Jeffery, and a very happy Minister for Veteran’s Affairs, Bruce Billson. Possibly no previous CVA team has ever finished a project on such a high. We tackled and overcame the physical challenge of standing through a long cold night, while experiencing the intense emotions that are generated by the commemorative services. Joining with choral group Sing Australia, and the distinguished guests, in singing “I am Australian” was a perfect way to finish a memorable day.

The following day everyone was surprisingly refreshed and energised. Some of our group members made the trip to ancient Troy while most of us travelled down to Cape Helles to obtain a more complete picture of all that happened on the Peninsula in 1915.

The monuments, cemeteries and memorials there reminded us that the Gallipoli campaign was not just about the Anzacs, and that the Helles beaches and the township of Krithia saw the wastage of British, French and Turkish lives on a scale even more terrible than was witnessed on the beaches and heights to the north.

Before leaving the Peninsula we rounded off our visit by laying wreaths on behalf of CVA at the Turkish and New Zealand Memorials. We were also pleased to create opportunities for those in our group who had personal pilgrimages to make to places like Beach Cemetery, Shrapnel Valley, Hill 60, the Nek, Chunuk Bair, Skew Bridge Cemetery and the Helles Memorial.

Volunteer Michelle Edwards from Margaret River, Western Australia, described it as "the most memorable experience of a lifetime", a sentiment echoed by Neil Forman from Canberra for whom it was "one of the greatest experiences of my life."

CVA is grateful for the assistance and support provided by the Department of Veteran's Affairs, BHP-Billiton and Definitive Events, and we were proud to play a small part in a carefully planned team effort that achieved an excellent result.

We tried hard to 'connect' with the diggers who landed at Gallipoli in 1915, and in part were driven by a line from the verse, *In Flanders Fields* – "If ye break faith with us who die, we shall not sleep".

We kept the faith, and plan to do so again next year!

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## A SPORTING HERO

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The sports supplement of *The Daily Telegraph*, 12 July included a fine article by Brendan Gallagher *Heroes in battle and on the field of play* with examples from various sports who won the Victoria Cross. The Equestrianism hero Brigadier Kenna VC, DSO who was killed at Gallipoli, the article reporting he was possibly the finest horseman of his age. A top polo player, he also rode more than 300 National Hunt and Flat winners. Later a leading show-jumper and captain of the Great Britain team at the 1912 Olympics in Stockholm. Sadly the team arrived late, the horses having endured a nightmare sea journey, Kenna subsequently wrote angry reports to the British Olympic authorities and to General Allenby, Inspector of Cavalry as to how British teams should prepare. He also won the King's Cup in 1913.

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## COLLINGWOOD MEMORIAL ADDRESS – 2 JUNE 2006

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MICHAEL HICKEY

Less than a week ago a party of us from the Gallipoli Association stood on the very ground over which the Collingwoods advanced to oblivion in their first and last attack. We pay tribute today not only to them but also to the entire Royal Naval Division.

One consequence of the Fleet mobilisation in 1914 was that thousands of naval reservists lacked sea-going berths. This pool of manpower, together with battalions of the Royal Marines Light Infantry was the basis of the Royal Naval Division. To fill establishments of officers, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Winston Churchill, canvassed his friends, even those deficient of martial experience. Retired army officers, many from the Brigade of Guards, were also introduced. The Division's ranks were enriched by remarkable characters like Leading Seaman Joseph Murray, whose memoirs of Gallipoli are an outstanding record of life on the peninsula. The well whose construction he supervised at the entrance to Gully Ravine is still in daily use by local shepherds.

After its baptism of fire at Antwerp, an unhappy episode resulting in the loss of some three thousand personnel, mainly through captivity or internment in Holland, the Division re-formed at its Crystal Palace depot and on these downs where we stand today, for a hard winter spent acquiring the unfamiliar elements of soldiering. The Division's wardrooms (the use of nautical terms was steadfastly adhered to) contained men like Bernard Freyberg, the poet Patrick Shaw-Stewart, Rupert Brooke – fated never to see the plains of Troy, Clegg Kelly the gifted Australian concert pianist, scholar and oarsman who had won the Diamond Sculls at Henley three times, and Arthur St Clair Tisdall, the clergyman's son destined to win the VC with the *River Clyde* at 'V' beach but who did not live to know it. At Cambridge he had gained a double First, the Chancellor's Gold medal in Classics, and stroked his college eight, passing competitively into the fast stream of the Home Civil service.

Another volunteer with much to live for, and so much to give, was Sub Lieutenant the Hon. Arthur Coke of Holkham Hall in Norfolk. I was privileged to take his grandson, the Earl of Leicester and his Countess to Gallipoli last year and he has kindly given permission for me to quote from Arthur's last letter to his wife Hermione. Coke was aboard the *River Clyde*. He had pleaded with Commander Wedgwood his CO to be allowed to place his machine guns on the ship. Wedgwood asked Coke if he was "prepared to go with him to death or glory". Receiving an emphatic "Yes" he said "I like you, Coke, you look like the man for me – come and bring your guns". Arthur Coke wrote from the ship to Hermione on the eve of the landings:



"This is just a line on the eve of the great landing. We run ashore on this ship at 5.30 tomorrow morning. I only pray that everything will go satisfactorily and no shell will strike this ship as we have two whole regiments aboard... They are coming on now off their transport and are being packed like sardines in the holds. It is all fearfully exciting and I think tomorrow will be the greatest day of my life, as I have got three Maxims on the fo'c'sle and am practically responsible for keeping off any attack while the troops are landing..."

Having survived that terrible day most courageously - at one time most of his men were dead or wounded - he asked Wedgwood to allow him ashore to join his friends in one of the battalions. He was ordered back from the front line to the so-called 'rest area' above Sedd el Bahr village, overlooking the beached *River Clyde*, and it was here that he was killed, a week after the landings. Wedgwood wrote to Hermione on the evening of 5 May:

"Your husband, who knew no fear, was killed by a shrapnel bullet in the head...he is buried a few yards from where I sit on the spot where he fell, on top of a cliff looking out over the battlefield - his 'seat in the stalls' as he called it...though I wrote all I could put on paper I could never tell you how I loved him and shall miss him..."

Yrs very sincerely  
Josiah C. Wedgwood

We stood on the very spot, where shrapnel balls may yet be picked off the ground, a few months ago. Lord Leicester and I both tried to read Arthur's last letter but could not finish it; all of us were deeply moved, some weeping unashamedly, so vividly had the enormity of the RND's sacrifice been brought to us. Arthur's favourite dog had been with him and was taken home to live out its days at Holkham, where a headstone, suitably inscribed, marks the resting place of a faithful Gallipoli veteran.

So much for a few of the personalities who gave the division its unique character. Let us see what happened to one of its units a month after Arthur Coke's death. The Collingwood, Hawke and Benbow battalions landed at the end of May, by which time the Turks were well dug in. Our troops lacked the heavy artillery needed to break into the enemy positions. Several headlong assaults had incurred heavy casualties, reducing the division's strength by half when the three new battalions landed. They had little time to adjust to conditions ashore. A general attack was planned for the 4th of June across the front. On the right, the French Corps, the RND in the centre, and the 29th and 42nd Divisions on the left. Three companies of Commander Spearman's Collingwoods were to follow the Howe, Hood and Anson battalions as they attacked the first two Turkish lines, passing through them to capture the enemy third line. One company was held back in reserve. The Division's frontage was about half a mile and the assaulting troops were thus advancing within a few paces of each other. Before dawn, the battalions stumbled forward towards their start lines, then waited tensely in the hot

sun for zero hour, timed for midday. Plagued by myriads of flies which fed on the thousands of unburied dead, they were tired, thirsty and appalled by the dreadful stench of death. The artillery preparation was feeble; there was almost no high explosive ammunition and shrapnel did no damage to the Turkish fieldworks. The leading battalions went over the top into withering fire; within seconds more than half the officers of the 2nd Naval brigade had been hit. The advance reached the Turkish front line and pressed on to the second, which was taken despite dreadful losses. All now depended on the Collingwoods, who advanced punctually in lines dressed impeccably by the right; it was their undoing, for the French on the right had failed to capture a redoubt from which machine guns manned by German bluejackets from the battlecruiser 'Goeben' opened a deadly fire. Commander Spearman and his adjutant Lieutenant Commander Annand fell at once. At 12.30 the remaining company of the Collingwood came forward, under orders to dig a communication trench; caught in the open by the same machine guns, they were annihilated. Within 45 minutes of the start of the attack only one of the Collingwood's officers survived and as the remnants of the other shattered battalions straggled back the full horror of the day was apparent. Of the entire brigade only five officers and some nine hundred men returned. A Chief Petty Officer brought out the surviving Collingwoods. General Paris disbanded the battalion, its traumatised survivors being posted to other units. The author Compton Mackenzie was serving on Sir Ian Hamilton's staff where he '...heard a whisper that the Collingwood battalion had been obliterated as a ship is sunk with all hands ....I think it must have been that evening I met the last surviving officer..... He was very young, hardly more than eighteen....I can hear now the tone of his voice as he said to me with a nervous little laugh: "I'm the only officer left of the Collingwood"'

How very appropriate it was, then, that for many years we were privileged to see the son of the Collingwoods' adjutant here for this ceremony. It was one that Dick Annand would not miss, despite growing infirmity. Now that he and his dear wife have both gone to join the men of Gallipoli it is good to remember the last occasion he was here, when he slowly walked down the line of distinguished sailors and generals and other dignitaries, all of whom saluted his Victoria Cross, the first to be awarded to a soldier in World War 2. How proud his gallant father would have been.

Think of these men and what they stood for, what they tried to do, and what this country owes their memory. On our final morning at Helles, the Gallipoli Association party conducts a short act of remembrance at the foot of the great British memorial, ending with the recitation of lines by Patrick Shaw-Stewart who survived Gallipoli but was killed in France in 1917, still serving with the Royal Naval Division. Somehow they seem to capture the spirit of that unique formation:

Was it hard, Achilles, so very hard to die?  
 Thou knowest and I know not, so much the happier am I.  
 I will go back this morning, from Imbros over the sea-  
 Stand in the trench, Achilles, flame-capped, and shout for me

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## GALLIPOLI TOUR MAY 2006

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### COLONEL R F MAY

Gallipoli has many poignant and tragic places, which stick in the memory of those who visit. 'W' and 'V' beaches, Lone Pine, The Nek, Scimitar Hill, Hill 60 and others. Until they are seen on the ground and the battles explained by Michael Hickey, it is not possible to fully understand the distressing story Gallipoli. Michael takes so much trouble to answer any questions and to find the actual spot where relations of the party fought. The Association tours, organised by Hugh Jenner, are both informative and enjoyable. Hugh shows immense patience and complies with the wishes of each individual.

Gallipoli has passed into history. Largely forgotten in Britain, except by the Association, and in areas with particular connections. ANZAC Day, however, is a very special day in Australia and New Zealand. It is said that these young countries became Nations at Gallipoli. No wonder. As you stand on Walker's Ridge, and look down on the cliffs and gullies of Anzac, it is incredible that anyone could fight in that awful country. Add to that the disastrous attack at The Nek, and other frontal attacks, it is no wonder that they remember those who fought there. From April to December, they stood firm, the Turks always above them and never out of range of gun or rifle fire.

British, Indian and French troops also deserve to be remembered. They are not entirely forgotten. From the Orkneys to the Isle of Wight, various organisations remember Gallipoli Day in the U.K.

At Helles, stand on 'V' Beach, and see in front of you the three, or four foot bank under which those of The Royal Dublin and Munster Fusiliers, not already killed or wounded, tried to shelter from the devastating machine gun fire. It is fearful to imagine it. The horrors of the Lancashire Fusiliers landing at 'W' Beach, mowed down as they tried to scramble through the barbed wire laid under the water. It leaves a lasting impression. Today, these are peaceful and quiet beaches, frequented by the locals.

The photographs of Gully Beach taken in 1915, show an area full tents, horse lines, wagons and men. Now quiet and deserted, with only the well, still used by the shepherds, surviving from the Campaign. One feels an intruder as you walk up Gully Ravine. This had been such a busy right of way to the trenches; those going up to the Line going one way and those on their way down for a short rest at Gully Beach; the fatigue parties taking supplies up; The noise, the flies, the groaning of the wounded on stretchers on their way to be evacuated from the beach; the dugouts built into the sides of the Gully; and all the time the noise of shelling and small arms fire.

