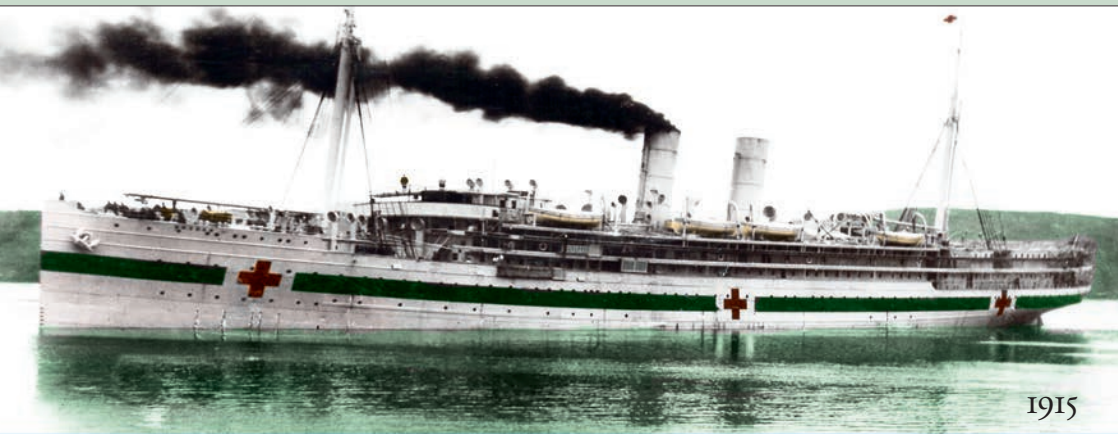


The Gallipolian

*The Journal of the
Gallipoli Association*

No. 141 - AUTUMN 2016



The New Zealand Hospital Ship *Maheno*.

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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Because of the many positive responses received regarding Michael Lee's cover photo for the Spring edition of *The Gallipolitan*, I have again varied the cover. (Editor).



The New Zealand hospital ship *Maheno* served at Gallipoli (front cover). In 1935, while under tow, the cable snapped during a cyclone, and she ran aground on Fraser Island, Queensland.

THE CHAIRMAN HAS RETIRED - LONG LIVE THE CHAIRMAN!

Christopher Fagan MBE DL

My interest in the Gallipoli Campaign naturally stemmed from the fact that my father landed on the first day of the Suvla Bay landings as a young officer in 10th Irish Division. I had the good fortune to go there with him in 1967 and see where he had been at Jephson's Post and later at Chocolate Hill. The tour had been arranged by Rex Palmer, who had served with my father and later became 'Uncle Rex' of the BBC, but Rex fell ill just before the tour. On the tour were 38 veterans, including Rev J K Best MC, and seven others. Sadly, my father died two years later. Some years beforehand I had had the privilege of meeting Lord Freyberg, VC, DSO**, and Johnny Dodge DSO, DSC, MC, (the father of my best man), both of whose fascinating lives are well worth looking up on Google.

The first time that I heard of the Gallipoli Association was in 1978 when I met General Sir Reginald Savory KCMG, KCIE, CB, DSO, MC. On hearing of my family interest, he kindly arranged for me to be made an 'Associate' member and I attended the Association dinner at the RAF Club later that year. At that time membership consisted almost entirely of people who had fought in the Campaign, and it was fascinating to be able to talk first hand to them. I met such wonderful characters as Captain Eric Bush, DSO**, DSC, RN; Jo Murray, Anson Battalion; Vice Admiral Eric Longley-Cook, CB, CBE, DSO; Lt. Colonel Malcolm Hancock, MC; Jack Gearing, and many others. It struck me that it would be a great pity if such veterans would before long have few members left to talk to, and that it would be a nice idea if the Association could actively encourage Associate membership rather than restricting it to people nominated by the committee. Although this move was approved of at the time, there were those who, understandably, did not feel that the Association should continue once there were only a few veterans left. On this subject Brigadier Rackham wrote in 1986:

The Association has been kept going latterly by the addition of Associate members. Personally I do not like the idea of a future association consisting entirely of associate members with ever more tenuous connections with those who actually served in the Campaign. When it is not possible to muster a reasonable number of veterans at an AGM, dinner or luncheon, I feel that the Association should be closed down. I think it is always a mistake to continue with an organisation when its original purpose can no longer be achieved - or at least only to a very small extent.

I would like to think that Brigadier Rackham would now actually have been pleased with what has happened since, and gratified at the number of members with a family connection. In 1985, because there were no longer any veterans prepared or able to take over as Chairman, the lot fell to me by default.

James Watson Smith became Secretary in 1986 and has been a stalwart and much liked support to the Association and myself for all those years. I doubt if it would have survived without him. He retired as Secretary last year but will retain his role with events and QM's stores. Foster Summerson, whose deep knowledge of the Gallipoli Campaign and all the various related events and memorials throughout the country is invaluable, has taken his place as Secretary. Foster's work output is prodigious and he travels all the way from his home in Northern Ireland to attend our meetings. Such dedication is indeed remarkable.

Luckily we have had amongst our members people with an extensive knowledge of the campaign. Hugh Jenner was the first to organise an Association tour accompanied by Colonel Michael Hickey, a well known military historian and author, who enthusiastically enthralled all those present with colourful detail and humorous anecdotes. Stephen Chambers is his worthy successor as our historian and tour leader, in conjunction with the battlefields tour agency *Battle Honours Ltd* and other tour companies where suitable. These tours have become very popular and have provided a wonderful opportunity for people to learn about the campaign on the ground and in many cases to include a visit to the grave or inscribed name of a family member.

We have had IT experts who have enabled us to produce a comprehensive website, run for some years now by Stephen Chambers. From time to time this has had to be updated and, on the last occasion, completely revamped to keep up with and take advantage of modern technology.

The Gallipolian has been enjoyed by all our members ever since it was started in 1969. The standard of production and content has steadily improved over the years, especially from the time when David Saunders took over as editor for the Spring edition of 1988 for twenty years to Spring 2008. Foster Summerson then continued and enhanced the journal for eight years until Autumn 2015, and over all these years they have managed to produce three volumes per year. And now we welcome Bryn Dolan, who lives in Australia, who has already produced three volumes. It is remarkable that modern communications are such that Bryn can manage this task from Australia.

Our Treasurer, Vicki Genrich, is a qualified accountant, which has been an invaluable attribute with all the much-increased financial activity now involved. She and her husband Andrew, who often helps out, are Australians working in London and it is very nice to have that link. Having a full time occupation it is becoming increasingly difficult for Vicki to cope with the everyday bookkeeping and we are seeking a volunteer to help her in that task. Vicki's straightforward common sense and charm is a wonderful asset to us at trustee meetings.

In February 2014 the Association achieved charitable status and changed from being simply an Association to a Charitable Incorporated Organisation (CIO). Ian Philliskirk, with his legal background, spent many hours guiding us through the maze of rules for a CIO and altering them to suit our circumstances. He continues to give us help, especially on legal matters. Becoming a CIO has been of inestimable benefit to us. It has opened up the world of grant-making institutions to us thus helping us to further our aims and objectives and giving us an extra stamp of approval. It also enables us to claim gift aid relief on our subscriptions.

The Association achieved a great deal for the Centenary throughout the country. In London and on the peninsula itself it acted in cooperation with the Ministry of Defence, the Department of Culture, Media and Sport, and the High Commissions of Australia and New Zealand. We were grateful to the High Commissions for conceding that the Centenary service at the Cenotaph on 25th April should be led by the United Kingdom. We were honoured that our Patron HRH The Duke of Edinburgh should attend our service at St. Paul's Cathedral, followed by the service at the Cenotaph with Her Majesty The Queen, and later at our Autumn lunch in October, and we were gratified to be given fifteen precious places by the DCMS for the official commemorations at Cape Helles attended by Their

Royal Highnesses The Prince of Wales and Prince Harry. For the Centenary year we set up the Gallipoli Centenary project under Gordon Birdwood, with Lyn Edmonds as executive officer. We were successful in obtaining a Heritage Lottery Fund grant of £100,000, which was conditional on us finding an additional £35,000 from our own resources, and which we managed to achieve within a week. The services of a professional organiser, Robin Clutterbuck, were obtained and a great deal was achieved over the centenary year which can be seen from the GCEP website.

It was also clearly necessary to look to the future with our charitable objects, the primary one being that of education. To be able to fulfil this meaningfully it was clear that we had to raise funds to take us forward through 2016 to 2018 and beyond. And so I launched an appeal to members and various institutions which I am glad to say has had some success to date and will enable us to take some significant steps in this and successive years. To start with we have taken the first major step forward in appointing Peter Butterworth in the voluntary position of Education Officer. Peter was the Headteacher of Overton Park School in Sutton. Peter retired from that post recently and is looking forward to advancing the educational aims of the Association. He has already been heavily involved with organising a bursary tour for 11 sixth form boys and girls from various schools, plus three adults, which went to Gallipoli at the end of June. They were all tasked with writing a paper on the Campaign and some particular aspect of it of their choosing. The tour took more organising than many people would believe, but it was an invaluable exercise. It was made financially possible by the generosity of the various donors to the appeal.

Recently we have appointed a new Membership Secretary in place of Keith Edmonds. Keith was invaluable in taking over a difficult situation, bringing the membership records up to date, and putting everything on a modern system. He also helped us with many other things, not least two conferences, and we are most grateful for what he accomplished. In his place we now welcome Peter Luff whose grandfather was in the Royal Horse Artillery and served in Gallipoli from the beginning to the very end. Peter's daughter, Harriet, has also been helping us with public relations.

Membership of the Association now stands at nearly 1000. We need to make every effort to maintain and hopefully increase the membership as interest in the Centenary wanes.

As far as the education side is concerned, I have noticed that children these days are having an emphasis put on the horrors of war, how truly dreadful it is, even pointless, and what effect it has on families etc. This is all very well but, to my mind, it somewhat misses an important point. Everybody knows how awful war is but, regrettable as it may be, many of today's youngsters will almost certainly be called upon to fight in some form or other in the future. I feel that the emphasis should be more on the example of the sheer guts and spirit of those who took part to stand up and continue to fight in dreadful circumstances, and instil in them the thrill and admiration of so many heroic deeds. This will give them something to aspire to should the call come and a determination not to let down either their country, or those who are alongside them, or their forbears who fought so doggedly for the freedom they have today.

This article would be totally incomplete without pointing out the huge encouragement and support that I personally, and the Association, have received from our Patron HRH The Prince Philip, both overtly and in private. He came to the annual dinner in 1975 and gave a well-researched speech, and became our Patron in 1982. In 1995 he unveiled our

permanent Gallipoli Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral. He has always shown an active interest in our activities and has honoured us with his presence on many occasions, not least in the centenary year on no fewer than four occasions. We really are lucky to have such a supportive Patron.

For all its existence the Association has been run by a handful of dedicated volunteers who have given an incredible amount of their personal free time, and a lot of their own money, which I am sure members will appreciate. As far as I am concerned I am immensely grateful to all of them for all their support during my 31 years as Chairman. There is now in place a really marvellous team and I have great confidence for the future of the Association. On my retirement as Chairman, the Trustees bestowed a great honour on me by deciding to make me President, a role that I have been flattered and delighted to accept.

I commend to you all my successor as Chairman, Brigadier James Stopford CBE. He is exactly the right person to take the Association forward, having had a brilliant military career, which included being the Adjutant at the RMA Sandhurst, Commanding Officer 1st Battalion Irish Guards, Commander UK Land Warfare School, and Commander British Forces in Afghanistan. He is known for his organisational ability and, on retirement recently from the army, was made Chief Executive of the *Not Forgotten Association*. Our Association is extremely lucky to have him, and I give him my personal very best wishes. And so, back to the title of this article. The Chairman has retired. Long Live the Chairman!

MESSAGE FROM BRIGADIER JAMES STOPFORD CBE

New Chairman of the Gallipoli Association

I am hugely honoured to have taken over the Chairmanship of the Gallipoli Association on the 1 May 2016, honoured but extremely daunted at the prospect of trying to fill the enormous 'shoes' left by Captain Christopher Fagan MBE DL.

Christopher has been at our helm for over 30 years, during which time he has led us with style, energy, vision and unfailing loyalty. His successes have been legion; he has seen our membership grow to approximately 1000, masterminded the funding and erection of the memorial in St Paul's, overseen and influenced the centenary events including the extremely successful Gallipoli Centenary Education Project, and promoted the educational objective of the Association, which is now sponsoring school trips to the peninsula. And of course through his personal efforts, Christopher has ensured the continued engagement of our Patron, HRH The Duke of Edinburgh, in our affairs and in many of our events. For all of this he was most deservedly appointed as a Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire in our centenary year. We all owe him a great debt of gratitude for his service to the Association and in honour of those who served in the Campaign.

I am also delighted to announce that although Christopher Fagan is stepping down as Chairman, he will remain active in the Association. The Trustees voted unanimously to reinstate the appointment of President in the Gallipoli Association and asked Christopher to accept this role. I am pleased to say that he has, and he became our President on 1 June 2016.

I am in no doubt about the scale of the task I have ahead. We are blessed with a wonderful set of Trustees who put in a considerable amount of work to ensure successes in a whole host of areas. *The Gallipolian* goes from strength to strength, the new website has been

launched, membership and finances are strong, and we have a new Education Officer who has already delivered a Gallipoli Association-funded and organised school trip to the peninsula this year.

I have been a member of the Association since 1988 and am, like many of you, a relative of a Gallipoli veteran. I recently retired from the Irish Guards and now run the *Not Forgotten Association* – a charity founded in 1920 to look after wounded and injured servicemen of the Great War, many of whom had served on the peninsula. The NFA is still reaching out to some 10,000 beneficiaries each year.

I am extremely pleased to be given this chance to lead the Gallipoli Association and with your support and engagement I hope we can continue to make it a relevant, vibrant and inclusive organisation which will carry on honouring those who served.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting (AGM) of the Gallipoli Association will be held at The Cavalry & Guards Club, 127 Piccadilly, London W1J 7PX at 11.30 am on Tuesday 11 October 2016. Formal notice of the meeting and papers to be considered at the AGM (including a Voting form and an Admission form) will be sent electronically to members who have notified an email address to the Association. The papers will also be posted in the members' area of the Association web site. Members without email will receive the papers by post. Anyone who has not received the papers by the end of August should contact the Hon. Secretary as soon as possible after that date at the address given inside the front cover of *The Gallipolian*. Please do *not* send them to the Association's Mailbox 630 address. [Note: There is no charge for admission to the AGM but members must bring the Admission form with them.]

AUTUMN LUNCH

The Autumn Lunch will be held at The Cavalry & Guards Club at 12.30 for 1.00pm on Tuesday 11 October (for address see the AGM notice above). The Guest Speaker will be Admiral Sir Philip Jones KCB, The First Sea Lord. A booking form is enclosed.

FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE: WESTMINSTER ABBEY

The Gallipoli Association will again have a memorial plot in the Field of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey. Details of the Gallipoli Association plot, and how to arrange for crosses or other symbols of remembrance to be placed there, are given in a leaflet accompanying this issue.

