

The Gallipolian

*The Journal of the
Gallipoli Association*

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

THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

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CHRISTMAS CARDS

Please note orders for cards at £4.20 per pack including postage in UK must be placed no later than Friday 8 December with John Crowe, 145 Bellingham Road, Catford, London, SE6 2PP Tel: 0208 697 2787

29 DIVISION MEMORIAL

The Service of Remembrance will take place on Sunday 11 March
See page 28 for more details

GALLIPOLI TOURS 2007

19-27 May and 22-30 September
Further details see flyer enclosed or contact Hugh Jenner (address opposite)

THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION ON THE 25 OCTOBER 2006 CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

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

GALLIPOLI DAY 25 APRIL 2006

At our annual wreath laying ceremony at St. Paul's Cathedral Her Britannic Majesty's Government was again represented by The Rt. Hon. Adam Ingram, Minister of State for the Armed Forces. Other wreath layers were General Sir Mike Jackson, Chief of the General Staff; Admiral Sir Jonathon Band, First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff; H.E. The Hon. Richard Alston, Australian High Commissioner; The Rt. Hon. Winston Peters MP, New Zealand Minister of Foreign Affairs; Colonel Philippe Guidi, Defence Attaché France; Mr. Akin Alptuna, Turkish Ambassador, and myself as Chairman of the Association.

Last Post was sounded by a bandsman from the Band of the Irish Guards. James Watson Smith, Secretary of the Association, whose Great Uncle Colonel E.P. Smith was killed at Gallipoli on 1 May 1915 while commanding 17th Brigade Royal Field Artillery, recited 'They shall grow not old'. The Reverend Canon Philip Buckler conducted the ceremony. There were quite a few people in the Crypt consisting of members of the Association and many members of the public including Australian and New Zealand tourists.

Later, at the Cenotaph at the invitation of the Australian and New Zealand High Commissions, I laid a wreath on behalf of the Association. As well as many members, the Merchant Taylors' CCF provided a good marching contingent.

Again at the invitation of the Australian and New Zealand High Commissions, members were kindly given seats at the service in Westminster Abbey where a Sergeant from the Grenadier Guards in Guard Order, carried the Union Flag together with a serviceman from each of Australia, New Zealand and Turkey.

After the service at Westminster Abbey, we held our lunch at The Albert in Victoria Street. Members attending have told us that they appreciate the atmosphere and the food, and that the venue is perfect after a busy morning.

CEREMONY AT WEST NEWTON CHURCH 10 SEPTEMBER 2006

A service was again held at West Green Church, near Sandringham to commemorate the 91st Anniversary of the Campaign and to remember in particular 5th Territorial

Battalion The Norfolk Regiment. Over 150 people filled the small church to capacity, including Edward Hunter and Graham Beck, grandson and great nephew respectively of Captain Frank Beck, plus 20 Association members and representatives from the Royal Norfolk Regimental Association, the Turkish Embassy, the Sandringham Army Cadet unit, and also Mrs. Betty Orwell whose Father was killed at Gallipoli when she was five years old. There was a reception afterwards at the Village Hall, and the service will take place again next year on Sunday 9th September. It is wonderful that John Crowe and Arthur Coxon have been so successful in starting and continuing this important event, and it is to be hoped that it will continue for years to come.

AUTUMN LUNCH

This was held at the Naval Club on the 12 October 2005. Our speaker was Lieutenant General Sir Robert Ross, KCB OBE who gave us a lively well delivered and most interesting talk, and kindly answered questions afterwards. We are most grateful to him.

As usual, our thanks are also due to the Naval Club for all the arrangements they kindly make on our behalf for our lunches.

THE GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL BURSARY

The two bursars from Bury Grammar School gave their presentations on Friday 17 March at the school.

This year two bursaries have been given to Portsmouth Grammar School. The school were so pleased with the idea that they arranged for four other students to go with them in July as well. The idea is that they would acquire images, written material and notes that can be used for educational material for Key Stage 2 pupils, i.e. those of a junior or upper primary age. They then intend to offer this material as lessons or presentations to local schools within the Portsmouth area. The main presentation is on Monday 6 November, and a number of members of the Association have already booked in.

Next year we hope to grant two bursaries to an Army Cadet Unit. I am sure that everyone will appreciate the value of these bursaries in reaching a wide audience and thus fulfilling the objectives of both the bursaries and the Association.

FINANCE

It is interesting to note that the increased subscription, which I believe members recognised as justified and due, had an infinitesimal effect on membership. It has enabled us to ensure that the finances of the Association continue on a good sound footing. One of the immediate benefits of this will be seen in the proposed website update. A direct debit facility is now available for the payment of annual subscriptions.

Please could I repeat my annual plea for members to pay by direct debit, or at least by standing order, in order to lighten the load on our treasurer. We have also put in place a credit card system, which will make it simple particularly for overseas members.

MEMBERSHIP

Membership has now reached another all time high of 1267, after allowing for the very small number of members who dropped out when the subscription increased. This is very gratifying, and encourages your hard working committee to continue in their efforts to make it all thoroughly worthwhile. Membership brochures are available, and I would ask you all to ensure that you pass one on to anybody who you meet who would be interested in our activities. There are literally thousands of people who are descended from someone who took part, or who had a relation of some sort who was there, just waiting for you to let them know about us!

THE WEBSITE

Subject to ratification at the Committee meeting on 25 October, there will be a complete refit for the website, which at the moment is badly out of date both in design and content. It will be redesigned and revamped in such a way that individual members of the Committee can update their particular areas of responsibility; there will be a much more comprehensive application form; there will be a comprehensive membership database with a wide-ranging search facility; it will be possible to send out *The Gallipolian* by email; there will be access to *The Gallipolian* on the website *by members only*, and there will be a facility for *members only* to communicate with one another and send in requests for information that can be answered by other members. It is my belief that this will prove to be of enormous benefit to the Association, and give members an extra advantage for their subscription. It should create a "Members' Forum" which will enable any member from any part of the world to communicate and exchange information. All this work will take a bit of time, but I trust you will see an instant improvement by January 2007. We thank our member Mr. Philip Hawkey of Cornwall for volunteering to help us with input to the website.

THE GALLIPOLIAN

Our magazine continues to receive accolades from members, and now goes out on the 1 March, August and December. Our ubiquitous (he is at present lecturing on the high seas) and dedicated editor, David Saunders, continues to provide in *The Gallipolian* a mixture of contemporary accounts and illustrations, current assessments and news, and of course reports on our own activities and events. Much of this will also appear on the website in the future. David naturally relies a lot on news and articles sent in to him, so please keep sending them in.

THE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE

At Westminster Abbey on the Thursday before Remembrance Sunday, the Association has its allotted plot and it is moving to see the number of crosses that are always sent by members. Again, last November, we were most honoured to be visited by both Her Majesty The Queen and our Patron H.R.H. Prince Philip. Her Majesty recognised the Association plot without the slightest prompt, and commented that she was pleased to have the photograph that I sent to her of the occasion when she was being shown Captain Beck's watch at the ceremony at Sandringham in January last year. Members may obtain and send crosses to be placed in our plot if they wish to commemorate anybody who took part in the Campaign.

BATTLEFIELD TOURS

There have been two successful tours this year, one in May and the other in September. These are, in our opinion, the very best tours that go to Gallipoli in terms of value for money, expert instruction interlaced with innumerable anecdotes, flexibility to choose what you would like to see, and trouble-free administration, and they all engender a very nice atmosphere. They are for all ages. Michael Hickey, has agreed to carry on next year – "...just as long as I can get up Plugge's Plateau"! Next year there will be a tour in May, and another in September depending on demand. If you would like to go on one of them you should contact Hugh Jenner, sooner rather than later.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

This is a new innovation by John Crowe, from whom cards are available for those of you who would like to have some. The venture is already a success and provides a benefit to the Association. We would therefore like to encourage you to obtain some and send them out to your friends.

LEGACIES

The Association benefits from time to time from legacies. These range from any amount, both small and large. Recently we received one for £5,000 which will be an enormous help to us. If you would like to consider remembering the Association in your Will I can assure you that it will be in a very good cause, and help to perpetuate the memory of all who took part in that Campaign.

MARKETING AND MANAGEMENT SUB-COMMITTEE

This sub-committee consisting of Hugh Jenner, James Watson Smith, Bill Marsh and Andy Mullen, has continued with its good work thinking up ideas and generally making progress on Association affairs.

THE COMMITTEE

It is a continual struggle to find adequate words to explain to you just how much is done by your voluntary Committee. They are absolutely dedicated to the task and full of enthusiasm for the aims and objectives of the Association. They do an enormous amount of work in their own free time, and we all owe them a tremendous debt of gratitude. As you can see in the magazine, they consist of James Watson Smith our tireless, hard working and long-standing Secretary, Bill Marsh our Treasurer who has done such an impressive job running the accounts and all the membership matters, David Saunders who is completely responsible for the massive task of putting together the ever popular *Gallipollian* three times a year, Hugh Jenner who leads the Sub Committee which is to a large extent the engine room of the Association, Michael Hickey Military Historian and amazing Tour Guide, John Crowe who has already made his name with the Service at West Newton and the Christmas cards, and Andy Mullen who devised our website originally and first launched us into the modern world of IT. Not only would I like to thank all of them on your behalf for all that they do and have done for your Association, but also for the unstinting support and inspiration that they give me personally. We are so lucky to have them.

GENERAL OUTLOOK

We have achieved another increase in membership. The tours and bursaries and the various functions commemorating the Campaign across the country, are all furthering the objectives of the Association. The revamped website has exciting possibilities. Members should be able to benefit more and more from exchanges of information. Our finances are in good order. I trust also that our lunches both on 25 April and at The Naval Club are enjoyed by all who come. In short we thriving! However, we will need help and I would ask anyone who feels that they may be able to contribute in some way to let us know.

C.T.F. Fagan Chairman.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 2005

The Income and Expenditure Account and the Balance Sheet for the year ended 31 December 2005, duly certified by an Independent Examiner, are enclosed with this copy of *The Gallipolian*.

The Association's financial situation remains strong. Income is up by over £2,500:00 on last year although most of this increase is accounted for by members paying their 2006 subscriptions in advance. Unfortunately, 2005 saw an increase in Expenditure of over £2,000:00 year on year, mainly due to a sharp increase in Committee Expenses and Marketing costs. Sales of Association merchandise remain buoyant and donations from members are holding up well.. A profit on the Association's Tours has also helped our Income flow.

Overall we had a deficit for the year of £2,012:00. This has resulted in a corresponding decrease in the Association's overall reserves which now stand at £5,758:00.

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

W. J. Marsh, Honoary Treasurer
24 October 2006

SUBSCRIPTION 2007

Subscriptions are due on 1 January. The rates are:

Member £15.00; Couple £20.00

Overseas Member £20.00; Overseas Couple £25.00

Subscriptions to the Treasurer/Membership Secretary, Gallipoli Association,
Frinton Cottage, 3 Cambridge Road, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, CO13 9HN.
Tel: 01255 672859

MEMORIAL SERVICE 10 SEPTEMBER 2006

JOHN CROWE

On Sunday 10 September 2006 the second memorial service was held at St Peter and St Paul, West Newton, on the Sandringham Estate, Norfolk conducted by the Reverend Jonathan Riviere in memory of the men of the 5th Battalion of the Norfolk Regiment under Captain Beck who died at Suvla Bay 12 August 1915. On a glorious sunny day well over 150 people crammed into the small church designed for approximately 120. All those attending were given sprigs of Rosemary by great grand daughters of a veteran and great nieces of a member of the Association. Over 20 members of the Association attended including Edward Hunter a grandson of Captain Beck and Graham Beck a great nephew. Organisations represented were the Britain Australia Association whose National Chairman Rohan Courtney was present. The British Legion, The Royal Norfolk & Royal Anglian Regiment Association and the local Police Inspector. The Royal Anglian Regiment by Major Dean Stefanetti and the Sandringham Army Cadet Unit led by Lieutenant Steve Davison and the Air Force cadets by Flight Lieutenant Pauline Petch.

There were many people who had members of their family at Gallipoli including one wonderful lady Mrs Betty Orwell aged 96 years from Newmarket who had been five years old when her father was killed at Gallipoli. Five standards were presented to the altar during the service. Colonel Michael Hickey of the Association read a lesson as did the Estate Agent Mr Marcus O'Lone. Lieutenant Colonel Mustafa Gonel Military Attache at the Turkish Embassy in London attended with his wife, son and daughter. He read the now famous words of Attaturk with great passion bringing tears to the eyes of many of the congregation (he has since joined the Association).

A wreath was laid by Edward Hunter on behalf of the Association followed by five others. Lieutenant Commander Arthur Coxon of the Association read the exaltation with great conviction. The collection was taken by members of the Sandringham Army Cadet unit. After the service everyone attended the village hall for tea and Anzac biscuits where there was again a large display of photographs and accounts of many who served at Gallipoli. Lieutenant Colonel Gonel with his family made a great impression with all those present and especially Mrs Orwell. The day was a great success and Sunday 9 September 2007 has already been set aside for next years service. I hope you will make an effort to attend.

Footnote: Unfortunately the wreath ordered by the Sandringham Army Cadet Unit arrived too late for the service. As the author of the above report, John Crowe, whose father served with the 5th Battalion under Captain Beck was making a visit to Turkey soon afterwards he was asked by Lieutenant Davison to lay it at the Helles Memorial. On 28 September the wreath was duly laid under the tablet naming Captain Beck and other Norfolk men who died on 12 August 1915.



Mrs Betty Orwell and Lieutenant-Colonel Mustafa Gonel



*Edward Hunter (centre) with Captain Beck's match
Colonel Michael Hickey and Lieutenant-Colonel Mustafa Gonel look on*
Photographs John Crowe

GALLIPOLI TOUR OCTOBER 2006

PETER RAMSDEN

The Association's tours to Gallipoli run to a well tried and tested schedule, led by Hugh Jenner and guided by Michael Hickey, and yet every tour is different. What makes every tour unique, of course, are the connections with the Campaign that inspire us to visit Gallipoli. For me, it is the connection with the men from my home town – Macclesfield, in Cheshire – who were members of the 7th Cheshire Regiment, a Territorial battalion which landed at Suvla as part of the 53rd Division in IX Corps. They scarcely knew where they were because of the secrecy surrounding the operation and they had not been particularly well briefed or well trained for the task that faced them. Yet they joined battle with such enthusiasm and patriotism, judging from the many letters home published in the local newspapers, that their sacrifice deserves to be remembered. Nearly a thousand of them landed on 'C' beach and one hundred of them were killed during the four months they were part of the Gallipoli Campaign.

I had obtained some maps from the National Archives at Kew that featured the old grid-referencing system. Using these together with the battalion war diaries that had grid references for some entries, it was possible to plot the movements of the Battalion and confirm their involvement in the unsuccessful attempts to take Scimitar Hill, which cost so many of the casualties in the Battalion. The war diaries are also available at Kew and it is an experience to be able to handle the actual copies that were written up by the Adjutant before being sent back up the line to brigade headquarters. A real connection with history and the challenges faced by these men nearly a century ago. A highlight of the tour was to be able to stand on the summit of Scimitar Hill, which sadly they never attained as their Turkish adversaries fought long and hard to defend it, and to look back to the beaches at Suvla where they landed, just a few miles away.

Another member of the group, Graham Bravey, was also particularly interested in the Suvla Landings as he knew that his father, Corporal Charles Bravey, also a Territorial soldier, was serving with the Royal Army Medical Corps and had landed at Suvla in August 1915. Graham didn't know which unit his father had served with but subsequent research at the National Archives, Kew has confirmed that his father served with the 2nd Welsh Field Ambulance, also part of the 53rd Division. The Division comprised Territorial units mainly from Cheshire and Wales, including three field ambulance units which were all recruited in Wales. Graham's father would also, therefore, have landed near Lala Baba and have had to cope with the disorganisation that followed the landings and the stream of wounded men that would quickly have become a major challenge for the Army's medical services. The war diaries of all three Field Ambulance units survive at Kew, so it will be possible for Graham to carry out further research.

Jack and Rosemary House, together with Jack's sister Jo Wright, had come in search of Jack and Jo's grandfather Company Sergeant Major David Watson DCM, who was serving with the 1/4th (Border) Battalion, King's Own Scottish Borderers when he was killed on 12 July 1915. The Sergeant Major was one of over three hundred men who were killed, together with two hundred injured, in an assault towards Achi Baba that became known as "The Charge". This event had a devastating effect on both the Battalion and one of its home towns – Hawick – where each year still the townspeople gather on 12 July to remember the men lost and injured on that date in 1915. Most of the men who were killed, including David Watson, have no known grave and are commemorated on the Helles Memorial, where Jo, Jack and Rosemary found his name. They were also seeking, on behalf of friends, some trace of Private F.T. "Eddie" Cole, serving with the Canterbury Regiment of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. Although born in Somerset, he had emigrated and later joined the New Zealand Army. His name was found, among so many others from his adopted country, at Lone Pine where some soil from the farm where he was born was scattered in his memory.

