

The Gallipollian

*The Journal of the
Gallipoli Association*

No. 139 - WINTER 2015



The River Clyde at V Beach, 25 April, 1915

*by Charles Dixon - reproduced by kind permission
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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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YOUR NEW EDITOR

My introduction to Gallipoli was a Dawn Service on a cold Anzac Day morning in rural Taranaki when I was eight years old. My parents had moved from Sydney to New Zealand two years before, and we ended up living on the same road that Lieut.-Colonel Malone, who died on Chunuk Bair, had lived some fifty years earlier. In time we moved back to Australia, and over the years I attended the Dawn Services wherever I happened to be. My maternal grandfather, born in London, had served in the Great War, and told me his stories of those ‘terrific’ days, while my paternal grandmother, born in Wales (hence my name) had brothers who had served. I became a signaller in the army cadets, and later served two stints in the Reserve Army.

In 1985 I began to compile a computer database of the soldiers who served at Gallipoli. Information on individuals was much more difficult to come by in those days, and this proved far too ambitious, so the project narrowed to the Anzacs who died during the campaign. I moved to Japan, remaining there for a total of 13 years, and it was in Yokohama that I met Sarah, the young English lady who is now my wife. Naturally, with a combination like that – Australian and English, meeting in Japan – we were married in New Zealand. I spent four years living and working in London, researching in the Newspaper Library and at the PRO. Commencing in 1995 I visited Gallipoli often – much easier than from Australia or New Zealand!

Eventually I met, via the internet, John Meyers (now ‘OAM’) and Patrick Gariepy, who shared similar interest in the individuals of Gallipoli. Around the turn of the century we began working together and joined the Association. We met together at Gallipoli in 2001 and, with Bill Sellars, spent two weeks exploring the peninsula. Most members know that Pat passed away in 2012, but John and I continue to work together. My most recent visit to Gallipoli was in April this year, when I acted as one of the historians on the Mat McLachlan Centenary tours. I am a member of the Military Historical Society of Australia, having been for a time secretary of the Queensland branch, as well as a member of the Guild of Battlefield Guides.

In 2014 I moved with my family to England. Unsurprisingly we immediately visited Gallipoli, and with great fortitude my wife and daughter trekked with me through some of the wildest areas of the peninsula. Our plan was to live in the UK for five years, and accordingly I applied for the position of editor. Circumstances have since caused us to return to Australia, but I am confident that this will not adversely affect my role. Hard-copy material for publication should be sent to the Secretary at the address given in the inside cover who will arrange for it to be transmitted to me.

I am sure all members will join with me in acknowledging the immense contribution made by Foster Summerson as editor. Seven years is an impressive run, and one which I can only hope to approach. Foster has been of great assistance to me while I have been ‘learning the ropes’; indeed, we have edited this issue together which has given me a good ‘feel’ for the job. *The Gallipolian* has achieved the highest of standards, which I

hope to be able to maintain, though I realise I have big shoes to fill. Thankfully Foster has offered to help me out!

I will try to identify material which will appeal to readers, but will also be very keen, as Foster has been, to receive articles or items of interest for consideration. I can supply guidelines for the preferred format for the submission of articles on request.

Bryn Dolan

MEMBERS' E-MAIL ADDRESSES

It would greatly assist the Association if members who have not already notified an e-mail address to the Membership Secretary could do as soon as possible. This will enable the Association to advise members of information about events and other matters which come to our attention between issues of *The Gallipolian*. Details of e-mail addresses (as with other membership information) will be kept securely and will never be passed on to anyone else.

The Trustees appreciate that some members do not have an e-mail address and where possible information will sent by post but sometimes this will not be practical when information about an event is received at short notice. The cost of sending material by post also continues to increase and places a significant burden on association funds; for example, the cost of printing and mailing material for the last AGM was in excess of £500. E-mail details can be notified to the Membership Secretary at the address given inside the front cover of *The Gallipolian*.

JAMES WATSON SMITH

After no less than 29 years in post, our Secretary, James Watson Smith, has indicated a wish to stand down at the end of this year. The Trustees have appointed our former Editor, Foster Summerson, as Secretary from 1 January 2016. I am sure members will wish to join with me in thanking James for the immense contribution he has made over so many years to the work of the Association. I am pleased to say that James has agreed to remain a Trustee and will remain responsible for 'Quartermaster's Stores' and help with events.

Christopher Fagan, Chairman

SUBSCRIPTIONS 2016

The annual membership fees for 2016 remain unchanged; namely

Individual Membership (UK) paid by cheque, Direct Debit
or Standing Order - **£20.00**

As above paid using PayPal - **£21.50**

Individual Membership (Overseas) paid by cheque, Direct Debit
or Standing Order - **£30.00**

As above paid using PayPal - **£31.50**

For other membership categories see page 2 of the Winter 2014 issue (No. 136)

Payment may be paid by any of the following methods:

Cheque: Members who pay their subscriptions by cheque should use the enclosed form when their membership renewal is due. Please note that the majority of cheque renewals are due on 5 January, but not all.

Standing Order: If you have a Standing Order in place, please check and ensure that the correct amount, as above, is being paid. The Association is unable to amend Standing Orders – this is the sole responsibility of the individual member.

Direct Debit: If you wish to pay your subscription by Direct Debit, forms are available for download via the Association's web site, or can be provided on request. These transactions are quite safe and are covered by the Direct Debit Guarantee, but can only be used with a UK bank account.

PayPal: If you pay manually via PayPal, please ensure that you pay the relevant amount when your renewal is due.

Any subscription outstanding 3 months after it became due will be treated as lapsed. You will not receive further copies of *The Gallipolian* nor any of the other membership benefits.

If you have any queries, please do drop me an email or give me a call. My address and telephone number are shown inside the front cover.

Keith Edmonds, *Membership Secretary*

COLLINGWOOD MEMORIAL PARADE

Nicci Brown

The men of the Collingwood Battalion who died in the Third Battle of Krithia on 4 June 1915 were remembered at a centenary service at the Collingwood Memorial at Tarrant Hinton, Dorset, attended by HRH The Princess Royal. The memorial, situated at the western entrance to Blandford Camp, was erected by survivors of the Royal Naval Division and the Collingwood Battalion shortly after the end of the First World War.

Her Royal Highness, at the invitation of the Friends of the Collingwood Memorial, gave the reading and laid the first wreath. She also inspected the parade of officers and ratings from HMS Collingwood, the Royal Navy training establishment at Portsmouth. The Princess Royal is Commander in Chief of Royal Navy Portsmouth, Colonel in Chief of The Royal Signals and of a number of Canadian, Australian and New

Zealand Regiments. Indeed, the first wreath laid at the memorial after her own was by representatives of the Australian armed forces in memory of the Anzacs who fought at Gallipoli. Other wreaths were laid by the Lord Lieutenant, High Sheriff, representatives of the Blandford Garrison, central and local government, the trustees of the Collingwood Memorial and military associations. Among the guests were descendants of those who fought and died in the battle including Martin Willoughby, great-nephew of Frederick Willoughby, the youngest member of the Collingwood Battalion to die, aged 15 years, ten months. Also present was the great-nephew of Lt. Cdr. Wallace Moir Annand, who was killed during the battle, and the grand-daughter and family of Lt. Col. Frank Luard, who was killed in July 1915. Lt. Cdr. Annand's sword, which is permanently housed in the Blandford Museum, was on display in the Officer's Mess at the Camp, together with other memorabilia.

The service was conducted by the Chaplain of the Fleet, the Venerable Ian Wheatley QHC, Royal Navy Chaplain of the Fleet, and Captain Andrew Jordan, NCO of HMS Collingwood, described the events of 4 June which saw the 2nd Naval Brigade suffer casualties of more than 1,000 officers and men in under an hour during the Third Battle of Krithia. Photographs can be found on page 29.

CENTENARY CONFERENCE 2015 ...

A Time to Remember

Foster Summerson

The Association held its fourth annual conference at the Møeller Centre, Churchill College, Cambridge. on 6 June. 76 members and guests attended, some having taken advantage of an invitation to tour the Churchill Archives the evening before.

Keith Edmonds, the Conference organiser, welcomed everyone to the Møeller Centre and introduced the first speaker, **Professor Sir Hew Strachan**, whose presentation, *1915 – The Search for Solutions*, focussed on how the conflict was seen by the Central Powers and the strategies they employed. Their position was markedly different to that of the Allies in that the Central Powers were surrounded by those who opposed them. However, they had the advantage of internal lines of communication which assisted troop deployment and co-ordination. Germany's strategy was to hold the territory it had gained in the west and to attack in the east, forcing Russia to negotiate. For Britain and France, the Western Front was the main area of conflict; they hoped that Russia, with its vast army, would keep German resources tied down in the east.

Both sides recognised the strategic significance of the Balkans and the Ottoman Empire and had long been seeking to extend their interests in these areas. Germany saw Turkey and the Dardanelles as pivotal in that they provided a way out to the rest of the world and as a key to the expansion of its interests in the Middle-East and beyond, a threat

foreseen by Britain and France. Russia too wanted access to the Dardanelles and supported the British and French plan to force the Dardanelles which made sense for political and strategic reasons but failed in its execution.

Dr Warren Dockter, from Churchill College, was the next contributor who spoke on the subject of *Winston Churchill and the Ottoman Empire*. He began by outlining the factors which influenced Churchill's attitude to the Ottomans; among these were the views of his father, Randolph, and those of the Conservative party, which saw Turkey as an ally whereas the Liberals favoured the Greeks. Churchill's experiences on the North-West Frontier and his published account of the Sudan campaign were seen by many as anti-Islamic but this was not the case. He had a high regard for the military prowess of enemy tribes on the North-West Frontier and was critical of the punitive actions ordered by Kitchener in the Sudan. When Churchill switched parties and joined the Liberals he did not change his pro-Islamist views and as Colonial Secretary supported the 'Young Turks' and developed a friendship with Enver Pasha. However, Churchill regarded Germany's influence over the Ottoman Government and its military command as overwhelming. He saw things in strategic terms and his promotion of the Dardanelles Campaign was a reflection of this. In conclusion, Dr Dockter outlined Churchill's influence on British policy towards Turkey in the immediate post-war period.

The final presentation before lunch was given by **Michael Forrest**. Entitled *The Defence of the Dardanelles: Battleships v Coastal Defences*, Michael outlined the history of the Dardanelles, the significant locations for defence and the development of the Ottoman fortifications. He then described the defences in more detail; most of the forts were old but had been upgraded by 1880s, many being sited on reverse slopes, or at low elevation, which made them difficult to attack from the sea. By 1914 the Dardanelles were defended by 177 guns of all calibres supplied by Krupp. These included large coastal defence guns as well as howitzers, field guns, dismounted ships' guns and mortars. Minefields and shore-launched torpedoes also formed an important part of the defences. Surprisingly, given the events of 1915, the scale of the Dardanelles defences were known to the Admiralty and it was recognised as early as 1906 that there would be a need for joint operations if the Straits were to be forced. Michael then addressed the crucial question of 'ships versus forts' and the factors which placed warships at a disadvantage in engaging land targets. These came together disastrously for the British and French Fleets in 1915, although the later naval blockade of the Dardanelles was carried out successfully.

An excellent buffet lunch followed with an opportunity afterwards to talk with fellow delegates, to inspect the displays in an adjoining room, and to be tempted by the array of Gallipoli related books on sale. It was then back to the conference room to hear a talk by our Historian, **Stephen Chambers** entitled *Myths of Gallipoli*. Perhaps the two most significant and enduring myths are that the Gallipoli Campaign was a predominantly 'ANZAC' affair and that the problems which occurred during the landing at Anzac were the result of poor British planning and errors on the part of the Royal Navy. In fact, it was a sound plan, albeit hurried, drawn up by Australian commanders;

its failure being the result of serious mistakes at divisional and brigade level. Another myth, perpetuated on film and television, is that Australian troops came largely from farming backgrounds and were of superior physique to their British counterparts, ignoring the fact that a third of the AIF were British born and many of those born in Australia lived in towns and cities! Stephen then moved on to myths of lesser significance such as 'female snipers'. These were reported in both the British and Anzac sectors with little supporting evidence. After giving other examples of other stories that continue to circulate, Stephen concluded with that of the 5th Norfolks – 'The Vanished Battalion' – which despite firm evidence to the contrary has been the subject of false speculation over the years.

The next presentation - *Within Range: An Officer's Nine Months on the Peninsula* - was given by **Steve Warburton** who focussed on the letters and diaries of Brigadier-General Cuthbert H. T. Lucas, which were found in an old wooden chest of drawers inherited by Steve's wife, a granddaughter of the writer. Lucas was one of a very small number of officers who saw the whole campaign through from start to finish. Initially a Brigade Major in the 29th Division, he landed at 'X' beach on 25 April and remained on the peninsula until an hour before the evacuation. The title 'Within Range' reflected the frequent references to shelling in the diaries and letters which the writer said was worse than on the Western Front. He also commented in letters to the lack of rest allowed to troops describing them as being '... *in rags and very tired*.' There were also critical remarks about senior commanders – '*fatuous comments*' circulated by the C in C and 'scornful and unreasonable memos' by De Lisle. Criticism too of the lack of professionalism of some of the New Army and Territorial Units. By August, Lucas was commanding the 87th Brigade and described the attack on Hill 70 and earlier actions in which he was engaged. Steve has transcribed all the entries which can be found at <http://gallipolifirstlast.blogspot.co.uk>

The final speaker was **Professor Peter Stanley** whose talk was entitled *Sepoy's Stories: The Indians on Gallipoli*. He noted that the role of Indian troops on the peninsula was largely unknown for a century, mainly because there was so little documentation compared with other nationalities who served there. What little had been written also focussed on the role of British officers, rather than the Indians under their command. Moreover, until recently, it was believed that only about 5,000 Indians served at Gallipoli; there were actually 16,000 of whom 1,600 died and because they were cremated, or their bodies lost, their presence is practically invisible on Gallipoli today. Peter's book, *Die in Battle, Do Not Despair* is the first to tell the full story and his talk highlighted stories of a number of Indians who served at Gallipoli. Among them was L/Naik Karam Singh of the 21st (Kohat) Mountain Battery who was blinded during fierce fighting on 19 May and received the Indian Order of Merit; Sepoy Nank Singh, 89th Punjabis who wrote an account of the fighting at Gurkha Bluff; Subedar Gambirsing Pun who received the only MC awarded to an Indian at Gallipoli – for gallantry at Hill Q; and Rifleman Kulbahadur Gurung, 6th Gurkhas, who survived capture by the Turks and wrote an account of his 3½ years as a prisoner.

The conference was brought to a close by the Association Chairman, **Captain Christopher Fagan MBE** who thanked Keith and Lyn Edmonds for organising the conference and others who had assisted with the arrangements. He also thanked the speakers for giving their time to address the conference and to all those who attended. He also drew attention to the appeal to enable the Association to continue with its objectives of commemoration and education beyond the centenary.

BLUE PLAQUE COMMEMORATES JAMES SOMERS VC

Foster Summerson

The Gallipoli Association were invited by the Ulster History Circle (UHC) to the unveiling of a blue plaque in honour of Sgt. James Somers VC at Belturbet Church (Church of Ireland), County Cavan on 2 July. The ceremony took place on the centenary of the action in which James Somers' bravery was recognised by the award of the Victoria Cross.

The UHC blue plaques commemorate men and women of achievement, born or associated with the historic province of Ulster. This was the 192nd plaque to be erected in Ulster, which includes two plaques in County Donegal, one in County Monaghan and now two in County Cavan.

James Somers is perhaps one of the forgotten VCs of the Gallipoli Campaign, his story never featuring before in the pages of *The Gallipolian*. He was born in Church Street, Belturbet on 12 June 1894, the eldest of six children of Robert and Charlotte Somers, his father being sexton of the church. The family moved from the town the following year and lived in various places, finally settling in Cloughjordan, County Tipperary in 1912. By this time James was working as a footman at Bantry House in County Cork and it was from here that he joined the Special Reserve of the Royal Munster Fusiliers on 14 January 1913, transferring to the 2nd Bn. Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers a few weeks before the First World War began.

Pte. Somers was wounded at Le Gheer on 21 October and was sent back to England and was sufficiently recovered to spend Christmas 1914 with his parents at Cloughjordan where a local paper recorded him as saying that he had 'stopped three German bullets in France'. Early in the New Year he was posted to the 1st Bn. Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, which had recently arrived from service in India, and was soon on his way with the battalion to Gallipoli.

He survived the first months of heavy fighting in the Helles sector until the end of June when the battalion was involved in a successful attack on enemy positions at Gully Spur. However, a strong enemy counter-attack on the night of 1st/2nd July gained ground on the flank and two companies of the Inniskillings were ordered to retake the

lost positions. It was here that Sgt. Somers was involved in the action for which he was awarded the VC; in the words of the citation:

‘... when, owing to hostile bombing, some of our troops retired from a sap, Sergeant Somers remained alone on the spot until a party brought up bombs. He then climbed over into the Turkish trench, and bombed the Turks with great effect. Later on he advanced in the open under very heavy fire, and held back the enemy by throwing bombs into their flank until a barricade had been established. During this period he frequently ran to and from our trenches to obtain fresh supplies of bombs. By his great gallantry and coolness Sergeant Somers was largely instrumental in effecting the recapture of a portion of our trench, which had been lost.’



Sergeant James Somers VC ^[1]

Although not referred to in the citation, Sgt Somers was wounded during the action and was evacuated first to Alexandria and then to England. He arrived home to a hero's welcome in Cloughjordan on 28 September and was presented with the Victoria Cross by King George V at Buckingham Palace on 14 October.

James Somers spent the next months involved in army recruiting before being posted to the 7th Bn. The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers where he saw action on the Somme and was hospitalised suffering the effects of chlorine gas. In August 1916 he married Catherine (Kitty) Scott of Newcastle-Upon-Tyne England. They had one child who was born in December the following year. She was named Victoria, in honour of James winning the VC, but sadly died a few months later.

In April 1917 James was transferred to the Army Service Corps but three months later he was discharged due to his medical condition^[2]. He returned home to Cloughjordan where he assisted for a time in the Army Recruiting Office until ill-health made it impossible for him to continue. He died at his parents' home on 7 May 1918 and was buried with full military honours in St Kieran's Church of Ireland graveyard in Cloughjordan. Following his death his wife, Kitty, returned to her family in England.