To the East of Gully Ravine, now largely wooded, are the areas of frontal attacks by the

Royal Naval Division, the 42nd and 52nd Divisions which perhaps gained a few yards, but often ended in stalemate after suffering terrible casualties. The attack by the 52nd (Lowland) Division on 12 July is typical. Michael Hickey describes "As evening fell on the 12th The 52nd Division was all but broken, despite the remarkable heroism of the Officers and Men."

On 6 August, the partly trained and untried Battalions of the 13th Division, together with the Gurkhas and New Zealanders, were sent, by night, into a maze of steep gullies to capture Sari Bair Ridge. It is a story of near success by the Gurkhas and New Zealanders and a dreadful catastrophe. At Chunuk Bair look down the cliff to the Farm and below, and one can only wonder at the decision to send the Battalions into these un-reconnoitred gullies, by night, and expect them to succeed. That the Gurkhas and others nearly did succeed speaks volumes for their gallantry.

Then the ultimate havoc of Suvla, the great "might have been" of the campaign. If trained and experienced troops had been used for the landing, and if the command had been more forceful, it might have been successful in capturing the heights around the plain, and perhaps bought victory. As we know, it was not to be, and it all ended in stalemate.

In the middle of the plain is Scimitar Hill - more a hillock than a hill - under the heights of Ismail Oglu Tepe, the ultimate objective. On 21 August, after some earlier abortive attacks, the last frontal assault of Gallipoli took place. There was a mist over the plain and the scrub on the hill had been set on fire by the artillery barrage, hindering visibility. The 87th Brigade of the 29th Division was sent to attack and capture Scimitar Hill. First The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, who reached the top but were beaten back; then it was The Border Regiment, who also got beaten back by heavy machine gun fire; then The South Wales Borderers. Still more units were thrown into the battle, this time the Yeomanry Division, who advanced over the dried up Salt Lake and across the open plain under heavy shrapnel fire, in spite of which they pressed on, but without success.

Today the scrub covers the gullies where the dead and wounded lay, many burnt by the fire. It must have been the ultimate in horrors. Certainly those who survived the carnage, never spoke of it. Gallipoli abounds with places of particularly painful and renowned memory

Today it takes some feat of imagination to realize the horrors of the campaign. The heat of that particularly hot summer; the stench of death as bodies rotted in No Man's Land and the millions upon millions of flies that fed off the corpses and settled on food and tormented the soldiers. The inevitable "Gallipoli Trots" and worse, dysentery, that affected them all in one way or another and the shortage of clean water and the dull rations. One can only admire the staunchness of the men of Gallipoli.

The Peninsula is now a place of peace and beauty. The smell of thyme and the flowers in

May and the interesting bird life. The Cemeteries as always, are wonderfully maintained by the CWGC and still largely deserted; there are spectacular sunsets over the Aegean with Imbros nearby and Samathrace in the hazy distance. The unbeatable view from our hotel balcony in Eceabat, sundowner in hand, looking over the busy seaway of the Dardanelles to the Asian side, are happy memories. It is an area rich in ancient history which is brought home by the visit to Troy and by the various events which took place around the Hellespont

The tours are by no means morose occasions. Michael Hickey's commentaries are both informative, moving, and often amusing. The cold beer in Bugale is a welcome relief after a hot afternoon at ANZAC. The parties in the evening and especially the dinner at Galibolu by the Sea of Mamara and the dinner on the last night in the roof restaurant of our hotel in Istanbul with nearby the floodlit dome the Hagia Sophia, and a view over the night lights of the Bosphoros, are memories to cherish.

However there is cause to worry about the future of the Peninsula. The Turks, as they have a perfect right to do so, have realized that they have a proud heritage to remember on Gallipoli. Children and adults by the hundreds are being taken in fleets of buses to the areas where the Turkish heroes are remembered. In Bugale, we found the Army repairing and renewing the houses, rebuilding the Mosque, and re-laying the roads. There are plans for a Museum in the village where Mustafa Kemal had his Headquarters. All this in aid of future tourism. We can only hope that it does not go too far.

As always, the tour ended with a moving Service at the Helles Memorial, where relations are remembered, crosses laid. This year, Gillian Christopher, the great niece of the three Fisher brothers of the Loyals, killed on the same day, laid three crosses below their names.

We must never forget those who fought and died at Gallipoli.

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## ANIMALS AT WAR

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An ambitious exhibition, a tribute to both four-legged and two-legged conscripts, opened at the Imperial War Museum on 14 July and continues until 22 April 2007. Admission £6 adults, £5 concessions, £4 children and groups, family ticket £18. At the time of going to press the author of this note had not visited the exhibition, so a report on any Gallipoli connections must await until the winter *Gallipolitan*.

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## ANNIVERSARY OF SUVLA BAY AND A REQUEST

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Reproduced opposite and on subsequent pages is the Menu Card for the Re-union Dinner of the 2/3rd Battalion, City of London Regiment (Royal Fusiliers) held on 27 November 1937. This has kindly been made available by Michael Dent whose father, Sergeant Alfred Percival Dent proposed the Toast: The Chairman and Officers. Sergeant Dent had enlisted in the 3rd Battalion when aged 22 in September 1914 and after some time in Egypt landed at Suvla Bay. Subsequently suffering with enteric fever he was sent to Lemnos where he nearly died, then Malta and eventually to the Miners Rest at Porthcawl. Eventually returning to duty as an Instructor, and promoted to Sergeant, possibly Company Sergeant Major before being discharged in 1918.

For the Re-union, undoubtedly in London, he would have travelled from his home in Cheshire, Michael Dent has similar Menu Cards for the dinners of 1935 and 1936.

Perhaps a member, or members, may have other information about these re-unions, and indeed about the involvement of the Battalion at Gallipoli. If so Michael Dent, 21 Lovett Road, Harefield, Middlesex, UB9 6DN would be pleased to hear.

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## GALLIPOLIAN INDEX

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Although *The Gallipolian* has been published since 1969 and has now reached, with this edition No 110, there has never been an Index, an omission which we are pleased to announce has now at last been rectified. Through the quite outstanding efforts of our member Robert Pike an Index is now available. A tremendous feat of work this runs to 64 pages in same format as *The Gallipolian* itself and is in three sections. The first a general index, followed by an index by author of books reviewed followed by Veterans and other Obituaries and concluding with an index of poems published.

It is anticipated that the Index will shortly be on the Gallipoli Association web-site, while members who would like a print-out are requested to contact the Editor. While as to the future, we will produce at much much shorter intervals, indices, details to be announced in *The Gallipolian*.

2/3rd Batt. City of London Regt.  
(ROYAL FUSILIERS)

# RE-UNION DINNER

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE  
22<sup>nd</sup> ANNIVERSARY  
OF  
SUVLA BAY

*Remembrance sweetly wakes—  
And the past lives o'er again.*

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27<sup>TH</sup>  
1937



Chairman . LT.-COL. H. F. CLARKE, M.C., T.D.

## TOASTS



### THE KING

Proposed by - - - - The Chairman

### THE REGIMENT

Proposed by Lt-Col. H. F. Clarke, M.C., T.D.

### SILENT TOAST

Proposed by - - Capt. H. S. Lidiard, M.C.

### THE CHAIRMAN AND OFFICERS

Proposed by - - - - - Sgt. Dent

### THE ROLL (21 years after)

Called by - - - - - C.S.M. Wilson

### OLD COMRADES

Proposed by - - - - C.S.M. Stewart



*"Where was it I saw you last? ? ?"*



*Merely "A Bite and A Sup"*  
*to bring together Old Pals and "Old Soldiers"*

## M E N U



SOUP  
Tomato



FISH  
Steamed Fillet of Turbot  
Shrimp Sauce  
Creamed Potatoes



POULTRY  
Roast Surrey Fowl and Ham  
Boiled Potatoes  
Savoy Greens



SWEET  
Pineapple Fruit Ice



CHEESE AND BISCUITS



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## THE LANDING FROM THE *RIVER CLYDE* IN LETTERS TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON

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MICHAEL CALDWELL

In early 1915 the 2nd Hampshire Regiment was billeted in Stratford-on-Avon for about a month, soon afterwards embarking for Gallipoli. These are some of the letters to their friends in Stratford-on-Avon 1915 from men who landed from the *River Clyde* and which were subsequently published in the local newspaper. Several short biographical notes are to be found at the end of this article.

### Lieutenant-Colonel Hubert Carington Smith

It came as a great shock to the residents of Stratford to learn that Lieutenant-Colonel Hubert Carington Smith, of the 2nd Battalion Hampshire Regiment, had been killed in Action on Sunday, April 25th, during the operations in the Dardanelles. The Mayor (Mr. F. Winter) received the sad intelligence by wire from Mrs. Carington Smith on Saturday morning, and the flag was hoisted half-mast on the Town Hall. The best epitaph on the work of the deceased can be found in the affection felt towards him by every man in the Battalion, and all who honour integrity and devotion to duty will feel deep sympathy with Mrs. Carington Smith in being bereaved of so excellent a husband. A non-commissioned officer, writing of the sad event to a friend at Stratford, said: "I had a great shock when I read the paper this morning to see that our dear old Colonel was killed in action. I am sure it will be a blow to the regiment, who thought so much of him, for he was every inch a gentleman." When the regiment was leaving Stratford the Colonel addressing his men, said he had a presentiment of death. He was going out and felt he would never return. Colonel Smith, who was in his 49th year, got his first appointment in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers in September 1895, and three years later served with the Nile Expedition at the battle of Khartum, being mentioned in despatches and receiving the 4th Class of the Medjidieh and the Egyptian medal. In the South African campaign he served as a special service officer with Roberts's Horse, and as assistant to the Military Governor at Pretoria. Subsequently he was in command of Roberts's Horse. He was twice severely wounded. For his services, which were mentioned in despatches, he received the brevet of major and both medals with seven clasps. Colonel Smith was appointed to the command of the 2nd Battalion Hampshire Regiment in January 1913. On Tuesday the Mayor wrote to Mrs. Carington Smith, expressing the deep regret of the residents on learning of her sad loss.

### How the Hampshire Officers Fell: Letter from Mrs Carington Smith

The following letter, dated May 20th, has been received by his Worship the Mayor :

Dear Mr. Winter, — I have been prevented by serious illness from replying sooner

to your letter of the 4th May, and now hasten to acknowledge it, and to thank you, and the people of Stratford, for your kind message of sympathy to me in my bereavement. My husband was first to fall; his death has been followed by many others, for the regiment has suffered heavily. Captain Reid, who has since himself fallen, writes as follows:- "I was near him when he was killed, on the bridge of a ship which we had been sent to use as a landing place. She had been run ashore, and we were hung up under a heavy fire, unable to land. The Colonel was standing on the bridge trying to locate a machine-gun which was troubling us very much, when a brute of a sniper shot him through the head, killing him instantaneously. The doctor says he could not have known he was hit. His death has made a terrible gap in the regiment, and I am always hearing the men speak of him with the deepest regret. Poor Major Deane was killed on the 29th, and Addison on the 26th, also young Pakenham. We have had a bad time, but the men have been splendid, and the Colonel would have been very proud of them." Again thanking you, and those on whose behalf you wrote, for your sympathy. I remain, Yours sincerely.

Helen Carington Smith.

