

The Gallipolian

*The Journal of the
Gallipoli Association*

No. 114 - AUTUMN 2007



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

THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

The Gallipoli Association
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- 9 September West Newton Memorial Service. See page 4.
24 October Annual General Meeting and Autumn Lunch. See page 2.
8 November Field of Remembrance. See page 21.
24 November Bursary Presentation, Dersingham. See page 4

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Gallipoli Association will be held on Wednesday 24 October commencing at 1130 at the Naval Club, 38 Hill Street, London, W1. Directions for the Naval Club are included on the enclosed booking form.

Agenda

- 1 Apologies for absence
- 2 Minutes of the AGM held on 25 October 2006 and printed opposite
- 3 Chairman's Report
- 4 Treasurer's Report & Adoption of 2006 Accounts
- 5 Election of Officers (as listed inside front cover of *The Gallipolian*)
- 6 Election of Committee (as listed inside front cover of *The Gallipolian*)
- 7 Any other business

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

AUTUMN LUNCH

The Autumn Lunch will be held at the Naval Club on Wednesday 24 October at 1230 for 1300 and will follow the Annual General Meeting. See enclosed booking form for details.

Our speaker at the lunch will be General The Lord Ramsbotham, GCB. Following education at Haileybury College and Corpus Christi College Cambridge, he was commissioned into the Rifle Brigade. He went on to command 2nd Bn Royal Greenjackets, 39 Infantry Brigade, 3rd Armoured Division and UK Field Army. He later became HM Chief Inspector of Prisons for England and Wales, and is well known for his forthright views. He has studied and visited Gallipoli.

2008 GALLIPOLI TOUR 2008

The 2008 Tour will take place in May. Members wishing for further details or to reserve a place please contact Major Hugh Jenner address inside front cover.

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION HELD AT THE NAVAL CLUB, HILL STREET LONDON, 25 OCTOBER 2006

The Chairman, Captain C.T.F. Fagan, Secretary J.C. Watson Smith, P.R. Officer Major H.D. Jenner, Treasurer W.J. Marsh, Colonel S.M.W. Hickey and J.Crowe together with twelve members were present.

Apologies were received from D.R. Saunders (Editor) Dennis Pollard, Roger Boissier, and Ian Adam.

- 1 The Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on 12 October 2005 were approved and signed as a true record.
- 2 The Chairman presented his report which was circulated to those present and later published in the Winter 2006 *Gallipolian* No 112.
- 3 The Treasurer's report and annual accounts were adopted and later circulated with the Winter 2006 *Gallipolian* No 112.
- 4 Election of Officers

The following were elected for the year:

Chairman	Captain C.T.F. Fagan
Secretary	J.C. Watson Smith
Treasurer/membership	W.J. Marsh
Public Relations	Major H. Jenner
Editor	D.R. Saunders

The following were elected to serve on the Committee in addition to the Officers listed above:

Colonel S.M.W. Hickey, Colonel J.R.H Stopford. J. Crowe.

Major Hugh Jenner thanked the Chairman for all that he had done on the behalf of the Association in the past year.

Association Web Site: Work is currently in progress to revamp and re-design our web site as we are aware that this is in urgent need.

Mr. T. Chamberlin raised the following points.

Errol Baycan who lives in Sedd-eI-Bahr and has been extremely helpful for many years should be made an Honorary Member. It was however decided that Corporate Membership would be more appropriate.

Volkan Sosluogo formerly of the CWGC should no longer receive our Journal as he has been found to have embezzled money from the Commission.

The Commonwealth War Graves Commission in Canakkale should also be made a Corporate Member.

Regarding large quantities of rubbish appearing on the Peninsula due to increased numbers of visitors that we would write to the Turkish authorities expressing our concern of the visual blight.

SANDRINGHAM

The third Memorial Service will be held in St Peter and St Paul's Church, West Newton at 1430 on Sunday 9 September. Standard bearers will attend from various local ex-service organisations, on behalf of which wreaths will also be laid. Afterwards tea and Anzac biscuits will be served in the Village Hall. Further information from John Crowe, who will be pleased to hear from anyone intending to be there so that appropriate seating may be arranged in this small Church. Please telephone him at 0208 697 2787; mobile 07956 188826 or e mail johncrowe@uwclub.net

GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL BURSARY

A Memorial Bursary Presentation will take place on 24 November at the Army Cadet Drill Hall, Doddshill, Dersingham, Norfolk commencing at 1300. The presentation will be given by those cadets that visited Gallipoli earlier in the year on what promises to be an interesting afternoon..

A reservation slip with further information is enclosed with this *Gallipolian*.

REMEMBRANCE SERVICES

Many thanks are extended to all those correspondents who provided reports, some reproduced below, on the remembrance services held on or about 25 April at locations both in Great Britain and overseas.

Cardigan

On a cool, dry morning some 50 people took part in the Anzac commemoration at the Cardigan cenotaph. The service, at which eight wreaths were laid, was taken by the Reverend Dorrien Davies, Royal British Legion Ceredigion County Chaplain who was assisted by the Reverend John Powell of St Mary's Church, Cardigan and Reverend John Matthews of St Cynwyls, Aberporth. After prayers the exhortation and Kohima Epitaph were given by Parade Marshal Richard Watson.

The town was represented by His Worship the Mayor, Councillor Wyn Evans, The Australian Government by Lieutenant Commander Alan Barnes, Royal Australian Navy who also gave a short address, The Returned Serviceman's League by Michael Power and the Royal British Legion by Gareth Lewis of the National Board of Trustees. County Officers from both Ceredigion and Pembrokeshire were also present. A large thank you was given to those who travelled from Yorkshire to remember with us, to all who were present, to Cardigan Police and Community Support Officers and to the Cadets of 1429 Squadron for a job well done. Not forgetting the refreshments including Anzac biscuits provided by Mr and Mrs Michael Power.

Richard Watson

Dallachy

The ceremony at Dallachy this year looked like being a very wet and cold one, but amazingly about half an hour before commencement the rain stopped, the sun came out and we had a very pleasant morning.

There were ten wreath layers led by Duncan Dunbar-Nasmith who in his capacity of Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Morayshire laid a wreath on behalf of Her Majesty, others were from the local Council, RAF, RBLS, RAFA, the local community, some individual ones, and myself on behalf of the Association. The ceremony was led by a local minister and a piper played a lament. Among a congregation of around thirty were five members of the RAAF who had arrived only two days before on attachment to RAF Lossiemouth and who were pleasantly surprised to find that the anniversary was being commemorated in this distant part of the country.

Derek Smith

Dublin

A Dawn Service at Grangegorman Military Cemetery, Dublin was followed later on 25 April by an inclusive Thanksgiving Service, led by Canon Thomas Haskins held in St Ann's Church, Dawson Street, Dublin. The Australian and New Zealand national anthems were sung. After prayers by Friar Martin Langron, chaplain. Australian Armed Forces, HE Ms Ann Plunkett, Australian Ambassador read from the Book of Wisdom. HE Mr Korhan Kungeru, Turkish Embassy, Dublin read Kemal Atatürk's words about the heroes and lost sons who sleep in foreign soil. Mr Alan McCarthy and Mrs Jill McIvor, NZ Honorary Consul-Generals, also read.

Reverend Nigel Biggar, Theology Professor, Trinity College, Dublin, reflected on war, peace and remembrance. Young girls from different countries sang about peace. Peter Kell, NZ Embassy, London and representatives of the Ireland-Australian Association and Irish Veterans Memorial Project read intercessional prayers. The Last Post was sounded and diplomats, Royal British Legion members and others laid wreaths. The congregation placed candles at the altar. John Moore, Royal Dublin Fusiliers Association read Patrick MacGill's poem, *Before the Charge*.

Subsequently Mr Alan McCarthy, Hon Consul General on behalf of the New Zealand Ireland Association, welcomed guests to a reception at the Mansion House, courtesy of Cllr Vincent Jackson, Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Anthony P Quinn

Note: Anthony P Quinn's book, *Wigs & Guns, Irish Barristers in the Great War*, including six named on the Helles memorial, Gallipoli, is available from www.four-courts-press.ie See review in *The Gallipolian* 111 Autumn 2006 pages 61-62.

Harefield

St Mary's Church was full for the Annual Service of Commemoration and Thanksgiving on 25 April. The Service was led by the Reverend Andrew Gandon., Vicar of Harefield, and the sermon given by Reverend Tony Rablen, C of E Chaplain at Harefield Hospital. After the Service the congregation moved to the ANZAC Cemetery for the Act of Remembrance and the laying of wreaths at the cenotaph. In the Cemetery are the graves of 111 Australian servicemen and one woman who did not 'go home' after treatment at the Australian Military Hospital (on the site of the present Harefield Hospital). See photographs on page 34.

Present on the day were those representing the London Borough of Hillingdon (including the Mayor, Councillor David Routledge), the armed services of Australia and the UK, veterans organisations and many groups and individuals from Harefield village. The children of the Infant and Junior Schools laid flowers on the graves, continuing the tradition which started in 1921, and continues strongly today. Tea was served later in the Church Hall when the show of memorabilia attracted much interest

giving details of the times during the First World War when wounded Australian soldiers were treated in the Military Hospital.

Michael Dent

Perth, Western Australia

Once again, Kings Park was packed as Perth ventured out into the darkness to honour the fallen soldiers to whom we owe so much. As dawn broke and the buglers' notes rang out The Last Post and Reveille, the crowd said a silent thank you and a prayer for peace. Immediately following the main service a ceremony organised by the Jewish Community Council was held at the Jewish War Memorial. As in previous years, it was well attended by members of our own community, many of whom had come to lay wreaths at the newly-repaired Memorial. However, this year numbers were substantially bolstered by many non-Jews who braved the cold wind to hear the Hebrew prayers. They stood in silence and paid their respects to men and women they had never met. It was wonderful to see them there and the Jewish community thanks them for attending.

It was also good to see Ron Stone, President of the WA Jewish Ex-Servicemen and Women's Association (WAJEX), attending both ceremonies, despite being wheelchair bound after his release from hospital the day before. As he took his usual place alongside the Governor and other dignitaries, it became clear how important it is for us to continue the tradition of WAJEX which now allows personnel from allied forces such as South Africa to become members. Just as we honour the memory of those who perished in the Shoah, so we must also honour the memory of those brave souls who willingly gave up their lives in the defence of Australia's freedom. Lest we forget.

Sadly Ron Stone has subsequently died.

Judy Shorrock

St John's Newfoundland

The Royal Newfoundland Regiment commemorated ANZAC Day with a parade to the memorial on the parade ground where the Newfoundland Regiment trained before going overseas. In the presence of the Honorary Colonel, the Honorable Edward Roberts, Lieutenant Governor of Newfoundland; members of the Legion; the Australian Military Attache, Lieutenant Colonel L. Anderson, and local dignitaries, wreaths were placed at the Memorial. The Last Post was sounded, the Lament, and Reveille were followed by the Ode to Newfoundland, Advance Australia, and O Canada.

A reception was held for the members of the Regiment when Lieutenant Colonel Anderson explained what ANZAC Day means to the Australians and New Zealanders. I myself related the presence of the Newfoundland Regiment at Gallipoli in 1915. Anzac Biscuits were available and were well received.

April 25th also commemorates the day that the original formation of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment in 1795, that played a prominent role in the War of 1812. This day also commemorates the Battle of York (Toronto) on 25 April 1815. This is an important time in the history of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment.

David Parsons

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION WEB SITE

After a great deal of work by your Committee “behind the scenes” we were pleased to launch our new and expanded web-site on the memorable date of 25 April – Gallipoli Day. The web-site has been met with general acclaim though we are aware of some “teething problems” which are being addressed.

All members should have received their user name and password which will enable access to the “Members Only” parts of the web-site. If for some reason you have not received your user name and password please contact W J Marsh the Membership Secretary (address on inside cover of *The Gallipolian*) or by e mail at: bill-sylvia@talk21.com

We hope that an increasing number of members will use the Members Forum where Committee members will reply to as many queries as possible. At the same time we hope that members will use this to communicate with one another on aspects of the campaign.

We are currently placing all 113 issues of *The Gallipolian* on the Members Only part of the web-site, hopefully this will have been achieved by late August. Each new issue will be added when published. More news and photographs are also very much on the agenda. Ideas and suggestions and contributions from members will be warmly welcomed. Together we can help ensure our web-site is informative, up-to-date and essential to all those with an interest in the campaign.

In addition to your Committee, which has been so committed to bringing the new web-site to fruition, we are indebted to James Bull of Exedos for translating our ideas into action, and introducing us to much new technology. We are also grateful to Andy Mullen for all his help in creating our first web-site all those years ago.

90TH ANNIVERSARY OF SERGEANT THOMAS HUNTER AND ANZAC DAY IN BUCHAREST

JOHN HARVEY

Anzac Day saw the 90th Anniversary of the service held at the graveside of Sergeant Thomas Hunter of the 10th Battalion AIF who died from wounds suffered during the Australians' attack on Pozieres in July 1916, was brought back to this country for treatment, but died in what was then the Peterborough Infirmary, now the City Museum. He was also injured on Gallipoli.

This Anzac Day Thomas Hunter was remembered on both sides of the world. His story was on ABC, The Australian National Radio Station, as part of their early programming for Anzac Day and reference was made to the annual service of remembrance that has been held since 1917 at his graveside in Peterborough.

The service at his grave in the Broadway Cemetery in the City was held in front of the largest crowd that had attended for some time including for the first time, children from a local primary school together with their teachers. Three of the pupils laid a beautiful tribute of fresh flowers and it stood out amongst the many wreaths of Flanders Poppies that were laid including that laid by an Australian Naval Officer who had travelled from Portsmouth to represent the Government and Peoples of Australia. Tributes were also laid by the Lord Lieutenant, the Mayor of Peterborough, the Royal British Legion and Australians who had heard about the service and had travelled to Peterborough specifically to attend and lay their tribute.