The service at Belturbet was attended by the Chairman of the Ulster History Circle, the Chairman of the Cavan County Council, the Acting Chief Executive Officer of the

Council, The Rev'd. Tanya Woods of Belturbet Church, Lt. Col. David Twigg, Chairman, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers Regimental Association, Mr Ger Heffernan, Cloughjordan Heritage Society, Dr Brendan Scott a local historian and Mr Sydney Cooper, nephew of Sgt James Somers. All those mentioned gave brief addresses focussing on different aspects of Sgt. Somers' life and links to Belturbet and Cloughjordan. Mr Cooper noted that James was born just down the road and it was fitting that his surviving niece, two nephews as well as himself and other family members were able to be present to participate in the unveiling. I was asked to say a few words about the Gallipoli Campaign.

The plaque was unveiled by Mr Sydney Cooper in the presence of no less than 16 relatives – four generations – of Sgt. James Somers, a clear indication that he is not forgotten by his family. Photographs can be found on page 30.

Notes:

1. I am grateful to Mrs Pearl Whiteford, niece of James Somers, for allowing me to reproduce the photograph of James Somers.
2. Although the local newspaper and his former Regiment record him as dying from the effects of gas poisoning in France, his family maintain that it was due to an earlier incident when he accidentally inhaled chlorine gas due to a faulty gas mask while demonstrating its use at Tipperary Military Barracks

Acknowledgements: This article has been compiled from a variety of sources, notably member Stephen Snelling's book *VCs of The First World War : Gallipoli*, Ger Heffernan, historian from Cloughjordan, wrote an article about James Somers published in the *Cloughjordan Heritage (Vol VIII – 2014)*; and Mr Leslie McKeague of the Ulster History Circle, who arranged for the Association to be invited to the ceremony, produced the service sheet and assisted me in many ways. Leslie also wrote two articles on James Somers, one was published in *The Spark (No. 28) 2015*; the second was an essay in the *Journal of Cumann Seanchais Bbreifne 2015*, entitled *Victoria Cross Recipients from County Cavan*.

CENTENARY COMMEMORATIONS IN HAWICK

Brian Tait

In continuation of a ceremony which dates back to 12 July 1916, Members of Hawick Callants Club met on 17 July to lay wreaths in commemoration of the men from Hawick and District who served with the 1st/4th (Borders) Battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers (KOSB) and lost their lives on the Gallipoli peninsula 100 years ago. The Club was joined by Honorary Provost, Stuart Marshall, over 20 members of local Ex-Service Associations and for this Centenary Year, Professor Norman Drummond CBE FRSE, Chair of WW100 Scotland Commemorations Panel.

Wreaths were laid at the 1514 Memorial and the party then reassembled at the Wilton Lodge Park gates at 2.00pm for a parade to the War Memorial led by piper Colin Turnbull playing the KOSB march *Blue Bonnets over the Border* and Horn player Colin Crozier. Prior to the arrival of the parade, the Hawick Saxhorn Band played a selection of First World War music at the War Memorial.

Earlier in the morning Gordon Webber, Parks Event Manager, assisted by Club Members placed 132 crosses, one for each man who died, next to the War Memorial. These had been inscribed by P6 pupils of Burnfoot Community School as part of a school project on the First World War; the crosses were made by 'Lily of the Valley', a local florist and were decorated with a ribbon in the Callants Club's colours of blue and gold. Laminated photographs and information on 116 of the soldiers were placed by the crosses of these men, the information being collated by Hawick Museum.

At the War Memorial a poignant and fitting tribute was led by the Club Chaplain, Revd. Charles Finnie who began with a prayer for those who died. This was followed by a reading of the poem, *Gallipoli - 12 July 1915* by George Hope Tait, about the battle at Achi-Baba where some 60 Hawick men of the 1st/4th KOSB were killed on the first day of the battle; the poem was read at the first wreath laying in 1916. The Roll of Honour of the 132 names was then read by members of the Callants Club in groups of 12, followed by laying of the Gallipoli Comrades Association wreath and the Hawick Hon Provost's council wreath. Wreaths were also laid by other associations and organisations present.

Following the wreath-laying, the words from Laurence Binyon's poem *For the Fallen* were recited and the Lament, *The Flooers o' the Forest* played. *Last Post* was then sounded, Silence was kept and then *Reveille*. The Revd. Finnie continued with readings from scriptures and a prayer before Psalm 23 was sung; the Psalm was of special significance as it was sung by 1st/4th KOSB after the Roll Call on the day in July 1915 when the Battalion suffered over 500 casualties. The Ceremony ended with the playing of *Scotland the Brave*. Photographs can be found on page 31.

THE HAWICK CALLANTS CLUB VISIT TO GALLIPOLI – JULY 2015

Derick Tait

Over 130 men from the Hawick area, who enlisted principally in the 1/4th Battalion, Kings Own Scottish Borderers (KOSB) lost their lives in the Gallipoli campaign, 84 of them in one day alone on the attack at the Achi Baba Nullah on 12 July. 'Glorious hopes' were never more cruelly dashed.

The Hawick Callants Club have commemorated the events of that day every year since 1916, and in 1926 the families of Lt. James Innes and Lt. John Patrick, both of whom had died in, or soon after the action of 12 July 1915, joined the St Barnabas Pilgrimage to Gallipoli and Salonika ^[1]. The Innes family took with them mementoes from families of those killed and a marble plaque bearing the inscription:

From the Town of Hawick, Scotland. In grateful memory of the officers and men belonging to that town who fell in Gallipoli in the Great War 1915.'

The plaque and a wreath from the town were placed at the Helles Memorial where the plaque remains to this day. In 1965 the Club organised and part-funded a return trip to Gallipoli by comrades to mark the 50th anniversary, so in this, the centenary year, it was felt that in addition to the annual remembrance in the town, the opportunity should be taken to visit the peninsula and pay homage both to those who did not return and those who did. Accordingly a party of 20 club members, wives, and friends led by Club President Frank Scott and including local historian Derek Robertson made a nine-day visit to the battlefields to coincide with the centenary remembrance. Principal guide for the trip was Peter Hart, an acknowledged authority and author of a number of books on the Gallipoli campaign.

While the events of 12 July 1915 were uppermost in the minds of the party, it was important to understand those events within the whole concept of Gallipoli, and visits were made to the various landing beaches and scenes of fighting which involved not only British and Indian troops but also those from Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland and France. As a result, place names like Achi Baba, Anzac Cove, Cape Helles, Chunuk Bair, and Suvla Bay gained identity and meaning.

First impressions of Gallipoli are that narrow beaches and the open low lying land offer little protection to any would-be invader. The higher ground is particularly inhospitable – a combination of hills, cliffs, ridges, and escarpments covered in a mixture of scrub, thorn, bush, gorse and thistle, much of it at head height. As the various locations were visited, it was easy to understand how names such as Bloody Angle, Shrapnel Valley, and Scimitar Hill had come into being.

July 12th was a particularly poignant for the party, which was joined on the day by Hawick Archaeological Society President Iain Scott together with his family and brother Douglas from Vancouver. It started at Parsons Road where the 1/4th KOSB had commenced their attack at Achi Baba Nullah. Hawick Rugby Club President Ross Cameron had brought with him a ruby ball which was dedicated to the five ‘Greens’ players who had lost their lives, and this was kicked into no-man’s land by former ‘Green’ Keith Cunningham, whose great-uncle had been killed in the action.

Remembrance crosses were placed and verses of *Teribus* and *Hail to the Banner* sung, before the party made its way to the Helles Memorial for a commemoration ceremony. Ian Landles delivered an oration speaking of:

“all the brave men whose names are chiselled on this memorial. They weren’t just pawns in a big military chess game; they were real flesh and blood people – fathers, sons, brothers, sweethearts wi’ lives and loves, wi’ jobs and homes, wi’ freends, wi’ hobbies and interests just like oorsels. Born into a completely different age, they joined up wi’ their pals for a big adventure, never expectin’ to be sent overseas, only here, fer frae hame and kith and kin, to have their lives suddenly taken in horrific fashion.”

The Club President then laid a wreath dedicated to '*the gallant few who fought and suffered loss*' at the Memorial. A wreath was also laid on behalf of the Hawick Archaeological Society. The ceremony concluded with the reading of the verse '*They shall Grow Not Old ...*' from Laurence Binyon's poem *For the Fallen* after which a lament was played by Alan Brydon, who also sang a new song he had written to mark the occasion. While the commemoration at Helles was the main focus of the visit, the known graves of Hawick soldiers on the peninsula, of which there are only 11, were not forgotten. All were visited and had remembrance crosses laid at them by members of the party.

Perhaps the most unexpected occurrence during the visit came moments after the Club President had laid a wreath at the Turkish 57th Infantry Regiment Memorial when it was visited by officer cadets of the Turkish forces. Despite language difficulties, the purpose of the visit was explained, greetings were exchanged, hands were shaken, selfies taken, and pipes were played. This chance meeting ended with the words of a Turkish officer - "The grandsons of our enemies are now our friends." There could not be a more fitting expression of reconciliation. Photographs taken during the visit can be found on page 32.

Note 1: Articles on the 1926 St Barnabas Society Pilgrimage to Gallipoli and Salonika can be found in the Winter 2011 and Winter 2014 issue of *The Gallipolitan* (Nos 127 and 136)

DEDICATION OF GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN PLAQUE IN BOSTON

Clive Summerson

On Sunday 19 July a plaque commemorating the Gallipoli Campaign was dedicated in Veterans' Way, Boston, in the presence of Gallipoli Association members and representatives of local organisations. Although the plaque has been in place for several years (see articles in the Autumn 2012, Spring and Autumn 2013 editions of *The Gallipolitan*), it was decided to defer the dedication until 19 July this year, since the date marked the centenary of the landing of the 6th Bn. The Lincolnshire Regiment on the peninsula – the only battalion of the Lincolns to see service at Gallipoli.

The short service was conducted by the Revd. Alyson Buxton, Parish of Boston. Among those attending was Paul Sleaford and family whose Great Uncle, Pte Harry Sleaford, was killed on 9 August 1915, aged 21; Harry Sleaford has no known grave and is commemorated on the Helles Memorial. Also present was Peter Ellis, whose Grandfather, RSM H C Ellis, Royal Engineers, DCM Croix De Guerre, served throughout the campaign, being awarded the French decoration for gallantry during the landings on the 25 April. It was also good to see Kieron Hegarty and his wife, Kieron is a regular visitor to Gallipoli and tour leader with 'RND Tours' run by Len Sellers who sadly could not be present. Local representatives included Frank Thompson and Les Budding of the Boston Veterans' Collection Fund who played leading roles in memorial

plaques project and continue to maintain them, and Ken Willows Chairman of the Spalding Branch of the Lincolnshire Regiment Association.

Following the welcome given by the Alyson Buxton, Foster Summerson, outlined the role of the 6th Lincolns during the campaign and the casualties suffered by the battalion during the main actions in which they were involved. Following the dedication of the plaque, which had been covered by the Standard of the Normandy Veterans Association, a wreath was laid on behalf of the Gallipoli Association. *Last Post* was then sounded by bugler, Eric Traves, and Silence kept, followed by *Reveille* which echoed through Memorial Gardens. Photographs of the ceremony are on page 33.

OFFICIAL OPENING OF HMS M33

Professor Dominic Tweddle's article in the Autumn issue of *The Gallipolian* brought readers up to date on the plans and work being carried out by the National Museum of the Royal Navy (NMRN) to ready the Monitor HMS *M33* for its official opening on 6 August, the centenary of her arrival at Gallipoli. Gallipoli Association members were invited by the NMRN to a preview on 24 July which was notified through the Association's e-newsletter. A number of members attended and were impressed with the work carried out and with the displays telling the *M33* story.

Also of note was the installation of one of the 'Ross Bastiaan Bronze Plaques' showing the *M33*. Members will be aware that similar plaques commemorating Australia's involvement in the two World Wars have been placed at significant locations on the Western Front, Gallipoli, the Far East and elsewhere. Our Chairman was present at the official opening as were Dr Ross J Bastiaan OAM and members Valmai and Major Holt who kindly provided the photographs reproduced on page 34.

COMMEMORATIVE SERVICE IN NORTHERN IRELAND TO MARK THE CENTENARY OF THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN

Foster Summerson

I was invited by the Rt. Hon. Jeffrey Donaldson MP, Chairman of the Northern Ireland First World War Centenary Committee, to represent the Gallipoli Association at a service held in Lisburn Cathedral on 9 August to commemorate the centenary of the Gallipoli Campaign. The Centenary Committee has set the twin themes of Remembrance and Reconciliation for the centenary and will be holding a series of events up to November 1918.

The service commemorated the service and sacrifices of all who fought at Gallipoli regardless of nation, faith and creed and those attending reflected this, with civilian and

military representatives from Northern Ireland, the Republic of Ireland, Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand and Turkey and many other countries. In his Address,, the Revd. Canon Dr William Murphy noted that the service marked the 100th anniversary of the landing of the 10th (Irish) Division at Suvla Bay and the attack by New Zealand troops, along with British and Indian units, at Chunuk Bair.

At the conclusion of the service, a bible which had originally belonged to Pte. Arthur Cooper of the 1st Australian Division was presented by the Trustees of the Ulster Rifles Museum to a representative of the Australian High Commission for return to the family. Pte. Cooper had been wounded earlier in the campaign and the bible had been found during the evacuation by Alf Gibson, 6th Bn. Royal Irish Rifles, and kept by him throughout the war, being presented to the museum shortly before his death.

The service was followed by refreshments in the Cathedral Hall and a talk by the Defence Adviser at the New Zealand High Commission about the Anzac contribution to the Gallipoli campaign.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING – 2015

The minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on 28 July 2015 are enclosed with this issue of *The Gallipolian*.

COMMEMORATION OF PTE. ALFRED CUTLER

Paul Finegan

To commemorate the centenary, the Bartley Green Great War Centenary Committee planted nineteen trees, one for each of the 19 men of the district who fell. The trees form an 'Avenue of Memory' adjacent to the War Memorial. The avenue was dedicated last year and will be the focus for all First World War commemorations, marking the deaths of those who fell. On 24 September the first of these occurred when Pte. Alfred Cutler, 4th Bn., Worcestershire Regiment was remembered.

Alfred Cutler was only nineteen when sailed with his battalion for Gallipoli. His war was to prove short as on 24 September he was badly wounded while on a working party which had been detailed to lay wire to the front of a sap. The party came under heavy fire and was withdrawn but not before two men had killed and a further six wounded; Alfred succumbed to his wounds and is buried in Hill 10 Cemetery, Suvla.

Exactly one hundred years later, the tree dedicated to Alfred was guarded by two men from the Discover History group, dressed in the uniform of the Worcestershire Regiment. Standards provided by the Federation of Birmingham Ex-Service Associations and the Royal Warwickshire Association formed an honour guard from the War Memorial to the

tree. Bartley Green Councillor John Lines opened the ceremony at the War Memorial and gave an introduction to the event. Following prayers, I read a eulogy to Pte. Cutler after which the *Last Post* was sounded, Silence kept, then *Reveille*. The focus of the ceremony then moved to Alfred Cutler's tree where Sir Jacob Astley's *Soldier's Prayer* was read by the Deputy Lord Lieutenant of the West Midlands. Relatives of Alfred Cutler were in attendance (see photograph on page 35) and his great great great niece Hannah, who had been given the day off school to attend, read a poem she had chosen to remember him by.

Wreaths were then laid by the family, regimental and ex-service associations, the Bartley Green Great War Centenary Committee and other organisations. The ceremony was well attended and included Keith and Lyn Edmonds of the Gallipoli Association, members of the public and representatives from Bartley Green School who had helped plant the trees and designed and created the name plaques, and also Woodgate Primary School.

THE 29TH DIVISION MEMORIAL

Organising the commemoration at the 29th Division Memorial has become increasingly complex in recent years, with the need to consult various agencies and to observe their stringent requirements; in 2015 these included severe restrictions on numbers permitted to attend. There are still issues to be resolved for 2016 and the outcome will be published on the website or can be obtained from the Secretary in February.

ANZAC/GALLIPOLI DAY 2016

Anzac/Gallipoli Day will take place on Monday 25 April. Although details won't be available for some time, it is expected that they will revert to the usual pattern whereby the Cenotaph Ceremony and Service at Westminster Abbey will be organised by the High Commissions.

Security arrangements are expected to be tight and details of those wishing to participate will be required. In previous years a booking form was included in the Spring journal but the deadlines imposed on the Association have continued to shorten and if there are printing or postal delays there is a risk that there won't be sufficient time to process applications to attend the commemorations. In order to avoid this in 2016, **a form is enclosed where members can express an interest in attending one or more commemorations/events.** This will not guarantee a place nor will it be binding on individuals, or on the association, but it will allow us to contact those who indicate a wish to attend as soon as the arrangements are known. Please return the form to the Secretary by **20 February**.

BATTLEFIELD TOURS – 2016

The Association has arranged two battlefield tours in 2016, the first on **8 - 13 May** and the second on **18 - 23 September**. Tours book up fast, so early enquiry/booking is recommended. For further information e-mail: tours@gallipoli-association.org. Those without Internet access can write to the Association address given inside the front cover of the journal, marking the envelope **‘Tours’**.

INFORMATION PLEASE

Do you have a question about some aspect of the Gallipoli campaign? Something you need to know about a regiment, a ship perhaps, or an individual, but have so far failed to find the answer. If so, there may be someone among the membership who could help? So please do not hesitate to send in your questions, and share your enquiry with the membership. Hopefully, someone will provide the answer or, if not the answer, another avenue or two to be explored.

We have two requests for this issue. The first comes from John Howell in Australia who is anxious to obtain a copy of the 1931 film *Tell England* (also released in the US under the title *The Battle for Gallipoli*). He is aware that copies are held by the Imperial War Museum and the British Film Institute (who both show the film from time to time) and that it not commercially available. However, he has asked if this request could be included in case a member might be able to assist. He can be contacted on: liaandjohn@bigpond.com

The second request comes from Professor Peter Stanley, University of New South Wales, Canberra whose book *Die in Battle, Do Not Despair* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Peter writes:

‘Having recently written about Indians on Gallipoli I am now tackling a project which has also been neglected. I’m writing about the 50,000 British Territorials who served in India during the First World War, on whom almost nothing has been published in a century. It’s an obvious contrast to Gallipoli, of course, which (except for Indians) has been exhaustively documented and interpreted. Can I take this opportunity to ask whether members of the Gallipoli Association might offer suggestions as to relevant sources? I’d be glad to hear them.