### Captain Reid

The following Extracts are taken from a letter written by Captain Reid to his wife a day before he met his Death: -

"At last I have a chance of writing another line. When we left L——— we went as far as ———, where two companies and headquarters changed over to a collier for the landing. She was not comfortable. That night we left, and just at daybreak next morning we appeared off Gallipoli peninsula and began to land at different places in boats, except our collier, which was run ashore with the idea of getting on to lighters and walking ashore. Unluckily it did not quite pan out. The ——— tried to land in front of us and got very heavily fired on, losing a lot of men. We tried the same, with a similar result, and had to stop. A little time after we were hung up, about 10 a.m. the General (General Napier) and Costeker came along in a boat and got on to a lighter alongside us to try and land. They were both hit, and the fire was so heavy we could not get to them. At last I managed to get over to them with three men, but unfortunately found them both dead. The General looked quite peaceful, as if he had not suffered; Costeker had been dead some time, and he, too, looked as if he had not felt it. We were all very grieved about it; they were both very popular. All this time we were being shelled by a brute of a gun over on the Asiatic side, and could not see him, so he gave us a most uncomfortable time. He kept missing the ship by feet, although he had hit her four or five times, and it was not nice. About four o'clock the Colonel was watching for a machine-gun which was worrying us badly, looking over the front of the bridge, when a beast of a sniper shot him right through the head, killing him instantaneously. It was a terrible blow to us all. Late that night we landed under Beckwith, and made our way to the top of an old fort where we spent that night. Early next morning we

started to clear the fort and a village behind it, both of which had been knocked to bits by the fleet; but they were full of snipers all the same, and we had to clear the place out by getting from one house to another. Addison was killed in the village and three subalterns wounded. Two days after we were in action and had a big scrap, casualties very heavy. Poor Deane was killed, shot through the temple, two other officers killed and five wounded, including Beckworth slightly in the foot. The men have behaved splendidly, and we are very proud of them; they have kept up the credit of the regiment well."

### Letters from Hampshire Men

Corporal C. Waterman, who has been in the St. Andrews Hospital at Malta with a septic hand, but is now back in the firing line, writing to a friend at Stratford, says:- "For a start we lost our dear old Colonel. This was before we landed. He was on the bridge of the boat we were run ashore on. He was up there seeing how the operations were going on when a dirty sniper had him, hitting him in the head, and killing him instantaneously. Anyhow we were landed at night-time under fire, although not losing too many. As soon as we were all off we fixed our bayonets and made an advance of about 200 yards, cutting down barbed wire entanglements which were all over the hill. As soon as we had done that we stayed there for the night, and I can honestly say that, I, for one, shall never forget that time. We were under a terrible fire until dawn, when we made another advance, clearing everything as we went. That was when we found all the snipers, some of them were under the ground, lifting up trap doors, firing as many rounds as they wished, and then pulling the doors down after them. We found most of these in the village we captured. This is where we lost Captain Addison. During the next few nights we were attacked by the Turks, who were repulsed every time with heavy losses. These Turks are being forced to fight by German officers, who drive them in front, and anyone refusing to advance is shot down (I have seen it done). They come in front, crying "Allah, don't shoot," but that is just what we do. One night three German officers and about thirty Turks broke through our lines, and one of these officers shouted, "All officers are wanted on the right." Major Leigh and Captain Reid (Adjutant) went to the right, but they had not gone fifty yards before they were shot down. None of the enemy, I may mention, ever returned. A few days before Major Beckwith was wounded, but not seriously."

### The Attack on the Dardanelles

The following is extracted from a letter written by Sergeant Knellor, of the 2nd Hampshire Regiment, now in hospital at Port Said. He was with his regiment in Stratford-on-Avon. — "I have been through a fearful four days' carnage and am now wounded in hospital; needless to say, I had a fearful shaking up. To cut a long story short we practically walked and swam into a death trap, and there are very few of us left. I myself, like a good many, had a most marvellous escape. Bullets grazed my left hand and elbow, and I was shot through my right shoulder. I have since found two shot holes

in my coat which did not touch any part of my body. When I got hit through the shoulder, which was early on the fourth morning of the fight, I carried on with my work—men told me afterwards I must be stone mad—for two or three hours under a burning sun, not having had any sleep for four nights in succession, and frightfully thirsty, though I had plenty of water in my bottle, which I had carried for two days. But this was too precious to drink, as there was a possibility of getting no more for some time. The springs and wells we did come across were probably poisoned, so we dare not touch them. However, I suddenly discovered that I was nearly on top of the Turks' lines which meant certain death if I got captured. So I got up, exhausted as I was, through want of sleep, food and water and loss of blood, and made a run for it through a deadly hail of bullets, but I did not get any further wounds, though every fraction of a second I expected to go under. I might here mention that we had no trenches to protect ourselves. I don't think Dorando himself would have caught me. However, I eventually collapsed, but managed to crawl into the river to dodge the bullets, and found in one place it was out of my depth, but was rescued by another wounded man. All the way along the river as I stumbled and fell along I was sniped at, but managed to fall into the hands of the Red Cross, so here I am now after a fortnight's treatment nicely on the road to recovery, and will soon be fit again to go back and kill a few more."

### Fighting in Gallipoli

Writing to a friend at Stratford-on-Avon Private Veal, of the 2nd Hampshire Regiment, says:- "At daybreak prior to the landing of the 29th division the warships started a furious bombardment on the forts and trenches of the Gallipoli Peninsula. During the confusion of the Turks the troop liner "River Clyde" ran ashore at the village of Seddul Bahr. Shells from the 14in. guns in the forts immediately began to fall round us, and great holes were torn in the side of the troopship. One shell went through the engine room and out of the other side. Then I witnessed one of the most terrible sights known in the history of war. Four hours after the bombardment men were swarming up to their necks in water to get a landing. Five hundred landed. Suddenly it happened! Hundreds of machine guns and the fire from rifles burst upon the ill-fated men standing on the beach, and not a man was left alive. Those who tried to get back to the boat were shot in the water, and the weight of their equipment dragged them under. I had the mortification of seeing our Colonel killed just after it started. After a bit another lot of men were formed up, and our company were detailed to have a go at it. As we landed the music started again, but we were too quick for them this time, and, gaining the shelter of the cliff, we fixed bayonets and charged. Something had to go, and the Turks bolted. We got into one of their trenches and opened fire, and then the troops landed from the "River Clyde." In our regiment there were about 300 left out of 1,100. Slowly the Turks were driven back, until now we are at the base of the hill which is very much like Neuve Chapelle."

When advancing to this hill Private Veal was struck by a piece of shrapnel, which glanced off his rifle and penetrated the shoulder. He was removed to the military hospital at Port Said, and by this time is probably back in the firing line.

### Private E. Carrell

Private E. Carrell, of the 2nd Hampshire Regiment, who is now in the Royal Naval Hospital at Malta, writing to friends at Stratford, says: "We left Alexandria on the 9th of April for Lemnos, a small island with a fine natural harbour, which belonged to Turkey, and was claimed by Greece after the Balkan War. It is now used as a Naval base. We stopped here twelve days, no doubt waiting to get all our division together. On April 24th two companies of the regiment went aboard another ship and sailed for a place ten miles from the Dardenelles. We reached there early next morning, and were again transferred to another ship called the "River Clyde" and it was from this boat we landed on Turkish soil. It was about five o'clock on Sunday morning when the fleet started bombarding, and an hour later we ran aground. The ships continued to bombard for a few hours before we started to land. The first two boat-loads from the ship were swept by a murderous machine gun and sniping fire from the shore, and I do not think a man escaped. After this we had a rest, while the ships continued to fire all day with shrapnel. To watch these shells burst and spread was a magnificent sight. About seven o'clock in the evening my company landed, and as I passed several boats I saw some terrible sights. It must have been about ten o'clock when we advanced to the ridge and laid down, and from the time we got there till dawn bullets were flying about in all directions like hailstones. There must have been as many as fifty machine guns in action that night. It was six o'clock in the morning when I got hit, shot in both feet. I am progressing favourably."

### A Second Hampshire Man's Experience

A letter has been received in Stratford from Private G. H. Ballard, who was with his company here some few weeks ago, and was staying in College street. He says:- "I have had rather a lucky escape from death. It happened in this way. I and a few more fellows had an order to retire from the firing line. We got back to the corner of a ridge, and were captured by Turks. We were taken to a trench right under the ground, and were forced to eat some stuff, which looked very much like dough. It caused severe pains in the stomach. The other fellows were shouting with pain, which gave the alarm to some of our own men, who came up and at once killed the Turks. I was taken to hospital at once, and I am now doing quite well. The Turks are an awful race of men. I have seen our men burned, their eyes gouged out, and ears cut off. They have no mercy whatever. Our fellows are going quite well now. We have got a good hold of the land and mean to keep it. I have seen Price. He is quite well. He was on the same hospital ship as I was. He is very lucky. He is with the Major, who has been wounded in the foot. Ward is with the transport, so he has not seen much fighting. In fact, I think I am the only one out of the four of us who has seen anything. The fighting here is very hard, but all our lads stick it well. The Turks will not face our bayonets. They run miles away from them."

Private George Henry Ballard died 8 May 1915 and is commemorated on the Helles Memorial



*Men of the 2nd Hampshire Regiment parading in Wood Street, Stratford on Avon.*

Patrick Garipey kindly provided biographical information on the casualties referred to in the letters reproduced on the previous pages, here is his note on Lieutenant-Colonel Carington Smith, Commanding Officer, 2nd Battalion.

Gazetted second lieutenant in The Royal Dublin Fusiliers, September 1885, promoted to captain 1895; to major in 1900; and to lieutenant colonel and commanding officer of the 2nd Battalion The Hampshire Regiment 25 January 1913. Served in the Nile Expedition of 1898 (for which he was twice Mentioned in Despatches and awarded to Order of Medjidieh, 4th Class). In Boer War served as Assistant to the Military Governor of Pretoria; Commanding Officer of Robert's Horse; and with the South African Light Horse. On 31 March 1900 was wounded while attached to Robert's Horse at Sannas Post and on 23 June as a Captain in the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, wounded at Heidelberg. Twice Mentioned in Despatches. Served in Aden in 1903. Killed about 1500 on 25 April by machine gun fire while on the bridge of the *River Clyde*. Commemorated on the Helles Memorial and on the 29th Divisional War Memorial.

Major John Gillam wrote in his diary on 26 April 1915: "Colonel Carrington-Smith (sic) who took over command of the Brigade when General Napier was killed, was looking round the corner of the shelter of the bridge through glasses at the Turkish position on shore when he was caught by a bullet clean in the forehead and died instantly."

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## INFORMATION PLEASE

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

**Commander John Wilson Special Branch:** A heading in the Obituary column of *The Daily Telegraph*, 27 February when reporting the death of this distinguished head of the Metropolitan Police Special Branch at the height of the battle with the IRA in the 1970's and 1980's may not suggest an immediate connection with Gallipoli. However closer inspection reveals that his father, a Manchester cotton worker was decorated at both Gallipoli and Arras.

No details are given, so the Editor is anxious to learn more concerning John Wilson's father and looks forward to hearing from members able to fill in the gaps. Are you able to help?

**Edgar Banner's Medals:** See article on Pages 35–36 and a request for information about our Founders miniature medals and photographs of him at early events of the Association.

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## RUPERT BROOKE STATUE

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"Stands the clock at ten to three? And is there honey still for tea?" words from Brooke's *The Old Vicarage, Grantchester*, among the best known of his poems and most apt for the occasion, when at ten to three on 11 June, former Prime Minister Lady Thatcher unveiled a statue to Rupert Brooke in Grantchester.

The statue, commissioned by Lord and Lady Archer, owners of the Old Vicarage, to mark their 40th wedding anniversary, is the work of sculptor Paul Day. Between 1910 and 1912 Rupert Brooke had lodged at the Old Vicarage, so it was entirely appropriate the unveiling of the statue should take place at ten to three.

Rupert Brooke died on 23 April 1915 just prior to the first landings. See *The Gallipolian* 107: 25–27 for an intriguing article about the cause of the poet's death.





*Members of Coventry Standard Bearers Association at the 29 Division Memorial 12 March, 2006. Geoff Wells their organiser 4th from right.*



*29 Division Memorial 12 March, 2006: Councillor Richard Lane flanked by members of various Living History Units. Photographs Phil Mills.*



*The man behind the camera or the biter bit ! Phil Mills photographer at Gallipoli events in King Charles Street as Association members gathered before marching to the Cenotaph. Photograph Frances Stanley.*



*Keith Johnson (left) and Bill Crisp (right) at the Parade in Bury 23 April, 2006. Photograph Bill Crisp.*





*Sergeant Jason Pickin, Grenadier Guards, in Sydney. (See pages 8-10)*



*At sea on 25 April off Peru on board MV Discovery. David Saunders (Editor) opening the short service which was conducted by Reverend Robert Heywood (second left). Captain Derrick Kemp, Master of Discovery (second left) in line of five officers. Photograph Voyages of Discovery.*



*Contents of Information Pack handed out by volunteers to all who attended the Dawn Service at Gallipoli (see pages 11-13). Photograph Gary Snowden.*

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## EDGAR BANNER TD FOUNDING FATHER OF THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION

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DAVID EMPSON

I have been fortunate in acquiring the Medal Group to the founding father of the Gallipoli Association, Major Edgar Banner TD, MSC, C.Eng, FIEE, FIMech.E, FINet.P. Members may well be interested in seeing these while at the same time remembering him, his long career and his founding of the Association. For some unaccountable reason his death in 1984 was not marked by an Obituary in *The Gallipolitan*.