We encourage members to avail themselves of this unique opportunity to remember family and others who served at Gallipoli. Crosses and other emblems can also be laid in the plot in remembrance of those who went on to serve in other theatres, and for Gallipoli veterans who survived the war.

Tickets for the Opening Service: Information is awaited from the Royal British Legion but this is expected to take place on the morning of Thursday 10 November. If you wish

to apply for a ticket, please record this on the leaflet and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. [Note: This is only required if you are applying for a ticket for the opening service; not if you want to lay a cross in the Association plot.] Tickets for the opening are limited and will be issued on a 'first come – first served' basis.

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY: 13 NOVEMBER 2016

The Association hopes to be invited to participate as one of the marching contingents in this year's Remembrance Day Parade. This is now a significant and memorable event in the Association's calendar; our involvement highlights the significance of the Gallipoli campaign and more importantly recognises and remembers all those who served in it.

Increased security measures will be in place this year and members wishing to take part in the parade should complete the form enclosed with this issue of *The Gallipolian* and return it to the address given on the form no later than 9 September 2016.

Please do *not* send the form to the Association's Mailbox 630 address.

Members wishing to take part in the parade should write to the Secretary at the address given inside the front cover of the journal as soon as possible – please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Tickets will be allocated on a first come - first served basis. Those applying for tickets should be aware that they are likely to be standing in Whitehall for at least 1½ hours prior to the March Past, then marching for a distance of over a mile, possibly in inclement weather. A similar notice will be published on the Association website.

ANZAC / GALLIPOLI DAY REMEMBRANCE SERVICES

The Editor is grateful to all correspondents who provided the following reports on Remembrance Services held on or about 25 April 2016.

London

Anzac/Gallipoli Day began as usual with the Dawn Service where some of our members were among the large crowd at Hyde Park Corner where the service was held following which wreath-laying took place at the Australian and New Zealand War Memorials.

The Association's wreath-laying ceremony at The Gallipoli Memorial in St Paul's Cathedral took place at 9.30am. The short but moving service was conducted by The Revd. Canon Mark Oakley, Chancellor and Canon in Residence after which wreaths were laid at the foot of the memorial by representatives of HM Government and the Armed Services, by the High Commissioners for Australia and New Zealand, the French Air Attaché and the Turkish Ambassador. For the first time, the Republic of Ireland was represented at the service by Miss Barbara Cullinane, the Deputy Head of Mission at the Irish Embassy. Our Chairman laid the Association wreath. The Exhortation was given by James Watson Smith and the words of Kemal Ataturk were delivered by HE Mr Abdurrahman Bilgiç the Turkish Ambassador. *Last Post* was sounded by L/Sgt. M Beasley, Corps of Drums, 1st Bn. Grenadier Guards and the *Lament* played by L/Cpl R Spence, Drums and Pipes, RHQ Irish Guards. See photos on pages 29 and 30.

At 11.00am, we joined the 'Anzacs' at the Cenotaph where some 40 'Gallipolians' formed

one of the contingents on parade. HRH Prince Harry laid a wreath on behalf of Her Majesty The Queen, and was followed by High Commissioners for New Zealand and Australia and then by the Heads of the New Zealand and Australian Defence Staff and by representatives of the other nations involved in the Gallipoli Campaign. The Gallipoli Association wreath was laid by our Chairman. At the conclusion of the wreath-laying, *Last Post* was sounded by a trumpeter from the Band of the Welsh Guards; Silence was then kept followed by the sounding of Reveille. A short service conducted by the Revd. Steve Bennett, Minor Canon at Canterbury Cathedral who led the prayers and gave the first reading. Other readings were given by Miss Georgina Lawrence and Master Coby Heinze. The service concluded with the playing of the National Anthems of the United Kingdom, Australia and New Zealand. Later, at the invitation of the Australian and New Zealand High Commissions, Association members were able to participate in the Service of Commemoration and Remembrance in Westminster Abbey. Instead of the traditional Gallipoli Day Lunch, the Association held a reception for members in the Officers' Mess at Wellington Barracks. This was attended by some 40 members of the Association and provided a pleasant opportunity for members to meet on this important day.



Australian and New Zealand soldiers marching to Westminster Abbey to commemorate the first Anzac Day, London 1916

Brockenhurst

The annual commemoration service for the 94 Anzacs who lie buried in the Commonwealth War Graves cemetery in St Nicholas churchyard, Brockenhurst, took place on Sunday 24 April. Also buried in the churchyard are nine British, one Indian and one Canadian from the First World War and five British casualties of the Second World War. The vicar, Rev'd

Neil Smart, conducted the service and the New Zealand High Commissioner, HE Rt Hon Sir Lockwood Smith, read the lesson. The Royal British Legion Branch president – Air Vice Marshal Andrew Roberts – delivered the exhortation. Before the service the Branch President, the High Commissioner and the two Defence representatives inspected the youngsters who had marched up from the station to the sound of the New Zealand Bell in St Nicholas' Church, which tolled 94 times.

A wonderful feature of this service is the involvement of uniformed youth groups. Brockenhurst College Army Cadet Force members paraded their standard and helped with the day's activities. Cadets from 1308 Squadron Air Training Corps paraded their ensign and half-masted the New Zealand flag. Younger groups such as cubs, scouts and brownies paraded their standards and at the climax of the service placed posies on all the graves. This year both the New Zealand and Australian Defence representatives – Lieutenant Colonels Kate Lee and Malcolm Wells – had their families with them and they too placed posies.

After the service, on the way back up from the War Graves cemetery to the Church, Alexandra, Lady Smith, was invited by the vicar to cut the ribbon between the handsome new guardrails beside the steps. These are a gift to the church from the New Zealand Women's Association and the New Zealand Society UK and key members of both were there to witness this event.

Many who had attended the service then walked along to the Tile Barn Outdoor Centre for tea. Now run by Hampshire County Council, a century ago this was the site of No. 1 New Zealand General Hospital. Over 21,000 wounded soldiers from the Western Front were nursed and rehabilitated there between 1916 and 1919. The site's facilities have recently been enhanced with the construction of a poppy pod village – 20 fixed camping pods with a hub at their centre for eating and recreational use. Many went out to inspect this impressive development and to hear the high commissioner say how much he had enjoyed his second Anzac Sunday visit to Brockenhurst. He said he was looking forward to being back with us on 29 June for the unveiling of the hospital memorial window in St Nicholas church as the centenary of the hospital is celebrated. Branch Chairman, Captain Mike Matthews RN, explained, 'Today we are the first to use the poppy pod hub. It has been constructed using a £50,000 grant from our branch to Hampshire County Council. Priority will be given to service families, particularly those with disabilities in their ranks, who will get free use at weekends and during the summer holidays. It is especially pleasing to see the rehabilitation of armed forces personnel and their families being reintroduced at Tile Barn a century after it last flourished on the site.'

Captain Mike Matthews RN, Chairman, Brockenhurst Royal British Legion.

Chepstow

I was asked by the Trustees to represent the Association at this commemorative event.

Chepstow has its own local hero. Able Seaman William Charles Williams RN was awarded the Victoria Cross for his bravery during the landings at V Beach on 25 April 1915. He was described by Captain Unwin VC as 'the bravest sailor he ever knew.'

Able Seaman Williams still has relatives, with whom I spoke, living in the town. By the town's war memorial stands a gun from a First World War German submarine which was presented to the town by HM King George V in 1922; it was unveiled by Williams's sister, Mrs Frances Smith, and dedicated in his honour. On the same day a painting of V Beach

by Charles Dixon was unveiled in St Mary's Church, Chepstow, by Captain Unwin. The painting was purchased by public subscription as a memorial to Williams, who has no known grave.

Our wreaths were laid on the gun, the chairman of the local Royal Naval Association branch described the circumstance of the award of the VC, and the vicar led the prayers. An army bugler sounded the Last Post and Reveille and silence was kept. We then retired to the mayor's parlour for tea and biscuits. The chairman of the Monmouthshire County Council was also present and I was thanked for attending. Recognition of this commemoration by the Gallipoli Association was obviously appreciated. I even wore my bowler hat!

Lieut. Commander Arthur Coxon RN (Rtd.)

Lemnos

I was delighted to be asked to represent the Gallipoli Association at the ceremonies held on Lemnos to commemorate the part played by the island during the Gallipoli campaign.

The main event took place at East Moudros Military Cemetery on 21 April. Those present (according to Greek protocol) included a representative of the Greek Government, a representative of the Regional Government of the North Aegean, the Military Commander of Lemnos, representatives of the Governments of Australia (and members of the Australian Defence forces), France and New Zealand, as well as a Greek Army platoon. The Mayor of Lemnos was also present together with representatives of Veteran and local associations (some in traditional dress) and many people from the island.

The commemoration began with a service conducted by Greek Orthodox priests. Wreaths were then laid in protocol order by those mentioned above. I laid a wreath on behalf of the Gallipoli Association. After the wreath-laying there were speeches; the keynote speaker being Major General Kamnis, vice-President of the Athens War Museum. Finally, children's choirs sang *Imagine* by John Lennon and a Greek folk song for those who are away from their homeland. The event ended with the national anthems of the countries represented and a solo from an army trumpeter.

The representative of the North Aegean Region later hosted a small reception at Moudros Harbour, where he presented memorabilia to those who took part in the event. Upon receiving the gift, I expressed the hope that it might be possible for a representative of the Gallipoli Association to attend the ceremony next year and lay a wreath. Photographs taken during the ceremony are on page 31.

Dimitris Boulotis

Pro Patria. Like Sunshine
Breaking Through A Cloud
He Came And Went

Epitaph on the headstone of Lieutenant Eric Henry Scott-Smith,
Royal Engineers. Died 29 Oct 1915, aged 20.
Portianos cemetery, Lemnos.

29TH DIVISION COMMEMORATION

David Mason

The annual Memorial Service was held at the 29th Division memorial at Stretton-on-Dunsmore, Rugby, on 13 March to honour and remember the departure of the 29th Division for Gallipoli. The memorial stands at the spot where H.R.H. King George V took the salute as men of the newly-formed division paraded before him, in a column some 2 miles long, on 12 March 1915.

101 years later the day was fairly cold but the sun came out just as the service began which brightened the proceedings. Although the event did not attract the same level of representation as last year's centenary event there was still a good attendance with members of the Coventry Branch of the Royal British Legion parading together with members of the Coventry Sea Cadets. The local Living History Group coordinated the event this year and provided an excellent turnout of members dressed in First World War uniforms.

Chris Holland, author of *Before Gallipoli : The 29th Division in Warwickshire and North Oxfordshire December 1914 – March 1915*, gave the eulogy. This was particularly poignant to me as it virtually traced the war story of my uncle who had served with the 29th Division in the 1st Essex, and who had taken part in the original event.

I was very honoured to be invited to lay the wreath at the memorial on behalf of the Gallipoli Association because of my family connection. See photograph on page 32.

GALLIPOLI 2016 CONFERENCE

Saturday, 22 October 2016 : 09.30 - 17:00

This year's subject is 'Gallipoli Evacuation.'

Reserve your places now for the 2016 Gallipoli Association's 'Evacuation' Conference

Venue: Historic Naval Dockyard, Portsmouth, UK

Ticket Price: £30 (members and public welcome)

Speakers and topics include:

Turning Defeat into Victory: the Official History of the Evacuation - Dr Andrew Lambert

Evacuation: Nursing and Care-giving at Gallipoli - Dr Phylomena Badsey

Stealing Away: the RND and the Evacuation of Helles - Peter Hart

The Other Side: the story of Wolfgang Schrader - Jochen Schrader

More still to be to announced. Refer to the Association web site for updates.

Reserve your place now for the conference and have a chance to visit the last remaining Gallipoli veteran, Monitor HMS M33. Email: conference@gallipoli-association.org or events@gallipoli-association.org to book. A Booking Form is enclosed for those without email.

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION / BATTLE HONOURS BATTLEFIELD TOUR 2016

Bryn Dolan

I was lucky enough to be 'attached' to the Association's tour of Gallipoli in May this year. Inspiringly led by our own historian and webmaster, Stephen ('Steve') Chambers, and by Clive Harris, director and co-owner of Battle Honours Ltd., along with our two Turkish guides Barış Yeşildağ and Adem Biçer, the four days on the ground at Gallipoli were enjoyable and informative. The group consisted of thirteen participants, some themselves members of the Guild of Battlefield Guides, some serving members and some ex-members of the defence forces, as well as some who had a personal interest in, or family connection to, the campaign.

The group stayed in a hotel in Çanakkale and crossed the Dardanelles to the peninsula each morning by ferry; a peaceful and relaxing 20-minute journey. We were lucky with the weather; the mornings were beautiful, clear and bright, and the sights amazing as always; the castle at Khilid Bahr, the ships of all sizes and descriptions passing each other as they head up or down the straits, the frowning eminence of the Khilid Bahr plateau and, off in the far distance, the New Zealand memorial on Chunuk Bair.

On the first morning the bus took us to Achi Baba, the British objective on that other first morning. From its summit, spread out before us like a map, was almost the entire British and French area, with the Helles memorial to the missing clearly visible on the far ridge. It is an eye-opener to realise what an advantage Ottoman forces had in holding this position for the duration of the campaign. Steve set the scene and explained some of the background to the campaign, including a description of Admiral Duckworth's forcing of the Dardanelles in 1807. Lively discussion and an exploration of some 'what-ifs' followed, and continued on the bus to Lancashire Landing cemetery.

After examining the graves in the cemetery and hearing the stories of some of those buried there, we crossed the fields to pick up the dirt road to W Beach; Lancashire Landing itself. On the cliffs above the beach Steve and Clive indicated the limit of the first day's advance, spoke of the six Victoria Crosses won there, and of the 4th Worcesters' desperate bayonet charge. Off we hiked to the Helles memorial, with its 21,000 names to the missing. The members of the group walked around the memorial, some individually, some gathered together in small groups, locating names and taking in the scale of the fighting in such a relatively small area. From here we walked the short distance down to V Beach and its cemetery and then to lunch in a friendly little restaurant a few metres from the water's edge. Afterwards we walked to the small spit of rocks that the *River Clyde* was run aground upon.

After hearing of the landing here we visited Lieutenant-Colonel Doughty-Wylie's grave; the only marked individual allied grave on the peninsula. The colonel was buried almost where he was killed, during the action for which he was awarded the Victoria Cross. Did a woman visit Gallipoli during the campaign? Officially no, but if ever one did, she was apparently connected with Colonel Doughty-Wylie. Clive and Steve were fountains of information on the quite-possibly-scandalous implications. Lively discussion ensued - of course.

Gully Beach and then Gully Ravine were next on our itinerary, and it was here that the flexibility of the tour became obvious. One group remained with Steve and walked the

Ravine, while another climbed out and went with Clive to examine positions in which they had a particular interest. In all my years visiting Gallipoli I had never visited Y Beach, but I can now say, thanks to our guides, that I have finally seen it. It wasn't an easy climb in or out, and I doubt I'll ever get there again, but it was one of many highlights for me.