I have just completed a productive tour through the regimental museums and county archives of southern England (whence most Territorials in India came) and have consulted the IWM, NAM and NAUK, but am very much aware that sources could crop up in any of dozens of places. I look forward to hearing from you’.

Peter can be contacted on e-mail at: p.stanley@adfa.edu.au

SAPPER DEWI DAVID, ROYAL ENGINEERS

Rhys David



Not just the picture but the caption, too, on this 99-year-old picture tell of a different era. *'Whites v. Blacks Swimming Race. Whites Won.'* Third right bottom row is Sapper Dewi David, Royal Engineers, who joined up on his seventeenth birthday on 1 March 1915. A year later, in August 1916, he took part in a race organised by officers to commemorate the 53rd (Welsh) Division's landings a year earlier at Suvla Bay. Dewi's team, chosen from heats, swam against men from the British West Indies Regiment, with the officers placing wagers on who would win. He wrote:

'Last Wednesday [possibly 2 August 1916] some officers arranged a race to pick a swimming team. Ten of us swam in the heat and the first four picked. The race was across the Canal about 120 yards, that is, and we went like greased fork lightning. Some race. Our 'captain' came in first by about six inches and I and another chap on top of one another dead heat, as second, and the fourth a foot or so behind. My word it was a pull across, and the winning post officer declared it a very good race. 'Matter of inches', those were his words (not bad my first aquatic accomplishment, eh?) The other six never came in at all, chucked it up half way. Anyhow, we few were pretty evenly contested. I s'pose it's because being in the same section we always bathed together and know each other's points One for the old R.E.s, what? We four swam a relay race the next day against a quartet from the British West Indies Regiment. The prize was 100 piastre note, the officers backing the losing team to stump up. We stripped off and when I saw those darkies with big arms and muscular chests, I said to the other chaps, 'Well I haven't seen these [fellows] swim but I think it's adieu to

that quid. It's us for a lose, and darkies can always swim.' Well, we started, and what a surprise we had, I swam third and did my little bit, and we knocked the beggars into a cocked hat, beating them by about 80 yards at the finish. You should see the officer's face who had backed his own regt. [the other side] He had been so cock sure that he never brought any money for the prize. But we got it alright, don't you worry, and our but had a feed that night, not 'arf we didn't ("Dado", that's me, was in funds d'ye see). Anyhow, we made rings round 'em and, although I was tempted before we started to sing 'Ob darkies how my heart sinks really' when scrutinising their biceps, I didn't forget to ask 'em to pay my best respects to 'Uncle Tom' when we finished. We had our photos taken afterwards, victors and vanquished, in 'black and white'. I hope it comes out, I'll send you one then.'

Patronising, and to today's audience, a little offensive perhaps, but the words convey some of the excitement felt by the young men taking part in this sporting encounter to celebrate a notable anniversary. 'Uncle Tom', it should perhaps be noted, too, had not by that stage acquired the pejorative connotations it now has. Indeed, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Harriet Beecher Stowe, was a heroine of the anti-slavery campaign.

After signing on (stating his age as two years older) Dewi spent the next few months in 1915 training in Cambridge (in tents on Parker's Piece), in Bedford and Northampton, before sailing for Lemnos and Gallipoli in October. He missed some of the worst of the action on the Peninsula but during his short stay he shared many of the hardships, including life in dug-outs, the lack of food, the absence of parcels and the great storm of late November. On arrival after a long and boring sea journey he is cheerful. In a letter dated 25 October and headed Suvla Bay, he writes:

'Our present abode is a dug-out on the coast of which we have just put the finishing touches to. We have made ourselves fairly comfortable by now and the six of us are in the same dug-out. For the last few days the weather has been rather cold and wind blowing the sand about made it very uncomfortable but today has been fairly warm and sunny and I have just returned from a bathe in the bay. I am able to head my letters now so you will be able to answer them. If you send any parcels, please pack them strongly. I may get them if you do this. Please send out some chocolates, sweets, Spearmint and plenty of cigarettes. They will be very acceptable out here and are the best things in the way of creature comforts. We start work today in the signal office and I commence duty at 8 tonight. I hope you are all well at home and quite happy.'

Writing a week later on 31 October, again from Suvla Bay, he reports that he and his colleagues – several of them like him telegraphists from the Post Office in Cardiff serving with the Welsh Divisional Signal Company – were managing in the new conditions:

'We are still going strong out here and living underground all the time. I am in the pink and working in the signal office regularly now 6 hours on and 12 off. We have settled down into the run of things alright and getting quite used to the life here. It's rather queer with no newspapers or any kind of books here and we can't spend money at all except to send an order to a canteen about 5 miles away now and again. We manage to get some tinned stuff from there but chocolate and decent cigs are barred. We don't do so bad, however, having "Tabs" and tobacco issued to us every Sunday.'

The food is very good, considering the conditions, except that we have to be sparing with the bread and every alternate day or so are obliged to manage with biscuits. Today, for instance, we had one loaf between six men to last all day. Jam is very plentiful, and syrup, which goes O.K. with rice at dinner. The weather is very mild at present and I have had several bathes in the bay, which compensates for the impossibility of having a hot bath, which, by the way, I should like very much. ... I look forward very much to the arrival of a letter with all the news and a parcel, which perhaps is on the way, at least I hope so. Today is Sunday but what a different Sunday to the one at home.'

Though he had not yet tired of Army food, the absence of parcels and of letters from home was to be a problem throughout his stay on Gallipoli as another of the fairly frequent short letters he wrote after first arriving indicates (Letter: 4 November):

'We have been here a fortnight tomorrow and was awfully disappointed yesterday to find no letter or parcels from you when the mail came. It was a little surprise, however, to receive a letter from Cecil London posted from Italy ... The grub continues to be alright but please send out some decent fags and chocolates. Everybody's fed up with smoking the issue of Tabs. It's no good sending cake out, I'm afraid, because it goes bad before it arrives. ... By the way Doll [his 15 year old sister] please let me have a long letter when you can. It will be a treat to hear from home again. The arrival of a mail here brings everybody out of their dug-outs like so many rabbits from a warren, and they positively gloat over parcels. Today or tomorrow should see the arrival of the canteen order we put in about a week ago. We have to wait for these things, you know, for the canteen is such a long way off. So with a lot of luck we'll have tinned salmon (just think of it) in our mess tins very soon. It makes my mouth water when I think of it. We do live extravagantly and no mistake.'

The plea is much the same in his next letter on 8 November from Suvla Bay but in this letter he mentions another of the pre-occupations of men on service – a yearning for photographs of loved ones that kept photographic studios busy the length and breadth of Britain.

'Our boys think of little else but mails, letters from home, and canteen orders. Those letters coming from so many miles away mean such a lot to us exiles and I envy the lucky ones ... I should like to mention a few things which you might send in a parcel next time. Cigarettes, chocolate, Pepsin [indigestion tablets], malted milk tablets, envelopes, tinned fruit, soap and a pair of socks. Cake would, of course, go bad but a few nice biscuits would be very acceptable. I hope this little list will not be too much for you to cope with and I thank you in anticipation. I hope you are all quite well and happy and a Christmas gift I should be delighted to receive would be a photograph of you three taken in a group.'

A week later, on 14 November, he was able to report that warm clothing had been issued and that his mother would be receiving an allotment from his pay, presumably to save for him on his return.

'The grub here is very decent and we have been served out with warm underclothing and cardigans recently. We are able to draw money here occasionally so it won't be necessary for you to send some out. Unfortunately, we can't spend it very freely. The only chance we get is the weekly canteen order

and then we never get half the stuff we order. ... I have made you a weekly allotment, of my wages, of 10/- in Mum's name. It may be some time before you get it.'

Later in the month the weather had started to turn, with possible consequences for what seems to have remained their number one priority – parcels. Though the basic food may have kept life and soul together, clearly men who had recently joined up were missing the sort of cooking – and the new branded foods – they were used to at home. On 22 November, he wrote:

I haven't seen your parcel yet and hope it hasn't been lost on the way. They say that there have been a great many mail bags washed overboard in a storm so it doesn't look very cheerful, does it? ... Anyhow, please continue to send parcels because I am sure to get some of them and the stuff in them will be very acceptable, I assure you. We have had some rough weather here lately, monsoons or some such nuisances and the first one that came along was a rotter. The wind blew like fury and I've never seen such rain in my life. The result was that our dug out was flooded out, the water and mud being ankle deep. We didn't know how to sleep but eventually solved the problem by utilising some corrugated iron as a bed. Since that storm it has been very cold here and the wind is strong, blowing practically all day. We have, however, improved our dug out since that experience and have put a better roof of corrugated iron on, instead of frail waterproofs (?).

I have plenty of warm clothes but you might send me 2 pairs of socks in your parcel please. We are unable to buy anything here because that canteen order we put in is a proper wash-out. For instance we put in for about 30/- worth of eatables etc. last week and in the end all we got was 2 Lemonade powders each in our dug-out.'

The weather continues to deteriorate and in his letter of 3 December he mentions the famous late November storm that eventually persuaded the authorities that they had little option other than to evacuate the peninsula before worse winter conditions ensued. His log had recorded the events of 26 November with the simple description 'Washed Out'.

It is pretty cold out here now and I am glad to wear all the warm underclothes I can. We have had rather a rough time lately owing to a three day storm descending upon us suddenly. It was very fierce and lasted quite three days. The rain was simply awful and the ground ankle deep in slush all over the place. The wind also was so strong that you could hardly stand. Most of our chaps had their dug-outs swamped out and waist deep in water which took some bailing out, I can tell you, but fortunately we had plenty of corrugated iron on our roof which kept us fairly dry so we took in about a dozen "homeless" chaps whose dug-outs were untenable during the storm so we were like sardines in a tin in our place. However, I managed to keep dry alright and got off pretty lucky. (We have had decent waterproof coats supplied to us.) We are just recovering from the effects of our experience and it has been very cold since.

They were unable to land food, of course, during the storm so we have had to exist on iron rations ever since. I would give much for a good square meal, believe me. The weather will surely get worse as the winter gets on and I am dreading the thoughts of a few more storms like that. The poor fellows

in the trenches, however, had a fearful time and we count ourselves jolly lucky in getting off so lightly. I haven't had a letter from you since Nov 2nd and I haven't seen a glimpse of the parcel you advised me was on the way so I suppose it's lost.'

Supplies were clearly affected by the storm and perhaps by the preparations being put in place for withdrawal. Three days after describing the storm another letter he reports that bread has become a great luxury.

'It does get monotonous chewing biscuits for five days out of six.'

Gallipoli drops out of Sapper David's letters for the next few years, with memories of that ill-fated campaign perhaps being deliberately pushed to one side. News from home in the Spring of 1918 that young men were joining up with new enthusiasm prompts him, however, to an uncharacteristically bitter outburst. In his letter of 28 May 1918 reflecting perhaps the general view of men who had served on the Peninsula, he writes:

'Your remarks re the scores of young men rolling up to the Colours stirred me, too – I thought they were all out. It is very gratifying news, indeed, but, tell me – I'm dead serious – why the hell couldn't they have come before? Never gave it a thought, I s'pose – never dreamt in '15 of poor, brave blighters on Gallipoli holding the line with brigades only 200-300 strong, dwindling, dwindling and never a reinforcement, with Turks like flies in front, – and the sea a daily dreaded emergency backdoor. The state of affairs which K of K after his visit there confessed to a friend kept him awake at night "thinking of those brave fellows and the pitiful line they held", O! Yes I can tell you why the Narrows weren't taken ...

And now I s'pose those young fellows who haven't lost any time but enlisted straightaway in 1918 will be fussed about – gallant this and gallant that, go to France in time for the coup de grace, come back and get crowned with laurels etc. What a difference to the way I can see the 53rd and their comrades here being treated when they go back. "O! Yes you skulked and shirked for 3 years on Suwla, Egypt, Palestine and Salonica – hid in petty side-shows like that" – Skulked? Shirked? Hid? – My Heaven! "The gratitude (?) of a very grateful country.

And also news filters thro' even to this benighted accursed hole of the rapturous applause bawled out from gallery to stalls in our London music halls in nightly hate and contempt for the victims of Miss Marie Lloyd's very popular ballad "If you don't want to fight, go to Palestine." Is this not so? Bah! I'm too disgusted to be even slightly annoyed. And isn't Mrs Pankhurst suggesting that we all be exiled on some remote island in quarantine for a few years before being allowed to set foot on that dearly beloved land? – which after all doesn't seem to be so blamed beloved as I once imagined. How excruciatingly amusing – really! Guess Abdul Hamid, Enver Pasha and their countrymen would treat us better and certainly with more respect. I've often smiled at some chaps when they express their views that "England will be too small for 'em after this" but I don't now 'cos I realise what they really mean is that its loathsome attitude towards them will cause them to shake its dust from their feet for all time in highly justified disgust. We are, you see, well versed in passing events – too well versed for any hopes of an attempt at [avoiding] disillusionment meeting with success. Certainly, I do not credit to the full such exaggerated instances as I have here cited – rumours are rumours but there is a strong undercurrent which gets my goat.'

These could just be the rather disillusioned words of a fed-up young man away in the East for three years and not able to get home until April 1919. Despite some researches I have yet to find any reference to the song Marie Lloyd is supposed to have sung, though perhaps others can help with this. The men of Gallipoli, however, might just have been thinking that their heroism was now forgotten – not to mention their subsequent deeds at Gaza and in Palestine – and that their welcome home would be more muted than that offered to their compatriots who had fought in Belgium and France. After service Sapper David resumed his career as a Post Office civil servant and remained there until retirement in 1961. He died in 1963 shortly after his 65th birthday.

Editors' Note: The 53rd Division's Mediterranean and Egyptian campaigns, with extracts from Sapper David's letters, are recounted in *Tell Mum Not to Worry* (Publisher: Deffro. ISBN 978-0-9930982-0-8) available for purchase in bookshops or on Amazon. It can also be bought directly for £11.99 plus £2.01 p + p from the author on rhys.david@btinternet.com

SATURDAY 8 AUGUST 2015

Chris Pugsley

I spent this morning on Chunuk Bair. I did it the easy way, getting there by car from Eceabat at 4.30am – a drive through the night across a silent plain, past the Turkish Simulation Centre and then up a ridge line along the Anzac front line, no traffic, the only noise the rushing of the wind that came in gusts, each like an approaching semi-trailer. On Chunuk Bair all was in darkness, I parked by the sole vehicle, a white van, unaware that the two security guards were dozing inside. All around me the tents and marquees, scaffolding and equipment for this afternoon's New Zealand's ceremony.

Above a clear starlit sky with a bright crescent moon. I walk to the New Zealand Memorial to the Missing from the Battle of Chunuk Bair, and look out over the low stone parapet towards the Straits of the Dardanelles, the shore line clearly etched with lights and partly out of sight, the lights from Canakkale reflected in the night sky. I sat and thought about that morning one hundred years ago today. Not one of the New Zealanders who fought here ever imagined that they would end up on this hill in Turkey. Seeing in the dawn for the first time the Narrows which was the strategic goal of the Allied landings in April 1915. Now four months into the campaign this was the last major obstacle, and the goal was in sight.

I walk back past all the names of the 853 missing with no known graves indecipherable in the dark to the top of the firebreak that comes up over the saddle from Rhododendron Ridge. I try to picture the Wellington Battalion at the Apex and its moving forward at 4.30 in the morning with artillery and naval gunfire landing where I stand. Lieutenant Colonel William Malone commanding the Wellington Infantry, forms them up in solid column of eight files, two companies up, each of four platoons, eight files of perhaps 35-45 men in each file, with the same for the rear two companies behind, scrambling their way up this stony slope. They pause in the saddle for the artillery fire to lift then sweep forward onto this crest, overrunning the sole machine gun. They peel left and

right to occupy what was perhaps a half metre deep single trench sited to cover such an approach up the hill, except that on this morning one hundred years ago, it was deserted, its defenders driven off by the artillery fire.

I listen for the sounds of an eight hundred strong battalion digging in. Already the sky is getting light. The forward two companies detached outposts of eight to 10 men forward to give early warning, while the existing Ottoman trench became the Wellington Battalion front line. It is hard ground and we know that they chipped away at it with their entrenching tools with each soldier filling two sandbags and stacking them in front to give further protection. Behind them 30-40 metres down the slope the 400 men of the two support companies had real digging to do, only Malone's Battalion Headquarters was spared as they occupied the captured machine gun trench which can be still identified in the dawn.

Forward towards the Straits, New Zealanders manned outposts. Among them were men I later got to know: Charlie Clark, was playing cards that morning, Harvey Johns was sniping at the Turkish mule convoys that he could see below him in the valley. The Wellingtons were not alone. Two British battalions followed them up onto the crest. The 7th Gloucesters were to extend our hold on the crest to the left onto Hill Q and following them, the 8th Welsh Pioneers were to extend our grip to the south. It did not happen. By now in the light of the dawn both battalions came under Turkish fire before reaching the hill and in attempting to extend the line on each flank, each was quickly driven back by Turkish fire as it became light. The Turkish response was immediate and ferocious. Both British battalions suffered such casualties that it became Wellington's battle. Our outposts withdrew at the run and took their place in the crest-line trench. By 8 am the Wellington front line was overrun. The trench itself, full of New Zealand dead and wounded, who were then bayoneted as the Turks fought their way along it. Some, all of them wounded, were taken prisoner.