Aged just 17 Edgar Banner enlisted into the Royal Army Medical Corps in 1914 and like so many of his patriotic contemporaries lied about his age to do so. Subsequently he was to find himself at Gallipoli a place which forever left its memories with him. Based on the hospital ship *Aragon* he found himself ashore on the first day of the landings, 25 April and was to subsequently serve at both V and W Beaches. At the end of the Gallipoli operations he served in Salonika until the end of the war.

Returning to his education after the war he gained an exceptional set of qualifications for one whose early years had been so disrupted. Whilst at University he joined the OTC and was offered a commission in the Royal Signals in which he later was to serve during the Second World War

He continued to serve in the Supplementary Reserve and then the Regular Army Reserve of Officers before joining the Territorial Army. A service which lasted at least 34 years and honoured by the Territorial Decoration (TD) in 1950 and the two extra bars plainly visible on the end medal of the group. Interestingly, he recalled how the Army Office had deducted some time for his qualification for the TD due to his enlisting under age.

A keen Scout, with whom he was serving in 1914, he donated in the 1970's his scout jersey to the Scout Museum. He also possessed until his death the topee he had worn in Gallipoli, I wonder where that is now?

His medals (see picture on following page) were offered for sale after the death of his wife Vicky and I was able to acquire them some months ago. It was a great pity that when the medals were to be disposed of that no photographs or papers were offered with them. I wonder if they survive?

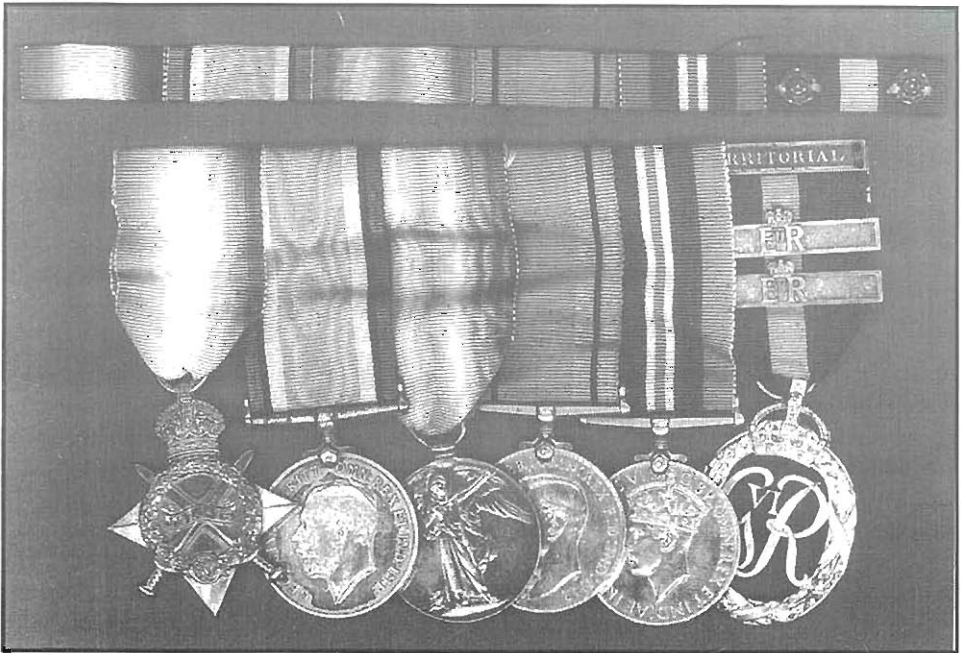
Meanwhile it is fitting that the Association remembers him, and from his spark almost 40 years ago we still have such a thriving Association. That I am sure would please him greatly.



I would be most grateful to any members who can add to my knowledge of Major Edgar Banner, especially if they have photographs of him at early Association events. I am especially anxious to hear from anyone who remembers meeting him or little anecdotes about him, perhaps for a longer biography in a future *Gallipolian*. As our founding father he deserves no less.

Information please to David Empson, 18 The Mills, Framlingham, Suffolk, IP13 9SE.

Note: In *The Gallipolian* 103:24 we published a report about the sale on E Bay Edgar Banner's miniature medals, a group of six which the Association endeavoured to purchase, but failed. The successful purchaser remains unknown.





*This card, kindly made available by Arthur Muffel,  
possibly our oldest member at 99, has on the reverse, the words:  
With compliments from your Australian patients, Military Hospital, Valletta,  
Malta, May 1915.*

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**MIDSHIPMAN**  
**PHILIP REGINALD MALET DE CARTERET**  
**(23 JANUARY 1898 TO 31 MAY 1916)**

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**EDWARD MALET DE CARTERET**

At 4.26pm on 31 May 1916, a terrific explosion occurred on the British battle-cruiser, HMS *Queen Mary*, at the beginning of one of the greatest of modern sea battles of the 20th century – Jutland. One and a half minutes later, the ship sank with a complement of 1,266 officers and crew, of which there were just 20 survivors. Philip Malet de Carteret, seen below, was not one of them.





Born in Sydney, Australia on 23 January 1898, Philip was the eldest son of Jurat Reginald Malet de Carteret (1865-1935), Seigneur of St. Ouen's Manor in Jersey. He was educated at Ebor Preparatory School in Lausanne (1907) and Mr Rhodes, Mottingham and Eltham College, before entering Royal Naval College, Osborne in 1911. He took first prize in French on leaving for Dartmouth in 1913 to take his Midshipman's course. His father, Reginald had left Jersey for Australia and en-route met and married there in 1895, Amy Anne Armstrong (1865-1950). Philip's younger brother, Guy was born in 1901 and an elder sister, Ella Marie (Ellie) had been born in 1896.

Philip was a keen sportsman. His 54 surviving letters written during the First World War constantly narrate sporting events – swimming, hockey matches and tennis. He wrote 37 letters to his father, 15 to Guy and two to Elizabeth (Grandma). Seven were written prior to 1914. I am pleased to share with you extracts from a number of these letters, letters from a young sailor who saw service in the Pacific, at the Falklands, then Gallipoli and finally, all too finally, at the Battle of Jutland.

At the outbreak of the war, he was passed out as Midshipman on 4 August, even though they had not passed their exams, and was posted to HMS *Canopus* a pre-war dreadnought, which was commissioned in 1899. She was originally built for service in China, but didn't get past Aden on her maiden voyage due to engine troubles. *Canopus* was due to attain a speed of about 28 knots, but hardly made 18 knots at full speed. She was a great disappointment to the fleet. The ship displaced 12,950 tons and her armour consisted of 4 -12 inch guns with an approximate range of 12,000 yards and 12 -6 inch guns. When he joined the ship it was under the command of Captain Heathcote S. Grant.

*Canopus* was patrolling in the North Atlantic when she was ordered to assist the South Atlantic Battle Squadron of Admiral Sir Christopher G.F.M. Craddock. The ship arrived in Port Stanley on the 20 October. Craddock's squadron had already left in pursuit of the German Pacific squadron under the command of Vice-Admiral Count von Spee which was expected off the west coast of South America.

*Canopus* left for the Magellan Straits on 23 October to join the rest of the British squadron. This consisted of the old armoured cruisers - *Good Hope* – the flagship and *Monmouth*, the light cruisers *Cornwall*, *Glasgow* and *Bristol* and the armed merchant cruisers *Otranto*, *Macedonia* and *Orama*.

Craddock's ships were far inferior in both firepower and age to von Spee's squadron consisting of the two modern cruisers. *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst*, both of which had sailed from the China Sea across the Pacific together with three light cruisers the *Dresden*, *Leipzig* and *Nurnberg*.

The German officers and crew numbered some two thousand two hundred. They were seasoned professionals in the main and had served together for over a year. The vast

majority of the British crews on the other hand had been civilians less than six months previously.

### The Battle of Coronel

The Battle of Coronel took place on 1 November off the coast of Chile. Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty was convinced that Craddock had orders not to engage the Germans without the protection of *Canopus*. However *Canopus* was slow and although she was steaming towards the British fleet at 15 knots, Craddock thought she was travelling at 12.5 knots. She had two colliers with her and at 6.18pm Craddock increased his speed to 17 knots and radioed *Canopus* with a message "I am about to attack the enemy now."

At 7.04pm the Germans opened fire at a range of 12,000 yards. The *Scharnhorst* hit the *Good Hope* with its third salvo and rendered the fore 9.2 inch gun useless. It continued to fire four salvos a minute. By 7.23 the range was 6,600 yards. At 7.53 pm, the *Good Hope* was shattered by an explosion which produced a column of flame that rose over 200 feet above her decks.

*Canopus* had intercepted a message from *Glasgow* to the *Good Hope* reporting the enemy in sight. She increased to full speed and dispatched her colliers to Juan Fernandez and headed northwards in the hope that she would arrive in time to engage the enemy. At about 9.00pm she received a signal from *Glasgow* that it was feared that the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* were lost, Craddock had perished along with 1,600 men the rest of the Squadron scattered. *Canopus* turned around, picked up her colliers and made back for the Magellan Straits via Smyth's Channel, probably the first battleship to make use of them, a great navigational credit to her.

On the 6 November, *Canopus* was back in the Falklands, at first ordered to Montevideo but subsequently called back to arrive in Port Stanley on 13 November. Here acting as a guardship Captain Grant took *Canopus* through the outer bay and into the land locked harbour itself then grounded the ship so that her broadside could fire over a low neck of land and into the area where the enemy ships might concentrate during any attack on the settlement. The upper decks of the ship were daubed with all colours of the rainbow, an observation and gunnery-control post were set up, twelve-pounder guns were sent ashore and mounted in three batteries.

Letter of 4 December to his father  
Published in *The Morning Post* 21 January 1915

My Dear Dad,

I wish you a very happy Christmas! We are still in the Falkland Islands and are organising a proper defence in case the enemy meditate an attack. The only thing worth having is the wireless station, which is valuable to us as it is the only British Wireless Station in these parts.

You have doubtless seen in the papers all about the German armed merchantman, *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* being sunk by our cruiser *Highflyer*. Well we had been specially sent out to the North Sea to sink her, but before we got there, we found our work had been done for us by the, *Highflyer*. We were frightfully sick.

Do you remember seeing about a midshipman on the *Cressy* who saved 87 lives (or thereabouts) including that of his commander, when the *Cressy*, *Houge* and *Aboukir* went down. His name was Cazalet. Well he was a chap in our term who had mobilised with us at Dartmouth. Of course we were very glad to see it although we were sorry to see the list of the drowned midshipmen whom were in our term also. Talking of drowned people, eight people were drowned here while crossing a creek in a punt three days ago. The punt capsized, and none of them could swim so they were all drowned. They were not men from the ship, but from the shore. They grappled, dredged and dived for their dead bodies and succeeded in recovering seven. I had to convey them to the Town in my boat. It was pretty ghastly work!

Although the *Canopus* seems to have taken but a small part in the war yet she has really done more than any other ship hereabouts, and a good deal more than most ships in the Navy, for although we have not fought an action, yet we have kept all the trade routes clear and unmolested and frightened away any marauding German armed merchantmen or cruisers, that might have been skulking around.

We have run the ship hard and fast on to the mud (on purpose) so it looks as if we were going to stay here till the end of the war – whenever that will be. Our poor dilapidated engines have at least got a rest after tramping up and down the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans for weeks on end with scarcely an interval.

I hope everyone at home is quite fit and well

With love to all from your affectionate son

Philip

Note: Lord Fisher acted swiftly. He ordered the immediate release of three battle-cruisers to serve in the Atlantic, the *Invincible* and *Inflexible* at the Falklands, the *Princess Royal* to the West Indies to guard the Panama canal. On 7 December the battle-cruisers arrived in Port Stanley with Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Doveton Sturdee flying his flag in *Invincible*. His mission was the annihilation of Von Spee's squadron.