Many Association members visit Gallipoli, initially at least, with a more general interest. This was Pat Bradley's perspective on the campaign and she has a particular interest in the Gurkha Rifles. Four battalions of the Gurkhas fought in the Gallipoli campaign, forming the 29th Indian Infantry Brigade which was attached to the New Zealand and Australian Division, and making their name in the heroic but ultimately futile assault on Sari Bair in an attempt to divert the Turks' attention from the landings at Suvla.

The autumn tour this year took place in early October, the latest time in the year that the Association has undertaken a tour. It was fortunate that we hadn't visited the week before when Gallipoli had experienced several days of torrential rain, leaving watercourses full and usually fordable streams impassable. This we discovered when trying to drive out to Lala Baba in our minibus. Despite the best efforts of Chunate, our capable driver, we had to abandon the attempt that day, some of us returning the next day to walk to Lala Baba. The time of the visit also meant that it was Ramadan, when devout Muslims fast from sunrise to sunset. This was marked by an early morning session (4.00am!) of drumming in the town square in Eceabat, where we were staying, and the firing of a canon in the evening. Who needs an alarm clock when you have a drummer outside your window early in the morning?

The effects of the previous week's severe weather were again apparent when we learned that the road from Chunuk Bair to Bigali was closed because of a landslide, caused by the excessive rainfall. It was therefore necessary to take an alternative route to the village where Mustafa Kemal had his base when commanding the 19th Division. We discovered that the centre of Bigali had been transformed over the summer, as part of a programme of renovations and improvements taking place in the area. The village square has been landscaped and paved, as has the road up to Mustafa Kemal's house. A picnic area has been laid out on what was previously empty ground behind the square

and the Turkish flag is much in evidence. A new small museum of rural life has also been established and many of the buildings around the square have had their frontages repaired and painted – the café/bar in the square even has new railings around it! Mustafa Kemal's house, however, remains untouched and provides an interesting insight into the domestic life of this remarkable man.

The “options” day of the tour provides the opportunity for people to explore particular interests in the landscape of the Gallipoli campaign. On this occasion the group divided into two, one half led by Michael and the other by Hugh. Michael and his party set off to look for the location of the ill-fated action in which the King's Own Scottish Borderers had suffered so severely. Michael, whose map and compass work is second to none, led the group into an olive grove on the outskirts of Krithia (now renamed Alci-tepe) which was as close as he could estimate to the area where Sergeant Major Watson and his fellow soldiers had fought and died. He pointed out the straight lines of bushes which were possibly the lines of overgrown Turkish trenches. A moment of remembrance was observed and inscribed remembrance crosses were placed in this now peaceful olive grove, so different from the noise and strife this ground had once seen.

Meanwhile, the “patrol group” donned their boots and rucksacks and set off from Embarkation Pier Cemetery to walk via Nibrunesi Point and Lala Baba across the Cut to the far side of the Salt Lake. We walked along the landing beaches, explored some of the very evident trenches on Lala Baba before wading across the cut, some ten metres across and thigh-deep, and finishing with a quick swim in the sea. The expedition was further enlivened by finding a pair of tortoises along the way, the sight of flamingos on the Salt Lake and an encounter with a shepherd, his flock of sheep and several large dogs, whose barking seemed fortunately only to be bravado!

Later in the day the Association broke new ground when, guided by Michael Hickey with a copy of a War Office map of 1908, we set off in the minibus to explore the Lines of Bulair. We followed the old road north towards Istanbul for some miles, along high ground to the east of the new road, before eventually locating Fort Sultan – one of three large forts that, with some smaller works, comprise a defensive position that stretches for three miles across the peninsula at one of its narrowest points. Built by English and French military engineers during the Crimean War, the line of forts, named Napoleon, Sultan and Victoria, were occupied by the Turks in 1915 and shelled by French warships from the Gulf of Saros prior to the landings.

Our time in Gallipoli came all too quickly to its end, before the return to Istanbul, with a visit to the Helles Memorial and a short service of remembrance, led by Jack House. There can be no more appropriate place to end a tour of the Gallipoli battlefields than here, and no more appropriate words with which to conclude this tour report than with those from the introduction to the CWGC Memorial Register.

“By the Treaty of Lausanne, the Helles Memorial is established in perpetuity to

overlook the land and the seas on which, for three thousand years Europe and Asia have fought, and on which twelve years ago, the fiercest conflict of all began and ended. It is no disparagement of the stubborn and successful valour of the Turks that its inscriptions recall the self-sacrifice of men from Western Europe, from Australia and New Zealand, from Asia, from Africa, who fought under the British flag. It is a memorial to the dead of an unsuccessful but a supremely glorious campaign."

GALLIPOLI TOURS 2007

19-27 May and 22-30 September

See flyer with this copy of *The Gallipolitan* or contact Major Hugh Jenner
address on inside front cover for more information.

RND LOCATIONS

Between June 1997 and March 2003 Len Sellers, author of *The Hood Battalion* published in 1995, single-handed produced and distributed twenty-four issues of the journal *RND* which as the title suggests dealt exclusively with the Royal Naval Division at Antwerp, Gallipoli and the Western Front. Published in A4 format and profusely illustrated the journal runs to some 2,500 pages in addition to which there are three indexes. Material being drawn from a wealth of archives and collections still in private hands. Further information concerning *RND* is available from Len Sellers, Honeysuckle House, 17A Bellhouse Road, Eastwood, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, SS9 5NL. Full sets of *RND* are available for research at the following locations.

Accrington Library
Admiralty Library, Portsmouth, Hampshire
Birmingham University, World War One Study Centre
Fleet Air Arm Museum, Yeovilton, Somerset. (Home of *RND* service records.)
Imperial War Museum, London. Department of Printed Books
King's College, London. Liddle Hart Centre for Military Archives
Leeds University. The Liddle Collection, Special Collections, Brotherton Library
National Army Museum, Chelsea, London
Royal Marines Museum, Southsea, Hampshire
Royal Naval Museum, Portsmouth, Hampshire
Royal Signals Museum, Blandford, Dorset

150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE VICTORIA CROSS SERVICE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY 26 JUNE 2006

DEREK HUNT

A service of Commemoration was held at Westminster Abbey on Monday 26 June 2006 to mark the 150th anniversary of the institution of the Victoria Cross and the 50th anniversary of the Victoria Cross and George Cross Association.

HRH The Prince of Wales, President of the Victoria Cross and George Cross Association, accompanied by The Duchess of Cornwall attended the service. There were approximately 2,100 other invited guests in the Abbey, the majority of whom were descendents of past holders of the VC or GC. Eight of the surviving 12 VC holders and 22 of the surviving 24 GC holders attended. The Island of Malta GC was represented by His Excellency Dr Michael Refalo, High Commissioner for Malta and the Royal Ulster Constabulary GC was represented by Mr Jim McDonald, Chairman, The RUC GC Foundation.

The British government, the Armed Services and representatives of Regiments and other service units, as well as civilian and ex service organizations with a VC or GC connection were also represented. In addition, those who, through their friendship and support have assisted the Association during its lifetime were also invited to the service.

The 26 June is a significant date in the history of the Victoria Cross: it was the date chosen for the first investiture in 1857 and the centenary reunion in 1956. It was also the date of the Buckingham Palace Garden Party for VC recipients and their families in 1920 (see note page 18).

The service began at 1100 with the Opening Fanfare, played by the State Trumpeters of the Household Cavalry. Their Royal Highnesses The Prince of Wales and The Duchess of Cornwall were received at the Great West Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster before taking their seats. The Sub-Dean The Reverend Robert Wright, read the bidding and after a hymn Brian Hanrahan read from a VC citation for "A Platoon Sergeant". Although not mentioned by name, the soldier was Sergeant Ian McKay VC, 3rd Battalion The Parachute Regiment, who was killed on Mount Longdon in the Falkland Islands in 1982. This was followed by Psalm 119 sung by the choir and then Colonel Stuart Archer GC, Chairman of the VC and GC Association, read from Isaiah 61.

The Prince of Wales and The Duchess of Cornwall, together with the Chaplain to the Association and a few chosen recipients of the VC and GC made their way to the VC and GC Memorial by the Great West Door for the Act of Remembrance. Private

Johnson Beharry VC, who received his award for two separate acts of heroism in Iraq in 2004, was one of the VCs escorting the Royal couple. Lance-Corporal Chris Finney GC, who also received his award for Iraq, was one of the GC escorts. Of all the VC and GC holders present, only Beharry and Finney were in uniform.

As the procession moved towards the memorial the choir sang a hymn. The Chaplain spoke of those "whose valour in the face of the enemy, and whose most conspicuous gallantry in extremity of danger, is honoured here in this Abbey Church". The Prince of Wales then laid a wreath by the memorial. *The Last Post* was sounded and Sir Ronald Flanagan, for the RUC GC, read the immortal lines "They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old..." After the congregation had responded with "We will remember them" *Reveille* was sounded. Their Royal Highnesses, together with the Chaplain and escorts, returned to their places while the band played *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* by Bach. Large TV screens were situated throughout the Abbey so that everyone could obtain a good view of the proceedings, and the service was broadcast live on BBC1.

The Right Reverend and Right Honourable Dr Richard Chartres, the Bishop of London, then delivered his sermon. In it he said:

'The hollowed out cannon ball, packed with gunpowder, with its fuse burning, landed on the deck of the *Hecla*, part of the Anglo-French fleet sent to the Baltic at the beginning of the Crimean War. The 20-year-old midshipman Charles Lucas from Armagh ignored the warning shouts around him, gathered up the explosive shell and heaved it over the side of the ship. It exploded on the waterline without causing carnage on the deck.

The very first VC was awarded to Charles Lucas for this act of valour. He lived to become a Rear Admiral and his great grandson is here in the Abbey to lead the procession to the Altar.

The Victoria Cross for "valour in the face of the enemy" together with the George Cross for heroism "in circumstances of extreme danger," represent the gold standard of courage.

Before 1856 there was no such thing as a gallantry award for those who fought under the British flag unless they were above the rank of major. The Crimean War, however, was the first to be fought under the scrutiny of the media and this fuelled a public demand for some recognition of valour open to all ranks.

The records show that Prince Albert and Queen Victoria herself took close personal interest in the development of the Cross which having been instituted in 1856 was first awarded by the Queen to Crimean veterans on this very day June 26th 1857, in the largest military ceremonial ever staged in London until then. It was a brilliantly hot day in Hyde Park. The Queen riding her favourite

horse Sunset, bent down to attach the crosses to loops sewn on every man's uniform. There is no solid historical evidence but merely a rumour that Commander Raby of the Naval Brigade the first actually to receive his Cross, stood unflinching as the royal aim missed the loop and pinned the medal directly upon his chest.

The Times was unimpressed by the design of the decoration, calling it "plain and homely, not to say coarse looking". But the unpretentious dignity of the cross has lasted well and suits the modesty which so often accompanies great courage.

Also present today is the daughter of the first person to be awarded the George Cross in 1940. Thomas Alderson was an Air Raid warden in Bridlington. His was an example of sustained courage in the darkest months of the war on the home front. On several occasions while air raids were actually in progress overhead he tunnelled under wrecked buildings to bring out survivors despite gas leaks and collapsing debris.

Abstract words like valour and gallantry are brought to life by the many individual stories which we remember in this celebration. So many of these stories reveal that men and women give of their best not for some grand idea, some ism, but out of love, loyalty and comradeship. Kevin Wheatley, an Australian VC from 1965, could have saved himself but he chose to stay with a mortally wounded comrade and paid the price. "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

It is good to remember such actions. We are sad when an individual loses their memory. They seem to have lost part of their identity. But we are not always equally alive to the tragedy of a people or a civilisation losing its memory of those personal stories which give an electric charge to abstract concepts like sacrifice and duty and turn words into inspiring examples.

We must be careful of course what and how we remember. The stories of those who have been honoured with the VC and GC also frequently reveal the horror of war as well as the extraordinary quality of people who regard themselves as ordinary. As George Cross holder Odette said of her service with SOE – "I am a very ordinary woman to whom a chance was given to see human beings at their best and at their worst."

Part of the glory of this gathering is that it shows courage springs from the soil of every continent as well as from every part of our own British Isles. Appreciation of courage unites different countries and levels all distinctions. Courage is often instinctive rather than thought out but it is a reaching after what is deepest and truest in our common human nature – "what is good and acceptable and perfect" as St Paul says.

Courage is the expression of our deepest being and reaching after it may involve the sacrifice of many desirable things – pleasure, comfort and even existence itself. But life in all its fullness only opens up when we have found the courage to confront death and to reach out for our deepest being.

Courage is a vital ingredient in any life worth living and while some have predicted that technological developments in warfare will make raw personal courage less significant, recent history has proved them wrong. Johnson Beharry and Christopher Finney's courage in Iraq confronts us starkly with what we are expecting our servicemen and women to be and to do in our own time but it also proves that they are in every way the equal of the generations which have gone before over the past 150 years.

As we assemble here we remember the work of the armed forces and emergency services confronting a dangerous world at a time in which the best can sometimes seem to lack all conviction while the worst are full of a passionate intensity. In these perilous circumstances there is all the more reason to celebrate and listen to the stories which the recipients of the Victoria Cross and George Cross have to tell us – “Consider what is noble in the sight of all”, says St Paul. Courage is what we need. All goes if courage goes.

After the sermon, the choir sang *Greater Love*. Prayers were made by the Chaplain to the Association and the Chaplains to each of the Armed Forces, and the congregation then sang the hymn *He who would valiant be*. Martha Kearney read from a GC citation for “An Air Stewardess”. Although not mentioned by name, the air stewardess was Barbara Harrison, who died in a fire on an aircraft at Heathrow Airport in 1968. This was followed by the choir singing Psalm 121.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Tasker Watkins VC, Deputy President of the Association, read from Romans 12. Everyone stood to sing *I vow to thee my country*, during which the first awarded VC and GC were borne to the Altar. Michael Adams, great-grandson of Rear Admiral Charles Lucas VC who was awarded the first VC on 21 June 1854, led the procession. Mr Adams had an escort of four descendents of VC holders. Pamela Wilson, daughter of Thomas Alderson GC who was awarded the first GC on 1 September 1940, carried her father's GC and was escorted by four descendents of GC holders.

The Sub-Dean spoke the Act of Commitment and the Blessing, and the congregation sang the National Anthem. As Their Royal Highnesses moved to the West End of the Abbey to depart for a lunchtime reception, the first VC and GC procession made its way down the nave. The bells of the Abbey were rung to mark the end of the service. Everything had gone as planned with military precision, which was a tribute to the organisers of this historic occasion.

Then followed a reception in St James's Square Gardens afterwards for the living

holders of the Victoria Cross and George Cross and their guests and the descendents of past holders. The band of the Light Division played in the Square while refreshments were served. The Prince of Wales met all the VC and GC holders before he addressed the 1,700 strong gathering. He said in his address:

“Circumstances may change, technology may change, but the capacity for some very rare human beings to act in an utterly exceptional and selfless way remains unchanged by the passage of time.”

The Daily Telegraph of 27 June 2006 recorded the views of several of the VC holders present. They all said that they merely represented the “other VCs who had died, either in the act of winning the medal, or since”. Sir Tasker Watkins VC, one of the oldest VCs at 89, said: “We are just the ones fortunate enough to be recognised in this way, and who are still here”. Private Johnson Beharry VC, (since promoted Lance Corporal) at 26 the youngest VC holder present, added: “Every man’s actions were different and some don’t like to talk about them much, but they all say the same thing: they didn’t do it on their own”.

The names of all the VC recipients represented by their families were listed at the back of the Order of Service booklet, a copy of which every member of the congregation received. Descendents of the following six Gallipoli VC recipients attended:

Admiral M Nasmith VC,
Rear Admiral E G Robinson VC,
2nd Lt A V Smith VC,
Captain W J Symons VC,
Captain E Unwin VC,
Major R Willis VC.

Acknowledgements: Mrs Didy Grahame MVO Secretary of the VC and GC Association, Westminster Abbey Order of Service booklet 26 June 2006, *The Daily Telegraph* 27 June 2006, *The Times* 27 June 2006

Note: A book about the 1920 VC Garden Party, *A Party fit for Heroes*, by Derek Hunt and John Mulholland is to be published shortly.

DONALD BLAND MEMORIAL BURSARY ARTICLE

THE BATTLE OF GULLY RAVINE

28 JUNE 1915

MARC STEWART

I have always been aware of my family's involvement in the First World War, due in no small part to the tales my Grandmother told, and indeed still does tell me about our relatives who saw military service during that conflict. One ancestor was gassed on the Western Front, another served aboard HMS *Cordelia* at Jutland, whilst a third was killed on the first day of the Battle of Arras, leaving behind a wife and three young children. However, the stories concerning my great-great-uncle, Paul Henry Farmer, particularly caught my attention. At the time of his death in November 1917, Paul was a twenty-four year old sergeant serving with 1/7th Scottish Rifles in Palestine¹, and further research revealed that before fighting in the Holy Land, Paul had fought at Gallipoli.