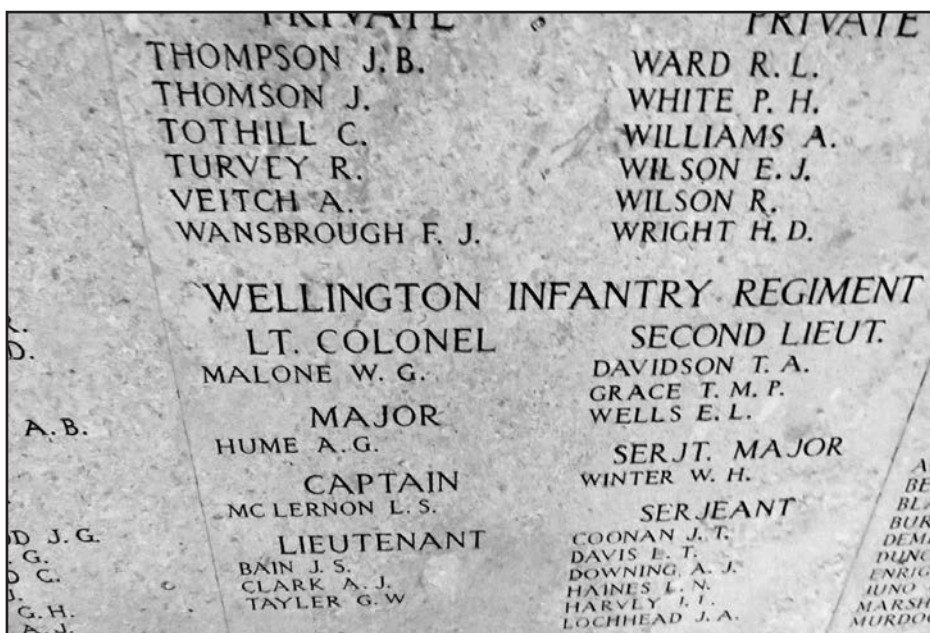
It is light by 5.30 with the sun coming up over at the hills on 6am. I walk down the firebreak to where the cleared area meets the trees. This is Malone's support line, which becomes the front line for the next two days (see photograph on page 35). The trenches are still evident – ragged uneven slits in the earth that were hastily dug using the dead as sandbags to give protection. I try to imagine the hundreds of men who fought here, with the 57-year old Malone leading them in counterattack after counterattack to deny the Turkish attackers the chance to consolidate on the crest above. It is an untenable position, Turkish piecemeal attacks and New Zealand tenacity defied that reality. Malone is the heart and soul of the defence as his Battalion dissolves and dies around him. Two squadrons of Auckland Mounteds reinforce them that afternoon and the position continues to hold.

All day two New Zealand 4.5-inch howitzers provide fire support lobbing shells over the crest to where the Turks mass for each attack. At about 5pm, a change in atmospheric conditions and temperature means that a bracket of shells land this side instead of over the crest, killing Malone. The remaining New Zealanders fight on. That night they are relieved by the Wellington Mounted Rifles and the Otago Infantry and the epic is repeated all day

on 9 August. By nightfall, New Zealand has no more men to give. They are replaced by two raw British battalions who are engulfed in Kemal's counterattack on the morning 10 August.

I walk the New Zealand line visualising the life and death struggles in each trench at every metre, but all I hear is the wind. It is hard to imagine almost one thousand New Zealand dead, 853 of whom have no known graves. Hundreds of wounded cluttered these seaward slopes, some begging their mates for a bullet to put them out of their misery. The wind drowns their voices and I must use my imagination.

I do one more walk along the Memorial Wall and doff my hat to each panel seeking out familiar names: Malone, McCandlish, Winter, Warden, Dunn, Harrison, Statham, Mackesy, Elmslie, Chambers, Kelsall, Grace, Manuel and all. I know their faces and have read their words. War does not deserve such sacrifice, but despite its tragedy and waste, the courage of brave men who stood by one another shines through.



Familiar names on the New Zealand Memorial to the Missing, Chunuk Bair

The first stall keepers arrive and life is stirring on Chunuk Bair – today is an important day.

Editors' Note: We are grateful to Chris Pugsley for sending this moving account of his visit to Chunuk Bair a century after the attack. Dr Pugsley ONZM is a freelance historian having retired as Senior Lecturer in War Studies, Royal Military Academy Sandhurst in 2012. An authority on New Zealand at war, he has published some 18 books including *Gallipoli: The New Zealand Story*, recently revised and reissued in its fifth edition since first published in 1984

TWO REFLECTIONS ON THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN

Dr Mark Allen

On 4 December 2014, two students from Winchester University, Adam Conlin and Toby Ryan, gave presentations in the University's Stripe auditorium, based on their Gallipoli experiences and research. The visit was made possible, in substantial part, by a bursary awarded by the Gallipoli Association.

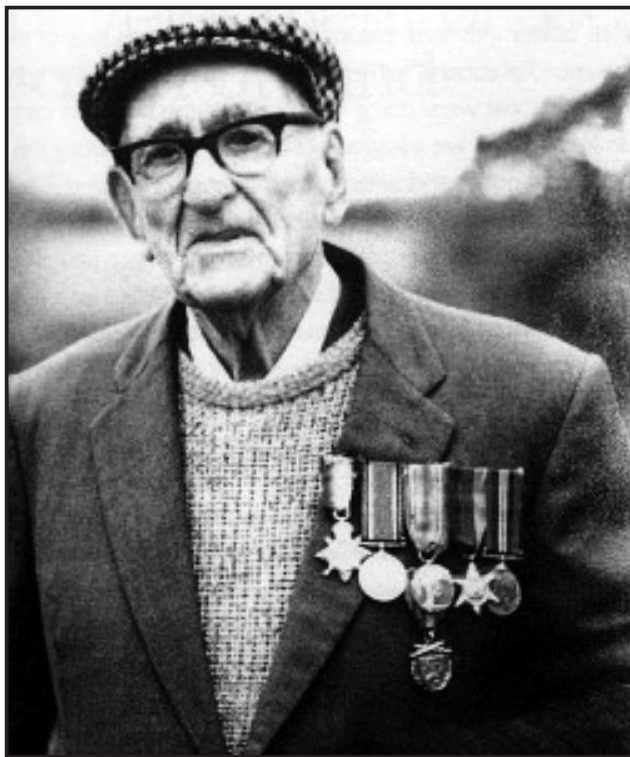
Both students chose to focus on material that was pertinent to their interests and past. Toby Ryan, whose father had a thirty year career in the military, presented a paper entitled '*Gallipoli: Through the Eyes of the Royal Navy*'. Adam Conlin's paper was '*Two Shells, Sand and Slaughter: The British Infantry in the Dardanelles*', which was based around sources from the Royal Hampshire Regiment Museum, and from soldiers with local connections. Both Toby and Adam used sources that highlighted the extent to which the experiences of the individual could illuminate the nature of warfare.

After a brief welcome from the Vice-Chancellor, Toby commenced by speaking about the Royal Navy. Using textual material relating to the training of naval personnel, gleaned both from Dartmouth Royal Naval College and from time spent looking through the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst's Central Library, he began with an examination of the training of those who took part in the naval campaign, using the example of the life of a Trawlerman – an occupation which many naval personnel had followed before the war. The life of submariners was touched upon, and the story of the British submarine *B-11* was recounted, with a description given of how it avoided the mines in the Dardanelles before sinking the Turkish battleship *Messudieh*. The activities of HMS *Triumph* was detailed, from the point at which she entered the Narrows in February 1915 and attacked the fort at Sedd el Bahr to the point at which it succumbed to torpedoes on 25 May 1915. Finally, the problematic nature of the British operations was discussed by addressing the fate of the submarine *E-15* (which was sunk by boats from HMS *Triumph* before she was captured by Turkish forces). Photographs of the unfortunate vessel being inspected by Turkish forces after running aground were shown. She was sunk two days later.

Adam's talk focused on elements of the land campaign from May 1915 to January 1916. He used material taken from training routines sourced from the Imperial War Museum, as well as local material from the Royal Hampshire Regiment, visits to Hampshire cemeteries and material gleaned from other localities in the country. He was also able to describe in some detail the experiences of and the sort of conditions that troops lived in, using in particular the letters and archives of five men who served at Gallipoli: Captain Richard Osbaldeston Spencer-Smith, 2nd Bn. Royal Hampshire Regiment, a native of Southampton, who was one of the first onto 'V' Beach; Captain Owen Heathcote Lacy Day of the Royal Hampshire Regiment, who was wounded at Krithia in May and

died in August 1915; Lieutenant Colonel E. H. Evans, 6th Bn. Royal Welsh Fusiliers, a professional soldier from 1910 onwards, who was a temporary Major at Gallipoli and went on to be awarded the MC and Bar in 1918; Lieutenant Fred Reynard, 1st/8th Bn. Hampshire Regiment, who survived the war; and the Revd. Charles Ivo Sinclair Hood, an Army Chaplain with the 2nd/1st East Anglian Field Ambulance from the village of Nettleham, Lincolnshire. Both Reynard and Hood landed at, and wrote about, Suvla Bay. Various elements of these men's backgrounds were researched by Adam for this talk, including the 1911 census and the medal records (as far as these survived) at The National Archives in Kew.

The typical training schedule for troops was highlighted and Adam focused also on the equipment that soldiers took with them, looking in particular at the Mills and Malta bombs or grenades. Adam was also able to show how some troops made their way to Gallipoli on-board ships such as the *Mauretania* and he looked at British troop camps such as at Lemnos.



Fred Reynard in later life.

The landings at W Beach in Cape Helles were described via first-hand accounts (see photographs overleaf), as were some of those at Suvla Bay. The daily life of British Tommies was also portrayed via letters from troops who served (particularly problems with lice and disease), but it was also instructive to see the nature of the peninsula in winter, when snow replaced the more familiar image of hot summers in the area. In addition Adam talked about apocryphal stories of hand-to-hand combat with Turkish soldiers who turned out to be female.

After the two talks, Captain Christopher Fagan thanked the speakers for their efforts and questions were invited from the floor, and both Adam and Toby answered as required. The work undertaken has been of immense value to the students and they have benefited greatly from the awards. Adam has utilised it in his work in schools and is considering further study at Masters level, possibly focusing on the Gallipoli campaign for more research, and Toby has benefitted from the experience of giving the presentation directly in his job with a commercial enterprise in Germany since graduating.

Editors' Note: Dr Allen is the Programme Leader, Department of History, University of Winchester

EDUCATION OFFICER POST

The Trustees wish to appoint an Education Officer who will be the primary point of contact for the Association on all education matters. Details are given in the enclosed Job Specification. Applications should be submitted to the Secretary by 22 January 2016.

LAST POST

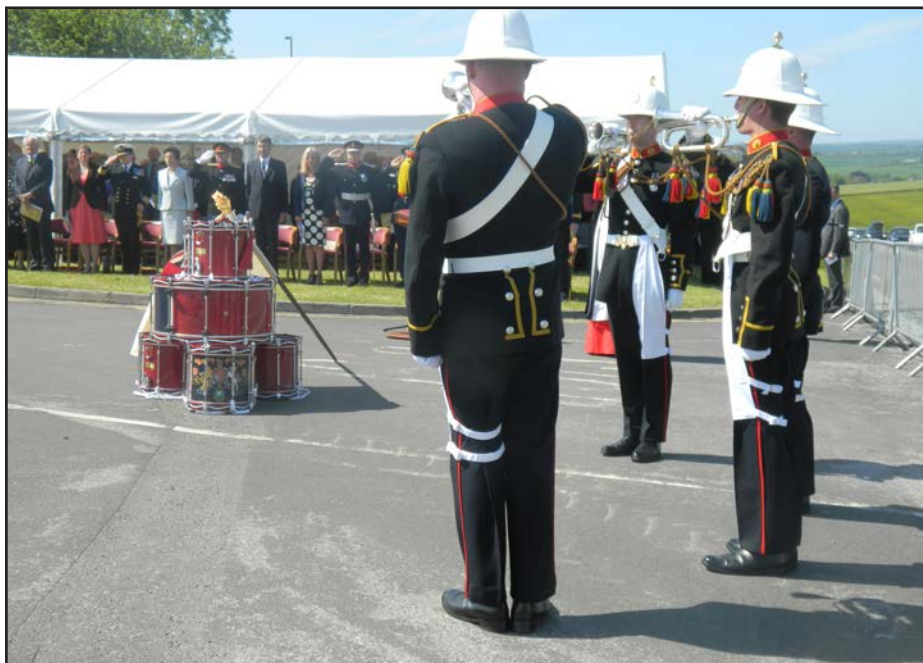
It is with regret that the Association learnt of the deaths of following members:

Brigadier P G Barnes (No. 0641) – his uncle served as a medical orderly at Gallipoli.

David Christopher (No. 2593)

Archie Smith (No. 1435)

Dr Brian Thorley (No. 1125) – his father, Herbert Thorley, joined the Royal Marines under-age and served at Gallipoli where he was wounded in the ankle and in the head. In the Second World War he served in the Royal Navy as a radar operator. Brian enjoyed many hours researching the events at Gallipoli during his retirement years.



The Drumhead Service at the Collingwood Memorial [see pages 4-5].

Photograph by Nicci Brown



The Princess Royal lays her wreath at the Collingwood Memorial [see pages 4-5].

Photograph by Nicci Brown



The Ulster History Society Blue Plaque at Belturbet Church, Co. Cavan commemorating James Somers VC [see pages 8-10].



Birthplace of James Somers VC, Belturbet, Co. Cavan [see pages 8-10].



*The Centenary Service and Wreath Laying at the Hawick War Memorial in Wilton Lodge Park.
[see pages 10-11].*

Photograph courtesy of Lesley Fraser ©ILF Imaging.



*Remembrance crosses laid for each of the 132 Hawick & District men who died at Gallipoli
[see pages 10-11].*

Photograph courtesy of Lesley Fraser ©ILF Imaging.



*Hawick Callants Club members at the Helles Memorial.
Club President, Frank Scott (centre) has just laid the Club wreath.[see pages 11-13].
Photograph by Ian & Margaret Landles*



*Hawick Callants Club Members follow the route taken by 1/4th Bn. KOSB during the assault on
Achi Baba Nullah [see pages 11-13]. Photograph by Ian & Margaret Landles*



Veterans' Way, Boston – the plaque commemorating the Gallipoli Campaign following the dedication [see pages 13-14].



Veterans' Way, Boston – Gallipoli Association members at the dedication of the Gallipoli Campaign plaque [see pages 13-14].



Chairman, Christopher Fagan MBE with Tony and Valmai Holt and Ross Bastiaan, at the official opening of HMS M33 [see page 14]. Photograph by Major Holt.



Ross Bastiaan stands by the M33 plaque in the Portsmouth Historic Naval Dockyard, Portsmouth [see page 14]. Photograph by Major Holt.



Commemoration of Pte Alfred Cutler – the Deputy Lord Lieutenant and descendants of Pte. Cutler by the tree planted in his memory [see pages 15-16].

Photograph by Keith Edmonds.



Chunuk Bair [see pages 23-25]. The tree line marks Lt. Col. Malone's support line which became the front line after the loss of 'crest trench' (approximately where the yellow generator – top left - now stands).



Ilford War Memorial Hall – view from the War Memorial Gardens [see pages 61-62].

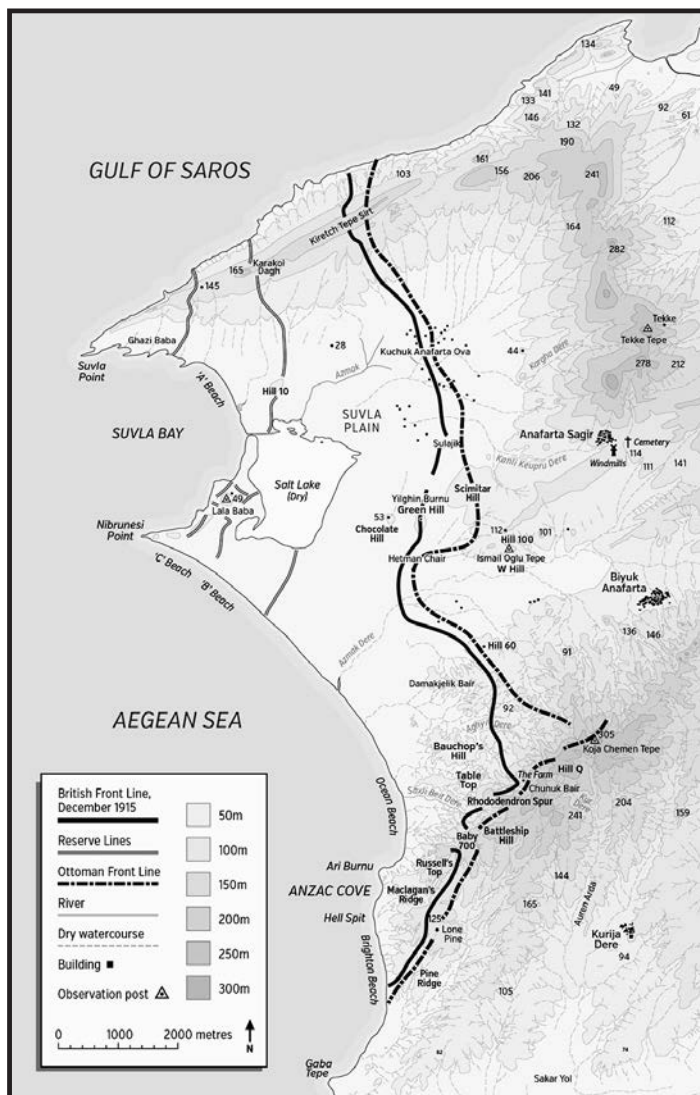


Ilford War Memorial Hall – Member Frances Speakman stands by the Gallipoli Display [see pages 61-62]. Photograph by Mike Speakman

SCIMITAR HILL AND THE ASSAULT OF THE YEOMEN

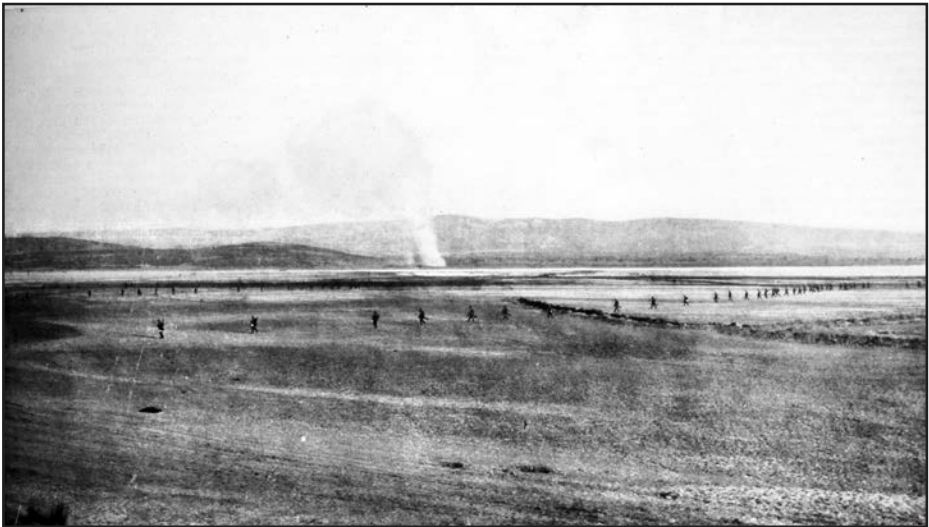
Peter Doyle

On 7 August, 1915, while battle raged at Sari Bair, at Lone Pine, the Nek and Helles, the men of Stopford's IX Corps landed on the beaches at Suvla. Hamilton's orders to the IX Corps was simply to secure Suvla as a base. 'Your primary objective will



Suvla Sector, showing the lines that were static from the close of the battle.

be to secure Suvla Bay as a base for all the forces operating in the northern zone.' Securing the base surely meant taking the surrounding hills, but Stopford faltered, his command fading. He tried to explain away his failure after the event, but in vague terms: 'I much regret that the force under my command has not succeeded in gaining the high ground to the east of the bay, the importance of which I fully recognize ... it has been a great disappointment to me that an attack I had fully expected would have succeeded ... turned into a defensive action.' Stopford's resolve evaporated, as did the hopes of his Commander-in-Chief, who disposed of the IX Corps commander and several of his subordinates. In the failed general's place came Major-General De Lisle, commander of the now veteran 29th Division.