The City Ex-Service Associations were well represented and their standards paraded and for the first time for many years the Parachute Regiment Association was in attendance, with members travelling from as far away as Skegness and Spalding together with their standards.

The remembrance of the Lonely Anzac had not finished when this service concluded, as there was an excellent feature on Anglia TV in the evening about him, starting with a photograph of his coffin leaving the Peterborough Infirmary and being placed in the horse drawn hearse for its journey to the cemetery and finishing with coverage of this year's service and an interview with myself and Bill Daiglish, a local Australian resident, on the Lonely Anzac story.

Unique ANZAC commemorations held in Europe

Extracted from a special programme by the Australian Broadcasting Corporation

“Later today in Europe, there will be two very different and unique ANZAC commemorations. In Bucharest, Romanians will get their first ever dawn service by the graveside of the few Australians buried there and in Peterborough, an English town north of Cambridge, they will continue a tradition that has been going on since the First World War.”

There then followed the story of The Lonely Anzac of Peterborough and a report about this year's service at his graveside. After this feature on Sergeant Thomas Hunter the ABC's European reporter continued:

“A few hours before that service in Peterborough, 2,000 kilometers away in Bucharest, Romanians will be getting their first taste of ANZAC DAY. Six Australian Airmen were shot down over Bulgaria and Romania in World War Two, and four of their graves are in a cemetery just north of Bucharest Airport. Australia's Consul General, Trevor de Carteret, is holding the country's first ever dawn service there. He had the idea that there should be this dawn service and thought he should get a bugler at least. He asked the Romanian Protocol Regiment if they could supply one, they did even better, as well as the bugler, they are providing an honour guard and wreath party. He went on – they were very keen to give the service the recognition Australians would like it to have, but thought it a bit quaint that we were interested in having something so early in the morning. Among the guests will be a delegation from the Turkish Embassy, one of whom will deliver a prayer during the service.”

FIRST ZEPPELIN DESTRUCTION

An important First World War DSO and Bar group of five awarded to Captain B A Smart RAF, late RNAS was sold at the Dix Noonan Webb auction, 7 March for £63,000 (£72,450 including premium). Bernard Smart had enlisted in 1914 in the RNAS and served with the armoured cars at Gallipoli. Later he trained as a pilot and in August 1917 destroyed Zeppelin L23 the first such victory achieved by a ship-launched pilot. The following year he obtained a direct hit on a Zeppelin shed before making his escape through a curtain of enemy fire zig-zagging his Sopwith Camel at 50 feet.

TWENTY-NINTH DIVISION WREATH LAYING CEREMONY

We were pleased to have had a good attendance at the annual ceremony, this year on Sunday 11 March. Wreaths were laid on behalf of the Borough of Rugby by the lady Mayor Councillor Tina Avis, The Gallipoli Association, and James Watson Smith. Stratford Upon Avon Branch W.F.A. Mrs Elizabeth Higgins; Heart of England Branch W.F.A. Mr Chris Holland; Royal Dublin Fusiliers, Bill Shields; The Royal Military Police, Harry Hubbal; two wreaths on behalf of the Great War Society Tom Hill and L.Cpl. Johns. Royal British Legion Standard Bearers and Members of the Living History Unit were also present. Thanks must go to Mr David Ray who made the introductions and gave a short address which we are pleased to reproduce below.

Good morning, welcome and thank you for attending this short ceremony. It seems for once the elements are on our side. Good to see so many organisations represented here and so many familiar faces.

In the Twenty-Ninth Division were men from Ireland, Hampshire, Lancashire, South Wales, the Scottish borders, Essex who were made to feel at home in Rugby, Nuneaton, Coventry, Leamington, Stratford and Banbury. Many had come from the Empire: India, Burma, China, Mauritius; some were in light tropical uniform; a few had never seen England before. Private houses, public houses, empty houses, hotels provided accommodation for this massive influx of man-power. Some married local girls and a handful died here and are buried locally.

During the First World War the 29th suffered over 94,000 casualties, over 30,000 in the Dardanelles, and won 27 Victoria Crosses. From the quiet, rural centre of England to the hell of Asia Minor. Many thought they were destined for the Western Front; however it was to be the MEF, not the BEF. On 12 March 1915 King George V reviewed the "Immortal" 29th. Despite the wartime censorship over 1,000 locals got the right place at the right time on the right day. The King approached these crossroads from Dunchurch station at 12.10pm. The infantry marched past, eight abreast, with bayonets fixed. It took until 1.23pm. to complete. The great avenue of trees added to the spectacle. The message from the King showed he was mightily impressed with what he saw. Three days later the movements began and there were emotional scenes as troops and the people of Warwickshire and north Oxfordshire bid farewell. The countryside suddenly seemed quiet and deserted.

Six weeks later they were landing at Gallipoli. The landings created a 25 per cent casualty rate. "V" and "W" beaches saw great courage and great carnage. It was one of those campaigns that paid no respect to rank. Casualties were liberally spread from private soldier to Brigadier General.

Gales in December 1915 and March 1916 decimated seventy-four elm trees. The remaining trees were felled. In 1920 and 1921 two miles were subsequently replanted as a living memorial to the 29th. This magnificent memorial with its distinctive red triangle symbol in whose shadow we gather this morning, commemorates a remarkable Division of the British Army, Lord Kitchener described it as "The finest body of troops that ever left the country." Nearly 40 feet high, built of Portland stone, erected in 1920, unveiled on 24 May 1921 it was paid for by the local population.

Note: See photographs on page 29.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

For the second year running your Association is producing a Christmas Card. The design this year is "Troops Landing on C Beach, Suvla Bay, Later in the Day, 7th August 1915". This by Norman Wilkinson, CBE, one of the finest marine painters of the 20th century who also made an important contribution in the field of camouflage in the First and Second World Wars. The peak of Samothrace is visible in the distance beyond Suvla Point.

An Order Form is included with this issue of *The Gallipolian* where reference is made to the 2006 Christmas card still being available.

Norman Wilkinson 1878-1971 one of the finest marine painters of the 20th century served at Gallipoli as a War Artist and recounts his experiences there in chapter 11 of his autobiography *A Brush With Life* published in 1969. Many of his paintings and sketches from his visit can be found in his book *The Dardanelles* published in 1915. A search under Norman Wilkinson artist on the www will reveal more information about the man and his paintings, works including many of the posters used by railway companies in the pre 1939 years.

RESEARCH GROUP

Anybody willing to have an interesting time researching the Gallipoli campaign is most welcome to join me on the second Tuesday of each month at 1100 at the National Archives, formerly the Public Record Office at Kew. The meeting place is outside the bookshop near the entrance

Please contact me first if you intend to be present or need further information
Tel: 01590 673145 or by e mail clarechurch@tiscali.co.uk .

Clare Church, Co-ordinator

COLLINGWOOD ADDRESS – 1 JUNE 2007

MICHAEL HICKEY

Last year I described the fate of the Collingwoods at Helles. Having been invited by the amazing Roy Adam to stand here again I would like to use this great privilege to talk briefly about the Royal Naval Division as a whole, for such a formation will never be seen again.

On mobilisation of the Fleet in 1914, with no seagoing berths for over 15,000 reservists, Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, formed an infantry division for emergency use, adding a brigade of Royal Marine Light Infantry, the majority of whose personnel were volunteers attracted to recruiting centres by Kitchener's famous poster. Although we think of Suvla Bay in August 1915 as the baptism of fire for the New Armies, those patriotic, enthusiastic but almost totally untrained young marines were fated to precede them into action by more than ten months.

The new division's naval battalions were named after great admirals, the Royal Marine units after their depot ports. They were sent within weeks to Antwerp to stiffen the Belgians and secure the left flank of the British Expeditionary Force. The result was a shambles; the division lacked medical supplies, rations, transport, cooking gear, maps and ammunition, to say nothing of the very elements of basic field training. Yet once again in our island history a force was being landed on the Continent to fight a campaign which had not been thought through. Apart from a cadre of regulars, officers and men alike were almost totally deficient in military skills. Arriving at Antwerp by rail they moved hopefully towards the sound of the guns against a torrent of panic-stricken refugees and the disintegrating Belgian army. Their intervention was too little, too late. Some units got away by train, others were taken prisoner; three battalions, Hawke, Collingwood and Benbow, were interned in Holland after marching across the border when their withdrawal route had been cut.

A training camp was now built here on the downs above Blandford. Basic recruit training was carried out at the division's Crystal Palace depot. The three interned battalions were re-formed. Many of the naval reservists were baffled by their transformation. One officer, Arthur Asquith, the Prime Minister's son, later recalled his platoon of stokers and "...the standing grievance in the back of their evil old minds that they yearned to be back in their steel-walled pen..." Yet they would fight stubbornly at Gallipoli and later on the Western Front, enduring unspeakable horrors and learning as they went. In dreadful weather conditions here at Blandford the division acquired the unfamiliar soldierly skills demanded of them. Winston Churchill, and finally King George V, came down to review them ceremonially on this very piece of ground before they embarked for the eastern Mediterranean and the Dardanelles..

Within days of the landings of 25 April the Portsmouth and Chatham battalions of the marine brigade were thrown into the precariously held line above Anzac Cove where furious Turkish counter attacks seemed about to overwhelm the dogged Anzacs clinging on at Quinn's and Courtney's posts. The Australian defenders were initially appalled by the poor physique and evident inexperience of these newcomers. There is a delightful (if anecdotal) tale that a sub lieutenant of the Chatham battalion arrived during a Turkish attack at Quinn's Post with a detachment of Maxim guns and asked an astounded, half naked Australian sergeant if he could be directed to the Officers' Mess. Yet between 30 April and 2 May, these young marines earned the undying respect of the Australians.

This was where the short-sighted Lance Corporal Walter Parker, a medical orderly in the Portsmouth battalion, gained the VC. Totally ignoring a hail of enemy fire and disregarding his own severe wounds he rescued and treated wounded under close-range fire, and repeatedly carried supplies to isolated positions over 400 yards of open ground, continuing to do so even when an admiring Australian officer threatened to shoot him if he went out again. These are the sort of men we remember here today. They must never be forgotten by us or by generations yet unborn.

The Royal Naval Division was always *different*. Its uniform was a mix of naval and army. Company sergeant majors became chief petty officers, naval officers retained their ranks and insignia; the language and rituals of the wardroom were retained, and the cookhouse became the Galley. A riotous evening's pub crawl in Blandford was a run ashore. The growing of beards was not discouraged. Later in the war an imported divisional commander, Major General Shute, decided to do away with these eccentricities and make the Royal Naval Division into "...a proper army division". Needless to say he failed ignominiously, to be commemorated by A P Herbert in a poem too scabrous for repetition here today.

Despite early tribulations the RND ended the war on the Western Front with a reputation second to none; it battled on the Somme, then at Arras, and in the dreadful Ypres Salient. In passing it worth mentioning that later this year, to commemorate the 90th anniversary of '3rd Ypres', there is a huge variety of special events planned for the old battlefield. The Royal Naval Division's display will be based on Varlet's Farm, which was taken by the Anson Battalion on 26 October 1917. We understand that further details of these events can be obtained from the Western Front Association's website.

But by 1918 the astoundingly gifted young men of glittering promise who had come forward in 1914 to volunteer for the Royal Naval Division, had all but vanished. Of those who had borne Rupert Brooke to his grave on the island of Skyros only one or two survived. It is chilling to be reminded that the division suffered more than 40 per cent of the Royal Navy's total casualties during those four years. At the time it was hard for men who had served at Gallipoli, then on other fronts, to comprehend what had

happened to their generation; later came the realisation of what had happened to them all.

The Division's elegant memorial, designed by Lutyens, was initially sited on the Horse Guards but dismantled when the Citadel was built and re-erected at Greenwich but is now restored close to its original site near the Admiralty building. After disbandment the RND's vitality remained; its surviving officers dined annually in London, the last of these events being held in 1976 by which time attendance had fallen to less than ten; the final reunion of the Divisional Association's Old Comrades was held at Greenwich in 1981. Their last Chairman, Brigadier Rackham, CBE, MC and Bar, had joined the Division as an Able Seaman in 1914 and by 1918 was adjutant of one of its battalions.

The last public muster of surviving Gallipoli veterans, naval and military, was at St Paul's cathedral in 1995 when the Gallipoli Memorial was unveiled by HRH Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. Their memory is cherished by the Gallipoli Association which continues to grow, fulfilling its aim of ensuring that those who served afloat and ashore on the Dardanelles and on the peninsula are not forgotten while encouraging further studies of a campaign from which so many lessons are still to be learnt. Those who served there were richly blessed by their own gifted poets and the works of Rupert Brooke, who never lived to see the landings of the 25th, are often quoted; but perhaps the most apposite epitaph for those once-raw recruits and their youthful leaders, is to be found in lines by A E Housman:

*Here dead we lie because we did not choose
To live and shame the land from which we sprung.
Life to be sure, is nothing much to lose,
But young men think it is, and we were young.*

A PARTY FIT FOR HEROES

On 26 June 1920 eleven of those awarded the Victoria Cross at Gallipoli attended King George V's Garden Party, the first official reunion of Victoria Cross holders. No fewer than 310 recipients were present ranging from the Indian Mutiny to the intervention in Russia in 1919.

Gallipoli Association members Derek Hunt and John Mulholland have in a book about to be published brought together photographs and recollections of this unique event, while the foreword is by Bill Speakman VC. It sounds from the description to be a fascinating account and a must for anyone interested in the Victoria Cross.

Published by Naval & Military Press. Price £9.95. ISBN: 1 847 347126.

BRITISH FICTION OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR

HUGH CECIL

Note: Previously given by the author as the address at the Autumn Lunch, October 2006.