Paul and his comrades landed at Cape Helles on 14 June, and were soon thrown into the full rigours of campaign life, first digging new trenches and then holding sections of the front-line itself. They were shortly to take part in a major offensive that hoped to clear the Turks from part of Gully Ravine and place Allied troops on the seaward side of Krithia, consolidating the recent victory that had been achieved by French forces on the eastern side of the Peninsula. Lieutenant-General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston, GOC VIII Corps, ordered that after Turkish positions either side of the Ravine had been bombarded for two hours, the 156th Brigade and 88th Brigade were to advance and capture a half-mile stretch of the Turkish front-line on the landward side of the Ravine. The 87th Brigade would simultaneously seize the enemy trenches facing them on the seaward side of Gully Ravine. Once these objectives had been achieved, the 86th Brigade would leapfrog 87th Brigade and capture a further section of the Turkish trenches. The attack was to take place on the morning of 28 June.

The British bombardment began at 0900, yet the Turks quickly launched a counter-bombardment, shelling trenches that were now filled with men waiting to go into the attack. Casualties were so heavy in 156th Brigade that a platoon of 1/7th Scottish Rifles (the Brigade's reserve battalion)² had to be brought up from the rear to replace those men that had already been killed. By 1100, the British bombardment had lifted and the main advance began. The *Fifty-Second (Lowland) Division, 1914-1918* stated that

“there wasn't the slightest hesitation on the part of any battalion...a perfect storm of machine-gun and rifle-fire burst on them, the bullets whipping up the dust and the Turkish shrapnel coming down like hail. The ground to be crossed was rough going but nearly flat, and the troops were exposed to view and fire from the moment they went over the parapet.”³

The men of 1/4th and 1/7th Royal Scots surged forwards, capturing the first and second lines of enemy trenches. However, an undetected machine-gun nest on the extreme right burst into action, inflicting heavy casualties upon the two battalions: the C.O. of 1/4th Royal Scots, Lieut. Col. S. R. Dunn, was himself mortally wounded.⁴ Nevertheless, 1/7th Royal Scots pushed on and successfully captured part of trench H12a, later seizing a section of trench H12.⁵

To the right of the Royal Scots, the men of 1/8th Scottish Rifles encountered fierce resistance from the Turks entrenched before them. Here, the British artillery barrage had consisted of shrapnel, rather than high explosives, and so little damage had been done to the Turkish trenches. Moreover, many eyewitnesses recalled that few shells landed on the trenches in front of 1/8th Scottish Rifles, most falling on Turkish positions to their left. As a result, the first wave of attacking Scottish Riflemen was cut down as it advanced across no-mans land, falling victim to rifle fire from trench H12, and from another undetected machine-gun nest (consisting of between six and eight machine-guns).⁶ Undeterred, the second and third lines of 1/8th Scottish Rifles emerged from their trenches, only to meet the same fate as the first line. Within five minutes, twenty-five out of twenty-six officers and nearly 450 men had become casualties, some 300 being killed. So heavy were the losses of 1/8th Scottish Rifles that two companies of 1/7th Scottish Rifles were brought forwards into the attack, and of these men some fourteen officers and 258 other ranks became casualties, 150 being killed.⁷

To add to the horror, much of the dried vegetation that covered the battlefield caught fire as the intensity of the Turkish counter-bombardment increased. Many badly wounded soldiers who had taken shelter beneath dried shrubs and bushes slowly burned to death, their injuries being so severe that they could not escape from the flames. One gallant individual, Corporal John Rankine from 8th Scottish Rifles, repeatedly went out into No Man's Land and brought back several wounded men, despite being severely wounded himself, and continued to do so until he collapsed from sheer exhaustion. He later died of his wounds.⁸

At 1147, Brigadier-General Scott-Moncrieff (GOC 156th Brigade)⁹ received the following order from the Major-General de Lisle (GOC 29th Division), the general in overall command of operations on 28th June:

"H12 is to be taken at all cost. If necessary you will send forward your reserve battalion."¹⁰

Clearly, de Lisle was unaware that half of the reserve battalion had already been sent forward. Nevertheless, Scott-Moncrieff ordered the two remaining companies of 1/7th Scottish Rifles to move up to the firing line, and he himself went forward to assess the situation. Struggling through trenches filled with the dead and dying, the remaining two companies of 1/7th Scottish Rifles eventually reached the front line. Seeing that

elements of the previous attack had reached trench H12a, Scott-Moncrieff sent the following report back to de Lisle:

“2 Coys 7th Scottish Rifles have attacked and got into a small piece of H12A opposite the kink in the old fire trenches. They are enfiladed from their right and I am sending the last two coys of my Brigade against the right of H.12A”.¹¹

A few minutes later, Scott-Moncrieff was shot dead as he emerged from a sap in No Man's Land, personally leading his men into the attack.

The fighting continued throughout the afternoon, with the Turks launching ferocious bombing attacks on the British positions. In the late afternoon, 1/5th Royal Scots and 1st Essex launched a new attack on trench H12. Few succeeded in reaching their objective, and a subsequent attack proved similarly unsuccessful. After nightfall, the remnants of 156th Brigade holding the western end of trenches H12 and H12a were relieved by 2nd Hampshire, a process complicated by the narrow trenches littered with the dead and dying, and by two Turkish counter attacks. Both assaults were repulsed, and the relief was complete by daybreak, 156th Brigade having reached the reserve trenches at Twelve Tree Copse. The following day, British troops consolidated the Turkish trenches that had been captured during the battle, the chaplain of 1/4th Royal Scots graphically describing their condition:

“To the ordinary litter and filth to be expected where the Turks had been settled for months were added the wreck and ruin wrought by the bombardment, the scattered remains of food dishes, firewood, articles of clothing and kit, abandoned in the scurry and scramble of flight before our bayonets. The mangled bodies of the dead, unburied, half-buried, or partially dug-up by HE shells, under the fierce heat, with loathsome clouds of flies, could only be dealt with by fire. The valley, with its heaps of rotting refuse, its burning pyres and sickening stench was a veritable Gehenna.”¹²

The Fifty-Second Lowland Division, 1914-1918 records that during the Battle of Gully Ravine, the 1/7th Scottish Rifles suffered casualties of some eight officers and 116 other ranks killed,¹³ died of wounds or missing, with a further three officers and 114 other ranks wounded.¹⁴ Due to the heavy losses suffered by the two battalions of Scottish Rifles, a composite battalion was formed out of their remnants (a move subsequently copied by the remains of the two Royal Scots battalions).

So heavy had their losses been on 28 June, the men of 156th Brigade played little part in subsequent events on the Peninsula, and were eventually evacuated with the rest of 52nd Division on 8 January 1916. The Division subsequently became part of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, fighting its way across the Sinai Peninsula and up through Palestine, towards Jerusalem. On 23 November 1917, a day in which his battalion's war diary states that “nothing of importance” occurred,¹⁵ my great great

uncle Paul (see photo opposite) was killed, either by a Turkish sniper or by Turkish shrapnel, at a place called Nebi Samwil, a few miles northwest of Jerusalem. Shortly afterwards, the city was occupied by Allenby's victorious army. Paul now lies in Jerusalem War Cemetery, at the northern end of the Mount of Olives.

It seems only fitting that this short article should conclude with the oft-quoted epilogue of the official history of the Dardanelles campaign:

"The drama of the Dardanelles campaign, by reason of the beauty of its setting, the grandeur of its theme and the unhappiness of its ending, will always rank among the world's greatest tragedies. The story is a record of lost opportunities and eventual failure; yet it is a story which men of British race may ponder if not without pain, yet certainly not without pride, for amidst circumstances of unsurpassed difficulty and strain, the bravery, fortitude and stoical endurance of the invading troops upheld most worthily the high traditions of the fighting services of the Crown."

Note: Marc Stewart is a third-year History student at the University of Durham and with his father took part in the Association's walking tour of the Peninsula in September 2005, after having been awarded the Donald Bland Memorial Bursary. In the two weeks he spent on the Peninsula, Marc was able to walk in the footsteps of his great-great uncle, exploring the battlefield around Gully Ravine. This article is a précis of a talk given by Marc in the Department of History, University of Durham, in January 2006.

Text Notes

- 1 1/7th Scottish Rifles, a Territorial Force battalion which drew many of its recruits from Glasgow, formed part of 156th Brigade, 52nd (Lowland) Division.
 - 2 & 3 Lieut. Col. R. R. Thompson, M.C. *The Fifty-Second (Lowland) Division, 1914-1918* (Glasgow, 1923), p. 52 Thompson, *The Fifty-Second (Lowland) Division*, p. 53.
 - 4 Subsequently buried at sea, and commemorated on the Helles Memorial to the Missing.
 - 5 S. Chambers, *Battleground Europe: Gallipoli- Gully Ravine* (2003), pp. 91-3
 - 6 The author managed to locate the approximate position of this machine-gun nest when he visited Gallipoli in September 2005, the site still being littered with fired Turkish cartridges.
 - 7 Chambers, *Battleground Europe*, pp. 94-5
 - 8 Thompson, *Fifty-Second (Lowland) Division*, pp. 54-5
 - 9 Born in 1858, Brigadier-General W. Scott-Moncrieff was educated at Wimbledon School and RMC, Sandhurst, and was subsequently commissioned into the 57th Regiment. He saw service in the Zulu War of 1879, and in the Boer War (being
- continued on page 24*



Lance-Sergeant Paul Henry Farmer, 1/7th Scottish Rifles 10 January 1894–23 November 1917. A photograph probably taken at the time of his enlistment in 1914.

severely wounded in the leg at Spion Kop, leaving him slightly lame). Called out of retirement on the outbreak of the First World War, he was appointed Temporary Brigadier-General and in January 1915 accepted command of 156th Brigade. He is believed to be buried in Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery, along with many of his men who fell on 28th January 1915.

10 WO95/ 4321

11 Thompson, *The Fifty-Second (Lowland) Division*, p. 60

12 Thompson, *The Fifty-Second (Lowland) Division*, p. 66

13 Including the battalion's commanding officer, Lieut. Col. John Boyd Wilson (now buried in Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery).

14 Thompson, *The Fifty-Second (Lowland) Division*, p. 67

15 WO95/ 4610

16 Brig.-Gen. C. F. Aspinall-Oglander, *History of the Great War Based on Official Documents: Military Operations – Gallipoli*, Vol. II (London, 1932), p. 479

Bibliography:

Primary sources: National Archives, WO95/ 4321 (War Diaries of the various units of 156th Brigade, including 1/7th Scottish Rifles, covering the period May 1915– January 1916)

Secondary sources: Aspinall-Oglander, Brig.-Gen. C. F., *History of the Great War Based on Official Documents: Military Operations– Gallipoli*, Vol. II (London, 1932).

Chambers, S., *Battleground Europe: Gallipoli– Gully Ravine* (2003)

Thomson, M.C., Lieut.-Col. R. R., *The Fifty-Second (Lowland) Division, 1914-1918* (Glasgow, 1923)

A LAST LINK WITH OMDURMAN

Michael Hickey has drawn attention to an announcement in *The Daily Telegraph*, 7 October recording the death of Miss Cecilia Kenna aged 97, daughter of Brigadier General Paul Kenna VC. He had been awarded his Victoria Cross for bravery during the charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman in 1898, the charge in which Winston Churchill had participated. Kenna, one of Churchill's "Paladins" at Suvla in August where, according to a brother officer, when Turkish fire was becoming too hot for most of us he "persisted in getting up to watch it – he seemed almost to enjoy." He was eventually hit by a sniper on 29 August. While being carried on a stretcher he kept saying to the bearers "Excellent, excellent, you are not shaking me." Kenna died early the following morning and is buried in Lala Baba Cemetery. Participants in the Association's autumn tour had visited the grave just four days before Miss Kenna's death.

QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

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

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

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

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

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

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

SIMPSON BADGES

The Gallipoli Association holds a small stock of these most attractive badges produced by the ANZAC Day Commemoration Committee of Queensland. The Simpson Badge is an oval design (three-quarters of an inch) showing Simpson in classic pose with his donkey. Each badge costs £2.50 plus an s.a.e, orders please to The Treasurer, Gallipoli Association, Frinton Cottage, 3 Cambridge Road, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, CO13 9HN.

RESEARCH GROUP

Anybody willing to have an interesting time researching the Gallipoli campaign and who lives within reasonable reach of Kew is most welcome to join me on the second Tuesday of each month at 11.00 a.m. at the National Archives, formerly the Public Record Office. The meeting place is outside the bookshop near the entrance..

Clare Church, Co-ordinator

GALLIPOLI VICTORIA CROSSES AT AUCTION

Two Victoria Crosses at auction within a few weeks is an event not likely to be repeated and naturally attracted a good deal of publicity. We are most grateful to all those members who contributed newspaper reports and other material from which these short notes have been prepared.

It's our Shout as magnate buys war medal for the nation

Thus read the heading in *The Advertiser* 28 July following the purchase by media mogul Kerry Stokes of the Victoria Cross awarded posthumously to Captain Alfred John Shout for his bravery during the desperate battles at Lone Pine, Gallipoli in August 1915. The price of £491,567 was a world auction record and more than double the previous record, when the Victoria Cross of David Jackson of the RAF fetched £235,250 in 2004.

The last Victoria Cross in private hands in Australia was purchased anonymously but within a few days the name of the "mystery buyer" was revealed. Generously he has arranged for the medal to join the other Victoria Crosses in the Australian War Memorial, so ensuring that it remains in the country. The medal together with Captain Shout's Military Cross, awarded for his bravery during the April landings, was sold by his grandson to provide for his health care and for his children.

A short biography of Alfred Shout VC by Harry Willey has recently been published in *The Journal of the Victoria Cross Society*, No 9 October 2006 pages 31-34.

Snipping Round Cloyne Round Tower

The Ron Penhall collection was sold by Dix Noonan Webb on 22 September realising a staggering £1,965,010 excluding the buyers premium, the most valuable medal sale ever, a sale which will feature on Channel Five in the New Year.

The most important item, for which £180,000 was paid, was the Victoria Cross awarded to William Cosgrove, Royal Munster Fusiliers, for his exceptional bravery during the landings from the *River Clyde*. Later Cosgrove recalled how trying to cut the barbed wire at V Beach was like snipping round Cloyne Round Tower with a lady's scissors. Instead the "East Cork Giant" pulled the posts holding the wire out using his arms "the same as you'd lift a child". Surgeon Burrowes Kelly DSO, RN said "The manner in which this man worked out in the open will never be forgotten by those of us who were fortunate enough to witness it." Small wonder that William Cosgrove's Victoria Cross is considered one of the finest of the Gallipoli Campaign.

THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA TODAY

HUGH JENNER

Members will have noted in recent editions of this journal the changes which are taking place on the Gallipoli peninsula: the road -widening at ANZAC, and new car park behind Quinn's Post, to name but two. This year the changes are on a completely different scale and are immediately apparent. There are many more large coaches on the road every day, some with full-size pictures of Kemal Ataturk covering the sides of the coach. The same pictures can be seen on the sides of houses when entering Alcipte. One statistic, in particular, gave a rationale for some of the changes which follow: in 2001, one hundred thousand tickets for museums were sold; in 2005, the figure was three million!

Every day in the season coaches arrive from all parts of Turkey; these are the largest coaches possible. The roads are simply not capable of bearing this weight of traffic. One way systems are already in force on the Sari Bair Ridge; beyond Chunuk Bair the road to Bigali had collapsed in two places. In Bigali, itself, we found the village was being completely restored. Every house was getting a makeover; the village Square looked set for prosperity, the Toilets making way for a Museum! We were told that one hundred soldiers will spend three months on this task. It will be interesting to see the changes in October. New roads around Alcipte allow coach access to Achi Baba, and also a pleasant drive through the French Sector.

Where once there was a charming symbolic cemetery at the Turkish memorial, there is now a car park; the "cemetery" has moved two hundred yards right. Similar cemeteries are springing up in the open countryside with new access roads and car parks. Clearly there is a need to spread the tourist potential across the area available. There are changes, too, at the popular sites. Visitors to "the man with the shell" where there were about twenty coaches can buy from many more souvenir stalls; they will also see that he now carries the shell behind his back! Changes are taking place at the Helles Memorial. The Gun positions are being re-built and the view of the memorial from V Beach has changed slightly.