The Yeomen cross the Salt Lake, 21 August 1915

Arriving at Suvla on 15 August, De Lisle was horrified to see the inertia and confusion of the beaches, the poverty of command and control, and the inadequacy of the positions. His frank assessment was that the IX Corps was severely depleted, and that, day-by-day, the enemy facing it was growing stronger and better prepared to withhold an Allied attack. He therefore proposed that he would concentrate his action on the capture of that part of the Suvla hills that would secure the left flank of the Anzac Sector – Scimitar and W Hills, in combination with a joint Anzac, Indian and British attack led by General Godley at Hill 60, a low mound heavily defended by the Turks and threatening the security of the Anzac flank. Slated for 21 August, the IX Corps attack would be bolstered by two brigades of the 29th Division brought from Helles – who would assault the sinuous ridge known as Scimitar Hill – and two brigades of the 11th Division, who would take the W Hills north of the Azmak Dere valley. To the south a composite of New Army troops from the 13th Division, Gurkhas and Anzacs would assault Hill 60 under New Zealand command. This was one of the largest battles of the

Gallipoli Campaign, one of the most costly, and ultimately, would be the last offensive action. It was also this battle that would seal the fate of the Commander-in-Chief, Ian Hamilton, and would mark the enormity of the task of taking the peninsula. Much rested upon it. And into this battle, the IX Corps Reserve, the 2nd Mounted Division – the Yeomen of England – were thrown on the evening of the 21 August 1915, marching across the dried-out and terribly exposed salt lake of Suvla Bay directly into the throats of the enemy guns.

The topography of Suvla Bay was very different from that of the rest of the peninsula. Its spine is rugged, created by numerous earthquakes that were as active then as they are today, but to the north is the plain of Suvla, linked to the Aegean by the peculiarly arcuate bay, and to the coast of the Anzac Sector by its long curving beach. Henry Nevinson was a war correspondent in Gallipoli who could read the ground.

Inland, the plain naturally increases in area as the hills diverge towards the north-east. It is flat and open land, studded with low trees and bushes. Nearly all of the surface is waste, but small farms, surrounded by larger trees and patches of cultivation, occur here and there, as at Kazlar Chair ... and Hetman Chair about a mile north of it ('Chair' meaning meadow). The soil becomes more and more marshy as one proceeds, and in winter the region nearest the Salt Lake is waterlogged. The bush also grows more dense, but is crossed by sheep tracks, and is nowhere impenetrable.

Nevinson was aware of the importance of the surrounding hills, as well as the isolated hills that gradually coalesced with the high ground to the east that was to plague the Suvla Operation. He observed what he described as a chain of hills in the bay.

The chain is now marked by a series of isolated knolls – first the low knolls around the [Nibrunesi] Point itself; then the broad-based rounded hill of Lala Baba, which rises to about 150 feet; then, beyond the southern end of the Salt Lake and a stretch of marsh and bushy plain, Yilghin Burnu (better known to us as 'Chocolate Hill', from its reddish-brown colour even before it was burnt), which is a similar but larger rounded hill, like an inverted bowl, rising about 160 feet; then beyond a brief but steepish dip or saddle, Hill 50 or 'Green Hill' (so called because the thick bush covering it was not burnt), rising to nearly equal height, but not so round or definite in shape; lastly, beyond a wide and distinctive break, the formidable mass of Ismail Oglu Tepe (known to us as 'W Hill' from the waving outline of its crest, but more officially called 'Hill 112' from its approximate height in metres.)

The W Hills were significant, commanding the spur of the plateau upon which the village of Biyuk Anafarta stands, and the approaches to the Sari Bair range – and the ever-tantalising possibility of wresting the heights from the defenders. It was matched to the north by another significant, and easily-identified feature, Scimitar Hill, east of both Chocolate and Green hills.

Of almost equal importance in the campaign was a rounded hill which projects sharply from the Anafarta ridge of plateau north of Ismail Oglu Tepe [W Hill]. Down the western front of this hill, which looks over the plain to the very centre of the Salt Lake, and to Suvla Bay beyond, runs

a broad yellow 'blaze' of bare ground ... This 'blaze' appears from the sea to be shaped like a Gurkha's 'kukri' or an old fashioned Turkish Scimitar, and so the hill came to be called 'Scimitar Hill'. But officially it was 'Hill 70' from its height in metres, and commonly the soldiers called it 'Burnt Hill.'

To the south of these hills, across the dry valley of Azmak Dere, was another commanding feature, the spur of Damakjelic Bair and Kaiajik Aghala – better known as Hill 60 – beyond. Part of the foothills of the Sari Bair Range, this spur blocked effective communication between Suvla Bay and the Anzac Sector – and stood in the way of any chance of breaking the line by advancing up the broken topography of Sari Bair – without having to take the strongly-held opposing trenches of the Anzac Sector.

With the failure of the surprise flanking attack at Chunuk Bair, and the inertia of the Suvla landings, General Sir Ian Hamilton's opportunities for action were severely limited. Despite everything, Hamilton was still an optimist. If only he could 'get the enemy on the run' he reasoned, with 'the old 29th Division and the new, keen Yeomanry on their heels, we might yet go further than we expected.' In his Gallipoli Diary, a retrospective memoir published in 1920, Hamilton set out what he thought was the purpose of the attack on 21 August 1915.

On the extreme right the Anzacs and Indian Brigade were to push out from Damakjelic Bair towards Hill 60. Next to them in the right centre the 11th Division was to push for the trenches at Hetman Chair. On the left centre the 29th Division were to storm the now heavily entrenched Hill 70 [Scimitar Hill]. Holding that and Ismail Oglu Tepe [W Hill] we could command the plateau between the two Anafartas; knock out the enemy's guns and observation posts commanding Suvla Bay, and should easily be able thence to work ourselves into a position whence we will enfilade the rear of the Sari Bair Ridge and begin to get a strangle grip over the Turkish communications to the southwards.

With limited objectives, it all seemed perfectly reasonable.

The 2nd Mounted Division, on duty at the Suez Canal, was finally woken from its duties on 11 August, when it was confirmed that it would be moving to the Dardanelles. Preparing to fight as infantry, the Yeomen left their horses behind and adopted infantry dress and infantry equipment. Arriving on the 18 August 1915, just days before facing battle, the horsemen were struck by the beauty of the scene that greeted them.

Just before dawn on August 18th we arrived at Suvla ... a bay of exquisite beauty. Think of the most lovely part of the west coast of Scotland; make the sea perfectly calm, perfectly transparent and deep blue; imagine an ideal August day; and an invigorating breeze, and you can picture our impression of the coast of Gallipoli.

At the sight of the Yeomanry, Ian Hamilton was buoyed with hope: 'No end of Yeomen on the beaches: the cream of agricultural England.' On 20 August 1915, at 8 pm, the majority moved across the sandy beach to the protection of Lala Baba, a small knoll on

the southern headland of Suvla Bay near Nibrunesi Point. The march was slow going. The Middlesex Hussars led off the Brigade.

Infinitely slowly we struggled along a road bearing around the beach to the bluff or cliff called Lala Baba, the point closest to Chocolate Hill. Very different this from our last parade ... No laughing, no talking, all awed and silent marching in a never-ending file. When we halted we lay flat for sheer rest's sake, so unused were we to the packs ... The ground at Lala Baba hid us from the guns on the Anafarta Hills, and we were thoroughly tired out when we arrived, we scarcely scratched up a protection on our allotted pitch before we sank down to rest for the night.

The next day, 21 August, was to be momentous. The attack began at 3.00 pm, following a half-hour's continuous bombardment. The bombardment was the best that could be mustered, but was nevertheless limited, with little hope of seeking out the enemy's gun positions situated in the heights. With high trajectory howitzers being the only guns capable of destroying the enemy positions, and with the British guns being few in number and worn from action, the Ottoman batteries continued to fire. Naval gunfire from HMS *Swiftsure* added to the tumult, but its armour-piercing shells were ill suited to this type of work. Nevertheless, the war correspondent Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett was impressed with the work of the guns.

Suddenly, at 2.45 pm. Every gun on land and sea, that could be brought to bear, opened up simultaneously. It was the greatest concentration of artillery fire yet seen on the Peninsula. From Chocolate Hill the scene was majestic. The enemy's positions along a mile of front seemed suddenly to go up in one vast cloud of smoke and flame, and the country behind the Anafarta Hills disappeared from view. All I could see were flames and smoke, in the midst of which trees, scrub, and huge chunks of earth were hurled into the air. It seemed as if nothing could survive such an awful pounding from so many heavy guns.

General De Lisle's orders were for the 11th Division to capture W Hills – after having captured the Ottoman advanced trench at the area of cultivation known as Hetman Chair – while the veteran 29th Division would assault Scimitar Hill and Hill 112, the tip of the Anafarta Spur behind it. At the same time, in the Anzac sector, south of the watercourse of Azmak Dere, a composite force of British, Australian, New Zealand and Gurkha troops was to attack Hill 60 (Kaiajik Aghala). Writing in 1928, the controversial correspondent Ashmead-Bartlett recalled his doubts about the attack.

[There was to be] a general attack along the whole line from Scimitar Hill to Ishmail Oglu Tepe [W Hill], and from there against the Turkish trenches running across Büyük Anafarta Valley [Azmak Dere] to Hill 60, which would be attacked by the Anzac Corps. The news filled me with consternation. To attempt further frontal attacks on Scimitar Hill and W Hill appeared to me sheer madness. The Turks had two divisions entrenched up to their necks, and if these positions could not be taken when they were held by a few battalions of gendarmes, what chance had we now?

The poverty of the British artillery preparation soon told on the men of the 11th and 29th Divisions assaulting the strongly held hills and the open ground before them.

The Ottoman forward trenches were largely untouched, and the advance trench at Hetman Chair and its long communication trench leading to the W Hills was still strongly held; this would play heavily in the assault. The 11th Division attack was fiercely pressed but was met with a withering fire from the Ottoman trench position at Hetman Chair. The assaulting units began to lose their way, and were repeatedly driven back by the strength of the Ottoman position. The 11th Division drive for the W Hills was effectively over just two hours after its start.

To the north, the 29th Division fared little better. Close to Green Hill, the tinder-dry scrubby ground was ablaze – a result of the preliminary bombardment. Here, as the assault began, men of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, attacking the Anafarta Spur, had just managed to get forward; but as more men piled to the front, the troublesome trench works at Hetman Chair once again took their toll. Casualties mounted from both the Munsters and the Lancashire Fusiliers who followed, both battalions of the 86th Brigade of the 29th Division that had lost heavily on the very first day of the landings at Cape Helles. The Ottoman front line was intact, and the wounded suffered terribly in the fires that still burned over this shell-swept landscape.

North of the 86th Brigade front, men of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers were to attack Scimitar Hill, backed up by other troops of the brigade. Tragically, this distinctive hill had once been in British hands, having been reached by men of the East Yorkshire Regiment on 8 August – but had been given up in confusion, after the battalion was given orders to retire. Since then it had been strongly entrenched and was a formidable objective for the Inniskillings to reach. Nevertheless, the dash of the northern Irishmen was such that the foot of the hill was reached in the first minutes of the attack, and surging forward, they breasted the ridge top, only to be heavily enfiladed by the Turkish works on the Anafarta Spur. The casualties inflicted were appalling, and the attack was broken; the men of the Border regiment made another attempt on the hill and were once more driven back. By 5 pm the attacks on the W and Scimitar hills were effectively over.

At 3.30, while the forward brigades were making their assault, and ‘the attention of the enemy was engaged by these attacks’ the IX Corps reserve were to move across the open plain in order to support the objectives assigned to the 29th Division and push on as far as they could go. General Peyton, once commander of the 2nd Mounted Division, was now in charge of the Reserve, and had selected his beloved Yeomen to carry the job through.

From Lala Baba, the Yeomanry led off in order, under the temporary command of Brigadier General Paul Kenna VC, crossing the Salt Lake. Captain Owen Teichman was Medical Officer with the 1st Worcester Yeomanry.

At 3.10 p.m. our Division and part of the Tenth formed up behind Lala Baba, and then, crossing the ridge, commenced to descend to the Salt Lake Plain. We were in the following order: Second Brigade (Berks, Bucks and Dorset Yeomanry), Fourth Brigade (three London Yeomanry

Regiments), First Brigade (Worcester, Warwick and Gloucester Yeomanry), Third Brigade (Derbyshire and two Notts Yeomanry Regiments), Fifth Brigade (Hertfordshire and Westminster Yeomanry).

It was the crossing of the Salt Lake by the Yeomen that was to impress. War Correspondent H. W. Nevinson described its peculiar topography in the summer of 1915.

The Salt Lake measures about a mile and a half at its greatest length and breadth each way, forming a kind of square with irregular sides. Its surface in summer is thinly crusted with salt deposit upon caked and fissured mud, fairly sound for walking or riding, though in places the foot sinks above the ankle, and on the south side to the knees.

Bare, the salt crystals formed from the evaporation of the lake in the summer heat, the dry lake bed shone in the sunlight and shimmered in the heat. With the Yeomen in reserve, and with an absence of cover in the open Suvla Plain, there was no choice but to make the newly-arrived soldiers cross the plain in full view of their enemies holding the hills beyond.

After about half-an-hour's progress we reached the enemy's shrapnel, through which, of course, we were bound to pass if we were to attain Chocolate Hill. As each line of the division advanced into the beaten zone, the shells did their part, being timed to burst just ahead of our march. Casualties began, but our orders were strict, and forbade us to stop for anyone ... Suddenly I saw with horror my troop hit by a shell and eight men go down. The rest were splendid. They simply continued to advance in the proper formation at a walk, and waited the order, which did not come for another quarter-of-an-hour, before breaking into the double.

Starting the attack in the afternoon, the generals hoped that, having crossed, the sun, now on its track to set in the west, would be shining in the eyes of the Ottoman defenders. Even these hopes would be dashed. Instead of the bright sun, there was a mysterious mist that mingled with smoke from bush fires to mask the Ottoman defenders, and make the objectives that much more difficult to make out. It was as if nature had conspired against the attackers.

The Yeomen would have to move from the cover of Lala Baba to Chocolate Hill, immediately due west of the objective, the slopes of Scimitar Hill. The war correspondent, Henry Nevinson, observed the action first hand.

The Yeomanry Division was ordered to advance from the cover of Lala Baba, where it had remained in reserve, and to take up its position under the slighter cover of Chocolate Hill. In extended order the small brigades, each numbering about 350, advanced with the steadiness and regularity of parade across the bare and fully exposed level of the Salt Lake. Some of the enemy's guns diverted their fire from Scimitar Hill and showered shrapnel over the steadily moving lines. But their regularity was exactly maintained, and owing to the accurate distance kept in the intervals the loss was small. Only too eager to reach the firing line, they forced their way through the reserves of the 11th Division around the slopes on the left side of Chocolate Hill, and plunged into the brigades at the centre of the lines, already so much confused.

It was the crossing of the Salt Lake, in full sight of the Ottoman Turks, that stirred many observers to write in glowing terms. From his position at No 2 Outpost in the Anzac sector, Aubrey Herbert, intelligence officer with the ANZAC, described ‘an unforgettable sight.’

The dismounted Yeomanry attacked the Turks across the salt lakes of Suvla. Shrapnel burst over them continuously; above their heads there was a sea of smoke. Away to the north by Chocolate Hill fires broke out on the plain. The Yeomanry never faltered. On they came through the haze of smoke in two formations, columns and extended. Sometimes they broke into a run, but they always came on. It is difficult to describe the feelings of pride and sorrow with which we watched this advance, in which so many of our friends and relations were playing a part.

The briefing the Yeomen officers received at Chocolate Hill was to the effect that ‘there was a far more formidable task than had originally anticipated. The 29th Division had failed to reach its objectives, and the Yeomanry were to try where Regular troops had failed.’ The situation was challenging indeed, and there was little knowledge of what was ahead. On the left, the 2nd (South Midland) Brigade was instructed to pass through the front-line trench and attack Scimitar Hill, while on the right, the 4th (London) Brigade – with the Rough Riders at its centre, and the 1st (South Midland) Brigade, would pass by Green Hill and assault Hill 112. The two other Yeomanry brigades would support the attack. The War Diary of the Middlesex Hussars tells the story with the barest of detail.

1/1st Country of London Yeomanry (Middlesex Hussars)

21 Aug 1915 3 pm moved out with Division. The Middlesex Hussars were on the right of the Brigade to Chocolate Hill in line of troop column. We first came under shrapnel fire at about 4.45 pm and reached Chocolate Hill at 5.15 pm. On reaching Chocolate Hill the regiment was ordered to attack round the right slope past Hill 50 [Green Hill] and if possible get a footing on Hill 112 [the tip of Anafarta Spur]. As we had not reconnoitred the ground and had no opportunity of seeing it, I ordered Capt Watson to lead my firing line consisting of two troops each of B and C Squadron, whilst I would support him with the other four troops. We found a trench running from the slopes of Hill 53 to Hill 50 and utilised this as far as possible, but found it full of Munsters and Lancashire wounded [of the 86th Brigade, 29th Division,] who were crawling back that it was impossible to make any progress there, so I moved over to the slopes of Hill 50 the bush of which was then in flames. Pushing on we occupied a trench on the West slopes of Hill 105. One troop being pushed out in front and digging themselves in. I was ordered to wait here and get in touch with General W[iggin]’s Brigade [1st South Midland], who were to form on our left. A Squadron of the Warwick Yeo and Gloucester Yeo also both squadrons of the Rough Riders, they prolonged my left eventually joining with General W[iggin].