The First World War, like the Second, spawned a veritable industry of novel or short story writing by people who had taken part in it. The bulk of British war fiction by veterans of the First World War came out between 1919 and 1939; the line-up is impressive: running into the hundreds, it includes well-known works such as Siegfried Sassoon's *Sherston Trilogy*, Frederic Manning's *The Middle Parts of Fortune*, both Western Front narratives, and most relevantly to this talk, *Tell England* by Ernest Raymond and A.P. Herbert's *Secret Battle*, both of them partly set in Gallipoli.

The more one studies such works the more one realises how widely participants' responses to the war varied, and the very different purposes that inspired their authors. This point can be well illustrated by quoting from among the concluding passages in two quite dissimilar British Gallipoli novels by men who served there.

The first is from *Tell England*, published in 1922:

“England's past is holy; her future is unwritten. But idealism is mightily abroad among those who shall make the England that is to be. And all that remains for the preacher to say is that nothing but Christianity will ever gather in that harvest of spiritual ideals which alone will make good our prodigal outlay”.

The second, from *The Path of Glory* by George Blake published in 1929:

“The sun went down behind Achi Baba. Its level rays lingered wistfully on the slopes of Lapsaki, but a chill air of evening crept up the straits. Col... struggled to move to sit up and call for help but the effort weakened him, so that he was fain to fall back and let the black mist creep over him again.

And so he died. . . And it did not matter very much. He was only one of the millions who died so. The British Army was one rifle the less...”

How extraordinarily different these two passages are! The one so exultant, so full of spiritual uplift, the other so sad, so disillusioned! How does it come about that two men, both of whom had experienced similar disappointments and hopes, ordeals and moments of peace, in the same narrow stretch of land, should end their fictionalised recollections of the Gallipoli campaign on such contrasting notes?

I'd like to look at these two very diverse works and their authors and try to answer that question. I wish there had been more space to examine others, such as A.P. Herbert's *Secret Battle*, which is in some ways the best British novel to come out of Gallipoli.

During the First World War, there were many British works of fiction, including some very good ones, with a disenchanted, anti-war message, most of which appeared in the wake of the German runaway best-seller, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, published in 1929. In the case of the Gallipoli campaign, a relatively unknown novel that falls into this 'anti-war' category is the second one I quoted, George Blake's *The Path of Glory*, set in Scotland and then Cape Helles. Its leading characters, members of a Scots Territorial Battalion recruited on the Clyde, are strongly drawn. Private Col Macaulay, a simple, primitive Highlander, has joined up because he and his friend John have a passion for the bagpipes and leap at the opportunity to play them. All through the book the author reiterates the utter irrelevance of the war to the lives of ordinary Scotsmen. Col never understands what is happening to him; he puts up unquestioningly with hardship, cruelty, deceit and danger. In the end however, the one thing he cannot bear is that his best friend has gone into battle without him and been killed. Ignoring orders to stay behind the lines and without realizing his friend has survived the action and that there is no body, he loses his own life searching for it. An even sadder fate is in store for the friend: John lived to fight through the years, until at Cambrai a month before the Armistice a bullet blinded him, so that now he plays the pipes for pennies in the streets of Glasgow. . . .

The picture George Blake draws of the war and of Gallipoli is hopelessly black, only redeemed by the courage and humanity of the common soldiers, and the effect is almost unbearably poignant. Though from a middle-class professional background, Blake nonetheless entered into the soul of the "other ranks" in an infantry battalion as few other British novelists of the First World War have done – perhaps only Frederic Manning.

However, the majority of British First World War novels were less pessimistic in tone than *The Path of Glory*: a great many were patriotic and affirmative about the war and many enjoyed massive sales – 100, 000 – 300,000 – and a long innings. A prime example is also probably the most-read British Gallipoli novel, Ernest Raymond's *Tell England* (1922) the other book I have quoted. Novels of this sort – 'optimistic' one might term them, rather than 'pro-war', for few are that – preached the message that the war, however awful, was worth fighting, was a uniquely fulfilling experience in all kinds of ways, and provided an opportunity to make a new life.

Tell England remained in print until the mid 1960s. Its huge success for years after it appeared showed that the British public had an enduring taste for public school tales about handsome youths going off to war, with the precepts of their adored teachers ringing in their ears (the first part of the book is entitled all too appropriately, as it would seem, to modern readers, "Five Gay Years at School"). I have been very struck

by women now in their fifties and sixties telling me how much they enjoyed the book when they were eleven or twelve years old – and that it possessed for them the same appeal as did *King Solomon's Mines*, or *The Four Feathers*. In other words, from being the author's interpretation of his real-life war experiences in 1915, it became, over a period of thirty years or so, simply a romance for children.

Tell England at its best is poetical and lyrical; it has moments too of humour and satire, not all of them out-of-date; at its worst it is embarrassingly sentimental. I quote an example of the latter. In this passage, Lieutenant Rupert Ray is mourning the death of his friend Lieutenant Doe:

“With madly exalted words I addressed that slight fair-haired figure, which must now forever be only a memory. “My friend,” I said to it; “mine, mine!” In the freshness of my loss, I thought no lover had ever loved as I did. “I loved you – I loved you – I loved you,” I repeated. And I even worked myself up into a weary longing to die . . . My brain was pulsing thus tempestuously when padre Monty drew near me . . . when he sat down beside me. I decided to speak first. I felt it would be a supreme relief to hurt him with the news that I had abandoned his ideal, and let my spiritual life collapse. So, without looking at him, I said angrily: “There’s no beauty in it.” “Rupert you are wrong,” he answered . . .”Doe – Edgar- used to worry himself because he thought that any really good thing that he did was spoilt by desire for glory. He often said that he wanted to do a really perfect thing. And, Rupert, this afternoon he told me that, when he went forward to put out that gun, he felt quite alone . . . surrounded with smoke and flying dust. And he thought he would do one big deed unseen... he did his perfect thing at the last . . . Edgar is dead . . . and there is only one unbeautiful thing about his death, and that is the way his friend is taking it.”

All rather over the top – but there were, as A.P.Herbert confirms, some very idealistic young men out at Gallipoli who resembled Raymond's characters in the intensity of their patriotism. For Raymond, the patriotic message of *Tell England* – that we should celebrate the memory of these glorious young men from the public schools who gave their lives unselfishly for their country – is throughout intertwined with a religious one. The struggle between Moslem Turk and Christian British is described as a ‘crusade’ – a view that had been widely adopted by the press and caused embarrassment to the authorities that had to consider Indian and Arab feelings. Raymond in fact summed up England's future as being inseparable from her religious development.

Why did these two authors paint such very different portraits of the same campaign? Looking at George Blake first, he was born in 1893, at Greenock on the Clyde, into a business family; he was educated locally, joined a firm of solicitors but was rescued from law classes by the outbreak of war. He volunteered and was commissioned in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, going first to France in February 1915 and on to Gallipoli

in May. Badly wounded, he was invalided out of the army – struck off the strength – after many months in Egyptian and London Hospitals. In the years that followed, he began a literary career, editing, publishing, broadcasting, chronicling the history of the shipping industry and sketching Scottish life in a series of novels. As a boy he had wandered, fascinated, round the mighty shipyards of the Clyde; life in and around Glasgow, particularly the seaport of Garvel, which he adored, became the focus of his fictional creations. He died in 1961 at the age of sixty-seven.

Blake's qualities as a writer could be described as quintessentially Scottish, at that period; veracity, penetration, learning, intensity of emotion without sentiment, and poetic vision. Combined with his attachment to his roots, this made him an excellent social historian, in a period when outstanding novelists of an earlier generation, such as Arnold Bennett (on Staffordshire) and H.G. Wells (on suburban South London) had paved the way. His disenchanted view of the war was very largely forged by his year's ordeal as a wounded soldier; his son, Professor Christopher Blake, wrote to me of his father's 'trauma following Gallipoli.' Blake's prolonged shock and depression deepened his sorrow and guilt over the deaths of men in his regiment, with whom he felt the strongest bonds of homeland and culture. Through *The Path of Glory*, as his son put it: "he tried to write out his own personal suffering."

Ernest Raymond had a less conventional background but also less of an ordeal in the war: he was born in 1888. His childhood in 'a little two-storied home' in Brook Green, London was outwardly respectable, but his origins were extremely complicated and smacked of Gilbert and Sullivan. Suffice it to say that unknown to himself he was the illegitimate son of a retired Major-General of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, that his harsh foster-mother was his aunt, and his supposed aunt, who doted on him, was his mother. All this was ringed around with Victorian concealment and fear of scandal, and these dark undercurrents may have lain at the root of his acute sense of drama, which is present throughout his numerous works. Educated at St. Paul's School in London, and after several years as a schoolteacher, he trained for the priesthood, and in 1915 joined the Army Chaplains' Service. He was at Gallipoli with the 42nd East Lancashire Division, leaving with the forces at Cape Helles at the time of the evacuation. On one occasion he had the experience of burying Charles Lister on Mudros. He served in Sinai from 1916 to 1917 and was briefly at the third battle of Ypres. He went subsequently to Mesopotamia, and, at the end of the War, to south Russia with General Dunsterville's force. He coped well – better than many padres – largely because he enjoyed the camaraderie.

Tell England, the manuscript of which was nearly left behind at Baku – was a composite of his school teaching and Gallipoli experiences. It is a curious irony that by the time the book was published, with its fervent Christian message, Raymond had lost his faith and was requesting to resign from the priesthood. Being a priest had appealed partly to a juvenile theatrical side which had also found expression in teaching; but the ambition to become a successful writer had supplanted these early aspirations; so priesthood, in

1923, and, for forty years, religion, were set aside. Years later he returned to Christianity though not to Holy Orders. Meanwhile he married and had children. He died in 1974 and is survived by his second wife. His daughter, here today, is a member of this Association.

But what made him shape *Tell England* as a romantic drama, so full of sentimentality and ecstatic patriotism? He had had plenty of opportunity, after all, to see how wrong the campaign was going, as did A.P. Herbert, George Blake and other writers, who said so. The first reason, I think, lay in Raymond being a classically-educated clergyman eager to strengthen the spiritual life of the nation. He completely swallowed the idea that this was a Holy War and Crusade, and the ancient historical location never ceased to appeal to his romantic sense. He was, incidentally, always a confirmed 'Easterner,' regarding the Dardanelles plan as 'the one brilliant strategic idea from the one genius of them all'—Churchill. More important was the fact that though everyone had a pretty hard time on the Peninsula, padres got off rather more lightly and they knew it. They did not have to be in the trenches like the PBI; they were up there for brief visits only and lived and slept behind the lines, albeit in a hole in the ground covered by a groundsheet like other officers. It was not for them, therefore, to criticise or question the campaign, but to give their support, with praise and thanksgiving. The only clergy who could ask the awkward questions were those who had been decorated for courage, and had earned the right to query in their post-war writings the direction or the purposes of the war. Raymond was courageous but won no medals. He was still, also, at that time, on his own admission, very immature, still idealising his own days as a schoolboy and teacher. He had been composing over the years, a story celebrating life at school, and now he had the opportunity of bringing together this cherished creation with the war experiences which had made such an enormous impression on him.

Had he been badly wounded, like Blake, it might have been a different story. But I think the chief reason why he personally was not, as Blake was, overwhelmed by the horror and tragedy of the Gallipoli episode, was because of an extraordinary temperamental trait which made him, regardless of the dreadfulness and the danger, thrill to the fact of war and detach himself from its misery. Raymond is not to be dismissed as a mere sentimentalist, easy though it is to make fun of *Tell England*, but in fact could be a powerful writer, with a distinctly uncomfortable vision. This shows in a later war novel which includes some Gallipoli scenes, *The Jestling Army*. As he wrote of a devastated battlefield landscape:

"To those who, standing in the detached position of the artist and placing an irrelevant morality aside, could observe it with a purely aesthetic eye, had it not its own sublimity? . . . Never anywhere a sign of life, but all around, an horizon just luminous with morning, why, he was ready to swear that it was at once as terrible and as beautiful a thing as he had seen or would ever see. Perhaps beauty had nothing to do with human pains and human values, but whenever there was perfection, it was there; and this was the perfection of desolation."

As he said in an interview years later on his Gallipoli experiences:

“If I am to give you my actual personal experience, it is that the sheer immense drama of war, whether it was in the form of disaster, or death or success or whatever it was, was so tremendous and so thrilling a thing for me that it overcame all fear . . . I suppose it was the incipient novelist in me and incipient dramatist that was simply thrilled by all that was happening and I found the evacuation quite extraordinarily thrilling and moving.”

Which of the two, Blake or Raymond, the pessimist or the optimist, drew the truer picture? The answer is that both were sincere in describing what they saw, and in that sense truthful, but both their perspectives were somewhat distorted. Much of what Raymond wrote in *Tell England* was romance – which he genuinely felt himself but was not like real life; moreover it was composed while the pressure of patriotic feelings was most intense, before the war was over; and the religious picture he painted was what he hoped for, rather than what he knew – as a padre in the field. He was actually more realistic about the very limited extent to which he could reach the soldiers spiritually than one might deduce from reading his novel. Blake’s war scenes were absolutely authentic and from the depth of his heart; but one is conscious, also, that in order to make the reader share his bitterness and disenchantment, particularly at a time when disillusioned accounts had become fashionable – the late 1920s – he pressed the dramatic pedal a shade too hard.

FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE WESTMINSTER ABBEY

The Gallipoli Association will again have a Memorial Plot in the Field of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey (see *The Gallipolian* No 100 Winter 2002 page 66).

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

Details of the Gallipoli Association Plot and how to arrange for a Cross to be placed in this is provided in an information flyer accompanying this issue of *The Gallipolian*. We encourage members to once again avail themselves of this unique opportunity to remember family and friends who served at Gallipoli.