## The Battle of the Falkland Islands

The 8 December was to prove an exception to the rule in the Falklands for it was a perfect mid-summer's day as the fleet was coaling in harbour. At 0756 the *Glasgow* fired a gun to attract the attention of *Invincible* who was busy coaling, that *Canopus* had reported smoke in sight to the south. At 0815 a signal came from the flagship to "raise steam for full speed, report when ready"

The enemy's two leading ships *Gneisenau* and *Nurnberg* were in sight approaching the wireless station. When they were near Wolf Rocks they slowed down and turned north-eastward. *Canopus* opened fire over the low neck of land at 0920 with her 12 inch guns, firing five rounds at a range of 12,000 yards. Hoisting their colours, the enemy turned away to the S.E. to join the main squadron. From survivors it appears that one of *Canopus*'s shells had ricocheted, striking the *Gneisenau* at the base of her after funnel. It was also claimed that a piece of another hit the *Nurnberg*.

At 0940 the British squadron proceeded from harbour. *Glasgow* came out first, followed by the two battle-cruisers doing 25 knots, followed by *Kent*, *Carnarvon* and *Cornwall* doing about 22 knots. The admiral reduced speed for an hour to 20 knots at 1115 to allow the cruisers to catch up. At 1247 he hoisted the signal "Open fire" and eight minutes later the *Inflexible* fired the first round of the battle at the *Leipzig*. The *Invincible* followed almost immediately after. Both ships were going their full speed, nearly 27 knots and firing at a range of 16,000 yards (over 9 land miles).

The fight between the two British battle-cruisers and the German cruisers lasted until late afternoon. The *Scharnhorst* sank at 1617 and the *Gneisenau* heeled over at about 1745. *Invincible* had been hit about 22 times, 18 directly and had a list to port as two shells had struck below the waterline. The wardroom had been demolished. There had been no casualties amongst her crew of 950. The *Inflexible* had two hits resulting in one killed and three wounded. The British squadron in total lost seven men killed and 18 wounded (three subsequently succumbed). The Germans lost 2,260 men. The *Dresden* was the only ship to escape and was later sunk on 14 March 1915 at Juan Fernandez by the *Kent* and *Glasgow*. Vice-Admiral Sturdee was rewarded with a baronetcy.

## Letter of 9 December to his father

After the action off the Chilean coast, we sent home word for reinforcements. These did not arrive until the day before yesterday, when a large fleet came here comprising the, *Invincible*, *Inflexible*, *Carnarvon*, *Cornwall*, *Kent*, *Glasgow* and *Bristol*. Up to this time we had heard nothing of the Germans. The very next day (yesterday), the whole fleet of Germans, which had been in the action of November 1st – *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, *Leipzig*, *Dresden* and *Nurnburg* – turned up. They couldn't have come at a more opportune moment, as if they had arrived earlier our fleet would not have been here and if they had arrived later the fleet (which was to have left today) would have gone!

We, the *Canopus* went to General Quarters about 10.00am and opened fire with our 12 inch guns. Our other ships could do nothing, as the land was between them and the enemy, and most of them were coaling. We fired a lot of shots and hit the *Gneisenau*. By this time the fleet had weighed and were coming out at full speed. The Germans turned tail and fled with the fleet at full speed after them.

Of course we could not follow as we were on the mud. Still we had opened up the action, prevented the enemy from shelling the Wireless station and saved the fleet from being attacked while at anchor. All that day we waited anxiously for news. Towards evening we got the welcome news that the *Invincible* and *Inflexible* had sunk the *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst*. Later we heard that the *Leipzig* was on fire fore and aft and she sank soon after. Then the signal came through from the *Kent* "Have sunk the *Nurnburg*". We were frantic with joy. We have got a lot of prisoners on board. The officers are being kept in the Captain's lobby, where they are guarded by sentries with fixed bayonets. They get quite respectable food, however! The men are all forrard.

One prisoner who can talk English told us they had intended to destroy the wireless station, to land by night and sack the town and sink all the colliers and store-ships in the harbour, sink the "*Canopus*" if we made any resistance and decamp to West Africa taking the crew of the "*Canopus*" with them. There was only one thing they didn't know all about and that was the arrival of our fleet. If the fleet had arrived only two days earlier or two days later, it would have been all up with us and everyone else on the Falkland Islands. However it turned out all right. I am only sorry we were not able to go out and settle some of them ourselves, but anyhow we could not have kept up with the fleet. Still we did our little lot.

### Letter of 6 March 1915 to his father Published in *The Morning Times* 3 April 1915

I wish you many happy returns of the day. I hope this letter will arrive more or less on the right date, but of course one can't choose one's own time for letter writing nowadays – one takes one's chance.

We have been having an exciting time lately. After leaving Malta, we went up to the Dardanelles where there are heaps of other ships bombarding the place. We have made a base of a small island just outside the entrance and take turns to bombard. The other day it was our turn. We went up about 10 miles, past all the forts which have already been silenced, till we came to those which had not. It was our business to silence "No 8" fort, which is on the European side. We opened fire on it, and got the range pretty quickly, and then kept on firing with our 6 inch guns and an occasional shot from our 12 inch, it was not until 1 ½ hours after the start that the fort thought of returning our fire, but when they did so they were pretty accurate. They bought our main topmast down, made a large hole in the quarterdeck, the shot going through and damaging the Ward Room, a hole was made in our after funnel, besides the damage done by splinters of shell (they had been firing

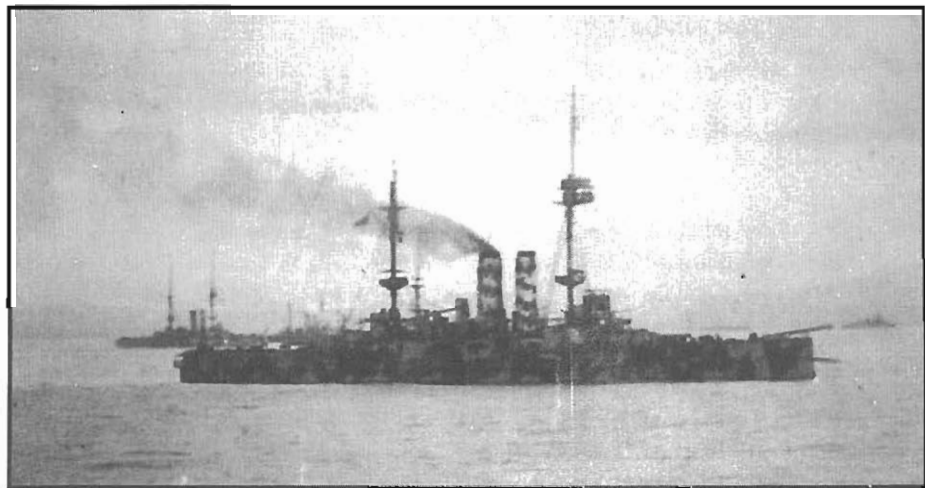
shrapnel) which I found on the Quarterdeck after the action. Anyhow we went on firing till sunset, which was about 6 o'clock, and then we chucked it in having silenced the fort.

Next day we went along the Asiatic coast outside the Dardanelles hunting for hidden field guns and things which might open fire if we attempted to land men or anything. We rooted out several and silenced them with our 6 inch – blew most of them into the air since we were at such close range. Today we were mostly employed in watching where the shots from the big ships went who were firing overland, and correcting their range for them since they could not see, we fired a few desultory shots ourselves.

### Letter of 12 March to his father

A few nights ago we delivered a night attack, the whole ship being pitch dark herself. The mine-sweepers went ahead sweeping for mines, of which they picked up several, while we followed on astern firing at any lights or searchlight we could see on either shore. Some batteries replied to our fire, but nothing hit us. But it seems that the Turks did more damage to us than we did to them, for although we managed to extinguish one or two of their searchlights, they sank two of our mine-sweepers, one I'm afraid with all hands- in the other all were saved.

We spent all last night patrolling outside the Straits and in the morning came across a floating mine. We tried to sink it with rifle fire, but failed, though we hit it often enough. Then we tried a Maxim, which was equally ineffective. A 3-pounder gun was next tried, and after several shots we managed to sink it. Later we saw three more and sank them all. The Admiral has called for volunteers of officers (including gun-room officers) for work on the trawlers and mine-sweepers. All the gun-room of *Canopus* has volunteered, but so many others have also that I don't suppose we shall get much of a chance.



*HMS Canopus at the Falklands.*

### Letter of 2 May to Guy (his brother)

I suppose I may as well tell you about the lucky accident, which resulted my getting a slight scratch, which I proudly call a "wound". (See photograph below.) I was sitting in my boat, which was alongside the pontoon on the beach waiting for the wounded to come along. Shrapnel was bursting all round us, several in fact, got into the boat. I was hit on the head by a shrapnel bullet and started bleeding like a pig. Luckily the thing was spent, and so, after being bandaged up at a field ambulance place, I was quite all right. The firing was very heavy that day, and bullets were dropping all round us. I picked up a couple as souvenirs. (See Note page 46).



Besides all that a Turkish warship anchored up the Straits suddenly opened fire across the Peninsula, at the British transports and men-of-war. However no harm was done. Since then, every morning at about 4 a.m. that ship has fired about 10 rounds at the British fleet off Gaba Tepe without doing any damage. After letting this go on for a day or two, possibly, we thought we would give her a little surprise, so one fine morning an hour before their usual show began (viz: 3 a.m.) every battleship at a given signal, loosed off a couple of 12 inch guns at her while a seaplane went up to see what the effect was. The latter reported that our salvo went about 100 yards short and had the effect of clearing her out. She reappeared again however and since then, almost every morning at about 3.30 a.m. we

exchange the compliments of the season with her. She registered a hit on a collier (nothing serious) and several shots have pitched quite close to the *Canopus*, fragments of shells falling on our Quarterdeck.

A Hun aeroplane has also started to make itself objectionable, and has turned up here, and this morning started dropping bombs at a sort of captive balloon affair which we keep from which to observe how the land fighting goes on. The animal (meaning the captive balloon) escaped being bombed, and the Hun aeroplane got well peppered with shrapnel for its pains and cleared out.

The Admiral here seems rather a wag. Anyhow he is rather fond of surprise packets for the unsuspecting Turks at a given signal from him. The other day he gave the order that at 7 p.m. that day all ships were to open fire with shrapnel (concentrating on a certain square on land where the Turkish trenches were) and fire raid salvoes for ? of an hour when every ship would cease fire. Accordingly we did this, and at a given signal we all opened fire together and gave the Turks the warmest ? hour they have ever had. I should think that every ship (warship) there must have got rid of from 75 to 100 rounds of 6-inch shrapnel in those momentous 15 minutes.

You ought to be out here if you are feeling at all dull. I can assure you there is no lack of excitement in this part of the world. Of course I have given up hope of aeroplaning.

I hope everyone at home is quite well. With love to all – hope I shall be home soon. From Philip. PS We have been coaling again today.

**Note:** In his book *Gallipoli* by John Masfield, published in 1917, Philip's father has annotated a mark on page 48 – "The boatmen and beach working- parties were the unsung heroes of that landing. The boatmen came in with their tows, under fire, waited with them under intense and concentrated fire of every kind until they were unloaded and then shoved off, and put slowly back for more, and then came back again."



### Letter undated in May to his father

The submarine scare turned out to be quite a justifiable one after all. Several times we heard that there was one in the neighbourhood, whereupon we had closed all the water-tight doors (which meant that the Gunroom is inaccessible) and steamed about in circles keeping a sharp look out but it was not until yesterday that we actually saw the effects of it. The flap started at 7.30am, so we were away all the forenoon. We were off Gaba Tepe at the time, but we were expecting to be relieved by the *Vengeance* some time during the forenoon after which we were going to Mudros to coal and ammunition. At about 10.00am we sighted the *Vengeance* coming along to relieve us, but when she was about 5 miles away she suddenly altered course, and appeared to be steaming away from us. We wondered what was up, but presently she signalled to us that she had sighted a submarine and fired a torpedo at her, which had barely missed. The scare immediately got worse, and all ships which were anchored, weighed, and we were all cruising about independently. By that time, the *Vengeance* was close to us, but our Captain being the senior N.O. out there, shifted over to the *Vengeance*, while we cleared out for Mudros without him and with a destroyer escort.