The attacks were doomed to fail from the start. The objectives, such as they were, had changed. The officers in charge had received the slightest of briefings, and had therefore little chance of passing on their instructions to the men under their command.

No one in the division had any idea of the situation in front, or what had befallen the 29th Division, or of where and when the Turks would first be encountered. Only a few senior officers, and

none of the juniors, had ever seen the ground. The mist was growing thicker, scrub fires were raging, and pillars of smoke were blotting out the view. Streams of wounded were struggling back to cover. The din of battle was deafening; and daylight would only last another hour.

On the left of the attacking front, facing Scimitar Hill, the 2nd (South Midland) Brigade moved to link with the Welshmen of the South Wales Borderers, remnants of the 29th Division (87th Brigade). At 6 o'clock, the composite force struggled up the slopes of the hill through the haze and smoke of the battlefield and managed to reach its crest – the second time that feat had been achieved that day. This achievement was soon negated, however; commanding the top of Scimitar Hill was Hill 112 at the point of the Anafarta Spur. This strong Ottoman position remained intact, pouring enfilade fire into the British, fire that only slackened as dusk descended. In the darkness, the crest had to be given up, and the attackers once more formed a ragged line at the foothills, back where they had begun.

Hill 112 was the target of what remained of the 86th Brigade (29th Division). The Munsters and Lancashire Fusiliers had already been in the thick of the action with severe losses; at 5.20, understanding that the Yeomen would be pushed forward in three lines to take the Hill, the 86th Brigade reserve, the 2nd Royal Fusiliers, was told off to await their fellow Londoners to press forward the attack. While their colleagues were struggling to the crest of Scimitar Hill, the Fusiliers waited for the Yeomen before attempting to press home their own attack. But the men of the Mounted Division failed to appear, and at 7.30, the RF's retired to Green Hill. The 4th Mounted Brigade, together with the Midlanders of the 1st Brigade, had been held up. As darkness descended, they were still struggling to make headway to reach Green Hill, their progress impeded by the mass of wounded of the remnants of the 29th Division's Munster and Lancashire Fusiliers. To make things worse, detachments were scattered, and took heavy casualties as they strayed into the range of the still heavily-defended strongpoint of Hetman Chair – which was being assaulted, to no avail, by the 3rd (Notts & Derby) Yeomanry Brigade. And with Hill 112 still firmly in Ottoman hands, the advanced position on Scimitar Hill was untenable, the enfilade fire all too apparent.

By 9 o'clock on 21 August 1915 the battle was effectively over; at midnight, General De Lisle ordered the action to be broken off. Major-General W. R. Marshall, commanding the 29th Division, was ordered to resolve the confusion. He ordered retirement to the starting position at Chocolate Hill, the recall of the Yeomanry to their starting position at Lala Baba, and for carrying parties to retrieve the wounded. And across Azmak Dere, the assault at Hill 60 by the composite force of Anzac, British and Indian troops was also a failure, with heavy loss. The last stand at Gallipoli was a failure.

So ended the action of Scimitar Hill – at once the most costly, in proportion to its size, and the least successful of any of the Gallipoli battles. Only on the extreme right had any ground been gained, and even that small gain was recaptured by the Turks on the morning of the 22nd. The losses of the IX Corps amounted to 5,300 killed, wounded and missing out of 14,300 men who had taken part in the attack. The British troops had fought with distinguished bravery, but their task had proven impractical.

Editors' Note:

We are most grateful to Professor Peter Doyle for taking time from his busy academic schedule to write this account. Peter is the author of a number of works on Gallipoli, including the recently published account *Rough Riders. Two Brothers and the Last Stand at Gallipoli*. (History Press, 2015), from which this article is drawn. The book is reviewed on page 64 of the current issue.

After consulting the author, it was decided, because of space constraints to exclude the notes of sources from the published version. Should anyone wish to have a copy of the original article including the notes, this can be supplied on request but an A4 pre-paid envelope would be appreciated.

BY SUBMARINE INTO THE SEA OF MARMARA

The naval record of Lieutenant Alan C M Bennett DSC RN

David Childs

Following the repulse of the fleet in the Dardanelles on 18 March 1915 it was the Submarine Service, one of its newest arms, which did much to salvage the Royal Navy's reputation as a daring fighting force. Indeed, so daring were the exploits of these magnificent men in their submersible machines that three commanding officers who operated successfully in the Dardanelles and Sea of Marmara during the Gallipoli campaign (Holbrook, Nasmith and Boyle) were all awarded Victoria Crosses while their officers and crew also received gallantry awards. This has rather obscured the fact that submarine operations in these waters continued long after the troops had been withdrawn. Indeed Lieutenant Commander Geoffrey White, in command of Boyle's former submarine *E14*, won a posthumous VC for his action in defending his badly damaged vessel in these waters in early 1918.

Among others to operate in the area towards the end of the land campaign, and afterwards in the Aegean, was Lieutenant Alan Courtenay Moncreiff Bennett, who was appointed as the First Lieutenant in *E2*, under the command of Lieutenant Commander Stocks, on 17 September 1914, to replace Lieutenant Lyon who had gone missing, presumed dead, while trying to blow up the Adrianople to Constantinople railway line during the submarine's patrol in the Marmara. Earlier the lives of the whole crew had been in danger when, on passage up the Dardanelles, *E2*'s hull-mounted gun had got entangled in an anti-submarine net, a predicament which Rudyard Kipling described vividly in *Sea Warfare*:

Commander D. Stocks ... saw them through the conning-tower scuttles at a depth of 80ft - one wire hawser round the gun, another round the conning-tower, and so on. There was a continuous crackling of small explosions overhead which she thought were charges aimed at her by the guard-boats who watch the nets. She considered her position for a while, backed, got up steam, barged ahead, and shore through the whole affair in one wild surge. Imagine the roof of a navigable cottage after it has snapped telegraph lines with its chimney, and you will get a small idea of what happens to the hull of a submarine when she uses her gun to break wire hawsers with.



Lieutenant Alan C M Bennett

Either as a result of this incident and the loss of *Lyon E2* was despatched to Malta for a refit during which time she was joined by Lieutenant Bennett, by this time a very experienced submariner. He had sailed from Devonport on 23rd September in *HMS Magnificent* which was carrying 1,500 soldiers and 80 transiting officers. Many of these were enlisted to help with ship's duties such as additional stokers and submarine lookouts but the onset of foul weather in the Bay of Biscay, worsened by the ship zig-zagging meant, as Bennett recorded, that:

The stoking party of 50 privates suffered much from seasickness and, with a surprising lack of endurance, many left the stokeholds and came on deck.

Not that they were the only ones lacking endurance for:

The officer (Army) Submarine lookouts were also decimated as far as their lookout propensities were concerned.

The stormy seas would not have worried Bennett. He'd started to get his sea legs early when, at the age of nine, his father had signed him on as a cabin boy on the 450 ton sailing ship *Silurian* for a voyage from Newport to Bilbao where the former was Consul at the time.

After provisioning at Gibraltar *Magnificent* entered Grand Harbour on 1 October where Bennett's new boat was undergoing a refit. Family connections, for his father was a senior diplomat, meant that the twenty-four year old officer was well entertained during his stay, a fact that must have rapidly enhanced his reputation with his new ship's company.

The gun-snagging incident in the Dardanelles had had no influence on the refit for:

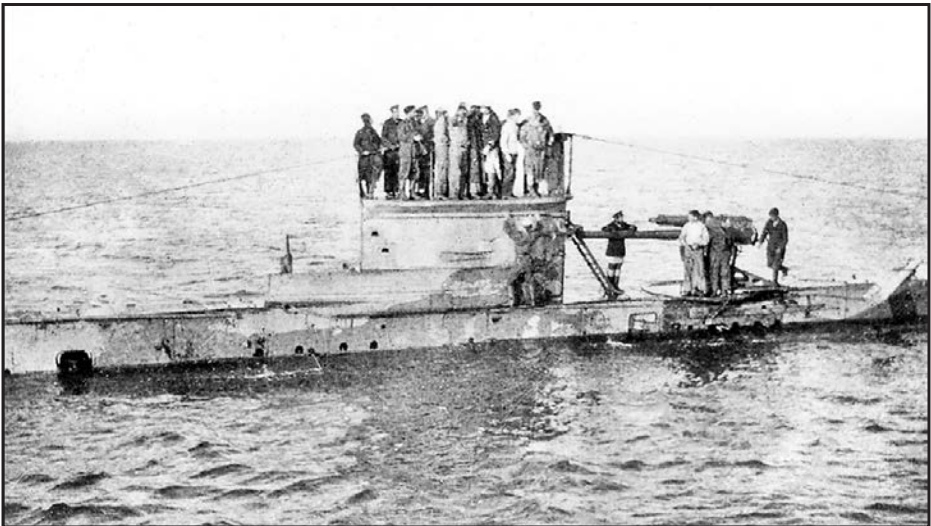
As our S/Ms had made much use of their 12 pounder guns in previous operations in the Sea of Marmora it had been decided to fit larger calibre guns. We carried out trials with our new 4 inch on the 23rd, everything proving most satisfactory in every way.

The boat Bennett was joining had been launched at Chatham in 1912 and had a displacement of 809 tons when submerged. She was 58 metres long with a beam of almost 5 metres. She was driven by two diesel engines on the surface with two electric motors for underwater work. This gave her a surface speed of a highly respectable fifteen knots and just over half this underwater. Her crew of thirty had at their disposal, as well as her frequently deployed four-inch gun, four eighteen inch torpedo tubes which, during his period on board Bennett only saw fired once, during a practice off Salonika.

Under escort E2 sailed from Malta for Mudros on 26 November and three days out hit such severe weather that she only made good ten miles in sixteen hours of hard going. The entry into Mudros, on 30 November impressed Bennett:

The harbour was a veritable forest of masts of every kind of craft that formed the fleet of vessels engaged in the Gallipoli operations. Ashore were numerous rest camps, hospitals, remount depots and all the necessary organisation of a large army operating 3000 miles from home.

But this was an army preparing for its most major operation of the whole campaign, the secret evacuation of the allied forces. So, when, after four days of repairs following the storm followed by three days of frantic preparations for a voyage into Marmora to 'harass the enemy,' E2's main objective was to intercept and sink the German battleship Goeben should the enemy get wind of the evacuation and deploy that ship to intervene.



E2 in the Dardanelles

On 8 May, Vice Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss inspected the ship and, undoubtedly gave the crew a pep talk before they sailed for the Dardanelles securing for the night alongside the monitor *Roberts*. That evening the officers dined on board another monitor where:

They gave us a remarkably good dinner and a considerable quantity of 'Fortnum & Mason' tinned food to back up our already full Wardroom larder.

At 0400 the next morning they sailed for the Dardanelles. Bennett records:

It was almost pitch dark, the blackness being occasionally pierced by the large Chanak searchlight, an enormous light ... with a sufficiently large port to enable it to sweep the entrance to the straits. E2 entered the straits on the surface but at 0545 a French searchlight at Cape Helles lit us up on which we dived to 80 feet, our escort leaving us. The boat was kept deep on account of minefield, her course being maintained as near as possible to the European coast. Every ¾ hour we rose to 25 feet for periscope observations to check our position which was remarkably accurate solely due to the Sperry Electric Compass. All Officers and men smoked and soon the atmosphere became somewhat foggy.

At 0830 the Captain brought the boat to 25 feet and made his final observation before going deep to break through the chain boom and net defence at Nagara Kalesi. Having put the vessel on course at right angles to the now visible boom pontoons supporting the nets we went to 80 feet again and increased speed. At 0847 we struck the obstruction and were temporarily held up, the boat rising to 60 feet. Additional ballast was taken in to keep the boat down, and in a few seconds the net defence broke, cables passing overhead and along the starboard side with much jarring and scraping.

Other obstructions were passed without incident although they were spotted by an enemy aircraft causing them to remain submerged for longer than they might have wished for, by the time they did surface at 1745:

The atmosphere was very thick, and on opening the conning tower hatch the escape of the 'fog' must have looked like a column of smoke to an observer had one been present.

But as they had the sea to themselves:

The rest of the evening was spent dismantling the net cutter gear fitted on our bow over the 4 inch gun, and preparing the boat for the commencement of operations.

They spent the night submerged 'cushioning' on the comfortable 'feather bed' where the fresh water flowing out of the Bosphorous lay over the dense salt water entering from the Aegean. At dawn they surfaced and soon sighted their first 'bag.' This was a sailing caïque bound for Gallipoli with boots and salt for the Turks. It was burnt and the crew of four taken prisoner.

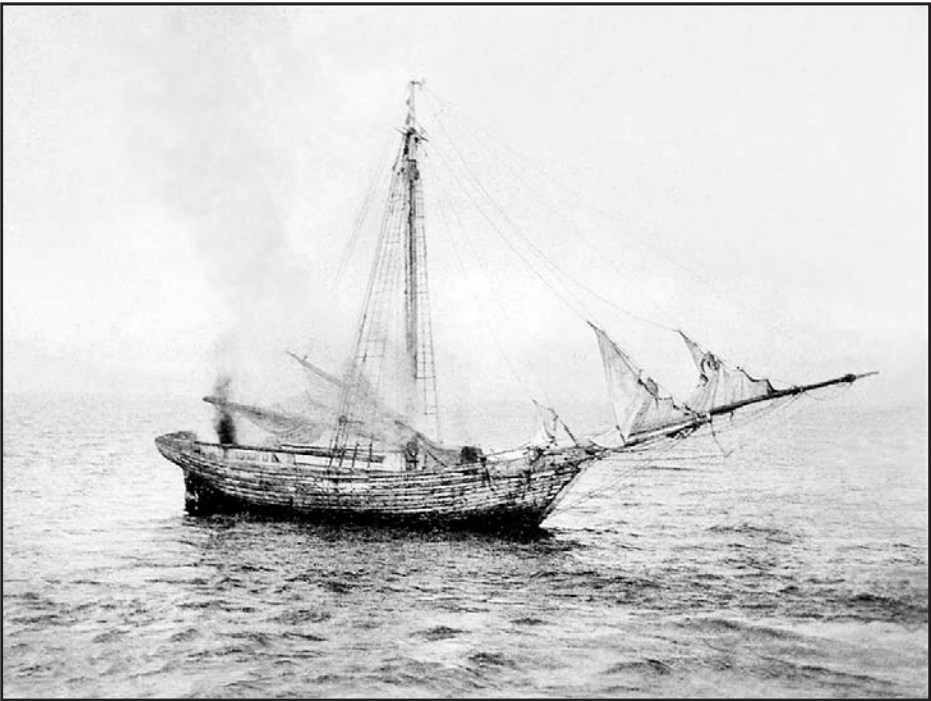
That afternoon E2 rendezvoused with Nasmith's E11 for an exchange of intelligence and stores. The next few days passed without incident except for transferring the prisoners to an empty caïque. Their next challenge was to drag an explosive grapnel along the sea bed in the hope of snagging and destroying a military communications cable. The cable was found and the detonation made but there was no way of judging success.

E2's presence seems to have been widely reported for the seas remained empty for days but on the sixth day of her patrol, while departing the Gulf of Artaki, she was attacked by a patrol boat which:

Shot out from behind the island of Pta Papu and opened fire at a range of approximately 8000 yards. She opened her attack too early as her small calibre gun was firing at its full range, the shells falling short of us. Our 4 inch gun could range her comfortably and, after 14 rounds, she settled down ablaze forward and aft and sank in shallow water.

All manner of shore-based flares, rockets and beacons announced this engagement and, in response:

An enemy destroyer was then sighted approaching us at full speed ... We increased to full speed remaining on the surface. Having closed the range to about 10,000 yards she appeared to reduce her speed and yet did not open fire. On our diving she at once put her helm hard over and returned to harbour ...



Sailing caique on fire

Over the next few days several caiques and a schooner were destroyed, the crews being taken off. One, a Greek was:

So dirty and unwashed that we were obliged to bath him in strong disinfectant and throw away all his clothes in the interest of health of the personnel. The bath he strongly resented, but as we had to rig him out in our own clothes, he cheered up on being told that he might keep them.

Another rendezvous with *E11* on 16 December allowed the crews to make arrangements for Christmas Day but also exchange the view that the hunt for them was intensifying, a fact confirmed a few hours later when *E2* was forced to dive in response to a closing destroyer. The next morning *E2* surfaced in fog and saw a gunboat towing a lighter towards Constantinople:

Fire was opened with our gun immediately and after the fourth round she slipped her tow and ran, opening fire on us with three or four 12 pounder guns. Our fourth round hit her aft, after which we fired two or three more hitting her again. Her fire was by now becoming rather hot and on seeing her well ablaze we dived.

A potential embarrassing grounding within range of the gun at Moudania was avoided when the thick fog, which had caused the incident, hid the boat from sight allowing her to refloat undetected. A short while later they sighted an enemy submarine which they took to be the captured French submarine *Turquoise* which they attempted to ram only for her to dive and disappear. There followed an opportunity to display British gallantry when they seized a vessel filled with:

Refugees, mostly women who were distraught with terror on our appearance. [not surprising as they all had twelve days growth of beard] On informing them that we meant no harm they showered benedictions on our heads as unquestionably they inferred that our presence meant a watery grave for them all.

Several days of caïque-capturing followed one of which provided much welcome provisions for the approaching Christmas Day which was spent alone as *E11* had been forced to withdraw early. Nevertheless the dinner of tinned turkey and plum pudding was enjoyed thoroughly before a dyspepsia inducing destroyer forced them to dive.

Several more caïque sinkings occupied the passage back to Moudania whose railway station and warehouses were bombarded and set ablaze to light up the New Year's night sky.

They had hoped to open the New Year with a bang as well, closing Constantinople and the entrance to the Bosphorous for this purpose but, with no sign of activity, they departed unrequited for passage back to the Dardanelles. It was not to be the last time that Bennett saw either Constantinople or Moudania.