GALLIPOLI – THE STORY OF ONE FAMILY

GAY HUNT-DAVIS

In May 2003 my husband, Miles, and I joined a battlefield tour of Gallipoli. Miles had been a member of the Gallipoli Association for a number of years and knew that his father had been a stretcher bearer in the Australian Army during the Gallipoli campaign, although it was not clear whether or not he had actually landed on the peninsula. In addition, Miles had been commissioned into the 1st Bn. 6th Gurkha Rifles (later designated 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles; now part of the Royal Gurkha Rifles), whose soldiers had served with such distinction and courage at Sari Bair. I did not know that I had any family connection with Gallipoli at all, having only ever been told that my father's two uncles had both been killed in France in 1918.

Among other places that we visited on our battlefield tour was Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery. As we walked through the gate the first grave that I saw was that of Lieutenant John Bolton, 5th Bn. East Lancashire Regiment, who died on 4 June 1915, aged 26. The Boltons were cousins of those great uncles of mine who were killed in France in 1918 and, although 'Bolton' is a fairly common name, particularly in the north of England, I assumed that this man might be a relation of mine and so I put a small Cross of Remembrance on his grave. When we returned to England I asked my father about John Bolton but got no reasonable reply as, by that stage, he was old and extremely ill. However, when he died in June 2005, I inherited all the family papers that he had painstakingly collected and kept during his long lifetime. And when I say "family papers" I mean boxes and files full of them, including birth certificates, ancient deeds, letters going back 200 years and many sepia photographs. Collating, cataloguing and editing them is turning out to be my life's work – should I live long enough to complete it!

Among these papers was a long, dark grey, folded card entitled "Family Roll of Honour", containing the names and (incomplete) records of family members who had served in the First World War. Amongst them was "John Bolton, 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Battalion East Lancashire Regiment, Territorials" and the names of four other Boltons. In another file I found a spiral bound, typewritten document, some 50 pages long, entitled *Memoirs of Geoffrey George Hargreaves Bolton* – one of the names on the "Family Roll of Honour". I dimly remember Geoffrey Bolton from my childhood – an upright, moustachioed, pipe smoking old man with a passion for whisky, horse racing and yellow Labradors, who knew just how to make a very immature child feel like a sensible adult. Attached to the inside cover of these memoirs was a newspaper cutting that told me that Geoffrey Bolton had died aged 88, after a distinguished public career that included being a Deputy Lieutenant of Lancashire for 50 years from 1935, holding the post of High Sheriff during the 1960s and being chairman of the National Coal



The author at the grave of Lieutenant John Bolton, Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery

Board's North West Division after the nationalisation of 1946. He had taught himself to type after the amputation of both of his legs when he was in his mid 80s. What follows below is his Gallipoli story.

"I was sent to the Wigan Mining and Technical College in 1912. I was in lodgings there for 2 years before the outbreak of World War One. My brothers Hargreaves and John were both officers already with the local Territorials, the 5th Bn. East Lancashire Regiment and were actually in camp at Carnarvon and were, of course, brought home to Headquarters, Burnley, to be mobilised. They were then sent to Bury where they were kitted out for tropical service. By September the whole of the 42nd Division of which the East Lancashires were a part were embarked at Southampton for Alexandria. They were the first Territorial division to go abroad and relieved Regular Regiments in Egypt. I applied for a commission in the East Lancashire Regiment and after some delay I was gazetted a Second Lieutenant in the Regiment and started my soldiering career with the 2/5th Bn. at Keighley Green Drill Hall at Burnley. The Bn. was commanded by Colonel Austin Porrit of Ramsbottom and we were soon moved to Southport to start training in earnest. In April 1915 volunteers were asked for posting to the 1/5th Bn. in Egypt. I decided to volunteer and was kitted out for service in the Middle East and in due course sailed from Barry Dock, South Wales, in a cattle boat for Alexandria. We were purely Officer Reinforcement and therefore had no troops to look after and just had horses on board, so it was a pleasant trip with no responsibilities. On arrival at Alexandria we were sent to our respective Regiments. The 1/5th East Lancashires were at Heliopolis Barracks, Cairo. Things were hotting up for the expedition to the Dardanelles for the landings at Gallipoli. So I was soon to see Active Service in the Front Line. We landed at Cape Helles in May, the 29th Division having landed on 25th April and got literally only a foothold on the Peninsula. They suffered enormous casualties in the landings. My brother Hargreaves was the first to be killed on 24th May (aged 29) and my brother John and myself were present at his burial in a shallow grave in the open. On 4th June a big attack was launched against the Turkish Army on the whole of the Front Line from shore to shore. The attack was only partially successful, very little advance was achieved towards the Achi Baba Mountain which dominated our trenches. Brother John was killed in this battle. He was hit by a shrapnel shell and like brother Hargreaves he was buried in a shallow grave and I was present at the Service taken by the Padre. Eventually all those killed on the Peninsula were reinterred in one large War Cemetery near the tip of the Peninsula. I have toyed with the idea of visiting the Cemetery but it never matured. We soldiered on in Gallipoli until December 1915 when a grave decision was taken to evacuate the Peninsula. So a very clever operation was conceived whereby we embarked under the cover of darkness but at the same time a few men were left to fire Very Light Pistols to deceive the Turks and we were safely embarked for Alexandria without any casualties.

Before closing this Gallipoli story I should report my being struck down with an attack of dysentery and spent my 21st birthday (5th August 1915) lying on a stretcher in the Advance Clearing Station with a battle going on near enough

for me to hear the noise of heavy artillery guns, rifle and machine gun fire. In twenty four hours I was aboard a hospital ship and landed at the Island of Mudros and entered a hospital there, but only for a short duration, before being shipped to Alexandria Number Four General Hospital. On discharge from hospital I joined a private family to convalesce. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond are really a delightful couple and did me proud and I was sad to leave them to return to Gallipoli”.

Although he doesn't mention it here, Geoffrey won the Military Cross whilst he was at Gallipoli.

The diary goes on to recount the remainder of Geoffrey's war experiences, which are not relevant to those interested in the Gallipoli campaign only. But, having said that the “Family Roll of Honour” contained the names of four Boltons, I should say what happened to the two not so far mentioned; Maurice Baldwin Bolton, Lieutenant, 11th Manchester Regiment, and Hubert Earnest Langtree, 2nd Lieutenant, 2/1st Surrey (Queen Mary's Regiment), Yeomanry. In Geoffrey's words:

“In January 1918 I was instructed to return to England and report to the Headquarters of the Senior Officers' School at Aldershot. It was to be a three month's course to qualify for promotion to Field Rank, i.e. Major and Lieutenant Colonel. I naturally enjoyed being home and able to travel to Lancashire for weekends, travelling back on the sleeper overnight on Sunday. On Monday mornings I would travel to Aldershot from Waterloo and once or twice found myself in a compartment with Viscount Lascelles who married the Princess Royal. He was a member of the School and was very full of his weekend contacts, high-ups in the Army Command and Cabinet ministers. I quite enjoyed being an interested listener in the corner seat. Whilst at home the terrible battle of Cambrai took place and it was in this battle that brother Maurice was reported missing. After months and months of correspondence without success the family came to the conclusion that he had died in a German hospital from wounds received in the battle.”

So, out of four brothers, only one survived. Hubert Bolton was a cousin of Hargreaves, John, Maurice and Geoffrey and, I believe, survived the war.

Having found John's grave, quite by accident, and having read in Geoffrey's memoirs that he and John had both attended Hargreaves' funeral, I assumed that he would have been buried in the same cemetery. But investigation of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission's website showed that his name is on the Helles Memorial. I can only assume that by the time the bodies of the dead were collected and interred in cemeteries throughout the peninsula, Hargreaves' body, in its “shallow grave” had simply disappeared and thus he is listed among the missing.

Geoffrey's memoirs state that, by October 1918, he felt that he had nothing more to contribute to the war effort and:

“—— feeling that I was wasting my time at Scarborough, and would be better employed at home helping my father in the Collieries I applied for demobilisation and, on being granted my request, I returned to “civ” employment in the Collieries. Thus, when Armistice day came on 11th November 1918 I was down the pit at Sharneyford Pit. Of course work ceased immediately. All public transport ceased to run so I found I had to walk the six miles from Sharneyford Pit to Newchurch-in-Rossendale. Needless to say that although there was rejoicing all round, there could not be the same for my parents and the family. Our rector, Rev'd. James Addison, who had been of tremendous help to my parents arranged a Thanksgiving Service in the evening of Armistice Day to which all the family went and we were much moved by the Rector's address.”

As far as I am concerned, I feel that I have laid to rest one part of my own family, although I am now trying to discover how and why Geoffrey came to earn his Military Cross. I found much of his reminiscences fascinating: parts are very amusing and others deeply moving, but never is there a word of reproach, self-pity or remorse, which I believe to be typical of that “not-forgotten” generation.



*Calder Pit 20 August 1929 “after ascending the mine”.
Geoffrey Bolton is crouching on the left in front row, the author's father
is standing third from right, her aunt kneeling on right*

REMEMBERED WITH PRIDE BY HIS GRANDSONS

The In Memoriam section of *The Daily Telegraph*, 4 June included this entry:

Steven Bernard CSM In honoured memory 1st Bn Essex Regt killed in action at Gallipoli June 4th 1915. Remembered with pride by grandsons.

The Commonwealth War Graves Commission entry for Company Sergeant Major Steven tells that he was 33 years of age and was the husband of Annie Matilda Steven of 136 Sutton Road, Southend-on-Sea. He is remembered on the Helles Memorial.

We are grateful to Jennie Stringer for drawing this to our attention. The Editor is always pleased to receive such items which can be shared with other members through the pages of *The Gallipolian*.

PAYMENT OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS BY CREDIT CARD

I should like to remind all those members who have signed up to pay their annual subscription by Credit Card that having signed up, the System will automatically debit your card in each year thereafter with the new year's subscription. It will of course e-mail you about a month before doing so.

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W J Marsh Hon Treasurer

ADVERTISEMENTS IN *THE GALLIPOLIAN*

Other than in 2003 we have never carried advertisements in *The Gallipolian*, yet recognise that by doing so extra revenue would become available to the Association. Your Committee has decided to pursue this possibility and now seeks the services of a member who would take responsibility for generating advertising revenue by persuading appropriate firms/individuals to advertise their products and services in the pages of *The Gallipolian*. If you are interested in taking up this challenge the Hon Treasurer (address inside the front cover) will be delighted to hear from you.

VETERANS IN 1967

In *The Gallipolian* Spring 2007 page 65 we published a speech of welcome from the Turkish Veterans Union to British veterans on a visit to Gallipoli in May 1967. Unfortunately the copy held by the Association did not include the author's name. We were thus extremely pleased when our member R C Camp informed us that his father had been on this pioneering pilgrimage and had been most impressed by the speech which had indeed been given by Major General H G Aran Retired. Further more Mr Camp's father subsequently had been in correspondence with Major General Aran whose reply we are pleased to reproduce below.

"I regret the long delay in replying to your very kind letter of 15th September 1967.

I have been away from Ankara in October 1967 to attend the twelfth General assembly of the World Veterans Federation at the Hague, in Holland as Turkish delegate. At the end of the General Assembly I have been elected Council Member for Turkey to The World Veterans Federation.

Many other activities which took place after my return home, has prevented me from writing earlier to express my deep appreciation for the spirit which you have shown, specially on the speech, delivered at the Officers Club on Bosphorous. I have deep pleasure to sending a copy of that speech.

My dear friend, very difficult to say that I prepared this simple speech for your pilgrimage party, I translated to Turkish, the President of the Union read and I repeat my text again in English. As you see my English still very poor! But, since you like it I shall be deeply honoured anyhow !

Actually I did nothing for you! It was my obligation to look after all pilgrimage party as Turkish Veteran Associations Chairman of the Foreign Relation, and finally an honorary life member of the Royal Artillery Association in England, which I am very proud of my second Association too.

I had very exciting invitation last week from the President of the British Legion in Istanbul. I will attend their annual Dinner on next Saturday evening in Istanbul as their guest. This very close relationship adding more colourful pages to my life!

You should know that my father was chief medical officer of the second Turkish Division at Dardanelles! This is the last obligation for me to serve you. Be sure that when I will come to England, I will pay my humble respect to you personally!

My deepest regards and very best wishes. I remain most sincerely yours."

H G Aran



James Watson Smith and David Ray check the details before the Parade at the 29th Division Memorial. See pages 11-12.



Former Mayor of Rugby, Bill Shields, lays the wreath on behalf of the Dublin Fusiliers.



*Dawn Service at the Australian Memorial, Hyde Park Corner
Photographs pages 29 to 34 all Phil Mills*



Anzac Biscuits at dawn. Hyde Park Corner 25 April 2007



Gallipoli Association Committee member John Crowe at the Dawn Service, Hyde Park, together with Lieutenant-Colonel Mustafa Gonel, Military Attaché at the Turkish Embassy.



*"The Big Three" – Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer/Membership Officer
with Mrs Pat Barber on the way to the Cenotaph 25 April*



Merchant Taylors' CCF in St James's Park on their way to the Cenotaph



Marching from King Charles Street to the Cenotaph



Members of the Gallipoli Association and Merchant Taylors' CCF at the Cenotaph



Anzac Service at Harefield. See report on Page 6.



*Members and guests at the first East Anglia Regional Lunch, King's Lynn, 8 June 2007.
Photograph Roy Williamson. See report on Page 37.*



*Grave of Murdo McAulay (sic) in Pieta Cemetery, Malta.
See page 38. Photograph Dale Hjort.*

EAST ANGLIAN REGIONAL LUNCH

The Association's first regional lunch was held at King's Lynn Town Hall on Friday 8 June. Thirty-nine members and guests attended from various parts of the country including Vale of Glamorgan, London, Rugby, Nottingham, East Sussex, Berkshire and Cirencester. See photograph on page 35.