Most of the group were by now feeling the strain of the day and were happy enough to clamber aboard the bus, manned by Barış and Adem, for the trip back to the ferry and the hotel.

On Day Two we again headed down to Helles, with our first stop being Twelve Tree Copse cemetery. Clive pointed out a headstone under a shady tree and explained that this was the grave of a soldier 'shot at dawn'. He recounted the circumstances of his offence and subsequent execution. Somehow it didn't seem right to most of us, and again a lively discussion followed as we made our way across a rough track towards Redoubt cemetery. It was here, when the tracks were trenches, that 18-year-old Lieutenant George Dallas Moor of the Hampshire Regiment was awarded the VC for shooting his own men in order to stem a retreat. Another lively discussion followed!

At the crossing over the wild Krithia Nullah (another first for me) we stopped for a rest and Steve read extracts from participants in the campaign before we reached Redoubt cemetery. Here we heard the story of the English oak that grows in the cemetery, in remembrance of another Duckworth; this time 19-year-old Lieutenant Eric, of the Lancashire Fusiliers.

After lunch we left the Helles sector and journeyed up to Anzac. We drove straight up Pine Ridge, past Lone Pine, Quinn's Post and Baby 700, to the summit of Chunuk Bair. From here is a grand panorama of the northern Anzac and Suvla sectors. It was immediately clear why these hills were coveted by both sides; with excellent observation one way over all the northern landing beaches and the Suvla Plain, and the other way back to Çanakkale and the Narrows, from which we had viewed the New Zealand memorial, which we were now standing beside, on our first morning. We walked onto Rhododendron Ridge. Here we heard from Steve and Clive the story of the New Zealanders' assault on the ridge, of the terrible fighting and of the eventual counter-attack that pushed the allies off that hill forever. Elements of the British forces, most notably some of the Wiltshires, were forced down into the huge, wild valley beside us known as the Sazlı Beir Dere, where most of them eventually died. On the small plateau known as 'The Farm', where Brigadier General Baldwin's 38th brigade was annihilated as the Turks swept down over the almost sheer sides of Chunuk Bair, is a small cemetery. I believe this is probably the second-least visited on the entire peninsula, and contains only seven headstones. They are 'special memorials' rather than the markers of actual graves, but it is known that 652 soldiers are buried here.

From The Farm we hiked the 'New Zealand walk' down Rhododendron Ridge, across Table Top, down to Old No. 3 Outpost, onto No. 2 Outpost, and eventually out onto the road near Fisherman's Hut. The views were spectacular every way you looked. This is wild and rugged country. It's a great walk, but everyone, even Barış, who had done the walk with us and who was a great source of information regarding the Turkish side, was pleased to be getting back into a seat on the bus.

Day Three had a special treat in store. A boat trip from Gaba Tepe to just beyond where we had ended up the day before in northern Anzac. The boat was a large cruiser with an upstairs uncovered deck, and once again the weather was beautiful so we all took advantage of the sunshine. The Anzac coastline is extremely rugged and impressive, and not many

people get to see it from off-shore. I once again had cause to thank Battle Honours, Steve and Clive for organising such an interesting and varied series of activities. Landmarks and locations were pointed out and compared with the maps each tour member had received, and it was a satisfied group that headed back to the port at Gaba Tepe and lunch.

In the afternoon we visited Lone Pine, 4th Battalion Parade Ground, Courtney's, Quinn's and The Nek, all along the old front line at Anzac. Numerous stops were made, the situation explained and stories told. The sun was low when we headed back to the ferry.

On our final day we took in the far north of Anzac and the Suvla sector. Steve led us, after visiting 7th Field Ambulance cemetery, on the route taken during the attempted breakout of Anzac in August 1915, through the fateful Taylor's Gap, beside Australia Valley, and across Gillespie Hill. It was near here that we stopped to examine one of the old stone wells that existed during the campaign, and that were so vital during that hot summer of marching and fighting. We eventually reached Hill 60, scene of some of the last and bloodiest, but also least-known, fighting of the campaign. From here the W Hills and Scimitar Hill are close and we heard of the Yeomanry and of the severe fighting at Suvla; anything but the 'picnic on the beach' it's sometimes made out to be!

We next visited Green Hill cemetery where one of our group, Major David Winn, laid a wreath in memory of all those who lost their lives at Gallipoli. Next was Hill 10 and from there it was time to go bush again, cutting over low sand dunes to 'A' Beach, and the remains of one of the lighters still lying there. Finally we visited Azmak cemetery, where normally on the tour we would retrace the steps of the 5th Norfolks, the 'Vanished Battalion.' Sadly this time, we had no more time.

The tour was well-organised and ran smoothly at all times. I'm sure all tour members will agree that our guides acted at all times with unfailing good humour and professionalism. I was particularly impressed by the way they could one minute be talking about grand strategy, or the movements of a division or regiment, and the next be telling the story behind a name on a memorial or headstone. The big picture and the details of individuals are equally important and added much of interest. It was certainly not necessary to have had a military background in order to gain a lot from this tour.

I left the group as the bus rolled aboard the ferry to Çanakkale one last time. Thanks very much to Steve and Clive, Barış and Adem, and to everyone on the tour.

See photos on pages 33 and 34.

LONG RUNNING MEMORIAL

Bill Sellars

Mark Lee was as fast as a leopard in Peter Weir's movie *Gallipoli*. Thousands of those who served in the campaign experienced the Gallipoli Gallop, the virulent dysentery that wore down the strength of men on both sides of the lines.

On October 2, feet will again be flying on the peninsula, even if bullets won't, with the second running of the Turkcell Gallipoli Marathon.

Branded with the slogan, "I run for peace", organisers hope the event will become both a regular fixture on the athletics calendar and serve as a living memorial to the fallen.

Last year's event saw more than 1000 runners take to the roads of the peninsula, ten percent of them foreigners, with Mame Jebesa of Ethiopia and Benard Rotich of Kenya winning the women's and men's divisions respectively. See photo on page 30.

While last year's marathon's route took in much of the coastal strip in the Anzac sector before heading south to Helles, this edition of the Turkcell Gallipoli Marathon will be run in its entirety in the southern sector, taking in all of the main memorials, both Allied and Turkish.

Starting at Morto Bay below the main Turkish memorial to the fallen, the route passes the French cemetery and then on to Skew Bridge and the village of Alcitepe – Krithia of 1915 – skirting Redoubt cemetery on the way.

Turning west then south, the course then carries on past Twelve Trees Copse, Pink Farm, and Lancashire Landing cemeteries, and the Commonwealth memorial at the toe of the peninsula, before passing above V Beach cemetery on the way to the finish line back at Morto Bay.

For those who do not feel up to running the full 42 kilometre of the marathon, there is also a ten kilometre course, as well as a half marathon.

Another link between the past and the present will come at the beginning of the race. Instead of a starter's gun runners will be sent on their way to the sound of an original 1915 Hudson whistle, carried by officers of the British and Commonwealth forces.

Now, rather than being the last sound thousands of men heard as they went over the top, the blast from the whistle will herald the beginning of an event dedicated to commemorating the past but also celebrating life.

It will be a rare outing for the whistle, which is currently on display at the Anafartalar War Museum in the village of Buyukanafarta, and will be loaned for the special occasion by the museum's owner Ozay Gundogan.

Despite Turkey's recent turmoil, organisers are expecting an even higher number of contestants this year, though overseas entrants are likely to be down on the 2015 level, according to Ziya Artam, one of the directors of GTP Tours, the event's organisers.

"We are getting greater local interest this year, with more people signing up. Hopefully, next year will see more overseas runners join in after the situation stabilises and visitors' confidence returns," said Artam, who is also owner of local travel agency Crowded House Tours.

With the race fast approaching and the course already measured out, some keen runners are already going over the route to get a head start, while others from around Turkey are in training for the event.

As Sir Ian Hamilton might have said, "You have done the hard work, now all you have to do is run, run, run".

Only A Boy But A British Boy The Son Of A Thousand Years

Epitaph on the headstone of Gunner James Yoxall Twamley, Royal Field Artillery.
Died 23 December 1915, aged 22. Lancashire Landing cemetery, Helles.

THE 'LAST TO LEAVE' – AN ANALYSIS OF THE FINAL HOURS OF THE EVACUATION OF ANZAC - PART 2

Ian C M Littler and Guy M Littler

Summary of Part 1

The identity of the last Australian to leave the Anzac shore on the final night of the evacuation from North Beach, Gallipoli Peninsula, on 20 December 1915 has not been investigated thoroughly since the Australian War Memorial digitised many of its records. A number have laid claim to being the 'last to leave' but only a few individuals have ever been seriously considered by historians. Depending on the publication and edition or website, various individuals are put forward. In his *Letters from France* in 1917,⁽¹⁾ Charles Edwin Woodrow Bean first named Captain Charles Augustus Murray Littler as the 'last to leave,' but in 1924 in the first edition of *The Story of Anzac*⁽²⁾ changed his mind to the rear-guard commander, Lieutenant-Colonel John Paton.¹ In official correspondence in 1929,⁽³⁾ Bean admitted that he had discounted the testimony of other witnesses with regard to the question as to who was the last off the shore. He wrote it was because 'the definitive statement by Paton seemed to clinch it.'

Later in 1930, Paton's staff officer at Anzac, Major Evan Alexander Wisdom², disclosed that Paton was followed onto the steamboat in which they left by Captain Cecil Minet Staveley, of the Royal Navy, and by the seamen who untied the boat's ropes.⁽⁴⁾ This led Bean to change the second edition in 1934,⁽⁵⁾ removing Paton's name and replacing it instead with 'an anonymous seaman.' That has remained the official history until the present day. Yet, in the 1980s an historian for the Australian War Memorial, Matthew Higgins, became convinced that the official history was incorrect⁽⁶⁾ after corresponding with Lieutenant-Colonel Stanley Holm Watson, the man in charge of 2nd Division signals at Anzac during the evacuation. Watson informed Higgins that Paton departed on an earlier boat than Watson and Littler.

The last hours: timeline with various sources cross-referenced

The key to understanding how Paton and Wisdom came to think they were on the last boat is to retrace the actual sequence of events by comparing various independent sources. There are many sources that can be drawn on; the diaries and recollections of eye-witnesses, the individual unit reports, the operational procedures for the evacuation, as well as military protocols and customs. The precise detail of the Evacuation Plan has already been examined in the Part 1. In this section of Part 2, the execution will be discussed with the aim of determining who was on the beach and at what time they departed it.

When cross-referencing the various accounts, reconciling times can be an issue. This is for numerous reasons; firstly, there was not a systematic way of synchronising time across the land and sea. Secondly, the watches were mechanical and not as reliable as the quartz ones of today. Thirdly, the watches were exposed to extreme conditions. The 2nd Division orders prescribed, 'watches to be checked against signals each evening' but no protocol was discussed.⁽⁷⁾ Indeed, in the disastrous Nek offensive of August, the battleship guns stopped a full seven minutes before the men went over the top to their deaths.⁽⁸⁾ Lastly, diary entries were often made after the event, and sometimes in non-chronological order,

1 Lieutenant-Colonel John Paton (1867-1943); rank at time of the evacuation.

2 Major Evan Alexander Wisdom (1869-1945); rank at time of the evacuation.

with estimates made of times. Fortunately, in the case of the evacuation, there was the giant explosion at the Nek, on Russell's Top, which was seen and heard by many observers on land and at sea. This provides an excellent means of verifying and, more importantly, re-synchronising recorded diary times.

Resynchronisation is important in the case of at least two diaries since the times noted do not line up with events and lead to causality issues as a few examples show. In Littler's³ diary, if one uses his times it would mean that he had put aboard the First Australian Casualty Clearing Station before they had received orders to evacuate.⁽⁹⁾ He also recorded the Russell's Top explosion as happening at 03:00, a full half hour before it actually occurred; a time of 03:30 is accepted in the *Official History*.^(10 p895) In Lieutenant Shaw's⁴ account of his rear-party withdrawal (Shaw was a machine gun officer on Walker's Ridge), he noted the Russell's Top mine explosion as occurring at 03:40,⁽¹¹⁾ ten minutes after it occurred. The official Australian war correspondent, C E W Bean, noted it as 03:26⁽¹²⁾ but adopted 03:30 in his *Official History*, as was also indicated in Wisdom's *Narrative of Operations*. For these reasons, it is reasonable to re-synchronise the times with the Russell's Top explosion. Such times will be labelled Mine Synchronised Time (MST).

The detailed departure records (lighter name, pier, number of men and destination ship) for the last night of the evacuation, from the piers at North and South Beach, still exist up until 01:05 on the 20 December.⁽¹³⁾ The embarkation officers recorded exactly who was leaving down to the last man. Also gleaned from these records is that these lighters carried 400 men to steamers waiting about 1 mile off-shore, with a loading time of between 20 and 30 minutes. The minimum period from departure to return of a lighter was around 1 hour.

At 12 midnight, Watson⁵ at his signal office switched through a phone call from Wisdom to start the evacuation from the various redoubts.⁽¹⁴⁾ At intervals, Wisdom called Watson and the signal office switched Wisdom through to the various front line positions. The troops then withdrew, proceeding at an orderly prearranged pace and gathering very briefly on North Beach. At the beach, they were directed by embarkation officers onto lighters waiting at the pier which took them to a predetermined steamer. One soldier remarked that the whole process took just 30 minutes, from being marched onto a lighter until embarked on-board one of the ships, waiting about a mile off-shore.⁽¹⁵⁾ This is consistent with the lighter records and party arrival timetables.

According to the 2nd Division plan, at 01:00, after the B2 party would be gone, 500 defenders should remain; at 02:45 after C1 would be gone, 372 should remain; at 03:05 after C2 would be gone, 244 should remain; and at 03:25 after the final C3 party would be gone, 50 should remain plus eight machine gun crews on Plugge's Plateau above South Beach and 40 on Walker's Ridge.⁽¹⁶⁾ These numbers did not include the embarkation staff, signallers, police and the First Australian Casualty Clearing Station (1st ACCS).

The Evacuation Plan focussed principally on the defending troops but not on the ancillary staff such as the 1st ACCS. It was not envisaged that everyone would get away and large numbers of casualties were not to be evacuated.^{(17) (18)} According to the 1st ACCS diary, at 02:15 it received an order from General Russell⁶ that it had been negotiated with Paton to

3 Captain Charles Augustus Murray Littler (1868-1916); rank at time of the evacuation.

4 Lieutenant George Duncan Shaw (1894-1984); rank at time of the evacuation.

5 Captain Stanley Holm Watson (1887-1985); rank at time of the evacuation.

6 Brigadier General Alexander Hamilton Russell (1868-1960); rank at time of the evacuation.

evacuate half of the 1st ACCS between B and C parties, the remaining half, less one Medical Officer (Captain Barton⁷), one NCO⁸ and six men, with the covering party (rear-party). The remaining eight hospital staff were to be evacuated with the last 68 of the force.⁽⁹⁾

At 02:30 (MST) Littler wrote in his diary that he put aboard half of the 1st Australian Casualty Clearing Hospital (Station) on special barges. Then at 03:30 (MST) he wrote that he put aboard the last half less the eight staff mentioned by the 1st ACCS diary earlier and that, 'they would have to take their chance with the last 68 of the force.' In the 1st ACCS diary, the order from Wisdom for the second half of the 1st ACCS to move off immediately was noted as 03:10. This is consistent with Littler's time of 03:30 (MST) when he wrote that he had finished putting the second half aboard. Littler noted that the explosion at Russell's Top occurred at this moment.⁽¹⁹⁾

Lieutenant-Colonel Antill⁹ of the 1st Division Headquarters noted in the 3rd Light Horse Brigade (3rd LHB) diary entry of the 20 December 1915 that⁽²⁰⁾

Last parties left beach at 0335. Walkers Ridge blown up as the last boats were about to leave.