There is an excellent Information Centre just outside Eceabat, and more hotels are being built. I was surprised to find that the cypresses at Colonel Doughty-Wylie's grave had been removed. It is still a very moving place and the view to V Beach is stunning. Nearby there is a very well organised new museum stocked with interesting items. I have not recorded all the changes, but one more should be noted. At Kilitbahir, the battery position is being made into a museum. It was closed off, but when it opens each casement will house life-sizes models illustrating life for the gunners who manned the guns; judging by the improvements to other museums in the area, it will be well worth a visit, provided our coach can get anywhere near it.

The itinerary of the Association tour avoids much of the traffic chaos; but for how much longer? I hesitate to name the quieter places, but at Helles and Suvla it is still possible to listen to Michael Hickey in relative quiet though we did catch Foster Summerson and three other members of the Association 'off-roading' near Gully Ravine! We try to get past potential bottlenecks early in the day.

Finally, the changes to the Eceabat Hotel. B and TJ have worked wonders on the accommodation floors and the rooftop area for breakfast and evening entertainment is splendid. The dance troupe have added a charming young Belly Dancer to the act, as a result our whole group were enticed on to the dance floor! Those of us who have stayed there in the past will be pleased that it has lost none of its charm.

Happily some things never change. The land/seascapes are wonderful and the wild flowers were at their best, partly due to a late Spring. The hospitality of the people of Eceabat and Bigali is as warm and open as we all remember; as to EFES beer, it can still ease one day to the next perfectly. The company of the group make it all very worthwhile. If you have not been, the sooner you do so the better.

Why not join us in 2007?

The Tour Dates are 19 – 27 May and 22 – 30 September.

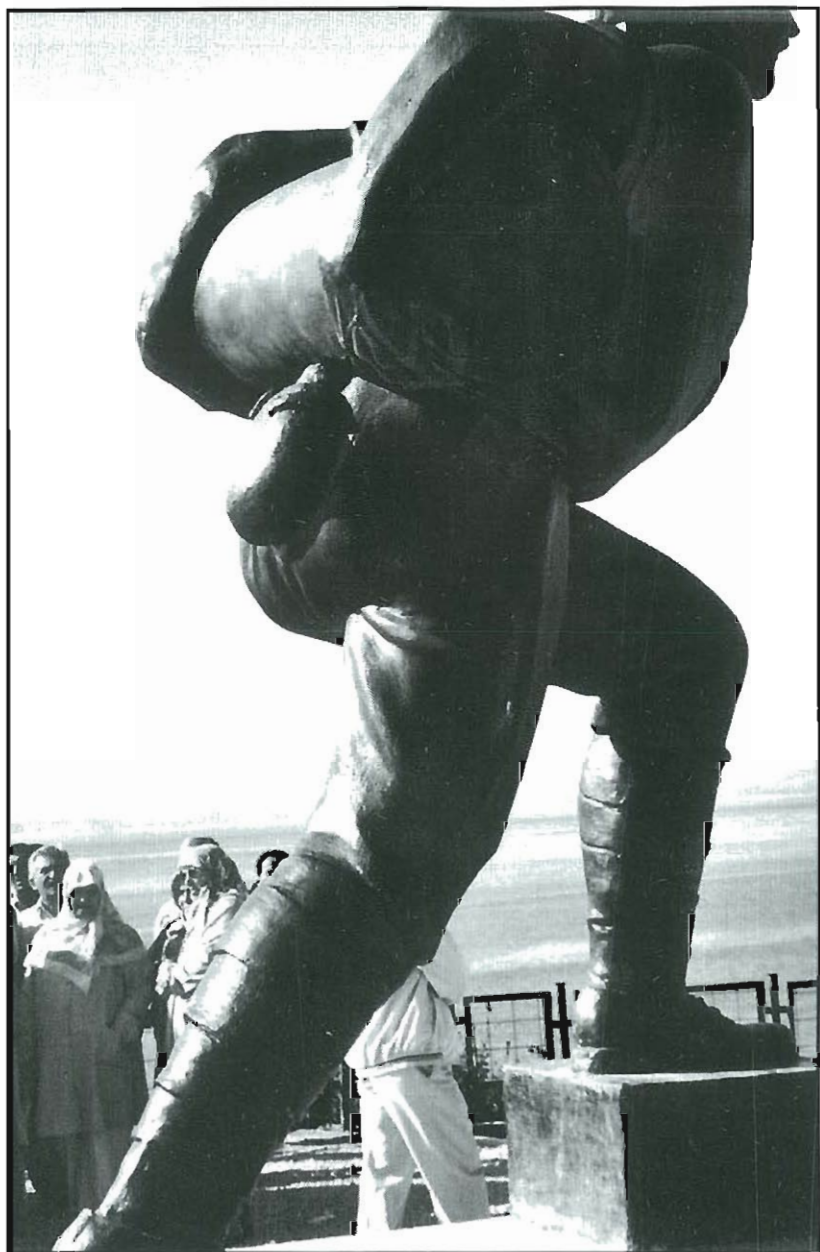
Bookings to myself, 73 Pymers Mead, London, SE21 8NJ

29 DIVISION MEMORIAL

11 MARCH 2007

The ceremony will take place at 1130 for 1200 on Sunday 11 March when a wreath will be on behalf of the Gallipoli Association. Wreaths will also be laid on behalf of other organisations and of individuals who served with the 29th Division. See *The Gallipolian* 111: pages 10 and 31 for a report and photographs from 2006.

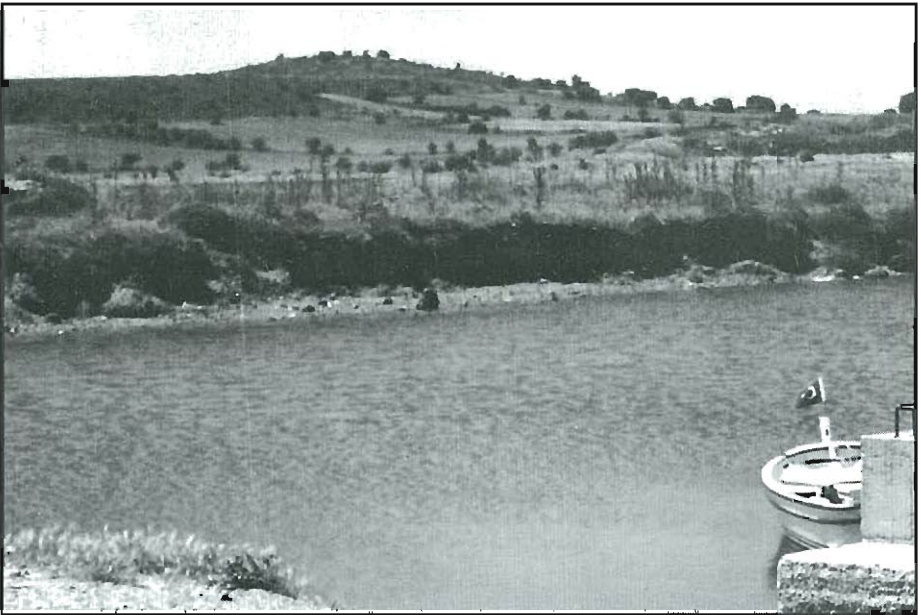
The memorial is situated in the centre of a large roundabout on the A45 about 5 miles east of Coventry, grid reference SP415733. Members and friends might like to gather afterwards at a nearby hostelry for lunch or other appropriate refreshments. Please contact the Secretary, James Watson Smith, address inside front cover, for more information.



*Just some of the thousands of visitors who visit the Peninsula each day
Note how Corporal Seyit now carries the shell in approved manner
See more photographs all taken by Hugh Jenner pages 30 & 31*



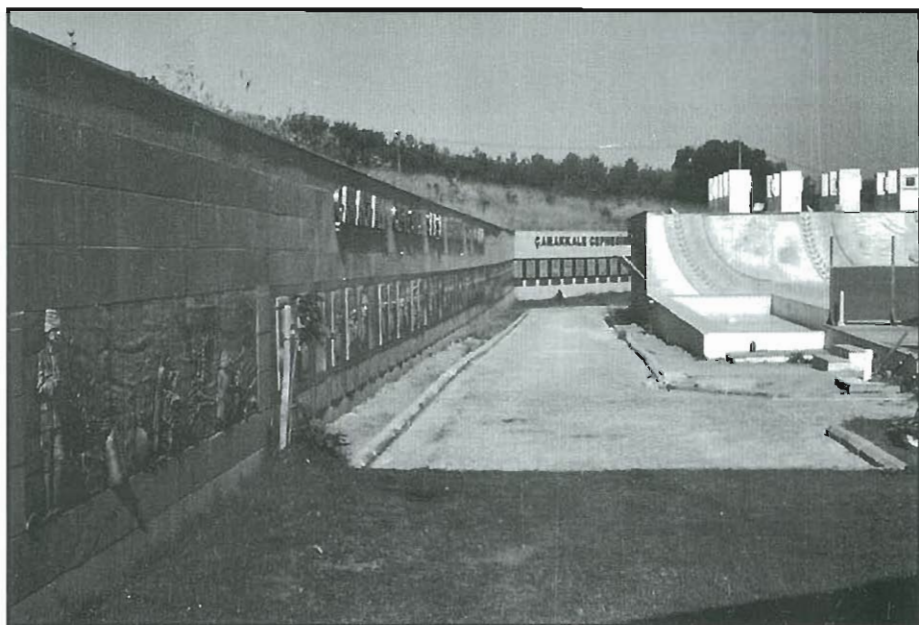
A shepherd draws water for his flock at Suvla



Lala Baba seen from The Cut May 2006



The new Museum near the grave of Colonel Doughty-Wylie, Sedd ul Bahir



Outside the new information centre at Ecebat



Anzac Cove by Horace Mouw-Jones
see text opposite

ANZAC COVE PAINTING PRICE STUNS EXPERTS

A 1915 painting of Anzac Cove by Sapper Horace Moore-Jones (see page 32) stunned art experts in July when it was sold at an art auction in Auckland. Postcard size, it was expected to bring between \$NZ8,000 and \$NZ12,000. Instead it was purchased by a local man, who outbid fierce competition, for \$NZ55,000, almost £18,000.

THE TURKISH YEARBOOK OF GALLIPOLI STUDIES

GRAHAM LEE (IBRAHIM AKSU)

Recent visitors to bookshops in Turkey may have noticed that volumes in English about the Gallipoli Campaign now compete with a far larger number of books in Turkish. This has occurred, firstly, due to stabilization of the economy, whereby more and more Turkish people are able to visit the battlefields, thus creating a market for publications to cater for them; and secondly, because the ranks of university academic staff are swelling with research assistants pursuing master and doctorate degrees resulting in new material about the campaign from Ottoman sources being disseminated in the form of articles, theses, and books. Hardly any of these publications are in English. Indeed, few would argue that a real history of the Gallipoli Campaign from the Turkish perspective has yet to be written in English.

It is therefore newsworthy that the Gallipoli Research Centre at Canakkale Onsekiz Mart University has, for the past four years (2003, 2004, 2005, 2006), published *The Turkish Yearbook of Gallipoli Studies*, masterminded by the Centre's director, Prof. Mete Tuncoku, a name familiar to everyone involved in Gallipoli research in Turkey. The Yearbook is academic in aim and content, and has grown to encompass articles about various historical-cultural-economic aspects of the province of Canakkale, mostly in Turkish but with English abstracts. The topics touched upon in the Yearbook therefore fulfil an overdue need for presenting a more Turkish-orientated understanding of the campaign.

Topics in Issue 1 (2003) include: The Contribution of Gendarmerie Units to the Turkish Army at Gallipoli (Adnan Turkeli), The problem of Provisioning the Turkish Army during the Gallipoli Campaign (Muhammet Erat), and The Story of a Soldier's Ballad (Omer Cakir), about the emotive marching song "Aynali Carsi", which tells of young soldiers going off to fight on the peninsula. The scope of Issue 2 (2004) was widened to include other topics but the main focus remains Gallipoli and articles are included on

minesweeping operations (Piotr Nykiel), and the Battle of Bolayir (hsan Sabri Balkaya), which took place between the Turks and Bulgarians in February 1913 at Bulair during the Balkan Wars, less that two years before the Gallipoli landings. In Issue 3 (2005), there is an evaluation of developments preceding the Gallipoli Campaign according to Theories of International Relations (Gurol Baba), and my own humble effort German Books on Gallipoli: The problem of Untranslated Works in Historical Research (Ibrahim Aksu), which makes a plea for more effort to be made translating books from German, Turkish, French and English if we are ever to understand what "the other side" was thinking. Of interest to English readers in Issue 4 (2006) might be Non-Contractual Acts of the Entente Powers during the War (Ahmet Esenkaya). Copies of the Yearbook may be purchased at the shop in the courtyard of the university culture centre, just by the clock tower in the centre of Canakkale.

In April 2005, the university's Gallipoli Research Centre organised an international conference in Canakkale as part of commemorations for the 90th Anniversary, the papers of which were published in 2006 as *Gallipoli in Retrospect, 90 Years On*. This book contains well-researched insights into various aspects of the campaign by many recognised experts, covering: the French army, Kumkale landings, historical resources, AIF 11th Infantry Battalion, Turkish officers, war in the air, and so on.

As well as the contributions of Prof. Mete Tuncoku to issues of the Yearbook, he has also published a book of papers he delivered at various conferences under the title *Canakkale 1915 – The Body of the Iceberg* (TBMM Basimevi Ankara, 2005, 180 pages, 7 pages of illustrations, ISBN 975-6226-04-8). This brings together archival studies conducted in Canberra, London, Ankara, Wellington, and Tokyo on such diverse subjects as British-Japanese diplomacy, the Irish regiments, Turkish women snipers, the Russian Revolution, and the Sikhs, Gurkhas and Punjabis, all of which have a bearing on the Gallipoli Campaign.

In the 'new wave' of Turkish books on the campaign, we find that memoirs, poetry, newspapers, and magazines of the war have been translated into modern Turkish. Here, two points need to be made. For Turks, the natural mode of writing is not prose but verse, and it is in the poetry of the campaign that the most expressive texts will be found. Secondly, whereas Europeans view the Gallipoli Campaign as a sideshow in a war that began in August 1914 and ended in November 1918, it has a totally different significance for Turks, who see it as part of a continuum that began around 1908-1910 when the Young Turks came to power. In the few years before 1914 the Turkish Army fought against the Italians, Greeks, Russians, Bulgarians and Serbs. From 1919 to 1923, there was war, occupation, and insurrection in almost every part of Turkey.

A year or so ago, I received an e-mail from Australia, saying, "I have been commissioned by committee ... to write a ... book (for Anzac Day) ... There is a great deal of available information in Australia on "our" point of view of the engagement on the Gelibolu Peninsula. I am very interested in providing an insight into the Turkish side and am

looking for ... seminal texts, authors, papers or other sources that might help with my research." So, apart from the laudable efforts of Prof. Mete Tuncoku, what else can the Gallipoli researcher hope to find in the way of Turkish books in English? Only one comes to mind: *Bloody Ridge (Lone Pine), The Diary of Lt. Mehmed Fasih, 5th Imperial Ottoman Army, Gallipoli 1915* (Mehmed Fasih, Istanbul, 2001, 210 pages, ISBN 975-9481-80-4). There are also two books by Cenk Avcı, one about war in the air the other about submarine warfare, published by the author with a limited circulation, i.e. they are not on sale in Canakkale. Piotr Nykiel adds two others: *Ordered to Die. A History of the Ottoman Army in the First World War*, (Edward J. Erickson, Westport, Connecticut – London 2001), and *A Brief History of the Canakkale Campaign in the First World War, June 1914-January 1916* (Ankara, 2004), which is an English version of a summarised account condensed from volumes I, II and III of the Turkish Official History of WWI, published by Genelkurmay Basım Evi (Turkish General Staff Press) in Ankara in 2002. I hope no other sources have been overlooked, but when the topic came up on H-TURK online forum recently, the above volumes were the only ones mentioned as available.

Note: *The Turkish Yearbook of Gallipoli Studies* invites academic papers for inclusion in the 2007 issue, either in English or Turkish. The deadline for submission (October 2006) will probably have passed by the time this is published (since time has to be allowed for items submitted to be first checked by referees). However members of the Gallipolitan Association might have something in mind for inclusion in the future while hopefully the contents list can be published annually in *The Gallipolitan*.

DEAR FRIEND OF GALLIPOLI

One of the best-known military historians to have studied the battles of the Gallipoli Campaign and the founder of the most frequently visited website on this subject (<http://users.skynet.be/Gallipoli/> or <http://user.glo.be/~snelders/>), Julien Snelders, has passed away.

Jul worked on the Gallipoli battlefields for 20 years and became an educator who made a significant contribution to the literature of the campaign through his research, photographs and methodology. His love and respect for Gallipoli were based on protecting the historical, geographical and natural fabric of these unique battlefields. It was founded on keeping alive the memories of Turkish and Allied soldiers; every Mehmet, Digger, Tommy, Abdul and Poilu that fought on this soil.