As they edged their way outwards a possible navigational error, caused by the fact that no contact had been made with the anti-submarine nets led to them grounding off Maidos at eighty feet and rising rapidly, scarping along the bottom all the time:

The first attempt to get into deep water resulted in our being washed ashore a little further down the coast. We finally got off and into deep water again at 1500 when our presence became known to the enemy. A patrol boat closed us rapidly but no serious attack on us was made, and we were able to shake her off and proceed down the straits at high speed at 80 feet.

At the time of her return the evacuation of Helles was in full swing and Stocks sensibly decided that as a submarine surfacing amongst all the shipping might be mistaken for an enemy he would remain submerged until well clear of the main body. He therefore came up alongside a solitary destroyer which, obligingly, escorted them to Mudros where they spent a few days before heading once more for Malta, repairs and rest. They were back in Mudros by early February but, with the allies no longer ashore, their work seemed somewhat desultory in nature. For Bennett, the onset of measles provided a diversion as did his first ever flight which took him over the Sea of Marmara whose clear waters meant that he could see the bottom of the sea in which *E2* had been operating.

Having recuperated Bennett was unable to re-join *E2* as she was at sea. Instead he was sent back to Malta to pick up *E14* whose First Lieutenant was also ill, re-joining *E2*, at Kephalos in Imbros, shortly after bringing *E14* back to Mudros.

By this time the patrols off the Dardanelles were losing their appeal as the action had moved to Salonika and the Balkan campaign. Just to remind the Turks that not all the allies had departed, three-day bombardment patrols were carried out but little damage inflicted by these fairly pointless demonstrations. Most adrenalin was produced in response to attempts by allied armed trawlers to sink the surfaced submarine despite her flashing the correct identification signals.

In May 1916:

E2 sailed in company with the Trawler 611 for a position in the Grecian Archipelago which was reckoned to be a promising place to fall in with German S/M operating against allied shipping. We remained at sea for four days during which time we sighted nothing. E2 behaved in a most extraordinary manner. Neither Stocks nor myself could get a trim and altogether her diving was most erratic. By this time our battery was on its last legs and the captain decided to abandon the patrol and return to Mudros,

where the decision was made to send the boat back to Malta, a passage made noteworthy by her being fired upon by two trawlers escorting the *Franconia* with the Royal Naval Division embarked. Unscathed, *E2* entered Grand Harbour on 31 May to begin a very necessary long refit as:

Besides the condemned battery, our main engines were in sore need of attention. The many thousands of miles the boat had covered were beginning to tell, and the engine beds were now getting unstable which necessitated the engine being removed completely and the beds strengthened.

Stocks left soon after for England, leaving Bennett in command. Stocks was not to survive the war. On 31 January 1918 he sailed out of Rosyth in *K4* with a number of similar steam-engined submarines in close company with a surface fleet. It was not a good idea. In what became known as the Battle of May Island a multi-collision resulted in the sinking of *K4* and *K17* and severe damage to *K6*, *K7*, *K14* and *K22*. Fifty five men, including Stocks, died in *K4*, 104 men in all.

At the end of May a fresh crew had arrived to take over *E2* and at the end of July they sailed back to Mudros for a shake-down and to get the boat back to efficiency after her refit. Following an uneventful patrol Bennett was relieved in November to take passage, yet again, to Malta, but this time in the relative comfort of HMS *Osmanieh*, a requisitioned passenger steamer whose weekly arrival at Mudros with the mail from Malta must have been a welcome sight. Not so welcoming seems to have been the passage on board for soldiers, at least in the early days of the campaign, when many complained of receiving little or no rations. Ironically, having had just one sighting of an enemy submarine during his time in *E2*, Bennett saw two on one night while on board *Osmanieh*, both of which were engaged but with no hits registered. One of them had probably sunk the *Arabia* a day or so earlier and Bennett reported that the sea was strewn with wreckage. On 31 December 1917 *Osmanieh* herself was to be torpedoed off Port Said with the loss of 167 soldiers, 8 nurses and nearly thirty of her crew.

Bennett's service in the Dardanelles was now over. He went on to command the submarine *C19* in the North Sea followed by *G10* which gave him a chance, in October 1917, to have a brief reunion with Stocks before the latter was tragically lost in *K4*. On 3 November came the news that he had been awarded the DSC for 'Service in Submarines'. The investiture took place four days later which scarcely gave this probably scruffily-uniformed submariner time to borrow a smart uniform from Gieves before turning up at Buckingham Palace.

Back at sea in *G10*, Bennett had what he called the 'most unlucky day of my life' when he sighted two enemy submarines within torpedo range but was unable to sink either. The incident serves as a reminder that, on many occasions the gap between national hero and worthy runner might just be Lady Luck.

In May 1919 the now Lieutenant Commander Bennett was appointed to the battleship *Royal Sovereign* in which he again sailed for the Mediterranean. Malta presumably welcomed the now-married naval officer with similar hospitality to that he had received during the war before the ship sailed for Turkey. It must have given him a strange sensation passing through those same waters in a battleship and seeing either side the forts that had denied the fleet, in which she had served, passage in March 1915, and below whose waves he

had had to sneak in and out months later. This time *Royal Sovereign* and her sister ship *Resolution* arrived with pomp before the walls of Constantinople to embark remnants of Russian aristocracy and members of the White faction fleeing the Red Army.

The peace treaties that ended the First World War had dismembered the Ottoman Empire and partitioned Turkey. In so doing Britain had taken control of the coast on either side of the Dardanelles and Marmara while the Greeks further south pursued the madness of a Greater Greece by occupying the Aegean shores and trying to invade the Anatolian hinterland, a move that brought forth the fury of the Turkish hero of Gallipoli, Mustapha Kemal.

With a political foolishness, strategic blindness and tactical incompetence the Royal Navy was drawn into providing support to the Greek offensive while trying to prevent the Turks reoccupying the shores of Marmara. Thus on 25 June *Royal Sovereign* sent landing parties ashore to repel the Turks from Mudania only to be repulsed with many casualties. Bennett, presumably in command of the landings, was among those who returned on board critically injured (his son recalls seeing a steel helmet with a bullet hole in it hanging on the wall at his grandparents' home). In another repeat of Bennett's history the Royal Navy was to bombard Mudania on 6 July but whether or not the injured officer was able to witness smoke once more rising from the shore we do not know. What we do know is that, although he did recover most of his faculties this was not sufficient to prevent his being discharged unfit.

World War Two saw Bennett being recalled to serve, as a Captain, in naval security but he was to die of cancer in 1953. Those years of heavy smoking in the narrow confines of a submerged submarine could not have done his lungs much good. He had, however established a tradition. Both his son and grandson, as well as his great grand-daughter, donned the uniform that entitled them to bear his sword.

ROBERT FRYER'S PRISONER OF WAR JOURNAL – PART 1

Foster Summerson

I am grateful to Isabel Fairless who sent me copies of letters from her father-in-law, Robert Fryer and his journal in which he outlined his time as a prisoner of war in Turkey in 1915/16. The experiences of prisoners of war have featured before in *The Gallipolian* – although not for some years; some of the earlier accounts have been by officers who, on the whole seem to have had a much easier time, and did not suffer the privations of other ranks that are apparent from Robert Fryer's account.

I have edited the journal lightly – adding some punctuation and side-headings but leaving the grammar and spelling as recorded by Robert except where it would otherwise be

unclear. Robert also had a habit of starting sentences with ‘Well’ which I have removed in some cases to avoid unnecessary repetition.

Robert Fryer was born in 1895 at Cambois, Blyth, Northumberland, the son of William and Catherine Fryer who had five other children Tom, Jack, Will, Archie and a daughter, Kitty. A miner, he enlisted in the Royal Marines in November 1914 and as Pte. Po/S/385 Robert Fryer, ‘G’ Company, Portsmouth Battalion, RMLI he was posted to at Royal Marine Barracks, Gosport for training. In late February the battalion embarked for overseas service on HMT *Gloucester Castle* but it appears he did not go with them as he was still at Gosport on 3 April when he wrote to his parents saying that the Captain had told them that they were bound for the Dardanelles to ‘keep the Turks on the move’. However, he was soon on the move as his next letter – sent on Whit Monday to his brother, Jack – said that he had reached Gibraltar and that apart from being sea-sick, he was well. His parents appear to have heard nothing further from Robert (or at least no letters survived) until they received news from the Royal Naval Division’s Record Office at 47 Victoria Street, London SW wrote to Robert Fryer’s mother on 7 July notifying her that Robert had been reported as missing in action on 24 July 1915.



Robert Fryer and his brother Jack.

The Battalion War Diary for 23/24 June records:

23rd June 1915

Quiet day. 10pm 1 Company, Portsmouth Battalion, Major Grover advanced and took Turkish Trench as in Sketch at 10.10 pm. Heavily bombed by Turks shortly after and forced to retire with the loss of Major Grover, 2 Officers and about 60 men.

24th June 1915

Evening, some enemy shrapnel around Brigade HQ at BACKHOUSE POST. 10 pm. Advanced the centre and right line from Sap No. 10 on right to Rectangle E. of NULLAH. Left 50 yards not quite completed by daylight. Some 30 casualties on left. Enemy’s trench taken and lost on 23rd now continued back to enemy’s main fire trench forming a salient. New work seen opposite E. corner of Rectangle. Bomb proof with a ten foot stake at each end 25 yards apart. Artillery ordered here.

The next news the family received was from Robert himself who wrote two (undated) letters soon after his capture:

Dear Mother and Father,

I am in the best of health but have been taken prisoner of war. I am getting very well treated by the Turks, they are very good to the prisoners, plenty of food to eat. I don't know how Willie Jarvis come on [got on?]. We were going to take a small trench 2 or 3 hundred yards in from of us with the bayonet. We got to the trench all right, we ran over the top of it and went too far and got trapped, we were fired on [from?] both sides. The Lieut. Asked for volunteers to go. Willie⁽¹⁾ and I would not be the last in going so I don't know if he is killed or wounded or what you might tell his parents. If he is still living write and let him know where I am. When the war is over I will return again.

Your ever loving son ...

The second letter was written a few days later from Constantinople:

Dear Father, Mother, Brothers and Sister,

Just a line to let you know that I am in the best of health, hoping it leaves you the same. I have arrived in Constantinople, it is a lovely place. I am getting well treated by the Turks, plenty to eat and drink. I only wish the war was over so I can return to dear old Cambois and be with you all again and for ever. We are just stopping at a prison now for a few days then we will go on to a camp where all the prisoners are and there I will be comfortable among my own men. 2 English and one French [are] with us now there are some fine men among them. I cannot tell you the right date. I think it is July 8th. When I got taken I wrote straight away to let you know I was all right. They give you cigarettes, paper and pen and every thing to try to make you as comfortable as possible. The only thing I wish for is the war over. I expect to get home at Xmas, least I hope so. You can write a letter to me. I cannot tell you anything about the war. I think I will draw to a close now.

Your ever loving son ...

PS God be with us till we meet again as I hope it will not be long. Give my best respects to all my mates and every one else. Also [hope the] little one is all right I wish I was there to nurse him, now Jack will miss it this time.

The Journal

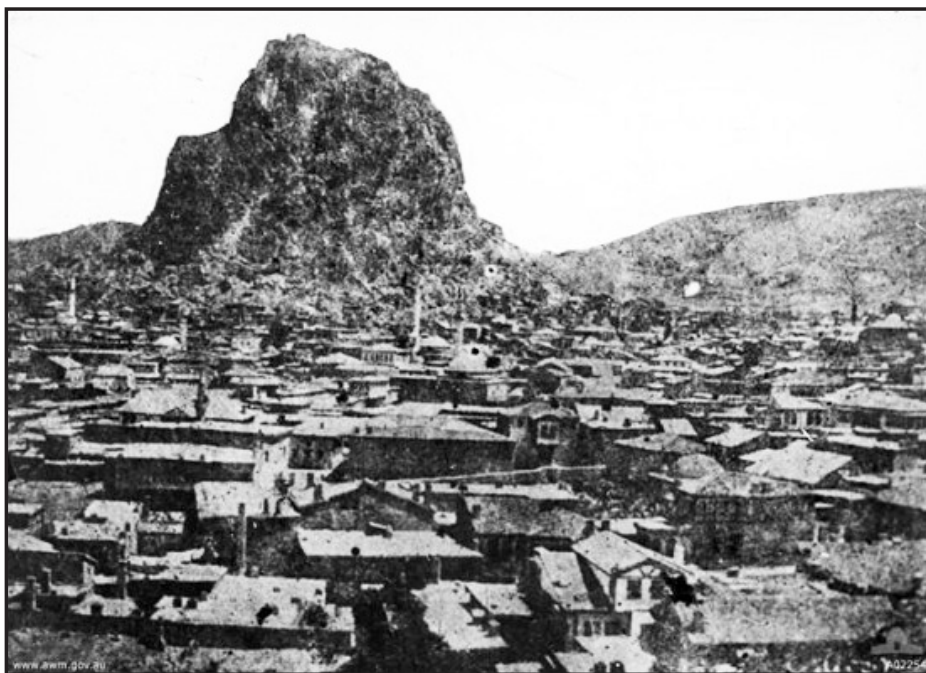
It is not clear exactly when Robert Fryer began the account of his captivity as the first few pages of his journal are missing. However, the surviving manuscript starts around 3 July 1915 when he was still in, or near, Constantinople.

Journey to the Prison Camp

‘... they took us all through the town to a big prison there we stopped for five days. They put us in a cell that was full of lice. I might tell you that this was my first experience of lice. Well the first day we got nothing [to] eat (forgot we were their I suppose). Well the second

day we [had] one loaf of brown bread to eat for four days and on the 8th of July I was going on a two days journey to a place called Afion kara hissar ^[2] and we got there on the 10th of July. We had twenty minutes walk to the camp where all the other prisoners were. We were put into a room by ourselves, all we had to keep us company was lice. In the morning we asked to be put in amongst the other prisoners. The next day was Sunday and the men got their meal at 11 o'clock of Bird seed and water. Now this bird seed is all the same as we give our birds at home – it is terrible stuff to eat. The bread was very doey [doughy], badly barked with bits of grit in it and that is all we got that day.

On Monday 12th I was surprised to see all the men get up at half past five in the morning, get their breakfast of bird seed and fall in outside to go to work making roads, blasting stone etc. I did not go to work as we had to be inoculated because there had been fever in the camp. Well that day we just lay about feeling very sick. With bad food, lying on bare boards, no beds nothing to cover you or keep you warm at night. At night time the men came back from work and we got a change in our food, this time it was pop corns. I think if you boiled them a whole week they would be no softer, well we got a little meat but not enough for each man. I might tell you that we got neither knives nor forks, no plates, no tables nor seats. They gave you a big tin dish for ten men and a spoon. When the stuff is served out, all the men have to get around the dish on the floor just like a lot of pigs.



The Prison Camp at Afion kara hissar

[Photograph courtesy of the Australian War Memorial - A02254]

On the 13th we got up at half past five, got our meal of bird seed and this time I had to go to work. Well I might tell you what I was very bad with dysentery [dysentery] but I still went

to work. We went to a place about two miles out of the camp, went into a big shed, got out picks and shovels, wheel barrows etc. and started to work with an armed guard over you. If ever you stopped working the guards would say 'addie' that means get to work. One of our chaps stopped for a spell and the sentry came and hit him with the butt of a rifle, you dare not say anything as they have the upper hand of you.

Well, this was my first days work and I was very glad when the night came on but that night I could not eat nor sleep. In the morning I went to work but I could not go, I was too ill. I had to see the doctor. He examined me and said I had to go to hospital. I ate nothing all that day.

Hospital

On the 16th I went to hospital just to late for my carrenwaner, that is the Turkish name for food, but it was all the same because I could not eat it. There was one thing I got, I got a bed on the floor and I must admit that the food was a little better but not plenty of it. The place was full of Turkish soldiers. They only got two meals a day. When you are used to 3 and 4 meals a day it is bad to get into this. Well the only food I got was milk in the morning and at night. Sometimes a little wheat boiled up. In this country you never see any solid food all soups with 3 times as much water. But when I was in the hospital I improved on my starvation diet and began to get a little stronger. However, tired of being among the Turks I asked to get out amongst my own men and the chance of going to work, so on the 28th I came out and went back to the camp.

Back to Afion kara hissar

When I was back in camp I met some more men who had been working in the country. They told me that they had, had a long march from morning until night without anything to eat, only bread. These were the *E2* crew and the *E15* crew and a few soldiers. These men had some terrible experiences since being captured. Well, in the camp there had been a great change in things. A big Turkish officer had been at the camp and had been looking things up. There was a canteen run by a Turk and everything he sold was double the price so he got put out, and so many men were allowed to go into town to buy things cheaper. We had not go much money but what we had they used to try and rob us of it. We had nothing but the sailors used to give a little every week. The same work was still going on but I did not make a start as I was so weak. You could see every rib in me. I forgot to tell you the hours we used to work – well we used to start at half past six in the morning until 12, then stop for dinner – just a piece of bread – and start again at 2 till half past five. All this was in the burning sun and our arms and legs was all sunburnt and then you would finish for the day come back to get your popcorns and sit down on the floor and eat it and then turn in on the hard boards.

Changes

The next day they stopped us from going to work. On 3rd August we was supplied with beds made of hay and on the 4th, 5th, and 6th the rooms were whitewashed, shelves made for the rooms and tables and stools had also been made and 16 men equalled out to each room instead of 32. We were also supplied with civilian clothes from the Turks.

On August 7th the US Embassy visited us from Stamboul bringing us provisions, underclothing and giving one pound a man to British prisoners and all complaints were going to him.

Work was stopped on August 24th on account of one Russian Seaman having Typhoid fever. All clothes and rooms were disinfected and we were put into 14 days quarantine. They promised to pay us for working but never did.

Move to a New Camp

On October 5th 39 English prisoners were told off to get ready to go to another camp. Well, we got into the train at 2pm but didn't leave until 6pm. We were shut in a box truck all the time, 39 of us all jammed in for 24 hours. We arrived at a place called Angora ^[3] at 10am on the 6th and marched about 3 miles to some old Barracks where we joined some more soldiers and the E8 crew and French prisoners. We stayed at this place about one week, the water supply was very bad and could not get water to cook the meat. So on 13 October, 274 English and French prisoners left **Angora** for another Barrack at Kangere ^[4] 4 days march away, about 80 miles putting up at night and starting early in the morning.