The event started with a reception in the "Stone Hall" followed by a group photograph in the "Assembly Room". After lunch West Norfolk's Deputy Mayor Michael Langwade proposed the loyal toast; Colonel Michael Hickey proposed a toast to the President of Turkey and Lieutenant-Commander Arthur Coxon for the Gallipoli Association. The speaker was Association member Dick Rayner who explained in great detail what happened to the 'Sandringham Company' (All the King's Men) at Suvla Bay on 12 August 1915.

A tour of the Town Hall followed and due to many requests for another lunch next year the venue has been booked for Friday 27 June 2008. For further information and early bookings contact John Crowe on 02086972787 or Mobile 07956 188826 or E Mail – johncrowe@uwclub.net

Note: If a member, or members, would like to arrange such a regional lunch in another part of the country they might like to contact the Secretary or John Crowe in the first instance.

GENERAL GODLEY MAP

Denys Caves informs us that the Alexander Turnbull Library has bought a map used by the commander who led New Zealand and Australian troops in Gallipoli during the landings at Anzac Cove in 1915. Cartographic collections curator David Small said the map, which had been signed by Major General Sir Alexander Godley, was available for viewing at the library or on its web site. It had been bought from a private source in Britain for an undisclosed sum.

Annotations showed the map was used as a working command map. Mr Small said "It recorded General Godley's thoughts on where the Anzac front line was during the troops' first few days ashore. Information about Turkish troop positions available before 24 April had been superimposed on the map and the high ground and contours had been hand-coloured.

MORE ON HIGHLAND MOUNTAIN GUNNERS AND THEIR GUNS

The article by Michael M Morrison in the Spring 2007 edition of *The Gallipolian* brought forth three responses for which we are most grateful.

Firstly Dale Hjort sent two photographs (see page 36) of the grave of Murdo Macaulay (McAulay sic) in Pieta Military Cemetery, Malta. Note that the details on the fine tombstone differ slightly from those in the Roll of Honour.

Secondly Alan Marvin provided more information on the gun, a photograph of which was published on page 22 of the Spring issue writing as follows:.

“It would appear that the gun is a 3.7” Mountain Howitzer, the only gun at this time with a split trail in the Royal Artillery Museum, Woolwich Arsenal. This was officially introduced in 1917 with the earliest reference date being March 1917 in Mesopotamia, so to find a picture of provenance as early as May 1915 is of great interest. The history for this, and many other First World War guns can be found in *Allied Artillery of W W I* by Ian Hogg. ISBN 186 126 7126.

Mountain guns by their very nature have short barrels. These are in two sections and are joined in the middle by means of a thread to allow dismantling, picture page 16, and it appears from the photograph that, if it was an accident, it is at this point that a problem may have occurred. The front section of the barrel, from about the join, is missing but the breech is closed and intact. From the small amount of pictures of this type that I have seen I would not like to comment on whether the damage was caused by enemy action or accident”.

Alan Marvin also kindly provided four photographs of a 3.7” Mountain Howitzer taken at FIREPOWER, The Royal Artillery Museum, Woolwich Arsenal.

Finally Douglas Easton has very kindly provided copies of several pages (now reproduced here) from the Largs Parish Church Magazine for December 1915 where under the heading *Letters from the Front*. The Minister, the Reverend Robert Oswald, recipient of the letters, refers to the Highland Mountain Brigade as “my own unit” because he served several three-month tours of duty as an Army Chaplain while they were training at Bedford, so that he knew the men both as soldiers and parishioners.

Letters from the Front

I have received letters from some fifty officers and men on service, many of them in acknowledgment of the parcels sent in the end of September from the people of Largs, the money being provided by the Collection, made at the suggestion of Mr Gardner, at

the Service on the Anniversary of the War, and at two Lectures, one given and the other arranged by Mr Gardner, and by gifts. I have had many most interesting letters from Lieut-Colonel Robertson, indefatigable in energy and everything that furthers the comfort and esprit du corps of the unit he commands. Our Largs lads who are in his command are in good hands.

Captain A. H. Hill has also written interesting letters. We congratulate him on his promotion and his service as Battery Commander, and trust that recovered health may soon release him from Craighleith Hospital, and let us welcome him on a visit home.

It is gratifying to note that three military honours have come to officers of the 4th Highland Mountain Brigade—the G.C.M. to Major M'Kelvie, twice severely wounded; the D.S.O. to Captain Burney, Adjutant; and the Military Cross to Captain M'Donald. We all rejoice in the D.C.M. won by our neighbour and friend, Corporal Robert Rodger. Colonel Robertson deprecates much being said in public of such honours until they have been actually gazetted as these have been. It is one thing to be recommended and another thing for the recommendation to be accepted, and premature publicity might even lead to the recommendation being passed over. Apart from the splendid work he has done, the honour to Major M'Kelvie is specially gratifying, for, coming to him as Senior Officer, it marks how much the Military Authorities appreciate the honourable work done by the unit as a whole. It has been a source of pride to me to find in Hospital here wounded soldiers from the Dardanelles, who speak in strong terms of the solid service my own unit renders to the army there.

The most recent letters it is inadvisable to print, as information regarding movements of troops might be gathered from them, and even in a semi-private publication like this it is well to be careful. I should like to quote from letters lately received from Colonel Robertson and Battery Sergeant-Major Sturgeon; but I give a few, partly for their own great interest, and partly to serve as some record of how we in Largs were affected by the Great War.

The landing at the Dardanelles, though an old story now will be immortal, and this account of it from Gunner Tom Miller of the 4th Highland Mountain Brigade, will be read with interest.

August 12 1915

Dear Sir, – I take the opportunity of writing these few lines to let you know that I am well and safe, despite the dangers that beset one on a field of battle. You will probably have read Sir Ian Hamilton's dispatch on the landing here. I am sure the great feat of arms will stand out in the annals of history. The scene was indescribable. Under heavy bombardment by the Fleet the brave British Infantry forced a landing on these so-called impregnable shores and drove the Turks out of trenches prepared months before, and under heavy shrapnel and machine-gun fire drove the Turks miles inland.

The landing was costly. In fact, some of the boats never reached the shore, the occupants being shot before they had a chance of setting foot on land. Those who managed ashore had then another difficulty to overcome. The boats being pretty heavily loaded were unable to run on to dry land, so the men jumped out, most of them up to the waist. It was then that this difficulty presented itself, for under the water at this depth were innumerable holes and barbed wire entanglements. Numbers of the poor fellows were caught here and shot down. Those who got ashore, however, rushed forward, scaled the precipitous cliffs, and drove the Turks out at the point of the bayonet. This glorious feat was accomplished by the 29th Division, to which I am proud to belong.

Our Brigade had the honour to be the first Artillery to land, one section of each Battery being landed on the afternoon of that eventful day. On the following days our ponies and drivers were the means of saving the situation by carrying ammunition, food, and water to the Infantry in the firing line there being no other means of transport owing to the nature of the country. Ever since our Brigade has done excellent work, earning more than once the greatest praise from both Brigadier General and Infantry Commanders. Still we have not come through this campaign without loss of life. Our casualties are heavy for artillery during three months fighting; but if one considers our positions, sometimes firing at 400 or 500 yards, one would say that we were lucky to escape with these casualties, being so close to the enemy. We must of course, attribute this escape to the skilful manner in which our guns were obscured both from above and in front.

The gunners worked heroically even under heavy shell-fire. During one bombardment every time they fired a shell they had to get under cover at once for the Turks replied round for round. I am very sorry to state that two Largs members of the Brigade have been killed, and I am sure every sympathy is extended towards the parents of the lads who gave their lives in the service of their King and country. A few have been wounded, but are progressing favourably.

The weather has been ideal since we landed and, with the exception of a couple of showers, we have had practically no rain at all. It is very hot during the day and would probably be much hotter but for the proximity of the sea. This facilitates bathing to a great extent, and it is a great sight to see two or three hundred men all enjoying a good bathe.

The days are now beginning to shorten and winter will soon be upon us. I have no idea what winter is like out here, but I have heard enough to fancy that it is not at all pleasant; therefore the sooner we can finish up in this part of the world the better for all concerned.

I will close now, trusting that you are enjoying good health, likewise Mrs Oswald and the children. For myself I cannot complain, except for the excessive heat and the flies, which are innumerable.

That this great conflict may soon end is the wish of

Yours sincerely 'Tom Miller.

Here is a joint letter (in this case from France) in acknowledgment of parcels received:

No. 1 Section, Highland Divisional Ammunition Column,
British Expeditionary Force,
France, 4/10/15.

Dear Mr Oswald, It was with heartfelt thanks that we each received from the people of Dear Old Largs a parcel containing so many good things. We wish you to convey to the people of Largs our sincere thanks and appreciation of their kindness and thoughtfulness. It gives us great courage and perseverance to know that the good people of our own dear, native town don't forget a single one of their boys at the front.

We are now into the month of October and also our sixth month in France. The weather is now very chilly. We often weary for this diabolic war to finish, but we must have patience and bear in mind we are fighting for Right, and in the end surely victory will be ours.

Of late, great victories have been secured on the Western Front, capturing Loos and landing troops at Ostend. May our troops soon be able to drive back the enemy and have peace restored, for all Europe is paying dearly with thousands of young lives.

We will always do our duty and do all that lies in our power to be a credit to our King and Country, and the folks so dear to us at home.

We are glad to say this leaves us with God's best blessing – perfect health – and we trust it will find Mrs Oswald, self and family all the same.

Again thanking the people of Largs for their kindness, we are yours most sincerely W. Mackie, Crawford Boyd, Thomas R. M'Coll, John Savage, Alex. M 'Naught, John Beck, James M Graham, James Jackson, -No. 1 Section.

One of the finest features in our great national effort is the way in which men of all ranks, incomes, and callings are found privates and brothers in the ranks. In the early days of the war Mr. Ralston Holms-Kerr joined the Royal Surrey Regiment and took service as a drummer, he writes:

10th October 1915

Dear Mrs Oswald, I must thank you and all the others for the parcel which I received yesterday. The contents were most acceptable and very much appreciated. We have had a rather trying time lately. We were in last big battle a fortnight or so ago, and we lost nearly half our battalion, and about sixteen officers wounded and killed. We drummers were stretcher-bearers and so had plenty to do. It's hard work and one sees some terrible sights though one doesn't feel it at the time. We went into the firing line on the Saturday and came out of it again on the Tuesday. Since then we have been in some other trenches for 48 hours, but only lost one killed by shrapnel. I think everyone wishes it was all over. Last Sunday we had a service in a field, it was very impressive, but somewhat sad as there seemed to be so few compared with the last service. One feels it when you come out of the trenches. It does make one think a lot. Well I am afraid I have not much news, as I can't say where I am, or describe the place. Thanking you all again very much for the parcel. Please remember me to all the people in Largs. If I am spared I will take a trip to Largs. I remain, Yours sincerely D. R. Holms-Kerr.

Corporal William Thomson, 7 Union Street writes from Suvla Bay:

29th October 1915

Just some lines, mainly to let you know the Largs lads, i.e. Gunners J. Harris, R. Barr and W. Tyre: Telephonists W. Marshal and J. M'Kee: Drivers J. M'Lachlan, W. Harper, W. Purcell then your humble, who are in the Mountain Brigade, and who are at present on the scene of operations, are looking and keeping well. Out here and at this stage one may feel A1 today and be in hospital tomorrow and not wounded. We understand that the majority of the others are at — or —. I've no doubt but many will be in hospital or in Blighty.

That fateful day 13 July, proved the metal of a few of the Largs' gunners. How my heart gave a jump when I saw George M'Gowan drop. I had him as layer in my gun team, and could always depend on him. He died a hero. We used to talk of Largs and the changes there, and I remember him say how glad he was at joining the Church before coming out and how pleased he was at getting a letter from you, the minister. He was laid to rest alongside two corporals and another gunner, all of whom fell at the same gun the same day, but not by the same shell.

Our food is a little better at this part of the peninsula; for example, we get milk in our tea; occasionally we have onions: twice we have had eggs for breakfast and vegetables for dinner. We get more bread and fresh meat here.

The fighting operations here seem different from those carried on the south side of Achi Baba.

Trusting this finds you and your wife and family enjoying the best of good health. Yours sincerely Corporal Wm. Thomson (1313).

These few extracts may serve to bring nearer to us the big things our lads are doing and suffering, and the little things that mean so much to them in comfort, fitness, and happiness.

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.

Destroyed in a Flood: Carrie Carter has written to enquire whether anyone can help with photographs of the 2nd Light Horse in which her grandfather Trooper William Denis James served during the First World War. Family photographs were destroyed in a Brisbane flood many years ago and she is anxious to hear of photographs of the regiment and the possibility of finding one with her grandfather. Suggestions please to misseylee1@bigpond.com

Married to the Colonel's Cook: Bryan Jarvis is endeavouring to discover more about his wife's grandfather CSM Fred Stinson of the 5th Connaught Rangers who married the Colonel's cook Bridget Coffey. Fred was injured at Gallipoli and eventually served on the Western Front where he was killed near Guillemont on 7 September 1916. More information, photographs even are required which "can help us develop a better picture of this mysterious grandfather who we have only recently discovered." Information please to Mr & Mrs Bryan Jarvis, 2 Ifold Road, Redhill, RH1 6EG. Tel: 01737 767864.

A 1935 SUMMARY OF THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN

JOHN BUCHAN

Note: This prescient and accurate summary of the Gallipoli (Dardanelles) Campaign can be found in John Buchan's *The King's Grace 1910-1935* published in April 1935, pages 149-152. Written only twenty years after the events, in a book which one expects to be mere hagiography, its inclusion is surprising and welcome, its details remarkably accurate in light of modern knowledge and research, and its candour admirable. It is also beautifully written. My only point of difference with Buchan is that his judgement of Hamilton is too lenient – but then the General still had a decade of life left in him!