Jul's website, one of a kind, was a virtual part of the Gallipoli battlefields. We are committed to keeping Jul's name and spirit alive through this website and await the interest, support and contribution of other friends of Gallipoli.

Gursel Goncu (TR), Sahin Aldogan (TR) and Bill Sellars (AU)

WŁODZIMIERZ STEYER

A POLE AT THE DARDANELLES

MONIKA LACKOWSKA-LACZ

When the First World War broke out, Poland as a country had not existed on maps of Europe for over a century. But the Polish nation had kept their language, culture and traditions alive. Poles were called up to serve in the armies and navies of each of the invaders – Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia some even in the ranks of officers.

One of these officers was Włodzimierz Brunon Steyer, who was born on 15 July 1892 in Montreal, Canada. After his birth his parents came back to Russia, to the Ural Mountains. Following grammar school, young Steyer sailed to Australia in reward for having got very good marks quickly deciding that service at sea was his future. During his studies in the Sea Cadet Corps, he sailed many times. He accumulated knowledge and began to know the world.

In 1913 he started his service in the Russian Navy. The outbreak of the First World War found him on the deck of the five funnel light cruiser *Askold* in the Far East as a Sub-Lieutenant. The ship sailed in a convoy to Hongkong, where Russia placed it under the British command of Vice-Admiral Thomas H.M. Jerram. Włodzimierz Steyer had been noting down the events from this moment till the end of 1916 in belles-lettres memoirs: *The Lonely Cruise. Fragments of the Great War*, which was printed in *Przegląd Morski* (*The Sea Review*) before the Second World War. Steyer used a pen-name Brunon Dzimizcz, the language of the memoirs was very vivid, the same as an old salty dog used. These memoirs are the only record of events in the Dardanelles as seen at first-hand by a Pole.

A British Captain, J Farmer, who had to learn Russian, joined the *Askold's* crew in Hongkong as a liaison officer a Leading Signaler came with him. After visiting Saigon *Askold* sailed in convoy the Indian Ocean where Rear-Admiral Richard H. Peirse took over. On 28 October 1914 *Askold* became, just like it was in the title of Steyer's memoirs, the lonely cruiser for the German raider the *Emden* sank her sister ship *Zhemchug* in Penang Harbour early that morning.

Askold sailed to Port Said where her British officers changed there – Captain Farmer departed and the Intelligence officer, an Irishman, Lieutenant John M.B. de P RNVR joined; later he got a nick-name “Jock”. *Askold's* task was to patrol the coast of Palestine, Syria and Asia Minor. During one patrol the light cruiser bombarded a coastal battery at Urla near Smyrna (Izmir). The battery was badly demolished – two guns were destroyed and one damaged although no other sources confirm this fact.

In the middle of March the cruiser received an order to report to the Vice-Admiral on

Lemnos. Lieutenant Steyer, who was an adjutant to the commander, recollected putting into Mudros, "Officer on picket boat is checking identity quickly. Tugs work efficiently opening underwater gate... Signal Go ahead, free pass! Spot no. 22. Coal at nine o'clock from SS *Ushant*, water at ten o'clock from water tank. Report to *Euryalus*" came from a patrol craft... "The British must have order."

At 1130 the commander of *Askold*, Captain Ivanov met with Vice-Admiral Carden. There he received orders to patrol the Gulf of Saros. After third night of patrolling, they heard a great explosion – it was the morning of 18 March, the last great attempt by the Royal Navy to break through the Dardanelles. The British intelligence officer was very depressed with the news that day.

Next day the ship was visited by French Rear-Admiral Émile Paul Amable Guépratte, who was called "la boîte à surprise" or "fire eater" by seamen. He was grandly welcomed. The Rear-Admiral admired the looks of crewmen – jaunty seamen from the East. The Poles were among them – the progeny of insurgents from 1830/31 and 1863/64 the January and November Uprisings exiled to Siberia. On 26 March Guépratte added *Askold* to *Charlemagne*, *Lord Nelson* and *Agamemnon*, which moved together into the Gulf of Saros, where they bombarded the Napoleon, Sultan and Victoria forts on the Bulair line for one hour without great success.

While staying in Lemnos a few days before 25 April seamen from *Askold* astonished English officers by chatting freely with soldiers from the Zion Mule Corps – many being Jews from Russia. Preparations for the Gallipoli landings were well advanced, Włodzimierz Steyer recalled hard conditions, "Part of the transporters sailed away to Alexandria, because horses and even mules started dying on Lemnos. They have nothing to eat on bare rocks and transports with the feeding do not arrive on time. Authorities decided to leave five thousand men from the Australian Infantry there, lads accustomed to camping in gold-bearing deserts and lack of women."

The most important day came, "on April 24" when "the bay emptied slowly... Commands left one by one every two hours and disappeared round the corner... At 10.00 p.m. the 6th Command of Guépratte in a combat watch – *Jauréguiberry*, *Henry IV*, *Jeanne d'Arc*, *Latouche-Tréville*, *Askold*, six torpedo-boats, twelve trawlers. There was on board *Jauréguiberry* the General Staff of General Albert d'Amade. 'Some time later, under the protection of four torpedo-boats, transports *Savoie I*, *Carthage*, old *Vinh-long*, *Théodore Mante* and *Ceylan* left; where the 6th Colonial Regiment a mixed nationality regiment was embarked along with a battery of 75mm guns, half a company of engineers, platoon of search lighters and platoon of heavy machine guns, total of about 3,000 men under the command of Colonel Rueff.

On "April 25, at 4.15 a. m. we were without transports in front of Kum Kale The Dardanelles separated Europe from Asia. We went to fight on the border between two parts of the world. We anchored to indicated place. All boats were left down and went

for a stop behind stern. 5.30 o'clock – the 6th Command will start, fire according to the instruction. Combat alert. Gunners made the sign of the cross and spat into their hands... The cruiser trembled with great power, seven shell from the 15" cannon rose clouds of limy dust in the Orhanieh fort, half a dozen of 75mm guns tore sands of the coast, annihilating Turkish trenches."

At the time of other ships' bombardment of the shore, *Askold's* second in command sent Lieutenant Kornilov (senior officer of the watch) with steam cutter and five boats with steersmen and bowmen to the transport *Vinh-long*, "There you'll take the black devils on", he said. The officer of the watch had the boats quickly embarked with the 6th Colonial Regiment, and his cutter moved forward on the way to the shore. When they came close to the beach, rifles and machine guns started shooting. Steyer watching from the deck of his cruiser saw how "the brave Senegalese are jumping to the water and swimming to the land, unless they find a ford... many of them disappeared forever in a whirl of the Strait's current. Both our batteries, higher six inch and lower three inch, are going mad... Village on the coast is only a whiff of limy dust. The enemy, hidden in invisible nooks and corners, were still shooting. Fortunately, the accuracy of their shooting is average. Better shooters could lay landing troops in a row — our pitiful 47mm battery tears out some kind of foot-bridge covered up with sand in the line of coast. It shows that it was the beginning of a line of trenches, square with coast line, made to stop landing troops from Kum Kale.'

Askold with *Jeanne d'Arc* tried to focus the enemy fire on themselves. The French ship was hit by 240 mm shell in a turret. The Russian cruiser received an order to watch a mill in Orhanieh and to bombard it if needed. After devastating this mill by well-aimed fire crew received congratulations in a signal from Guépratte "Hardi les gars! Epatant! Félicitations!" On the British flag ship there hangs a signal, "O/C *Askold* Admiral appreciates your splendid doings."

Landings continued, inshore at Kum Kale there is movement the whole time; "noon... The French pinks came back with long tails of boats, embarked with groaning wounded men. ... Boats are slippery from not-yet-dry blood... Blackman or Whiteman – it is not known, red is always the same." The *Askold* had four killed and nine wounded during this action. She fired 748 152 mm-shells and 1,503 75 mm shells. The ship also took part in soldiers withdrawal from Kum Kale. After the fight with the stubborn enemy *Askold* stayed in Mudros Harbor, the commander was only sending 100 men for reloading work in the port. English praised them very much saying "Hard workers!" and often asked for Russian help.

The Dardanelles expedition slowly came to an end – after decoration with Allied orders, Steyer received the French Croix de Guerre *Askold* left the Straits. After repair in Toulon she sailed to Murmansk. At the time of Bolshevik revolution in Russia in 1917 the ship came into their hands but in July 1918, she was captured by

British forces, and taken to Gareloch, Scotland, and renamed *Glory IV*. On 20 August 1917 Steyer was transferred from *Askold* to dispatch-boat *Ludmila* (ex-British *Lady Gwendolin*) in the rank of senior artillery officer. A month later 15 September he received his last posting in the Russian Navy to take command of yacht *Sokolica* (ex-American *Alvina*).

On January 1919 he enlisted the Norwegian Merchant Marine. While sailing to Japan as Second Officer his ship, the *Olav Sjorensen* sank in a storm near Sumatra. He was rescued and sailed to Canada. There he enlisted in the Canadian Army the 68th Mounted Battery as a private (his previous service documents sank with the ship). They fought in Archangel, Russia, till September 1919. By then he had risen to the rank of staff sergeant. He was demobilized 1 November 1919 and came back at the cost of British Government to the now independent Poland.

On 1 December 1919 Włodzimierz Steyer enlisted the Polish Navy in the rank of Lieutenant. He was a very able officer and was quickly promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander. He was sent to École des Officiers Canonnières in Toulon. Following his return to Poland Lieutenant-Commander Steyer, being one of the best officers in the Polish Navy, subsequently took an office of a commander of Szkoła Specjalistów Morskich, Centrum Wyszkożenia Specjalistów Floty (School for Sea Specialists, Center for Naval Specialist's Training) in the newly built Navy Base in Oksywie (nowadays it is a part of Gdynia). In 1930 Steyer was promoted to the rank of Commander. From 1933 until 1935 he led a destroyer command.

The Polish Navy was about to increase the number of ships bought abroad, in Britain and France; the head of a receiving commission was Commander Włodzimierz Steyer holding the post from 1931 until 1938. In the last year of performing this function he was promoted to the rank of Captain and commander of Rejon Umocniony Hel (Hel Fortified Zone), being extended at the time. There the break-out of the Second World War caught him. Captain Steyer commanded the defense of the Hel Peninsula personally. He was liked and respected very much by his subordinates, thanks to their will to fight and determination Hel was only surrendered on 2 October 1939. The garrison with their commander came into German captivity.

Steyer spent the Second World War in Oflags: XC Nienburg (10.1939-11.1939), Stalag XVIII B Spittal (11.1939-05.1940), Oflag II C Woldenberg (05.1940-01.1945). The prisoners of war were evacuated through Oflag XB Sandbostel to Lubeck, where they were liberated by the British troops.

In 1945 he came back to service in the Navy, taking following posts – chief of Oddział Okrętów Pomocniczych i Przystani (Auxiliary Ships and Harbors' Unit); chief of sea mission in the Soviet Union (where he oversaw taking over the ships given to Poland by the Russian Navy); commander of Szczeciński Obszar Nadmorski (Szczecin Coastal Area). After two years, in 1947 he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral and

Commander of Polish Navy. Unfortunately, due to communist repressions he was dismissed from active service in 1950, without a possibility to stay at the coast near Gdansk, Poland.

Steyer then moved to Ostrołęka (a small town in the North-East Poland), where he worked as a clerk. After six years (in the times of so-called 'thaw') he returned to Gdansk. He wrote memoirs of defense of Hel *The Lonely Peninsula* the same year. Sadly he died suddenly on 15 September 1957 and was buried at the Cmentarz Obronców Wybrzeża (Cemetery of Coast Defenders) in Gdynia.

There is no memorial only his grave but named after him are the 9th Coast Defence Flotilla in Hel, elementary schools in Krokowa near Puck and Władysławowo and streets in Gdynia, Ostrołęka, Hel, Władysławowo, Puck and Swinoujście near Szczecin. A sign of the high esteem in which he was held.

Note: Monika Lackowska-Lacz author of this contribution to *The Gallipolian* studied at the Nicolaus Copernicus University, Faculty of History and has an MA in international relations when her thesis was Dardanelles and Gallipoli 1915. She visited Gallipoli in April 2005. Recently she commenced her PhD, the theme again Gallipoli. Her hero is Winston Churchill.



Włodzimerz Brunon Steyer in the uniform of a Rear-Admiral

Photo probably taken between 1947 and 1950 and now in the family archive of Krzysztof Steyer, his grandson, to whom the author is indebted for much assistance.

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL BURSARY

MARK HONE HEAD OF HISTORY & POLITICS

In 2005 Bury Grammar School in Lancashire was privileged to accept the offer of a Bursary from the Gallipoli Association for two students to visit the peninsula. The school and the town of Bury have abiding connections with the campaign. The school lost four old boys at Gallipoli and many others served, mainly with the various battalions of the Lancashire Fusiliers, which suffered more casualties than any other British regiment at the Dardanelles. Several of these old boys died later in the war. Bury, the headquarters town of the Fusiliers, lost over 300 of its young men at Gallipoli. The annual 'Gallipoli Sunday' church service and parade held on the nearest Sunday to 25 April is still a major event in the town's calendar, and has been held every year since 1916, making it the oldest Gallipoli commemorative event in the world. The massive impact that the campaign made on this northern industrial town is movingly described in the book *Hell's Foundations: A Town, Its Myths and Gallipoli* by Bury Grammar School old boy Geoffrey Moorhouse, a member of the Gallipoli Association.

The boys selected to go on the Gallipoli visit were sixth-formers Tom Filer and Philip Douthwaite. Both of them are contemplating military careers and are veterans of several of the school's annual European battlefield tours. Myself as the Head of History and Politics and leader of the annual battlefields tour, researched the Gallipoli visit but was prevented from going by family commitments. The boys were accompanied by Philip Douthwaite's father, a serving army officer, and the then Headmaster, Mr. Keith Richards.

The trip lasted five days; the first day and a half spent traveling to Gallipoli via Istanbul. The party stayed in a comfortable hotel in Cannakale and took the ferry across to the peninsula on each day of the battlefield tour. The first day was spent in the Helles area. As well as visiting 'W' Beach and the scene of the 1st Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers' famous 'Six VCs before breakfast' the party visited the place of burial or commemoration of the four former pupils of the school who died. Three of them were serving with the Territorial 1/5th Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers. The Territorial Force is still in many ways the 'forgotten army' of the First World War. 5th LF, recruited entirely from Bury and surrounding villages was in every respect a 'Pals battalion' composed of friends and neighbours who had trained together for years before the war. The unit had particularly close links with the Bury Grammar School Cadet Force, established in 1892 and still going strong today. When the 1/5th sailed for Gallipoli nine of its officers and several of the rank and file were old boys of the school. Private Gilbert Buxton (27), the son of the Borough treasurer of Bury and Lance-Corporal George Mason (21), a clerk in a cotton mill, almost certainly joined up at the same time as they

had consecutive service numbers. They were both killed on 5 June during the Third Battle of Krithia. George Mason is buried in Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery, but Gilbert's body was never found and he is commemorated on the Helles Memorial.

While researching the school's Roll of Honour I had established contact with Gilbert Buxton's niece Mrs. Mary Dowse. Mrs. Dowse was born in Lancashire but now lives in Newcastle-Upon-Tyne. A chance conversation at a school open evening put me in touch with her. Mrs. Dowse asked for the boys to lay a special card at the Helles Memorial in commemoration of her uncle. The card was a page from a sketchbook belonging to her late father, Gilbert's brother and himself a former Bury Grammar school Captain. The card was attached to a special school wreath and laid just under Gilbert's name on the memorial. Also listed on Helles is the name of 21 year old Lieutenant William Yapp from Whitefield who was killed commanding the 5th Battalion's 'C' Company at the Battle of the Vineyard on 7th August 1915. He had been wounded in the shoulder while manning a machine gun in earlier fighting and had only just returned to the front line from hospital in Alexandria.

The other Bury old boy to die in the campaign was Private Richard Wild. A former lead treble of the Bury Parish Church choir, he had served as a part-time soldier in the Volunteer battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers before emigrating to New Zealand in 1908. At the outbreak of war he was working as an accountant in the town of Morrinsville, but volunteered as soon as war was declared and joined the Hauraki Company, Auckland Regiment. 'Wild Dick' as he was nicknamed was fatally wounded in the attack on the notorious 'Daisy Patch' and died the following day, 9 May at a casualty clearing station. Ironically he is buried at Lancashire Landing cemetery, named after his old regiment and close to many men from his native town in England.

All in all the boys went to ten memorials and cemeteries on the first day, as well as many other sites, and laid commemorative wreaths in remembrance of all four Bury Grammar school old boys. The remaining days of the tour took them to ANZAC Cove and Suvla Bay, where the first 'New Army' battalions of Kitchener Volunteers saw action, including 9th Lancashire Fusiliers.