At 12.30, I was standing on the Quarterdeck with several other people, when someone shouted "They've bagged the *Triumph*" we all looked at her through our glasses (we were about 4 miles away) and saw her heeled over at an angle of 60 degrees. She was actually struck at 12.26 and soon sank after 12.30. All the torpedo craft and trawlers immediately dashed to her aid and about 700 survivors were picked up, which was very good work indeed, as it means that very few people were lost. Still, it is a very great disaster, as besides the loss to the navy, one has to consider the effect it will have on the Turks bucking them up considerably. In fact some Turkish officers who were captured said that the Turks would have chucked up the sponge long ago had it not been for the sinking of the *Irrisistable*, *Ocean* and *Bouvet* on March 18th.

The *Triumph* was a pre-dreadnought battleship, a sister ship to the *Swiftsure* both of which were purchased by us from Chile. She carried four 10 inch guns and fourteen 7.5 inch beside several smaller ones. The *Swiftsure* is also out here. The *Triumph* was engaged in the capture of Tsing-Tao at the beginning of the war, and had not been home for 3 years, so it was especially hard luck for the people of those who were drowned.

I think the *Canopus* is about the luckiest ship in the service (touch wood) whenever a disaster occurs we always seem either to miss it or to clear out just in time e.g (1) off the coast of Brazil where we were nearly torpedoed by the *Karlsruhe*, (2) missing the Coronel Action (3) Admiral Sturdee's fleet turned up just in time to save us from Von Spee at the Falkland Islands. (4) Missing the T.B., which sank the *Goliath*, by 10 minutes. (5) Missing the submarine, which sank the *Triumph* by a hair's breath. Still we are not out of the wood yet.

My dear Dad.

H. M. S. Canopus  
May 6<sup>th</sup> 1915

I am sending you two photographs ~~which I took~~. They are not up to much, I know. One is of the Canopus (the thing in the foreground is an oar) taken by me, and the other is of her Commander (P. J. Stopford R.N.) not taken by me. There has been rather a fuss made about photos lately as it turns out that someone has been sending films containing pictures valuable to the enemy to Malta to be developed, and the photographers here have let some percolate through to Italy, so nowadays one has to obtain permission to send any photo at all out of the ship.

All the Canopus' smuties except two (myself being one) are being borne temporarily in the "London" where they are employed in conveying wounded men in boats from the shore to the various transports which are acting as hospital ships. I am glad I am not one of them as it appears they get practically no food on board the "London", and what they do get they have to pay 2/- a box for, besides that there are 29 people in the Gunroom, which means an unholly squash, and they have to sin their own hammocks, whereas if they

want clean clothes they have to wash their own dirty ones themselves. Altogether they do not get much of a time, the only advantage being that they can pick up as many shells etc: as curios off the beach as they like, but as I have already got a Turkish bayonet and several rifle and shrapnel bullets, that does not worry me any. The other day 4 of them managed to get off to this ship for a few hours and they seemed very sorry for themselves.

A few days ago we were treated to rather an interesting spectacle. The Admiral had sent us to see about an observation hut of which he suspected the existence round the corner, and he sent us to wipe it out. We went along there and landed some troops from a destroyer who found a trench containing 20 Turks all fast asleep. Our fellows charged the trench, woke the Turks up rather suddenly with cold steel, killing 8, capturing 16 of which 3 were wounded and 2 escaped without a single casualty on our side. They then demolished the observation hut and returned to the destroyer. The whole thing took place not very far inland so we could watch it quite comfortably from the ship through our telescopes.

With much love to all from

Your affective son

Philip.

### Letter of 11 October to his brother Guy

I hope the family has received a mail or two lately from me because I hear that it is quite possible that the collier *Craigstone* which took our mails from Port Irero to Malta has been sunk by a German submarine on its way there. This however is not at all certain but only a rumour but anyhow I thought it would do no harm to scribe another epistle.

The *Olympic* went out of the harbour this morning at about 7.30; not however before we had sculled round her in the galley to examine her at close quarters. My word she is colossal! She dwarfs every other ship in the harbour and the wash which she picked up with her screws as she was turning round would have almost swamped a small boat.

There are all sorts and kinds of ships in the harbour – how I wish I had my camera! French ships of every description, English transports and liners, battleships from the Lord Nelson class down to the ancient *Mars*. Cruisers ancient and modern, monitors with 14 inch guns and tripod masts, smaller monitors with 9.2's and 6 inch guns, some of the latest destroyers of the L class, submarines, hospital ships, colliers, storeships, mine-sweepers, mine-layers, trawlers, torpedo-boats et etc etc. Almost every kind of ship that was ever built has a representative in Mudros Harbour and all are under Admiral Wemyss.

Of course it is impossible to bathe since the whole harbour is covered with ships refuse, soapy water, old tins and boxes etc all floating about promiscuously. And the stink which arises from it is the distinctive smell of Mudros Harbour.

I wonder whether we will go to Suvla Bay. It is rather a fine place I hear. At any rate there is plenty of excitement for you get fired at all the time – much worse than Gaba Tepe which is now from all accounts quite harmless. Of course it is quite possible that we should go back to Lemnos again as soon as our captain is well, but I hope we go to Suvla or do some bombarding on the Bulgarian coast.

### Letter of 19 October to his Grandmamma

Thank you very much for the quid which you sent me. As you can see we are at Suvla at present which is the place where the latest landings took place. It is quite a different place from Gaba Tepe as it is much flatter and there are no steep cliffs but only a gentle slope leading up to the top of a hill about a mile away from the beach. Our trenches are about one and a half miles inland.

Apparently there was not anything like as much opposition to this landing as there had been to the other ones; in fact if it had not been for some misunderstood orders or something our troops could have pushed on much further inland before entrenching themselves. But then there always is some bungle or other somewhere on these occasions.

It seems to be a very half-hearted show here altogether. True the ships fire a few rounds every day, but the Turks scarcely ever seem to reply to our fire and even when they do they don't seem to do much damage. As a matter of fact during the last two or three days or so they have bucked up considerably, I think it must be because they have received their fortnightly of whatever it may be supply of ammunition. Anyhow last Sunday they blazed off in fine style, first at a store-ship or two lying inside the net and which they only missed by a few feet, then they had a go at our artillery ashore and succeeded in knocking out a 60 pounder field gun then they started shelling the beaches with the result several dead mules. Altogether it was quite a "hate" for them.

They don't seem to pay much attention to us battleships and although the *Glory* (our fellow comrade out here) has been struck several times (before we appeared) yet up to date we are scatheless although shells meant for the unprotected transports etc beyond us frequently go whistling over our heads.

The greatest pest here are the flies. They simply swarm. Of course they all come from the shore being blown on board by the winds. I should have thought that in the middle of October it would have been too cold for them to live, but they apparently seem to flourish, although the cold has made them very sluggish so that instead of settling on your face for an instant like any self-respecting fly and then flying away again they stay there for simply ages – until they are driven off in fact. Still that same sluggishness makes them all the easier to "swat." In time I expect they will all die like the cockroaches have of which we have also had a pest.

The wounded here amount to about 100 a day of which only 20 to 30 are casualties by gun-fire etc: the remainder being all dysentery cases, a disease which has been raging through the whole of the Gallipoli peninsula for months past. A short time in Malta however soon sets them right.

### Letter of 21 October to his father

I got ashore this afternoon much to my astonishment. Apparently the Commander has either forgotten that my leave is stopped or else he has compassion on me in my loneliness; anyhow he let me go. We did not go very far (of course one is not allowed up to the trenches unless in khaki) but stayed with the beachmaster at C beach who is an RNR Lieutenant who used to be in the *Canopus*. He gave us tea and we gave him newspapers, he took us to his various dug-outs which are very sumptuous as he is in command of the whole peninsula on the southern side of Suvla Bay and therefore a great personage. We yarned the time away, and he sent us back in his own picket boat together with several pieces of shells etc. in the way of curios. We had intended to search in the area of the Great Salt Lake for old shells or bayonets and also climb Chocolate Hill, but as we did not do so today we will have to leave it for some other time. I am going to appease the commander with the cartridge-case of an 18 pounder field gun which I brought off today – it may work wonders in the leave line.

The night before last was a fearfully rough night – of course it was my turn for the patrol. It was much too rough for patrol, so we simply tied up to one of the buoys of the gate and showed a light whenever a ship wanted to get in or out. Only the *Glory*, a destroyer and a trawler wished to go either in or out, so we spent all the night in a miserable condition, rolling and pitching like anything, with the seas breaking green over us incessantly. Of course it was impossible to get any sleep even in the stern cabin as the water came in over there and soaked us through. At 5 a.m. it became so bad that the senior officer ordered us back to the ship as we were in danger of being swamped.

Winter has begun to set in properly here and we have got fires lit both in the wardroom and the Gunroom. I always pity the military in winter-time– they must have a thin time of it in the trenches what with the cold and wet while we live in comparative comfort in the ships.

The other day I was in a picket boat about a half mile off W beach when the Turks, realising I suppose what a chance they had of wiping out one of the most promising young officers in the British Navy, sung a shell across which pitched in the water about 20 yards from us. Whether it was meant for the beach or for the trawlers, it would have been a pretty bad shot for either, anyhow it was quite close enough to us for my liking.

Last night at 11.15pm a stoker expired in his hammock quite suddenly. They had a post-mortem examination this morning and came to the conclusion it was from heart-failure that he died. Anyhow he was buried at sea from a trawler at 10.30 this morning.

### Letter of 3 November to his father

We left Suvla on Saturday night at about midnight and arrived at Mudros early Sunday morning. Everyone was certain that we were going to be torpedoed and so we ought to have been by rights, considering the clockwork regularity with which a battleship leaves the net at Suvla once a week at night. In fact whenever the Turks see three battleships together in Suvla Bay they know for certain that one of them will leave that night between 10pm and midnight so all they have got to do is station a submarine just outside the net and they are sure to get a bag. One of us is sure to be copped sooner or later unless they alter the routine.

However we managed to escape them this time but to make up for it, when about an hour from our destination the fog which up till then had been fairly thick suddenly lifted in an instant and disclosed to the horrified officers on the bridge the bleak coast of Lemnos not 2 mile ahead. We were moving along at 13 knots at the time too. A warning cry from the lookout – “Breakers right ahead!” Both engines went full speed astern together, and we came to a dead stop about 400 yards from the shore, luckily in deep water. A current must have set us off our course and of course the fog made navigation difficult as we dared not go too slow for fear of submarines.

However, we proceeded on our way nothing daunted and arrived at Mudros at about 7 a.m. quite safely. That day we had a bit of slack time and received a fairly large mail as we had not had one for a good fortnight, also an outfitter from Gieve's arrived who has taken up his abode here came on board. I was forced to order another blue uniform as I have only got one which I wear everyday and which is getting decidedly shabby. He took my measurements and despatched the order to Gieve's which included a couple of shirts and 1/2 dozen socks which are not procurable out here. Things like boots etc can be got on board.

Next day November 1st (I don't think I shall ever forget that day as long as I live, the anniversary of the sinking of the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth*) we celebrated by taking in ammunition to replenish the stock we had fired away at Suvla. After ammunitioning ship we prepared for provisioning ship. The storeships did not come alongside till next day (yesterday) and we spent the morning filling up with provisions and stores. There was a hockey game on that afternoon against the Lord Nelson's whom we beat by 6-0. I was not playing. I believe the ground was very hard and dusty but even then any sort of game would be better than none at all.

Note: For a short while Philip served on H.M.M.G Mary Rose in the Eastern Mediterranean before returning to Great Britain and joining a battle cruiser, HMS *Queen Mary* completed in 1913.

### Philip's last letter, sent from Rosyth to his father 27 May 1916

I was speaking to a chap from one of the ships round here and he said that when his old ship – *Caernarvon* – paid off, he and all the other snotties got 7 weeks leave, just think of it! I think there must have been an oversight on the part of their Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty.

Goddard is now permanently back in the Service. He is endeavouring at present to purchase a second-hand motor-bike for as little as he can. He already possesses one which is at present in London but which he is trying to sell and so is trying to get hold of another which he will be able to use here and which will come in awfully handy as we are about 7 miles from Edinburgh.