By last parties he is referring to the contingents of the C3 party since the 3rd LHB was not part of the rear-party. Antill was one of the men put forward as amongst the last to leave with Paton by Bean.⁽²¹⁾

Meanwhile at about 03:00, Wisdom was being patched through to Plugge's Plateau. He ordered the troops to withdraw, including Radford¹⁰,⁽²²⁾ ⁽²³⁾ and his machine gunners.⁽²⁴⁾ Watson and his signallers continued with their work patching through calls, waiting for Wisdom to order Watson and the 2nd Division signallers to withdraw but that call never came. At about 03:30 Watson found that the lines were dead to Wisdom and Paton at North Beach as well as to other posts. He then took the initiative and ordered the remaining signallers, including Sergeant Both, to head double-time for North Beach, approximately 1000 yards¹¹ from their position along the beach. He then took the message handed to him by Wisdom at 17:00 the previous evening and raced with Sergeant Kelynack, also of the 2nd Division signallers, down to the beach (South Beach) to give the wireless operators an incomplete 'Evacuation completed' message. The message contained no detail about casualties that Paton would later write existed in the message.⁽²³⁾ As they raced, they were spurred on by shells from the Turkish artillery at Gabe Tepe known as 'Beachy Bill' by the Anzacs. HMS Grafton noted that at 03:35 'Beachy Bill' fired shells.^(25 p897) This provides an independent confirmation of Watson's timing.

At around 2:50 (MST) Lieutenant George Duncan Shaw of the 28th Battalion and his three crew were manning a machine gun at Bully Beef Sap on Russell's Top. Shaw was due to retire with the C2 party and set up his machine gun at 'Post P' on lower Walker's Ridge to form part of the rear-party.⁽²⁶⁾ He heard a commotion behind him and wondered why. He had received no further orders and as far as he was concerned he still had 10 minutes to go before withdrawal to Walker's Ridge (just below Russell's Top) on the left flank of North Beach. He was informed that the withdrawal for his section had been brought

7 Captain Alan Sinclair Darvall Barton (1886-1950); rank at time of the evacuation.

8 Non-commissioned Officer (NCO)

9 Lieutenant-Colonel John Macquarie Antill (1866-1937); rank at time of the evacuation.

10 In Watson's account he writes Radcliffe but it is clear from the unit's orders and diaries that

Captain Radford, in charge of the Plugge's Plateau machine gunners, is meant.

11 1000 yards = 914 metres.

forward and that he must withdraw now. At 02:55 (MST) he withdrew and relocated his machine gun on lower Walker's Ridge, where two other machine guns from his battalion were already positioned. At 03:25 (MST) he received an order from a runner to withdraw to the beach. He imshied¹² down the ridge and at 03:40 by his watch, 03:30 (MST), he heard the mine explode.

According to orders, it should have taken him 15 minutes to reach the beach.⁽²⁶⁾ Leaving when he did, he therefore arrived at the North Beach pier at an estimated 03:40 (MST). On arrival, he noted seeing Captain Radford (Plugge's Plateau machine guns) and everybody being hurried onto lighters.⁽¹¹⁾ It is also to be noted that the 20th Battalion embarkation table stated that each of the C and rear parties was to report to the MLO,¹³ further supporting that the embarkation officers knew the details of the evacuation of all final troops down to the last man.⁽²⁶⁾

At 03:40 the 1st ACCS noted in their diary that the remaining eight staff (including the remaining medical officer Captain Alan Barton) embarked. At 02:15 they had been ordered by General Russell to embark with the remaining 68 of the force.⁽⁹⁾ Captain Barton confirmed this in his diary as follows:⁽²⁷⁾

I brought my party down to the beach and reported to the embarking officer... Soon I heard the Naval Transport Officer told that all men would be on the beach in 10 minutes.'

At that moment Barton reported that the mine exploded and then

the N.T.O.¹⁴ came running along and ordered all into the barge at the double ... The covering party from Plugge's 68 strong were coming aboard with us... When we got away it was 3:40 according to me.

Notable from this diary entry of the medical officer Barton is that; he reported to the embarking officer on arrival; all are expected on the beach within 10 minutes at which point the mine explodes (03:30); the Plugge's Plateau troops and machine gun crews boarded with Barton and the covering force (rear-party) got away at 03:40. Both the mention of the Plugge's Plateau machine gunners and the time of departure are consistent with Shaw's account.

Major Richard Francis FitzGerald, the commander on Russell's Top, was noted in the 20th Battalion diary as leaving Walker's Ridge at 03:31.⁽²⁸⁾ In a letter to Bean on 21 February 1917, FitzGerald wrote to clear up some issues he had with a newspaper article, as he was at the position mentioned in the article and could provide first-hand knowledge.⁽²⁹⁾ He wrote that the mines 'at the Nek' were blown on his personal order given from Russell's Top, not from the beach as had been reported. He also mentioned that Lieutenant-Colonel Lamrock called him (FitzGerald) by phone, about 15 minutes before he (FitzGerald) left his position, to say that the Plugge's Plateau flank was being withdrawn. This indicates that the phone system was working up until about 03:15, with Watson and his signallers patching through calls until at least this time. It also puts the Plugge's machine gunners on the beach at around 03:35, allowing 20 minutes to traverse the terrain.

Most importantly, FitzGerald told Bean that when he got to the pier he met Paton and Wisdom (he did not mention Littler). He says in his letter that he, Paton and Wisdom

12 'Imshied' meaning 'he went in a hurried way.' From the Arabic used by Anzacs in Egypt 'imshi yalla' meaning "hurry up and go away."

13 Military Landing Officer (MLO)

14 Naval Transport Officer (NTO)

walked up and down looking for stragglers for about 15 minutes. They then embarked at about 03:55, with '*Paton being the last to leave the wharf.*' It should be noted that the time in his letter to Bean has been changed from an earlier time and that time appears to be 03:45. In any case, regardless of time alteration, the Fitzgerald letter puts the time of the departure of the boats, which he and Paton boarded, as 03:55.

Paton himself noted in his letter to Bean that he waited for stragglers for about 10 minutes,⁽³⁰⁾ not the 15 minutes that FitzGerald mentioned. This indicates perhaps a slightly earlier departure time of 03:50.

At 03:45 Watson, Kelynack and the naval wireless operators, two of whom are known as A W Herbert and A E Jones,^(25 p896) were still on their way to North Beach. Watson noted that the evacuation signal had been sent at this time, 03:45. He did not know the number of casualties. On board HMS Chatham (the Royal Navy Flagship of Admiral de Robeck) the following Morse code message from W4 (the South Beach wireless station) was received at 03:42.

'To A.H.Q. Evacuation completed 0325'

The message was written at 03:25,⁽³¹⁾ consistent with Watson's account that the lines were dead and he started to move.

Paton wrote in his *Official Report*⁽²³⁾ that the message he despatched to Army Headquarters on HMS Chatham read:

'EVACUATION COMPLETED; NO CASUALTIES LEFT ASHORE; ONE SENT ABOARD.'

The message was never received in this form. Wisdom had handed Watson an incomplete message at 17:00 the previous evening with no mention of the casualties since they weren't then known. Watson left his signal office at around 03:30 for the wireless station on South Beach and sent the incomplete message, with a blank for casualties, which he had received 10 ½ hours earlier.⁽¹⁴⁾

The message was relayed by HMS *Heliotrope*, where General Godley¹⁵ awaited news, and was received by VAC¹⁶ at 03:55.⁽³²⁾ Anzac Intelligence noted that the evacuation was complete by 03:47.⁽³³⁾ These times are consistent with one another and further support Watson's account.

Watson wrote that he arrived at North Beach and met Littler at the pier whereupon,

'Capt Littler (Beach Master) hastened us to get on the 'beetle' barge, which he said was the last.'

It is to be noted that Watson did not mention seeing his rear-guard commander. Based on a time to cover the approximately 1000 yards around Ari Burnu from South to North Beach at night on sandy, pebbly ground carrying instruments, Watson would have arrived at about 03:55, after leaving the wireless station around 03:45, according to his timing. Shaw, in one of the rear parties, noted that he arrived for embarkation at 03:40 (MST) and saw Captain Radford. Barton mentioned that the Plugge's Plateau machine gunners (Radford) left with him at 03:40. These times are consistent with the assertion that the lighter with Shaw and Radford would have already left the pier by the time Watson arrived at 03:55.

At the pier Watson asked about the phone and Littler said that Radcliffe (Radford) and his

15 Lieutenant-General Alexander John Godley (1867-1957); rank at time of the evacuation.

16 Vice Admiral Commanding (VAC)

machine gunners had taken it. After speaking with Littler, Watson ran over to the phone location near Walker's Pier higher up the beach, and returned after confirming that the phone was gone. According to Watson, Littler stated that the rear-guard commander, Paton, and Radcliffe's (Radford's) machine gunners had left with the previous lighter (barge). Littler then restated that this was the 'LAST' lighter (barge).⁽¹⁴⁾ Finally, Littler made one last pass over the beach then gave the order to 'shove clear'.⁽²⁴⁾ Watson wrote that Littler joined them on the barge some time later. In Littler's diary, he wrote that checking the beach took about 5 minutes.⁽¹⁹⁾ Combining Littler's time interval with Watson's reported times, time estimate for traversing from South to North Beach and allowing 5 minutes to check for the phone, puts the time at which the very last barge and steamboat left North Beach, Anzac as 04:05.

It is interesting that Watson and Both in *Sapper Signelman*, which contains extracts from each of their diaries, called Captain Radford, of the Plugge's Plateau machine gunners, by the same incorrect name Littler used, 'Radcliffe'.⁽¹⁹⁾ This provides additional confirmation that they indeed spoke with Littler about Radford and the missing phone, since it is unlikely that they would independently make the same mistake about a surname. Shaw, on the other hand, used Radford's correct name.

Later when they were aboard the steamer which would take them to Lemnos, Littler mentioned to Watson that Watson was the last officer he sent aboard. Watson pulled out his pay book and asked Littler to attest to that on the back of the will page. Littler wrote,⁽³⁴⁾

'Captain S.H. Watson was the last officer I sent aboard at North Beach on the evacuation of Anzac. Signed C. A. Littler, Captain. Beach Commandant. 20/12/15'

It follows that Wisdom, Paton and Staveley¹⁷ left at sometime between 03:45 and 03:55 on a steamboat, a few minutes after the barge containing the rear-party. This is supported by numerous accounts; Battalion diaries, the letters from FitzGerald and Paton, Watson and Both's diaries, Shaw's (under FitzGerald's command) and Barton's accounts as well as that in Littler's diary.

Due to last minute acceleration of the withdrawal plan, and severing of phone communications sometime after 03:15,⁽²⁹⁾ stragglers were inevitable. Littler wrote in his diary⁽¹⁹⁾ that at 04:00 (MST),

'all complete but a few last down were 9 machine gunners and Captain Watson and five from wireless.'

Amongst the 'wireless' was the signaller Kelynack as well as the naval wireless operators. Using Littler's diary, an estimate of the total number of latecomers and remaining beach staff would be around 20, not including naval personnel on the boats. This number includes approximately five embarking officers and sentries, Watson with five signallers and wireless operators, as well as nine machine gunners. From Littler's diary at 04:10 (MST) all embarking officers were aboard and at 04:15 (MST) Littler '*went aboard last picket boat having been preceded by N.T.O. Colonel Paton and all others*' and they steamed away. This time is consistent with the estimate derived from Watson's account of 04:05 and significantly later than the time noted by FitzGerald, and supported by other evidence, as when he, Paton and Wisdom and the majority of the rear-party left.

17 Captain Cecil Minet Staveley, Royal Navy (1874-1934); rank at time of the evacuation.

At 04:25 General Godley on HMS *Heliotrope* wrote a wireless message to General Birdwood which stated that Paton had already reported to him and there were no casualties, no hospital staff or wounded left ashore and four guns were saved.⁽³⁹⁾ In the brigade reports of Paton and Wisdom,^{(23) (36)} it was stated that Paton left the pier at 04:10 in Staveley's steamboat and then transferred to a picket boat to take him to HMS *Heliotrope*. According to Paton's times, in just 15 minutes, he left the pier, and transferred from Staveley's boat to a picket boat that took him to HMS *Heliotrope*. He then boarded the ship (sloop), met General Godley and gave his verbal report. After Paton had reported, Godley wrote his wireless message, noting the time as 04:25. It does not seem plausible that all this occurred in 15 minutes and indicates that Paton departed earlier than 04:10.

It is to be noted that the lighters and steamboats had no communication means with the larger ships farther out from shore. There was no radio and communication by light signals was to be avoided.

Based on cross-referencing of accounts and time interval estimates, the time range for the departure of Paton, Wisdom and Staveley is between 03:45 to 03:55 and for the departure of Littler, Watson and the remaining stragglers the range is between 04:05 and 04:15. That is, Staveley's boat, with Paton and Wisdom, left approximately 20 minutes earlier than Littler's picket boat.

At some time later, Littler transferred from the picket boat to the barge to join Watson and others as they recounted.⁽²⁴⁾ He noted in his diary that he was preceded by the NTO (Staveley), Lieutenant-Colonel Paton and all others. When compared with Wisdom's statement reported by Paton '*You Sir (Paton) are the last man to leave*,' Littler's entry sounds more like evidence of having completed his job as an MLO overseeing the embarkation of the troops rather than a statement of claim.

By 05:00 (MST) Littler was aboard a steamer bound for Lemnos Island. On Lemnos, on Christmas Day 1915, Littler wrote to his mother.⁽³⁷⁾

Last night I received your packet for which many thanks. The chapter is closed and the hard 8 months campaign finished with our evacuation of Anzac. It seemed like leaving home to come away. The getting away was most successful. As Geoff⁸ was going to be amongst the last, I was able to get special permission and this carried out right up to the finish and I was the last to leave and having been amongst the first to land, and never away, had the record.

Charles Littler mentioned that he was last to leave in amongst other general conversation regarding family and the evacuation.

In Bean's *Official History*^(10 p896) and Paton's *Official Report*⁽²³⁾ the last steamboat left at 04:10 with Littler, Paton, Staveley and Wisdom aboard. Paton then transferred to a picket boat⁽³⁶⁾ to rendezvous with HMS *Heliotrope* to give his account to General Godley. The 'EVACUATION COMPLETED; NO CASUALTIES LEFT ASHORE; ONE SENT ABOARD' message was ordered to be sent by Paton (via Watson). Discovering the line dead, Watson then raced south from North Beach to the wireless station at Anzac Cove to have this message sent.