A year after their visit to Gallipoli, in March 2006, the boys gave a special presentation about their experiences in the school hall. The invited guests included old boy Geoffrey Moorhouse, the author of *Hell's Foundations*, Mr Hugh Jenner, the Public Relations Officer of the Gallipoli Association and several of the Association's members. We were delighted to be able to welcome Mrs Mary Dowse, the niece of Gilbert Buxton, and her daughter. Tom and Philip described their experiences, illustrated by many photographs, and I filled in the historical background. The presentation was very well received. At the end, Geoffrey Moorhouse asked the boys "what else stood out in your memories about visiting the graves?" to which Tom Filer replied "The eerie quietness and the contrast between beauty and nature and the terrible loss of life".

The boys also gave a shortened version of their presentation at the annual Gallipoli Sunday service at Bury Parish Church a few weeks later and received further plaudits. They gained a great deal from the experience, as did the adults who accompanied them, who would love to go back. The school is extremely grateful to the Gallipoli Association for making their very enjoyable and emotional visit possible.

Note We intend publishing photographs from this Bursary visit and that undertaken by the Portsmouth Grammar School party which follows on subsequent pages, in the Spring *Gallipollian*.

PORTSMOUTH GRAMMAR SCHOOL GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL BURSARY

SIMON LEMIEUX, HEAD OF HISTORY

In July 2006, a party of six Sixth Formers accompanied by two members of staff visited the Gallipoli Peninsula. For all of us it was a first time visit, uncertain quite what to expect. As a Department, we have over the years visited a wide range of battlefields, war memorials and burial places. Among those can be counted Arlington National Cemetery in the USA, the St Petersburg Memorial to those who died in the terrible siege of that city during the Second World War, plus the well trodden paths to the war cemeteries of France and Belgium commemorating the fallen in both world wars. Gallipoli however was something unique and special.

Portsmouth can claim with some justification perhaps, to have a special link with the campaign. Although the home of the Royal Navy, it has also in the past long been a garrison town, with barracks and military establishments for the Army and the Royal Marines, and the Royal Naval Division. The main school building is accommodated indeed in former army barracks. So as with the campaign itself, Portsmouth can claim involvement with all the key branches of the armed forces involved in the campaign.

Yet less well known perhaps is that Portsmouth was also the exit port for some of the early settlers to the Antipodes, and so an ANZAC link can also be made. In addition, one of the heroes of the campaign, Commander Edward Unwin VC, lived in the city from 1903-1912 latterly at 12 Helena Road Southsea. The house still stands and is marked with a blue plaque. As for the school itself, no less than five old boys served and died in the Gallipoli Campaign. Two in their local regiment, the Hampshires, one in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, one in the Australian Infantry Force and one in the Wellington Regiment of the NZEF. Again, one can glimpse the variety and cosmopolitan nature of all those who went into the battle yet reflect on the schooling and childhoods they all shared.

For us as a party, Portsmouth seemed often to resonate. Our expert guide, Kenan Çelik, took us over nearly all the key sites in the two hectic days we had at our disposal. Each day started with a crossing of the Straits in the ferry from Canakkale; crossing continents by sea was a symbolism not lost on any of us. It seemed so easy and pleasant now resembling perhaps the crossing of the Solent to the Isle of Wight, the only other vessels being tankers and pleasure boats; no danger of mines or enemy fire now. Our first stop at Kilitbahir Fort reminded some in the party of Southsea Castle; strategically placed to ward off invaders across the centuries from a place of strategic importance. Ancient and ruined yet evocative. At Helles Memorial as elsewhere, we read out brief biographies of the Old Portmuthians who ended their young lives in a distant foreign place. Yet looking out from the coast, it could almost have been Southsea seafront with its own War Memorial prominent and looking out to sea.

We visited W Beach and heard about the bravery of the Lancashires; now peaceful and remote, it was hard to imagine the noise, confusion and carnage of some ninety-one years ago; while at V Beach the pupils enjoyed a swim and the staff and guide partook of soft drinks at the local cafe. Our risk assessments permitted swimming under staff supervision. Where were the risk assessments of 1915 we mused gazing up to Sedd el Bahir. The grave of Doughty-Wyllie was visited and the story of the mystery female visitor related.

At Kirithia we visited the museum, and walked up Achi Baba. A little bit of a hike, but what a commanding view of the whole area. The smallness of the area really hit home; so too the difficulty of the terrain. The traces of the trench lines remained in places, the only tangible reminder of its previous incarnation as a key Allied objective during the campaign. We saw Anzac Cove, and were amazed at its small size. No landing beach on Normandy was ever like this. With its cliffs and hills behind and the 'Sphinx' we began to appreciate something of what those young men from Australia and New Zealand encountered. Shrapnel Valley Cemetery was visited to pay our respects at the grave of our Australian old boy, and we had pointed out too the grave of a young man shot for desertion. No one would know that now, perhaps rightly so.

At Lone Pine we were impressed by the Australian Memorial, proud and impressive while a few hundred yards away the remains of some of the trenches were walked along and the heroism of the ANZACs again retold. The Turkish Memorial Park was full with many Turkish visitors reminding us that for them, Gallipoli was an heroic if costly defence. Would we have resisted similarly if our foes crossed the Channel and landed somewhere along the south coast? Who would have been our Ataturk? His house at Bigali was our last port of call before our long journey back to Istanbul where the last day would be spent doing the familiar tourist things. A humble house, yet a shrine and memorial to a remarkable man. We had seen his portrait everywhere, in cafes, bars and shops; by the end of our brief sojourn, we knew a lot more about him, about Gallipoli and the deeds of all those involved.

So what now? As I write this we are looking forward to an evening in school in November to deliver presentations and a talk about the campaign to pupils, parents and the local community, as well as for members of the Gallipoli Association. We are preparing some teaching materials for Key Stage 2 to be used we hope in local primary schools beginning with our own Junior School. Lastly the experience has provided the opportunity for reflection about a campaign that means so much to New Zealanders, Australians and Turks, yet for the British seems embarrassingly forgotten by so many. One of the students in our party spent some of his summer holiday on a rugby tour of Australia where he found that his contemporaries there all knew about Simpson's donkey. We as a nation have our favourite victories to celebrate and remember such as Trafalgar; Ypres is more accessible to school parties than Gallipoli, but that should be no excuse for ignorance. The words 'Lest We Forget' are relevant to all the episodes of war, the Crown Forces have been involved in.

We felt immensely privileged to have journeyed, to have learnt and to have reflected on such a place as Gallipoli. We are naturally indebted to the Gallipoli Association for helping to enable us to share in the experience and hopefully to raise awareness of it in our locality.

CHANAK POSTCARD



A postcard (reduced) from Chanak, date – 1920's ? Kindly loaned by Colin Hague

A BOY AT GALLIPOLI

MAJOR JOHN FORD, ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS 1899-1994

Note: Our member, Mrs Mary Pinkney has very kindly provided this short piece written by her uncle, Gallipoli veteran and stalwart supporter of the Association who died in 1994 (see Obituary in *The Gallipolian* No 77).

I was born on 5 October 1899, at the Families' Hospital at Woolwich, when my father was serving in South Africa. I spent most of my childhood in Gibraltar, where my father was posted after his return from the Boer War. We came back to England in 1909, and lived at Folkestone.

At the outbreak of the First World War I was called up, having registered to join the R.A.M.C. as a boy. I enlisted on 12 August 1914, aged 14, and was posted to the Depot, which was then in Aldershot.

I was taught to play a bugle, and in December I passed out as a bugler. In January 1915 I was posted as a bugler to the 15th Stationary Hospital, and was with them in England until we embarked at Avonmouth, Bristol, in March 1915, from where we sailed. I knew we were going to a warm country, but didn't know exactly where we were going. I am an extremely bad sailor, and I was so ill during the first part of the journey, that I was put into the second class with some of the Warrant Officers so that I could be looked after.

By the time we reached Gibraltar I had recovered, and from then on, going through the Mediterranean I was quite well, and enjoyed the journey. We called in at Malta on the way to Alexandria, where we were landed, and went to Kabari Rest Camp on the outskirts of the city. We then embarked on the *Himetus*, a Greek boat, and with us was our Mule Corps, which had been formed after the Palestinians had been driven out of Palestine by the Turks.

We arrived at Mudros Harbour on the island of Lemnos. We were sent far into the harbour and ran aground. The ship remained aground until we left it the night before the landing in Gallipoli. We were transferred to the HQ boat, the *Arcadian*, and spent the night on the decks, and then went up to the Dardanelles early in the morning soon after the actual landings had taken place.

We were then taken off the *Arcadian*, and onto a destroyer which took us to the *Dongola* which was landing the troops from the ship, and we then used the *Dongola* as a temporary hospital ship. My unit, which consisted of just over a hundred officers and men, was divided between two boats, the *Urania* and the *Dongola*. The HQ section, of which I was a part, put our own folding beds on the decks, which were set up by the carpenters on the ship, as well as using the hammocks in the mens'accommodation.



*Major John Ford (left) with the founder of the Gallipoli Association
Major Edgar Banner, April 1983*

We then anchored off the peninsula, and were receiving men who had been wounded in the landing, and who were being brought back by the same boats that had taken them to the shore. I was only fifteen at the time and had no real medical instruction, except for the little bit I had learnt as a Boy Scout. My Commanding Officer asked me to assist two naval doctors who were posted to our ship. We did minor operations such as injured fingers.

We stayed about ten days off the peninsula, and then were told to empty the ship by sending the worst patients to one of the official hospital ships, and the others back to the peninsula. We then sailed along the coast to Suvla Bay, and did the same for the ANZACS. We stayed with them for ten days, and eventually had a boatload of very seriously wounded men, whom we took back to Alexandria. We were taken off the *Dongola* then, as she was being sent away to become a proper hospital ship. We then re-embarked and went to Mudros, where we landed the Unit and pitched our tents to form a hospital, as it had originally been intended.

There were two Stationary Hospitals. We were No. 15, and No 16 was nearby. Our unit dealt mostly with intestinal cases. Dysentery was rife among the men, and eventually I caught it, and was a patient in my own hospital for a time. When I had partially recovered my father, who was now a Lieutenant-Quartermaster, came to see me. He had come out as a reinforcement for No. 16 Stationary Hospital. He also became ill, and we both sailed together back to Egypt, to the General Hospital in Cairo. My father came to see me every day, and was able to arrange for me to go home on the Hospital ship, because the Director of the Medical Services in Egypt had been my father's Commanding Officer in Gibraltar, and had known me as a child.

After a week in hospital in Tooting, London, I was discharged, and later joined the Depot at Aldershot. By this time orders had been issued that no man should be sent abroad under the age of nineteen. So many young men had been killed in France that there was a public outcry about it.

LEST WE FORGET

LIN WOODWARD

My Grandfather, William Rowntree Horend was there, that terrible day of the first landings at Gallipoli. He was the Engineer Officer left in charge of *the River Clyde* from where he watched brave men die.

Alas I never knew him but I found out so much about him on my research. I owe him so much for my freedom and life, as it comes from his pain and suffering! I hope one day to travel to Turkey to pay my respect to all those who didn't make it.

I dedicate my poem to everyone who reads *The Gallipolian* – Lest we forget!

The heat, the stagnant smell, and a sense of fear.

Troops packed into the hold of the old collier,
She – hastily converted, destined for the Gallipoli shores;

They – hopefully, destined for triumph.

In the darkness, the steady beat of engines echoing,
Eased their troubled minds, from thoughts of things to come.

Early morning, and with it, the sound of shells passing overhead

Fear and heat escalating to unbearable levels,

Soon, they knew, they would be out of her full belly.

Her newly cut Sally Ports would, on command, allow them out

But for now they waited, listened, and braced themselves,
For the unmistakable noise of groaning, grinding and grounding.

And the time had come! "The River Clyde" scraping the sand and rocks
Iron touching seabed like a knife cutting butter.
And then the quiet, only hearts heard beating, in the still of the "Steamer"
No engines, just an eerie, eddy of silence enveloping them.
Then more scraping, this time scoring and scratching the side of the ship:
This being the lighters for their landing logistically lugged into place.

The view from the openings, breathtakingly beautiful, seemed bizarre:
Nature blissfully unaware and unprepared for what was to come
Command given, the first troops spew out like lemmings over a cliff
The lighters failing to reach their stations - men failing to reach their destination.
An impossible gap in their bridge to shore, making easy prey for the Turks
Servicemen fall in scores: savagely shot down into surf and shale.

The noise of the rat-tat of machine guns, the cracks of rifle fire: tremendous
Bullets sounding on metal of the ships hull and the thudding on the wooden lighters
Then the unmistakable, indescribable noise of bullets hitting bodies
Blood flowing thickly and as sticky as treacle on the decks of the lighters
The sea still glistening brightly but it's colour turning ruby red
This is a hell on earth for the wounded men left screaming, shouting and scrambling.

In all this turmoil, brave men fought fiercely under fire to fix a line to shore.
Victoria Crosses won for the greatness of their courage in saving lives
A few men made it to shore and then more: in the darkness of the night.
The day was long for the survivors, the groans of the dying heard all around.
The date 25 April 1915 and today there is no one left living who survived it.
How sad that few people know today of the great gallant guys of Gallipoli!

INFORMATION PLEASE

Do you have a question about some aspect of the Gallipoli campaign? Something perhaps you need to know about a regiment, a ship perhaps, an individual, but have so far failed to find the answer. Surely there is someone amongst the nearly 1,300 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.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL ANNIVERSARY ORATION

LES CARLYON

Alan Bond, that case-hardened warrior from the corporate wars, was in a little trouble in 1983, and this time it wasn't financial. The Australian yacht - his yacht, really - was trailing by three races to one in the America's Cup. Bond still thought victory possible. He made a reference to Gallipoli. Then he spoke the deathless words: "We had our backs to the wall there and we won that one." We shouldn't take easy shots: this man later bought his own university.

A few years ago Steve Waugh took the Australian cricket team to Gallipoli before going on to England for the ritual war against the old enemy. The idea, one presumes, was to immerse the team in the atmospherics of a story that has become our Homeric tale. I guess all of us here tonight would understand what the cricketing authorities were trying to do. Gallipoli is a good and feisty spirit to take to the battlefields of Lords and Old Trafford. But outsiders - Americans, say, or Russians - might have been puzzled by the pilgrimage. Wasn't Gallipoli a defeat? Didn't the Turks enforce the follow on?

My own theory is that Steve Waugh really wanted to take the team to Suvla Bay, the scene of one of the great British batting collapses. There's an old saying that says victory has a thousand fathers but defeat is an orphan. No orphan has ever been so warmly embraced as Gallipoli.

And here's another unusual thing. The casualties on both sides for the eight months of the Gallipoli campaign came in at around 400,000. It thus ranks as a terrible battle, nothing like as terrible as Passchendaele or the Somme, but bad enough. Terrible battles usually throw up grievances and hatreds that are passed down the generations. I have the feeling that the Russians still haven't forgiven the French for 1812. There is still ill-feeling between Japan and the countries it occupied in World War II. Some Turks have not quite forgiven Britain for its opposition to Ataturk during the Turkish war of independence. It is unusual for a war to end without some incident or atrocity that refuses to go away. It is more unusual still for adversaries to admire each other.

Yet this is what has happened with the Turks and Australians. There is mutual admiration. There is no incident that rankles, and it may have helped that very few civilians were caught up in the campaign. There is no perception that good and evil faced each other on the battlefield there. Both nations celebrate Gallipoli, although for different reasons, and one has to say here that the Turkish reasons are easier to understand. There is good humour, affection even, between the descendants of the men who fought each other with such brutality.

The phrase “war with honour” is often an oxymoron; but perhaps not at Gallipoli. On Anzac Day in 2000 I was walking up to Lone Pine. A retired Australian army officer paused, turned to another retired officer, pointed towards the scrubby hills above Russell’s Top and said: “Now if we’d turned left here instead of right...” A young school teacher from Canakkale overheard this. “You Australians never learn,” he said, a grin on his face and a twinkle in his eyes. We all laughed, Turks and Australians.

I begin with these anecdotes in an attempt to attract a little sympathy. I’ve taken on a difficult topic tonight, not because I’m adventurous but because Steve Gower told me I wanted to talk about “Gallipoli in a Nation’s Remembrance” and generals must be obeyed, lest order break down completely.

Part of the trouble is that Gallipoli means different things to different people. It is a set of facts and these facts are impressive enough by themselves and, I think, say enough by themselves for Australians to feel proud about what happened at Gallipoli. But these facts are also mixed up with legends and myths and symbolism and sometimes, most of the time perhaps, these latter things become the larger part of the story.

Gallipoli is an episode of military history and, in the context of the Great War, not a big one. In Australia Gallipoli is also a state of mind, a place in the heart, and the stuff of warm inner glows for those of us who were lucky enough not to have been there or to have suffered from its after-effects. Gallipoli is part of the folklore, one of the few words spoken in Australia with something approaching reverence. Gallipoli has become a church and even secular churches need myths. Gallipoli had become a faith and faiths are hostile to analysis. As Bill Gammage wrote long ago, Gallipoli is bigger than the facts. And as someone else said, Gallipoli just is.