I got ashore the other day and went along to Gieve's where I purchased numerous articles of clothing including a mack. Edinburgh isn't half a bad place, anyhow its better than Merylene. The Scotch people talk in a most extraordinary sort of way that is quite hard to understand. Sometimes a company runs large motor-buses from the landing stage into Edinburgh which takes you there in about 20 minutes at an outlay of a bob. If you miss the bus however you can always go by train. You ought to see the scrum for the last bus leaving Edinburgh for Dalmeny. It is simply packed with N.O's. Ordinarily built to carry 34 including driver and conductress, the last one I went in contained 67! They were hanging on anywhere, packed like sardines in a tin while the company raked in the shekels.

The *Queen Mary* is the most up to date ship. Among the many luxuries are a bath-room with hot water constantly laid on and two long baths. Also a cinema show to which I went last Thursday and it was quite decent. The Gunroom is well above the waterline (in the *Canopus* you could scarcely have the scuttles open at sea for fear of the water coming in) and contains a gramophone and a pianola. There are 23 of us in the Gunroom including 2 subs, an engineering sub and 2 clerks. All the rest of us are snotties, some junior and some senior to us.

We played a game of hockey the other day against the Ward-room. As a matter of fact the Ward-room couldn't raise a team by themselves so we made it commissioned officers v junior officers. That meant both our subs played against us. Even then we licked them 4-3 after a very good game. All the ward-room are a very sporting crows and rag about like anything.

My chest and trunk arrived quite happily on the same day as I did. Considering the amount of buffering they had had they were in quite good condition the only damage being a hinge knocked off my Parallel Ruler box. My sextant was, happily intact due to the careful way I had padded it with old clothes. Are you able to get plenty of tennis? How are the gooseberries and the other fruit getting on? I suppose Jack has left to join his ship again. Hoping you are all quite well,

With much love from your affectionate son Philip.

**Note:** On 30 May the *Queen Mary* commanded by Captain Cecil Prowse sailed to take part in the Battle of Jutland being sunk at 1627 the following day by *Derfflinger* & *Seydlitz*. Philip was in "A" turret.

Extract from *The Times* 9 June 1916 regarding the Battle of Jutland.

### Tiger in the fight & how the *Queen Mary* went down

One of the gunners of H.M.S. *Tiger*, the latest vessel of the British Battle Cruiser Squadron, has given the following account of the battle of Horn reef:

The *Lion* which was leading the line, followed by the *Tiger*, *Princess Royal*, and the *Queen Mary*, was the first to open fire, the range being about 18,000 yards, and common shell being used. Range-finding continued for a few minutes, neither squadron doing what might be called really good shooting till then.

Then it could be seen that each of the British battle-cruisers had begun business in earnest. Control firing was adopted, the speed of each salvo being remarkable. The Germans too began to get the range as the vessels drew towards each other, and a particularly lucky shot cut away part of the *Indefatigable's* fire control.



About 4 O'clock every man in the British battle-cruiser squadron, each vessel of which had been singling out an opposing vessel, realised that the Germans not only had a preponderance of guns, but more than double the number of vessels. They were clever in realising their superiority. They began concentrating their fire, and every gun of the German Squadron was first turned on the *Lion*, but hardly a shell hit her. Two asphyxiating projectiles fell on her upper deck behind the bridge, but the majority fell short, sending up terrific volumes of water.

The two squadrons approached each other for about 20 minutes, and then the enemy suddenly bore away to port, soon turning completely as if they were breaking off action. We turned as well, and manoeuvring continued for 15 minutes, when the German squadron again came ahead, their guns being concentrated on the *Queen Mary*. They had been poking about for range for some minutes without effect, when suddenly a most remarkable thing happened. Every shell that the Germans threw seemed suddenly to strike the battle-cruiser at once. It was as if a whirlwind was smashing a forest down, and reminded me very much of the rending that is heard when a big vessel is launched and the stays are being smashed.

The *Queen Mary* seemed to roll, slowly to starboard, her mast and funnels gone, and with a huge hole in her side. She listed again, the hole disappeared beneath the water, which rushed into her, and turned her completely over. A minute and a half and all that could be seen of the *Queen Mary* was her keel, and then that disappeared.

Standing beside Admiral Beatty on the *Lion* during this awful spectacle of the destruction was his Flag Captain E.M. Chatfield. We both turned around in time to see the unpleasant spectacle.... Beatty turned to me and said, "There seems to be something wrong with our bloody ships today" whether the destruction was caused by inadequate armour or poor flash protection in the magazine will never be established.

**Extract from a letter 5 June from Midshipman  
J.L. Storey – one of the nine survivors of the  
*Queen Mary* from a compliment of 1,276**

Poor Malet de Carteret who was with me in the *Canopus* all this time is also gone. I feel it dreadfully. We had been together six years all told.

The actual fight was something like this. We left Rosyth on Tuesday evening and steamed towards the Danish coast. At about 3.50 we sounded off, "Exercise action", and all went to our turrets and tested through everything. We were then told that A & Q turret crews could go and get their tea. Q was my turret, the one amidships in the waist between the funnels. At 4.24 "Action" was sounded and we all went to our stations, and at twenty minutes to five the order was given "Load all Guns" we all then realised that the real thing had come at last. At 7 minutes to 5 we opened fire at 8 ½ miles range at the third ship in the enemy's line, and everything went beautifully until 5.21 when Q turret was hit by a big shell, and the right gun put out of action. We continued firing with the

left gun for two or three minutes, and then a most awful explosion took place which broke the ship in two by the foremast, it was I believe a torpedo into one of the fore-turret magazines. When the explosion took place, our left gun broke off outside the turret at the rear and fell into the working chamber: the right gun also slid down. The turret was filled with flying metal, and several men were killed. A lot of cordite caught fire below me and blazed up, and several people were gassed. The men left and myself got to the ladder leading out of the turret and climbed quickly out. There was no panic or shouting at all, the men were splendid heroes. Just as I got out of the turret and climbed over the funnels and masts which were lying behind the turret, and had got off my coat and shoes, another awful explosion occurred, blowing me into the water, - and the remaining part of the ship, - the after-part blew up. X turret magazine going off.

Note: It is interesting to note that either his memory or watch was wrong by 1 hour.

### Letter of condolence 26 June from Stanley Falle

A letter of 26 June 1916 to Philip's father from Stanley Falle of 9 Clarence Parade, Southsea who tells of his visiting Jocelyn Storey. The writing of which is rather difficult to read, thus ?? at several points in the letter.

My dear de Carteret,

I have today talked with young Midshipman Storey - a nice boy - who was saved from the *Queen Mary*. He had known your Philip for 6 years and of course speaks feelingly and affectionately of him - he says your boy was in A turret - the first to go - and that it was all over in seconds - there could have been no suffering, indeed there could have been no knowledge of what was happening.

He thinks a shell entered the turret magazine and turret B followed and he thinks a torpedo broke the ship in half, and as his half sank he was thrown into the sea. He found some wreckage off which one of our TGd's(?), passing at speed, soaked him and the same thing happened a 2nd time after which a 3rd TGd's (?) rescued him.

His clothes had to cut off him - the explosion of the magazines had generated some gasses which made stiff board of his clothes. He's a brave lad ???- and his parents - that his nerve has not suffered but we think he shows some of the effects. He had a months holiday or something of the kind. I feel you will like to have these facts - its something to know there was no suffering. He tells me too of the end of the *Black Prince* commanded by a real friend of ours - also a question of?

The Storey's live here - 14 Clarence Parade.

Yours sincerely Stanley Falle

## Letter of condolence, 27 June, 1916

Dear Mr & Mrs Malet de Carteret

H.M.S. *Queen*

Just a very short line to express my sincerest sympathy for you all. It must have been a most dreadful blow and I can assure you all that you are not alone in your sorrow. He spent quite a considerable time in the London with us all and most of the senior officers, as well as ourselves, remember him well and have expressed their regret that "such a promising officer" should have been lost.

Everybody has remarked from time to time how calmly he went about his work even under the most trying conditions and more especially at the time when he was wounded at the Dardanelles, when his first thought was for the men under his charge. I am also sure that when his ship went down, although we can obtain no details, he met his death as a true British officer and gentleman.

Yours very sincerely E Oloff du Wet

## Letter from the Admiralty 3 June 1916

Sir,

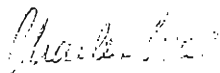
In confirmation of Admiralty telegram, I am commanded by My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to inform you that they deeply regret to report that your son, Midshipman Philip R. Malet de Carteret, R.N., lost his life in action on the 31st May.

In conveying this intelligence My Lords desire me to assure you of their sincere sympathy in the loss you have sustained.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

R. Malet de Carteret, Esq.,  
St. Owens Manor,  
Jersey.

  
for Secretary.

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## QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

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

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

**Blazer Badge** – hand embroidered wire and silk blazer badges are now available (see illustration in Spring 2002 *Gallipolian*) 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 Gallipolian* are available finished in an attractive simulated leather, coloured maroon, with the title blocked in gold on the spine. Price per Binder is £5.25 including post in the United Kingdom and £6.25 including post for overseas.

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

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## SIMPSON BADGES

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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 of an inch) showing Simpson in classic pose with his donkey. Each badge costs £2.50 plus an sae, orders please to The Treasurer, Gallipoli Association, Frinton Cottage, 3 Cambridge Road, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, CO13 9HN.

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## BOOK REVIEWS

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### IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY

GLYN HARPER & COLIN RICHARDSON

Harper Collins Publishers New Zealand 2006. 272 pages, 16 pages of illustrations.

ISBN 1 86950 522 0 softback. NZ\$35.99

Sub-titled *The complete history of the Victoria Cross and New Zealand*, this well-researched book tells the stories of the 21 members of the New Zealand armed forces who have been awarded the VC, as well as other VC recipients who were New Zealand born or who had strong links with the country.

Each act of valour is placed within the broader context of the war and includes a brief history of the relevant campaign. The authors have unearthed a lot of new material and reinterpreted existing information. They have also included details of New Zealanders who should have been awarded the VC, and those who were denied the decoration.

There was one New Zealander Victoria Cross at Gallipoli - Corporal Cyril Bassett at

Chunuk Bair Ridge, overlooking the ANZAC beach-head, in August 1915. Another New Zealand born man, Captain Alfred Shout, served with the Australian Imperial Force and became Australia's most decorated soldier of the campaign. He was awarded his VC for conspicuous bravery at Lone Pine. Both men's stories are told in the 16 page chapter on Gallipoli.

Other VC recipients who served in Gallipoli, such as Lieutenant Colonel Bernard Freyberg and Sergeant Dick Travis, are covered under the campaigns in which they received their awards. Full VC citations are provided at the end of the book, together with a useful bibliography and an index.

Derek Hunt

### CHARACTER IS DESTINY

PAT HEWS

Pen Press Publishers Ltd 2005. 247 pages, 11 illustrations. ISBN 1-905203-53-5. Paperback £7.99.

Ser between 1899 and 1988 against backdrops as diverse as Constantinople, Beirut and Brighton, *Character is Destiny* is an account of the astonishing life of the late Dick Cooper, the author's father, a brief resume of which was published in *The Gallipolitan* 57: 13-14.

Snatched as a baby of six months in a street of Baghdad; nearly drowned twice; surrounded by wolves only to be rescued by Circassian horsemen, all before he is six, one feels that his life must soon settle down. Not so! He has learned nine languages and run away from schools and home several times before sailing before the mast, aged fifteen. At sixteen, he joins the Foreign Legion with whom he goes to Gallipoli and is awarded the Croix de Guerre, the first to be won by the Foreign Legion for bravery. He landed on 28 April at V Beach was wounded on 21 June and evacuated. His convalescence was remarkable, shall we just say here it involved the beautiful Stephanie. Subsequently he returned, landing at V Beach and had only taken a few steps before he was wounded in the right thigh by shrapnel. Surely one of the shortest of all returns to the Peninsula, for he was immediately sent to a hospital ship. Later he served in the Royal Garrison Artillery then rejoined the French Foreign Legion with whom he served in peace and war for almost twelve years. His knowledge of France made him an invaluable member of SOE during the Second World War. This is a cracking story which reads more like a John Buchan novel. It may well become a bestseller.

Hugh Jenner

## FROM TRENCH AND TURRET

S M HOLLOWAY

Constable 2006. 216 pages, 22 illustrations, 6 maps. ISBN 13: 978 1 84529 321 5. £20.00.