A lot of our prisoners being wounded fell out by the wayside in fainting fits and exhaustion. We had bad boots and only one loaf about [?] water to march on. We had some carts with us but there was not room for everyone to ride, so other prisoners that were tired and worn out had to help others along as best they could, the majority of us having no boots only old slippers. We reached Kangere at 8.30pm on the 17th very near all broken up. The best welcome we had was we found woollen beds and quilts already for us to turn into, we simply dropped down and slept 'til morning. The majority not being able to move the next day, this place was an old training establishment very drafty and cold with only one water tap for all hands to wash under and [no?] arrangements for washing clothes.

On Nov. 2nd three German Officers visited us but didn't want to hear any complaints or have any conversation with us. I might tell you that none of us had any money to buy food not even cigarettes. We had to sell our old clothes to get any money,

Nov. 17th another 33 prisoners arrived from Angora, also some clothing and blankets from the US Embassy.

Nov. 26th had a heavy fall of snow. These are the provisions allowed to 307 prisoners at Kangere. Two meals a day, one loaf of bread 1½ lbs, 8¾ lbs of cheese, 9 lbs of onions, 13½ lbs of salt, 6 ¾ lbs of fat, 15 lbs of flour and 41 lbs of crushed wheat.

Nov. 30th £5.10.0 per man was sent from the Geneva Red Cross for the AE2 crew. They received one Turkish pound from Commandant. [It appears that the latter was the sum actually paid to the crew which was much less than that due to them.]

Dec. 6th £1.0.0 arrived from the American Embassy per man of the AE2 crew. In the meantime money was sent to us to the sum of 30 shillings per man.

Dec. 22nd the representative of the red crescent society visited us to find out what clothes we needed, and for all complaints, and said he would get our parcels through to us, also said we could write three postcards a week instead of one, and took snapshots of us prisoners.

Xmas Day passed away as best as possible. Played a football match Soldiers versus Sailors. Soldiers won by 4 goals to 1. We were allowed in the field close to the barracks. In the evening we had a concert to make the best day.

On Boxing day the AE2 and E7 played football, it came to a drawn game.

New Years Day [1916] Commandant visited us and wished us all a Happy New Year and hoped we would soon be home with our families. A Rugby Match was played – Australians v Scottish Borderers. The Australians won by 6 points to 3 points. Sports were held after the match and a good concert followed in the evening.

Jan. 4th – received Christmas puddings, sweets, cigarettes and chocolate, distributed amongst all prisoners. It came through Switzerland from England.

Jan. 8th – British prisoners made footpaths in the barrack yard because when it rained we were up to our knees in clay.

Jan. 14th (?) – had a heavy fall of snow and were also told to get ready for the long march back to Angora again.

All the prisoners started the journey back on the 17th Jan. I might tell you that the journey back was very bad. It had been raining and snowing so you will know what clay roads would be like. We marched all that day until 9 o'clock at night.

January 18th – started at 7 o'clock in the morning, same old thing, marching all day 'til late at night. Same food – bread and water. Well, on the 19th the Commandant said we could rest the third day.

On the 20th we started again. I might tell you that there had been a good frost, so the roads were nice and hard for marching.

21st Jan. – our last days march was the best day of all. Arrived at Angora and got put into little houses, 23 men in one room. We were packed in like herrings in a box. We could not get any sleep that night, besides the place was alive with lice so we had plenty of company.

We stopped at **Angora** a few days, then we got orders we were going on a train journey. They served us out with three loaves of bread so on the 27th we started on the train journey. We got some news that we were going to work on a railway. Well this time we did not go in a cattle wagon.' [To be continued ...]

Notes

1. William (Willie) Jarvis, a friend of Robert's from his home town of Cambois. William is recorded as being killed in action on 23 September 1915. He has no known grave and is commemorated on the Helles Memorial
2. Now known as Afyon, Afion Kara hissar was a large prison camp, used as a holding camp, located in Anatolia, in west central Asia Minor, 128 miles north-west of Konya, on the Constantinople-Baghdad Railway line. The camp housed Allied officers, primarily Russian, British and French POWs, in two separate camps in the city. The latter lived in houses in the Upper Camp, at the base of the mountain, while British and Australian officers and enlisted men lived in the Armenian Quarter in the Lower Camp in the city. There were at least one hundred British officers in the Upper Camp, with forty living in the Lower Camp. In September 1915, the Turks incarcerated approximately 10,000 Armenians in Afion Kara hissar
3. Angora was a small provincial town until it became the Turkish capital, Ankara, in the 1920s.
4. A mis-spelling of Cankiri, sometimes called Gangra, Kengirior, Kiangri.

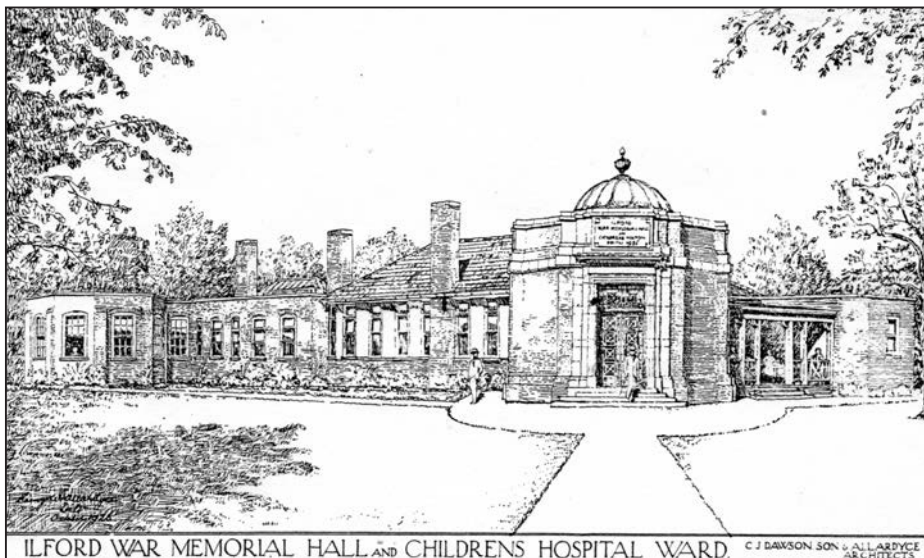
Other Acknowledgements

I am grateful to Association member Norman Welch for alerting me to the existence of Robert Fryer's journal and for putting me in touch with Isabel Fairless. I am also indebted to Turkish member, Guven Pinar, for his help in identifying the spelling of some of the names in Robert Fryer's journal.

INTERESTING MEMORIALS – the Ilford War Memorial Hall

Foster Summerson

The decision to construct a war memorial in Ilford, Essex was taken at a meeting held two weeks after the Armistice. Later a ‘plebiscite’ was taken of all adult residents, with 14,000 votes being cast in favour of ‘... a Children’s Hospital and to erect a suitable monument in addition’. A committee was formed and after many difficulties some £10,000 was raised, the money being used to purchase two acres of land adjoining the then Ilford Emergency Hospital for memorial gardens; to construct a monument in the gardens; and to erect a children’s wing at the hospital. The wing was to include a Memorial Hall on which the names of the War Dead would be recorded.



Architects' Drawing of the Ilford War Memorial Hall and Childrens' Ward [c. 1926]

The gardens and monument (designed by Newbury Trent RBS) were opened in 1922 but it was another five years before the Children’s Wing (by this time just a children’s ward) and Memorial Hall were opened. The original intention was that the Hall, which contains the names of 1,159 of Ilford’s war dead, would form the entrance to the children’s ward but it was never used for this purpose and a fence was erected between the building and the gardens. As a result, few people knew of its existence but the closure of the hospital in 1992 and a campaign by local groups to preserve the building brought it to public attention. Although initially there was little enthusiasm on the part of the Redbridge Council for the memorial to be preserved, efforts by the Essex Branch of the Western Front Association and local groups ensured that the building was listed (Grade 2) in 1995.

Years of uncertainty followed until the future use of the hospital site was settled in 2001 when planning permission was granted for housing, the Memorial Hall being safeguarded and its restoration made the subject of a planning agreement with the developers, Bellway Homes. This proved to be the turning point in the building's future, the developers going well beyond what they were required to do. Eventually, a more enlightened attitude by Redbridge Council prevailed and in March 2003 they agreed in principle to a request to take over responsibility for the Memorial Hall when renovation was complete (see photograph on page 36); the building being rededicated in August 2005.

Soon after the rededication the Ilford War Memorial Gardens Action Group was formed and arranged for the Memorial Hall to be opened on selected days during the year; they also worked to improve the condition of the gardens. Every year a small display is mounted in the Hall by Gallipoli Association member Frances Speakman; this focusses on events and casualties during a particular year of the Great War. There are also albums of photographs and documents which trace the history of the Memorial Hall and gardens from the 1920s to the present day.

In 2015 the display (see photograph on page 36) focussed on the Gallipoli campaign where six battalions of the Essex Regiment were engaged; some 48 of those commemorated on the memorial panels being Gallipoli casualties, and no doubt others served there. Among those highlighted on the display this year were L/Sgt Clarence G Willmott, 1/4th Essex who died of dysentery on the Hospital Ship *Formosa* on 14 October and was buried at sea. He is commemorated on the Helles Memorial. Another casualty featured this year is Lt. Leslie Stenning, 1/6th Essex who died on Hospital Ship *Soudan* of wounds received at Gallipoli. He is buried in Ilford (Buckingham Road) Cemetery.

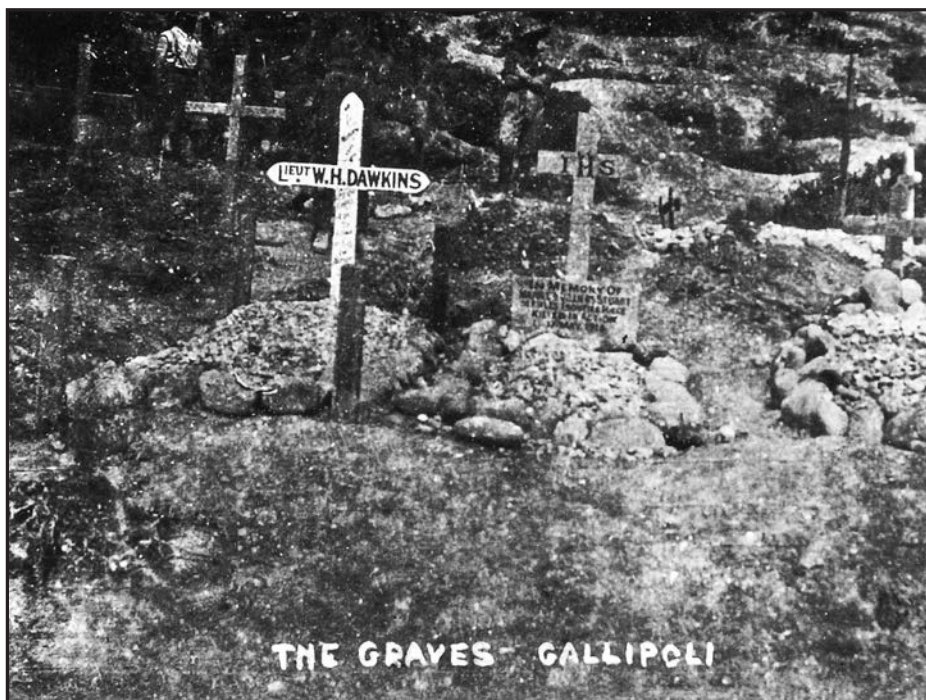
THE GRAVES – GALLIPOLI

Foster Summerson

The photograph below, which appeared on an undated postcard, was published in the February 2015 issue of *The Bulletin of the Military Historical Society* and is reproduced by kind permission of the Editor, Lt. Colonel Bob Wyatt MBE TD. On the reverse of the postcard the sender has written:

Common view of "Anzac", this particular patch of ground buried over 500 men who fell between April 28 and June 1st. Some fine headstones made by the "boys" now left to the mercy of the Turks. All burying done by night as this spot known as "Hell Spit" was the most open and dangerous at "Anzac".

B ... [illegible but possibly Bill]



The Graves - Gallipoli

The grave of **Lt. W H Dawkins** shown in the photograph is quite clear and led me to check the details held on him by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC). Dawkins served in the 2nd Field Coy, Divisional HQ, Australian Engineers and is buried in **Beach Cemetery, Anzac** (Plot 1. Row H. Grave 3). He was killed in action on 20 May 1915, aged 22. Interestingly, the Graves Registration Report shows him as 'Died of Wounds'; no doubt this was later corrected following correspondence with the military authorities. William Dawkins was the son of Arthur and Eliza Dawkins of Rowell Avenue, Camberwell, Victoria, Australia. Native of Rochester, Victoria.

The cross on the adjoining grave (to the right of Dawkins) is more difficult to read although using a magnifying glass I could make out the name 'Stuart' and also the rank of 'Major'. However the only Stuart on the CWGC database was a Private commemorated on the Lone Pine Memorial, so I started again and this time went through the Register for Beach Cemetery where I found **Major Charles Herbert Villiers-Stuart**, 56th Punjabi Rifles (Frontier Force) att'd., HQ Staff Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. He had previously received a Mention in Despatches and was killed in action on 17 May 1915 aged 40. He was the son of Col. Villiers-Stuart, Castletown, Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland; husband of Joan Villiers-Stuart of Troquhain, Balmacellan, Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland. Interestingly, his grave (Plot 1. Row H. Grave 4) still adjoins that of Lt. Dawkins.

QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

Details and prices of the items available can be found on pages 66-67 of the Spring 2015 issue (No. 137). Please note: Simpson Badges are no longer available.'

BOOK REVIEWS

DIE IN BATTLE, DO NOT DESPAIR

Author: Peter Stanley. Publisher: Helion & Company Limited 2015. Hardback 383 pages, 94 illustrations, 8 maps. Price £25. ISBN 978 1 910294 67 3

Long awaited and well worth the wait, for this is a brilliant account, profusely illustrated, concerning those from the Indian sub-continent and their British officers who served at Gallipoli. At least sixteen thousand in number, three times as many as previously thought, with some 1,849 killed or subsequently died of their wounds.

This the first book about Force G, the Hindus, Punjabi Musalmans, Sikhs and four battalions of Gurkhas and the parts they played with such distinction at Gallipoli, a story barely told before. Although inescapably drawing on records created by the force's British officers, it strives to recapture the experience of the formerly anonymous sepoys, gunners and drivers. Names of Indians of note like Mit Singh, Gambirsing Pun, Kulbahadur Gurung, and Jan Mohamed are at last deservedly remembered. Then more familiar British figures like young 2/Lt. Savory of the 14th Sikhs, later Lieutenant General Sir Reginald Savory KCMG KCIE DSO MC, a past President of our Association whose 'Gallipoli Memories' were published in eleven issues of *The Gallipolian* between the Autumn of 1971 and Spring 1977. He was one of two officers whose families were incorrectly informed of their deaths following the attack on 4 June.

Of Arthur Fergusson, who commanded the Kohat Mountain Battery (Frontier Force) for eleven years and was known by the Indian gunners as 'Percussion Sahib'. What a man! His previously unpublished account can be read in *The Gallipolian* No 85 19-41. Of Cecil Allanson, who led his Gurkhas to the crest of Sari Bair at dawn on 9 August 1915 as epic a story of fortitude and bravery as any from the desperate months spent on the Peninsula. The chapter titles like *A song of the War will I make, When the Smoke of the guns falls like mist, The soldier must suffer and The sea wind blew away my hates* are adapted from Gurkha verses and the hymns of Sikh gurus.

The maps are superb, the photographs epic, in short *Die in Battle Do Not Despair* is a book to treasure. Gallipolians you must ensure you find space, give it pride of place on your bookshelves; it, and the men whose story it tells, deserve no less.

David Saunders MBE

ROUGH RIDERS: Two Brothers and the Last Stand at Gallipoli

Author/Editor: Peter Doyle. Publisher: The History Press (2015). Hardback. 240 pages, 31 photographs/illustrations and 4 maps/diagrams. Price: £20.00. ISBN 978 0 7509 6294 0

This is the story of two brothers, Frank and Percy Talley, who served in the 1st City of London Yeomanry (Rough Riders). They were educated middle-class men from Muswell Hill in London who enlisted together in August 1914, their regimental numbers being only one digit apart. Their story is told mainly through letters to their parents as they progressed from Home Service to Egypt in April 1915, and then to Gallipoli where they landed at Suvla on 18 August. The letters are woven together with a detailed commentary on the wider strategic and operational background by Peter Doyle; this is of particular value in relation to the time the brothers spent on the peninsula where, as one might expect, the demands of active service, censorship, and the conditions precluded regular and informative correspondence.

Perhaps inevitably given that the brothers were in the same regiment, although in different squadrons, there is an element of duplication in the news imparted by them. It is interesting, however, to see how they coped with front-line service. Both survived Gallipoli although Frank was wounded on 21 August as the Mounted Brigade crossed the Salt Lake as it prepared to reinforce the attack on Scimitar Hill, and Percy, who was in the same action, was evacuated sick in early October.

I am sure that readers of the journal will find much in this excellent book of interest; how fortunate that the letters, found in an antique shop in central London, came into the author's hands!

Foster Summerson

ARTICLES FOR THE GALLIPOLIAN

Articles and items of interest about any aspect of the Gallipoli campaign are always welcome. These should be submitted direct to the Editor, preferably by e-mail, at the address inside the front cover. Because there is sometimes a significant amount of material awaiting publication, it is not always possible to feature articles in the issue following submission although where there is an element of topicality, the Editor will try to accommodate them, or refer them to colleagues responsible for the Association website.

For those considering the submission of articles the Editor can provide a copy of '*Notes for the Guidance of Contributors*' on request.

Readers are reminded that the observations and opinions expressed in articles and letters published in *The Gallipolian* are those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect the views of either the Editor, or of the Association.



OBJECTIVES

*To advance education for the public benefit
by raising public awareness of the Gallipoli Campaign of 1915
and by encouraging and facilitating the study in the legacy
and lessons of that Campaign, keeping alive the memory
of the Campaign and ensuring that all who fought
or served in it, and those who gave their lives, are not forgotten
by applying such means as the Trustees deem fit.*

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 approximately 58,000 were killed with only 11,000 having known graves. Ottoman 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.