Richard W L Smith, MVO

In the words of the official historian of the enterprise, the Western Front was a gamble with pounds for a gain of pence, the Dardanelles scheme a good chance of pounds for a stake of pennies. For the wager at the first was small. It was proposed to make the attack by sea alone, and to use in it some of our older battleships, destined presently for the scrap-heap. There were obvious dangers, and the weight of historical authority was against the ships' guns against land forts, but it was fair to argue that the advance in naval gunnery and the use of aeroplanes for spotting had changed the situation.

What followed is a tragic example of an opportunity missed, and of a great enterprise nullified by a failure of nerve. On March 18th the attack on the Straits was launched. Most of the forts were silenced, and the thing seemed to be proceeding well until suddenly three battleships were lost from drifting mines. The action was broken off, and Admiral de Robeck declined to renew it until an army was ready to support him. Turkey at her last gasp was to her amazement given a breathing-space, of which she made brilliant use. Her resistance that day was the last effort of which she was at the moment capable, for she was almost destitute of munitions. Her Government had its papers packed, and was ready to leave for the uplands of Asia Minor. It was the drifting mines which decided our naval staff, and their presence was a fantastic accident. Ten days before a little Turkish steamer, the *Nousret*, had eluded the British night patrol of destroyers and laid a new line of twenty mines in Eren Kui [sic] Bay. On March 16th some of these mines were found and destroyed by our sweepers, but we did not realise that they were part of a line of mines, and so we did not look for more. Had we made a different deduction there would have been no casualties on the 18th, and de Robeck on the 19th and 20th would have taken his fleet into the Sea of Marmora. The officer in charge of the little *Nousret* probably never knew of the fatefulness of a deed which altered the whole course of the War.

Britain was now committed to a joint expedition, for it appeared that there were troops available for an attack by land. But success depended upon the provision of adequate

forces, and that again depended upon a temporary defensive on the Western Front and a refraining from expensive assaults. Lord Kitchener unhappily halted between two opinions. He chose to fight at Gallipoli with only the loose fringe of British military strength, which was patently insufficient even for a first blow, and reinforcements for which could only be wrung from the West in the face of bitter opposition. It was the old story of the Sibylline books. We purchased failure in the end at a price which a month or two before would have assured triumphant success. Mr. Churchill's summary is the bare truth:

Three divisions in February could have occupied the Gallipoli peninsula with little fighting; five could have captured it after March 18th; seven were insufficient by the end of April, but nine might just have done it. Eleven might have sufficed at the beginning of July. Fourteen were to prove insufficient on August 7th.

The story of the Dardanelles is one of the noblest and cruellest in the War. Had it been possible for the Allies to forego their futile offensives in the West in 1915, for which they were not ready, to hold the line there to the stalemate which Germany's preoccupation in Russia would not have permitted her to break, and to concentrate on cutting their way through to Constantinople, they would have succeeded, and the final battle on the Western Front would have been antedated by months, perhaps by years. But such prevision is for the immortals and not for fallible men; and in the spring of 1915 there seemed to be cogent reasons for the wrong conclusion. The tale of the campaign is one of superb feats of arms, from the landing on April 25th to the final August failure at Suvla, when fine troops were squandered by old and feeble generals. Of the commander-in-chief, Sir Ian Hamilton, it may fairly be said that he made few mistakes, and that he showed a resource and resolution which were only too rare in British leadership. *Si Pergama dextra defendi possent etiam hac defensa fuissent**

The expedition closed with a miracle, when at the end of the year the peninsula was evacuated, in defiance of all precedent, without a casualty. The European shore of the Narrows had now become not less famous than the opposite coast and the plain of Troy. Had the fashion endured of linking the strife of men with the gods, what strange myth would not have sprung from this rescue of British troops in the teeth of winter gales and uncertain seas! It would have been rumoured, as at Troy, that Poseidon had done battle for his children.

*If Troy couldn't be defended by anybody's right hand it would have been by this one.

The translation kindly provided by Michael Hickey.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WAR MOVIES

Our member Tom Brooks, resident in Ontario has kindly drawn attention to the *Encyclopedia of War Movies* by Richard Davenport. This lists the following Gallipoli films, the descriptions reproduced below from the book are supplemented in the book by lists of actors, producers, directors etc.

Chunuk Bair

This is a World War I drama about faith, courage and heroism amidst folly and betrayal at Gallipoli in 1915. New Zealand troops discover that British promises of support in the Gallipoli campaign are meaningless. 106 minutes. 1992.

Gallipoli

A promising track star (Mel Gibson) interrupts his career when Australia enters World War I. Although he is an excellent candidate for the Olympics, he nonetheless abandons his track pursuits to do the patriotic thing and join the ANZAC (Australian and New Zealand Army Corps). The young Australians are sent to Gallipoli, where they are slaughtered in the ill-conceived British invasion. The ANZACs are ordered to charge the Turkish trenches, but their officers don't synchronize their watches. As a result, the artillery barrage ends, allowing precious minutes to go by before the soldiers charge out of the trenches. During this delay, the Turks come out of their bunkers and set up their machine guns for the slaughter. After the first wave fails, another mistake occurs when the British commander receives erroneous information that marker flags have been seen in the enemy trenches. Based on this bad information, he sends another wave of soldiers to their deaths.

The Gallipoli campaign, advocated by Winston Churchill, was one of the great disasters of World War I. Once Turkey had allied with the Central Powers, an Anglo-French fleet tried to push through the Dardanelles to help the Russians, who needed access to the Mediterranean from the Black Sea. When the naval attack failed, it was decided to send an Allied expeditionary force to seize the forts guarding the Dardanelles: it landed on April 25, 1915.

The ANZACs gained immortal fame storming the heights above the beach on which they had been mistakenly landed, and the British 29th Division suffered terrible losses while landing in broad daylight at the tip of the peninsula. The campaign that followed was characterized by deeds of heroism and endurance, appalling generalship, and a Turkish defence under the inspired leadership of Mustafa Kemal (Ataturk), who later founded modern Turkey. The cost in human terms was horrific: 252,000 Allied troops were killed, wounded, missing, prisoners, or victims of disease. 110 minutes 1981.

Stamboul Quest

During World War I German counterintelligence learns that someone is providing the British with critical strategic planning for the Turkish theatre. They suspect the Turkish commander for the Dardanelles and despatch spy Myrna Loy to Constantinople to secure proof. The movie is based on the true story of Maria Lesser, known as "Fraulein Doktor", Germany's top female spy during World War I. 90 minutes. 1934.

LINES WRITTEN IN SIGHT OF GALLIPOLI A SHORT TIME AFTER THE EVACUATION

GEORGE THOROLD DAVIDSON

The dying day reclines in sombre arm, while night rolls down,
 The setting sun reveals a crimson glory.
 Eagean sky and sea, in rippling mood, and yon winged clown,
 Of that Sarcophagus, fain tell the story.

Hush. thy hoarse note! foul fearsome bird, thou gruesome scavenger,
 Let nature tell, in accents smooth and mild,
 The glory of the Dead, not thou, wierd wandering messenger!
 Where voices, Fleckless sky and Neptune's child?

With grief canst thou not speak; nor, faltering, tell the bloody tale?
 The secret of that Rocky pile unfold? .
 To honour those who dying, live again, does thy heart quail?
 Or in the telling can it not be told?

So be it then, that tale of love may not be told to me,
 Too great to tell and hear, that love which was,
 A Hostage to the world, that thought, and love, and life might be
 Unwarpt by hun, who knows no human laws.

Keep thou, thy secret and thy dead, stupendous bloody pile.
 Yet know we this, that love and life was given,
 That death was faced with fearless heart, and soul and steady smile;
 And chosen souls were gently waft to heaven.

And knowing this, we go in peace and heaven-born glorious hope,
 Forgetting not, in that immortal day,
 Unfettered soul and spirit with unfettered will shall cope
 To love them more-and in a heavenly way.

COLLINGWOOD BATTALION VOYAGE FROM DEVONPORT TO MUDROS ON HMS *IVERNIA*

ARTHUR WATTS

We left Devonport on 12 May 1915 at 11.50 p.m. escorted by two destroyers which accompanied us for about 100 miles out, and then left us. The weather was fairly good in the Bay of Biscay, and there was a slight swell. There was not a great deal for the men to do which was just as well as they had all been vaccinated. There were the usual watch duties, an Officer of the watch. In addition throughout the voyage we had an officer on duty at the bow of the ship, and two machine guns mounted with their crews and another officer and only one machine gun (I think) with its crew at the stern. These were as a defence against submarines but I don't think we should have stood much chance against a submarine if armed with a 4 or 6 inch gun. The men were kept employed for part of their time in emptying paper packets of ammunition and filling bandoliers. We usually had an alarm given in the afternoons. As soon as it was given everybody had to fetch their lifebelts from below put them on, and fall in at their proper places on deck. After a few days the men got to know about what time the alarm went and one would see the men sitting on deck with their lifebelts alongside them about an hour before the alarm went as this saved them the scramble below.

When we spotted this, of course the time for the alarm was altered from day to day. The men wrote innumerable letters home, at first I was given the job of censoring them for our Company, but got so swamped that the other three had to do their own platoons. The officers did a fair amount of reading, and of an evening we usually had a singsong. One item that was much appreciated was the singing of Battalion orders in harmony by Markham Davies and myself, we used to make up the music as we went along. What really started our doing it was our Adjutant's (Annand) complaint that the Officers had not read the orders carefully one day. So as we explained if we sang them to the rest of the Officers there couldn't be any excuse for not knowing them. Captain Spearman heard of it, and requested us to do them for him to hear. I think we must have been nervous because they went badly that time.

The first land we sighted after leaving Devonport was Cape Spartel, as we kept well clear of the usual steamship routes. It was early in the morning of 16 May when we sighted the Cape. It was misty at the time and the sea was like a duckpond. We then sighted the Spanish coast, and when the mist had cleared off it was a lovely day and we had an enjoyable run to Gibraltar, arriving there about noon. Everybody was very interested in watching the land either side of the Straits, we saw one Torpedo Boat in the Straits which was the first of HM Ships we came across since leaving Devonport.

On arrival at Gibraltar we did not proceed into the inner harbour behind the boom defence but dropped our anchor in the Bay fairly close however to the harbour wall. We caught sight of one of the big ships which had been rather knocked about at the Dardanelles (the *Inflexible* I believe). She appeared to be in dock, and her two masts were leaning forward, and one of her funnels was partly shot away. Nobody was allowed ashore, but Captain Spearman went to see the Admiral. A number of native boats put out to the ship, and we bought some cigars of a sort by letting down a fish basket on a string to the boats. While Captain Spearman was ashore one or two soldiers on the harbour wall started semaphoring the latest news to us. They told us amongst other things, that the Russians had taken Pryazl which caused fun, and a little difficulty in reading as weren't very strong in semaphore. We stayed at Gibraltar a few hours and left about 5-30 p.m.

Approaching Gibraltar from the westward is like seeing the stage of a theatre from the audience, but when we saw the eastern side of the rock, it was simply a sheer drop, with absolutely nothing but, in one place, a steep slope which is used I believe, to catch rain water, of which there is never too much of that in Gibraltar. Having seen the place one cannot understand politicians entertaining the idea of exchanging Gibraltar with its magnificent natural defences for anywhere nearby on the mainland of Africa or Spain.

On the 16th May being a Sunday we had Church Parade as usual. I was O.O.W. from 4-8, on the 17th. We had glorious weather after leaving Gibraltar. On the 18th we passed a Messagerie Maritime Ship and a French cruiser, both of which dipped their colours to us, and we in return to them, and also cheered. We sighted the island of Gozo on the 19th, and arrived at Valetta, Malta, shortly after 5 p.m. the same day. We went right into the Harbour this time and dropped anchor off Fort Egmont which is built on rock, and is steep too, it is an excellent harbour, and picturesque. On entering the town lies to the right and is high above the harbour. To the left the first thing that strikes one is the Naval Hospital Bighi; later on, quite a lot of the battalion were brought to this hospital. At this time Valetta was used by the French as a base and when we arrived there were three French battleships lying in the harbour. John and I had a stroke of luck here, an A. P. named Martell came aboard asking for a certain Officer who, however, I told him was not in our ship, he thereupon asked John and myself to go and have lunch with him in Egmont. Leave was given in Malta, and so John and I gladly accepted his invitation to lunch, and to shew us round Malta. We met Martell's OC Commander Spragg in Egmont and after lunch they showed us over the new Monitor *Humber* which had recently arrived from Chatham, she had to be strengthened with timbers to come through the Bay, being intended only for river work and therefore very shallow craft. She was built together with two others *Severn* and *Mersey* originally for Brazil but on outbreak of war were taken over. Over the various cabins were the Spanish names for instance, Cabano di Commen, and it was amusing to hear the sailors refer to it by its Spanish name. We met the Second in Command, Lieutenant-Commander Hill on board the *Humber*.