Watson, the man with responsibility for the signals and phone lines and who delivered the incomplete 'Evacuation completed' message⁽³¹⁾ to wireless, was adamant that this is not how

¹⁸ Charles Littler's eldest son Geoffrey Ashburner Littler, a machine gunner with the 22nd Battalion at Wire Gully / Lone Pine.

it happened and provided a detailed account. The report of the rear-guard commander Paton and the narrative (time line) of his staff officer Wisdom, on which Bean's account in the *Official History* is largely based, are both erroneous in critical aspects of troop departures and signals as has been shown by the evidence.

In May 1955 I received a letter from Dr. Bean, advising:

"My Dear Watson. I am sorry that the account in Vol. VI is incorrect in that detail. Clearly Littler embarked in the same barge as you. As to Staveley, Wisdom and Paton we had quite a correspondence with them about the last man to leave. I had always understood that old Littler was; and as he was killed at Moquet Farm and I couldn't consult him, I must have put him by mistake in Staveley's boat.

With kind regards.

Yours sincerely,

C.E.W. Bean"

Whenever I have thought about the final moments of Anzac, particularly since May 1955 when I heard for the first time from Dr. Bean of Capt. Littler's terrible death in 1916, I have felt that I must somehow let his people know of his being the last man to leave Anzac (Ari Burnu) on 18-19th December 1915.

Dr. Bean informed me that Capt. Littler in action always led his men; his only weapon his walking stick. This vain effort to subdue a German machine gun was suicide; death impossible to avoid; no answer but certain death; brave soul!

An act more than worthy of the D.S.O. - Distinguished Order - a decoration he should have been awarded.

Yours Sincerely,



STAN H. WATSON.

Conclusion

The question as to the last Australian to leave Anzac has interested Australians from the end of the Gallipoli campaign onwards. In this paper, the first thorough investigation of the issue has been performed since the digitisation of the Australian War Memorial records, drawing on many independent sources including new evidence not previously available. Although much credence is given to Bean's determination of the last to leave Anzac on the morning of 20 December 1915, it has been shown that he did not have the time to probe the issue to the bottom, as he might have liked. This is evidenced by the fact that he asked one of Charles Littler's sons to work out the inconsistencies with Paton.

Examining the Evacuation Plan in depth has provided an understanding of how the last troops were withdrawn from the hills and how withdrawal times were staggered so that they could be marched straight onto the waiting lighters without accumulating on the beach. It has been discussed how the acceleration of the evacuation timeline as well as severed communication lines put pressure on the rear-party, wireless and signallers; invariably leading to some stragglers. Moreover, multiple eye-witness accounts have been cross-referenced, with the Russell's Top mine explosion providing a convenient way to synchronise the times reported by each independent party, allowing us to determine when the rear-party left.

Littler was not in Staveley's boat as Paton attested. This is supported by eye-witnesses, who spoke to Littler on the beach, and also by the acknowledgement by Bean of a mistake later in life. The testimony of the witnesses reveals inconsistencies between the *Official Report* and what is recorded by FitzGerald, Barton, Watson, Both, Littler and indeed in the 'Evacuation completed' message itself. Additionally, the time on Godley's message to Birdwood casts further doubt on the time Paton asserts he embarked.

The accounts of eye-witnesses, careful cross-referencing of reported times as well as analysis of rear-party departures and lighter loading schedules have shown that an additional lighter and picket boat left the pier approximately 20 minutes after Staveley's boat, containing the beach officials and the stragglers; machine gunners, naval wireless operators and signallers. Onto the last picket boat, after all were aboard the boats, stepped Captain Charles Augustus Murray Littler, Beach Commandant; the last Australian to leave Anzac. Bean himself admitted as much and so in his words, *'I had always understood that old Littler was.'*

Acknowledgements

The authors thank Paul Taylor, Matthew Higgins, Anthony Hall and Lesley Gent for their support, advice and time reviewing this manuscript. We thank Russell Schneider for his efforts in retrieving some records. Thanks also to Peter Stanley, Geoff Littler (son of Geoffrey Ashburner Littler) and the descendants of Stanley Holm Watson, whose assistance is greatly appreciated.

We are grateful for the very professional assistance provided by the staff at the Australian War Memorial.

The authors are the descendants of Charles Augustus Murray Littler (1868-1916), being the sons of Burnett Guy Littler (1896-1967), the youngest son of Charles.

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EVACUATION: HELLES PHASE – SOME FURTHER DETAILS

Michael Robson

Possibly through no fault of his own, the Helles evacuation diary published in the *Reveille* of 1 January 1933 (reprinted in *The Gallipolian* No.140) was mistakenly attributed to Ronald Clammer DCM, MM. That account of the evacuation of Helles, and the actions of the Dumezyl Group, was in fact first published in 1919 in *The History of the Old 2/4th (City of London) Battalion, The London Regiment, Royal Fusiliers*, a copy of which was presented to every member of the battalion.

The true author was almost certainly Pte. Robert J. Lingwood who, together with his fellow 2/4th Battalion members, Privates A. Cottrell, H. Turner and H. Trayner, volunteered to remain behind with the Dumezyl trench mortar group after their own battalion had been evacuated. The unit of the Royal Naval Division that was using the French Dumezyl trench mortars at the end of the campaign was commanded by (Temp.) Lieutenant Alan Urquhart Campbell RNVR, and drew its members from all battalions of the division.

In addition to Lingwood's account, which we have already seen, further details of this aspect of the Helles evacuation can be found retold in the autobiography of Alan Campbell's mother; the actress Mrs Patrick Campbell. Her book is titled 'My Life & Some Letters.' At the time of writing 'Mrs Pat' was actually Mrs. George F. M. Cornwallis-West.¹⁹

Prior to the 'evacuation,' acting under orders of the Divisional General, he [Alan Campbell] invented a means of converting the remainder of the large 'Dumezil' [sic] torpedoes, into electrical contact land mines, by means of tins of ammonal, lashed to the sides of the aerial torpedoes, and trip wires to contact pieces into electric batteries. Using the personnel of the Mortar Battery, and with the help of N.C.O.'s from the Divisional Signal Company (R.E.'s), he laid out 13 mine fields in the divisional area, protecting the withdrawal of troops from the line.

The mine fields started from between the firing line and support line and covering the whole front, continued down to the Eski line (or final reserve line). On the night of the evacuation he was placed in command of the last thirty-two men who remained up with Divisional Engineers (who were cutting wires or pulling down obstructions in the trenches), and when all troops had passed through, his party connected up all the trip wires, completely blocking the way, should the Turks attack. Some of the mine fields had as many as 250 large aerial torpedoes lashed together (about 25,000 lb. of 'Melanite'), and from reports of aeroplanes, and news from the Athens papers during the next few days, they appear to have caused great havoc amongst the Turkish patrols (2,000 casualties being admitted by the Turks).

Once more, the true authorship of these details is not absolutely certain, however we know that Alan Campbell was in the habit of often writing to his mother and he may well have given her the above account of the evacuation himself. The reference to the havoc caused amongst the Turkish patrols is confirmed by General Liman von Sanders in his *Five Years in Turkey* where states 'The Turkish divisions ...had been delayed by fields of mines which caused serious losses.'

The few weeks which Alan Campbell spent commanding the RND's ex-French Dumezyl mortars at Gallipoli stood him in good stead, for on reaching the Western Front in June 1916

¹⁹ It is interesting to note what a small world Edwardian London was. Alan Campbell's stepfather (Cornwallis-West) was previously Churchill's stepfather, being married to Churchill's mother from July 1900 to April 1914. He was also, very briefly in 1914, the CO of the RND's Anson Battalion.

he was given command of the 63rd (RN) Division's 188th Brigade Trench Mortar Battery, only leaving them for his Senior Officer's Course at Aldershot, prior to his being promoted.

Barely two years after Gallipoli, on 30th December 1917, (Acting) Lieutenant Commander Campbell MC,* MiD, Croix de Guerre, RNVR, was killed in action by a shell at Welsh Ridge. At that time he was second-in-command of the Howe Battalion, RND; the same shell also killed the Howe Battalion's commanding officer, Commander Charles Skeffington West DSO, RNVR.

Lieut. Campbell's Croix de Guerre was announced in the RND's Divisional Order No.345 of 16 January 1916. It can only have been awarded for his work with these particular French weapons and their successful adaptation by him to cover the final allied withdrawal of Helles a week earlier. Campbell was also mentioned in despatches for these 'distinguished and gallant services.' The Bar to his Military Cross was awarded in connection with operations North of the Ancre (November 1916) when 'He brought his guns into action with good effect. Later he guided two tanks to the enemy first line system, and materially assisted in taking over 400 prisoners.'

'The Old 2/4th' ceased to serve in the Royal Naval Division on 10th January 1916 and thereupon joined the 29th Division. The special contribution of Lingwood and his companions was not overlooked however. RN Divisional Order No.341 mentions 'As regards the evacuation of Cape Helles, the GOC thanks all ranks for their loyal co-operation and the excellent discipline displayed; the success of the operation would not have been possible otherwise.' Alan Campbell also remembered the contribution of the four 2/4th men, writing to their CO that Privates Cottrell, Turner, Trayner and Lingwood behaved with the utmost zeal and devotion to duty in connection with the final operations at Cape Helles: he especially mentioned Private Cottrell's bravery on several occasions.

Cottrell went on to serve in Southern Egypt and France. Turner served in Southern Egypt, on the Western Front and in Italy, ending the war as a 2nd lieutenant in the Machine Gun Corps. Private H. Trayner served in S. Egypt and France where he was wounded. Following his recovery Trayner served at 2nd Corps GHQ. Private Lingwood, the author of the original article, went on to serve in S. Egypt and France where he too was wounded and thereafter he served with the Royal Defence Corps as an Acting Serjeant.

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They Shall Come Again From The Land Of The Enemy

Epitaph on the headstone of Trooper John Joyce Postlethwaite.
5th Light Horse Regiment AIF.
Killed in action 2 November 1915, aged 24. Shell Green Cemetery, Anzac.

INFORMATION PLEASE

I am involved in an historical project researching twelve men who appear together in a photograph taken at Sandhurst in February 1915.

One of these was Ivor Edward Morgan Cochrane, who served very briefly at Gallipoli with 2/SW Borderers. He arrived on 6 September and on 20 September blew off most of his right hand when a bomb he was holding went off unexpectedly (I gather this was quite a common injury). He was invalided out and when he was considered fit enough (!) went to serve in Salonika. He compiled a scrapbook about his service in both locations, which came up for sale at Strides Auctioneers in Chichester, West Sussex, UK in 2008.

Unfortunately Strides no longer has a record of whom they sold it to, and appeals through the Great War Forum have had no result. If any of your readers know anything about this and could make it possible for me to see it I should be immensely grateful. By the way, by the time he compiled the scrapbook he had become a captain. Many thanks in advance for any help anyone can offer.

(Dr) Frances Hurd

ZION MULE CORPS 100TH ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS

Michael Robson

I have just obtained a couple of philatelic items which were issued here to mark the centenary of the Zion Mule Corps, and since the ZMC only ever served at Gallipoli, then they may also be of interest to our fellow members. [See scans on page 35].

One is a First Day Cover affixed to which is the commemorative stamp depicting Muleteers on the beach, unloading stores, and tab attached to the stamp showing British and Israeli flags. The franking mark is from Moshav Avihayil where the Jewish Legions Museum is situated. The Museum is also pictured on the envelope.

The museum holds a small collection of artefacts relating to the Zion Mule Corps and its commanding officer Lt-Col J H Patterson DSO. As members may be aware, Patterson's ashes were recently reburied in the cemetery at Avihayil close to some of his ZMC men.

The second item is a postcard with a sepia photograph of the Corps in action on Gallipoli. The postcard is stamped and franked in a similar fashion to the FDC.

On April 16, 1915, after only a brief two- week training period, the Mule Corps joined the main force which had landed on the southern shore of Gallipoli. The stamp is adapted from a photo of the Mule Corps soldiers as they came ashore at Gallipoli.

The First Day Cover features a quote from the founding declaration of the Mule Corps:

A corps of Jewish volunteers that shall make itself available to the government of England in order to participate in the liberation of Eretz Israel... every volunteer shall swear to sacrifice his strength and his life.



The Gallipoli Association's wreath-laying ceremony at The Gallipoli Memorial in St Paul's Cathedral.
The Revd. Canon Mark Oakley, Chancellor and Canon in Residence.
Photograph by Graham Lacdao, St Paul's Cathedral. See page 7.



The Association's wreath-laying ceremony at The Gallipoli Memorial in St Paul's Cathedral.
L/Sgt. M Beasley, Corps of Drums, 1st Bn. Grenadier Guards, plays the Last Post.
Photograph by Graham Lacdao, St Paul's Cathedral. See page 7.



The Association's wreath-laying ceremony at The Gallipoli Memorial in St Paul's Cathedral. The President of the Gallipoli Association, Captain T F Fagan MBE DL, after laying the wreath. Photograph by Graham Lacdao, St Paul's Cathedral. See page 7.



Runners in the Turkcell 2015 Gallipoli marathon. The marathon will be run again this October. Photo courtesy of Bill Sellers. See pages 14-15.



The wreaths, including that of the Gallipoli Association, laid in East Mudros Military Cemetery, Lemnos.
Wreath laying and photography by Dimitris Boulotis. See page 10.



Choir singing John Lennon's *Imagine* during the ceremony
in East Mudros Military Cemetery, Lemnos.
Photograph by Dimitris Boulotis. See page 10



Service of Remembrance at the Memorial Gates, 14 March (Commonwealth Day).
Hyde Park Corner end of Constitution Hill, London.
Photograph by James Stopford.



29th Division annual memorial service at Stretton-on-Dunsmore, Rugby, 13 March
to honour and remember the departure of the 29th Division for Gallipoli.
Wreath laid and photograph by David Mason. See page 11.



Steve Chambers (light cap) guides the group to Y Beach, seen immediately below.
Gallipoli Association Battlefield Tour, May 2016.
Photograph by Bryn Dolan. See pages 12-14.



The group at the spit on which the *River Clyde* beached, V Beach.
Gallipoli Association Battlefield Tour, May 2016.
Photograph by Bryn Dolan. See pages 12-14.



Clive Harris of *Battle Honours* points towards the Gaba Tepe headland during the cruise off Anzac, Gallipoli Association Battlefield Tour, May 2016.