The Book Launch for *From Trench and Turret* admirably arranged by the Royal Marines Museum, was brilliantly introduced by Major General Ian Harrison, whose sparkling personality allowed brevity to be the soul of wit. Upwards of 60 people appreciated a scholarly discourse by the author, Susan Holloway on the use of contemporary accounts with the title of "Holy Grail or Poisoned Chalice?" After making the well-illustrated point that without the people who live in and through the events history would be dead, she addressed the question of when accounts of an event would cease to be contemporary, and the tell-tale signs that might flag up a warning. She continued by pointing out that all eye-witness accounts are emotionally valid, but need if possible to be validated by official records, warning of the danger of forged documents, bias in the writer, emotional response to events, as well as the purely physical limits of his visual field. Also that not having the overall view, assumptions might be plain wrong, giving various pertinent examples. Her well argued conclusion was that first hand material is neither Holy Grail nor Poisoned Chalice, but that used with judgement can enable the historian to achieve the laudable aim of "presenting the past honestly for the future".

Two sections of this excellent book will be of special interest to Association members. Those concerning events at sea in the Dardanelles and those on land at the Gallipoli Peninsula, indeed these occupy almost half the pages. For example one shares the drama of the sinking of the *Ocean* and *Triumph*, can stand on board the *Lord Nelson* and *Queen Elizabeth* during the landings. Ashore you can enjoy yourself at Malta on the way to

Gallipoli, raid at Kum Kale, land at Y Beach, recapture a trench led by Major Sketchley waving his fly-whisk, or be just one of 12 manning 300 yards of firing line in the last hours before final evacuation. Gripping is an understatement, a book that should be on every members bookshelf. Will it prompt similar publications from the wealth of Gallipoli material that deserves a wider audience?

Frances Stanley

## WHERE IS GALLIPOLI

HOWARD MALLINSON

Published by author 2005, 158 pages, photographs. ISBN 0-9543934-1-4 £17.95, or special price to members £11.95 including p&p from 22, Gordon Road, Claygate, Surrey. KT10 0PQ

This is a wonderful story about a clock (see also *The Gallipolitan* 107: 44-45) presented to the author's great-grandfather, which he inherited. Not knowing anything about the Military, he begins a project of research, the results of which are told in the book. It is a wonderful story, and an inspiration to anyone interested in family research.

The great-grandfather, an archetypal Colour Sergeant of the Scots Guards, who served with them at Tel El-Kebir, eventually completed his colour service in the Lancashire Fusiliers. He made Bury his home. When he died in 1915, he was given a ceremonial funeral which indicated the high esteem in which he was held. All of this would have been forgotten by now, had not the author gone to enormous lengths to follow every lead. He travels to all the family former homes; he advertises his interest on the internet, in libraries and local newspapers. He discovers that the Sergeant-Major's son, George Ash, joined the 1st/5th battalion, the Lancashire Fusiliers, and was killed at Gallipoli. So it was that the author joined our tour in 2002.

This is a very good book which I have thoroughly enjoyed reading. To quote from Michael Hickey's Foreword: "This is social history at its most vital and an important contribution to our knowledge of a world which vanished in four terrible years."

Hugh Jenner

## WIGS AND GUNS IRISH BARRISTERS IN THE GREAT WAR

ANTHONY P QUINN

Four Courts Press, Dublin 2006. 182 pages, 23 illustrations. ISBN 1 85182 935 0. £40.00.

The author, a long standing member of the Association, himself a barrister-at-law, and a former Chairman of the Irish Writer's Union, has written a fine book concerning 25 barristers killed during the First World War and remembered on the Bar Memorial in the Four Courts, Dublin. The book falls broadly into two sections. The first, the author

calls it the prologue is one of Setting the scene, Education, training and enlistment and finally remembrance, with much about memorials. There are seven appendices, the most important being the barrister's biographies. This proves a rich source of information about each of the twenty-five. Robert Cullinan, Poole Henry Hickman, Ernest Lawrence Julian, Joseph Bagnall Lee, John Henry Frederick Leland and Gerald Plunkett were killed at Gallipoli. Two others served there, George Smyth who later fell on the Western Front, and Henry Tierney killed at Sannaiyat, Meopotamia.

Frederick Henry Lewin was killed as the result of an accident during bomb practice at Kinsale, but we learn that his brother Arthur was with the Connaught Rangers at Gallipoli, and later rose to the rank of Brigadier. So ashamed of the behaviour of the "Black and Tans" during the troubles he emigrated to Kenya. The Lewin family were reputedly renowned for the beauty of its women and the bravery of its men.

A list is provided of the Solicitors and Apprentices to Solicitors who died in the First World War and are remembered on the Four Courts Memorial. Two Solicitors at Gallipoli and four of the Apprentices. Might we eventually see their lives similarly recorded? A pity though about the high price of the present book.

## BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF BRITISH GENERALS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR

NICK SMART

Pen & Sword 2005. 353 pages, 15 illustrations. ISBN 1 84415 049 6. £25.00.

Do you know how Second World War British Generals served as junior officers at Gallipoli? No fewer than 48 can be located in this fine Biographical Dictionary. The well known ones like Harding, Savory (one of our distinguished Past Presidents) and Slim, will immediately spring to mind but this reviewer for one would have been hard-pushed to name others.

The Gallipoli entries vary in length from three pages (Slim) to less than half a page for Casement who served with the Royal Naval Division at Gallipoli. Each broadly follows the same format. A short introductory paragraph followed by a summary in variable detail of their military service with a concluding paragraph on retirement activities.

So if you have not heard of for instance, "Paddy" Beard, Bernard or Butler whose non military life included exploring northern Arabia; Galloway described as "a little rash....very outspoken, very loyal, and a very brave and able soldier", Hill an England Rugby international, and Lawson, Managing Director of *The Daily Telegraph* 1945-1961, then this book will provide the answers and much more.



THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM  
BOOK OF THE WAR AT SEA 1914-1918

JULIAN THOMPSON

Pan Books 2006. 466 pages, 63 illustrations, 14 maps. ISBN 10: 0-330-49172-5. £9.99.

A paperback edition of this first rate book previously reviewed in the Spring *Gallipolitan* 2006, page 63. The face of battle revealed in the words of the men who fought, a gripping history that recreates the war at sea through the experiences of those who fought and sometimes died. Three sections embrace Gallipoli – War Against Turkey, Dardanelles the Landings and Dardanelles Submarine Operations.

GERMAN ANZACS AND THE FIRST WORLD WAR

JOHN F WILLIAMS

2003. 318 pages, 18 photographs. ISBN 0 86840 508 6. AUS \$

During the First World War, because of anti-German feeling throughout Australia, all the State Governments decided to rename places and geographical features which had “foreign enemy origin.” In 1917 the South Australian Government, for example, changed some 69 German place names the majority only eleven of which have been restored – three in 1935 including the town of Ambleside in the Adelaide Hills back to Hahndorf and eight in 1975 including Mt Kitchener back to Kaiserstuhl.

In *German Anzacs and the First World War*, John F Williams does not mention this small facet of Australian social history; his sights are more on the motivations of men of German extraction within the Australian Imperial Force (AIF) and the difficulties endured by their families on the home front. For example, Arthur Klenner who enlisted in South Australia in the 10th Battalion on the 13 August 1914 was among the first ashore at Gallipoli. In July he was wounded for a second time. By the end of the year he had been promoted to the rank of corporal. Commissioned in 1917 he earned a Military Cross during the fighting for Menin Road. Klenner's parents were German born, and had emigrated a few years before his birth in 1890. He grew up in the Adelaide suburb of Stepney and while he was on active service his family continually faced harassment and were constantly forced to move house.

Of all the men Williams surveyed only one would appear to have kept a diary, a West Australian, Bernhardt Herman Walther, a man with two years peacetime militia experience who enlisted the 11th Battalion, on the 10 September 1914. as Williams notes that his diary: “might have been written by almost any other relatively well-educated and enthusiastic young Australian facing the adventure of his life.” He began it in Cairo; here the landings and several other extracts:

25 Apr 1915: Boarded the destroyer and land on Gallipoli peninsula at 4 am under

heavy fire ... Entrenched on top of hill &; got guns in position under exceptionally heavy fire ... Sgt was wounded in the neck. Frank was seriously [wounded] while he & I were taking the guns into a better position ... The bullets were whistling round us in thousands & raising the head a few inches meant stopping one of the Turks Pills ...

11 May 1915: Usual monotonous day — two cold meals &: one hot one ...

13 May 1915: I had a most magnificent swim & actually donned a clean singlet ... Soldiering's not so bad after all ...

31 May 1915: My birthday — which I celebrated with another swim which was unfortunately disturbed by a couple of bursts of Turkish shrapnel. It was the funniest thing to see all the boys making a wild rush to get out & grab their clothes ...

1 June 1915: Just the usual routine of sleep, shrapnel, two cold meals & one hot.

2 June 1915: Exactly the same as yesterday ...

19 June 1915: Still as hot as ever &: the flies absolutely maddening, especially at meal times ...

1 Aug 1915: One shell blew down the gun emplacement &: killed & wounded four men who were with me next to the gun ... I am now the only one of the original section who has not been killed, wounded or sick, —I am at present acting 0. C. Machine Gun Section.

A Corporal on the 25 April Walther was promoted to Sergeant on the 21 August and was commissioned, as a 2nd Lieutenant in October. After the evacuation he was promoted to Lieutenant and sent to Mudros for a machine gunner's course where his performance was rated as "Distinguished". He was badly wounded at Poziers and died on the 25 July 1916. He had attained the rank of Captain. Bernhart Valther had come from, "a respected and well-known family in Perth", but, even so, his father, Johann, "was to suffer from discrimination and was obliged to report regularly to the authorities."

For Walter Leslie Schwarz discrimination, real or imagined, was a powerful trigger: he deserted from the AIF. Although both of his parents and he were Australian born he came to the conclusion that his name would hold him back from "active service." So, in brief, in late October 1915 he walked away from his Australian artillery unit then in training in Kent, went straight to London, and, under the name of Merritt, joined the 23rd Royal Fusiliers where, in due course, he was commissioned. Later, in 1918 near Ploegsteert, he earned a Military Cross and at Ledghem in October a Bar. On the 22nd April 1920 at Buckingham Palace he had, again in his own words, "the very great honour of receiving my Military Cross and Bar from the hands of His Majesty." He had also been twice Mentioned in Despatches. At the same time he still remained a deserter. After several petitions an official pardon came for Schwartz in 1921 followed by a large, very well attended civic reception in his honour in his home town of Toowoomba in Queensland.

Edward (Ted) William Mattner who won the MC, DCM and MM, being one of only five Australians so decorated in World War One. Even so this did not save his Australian

born mother, of English descent, from accusations of pro-German sympathies. *German Anzacs and the First World War* quietly points out that there was nothing in Australia resembling the open hostility displayed by German Americans towards a war against their ancestral fatherland. Indeed, John Williams considers that German Australian soldiery from Gallipoli on can be seen as having made a distinct, even unique contribution, to the Allied victory.

Malcolm Orchard.

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## WORST JOURNEY IN THE WORLD

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That classic of Polar literature *The Worst Journey in the World* by Apsley Cherry-Garrard first published in 1922 contains on page 272 of the Winter Journey chapter in the First edition, an interesting reference to Gallipoli, subsequent editions may of course have a different pagination,

The author tells how in the darkness of the Polar night he and his companions Bowers and Wilson had returned from the Emperor Penguin colony to locate their tiny shelter and draws comparison thus with an event in 1915.

"I have heard tell of an English officer at the Dardanelles who was left, blinded, in No Man's Land between the English and Turkish trenches. Moving only at night, and having no sense to tell him which were his own trenches, he was fired at by Turk and English alike as he groped his ghastly way to and from them. Thus he spent days and nights until, one night, he crawled towards the English trenches, to be fired at as usual. "Oh God! What can I do!" some one heard him say, and he was brought in.

Such extremity of suffering cannot be measured: madness or death may bring relief. But this I know: we on this journey were already beginning to think of death as a friend. As we groped our way back that night, sleepless, icy, and dog-tired in the dark and the wind and the drift, a crevasse seemed almost a friendly gift."

Can members throw any further light on this incident and the identity of the officer concerned? Is the story tucked away in newspapers of the time, or in a book? Information please to the Editor.



## 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.