Martell then took us across and up the lift into the town where we bought dark glasses and left some films to be developed in the Strada Real. He took us to Carmela Cassal where we bought Maltese lace to send home. We drove in a victoria with a white cover over the top to keep off the sun, and it was extraordinary the hills we went down and came up, without coming to grief. We saw goats in the street, they are one of the sights of Malta. People bring their jugs out of the houses and the goats are milked while you wait. At night the small boats which ply for hire carry lamps on the tall sort of posts at bow and stern, and made the harbour look pretty. Returning to the ship in one of these boats, we thought we would try a little Maltese, a kind of Italian with traces of Turkish. The Italian part of it is owing to the fact that the inhabitants are said to have originally come from Italy, and the Turkish part possible from the Knights of St John. We asked our boatman the Maltese for "It is a lovely day today" he replied "Novita Sabaya Signor" which we repeated, and thought we were getting on well as he grinned. Then we said to him "What will you say if we give you a penny at the end of the journey." We knew the legal fare was about five pence. He scowled at us but said nothing. So then we asked "What will you say if we give you a shilling" he fairly beamed at us and said, "Grazia Signer". He got his shilling, and we parted the best of friends. Freyberg (who with Markham, Davies and myself) shared one large Cabin caused quite a sensation by going ashore in a white duck suit

Boys made quite a lot of money diving for sixpences which we threw into the water, it is extraordinary the depths they can go to. The water is very clear, and they can be seen scrambling the whole way down. We left Malta on the 20th about 7. p.m. after coaling ship. The weather was still good, and the sea calm. During one of the Bow day watches when out of sight of land a bird something like a canary came and perched on my knee. It was rather exhausted, and did not seem in the least afraid. Some of my men took charge of it, and fed it, and later on in the day when we sighted land it flew away. We were now entering the Aegean Sea, and from now onwards we were not out of sight of land. We passed a hospital ship on its way to Malta also one or two ships altered, to look like battleships. We know now, that the Germans and Turks were deceived by these dummies. We were taken in ourselves at first.

What had actually happened was this. The *Queen Elizabeth* had been to the Dardenelles and bombarded some of the forts and had then gone away again, and the dummies were just to hoodwink the Turks, and keep-up appearances. I had a shock one night (the 21st I think) when at watch on the bow to see something silvery break surface about 20 yards off and come straight towards the ship, I was very relieved a second or two later to see several more appear, they were only dolphins. We reached the island of Lemnos on the 22nd about 7 p.m. but the boom was closed and we did not enter Mudros harbour till the next morning. It is an enormous harbour well suited for defence at its entrance which is fairly narrow and divided by an island.. When we arrived, there were no less than one hundred and twelve ships at anchor in the harbour and there was room for plenty more.

We had Church Parade again on the 23rd, being Whit Sunday. On the evening of the 22nd the officers, in the interest of health decided to have our hair clipped short all over our heads. We had it done that evening hoping the men would follow suit, but we did not intend to show them the example quite in the way we actually did. We forgot on Saturday night about Church Parade on Sunday, and when it did come, and the order "Off Caps" was given there were all the officers of the Collingwood Battalion with about one eighth hair on their heads. Naturally the men were greatly amused, and I saw nearly every one grinning. However they did follow suit, which was all that really mattered..

The week was spent in route marches and field work, as the men wanted exercise badly after being cooped up in a ship for nearly a fortnight. Vaccinated arms were still giving a lot of trouble. It was very hot, and we had one or two lovely bathes from the ships boats and from the beach. Marching and fieldwork were very heavy going as the island was devoid of roads, and the tracks are very stony. My company went once or twice up into the hills where there was no cover of any description so that if we did halt we were still cooked by the sun. We were always accompanied on these marches by dirty looking men who as soon as we halted came to sell us penny bars of Nestles chocolate, almost liquid, for threepence, and unripe lemons which were acceptable, sour as they were. On Saturday 29th May we embarked on the *Hylthe* to go to the Peninsula leaving Mudros at 7 p.m. It was a lovely night, sea perfectly smooth. We zigzagged most of the way and passing the wreck of the *Majestic* within a stones throw arrived alongside the *River Clyde* at midnight.

Note: The account ends here while several days later on 4 June they took part in the Third Battle of Krithia. Of those mentioned in the text, the Freyberg is Oscar Freyberg, brother of Bernard Freyberg. Oscar was killed on the 4 June together with 16 other officers including Commander Alexander Spearman when casualties among the men were so severe the Battalion ceased to exist. Sub Lieutenant John Davies mentioned in the text was among those reported missing on the 4 June while Sub Lieutenant Herbert Markham was wounded on 4 June and killed in France in 1917.

The author, Arthur Watts, served as Sub-Lieutenant in the Third Platoon of B Company and was wounded while attempting to carry forward ammunition. He subsequently had his right leg amputated. Of the three men assisting him two were killed outright while the third died of his wounds. His brother John Watts also with the Collingwood survived the war. Their father, Charles J Watts played a major part in the placing of the Collingwood Memorial at Pimperne, Dorset.

Acknowledgements: This account was first given in 1983 by the author to Captain R W Annand VC whose father Lieutenant-Commander Wallace Moir Annand Adjutant of the Collingwood Battalion was among those killed on 4 June. Subsequently it was passed by Captain Annand to Roy Adam MBE who kindly made it available for publication.

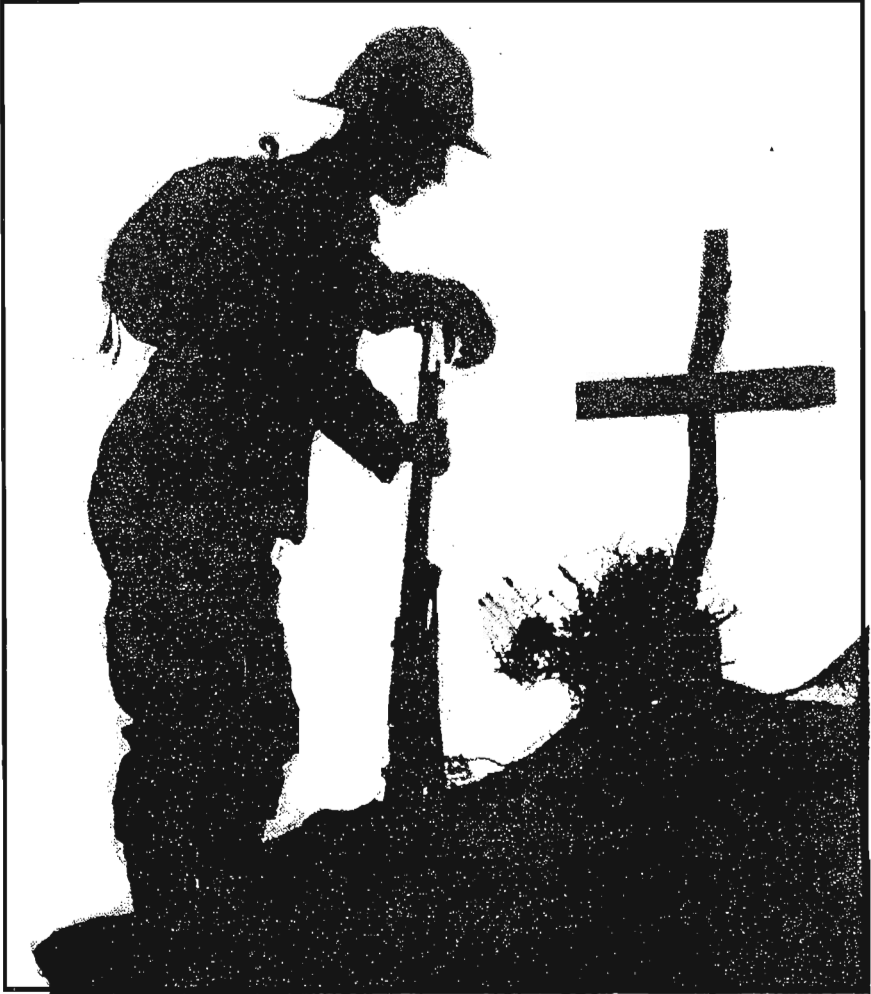
REMEMBERING GALLIPOLI



This cartoon, originally published in *The Daily Express* (date not known), was subsequently repeated in *The Literary Digest* 14 October 1922. That on the opposite page was published in *The Literary Digest* 11 November 1922.

Note: Both have been provided by Carl Mahakian to whom we are most grateful, for these and other Gallipoli contributions.

WHAT ENGLAND REMEMBERS AT THE DARDANELLES



WHAT ENGLAND REMEMBERS AT THE DARDANELLES.
Photograph taken at Cape Hellas by Mr. Ernest Brooks during
the Gallipoli campaign, and now preserved in the Imperial War
Museum at London.

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 *Gallipolian*) at £5.50 including postage.

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

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

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

SIMPSON BADGES

The Gallipoli Association holds a small stock of these most attractive badges produced by the ANZAC Day Commemoration Committee of Queensland. The 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.

GALLIPOLI PAINTING SELLS DESPITE CONTROVERSY

Member Denys Caves writing from New Zealand drew attention to the sale on 30 April of the famous Horace Moore-Jones painting of Simpson and His Donkey. This the feature piece of a collection of 140 war paintings and sketches offered by auctioneers Lawson Menzies.

Moore-Jones painted the water-colour in New Zealand in 1920 from a photograph taken during the Gallipoli campaign. Dispute over whether the painting was an original, and whether the soldier was actually John Simpson Kirkpatrick surrounded the lead-up to the auction. Art historians claim no fewer than six versions were painted by Moore-Jones after the First World War.

One is housed in the Auckland War Memorial Museum on permanent loan from the former Commercial Travellers Club, whose members claimed this month theirs was the original and was bought from Moore-Jones widow. The auctioneers said theirs, signed by Moore-Jones and dated 1920 was one of several versions, some painted as early as 1917.

New Zealand historians also claimed the man leading the donkey was actually New Zealand Field Ambulanceman Dick Henderson who replaced Simpson after he was killed. This led to the auctioneers to issue a statement warning that it may not be Kirkpatrick in the painting.

The painting sold for \$NZ113,275 excluding auction fees, the pre-auction estimate had been between £NZ33,600 and 56,000.

Moore-Jones himself died tragically in 1922 from injuries received when he tried to rescue people from a fire in a hotel where he was a guest.

6TH EAST YORKSHIRE PIONEERS

William Albert Dry was born in 1883 in Winestead, East Yorkshire, the son of a railwayman. In 1901 he joined the Royal Navy and served for 13 years. In 1914 he joined the Army, and, according to his medal card, was in the East Yorkshire Regiment (no. 12352) until at least 1915 and later in the King's Royal Rifle Corps (no. 50208) reaching the rank of Sergeant. He left the Army in 1918 but after two years of civilian life he re-joined the Navy and served until 1922.

The letter was the first and main item in a hard-back notebook owned by his sister. The handwriting is not his sister's; but whether it's a transcription of a letter that was actually sent to a newspaper, or a draft written out by Sergeant Dry himself is unknown.

Sergt W. A. Dry, C Company, 6th East Yorks Pioneers, B M E Forces

Dear Mr Editor

I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your parcel 7/9/15 containing tobacco and cigarettes. I distributed them amongst the Hull lads and needless to say they were very much appreciated in this land of desolation. I will now try and tell you a few things about our doings since we left the old country. As you know the 6th Battalion, E.Yorks is one of the new Pioneer Battalions that has been trained in the new armies and during our training at home we trained in all kinds of engineering work, bridging, sapping, mining, demolitions etc. In fact we began to think we were on a par with the Sappers.

Well, we left England on the 30th June on board one of the fastest of the Atlantic Greyhounds and in spite of the attentions of the German U's we were quickly landed on a small island in the Eastern end of the Mediterranean. We had a grand voyage. The accommodation on board the ship was excellent and I am afraid many a sigh was heaved when we left that floating palace of luxury to climb the sand-baked dunes to our Bivouac Camp on this wind swept island. At this place we were employed a few days erecting a causeway for the landing of wounded from the Hospital ships. However, after about 8 days we received orders to move on, and quickly found ourselves on board two more transports bound for an unknown destination. We steamed along through the dark hours of the night then becoming electrified with expectation. Cape Helles, Gaba Zepe, Angar, Ache (sic) Baba etc. became names to be conjured with, as our lads discussed our possible destination; but as the first layer of dawn illuminated the Eastern sky we found ourselves outside a torpedo boom and just ahead of us a fine land-locked harbour with several large battleships and cruisers of the Allied Fleet riding at anchor whilst across the harbour.

One noticed a large bivouac camp and clouds of dust and feverish activity; till the



William Dry, Grantham, 12 December 1914

distant rumbling of heavy guns from the direction of the Dardanelles soon enlightened us of the fact that we were still some distance from the actual scene of operations.

After passing the boom we entered the harbour and soon received orders to disembark. This we did and was soon swallowed up in the clouds of dust on the Island of Mistery. Our bivouac on this island was a nightmare from start to finish; dust, sand, heat and insects of every description and all the fatiguing work of moving stones etc. which of course was necessary. I think at the end of this week everyone was heartily sick of it. While on this Island of Imbros we did some practice in embarking and disembarking as quickly and quietly as possible. At last the order came to pack up, as we were to leave for the Peninsula.

I must say everyone was in the best of spirits as we downed our packs once more, and late in the afternoon we were put on board one of His Majesty's Cruisers ready to move to a destination unknown. I must add that throughout the operation the utmost secrecy was maintained. Presently as evening shadows crept over the mountain side our ships weighed anchor and we crept slowly out of the harbour on to the silent waters of the Aegean Sea and into the darkness of the night. It was a very impressive scene as through the gloom one noticed the grey silent outlines of ship after ship of our magnificent Fleet creep into line until we had become a Unit of a fleet of vessels all steaming slowly and silently to some prearranged destination. Not a light could be seen, yet as we squatted on the steel deck of the Cruiser we knew that each of the vessels were packed with khaki clad figures. It was now quite plain to everyone that a new landing was to be undertaken.

At 11 pm the order was quickly passed along that everyone was to get dressed and ready to take to the boats. At this time we could see some destroyers with their searchlights flashing along the cliffs and their guns simply pouring shell after shell over the Turkish position. Quietly we moved along the stern of the Cruiser and into the lighters and were rapidly approaching the shore when a battle of musketry was heard on our near left and bullets began to zip and whizz over our heads. Then shells came over our way too, but the night was dark and we quickly got on shore and formed up on the beach and ordered to remain perfectly quiet. So far everything had gone without a scratch as far as we were concerned.