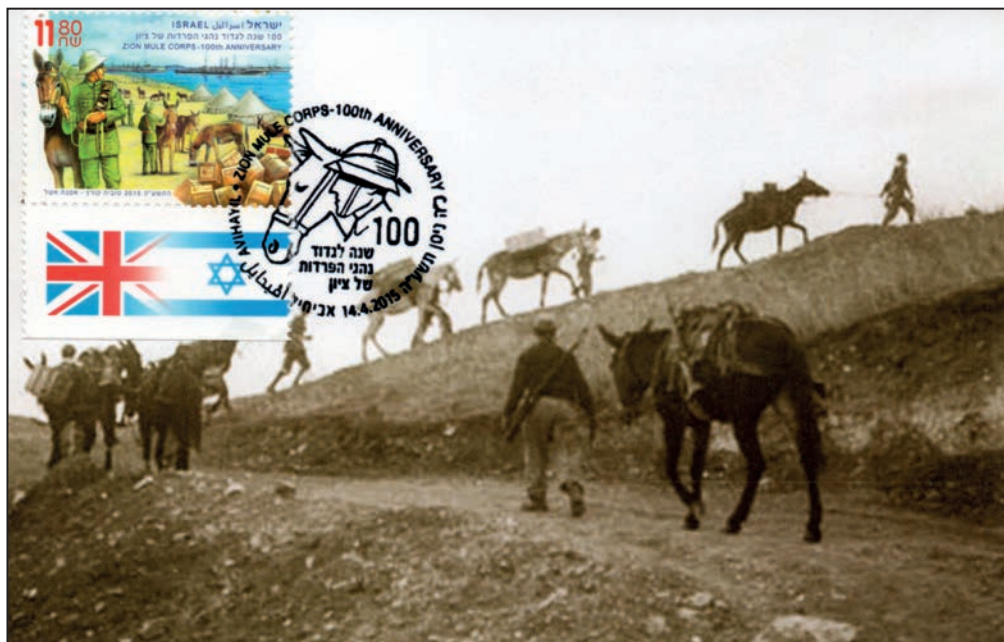
Group members (left to right) Anthony Siese, David Winn and Andrew Duff.
Photograph by Bryn Dolan. See pages 12-14.



Barış Yeşildağ, one of our Turkish guides (second from end), accompanying group members Richard Olsen, Joe Orgar, Matthew Feeney and, behind Barış, Paul Simadas, on the 'New Zealand walk.'
Descending from Table Top onto Old No. 3 Outpost,
Gallipoli Association Battlefield Tour, May 2016.



Israel Post first day cover commemorating the centenary of the formation of the Zion Mule Corps.
Original cover courtesy of Michael Robson. See page 28.



Israel Post postcard commemorating the centenary of the formation of the Zion Mule Corps.
Original card courtesy of Michael Robson. See page 28.



Ian Taylor kneels at the grave in Lancashire Landing cemetery of his paternal grandfather, Major James C Taylor, Medical Officer, 4 Bn Royal Scots Fusiliers, one hundred years to the day after his death. Photograph by Ian and Robert Taylor.



Ian and Robert Taylor at the grave in Lancashire Landing cemetery of their paternal grandfather, Major James C Taylor, Medical Officer, 4 Bn Royal Scots Fusiliers, on the centenary of his death; 8 June 2015. Photograph by Ian and Robert Taylor.

MUDROS BAY, LEMNOS IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD

Henrietta Megarry

By the end of 1915, Mudros – a huge bay on the Greek island of Lemnos – had become a household name throughout the British Empire and beyond. Tens of thousands of troops, labourers and medical personnel from the French and British empires spent time on ships in the bay or in camps and hospitals on the shore. Mudros became the logistical hub of the Gallipoli Campaign and was often the last place in Allied hands seen by the troops as they went to the peninsula. Sometimes mistaken for another island, the name Mudros applied both to the bay and to a village on its shore.

Some of the foreigners who found themselves in Lemnos during the First World War wrote about the island and its inhabitants. Often revealing much about themselves, they give an interesting picture of the landscape, weather and everyday life, as well as some indication of the relationship between the villagers and the outsiders who appeared in their midst.

Landscape

Not surprisingly, first impressions of the island were various and linked to previous experience. When Lieutenant Richard M E Reeves, 1st Battalion KOSB, arrived in May 1915 he found the island a ‘very pretty country rather like Scotland.’¹ Sister Eva W B Lea, of Queen Alexandra’s Imperial Military Nursing Service Reserve, was another outsider who was reminded of the wilder parts of Britain. When she went by donkey to the hot baths at Therma, her Greek guide took her by a precipitous route which she compared to a bleak pass in the Lake District. She was pleased to recover from the journey by having a refreshing bath and a meal of tea with Ideal milk, bread and grape jam.²

The landscape surrounding Mudros Bay also reminded those who came from the other end of the earth of places close to home. In the history *The Maoris in the Great War* two young men of the Ngati-Kahungunu are quoted as comparing the slopes of Mudros with Poukawa and ‘the back-country of Hawke’s Bay.’³

Australian sister, Anne Donnell, found the harbour ‘very pretty indeed’ when she arrived there in October 1915 and wrote that:

I can count a 100 boats of different kinds, one is put in mind of Sydney. Only in place of the pretty pleasure loving Ferrys – put Gun boats etc.⁴

Peaceful Beauty

Arriving in Lemnos in March 1915, French medical officer, Joseph Vassal, saw it as ‘one of the famous Isles of Greece’ which had ‘the most entrancing colours’ in spring. From the boat, he admired the ‘veritable beauty’ and the exceptionally clear air. ‘Everything seems to be coloured by a magic brush.’⁵

Sunsets and nights on Lemnos were especially impressive. The Reverend Henry Clapham Foster, who found himself with the Royal Naval Brigade in Mudros Bay in March 1915, wrote of ‘[t]he most glorious sunsets ...that we have ever seen.’ He added:

I can still picture one officer, who would stand motionless, gazing out from the transport to the hills, lit up by the sun’s departing rays – it was Rupert Brooke.⁶

On 6 July Sister M A Brown, staff nurse in the QAIMNS (Reserve) wrote of the contrast between Mudros and the Front at Gallipoli.

The Bay here is very pretty especially at night when the Hospital Ships are all lit up. The hills are so pretty & everything looks so peaceful that it is hard to realize such fierce fighting is going on within 4 hours journey of us.⁷

Lieutenant William Sorley Brown, King's Own Scottish Borderers, reported that it would be impossible to imagine a more beautiful and calm evening than his first evening in Mudros Bay:

The hills in the west were sharply outlined against the lovely rose-red of the sunset, which for a while cast a crimson hue over the quiet sea. Gradually the tide of colour ebbed, until even the grey melted away.

Facing the 'horrible and ghastly hell' of the peninsula just forty miles away, he was glad that he could 'appreciate fine sunsets' which would provide him with 'food for the soul'.⁸

Stormy Weather

When Sorley Brown wrote of this glorious November sunset, he hardly expected that twelve hours later he would be trapped on board by 'the most awful wind-storm' he had ever experienced. There was no rain but the gale was so strong that no one could stand on the top deck.⁹

Sister Lea also noted the contrast on Lemnos in winter between calm and storm. As a gale raged on 14 November 1915, she wrote that 'in between the days of gale & dust & perhaps rain, we get absolutely perfect days and the Island is beautiful'.¹⁰

At the end of November, Sorley Brown, now living under canvas on shore, described the most dramatic thunderstorm followed by torrential rain and some snow showers. He reported that the locals said the weather conditions would get even worse from the middle of December. Some poor soldiers did not have winter clothing. In spite of wearing layers of warm clothes, Sorley Brown still felt 'like an icicle'.¹¹

Traders

As well as describing the landscape and the weather, members of the Allied forces wrote about the people of Lemnos. They had most contact with the traders who supplied them with local produce.

Herbert Hillier painted a small, brightly coloured watercolour of a 'little Greek 'bum-boat''. His notes explained that these would sell figs, eggs, fish and Turkish delight. He was amused by the fact that many different kinds of coins were in use and that the change given by one boat would be rejected by the next.¹²

Lemniots traded with the foreign troops both at sea and on land. Lieutenant George Davidson, 89th Field Ambulance, described his walk on 20 April 1915 through the village of Mudros as 'very interesting' and wrote of the 'money-making Greek' 'taking advantage of there being so many men about.' Not only did 'almost every house [contain] something for sale' but also new wooden shops had been constructed near the French camp. Wine was very cheap and in April it was still available before the restrictions which were imposed later. Honey was another product which was for sale, along with Turkish Delight which a stall holder explained must not be so named but must be called Greek Delight.¹³

The Greek traders were variously described as demanding high prices in order to get rich

at the expense of the outsiders and as being very friendly and generous. One account had the 'primitive, ignorant peasants' conducting their business by 'extortion'.¹⁴ Whereas Davidson wrote:

The natives are inclined to be very friendly, the Greek who brought me the fruit absolutely refused payment, saying, "It's for the commander, he take Constantinople and me give him this."¹⁵

Capitaine D., an anonymous French officer, believed that all the islanders enriched themselves either by selling their products and merchandise at high prices in their shops or by earning reasonable wages working as stevedores loading and unloading Allied ships in the bay. He stressed the warm relationship between the local people and the occupying forces.¹⁶ The local Greek café owners replaced their '*Kafeneion*' signs with red, white and blue placards declaring '*A la Belle France*' or '*A la France Victorieuse*.' Raki was replaced by champagne, rum and beer and large tables took the place of the traditional, small, blue pedestal tables.¹⁷

Some accounts emphasised the difference between home and Lemnos. Others stressed the similarity. Sorley Brown bought some cigarettes in one of the Greek villages and wrote that the 'Grocery establishment' looked like 'Esther Kennedy's famous old shop at Ettrickbridgend'.¹⁸

Picturesque or Ragged

Contact with the local people did not arise only through trading. Vassal, for example, was sent ashore to explore part of the island in order to find a good place to bivouac. He was delighted to be able to understand some words spoken by '... Greek shepherds of classic picturesqueness [who talked] to us in the language of Homer'.¹⁹

References were made not only to Ancient Greece but also to the Bible. For example, a Maori soldier wrote a letter at Mudros in which he used the word 'quaint' to describe the villages and said that the shepherds dressed just like men in Bible pictures looking after their flocks. Interestingly, he also wrote that the dress of Lemniot women was the same as that of Maori women.²⁰

Reverend H C Foster wrote of the 'great delight' the officers and men felt in visits to the island. He explained that Lemnos was a Greek island where '[t]hey speak modern Greek, which is easy to pronounce, and very like ancient Greek.' He described the inhabitants as 'happy peasants living in small, clean houses, and working here and there on little plots of land' and the men as 'very picturesque in their blue trousers and goat-skin coats'.²¹

Likewise, when Davidson met some shepherds at the top of a hill with their sheep and goats, he found the men 'very picturesque in their moccasin shoes, sheepskin waistcoats and heavy coats with hoods'.²² In contrast, Turpin commented on the small villages round Mudros Bay 'peopled by a few dirty & ragged Greeks' for whom the British naval base had provided some work. He could not imagine how they had lived before.²³ However, Davidson judged that all the villagers seemed 'happy and contented on the small pittance any of them earn' and he pointed out that there was 'no attempt at farming on anything but the smallest scale'.²⁴

Agriculture

Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Brayley Collett, 28th Battalion, AIF, described the products of the island as 'grapes and a few other fruits, walnuts, wheat, barley and a little cotton'.²⁵ To

this list Sorley Brown added tobacco.²⁶ Collett noticed a few flocks of long-haired sheep on the hills and the 'primitive wooden ploughs fitted with an iron share', which were pulled by oxen, or a donkey and an ox, 'both...in a very decrepit condition.' Reverend Dr Ewing observed the use of the wooden plough. 'The seed was scattered on the surface, and then ploughed down.' The peasant farmer did the ploughing while his wife or daughter scared the birds.

It was curious to see these simple operations ... in the interspaces between hills and military camps, while masses of men were being drilled on the pastoral slopes and lusty khaki-clad youths here and there played football...²⁷

'The primitive ways of the natives' fascinated the outsiders. Threshing was of particular interest. On a walk in July 1915 to 'Rosapool', Davidson observed whole families involved in threshing on circular stone threshing floors on which it was usually the woman who stood on the wooden sledge, 'studded most carefully with flints', and prodded the pair of oxen to go round and round.²⁸ Capitaine D. reported that horses and donkeys were used for threshing. They went round with a curved, shaking plank on which women, children or old men were mounted and under which were small blades of flint or iron. He also observed children in charge of large flocks of goats, sheep and cattle.²⁹

The French had bases near the village of Varos above which there was a row of twelve windmills on the crest of a hill forming a crown which was visible all round the island and from the sea. Capitaine D. explained that this type of windmill was known in medieval France – it consisted of a stone tower with a conical thatched roof supported on a wooden framework which turned around as the large canvas sails caught the wind.³⁰

Villages

Most of the villages were of similar size except for Kastro which was much bigger. There were many women and few men in the villages because the men had gone far away to earn their living and to send back enough for their families to live on. The local industries consisted of shoemaking, weaving woollen cloth, making cord and doing very beautiful embroidery with original designs and vivid colours.³¹ Dr Ewing judged that there was 'very little of real poverty' in the villages of Lemnos.³²

Royal Navy surgeons Geoffrey Sparrow and James Ness Macbean Ross were two observers of Lemniot life who took a negative view of the island, seeing the houses as 'mean dirty hovels, though picturesque enough in the distance.'³³ In contrast, Sorley Brown judged that:

The houses of the Greek peasants are much better than the average house of the agricultural labourer in Scotland.

He was invited into several houses in which he noticed a portrait of Venezelos 'for whom the Greeks have unbounded admiration.' He was introduced to the schoolmaster and his wife in one village. He found them 'an intelligent couple' and drank wine with the wife who was a 'lovely and charming Greek woman.'³⁴

Collett wrote that, as in Egypt, there were cafés in each village selling sweet, thick coffee to the local men, who were often joined by the Australian soldiers, when taking a break from their walking trips on the island.³⁵

Village children made a good impression on the visitors. One day, Sorley Brown came across a group of about sixty young Greek school pupils walking on a hillside. They were singing songs and were with two male schoolteachers: 'all seemed to be a very happy company.' A

group of Greek children playing on their own in a village also impressed him. He found them 'pleasant and tidy' and wrote that they did not beg like the children in Malta.³⁶

In March 1915, Foster walked five miles to the village he called Leivadi where he sheltered from the rain under the porch of the church, just as the children were leaving school.

They came round me, like flies round a jam-pot, a happy throng of boys and girls, jabbering away...

He managed to get them to understand that he wished to visit the church so a boy took the key from behind a stone in the wall. The children showed him round the church and were amazed when he read aloud from the 'Greek Testament.' The village policeman, who spoke some English, and the schoolmaster appeared and they all went to the village inn where Foster had a bottle of light ale. The village priest joined them and Foster was amused to discover that he was also the proprietor of the inn.³⁷

Turkish Inhabitants of Lemnos

Foster went with his friend Tisdall, who was to gain the Victoria Cross on 25 April, to find the three Turkish villages they had been told were on Lemnos. In fact, there was really one main Turkish village, Lera – now Ayios Dimitrius – and the other two were hamlets nearby. He found them to be 'squalid and dirty' and the inhabitants suspicious. Tisdall and Foster judged that the Turkish men made a poor attempt at farming, unlike the Greeks.