What we all know is that it has become a larger part of this nation’s remembrance. When a lot of people thought the story might begin to fade, when all the Australians who fought there have passed on, the tale has taken on a lambent glow.

When I was a kid the mood of Anzac Day was rather different, perhaps because the day usually ended up being linked to the latest crisis of the Cold War. It was also probably true that Gallipoli was not a happy word in many families then, because men had come home moody and morose, wives and children had suffered, and the memories were still fresh. Gallipoli is more appealing to modern generations who did not have to live through the aftermath. When I was a kid Gallipoli and Anzac Day seemed to belong to the returned servicemen. We others looked on, politely and from a proper distance. Now Gallipoli, it seems, belongs to all of us, all of the nation. It is above politics. It is not linked to the military causes of the day. It stands alone and apart. It has found a place of its own.

To sit above North Beach on Anzac Day is these days a thing of wonder. As the dawn breaks, as little waves rattle the shingle, you see thousands upon thousands of

Australians, far from home, huddled against the cold, spread out around the amphitheatre and silhouetted high above on Walker's Ridge: young women using the flag as a shawl, middle-aged men in Wallaby guernseys, older men wearing ties and sports coats and medals, grandmothers cupping their hands around flickering candles, children on school excursions.

Why are they here, so many of them? What has changed? Why has the place of Gallipoli in a nation's remembrance become more secure?

Perhaps we need to look at how Gallipoli first came into the nation's consciousness. The first reports linking Australians to the Gallipoli landings appeared in the Australian press on April 30, 1915. Most of the newspaper editors didn't know what to do with them. For days the main story had been about the fighting at Neuve Chapelle in French Flanders. That's where the war was supposed to be, not at the Dardanelles, and that's where the Australian contingent was assumed to be heading.

What was to become one of the strongest strands in our folklore began with falsehoods. The papers ran a British War Office announcement saying that the Allies were advancing steadily up the Peninsula and that the Turks had prepared deep pits with spiked bottoms. After that the papers ran patchy reports for several days, including a story that 8000 Turks had surrendered and another that the Turks were burning every village from which they were driven, which was really something because the Turks hadn't lost a single village, and didn't. According to the press, the Australian death toll had crept up to forty-one. Then Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett's story appeared.

Ashmead-Bartlett worked for the London *Daily Telegraph*. He was an experienced and intelligent war correspondent and a stylish writer who was occasionally careless with facts. But the best thing about him, as far as Australian editors were concerned, was that he was English, and here he was writing admiring words about Australians. England was the mother country and the child craved approval. Ashmead-Bartlett had the Australians jumping out of their boats and rushing trenches with bayonets. He had men who had been "shot to bits" lying on the beach and cheering throughout that first night. He declared that the Australians were the equal of the heroes of Mons, the Aisne, Ypres and Neuve Chapelle.

Clergymen quoted from Ashmead-Bartlett's piece in their Sunday sermons. People cut out his words and pasted them in scrapbooks. Enlistments soared, reaching heights in July and August of 1915 that were never again reached. Ashmead-Bartlett, without meaning to, had started the Anzac legend. He had done for Gallipoli what Shakespeare did for Agincourt and Tolstoy for Borodino. The trouble was, there was also an Anzac reality. It too was something to be proud of, but it was not the same as the story Ashmead-Bartlett had created.

Censorship is inevitable in war and Ashmead-Bartlett had to leave things out. The

result of these omissions, plus Ashmead-Bartlett's rush of enthusiasm, meant that Australians became captivated by a story that wasn't quite accurate and sounded like an adventure written by Kipling. Ashmead-Bartlett made Gallipoti sound romantic and it wasn't. Rather than fleeing, the Turks were fighting bravely. In military terms the landing was nearer to a failure than a success. The Australians were clinging to around 400 acres above the beach and in the rough shape of a triangle. After that first day they could not advance; they were already in the early days of a siege. The casualties were not the few hundred the newspapers were suggesting. By the time Ashmead-Bartlett's report appeared the Australian and New Zealand casualties were approaching 8,000, of whom more than 2,000 were dead.

We should not be surprised that exact casualty figures were a long time coming: even in June the Australian newspapers were reporting only 688 dead. We should not be surprised that the papers were publishing despatches from men such as Sir Ian Hamilton, the Allied commander-in-chief, who announced, with a nice feel for the abstract noun, that "good progress" was being made. But, as a result of all this, young men were lining up at the recruiting centres with a fraudulent picture of the war in their heads. And families with husbands and sons at Gallipoli were living with false hopes.

Soon the Gallipoli campaign had a hero: Simpson the Christ-like figure, Simpson the one-man epic with the donkey, Simpson the man who didn't carry a gun. In death he enjoyed a grace he had never enjoyed in life. He became Everyman at the Gallipoli front. He was beatified, then canonised. He was described as a six foot Australian when in truth he was a Geordie who wanted to go home and stood five foot nine. He lodged in Australia's collective mind and grew bigger and bigger. And indeed he was a brave man who performed selfless acts. But - and I hope this doesn't sound unkind, because it isn't meant to be - there were larger heroes on Gallipoli, dozens and dozens of them.

Men like Harry Murray, who became the most decorated Australian of the war; his mate Percy Black, who died at Bullecourt; Alfred Shout, who won the VC at Lone Pine and talked cheerfully as they carted him off to die; Walter Cass, who the following year became one of the heroes of the battle of Fromelles in French Flanders; Fred Tubb, who won the VC at Lone Pine and died two years later trying to win another one during the battle of Menin Road; the irrepressible Pompey Elliott; Bert Jacka, who won the VC on Gallipoli and should have received another at Pozieres; and William Malone, the New Zealander who should have won the VC on Chunuk Bair. Gallipoli was also a fine training ground for future Australian generals. Monash, Glasgow, Gellibrand, Rosenthal, Hobbs, Holmes, Blamey and Morshead - all these were on Gallipoli, but for reasons that are unclear we remember Simpson best of all.

In some ways the mould for the Gallipoli story was cast back then, back when the Great War was still going on. The story, so the legend had it, was essentially about the beach and the rushing of the hills. It was essentially romantic. And, as time passed and the Allies had to evacuate the Peninsula, it became a sort of romantic tragedy, and

eventually the best remembered tragedy in Australia's military history, which surely sells short what happened to us at Singapore in 1942. Gallipoli was about Simpson and the beach.

My dear friend Kenan Celik of Canakkale was a few years ago asked to go to the helicopter pad on Hill 971 and guide a Sydney couple around the battlefield. The couple arrived in a helicopter they had chartered in Istanbul and asked Kenan to drive them straight to the beach. They spend twenty minutes there, took photographs, said it was "very moving", thanked Kenan for "showing them Gallipoli", and at once flew back to Istanbul. In passing, I like to think the man was a rich Sydney property developer.

Whoever he was, he missed the real story, which was up on the escarpment. He missed seeing the scenes of true heroics. He missed seeing the sheer improbability of the Australian positions along that second ridge. He missed seeing Lone Pine where, in the grottoes, Australians did things so brave and so brutal they beggar the imagination. He missed seeing Chunuk Bair, where the New Zealanders fought a battle as frightful as Lone Pine. In short, he missed the grander story of Gallipoli, which was about the hanging on rather than the rush across the beach.

From those days in May 1915, when the first reports appeared in the press, Gallipoli has overshadowed all our military history. It is a word that immediately evokes an image, the way El Alamein, say, does not. Gallipoli took two volumes of our official history of the Great War, against four volumes for France and Belgium, and one has to wonder if we got the proportions right. Six times as many Australians died in France and Belgium as did at Gallipoli. As one historian has put it, the western front is the major episode in Australia's military history. There, he said, we engaged the main army of the main enemy in the main theatre of war. Never was this more obvious than in the victories of 1918.

At Fromelles, in French Flanders, on one night in July, 1916, an Australian Division suffered 5,500 casualties. Some of our best spirits died out on that soggy plain, mown down, as one man present put it, like great rows of teeth knocked from a comb. Fromelles was arguably the worst night in Australian history. It was a blunder by British and Australian generals. But who remembers it? Who goes there? Not many, if you look in the visitors' book at the Fromelles cemetery

Pozieres, down on the Somme, began a few days later. Three Australian Divisions went through here twice. They fought under artillery bombardments that reduced the village to piles of ash and caused strong men to go mad. When, after six weeks, the last Australians were pulled out, our casualty list stood 23,000. Twenty-three thousand Australians dead and wounded to reclaim about 600 acres of France. The losses at Pozieres were the spur for the first conscription referendum in Australia and all the divisiveness that came with it. Men who had been at Gallipoli said Pozieres was worse, almost certainly because, by the standards of the Western Front, the artillery fire on

Anzac Cove had been relatively light. Pozieres is not that well remembered either, and it should be.

Nineteen-seventeen was the worst year of the war for Australia. First there were the two battles of Bullecourt. Another 7500 casualties. Then came Passchendaele, or, more accurately, the series of battles that were called Third Ypres, a campaign that ended when men and horses were drowning in the mud. If you stand at Tyne Cot cemetery, look up the hill towards Passchendaele village and let your imagination run, you can see the hopelessness of the final assaults there. That field in front of you was a sea of craters, lip to lip, all of them filled with slime. The clayey soil had turned to glue. Men couldn't move and rifles wouldn't fire.

You can stand at the Menin Gate and, if you have a few days to spare, read the names of 6,176 Australians who were lost in the Ypres Salient and have no known graves. Australia's casualties from the Third Ypres were 38,000. The British remember Passchendaele. There are buses of English pilgrims in the streets of Ypres just about every day. We don't remember Passchendaele so well here.

And now we move on to the strangest thing of all, the famous victories of 1918 that led to the first Remembrance Day: the battle in front of Amiens, the taking of Mont St Quentin and the breaking of the Hindenburg Line. Much is made these days of small detachments of Australian troops being under some form of American control. It is not generally known in this country that Monash at the Hindenburg Line had command over two American divisions. The Australian and Canadian corps in 1918 were important in a way quite out of proportion to their size, and probably didn't receive the credit they deserved because that would have implied some criticism of the divisions from the United Kingdom. Monash and Arthur Currie, the Canadian commander, were perhaps the two best generals in the last year of the war. This wasn't going to be mentioned much in Britain either. The British generals came from the officer classes of Victorian England; Monash and Currie were citizen-soldiers.

We, as a nation, could have talked about these events in France and Belgium, but mostly we didn't, and still don't. Gallipoli is the campaign that goes past the brain and wriggles into the heart. It dominates popular discussions not only of the Great War but also of all Australian wars, and in objective terms this is surely wrong. But here we come to the essence of the matter. Gallipoli is part of the national mythology and mythology is seldom objective.

Ned Kelly is a lesser part of that same folklore and one might argue that he fails the test of objectivity too. Kelly fascinates people, generation after generation. We don't remember Redmond Barry, the judge who sentenced him to death, and yet it might be argued that Barry, through his interest in libraries and Melbourne University, was a civilising force in the Victorian colony, whereas Ned Kelly was a colourful step towards anarchy. We remember Bradman from the thirties and forties, and rightly so, but we

don't much remember Howard Florey, the pathologist from Adelaide, who saved the lives of hundreds of millions. There are no rules to these things, and we should not try to find them.

Military history has its paradoxes too. I sometimes get the feeling from things people say that the Second World War was won when Steven Spielberg landed Tom Hanks on Omaha beach. I read a particularly silly piece in the New Yorker recently, a triumph of style over content that suggested that the lore of the Second World War remains "on the whole heroic", while the imagery of the First "remains that of utter waste". There were Sommes and Passchendaeles in World War II, lots of them, but they mostly happened in Russia and outside Berlin. I doubt Ukrainians would say that the Second World War was "on the whole heroic". We in the west will one day need to accept that that the worst horrors of the second war against Germany happened in the east and that the war was actually won there.

Agincourt has a special place in British history, thanks mainly to Shakespeare. In truth the tale is rather seedier than he would have it. The Englishmen didn't look nearly so handsome as they did in Laurence Olivier's film and one probably needed to be upwind of them. They were ragged and suffering from dysentery. And they weren't quite gentlemen either: they methodically set about butchering prisoners. The incident at San Juan Hill has a place in United States history way beyond its true significance, even if it did help with the election of a very fine president. There is also the Russian veneration of Marshal Kutuzov for his defeat of Napoleon. I wonder if Kutuzov really was as crafty as he is made out to be. Might it be that Napoleon was beaten by his own vanity and the snows of a Russian winter?

No, these things are not objective. But we should not be in hurry to say that Gallipoli doesn't deserve its tender place in Australian life simply because it is shrouded in myths and half-truths, or because it is occasionally reinterpreted by adjunct professors like Alan Bond.

There are several things about Gallipoli that make it special. It is the first big thing that Australia, the new nation, did in the world. Then there is the place itself. It gets into your soul. Every time I smell thyme I think of Gallipoli. Every day I turn to the weather page of *The Australian* to see what the weather is like there. Gallipoli is a harsh landscape, more Asian than European, and yet it has a pagan beauty. The water has all the colours of a peacock's tail. The sunsets make you wish you could paint. You look across to the island of Samothrace, a mountain peak exploding out of the sea, the home of gods with a corona of mist around the summit to prove it. There is a sense of timelessness. Every now and then you think you are lost in antiquity. You climb a hill and you can see Troy on the plain over the water. Climb another and you can see where Xerxes crossed on his way to Athens 2,400 years ago. Look out from one of the abandoned forts on Kilit Bahir plateau and you can see pretty much what Alexander the Great saw.

You wander up Gully Ravine, probably the worst hellhole of the whole Gallipoli campaign, and you swear you are walking with ghosts and that you have entered a place of corruption. You can stand below the Nek at Anzac, where the Light Horsemen crouched on that murderous dawn, and look, not at the ditch of perdition up ahead, but behind you, over the Aegean; and it is such a shade of pale blue that you cannot tell where the sea ends and the sky begins. The Anzac position has a charm: a sense of foreboding and foreignness on the one hand, and of uncommon beauty on the other. It is like no other place on earth. To me, the battlefields of France are sad and evocative places. They are set among some of the prettiest farm land in the world, among beech and plane trees and stands of corn seven-feet tall. Yet they are not exotic; they are not Gallipoli.

The poetic associations go beyond the place itself. The story has a poetry to it, which might explain why it has produced so many books, not just here but in Britain. It is a natural story in three acts. It has heroes and villains. It has the Hamlet-like figure of Ian Hamilton, a brave man but a poor commander, cultured and courtly, more a man of letters than a general, a man of real substance and a ditherer, a man looking back to some Arthurian age of chivalry, a man who did not understand the industrial age and its howitzers.

And there is Kemal Ataturk, a man who believed in himself, who made his mind up quickly, who could reduce a problem to its essentials and never shrunk from the solutions that he deemed necessary. Hamilton was a romantic and Kemal a realist,

Then the supporting cast: Enver Pasha, the intriguer who put his country up for auction; Churchill, a brilliant man consumed by the need to make a mark; Kitchener, the gloomy lighthouse who every now and then gave off a flash of light; Asquith, a good man who seemed terrified of the things a Prime Minister has to do in time of war.

Part of the folklore is to see Gallipoli as an example of British military incompetence and we Australians as victims. There were some poor English generals there, notably Hunter-Weston at Helles, who had clearly envisioned Blackadder, Godley, the robotic soldier; and the doddering Stopford at Suvla. But there was also Birdwood. He was no tactician, but he had affection for his Australians. And there was Harold Walker who took over our 1st Division and to whom this country owes a large debt. For reasons I don't understand Hooky Walker is not remembered here. The truth is that some of our senior officers didn't perform that well either, particularly in the shambles that followed the landing and in the August offensive.

In folklore Gallipoli is all about "what ifs". What if we had been landed on Brighton Beach instead of at Ari Burnu? What if the New Zealanders had reached Chunuk Bair on time? What if the Suvla landing had worked? What if the Turks had not been warned that a landing was coming? What if Vice-Admiral de Robeck's navy had shown more interest in fighting the Turks?

Speculating about those “what ifs” and concentrating on failures of military command tend to miss a much larger point. Gallipoli was first of all a political failure. The “Easterners” in the political salons of London believed that the war could best be won by opening up fronts on the flanks, by niggling not at Germany but at Austria-Hungary and the Ottoman empire. It is easy to see from this distance that this policy was wrong-headed. As someone said, it was like a boxer trying to win the fight by knocking out his opponent’s seconds.

The truth, I suspect, is that the Gallipoli campaign, and what was supposed to follow from it, could never have succeeded. Thus the ‘what ifs’ don’t matter. I don’t think the Gallipoli campaign could have worked if ten, rather than five, Divisions had been landed. It’s a long way from Gallipoli to Vienna. The war was always going to be won or lost on the Western Front.