The night was pitch black and the undergrowth very thick, but as soon as the whole battalion was on the shore we moved off and following a track skirting the northern end of the "Salt Lake". We reached a piece of rising ground and we were ordered to lie down and remain perfectly quiet. During this move the rifle fire on our left had developed into a regular battle but the surroundings were so black one could hardly tell what was going on. At daybreak we climbed to the top of the hill "Lala Baba" and saw the dead bodies of the enemy and our own troops who had died in the struggle for that hill during the night. It was here that Colonel Chapman of the Yorkshire Regt. lost his life.

Here we were ordered to dig in and the Turkish gunners soon turned their attentions to us, giving us a sample of their marksmanship by killing one man and wounding twelve with shrapnel. We remained on this hill all that day and the following night (7th Aug) but at daybreak on the morning of the 8th we were ordered forward and advanced across the Plains of Anafarta to a ridge of hills east from Chocolate Hill in the direction of the village. During this move we met with considerable opposition from the enemy and several men were hit. However, we pushed rapidly forward and by 11 am had cleared the ridge of the enemy and had established ourselves on the summit facing almost south. The Irish Division, however, having taken Chocolate Hill the previous night, were now holding that hill on our right, and as far as one could ascertain we were doing splendidly. The Turks were now holding a strong position just in front of us, and we were expecting a counter attack, a withering fire was kept up all day and far into the night. They never attacked us and we had no difficulty in holding the ground we had gained that day, but in the early hours of the next morning Aug 9th we were ordered to retire from the hill and concentrate with the remainder of the brigade. This movement in the face of the enemy, the pitch black darkness and the rugged nature of the ground was indeed a difficult move but we accomplished it quite well and reached the point of concentration and occupied an old Turkish trench that we had taken early the day before in our advance across the Plain of Anafata.

We were now ordered to change direction and advance to the height overlooking the village of Anafata, a task that was rendered almost difficult by the darkness and the almost impassable closeness of the shrubs together with the presence of ravines. Under the circumstances it was so very difficult to keep in touch with the regiment which was a little disorganised as we pushed on in the direction of our objective. We had got to the foot of the slope, however, and while trying to get the Battalion in formation for the final rush to the top, we came under heavy cross fire of the enemy who were in a very cleverly concealed position about 100ft from the leading company. A perfect hail of bullets and the concentrated fire of the enemy's machine guns at such a close range made the place a perfect inferno. The leading company, D Company, fixed their bayonets and simply hurled themselves at the Turks, only to be shot down on the wire entanglements. Other fellows came up by this through the shrub and opened fire on the enemy. Our Officers were splendid. They could be seen everywhere giving directions and steadying the men and for a few minutes it seemed as though the enemy was wavering. But we were quickly disillusioned, as the Turks swarmed over the parapets and out of the gulleys. It was now broad daylight and we could see we were up against desperate odds with the enemy on three sides of us and our fellows falling fast. Things began to look ugly and it soon became apparent to all who were still living that if we did not want to get a cheap ride to Constantinople we had better get out of it as quickly as possible. The order was given to retire and it was just about the hottest corner I had ever seen or heard of. Our fellows were now at grips with the Turks and a hand to hand fight was going on all over the place, it having now developed into a regular soldier's battle. The Duke of Wellingtons who had been sent to our aid by this came up and in the fierce fighting they suffered equally as bad as us, and the odds were so great against

us that I thought at one time everyone was booked for the next world. However, they were got together and we fought a stubborn rear guard action for about a mile. The Turks by this time having had enough of it, we consolidated our line and, after we got together again, we found we had lost 15 Officers and about 390 other ranks. It had been the devil's own work and under the circumstances I must say that we were very lucky to ever get out of that death trap.

Our fellows were now about knocked up, having been on the go since the afternoon of August 6. It was now midday of the 9th, and we had been under fire more or less the whole of the time without food or water except the rations we carried when landing. We were now employed on constructing earthworks, gun emplacements having to be made, reserve trenches had to be constructed whilst Sala Baba and Chocolate Hill had to be fortified. The regiment was now at it from daylight to dark with pick and shovel and blasting rock, to say nothing of boring for water.

On the 21st, 22nd and 23rd of August we were again in the thick of it and fighting at Hill 70 & 112, the battalion on this occasion doing excellent work in the very desperate hand to hand fighting only too vividly described by Mr Ashmead Bartlett. I may add that in this engagement we lost 7 Officers and 200 other ranks, which alone will vouch for the nature of the fighting. Since that time we have received considerable reinforcements and are now at present engaged in the construction of earthworks and road making.

I regret to say we lost some of our best Officers, Col. H. G. A. Moore falling at the head of the Regiment on the morning of August 9th. Among several others Captain Rogers, one of the most brilliant officers in the Army and very popular among the men, he belonged to the 6th Pioneers Indian Army and was attached to us since the early days of our training at Belton Park. The death of this officer seemed to cast a gloom and shadow over the whole Battalion, as he was such a capable man, and by his capabilities he had gained the confidence of all ranks.

Well, Sir, once more thanking you for your parcel and hoping I have given you a correct account of our doings in Gallipoli. I am sure you will agree with me that the 6th East Yorks is nobly upholding the traditions of this famous Regiment otherwise the Snappers. I am Sir Yours etc W. A. Dry Sergt.

Acknowledgement: We are extremely grateful to Ann Godden for first drawing the letter to our attention, for providing further information concerning William Dry and then obtaining the three photographs reproduced here.



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Sergeants East Yorkshire Regt. Pioneer Battalion, 11th Div.

BOOK REVIEWS

OTTOMAN ARMY EFFECTIVENESS IN WORLD WAR I

EDWARD J ERICKSON

Routledge 2007. 236 pages, 12 maps, 4 figs. ISBN 10 0 415 77099 8. £70.00.

This recent addition to the Cass series: military history and policy has one regrettable drawback, the price, though hopefully this will not deter members from seeking to influence their local library to purchase a copy. It opens with a quote from General Sir Ian Hamilton's evidence to the Dardanelles Commission when he said "I did not know, to tell you the truth, that they were nearly as good as they turned out to be" He was not the only person on the Allied side to greatly underestimate the fighting abilities of the Turkish enemy. A costly mistake indeed.

The Gallipoli section of the book extends for 48 pages. It opens with another telling quotation, this from Turkish officers speaking to a Captain R H Williams from the USA in November 1915 when they said "The English officers were brave but inexperienced, and did not seem to know how to command or lead their soldiers in battle." We may question this while now recognise that Turkish officers at Gallipoli at all levels of command were clearly aggressive and skilled in the conduct of war. A fascinating book that sheds new light on our indomitable opponents at Gallipoli.

GAME TO THE LAST

JAMES HURST

Oxford University Press 2005. 267 pages, 48 illustrations, 13 maps.
ISBN 0 19 555331 4. \$AUS49.95.

The story of one Australian infantry battalion, the 11th Infantry Battalion, during the Gallipoli campaign, though the book opens before the men left their homes in Western Australia. A book which had the modest beginning of looking for one man, a friend of the authors grandmother who did not return home. It ended up as the story of over 1,000 men and boys who went to Gallipoli, many like the grandmothers's friend never to return. A few others, too few, like Bernie Walther were fortunate and served the whole time on the Peninsula, he had arrived on 25 April a private but left as a Second Lieutenant. He was 20 years old.

The author has brought together in a vivid manner the individual stories from those months, a book rightly deserving a place on every members bookshelves. A model of what can result from painstaking research over many years which hopefully others will emulate.

TO HELL AND BACK THE BANNED ACCOUNT OF GALLIPOLI

SYDNEY LOCH

HarperCollins 2007. Soft cover, 348 pages, illustrated. ISBN 9780 7322 8545 6. \$AUS32.95

This is a new printing of *The Straits Impregnable* Sydney Loch's vivid first-hand account of Gallipoli. A Gallipoli veteran (Bombardier, 2 Field Artillery Brigade, AIF), Frederick Loch spent his early years working as a farmer in Gippsland, Australia. Using the pseudonym Sydney de Loghe, Loch produced a fascinating eye-witness account of the Gallipoli campaign, a 'true' account of his Great War experiences. However, his book was immediately banned by the military censor after he and his publisher had conceded that the story was true.

To avoid censorship, it was decided to call *The Straits Impregnable*, a novel rather than a war memoir. If his account was published as factual he and his publisher could be prosecuted for contravening the War Precautions Act, which forbade distributing material likely to discourage men enlisting in the Australian Imperial Force.

In July 1916 the first edition of *The Straits Impregnable* was published in Melbourne under the author's pen name of Sydney de Loghe. Although Sydney's book was published as fiction, its more perceptive readers must have thought his vivid description of the conditions at Gallipoli as near the truth, especially as the campaign was fresh in people's minds. The book soon became a bestseller and sold out within a few months. Steps were taken to publish a second edition. In this second edition it was stated that events described in the first edition, actually happened with a preliminary note stating that, "This book, written in Australia, Egypt and Gallipoli, is true". However, the added note was soon brought to the attention of the military censor for the state of Victoria, Major L.F. Armstrong, who demanded that the book be withdrawn from all shops.

After ninety-one years this is a most welcome re-issue of a fascinating, well-written account little known today, which deserves a new audience, although why the title has to be changed is unnecessary, in my view. The tragedy at Gallipoli was a crucible that turned Sydney Loch from an eager young soldier into a humanitarian who preferred rescuing war victims to waging war, and his eye-witness account will enlighten a whole new generation of readers to a campaign that still excites so much interest today. Includes a biography of the author by Susanna de Vries and Jake de Vries

Bob Pike

REMEMBERED: THE HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH WAR GRAVES COMMISSION

JULIE SUMMERS

Merrell 2007. 192 pages, numerous illustrations. ISBN 978 1 8589 4374 9. £29.95.

A simple, flat headstone to Private Lawrence Trives from New Zealand in Canterbury Cemetery, Gallipoli, covered in a dusting of snow is one of many haunting images amongst the outstanding photos by Brian Harris in this book. A book celebrating 90 years of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission CWGC (formerly the Imperial War Graves Commission) and forms the basis of a travelling exhibition that opened in London at Canada House on the actual 90th anniversary*

In a fascinating introduction, with photos never published before from the CWGC's archives, Julie Summers describes the history and development of the Commission, a creation largely of one far-sighted man, Fabian Ware. Ware, too old for military service in 1914, volunteered for the Red Cross. Once in France he instructed his men to collect information on where the dead had been buried and to take precise notes on the location of each cemetery. From these small beginnings, unaware of the huge numbers to be involved, the members of the Red Cross not only provided this vital information, but became interested in the care of these graves; leading to the setting up of the Commission. A Commission which 93 years, two World Wars, and numerous smaller conflicts later, today cares and is responsible for, 23,000 locations in 150 countries of the world.

The creation and development of the Commission shows how it called upon an amazing wealth of talent to help – gardeners like Gertrude Jekyll; architects such as Edwin Lutyens and Charles Aitken; the Director of the National Gallery of British Art and Rudyard Kipling. All contributed in unique ways to establish cemeteries and memorials showing 'a dignified and harmonious result that future generations would not be ashamed of.' The immeasurable success of this can be viewed in the sumptuous photos of Brian Harris, an award-winning photographer from Saffron Walden, Essex.

It is these photographs, which includes seven taken in Gallipoli, that are the centrepiece of this magnificent book. Cemeteries and memorials from Australia to Zimbabwe; from individual graves in isolated corners to huge cemeteries like Tyne Cot with nearly 12,000 graves, all with one common theme – they are cared for and maintained by the Commission. For one who is a regular visitor to the Western Front and Gallipoli the uniqueness of these photos is that Mr. Harris has taken a familiar place and shown it with due reverence, in a totally new light, either from the time of day, the weather conditions or an unexpected viewpoint. This gives them a freshness, a vibrancy and a novelty as if one was coming upon it for the first, never to be forgotten time.

Everyone who has a relative in a war grave, or remembered on a memorial somewhere; everyone who values the work of the CWGC and its care of the past, the present and

into the future, will want to own a copy of this book whose proceeds all go to the CWGC. The reason is perceptively and succinctly put in the introduction by Ian Hislop, "the national debt of memory is kept alive by the men and women of the CWGC." If more persuasion be needed of the vital importance of their work remember King George V who visiting one of the early cemeteries and looking at the sea of white headstones before him, said " ...can there be more potent advocates of peace on earth.....than this massed multitude of silent witnesses to the destruction of war."

Bob Pike

* Exhibition at Canada House open until 31 August.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS

Members will be well aware of the book *The Riddle of the Sands* by Erskine Childers first published in 1903. What they may not know is that the author served at Gallipoli, having been recruited at Winston Churchill's insistence into the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve at the beginning of the war, with the task of planning an invasion of the German Frisian Islands. He subsequently took part on board HMS *Engadine* in the Cuxhaven Raid, December 1914 being Mentioned in Despatches. The following May he sailed for the eastern Mediterranean on board the *Ben-My-Chree* arriving on 12 July in Iero Bay, Mytilene. Subsequently she was present at the Suvla landings and in September was the key vessel when the *Southland* was torpedoed, rescuing 815 soldiers and crew. She subsequently remained in Gallipoli waters until the end of the campaign in January 1916.

During the Irish Civil War Childers was captured, tried by a military court on 17 November 1922 for having "possession without proper authority, of an automatic pistol, when apprehended." Sentenced to death he faced a firing squad his last words "Take a step or two forwards, lads. It will be easier that way."

A biography *Dangerous Waters: The Life and Death of Erskine Childers* by Leonard Piper was published by Hambledon and London in 2003. ISBN 1 85285 392 1.



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.