Some of the men appeared to be wearing a fez with a kind of turban round it, and printed on it were quotations from the Koran.³⁸

Dr Ewing reported that the Greek inhabitants of Lemnos had 'very grim memories of Turkish barbarities and infamies.' A village that used to be exclusively Turkish was pointed out to the visitors, with its 'broken minaret, a few texts from the Koran carved on a fountain and a tarbush worn by a man who toiled with his wife in a tobacco patch...'³⁹

Capitaine D. had a much more positive impression of the relationship between Greek and Turkish islanders. He found them mutually supportive and good neighbours. He explained that it was only the arrival of a battalion of Greek volunteers to the French Army from outside the island that had disturbed the peace. They had fired on Turkish peasants and robbed them but this behaviour had been condemned by the French war council and calm had returned. The Turks allowed the French to visit their mosques and were impressed by the way Turkish prisoners were treated. Finally it was decided to disband the battalion of Greek volunteers which had been the cause of much trouble.⁴⁰

Therma and Kastro

The hamlet of Therma impressed visitors with its 'very well-appointed marble bath largely used in times of peace by the upper-class Greeks, both as a prophylactic and as a cure for nearly every disease to which flesh is heir.'⁴¹ Collett wrote that the visit to the hot springs on Mt. Therma was the favourite excursion for Australian troops who relished the hot baths which they took in twos and threes. After months without a good wash, they soaped and rinsed themselves repeatedly, until the proprietor had to move them on, so the next visitor could enter.⁴²

Kastro, the capital, on the other side of the island from Mudros, was seen by visitors as 'a picturesque town' and had 'an inn which produced an excellent omelette and good white wine.'⁴³ Collett described the streets as being 'the width of a Perth right of way... [with] shops on either side.' The size of the shops varied from half a coffee stall to the size of a

small grocery shop in an Australian suburb. As well as fruit, 'cheaply made English and German goods' could be bought for 'prohibitive' prices.⁴⁴

Capitaine D. admired the front along the sea at Kastro, with its beautiful houses in the European style, where ladies of the town paraded up and down every day at 5 o'clock. He was also impressed by the large cathedral which at that time was accommodating Greek refugees from Turkey. The town was made most agreeable to live in by large shady gardens. It was busy at this time with the French and English troops coming to shop in stores which were quite well stocked with European goods.⁴⁵

Mixed Feelings

Despite the difficulties they experienced during their time there, many of the foreigners commented favourably on the island and its people. In the Greek villagers, the outsiders met with a peasant society, apparently primitive in its technology but with deep linguistic and cultural roots leading back through Ottoman occupation to Byzantium and the world of antiquity. Lemniot society must be seen both as a distinct entity and also as part of the Greek diaspora of the eastern Mediterranean in the early twentieth century. For the Lemniots the temporary occupation of their island by Allied forces brought a great economic opportunity as well as considerable restrictions on their everyday life. The Allied blockade of the Aegean and the use of local resources to provision the Allied troops resulted in serious deprivation by the beginning of 1916. The circumstances which brought the inhabitants and the occupiers into such close proximity with each other led to ambivalence on both sides. The newly established Lemnos newspaper called 1915 the 'Christmas Without Bread' and asked:

What good is it to have your purse full of gold or English and French coins, if you can't find wheat, if there is no flour or bread?⁴⁶

Anne Donnell expressed the mixed feelings of the nursing sisters as they sailed away from Mudros on their way to Egypt:

We have just seen the last of Lemnos. Of course we are glad, yet there are many things we will miss: the unconventional freedom and the unique experiences we had there... Goodbye Lemnos. We take away many happy memories of you. I would not have liked to miss you, yet I have no desire to see you again.⁴⁷

Endnotes (to conserve space some notes have been combined on the same line).

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THE 1936 GALLIPOLI PILGRIMAGE

Wes Olson

On 29 October 1935 the newly-commissioned light cruiser HMAS *Sydney* sailed from Portsmouth to join the Australian Squadron based in Sydney, New South Wales. The ship was under the command of Captain John FitzGerald, RN, but the majority of the ship's company was Australian, and they were hoping to be home for Christmas. It was not to be. The Royal Navy's Mediterranean Fleet needed to be reinforced as a result of the Abyssinian Crisis, and *Sydney* was ordered to join the 2nd Cruiser Squadron at Gibraltar. The heavy cruiser HMAS *Australia* was similarly affected, having been assigned to the 1st Cruiser Squadron at Alexandria.

Sydney remained based at Gibraltar until March 1936, when she joined *Australia* at Alexandria. A few days after her arrival Admiral Sir William Fisher, the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, visited *Sydney*. It was an informal visit, and as Sir William wandered the ship, escorted by her executive officer, Commander John Collins, RAN, he chatted with the ratings. Collins became worried when the Commander-in-Chief approached 'the worst hat in the ship, an old Stoker, no badges, second-class for conduct and leave. And then he sprang the surprise of which we had not heard even a rumour':

"Would you like to go to Gallipoli?" he asked the Stoker.

"My bloody oath, Sir." came the unpremeditated reply.

"And why?"

"Well, Sir, I was on Gallipoli from the landing to the evacuation."

By chance, Fisher had put his question to one of the few ex-AIF soldiers in the ship's company. He then turned to a young able seaman and said "Well, you weren't on Gallipoli, I'm sure." The sailor replied, "No, Sir, but my father was." Admiral Fisher was delighted, and said to Collins, "You've got a good ship's company, Commander. I like the way they speak up."¹

The trip of a lifetime was confirmed on 24 April, when the ship's company was told that they would be sailing on 27 April and meeting *Australia* at sea before proceeding to Gallipoli. The pilgrimage had been organised by Colonel Cyril Hughes, an Australian Gallipoli veteran who was now working for the Imperial War Graves Commission in Cairo. Hughes would travel in *Sydney* and act as guide and advisor.

Australia and *Sydney* reached the entrance to the Dardanelles just after sunrise on 29 April. Many officers and ratings were already on deck, straining to catch a glimpse of the peninsula they had heard so much about. According to Midshipman John Ross (serving in *Sydney*), some had lost fathers, brothers, uncles and friends during the Gallipoli campaign, and now gazed 'with what must have been very mixed feelings on the dark blot of land stretching away to the northward.' It was a sobering moment when they caught sight of the British and French cemeteries at Cape Helles, which stood in stark contrast against the dark green background of the hills.

At about 0730, wrote Ross, they passed through the Narrows, 'with Khelid Bahr to port and the town of Chanak to starboard.' Shortly afterwards the cruisers anchored in unison off the small village of Kilia Liman on the eastern side of the peninsula. Some thirty ladies and gentlemen from the 'Turkish People's Party and the Turkish National War Graves Commission' then went on board *Australia* for the official welcoming ceremony, followed by breakfast in the wardroom. By 1000 the formalities were complete and the first boat-loads of men were making their way shoreward.²

Waiting at Kilia Liman was a small collection of cars and trucks which would take the first groups the five miles across the peninsula to a drop-off point just north of Gaba Tepe. From here, wrote Ross, they walked about a mile-and-a-half to Beach Cemetery just above Hell Spit:

Here we all gathered, along with representatives of the War Graves Commission and their [Turkish] equivalent of our Ex-Servicemen's Association, whilst a short service was conducted by our chaplains, this being followed by the laying of wreaths on behalf of both countries and the sounding of the 'Last Post.'³

After the service the men were permitted to wander the old battlefields and cemeteries at their leisure.

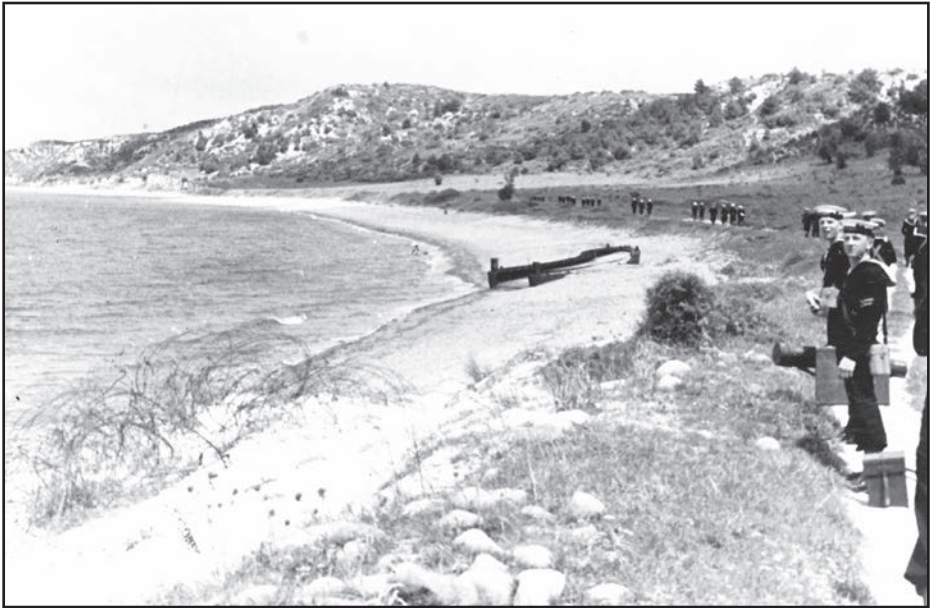
Ross and several other midshipmen decided to have their lunch in Anzac Cove before exploring the hills. They sat down at the base of the cliffs to eat their sandwiches and noted that the area was strewn with rusted and broken equipment, water-bottles (some with bullet holes in them), parts of rifles, spurs, broken rum jars, bomb-splinters, mildewed boots and a dozen and one other items. Ross wrote:

Noticing a piece of leather in the grass beside me, I casually picked it up and was able to

identify it as part of a spur-strap, whilst within a foot of that there lay a twisted old boot which, by the look of its size, must originally have been the property of an Anzac “six-footer.”⁴

After lunch they climbed Plugge’s Plateau and crossed onto Walker’s Ridge. Ross was astonished by the view, being able to see Ocean Beach and Suvla Bay ‘stretched away into the distance’ to the north, and the ‘sickle shape of Gaba Tepe curved out into the sea’ to the south. They then crossed the ‘Nek’, inspected the nearby Turkish War Memorial, and followed the track up Baby 700 to Chunuk Bair.

From the crest of this hill there is a magnificent view across the Narrows and we could see Chanak, Kilia Liman and our two cruisers at anchor and looking like toys in the distance. Chunuk Bair’s position is thus such a commanding one that it is no wonder that it was the scene of desperate struggles. In several spots on the side of the hill, incidentally, we found huge shell-splinters, fragments of the projectiles hurled there by our battleship *Queen Elizabeth* and others from far out in the Aegean whilst bombarding and ‘softening up the enemy’s positions.’³



Ratings stroll along the shore just north of Gaba Tepe. The stretch of white sand in the distance is Brighton Beach, the intended landing area of the 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade on the morning of 25 April 1915. The prominent hill above Brighton Beach is Bolton’s Hill. Hell Spit is just out of camera to the top left.

Petty Officer Ted McHaffie was in a group which decided to walk from Kilia Liman to Brighton Beach, so missed the pre-lunch service. In a letter to his mother he wrote that it took two-and-a-half hours to march across the peninsula, and that when they reached Anzac Cove an old scene was truly re-enacted. ‘Hundreds of the boys scaled the heights and got some slight idea of what was required of our boys in the great struggle.’ McHaffie then visited a number of cemeteries, and wrote that Colonel Hughes deserved high praise for his excellent work with the War Graves Commission:

He accompanied us and explained generally the layout of everything. It was exceptionally interesting and I was fortunate in having a pal who was an ex-Anzac and my interest was

intense. He and I walked 20 miles that day and I found gruesome momentos [*sic*] at every step, viewing things through his eyes as it were.⁶

After Chunuk Bair, Ross and his companions retraced their steps and visited the cemeteries at Quinn's Post, Courtney's and Steel's Post, Johnston's Jolly and Lone Pine. Ross decided to read the names of the missing on the Lone Pine Memorial and was staggered by the sheer number of them. 'Row upon row the names are inscribed around the walls. An appalling cost.'

Around the back of Lone Pine and stretching as far to the northward as Walker's Ridge we could still discern the trenches and occasional dug-outs . . . Picking our way around this vicinity we found among the low scrub a wealth of rusted and broken gear such as mess-tins, bully-beef tins, broken rifles and bayonets, etc., and one seaman found in a ravine a pair of binoculars in their mildewed leather case, much stained and tarnished by their long exposure to the elements but still in remarkably good condition. In some dug-outs and rain-washed gullies could be seen odd bones, the remains of some poor chap who had perforce to be buried without identification and hence had escaped interment in the nearby cemeteries.⁷

Commander Collins was keen to see Lone Pine because his older brother Reginald had fought there with the 23rd Australian Infantry Battalion. Reg had often told him that the trenches were so close that 'Turks and Australians did not need to shout to be overheard by each other'. Collins could see that his brother's stories were true, for in places the trenches were 'only a few paces apart'.⁸



Ratings from *Australia* and *Sydney* pay their respects at the Lone Pine cemetery and memorial.

From Lone Pine, Ross made his way down to Shrapnel Gully where Private John Simpson of the 3rd Field Ambulance once worked, and thence to Beach Cemetery where he was buried. Ross sought out the headstone of the legendary 'man with the donkey', and found it 'in a sacred little spot on one side, close by the water's edge and facing the sea.'

The inscription read:

JOHN SIMPSON
KIRKPATRICK SERVED AS
202 J. SIMPSON
AUSTRALIAN ARMY MEDICAL CORPS
19 MAY 1915 AGE 22
HE GAVE HIS LIFE
THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE

Ross thought it a simple epitaph for a man of such great courage and high ideals, but believed it to be just as Simpson would have wished. 'He needs no memorial to keep his memory alive.'⁹



Beach Cemetery, 29 April 1936.

It was late afternoon before the last groups assembled at Gaba Tepe to await transport back across the peninsula. The next day the remaining 600 officers and ratings went ashore while the first group prepared *Australia* and *Sydney* for sea. They sailed at dusk on 30 April, and returned to Alexandria two days later.

Midshipman Ross spent one day at Gallipoli, and later confessed that few other days in his life left such a lasting impression on him. Commander Collins was equally moved, and wrote:

The cemeteries, perfectly kept in lovely settings, were a credit to the Commission and the Turkish gardeners who tended them. In fact, although it may seem a strange thing to say, to me they were of great beauty, unlike any cemeteries elsewhere. They were not depressing and I personally left with a feeling of contentment, satisfied that the Anzacs on Gallipoli rest in peace.¹⁰



HMAS *Sydney* at anchor in the Dardanelles; in the foreground Australian sailors mingle with the local villagers at Kilia Liman whilst awaiting transport to Gaba Tepe.

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THE DAY LONDON REMEMBERED THE ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS.



Tom Burke BA, M.Litt, MBE
Chairman, the Royal Dublin Fusiliers Association.