And I don’t think it matters if there are two Gallipolis, one that belongs mostly to folklore and mythology and another that belongs to facts and reality. But I do think the factual story is the more affecting, the more worthy, if you like. The story of what happened to the infantrymen, the volunteers from Ballarat and Bathurst, stands the scrutiny of ninety years.

Getting ashore was not that hard. Hanging on, up on that second ridge, for eight months – that was hard. The Australians defended absurd positions like Pope’s Hill, with a cliff behind them and the Turks a few yards ahead of them. They looked after each other: Gallipoli was all about mateship. They kept their good humour. There is indeed a cheerfulness in soldiers’ letters from Gallipoli that one seldom comes upon in letters from France. There were no back areas: even when you were out of the line you were still under artillery and sniper fire. The food was unspeakable and almost inedible. The flies were a plague. At one point up to seventy per cent of the Anzac force was thought to have dysentery. Everyone had lice: they made no distinction between generals and privates. Men who went briefly to the island of Imbros marvelled at sounds they hadn’t heard for months: a woman’s voice, a dog’s bark, the tinkle of a piano.

The miracle is simply that these men didn’t lose heart – and they didn’t, not even when they knew it was all lost and they were creeping away by night, leaving so many of their mates dead in the ground.

That, to me, is why we are right to remember Gallipoli – because of what it says about the spirit of the men, all of them volunteers, who served there. If we are to have a foundation story, we could do worse than a tale that is a compound of mateship and endurance, cynicism and rough humour, bungling and heroics. These, in Charles Bean’s words, were great-hearted men. They were not necessarily better than the other men who fought at Gallipoli. But they were our great-hearted men, and they were not like those of any other nation. We are surely right to honour them. We are surely right to

walk past the political intrigues and the military blunders and say that Gallipoli says something good about the Australian people and the Australian spirit.

And it says something too that, over ninety years after the event, we believe in the Gallipoli story more ardently than we ever have. Maybe Bondy was right. Maybe in some unexplainable way we did win.

But it hardly matters at all what I say here tonight. To paraphrase from Lincoln's Gettysburg address, the world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did there.

Note: Les Carlyon is the author of *Gallipoli*, which has become a best seller in Australia and Britain. It won the Queensland Premier's Literary Award in 2002 and the Readers' Choice Award conducted by the Australian Publishers' Association in 2003. He has been the editor of *The Age*, and editor-in-chief of the *Herald* and *Weekly Times* group. He won the Walkley Award in 1971 and the Graham Perkin Journalist of the Year Award in 1993.

Acknowledgements: We are most grateful to Les Carlyon for permission to reproduce his oration and to Michael Robson who first drew it to the attention of the Editor.

"LISTEN!" SAID MONTY

AN EXTRACT CONCERNING MUDROS FROM CHAPTER VII OF *TELL ENGLAND* BY ERNEST RAYMOND

For from all the camps the British bugles were singing the sad call of "Retreat"; the French trumpets wailing "Sundown," and their rifles firing a rapid fusilade to speed the departing day. Meanwhile the heat had died into a refreshing coolness: the wind had dropped, leaving the dust undisturbed on the ground; and the flies were roosting in the tops of the tents.

Very soon it was quite dark. Then everything lit up: first, the camps on the hills, their innumerable hurricane-lamps resembling the lights of great cities: then, the vessels in the bay— and, in the quiet of the windless evening, their bells, telling the hour, came clearly over the water. The long hulls of the hospital ships marked themselves off by rows of green lights and large, luminous red crosses. Reflected in the still water, they gave to the basin the appearance of a pleasure lake, gay with red and green fairy lamps. The battleships hid their bellicose features in the darkness, and, since one or two of them had their bands playing, might have been pleasure steamers. And from an Indian encampment behind us came a weird incantation and the steady-beat of the tom-tom.

BOOK REVIEWS

VICTORIA CROSS HEROES

MICHAEL ASHCROFT

Headline Review 2006. 335 pages, 43 illustrations. (ISBN-10) 0 7553 1632 0. £20.

This year, as reported earlier in this *Gallipolian*, marks the 150th Anniversary of the creation of the Victoria Cross, Britain's most prestigious medal for courage in action. Just twenty years ago the author became the proud owner of his very first VC – that awarded to Leading Seaman James Magennis, the only Ulsterman to be awarded the medal during the Second World War. Since then he has purchased no fewer than 142 VC's spanning deeds of bravery from 1854 to the Falklands in 1982, the world's largest collection, just over a tenth of the VC's awarded. This fascinating book is published in conjunction with a three-part Channel Five documentary to be screened shortly, a documentary introduced by HRH The Prince of Wales. Plans are afoot to open the collection to the public, more information at www.victoriacrossheroes.com

LIVERPOOL HEROES BOOK 1

ANN CLAYTON

Noel Chavasse VC Memorial Association 2006. 108 pages, 26 illustrations.

ISBN 0 9553495 0 8. £8.00 including post*

The Noel Chavasse VC Memorial Association was established in 2005 by a group of enthusiasts in the Liverpool area who wanted to ensure that the many valorous deeds performed by Liverpool citizens, meriting the award of the Victoria Cross should not be forgotten. This the first book of a planned series, so certainly more to look forward to if this excellent volume is the standard they have set. All proceeds are being devoted to the erection of a memorial to the 16 men featured in the book. Only one, Paul Kenna VC has a Gallipoli connection, fatally wounded at Chocolate Hill on 29 August he lies in Lala Baba Cemetery. Here described as "a great soldier and a devout Christian (who) loved his country, the Army, his family and his horses".

*Available at £8.00 including post from Donald Allerston, 12 Wexford Avenue, Hale Village, Merseyside, L24 5RY. Tel: 0151 425 3375.

POW

ADRIAN GILBERT

John Murray 2006. 398 pages, 34 illustrations, 2 maps. ISBN 13 978 0 7195 6128 3. £20.00.

This excellent book concerning Allied prisoners in Europe, 1939-1945 seems at first sight far removed from Gallipoli 1915, but there are connections. How many of those who served at Gallipoli went on to serve in the Second World War and be captured? This reviewer knows of only one, though there are surely more. Perhaps members might like to contribute information. As to the one, he does receive mention in this fine book about life behind the wire, about the unsung heroes far removed from the battlefield. John Dodge of the Royal Naval Division, an Assistant Landing Officer at V Beach on 25 April for which he was awarded the DSC. Captured in France in 1940 he participated in "the Great Escape" in 1944 and survived, most likely because he was a distant relation of Winston Churchill.

THE ANIMALS' WAR

JULIET GARDINER

Portrait 2006. 192 pages countless photographs and paintings. ISBN 0 7499 5103 6. £20.

A handsome, large format book published as the official companion to the Exhibition at the Imperial War Museum - *Animals in Wartime from the First World War to the Present Day*. From a Gallipoli point of view coverage is poor, a reference on three pages, one with an illustration. Even Simpson (and others at Gallipoli) with his donkey is barely mentioned and surely deserved a picture. No mention either of the Zion Mule Corps. Having said this the sweep of illustrations is superb, buy the book if you cannot visit the Exhibition, and buy it if you can, for the book provides a moving record of the part animals have, and indeed still play in wartime, a record which must not be overlooked.

GALLIPOLI BATTLEFIELD GUIDE

GURSEL GONCU & SAHIN ALDOGAN

MB Books 2006. 212 pages, numerous illustrations, 4 maps. ISBN 975 9191 07 5. 25YTL.

A first rate guide to the battlefield by two of our Turkish members and one deserving a place on each members bookshelves whether a visit is planned or not. It covers no fewer than 99 visitor sites, memorials and cemeteries on the Peninsula divided into four broad areas, Suvla, Anzac, Helles and the Eceabat/Narrows area. Each memorial or site has a photograph and on the opposite page comprehensive text in Turkish and English. One wonders why they have neglected the important locations on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles. Maybe a supplementary volume? Rightly so they draw attention to the recent works carried out on the Peninsula and the irreversible damage done to some sites. To help minimise further pressures they ask visitors to leave their vehicles at one or other of the villages and explore on foot. Members who have not been to Gallipoli

should maybe do so soon before further losses occur, if so make sure you have this guide book in your rucksack.

*Available to members for the special price of £10.00 including postage. Contact the author Gursel Goncu email gurselgancu@ttnet.net.tr or the publisher Mursit Balabanlilar email mb@mbayinevi.com

THE AGONY OF GALLIPOLI

JOHN LAFFIN

Sutton Publishing 2005. 295 pages. ISBN 0 7509 3639 8. £8.99.

A welcome reprint of a book *Damm the Dardanelles* by our late member and prolific author first published in 1980 and reprinted in 1989 when it was reviewed in *The Gallipolian* No 60. Why might one ask did the publishers see the need to change the title, *Damm the Dardanelles* seems perfectly sound and was the authors choice. Knowing him, his celestial blood will now be boiling on learning of the change. Even more disappointing is the fact, as remarked upon in the previous review, no attempt has been made by means of a footnote to correct information given in the Acknowledgements and now a quarter of a century old and very much out of date concerning the Gallipoli Association. The original book and the 1980's reprint were both well endowed with illustrations and maps, this edition has neither, a cause for much more celestial blood-boiling and indeed earthly stamping of feet.

LEST WE FORGET

LESLIE LARNDER

Jeremy Mills Publishing 2006. 76 pages, 30 illustrations. ISBN 1 905217 17 X.
£9.00 including postage*

The history of the War Memorials in the Suffolk villages of Peasenhall and Sibton, East Suffolk very nicely presented many of the illustrations being coloured. Twenty-seven names from the First and five from the Second World War at Peasenhall. At Sibton eleven (one also at Peasenhall) and two names respectively. George Kerridge, 1st Essex killed on 1 October 1915 is the only Gallipoli casualty. There is another Gallipoli connection in that Charles Walker, the only naval casualty on either memorial was serving on the destroyer HMS *Scourge* when it was disabled by a boiler explosion, he is buried in Malta.

*Available at £9.00 including postage from the author, our Gallipoli Association member Leslie Larnder, Bridgeford, Wood View, Sibton, Saxmundham, Suffolk, IP17 2NH.

BURNLEY & THE ROYAL EDWARD DISASTER

DENIS OTTER & ANDREW MACKAY

Published by authors 2006. 132 pages A4 format, illustrations. £12.00 including postage*

Sub-titled The Story of "Callam's Own" Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Callam was a doctor practicing in Burnley who commanded the 2nd/2nd East Lancashire Field Ambulance, RAMC, 70 men of which sailed for Gallipoli on the *Royal Edward*. Numerous newspaper accounts reported the loss of ship on 13 August 1915 and the men from Burnley and the surrounding area who sailed with her. *The Burnley Express* of 8 September even concluded its coverage with a poem In Memoriam of "Callam's Own". It concludes "All glory then to "Callam's Own," They did their duty well, And, though death brings out many a tear, 'Tis a glorious tale to tell." The authors are to be applauded for their part in ensuring this tale from the Gallipoli campaign is not forgotten and is so well recorded.

*Available at £12.00, including postage, from the author, our Gallipoli Association member Denis Otter, 29 Brooklands Road, Burnley, BB11 3PR. Tel: 01282 451342.

TRACING YOUR NAVAL ANCESTORS

BRUNO PAPPALARDO

Public Record Office 2003. 222 pages, 34 illustrations. ISBN 1 903365 37 6. £14.99.

Although published several years ago this comprehensive guide richly deserves to be drawn to the attention of members. An amazing array of sources to draw upon for anyone studying naval history, while if your field is narrow – Gallipoli – there are a number of key areas worthy of search. First however obtain a copy of the book, it is essential reading and a background to the wealth of naval records.

HELL, HOPE AND HEROES

ROY RAMSAY

Rosenberg Publishing 2005. 272 pages, 47 illustrations. ISBN 1 877058 29 7. AUS\$

In late June 1915 Private Roy Ramsay, a country boy from Toowoomba in southern Queensland and newly trained at the Enoggera army camp near Brisbane, left Australia with the 4th Light Horse Field Ambulance for Egypt. On 9 July 1919, standing at the stern rail of the P&O *Prince Ludwig* and watching England gradually disappear, he suddenly realised that he was actually on his way home, and not "merely crossing the English Channel to rejoin mates on the Western Front". And that he should write down his story while it was still fresh in his mind., previously he had kept a diary, but it had become lost. Some time after his father's death, aged 92, in April 1989, Ron Ramsay found that "unfinished war journal" and decided to publish it because, as far as he was aware, such a story "had seldom been told from the point of view of a stretcher-bearer and medic".

The reality of war first hit Roy Ramsay when, with a day's leave from his No 2 Oasis Camp some two miles from Heliopolis, he decided to meet up with a friend from his unit then working in the Australian General Hospital. His mate Alby gave him a guided tour. He was impressed by the beauty of the building, formerly a luxury hotel, and by the splendour of its interior. However what really struck him were "the thousands of beds filled with wounded soldiers recovering after being evacuated from Anzac Cove....."

He was taken into a ward and introduced to some members of the 10th Battalion AIF from South Australia. As part of the 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade, the 9th Battalion from Queensland along with the 10th were the first Australians ashore on the 25th landing about 0430 at Ari Burnu at 0430. Here he met men who had survived the original landing and the big Turkish attack on 19 May. Roy Ramsay quickly realised that these Australians had developed a deep respect for the Turk as a soldier. He also learned during this visit about the "really rough landings at the Helles beaches" and how the "Lancaster Fusiliers had been mown down" and also how "other British troops had copped a hiding as they tried to disembark from the *River Clyde*". An 18 year old thus suddenly realised that the war was not as he had imagined.

In early August Roy Ramsay was assigned to the hospital ship *Glenart Castle*, destination Anzac Cove. On arrival he clambered into a barge, which, on reaching Watson's Pier, was speedily unloaded of its cargo of supplies and reloaded with wounded men - some able to walk, others on stretchers. Then, without delay, the barge pushed from the Pier, and Private Ramsay "never actually got to stand on the peninsula itself".

He went back to working on Lemnos and in Alexandria. Towards the end of November, he noticed changes in the hospital routine: he was taking patients away from Alexandria and Heliopolis to other hospitals and leaving an increasing number of empty beds. In early December, extra beds were continually being brought in and set up in wards already containing empty beds this could only mean that "the top brass were expecting a lot more casualties."

A sick Maori from the Auckland Battalion recently taken from Anzac Cove provided another explanation. He had been evacuated at night and taken to a troop transport along with many troops not needing hospitalisation; a general evacuation would appear to be taking place. Eventually Roy Ramsay learned that "all AIF troops had been evacuated on 19 December with only three casualties.

Later he served in Palestine, later in France. Here he wrote: "We were crying out for a change. We thought Egypt was the worst place in the world but we had not been a year in France before we thought that was the worst place in the world and we longed for good old Egypt. It wasn't such a bad place after all".

Malcolm Orchard

MEDALS: THE RESEARCHER'S GUIDE

WILLIAM SPENCER

The National Archives, 2006. 224pages. Illustrated. ISBN 1 903365 63 5. £19.99.

William Spencer is already well known for his books on army and air force service records for historians. He is the military archives specialist at the National Archives, Kew and formerly served in the Royal Navy, participating in the Falklands War. The three former single service medal offices (Navy, Army and Air Force) have now merged to become one and in the process a number of medal rolls for 20th century awards have been transferred to the Archives, adding to those already held there. William Spencer who managed this transfer from the National Archives' perspective therefore has a unique perspective on the holdings at Kew and elsewhere.

This book is organised in three parts, each further sub-divided into sections such as campaign awards or civilian awards. The author provides an annotated list of probably every medal roll in existence (including some still held by the Ministry of Defence medal office and not yet generally available). Many of the sections are further developed by the inclusion of case studies, illustrating both the medals and examples of the documentation that can be found at Kew. Part three provides more general advice on research techniques, with sections on the National Archives' catalogue, on-line access to those records available via this means and appendices on medal collections and other published sources of information.

This is not a book about medals themselves but an invaluable guide to research sources, at the National Archives and elsewhere, aimed at those setting out to discover what they can about an individual and their medals.

Peter Ramsden

FORGOTTEN SOLDIERS OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR

DAVID R WOODWARD

Tempus Publishing Ltd 2006. 318 pages, 24 illustrations & maps. ISBN 0 7524 3854 9. £20.

Not Gallipoli but Egypt and Palestine, where many of those who served on the Peninsula commenced their war and after 1915 many more were to spend the rest of their time. While on the other side, who put in an appearance towards the end? None other than Liman Von Sanders, the German who had done so much to thwart the Allies at Gallipoli. The campaign against the Turks is vividly described by drawing extensively on the personal accounts of those who were there, from men, who as one wrote "used to wonder whether the people at home knew there was an army at all in Egypt and Palestine." This brilliant book highlights the achievements of these men who participated in one of the most strenuous and demanding campaigns of the First World War.



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.