Exactly 100 years to the day, on Saturday 25 April 2015, sixteen members of The Royal Dublin Fusiliers Association who travelled from Dublin to London, marched passed the cenotaph in London to remember the men from the old Dublin regiment who died in Gallipoli. Several old comrades from the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers marched alongside the Dubs too. Among the Dublin's group were Dr. Patricia and Miss Margaret Horne, twin daughters of Dr. Andre Horne RAMC, who served as a doctor in Gallipoli. The BBC journalist Fergal Keane had interviewed these ladies in their Dublin home prior to their

departure and they had appeared on BBC 1 News. Amazingly these two ladies, who are in their late eighties, stood on parade in Whitehall for over two hours as the bands of the Guards, Royal Marine and Turkish Air Force marched past the cenotaph. Three young soldiers, who had been on parade for the same length of time beside these ladies, fell off the parade feeling faint, and yet these two Irish ladies stood firm all that time. Nothing was going to hold them back from marching past the cenotaph that morning in memory of their father. I wonder if HM The Queen would have later invited them for tea had she known these two ladies, of her own vintage, had stood for two cold hours in memory of their father. Another member of the RDFA who marched passed the Cenotaph that morning was Mrs. Marie Plane, nee Guilfoyle, the granddaughter of RSM Michael Guilfoyle. All three ladies wore their fathers' and grandfathers' medals with pride as they passed the cenotaph, at which a wreath was laid by the Irish Ambassador, Mr Dan Mulhall. People watching the parade from the kerbside clapped as the Dubs ladies marched past. When the parade ended near Wellington Barracks, there was a lot of emotion shown by those of us who marched. Patrick Arnold stood for a moment of silent reflection at the Guards memorial in memory of his father who had served with the Dublins in Gallipoli. Great credit must go to a couple of parade marshals, who for safety reasons, marched alongside our two ladies all the way. We never got their names, so whoever you chaps are, you did your country proud.

But our sense of pride did not end with the parade. Included in the Order of Service that had taken place at the cenotaph earlier was a reading given by a twenty-two year old man by the name of Michael Toohey, a direct descendant of Private Thomas Toohey, 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who was killed at 'V' Beach on 25 April 1915. What a moment in history this was for that old Irish regiment. Of all the British and Anzac regiments who took part in the Gallipoli campaign, and whose descendants were represented at the cenotaph, it was the Dublin Fusiliers who were given pride of place to represent all those who served and died in Gallipoli.

Soon after the parade, our group headed off to Holy Trinity Church in Eltham. We had been invited to attend a Gallipoli Service of Remembrance. In 1917, Holy Trinity's Gallipoli Chapel was created by Henry Hall, who had served as a chaplain with the 29th Division, and who was then vicar of the parish. The RDFA had donated towards the cost of refurbishing an RDF regimental crest on display in the chapel. We arrived a bit late, but our standard was graciously placed at the foot of the altar alongside other standards of past regiments who served on the Peninsula. The central theme of the service was that of reconciliation, and the reading included those famous words of reconciliation spoken by Atatürk in 1934. In his sermon the Bishop of Woolwich, the Right Reverend Dr. Michael Ippgrave OBE, reflected on the tragic loss of young lives in Gallipoli, of friend and foe alike.

And so our Gallipoli day of remembrance ended. It was the day London remembered the Dublin Fusiliers. For the descendants who took part, a chapter in their family histories was closed. Leaving aside the historic tragedy and legacy associated with Gallipoli and the appalling loss of young lives on all sides in that ill-fated campaign, it would have been a shame had the old Dublins, the Munsters and Inniskillings not been remembered. We didn't forget ye lads, rest now in peace.

Correction:

Several correspondents have advised that, though on page 43 of the Spring 2016 *Gallipolitan* it is stated that Captain Ivanov of the *Askold* was awarded the Victoria Cross, no evidence for this can be found (Editor).

GALLIPOLI – IN SEARCH OF MY GRANDFATHER AND THE 52ND (LOWLAND) DIVISION

Ian L. Taylor, M.D., Ph.D.

Roy Westlake's book *British Regiments at Gallipoli* includes the following passage abstracted from the service diary of the Royal Scots Fusiliers which states that in June 1915:

Two companies and Machine Gun Section embarked Renard (6th) and to Gallipoli. Landed V Beach, Cape Helles, 7pm. Two companies sailed Rowan. Moved to rest camp and dug in. Camp shelled (7th) – Medical Officer Major James Craik Taylor mortally wounded.

Major James C. Taylor was my paternal grandfather. Although I never knew him, I became a physician in large part because of the high regard he was held in by my father and the ultimate sacrifice he made while serving his nation. Our family's attempts to find out how he died started when I was a child. My father took my brother, Robert, and me to the Scottish National War Memorial Chapel in Edinburgh Castle. Every Scottish soldier that has died in battle is listed in regimental books in this chapel. When we first visited, my father could not find a record of my grandfather's death. He left the castle officials with the date and place of his father's death so they could include his name in the official records. Although we had pictures of my grandfather in uniform from the Boer War and World War I and his commemorative 'death penny,' we had no idea how he was killed.

Several years ago I found my grandfather's gravesite using the Commonwealth War Graves Commission website. The site indicated his final resting place was in the Lancashire Landing cemetery at Cape Helles. I was able to download a picture of the cemetery and a site map listing the plot in which he was buried. These findings stimulated me to search for more information. I stumbled upon a blog site that sought to find information about missing names on World War I memorials. By chance, someone was seeking information about my grandfather because his name had not been included in a local memorial to the fallen. Someone replied that they had additional information about his initial burial site in Gallipoli. This person had attached an old photograph from the Imperial War Museum collection of two British soldiers walking past several graves marked by crude wooden crosses. Only one grave site had a plaque that could be read and it was that of 'Major J C Taylor British Army Medical Corps,' my grandfather.

In 2014, my brother and I travelled to Edinburgh Castle to see if our grandfather was now listed amongst the dead of the Royal Scots Fusiliers (RSF). We searched but could not find him listed there. Two castle guides were very helpful and explained if he was in the Royal Army Medical Corps (RAMC) then he was only attached to the RSF and his death would be listed in the RAMC book, which it was. Now we were anxious to both visit his grave and find out more about his journey to Gallipoli.

Roy Westlake's book included another short paragraph about the 1/4th and 1/5th Battalions RSF which were units in the volunteer Territorial Force (TF):

May: Stirling, Stirlingshire. Part of 155th Brigade, 52nd (Lowland) Division. Entrained for Liverpool (19th) and embarked Mauretania. Strength – 30 officers, 952 other ranks. Sailed (21st). Arrived Mudros Bay, Lemnos (29th).

My grandfather sailed with them on the *Mauretania*.

My grandfather was part of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps (VMSC), which included

companies originally formed in Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Glasgow between 1886 and 1894. He graduated from Glasgow University Medical School with MB, Ch.B., and is listed in the University of Glasgow website initially as a 'Captain' in the 'Royal Army Medical Corps – special reserve.' In his final memorial his name appears as 'Major James Craik Taylor, Royal Army Medical Corps – att'd. 4th Bn. Royal Scots Fusiliers. Died of wounds, 8 June 1915.' He was 42 years old when he died. His biography states he graduated from medical school in 1896 and after graduation worked at Stewartan Hospital, Ayrshire. We knew that he served in the 2nd Anglo-Boer War in South Africa (1900-1901), having been commissioned as a Surgeon Lieutenant in 1899. He was present at the actions at Houtrek and Wittebergen and received the Queen's medal with two clasps for his service. After returning from the Boer War he set up practice in Newlands on Glasgow's south side and published a book in 1911 on nutrition entitled 'Diet Charts for the Use of Physicians.'

He remained a member of the VMSC after the Boer War and, as a result, was quickly called up into the RAMC when war was declared in 1914. He initially served in Stirling with the Royal Scots Fusiliers, who had been assigned to coastal defence in August 1914. My grandfather set sail from Liverpool on HMT *Mauretania*, a sister ship of the *Lusitania* which had been sunk two weeks before by the German submarine U-20. Erik Larson would write in *Dead Wake* that the British Admiralty had lent Cunard up to 2.4 million pounds (\$2 billion in today's money) at a very low interest to build the two liners. The *quid pro quo* was that in the event of war the sister ships could be converted to 'armed auxiliary cruisers' by being equipped with naval artillery. Neither vessel was used in this manner. However, the *Mauretania* would become a troop carrier and hospital ship and the *Lusitania* would be carrying highly flammable aluminium and bronze powder and 1,250 cases of shrapnel artillery shells when it was sunk. This was likely a response to the shortage of artillery shells on the Western front and the Dardanelles. One of my great uncles died on the *Lusitania*. On board the *Mauretania* were the HQ of the 155th (South Scottish) Brigade, the 1/4th and 1/5th Battalions RSF, and the 1/5th Battalion the King's Own Scottish Borderers (KOSB). They sailed to Mudros Harbour on Lemnos Island via Gibraltar and Malta, arriving on May 19th. Units of the 1/4th Bn. RSF were transported to V Beach on the Gallipoli Peninsula on June 6th and then moved to W Beach. Lieutenant-Colonel R R Thompson wrote in his history of the 52nd (Lowland) Division that my grandfather was 'struck by shrapnel about 7:35 pm' on June 7th. After he was wounded, he would have been taken to a Regimental Aid Post but was never evacuated from Gallipoli, suggesting that it was obvious that his injuries were fatal. He died of his wounds on June 8th. He had the dubious honour of being the first officer serving with the 52nd (Lowland) Division to die in action.

I had initially assumed from Ray Westlake's summary of events that my grandfather had died on V Beach. As such, I could not understand why he was not buried in the V Beach cemetery until I read Alec Glen's diary entitled *In the Front Line: A Doctor in War and Peace*. Dr. Alec Glen was also a graduate of the University of Glasgow Medical School who volunteered to serve and sailed to Gallipoli. He arrived in Mudros Harbour a month or so after my grandfather. His unit was transferred to a small coaster for the fifty mile voyage to Cape Helles. He describes landing alongside the ex-coller *River Clyde*, which had been grounded on V Beach as a 'wooden horse' during the initial invasion on April 25th. After the beach was cleared of Turkish defenders, the *River Clyde* was regularly used to disembark newly-arrived troops. A soldier from the 157th (Highland Light Infantry) Brigade described being transported from Mudros on the *Raccoon* which pulled alongside the *River Clyde* on the night of July 2nd:

In disembarking, we had to clamber upon an accommodation ladder to the Clyde, follow a devious path through her battered interior, descend a gangway from the bow, and pick our way ashore over a miscellaneous assortment of half-sunken pontoons, boats and planks.

Dr. Glen described crossing the hills between V Beach and W Beach to a so-called 'rest camp' on W Beach. There he found himself deployed next to one of the 52nd (Lowland) Division's Field Ambulance units. With this information, my grandfather's site of burial now made sense because he would have followed the same route Dr. Glen took to W Beach. Lancashire Landing cemetery, where my grandfather was eventually laid to rest, was the closest cemetery to W Beach. My grandfather and the soldiers he was meant to care for landed in the midst of the Turkish counter attack that followed the failed Allied attack known as the 3rd Battle of Krithia. Immediately upon landing, the two RSF companies of the 1/4th Brigade were put into the line to relieve units of the 29th Division, which had taken heavy casualties during the battle of June 4 - 6th.

In early June 2015 my brother and I flew to Istanbul and travelled down to the Gallipoli battlefields. We visited our grandfather's grave on June 8, 2015, exactly 100 years to the day after his death. Lancashire Landing cemetery is beautifully kept by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission who employ locals to care for the grave sites. I felt a sense of guilt when I saw that there are very few cemeteries for the Turkish soldiers who fell in battle. The vast majority of the Turkish soldiers are buried in mass graves marked only by a flagpole flying a large Turkish flag. My brother and I were able to kneel in homage in front of our grandfather's grave, something the Turkish people cannot do for their lost loved ones. We held hands over his headstone (See photos on page 36) and shared a very emotional moment of reflection together. We then visited V Beach where our grandfather first landed on June 6th. We visited the V Beach Cemetery where I had initially expected him to be buried. It was only after our visit to Turkey that we discovered W Beach was the actual beach he died on. Fortunately, we also had also visited and spent time on W Beach.

The Turkish people could not have been kinder to us. Ömür Tufan, a curator at the Topkapı Palace Museum, showed us around the city of Istanbul and we were able to visit a 100 year anniversary exhibit devoted to the Battle of Çanakkale, as the Turks refer to the campaign. Ömür's grandfather also fought and died in the battle. However, his relative has no final resting place that Ömür can visit and reflect upon what might have been. We visited all the various memorial sites on the peninsula and were particularly touched by the famous quote by Mustafa Kemal Atatürk, the father of modern Turkey:

You, the mothers who sent their sons from far away countries wipe away your tears; your sons are now lying in our bosom and are in peace. After having lost their lives on this land they have become our sons as well.

Our trip to Turkey was a journey of discovery, not least of which was finding that small plot of Turkish soil that is now also Scottish. My grandfather had served with and taken care of soldiers of the Royal Scots Fusiliers for almost a year before his death in Gallipoli. He was spared having to be a witness to the massacre of his friends in the 'wicked' attacks planned by Hamilton and Hunter-Weston. He will forever lie alongside soldiers he was sent to care for and we would not have it any other way.

Notes:

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LETTERS FROM MIDSHIPMAN DUDLEY T C FIELD, HMS OCEAN

Foster Summerson

In August 1914, Lieut. Cmdr. Dudley T C Field was a cadet at Dartmouth Naval College and described the events just prior to the outbreak of war in a letter to his childhood nurse who had emigrated to New Zealand, and with whom he kept in touch.

‘At 4 o’clock on Saturday August 1st, I had a ‘drill’ and was fielding in the deep on a rather misty day, when up came Horley with an orange coloured envelope in his hand. He looked at me and gasped “We’ve got to mobilize”. I shouted “Mobilize” to the others in the game and ran for my coat and thence to the dormitory. We all shifted into blues and got our sea-chests down the narrow stairs, and out of the College in three quarters of an hour. At about 6.30 pm we fell in and marched off. We were cheered as we passed and left the College by those who were to follow later. We crossed by the ferry and at 7 o’clock the special train steamed out with 140 cadets and sea-chests complete. After much shunting we arrived at Chatham at 3.45 am and were dumped down on the station. And we weren’t expected. However they put us in the Gym of the Naval barracks and issued hammocks, so we slept for the rest of the night. Next day about half the cadets went off. We had a rotten time. On Monday morning we started early and reached Devonport at about 3.30 in the afternoon. Then we went off in a small steamboat and found our ship the ‘Ocean’ in dry dock. The 10 of us – midshipmen – went aboard.’

Letters to Dudley’s parents in the next few months told of his adventures on HMS *Ocean* and on smaller vessels. Since the letters do not relate to Gallipoli they are not reproduced here. However, Dudley Field summarised his ‘doings’ in an account sent the following year, part of which is reproduced below:

‘... went to sea – to Portland – patrolling over the spot where the ‘Formidable’ was later sunk. [1] Patrolling off Ireland (Bantry Bay, Queenstown) – Portland – Devonport. Conveying 25,000 troops to Gibraltar, Malta, 5 days there, the Port Said (12 hours) and through Suez to Aden. Waited there 3 weeks or a month. Met ‘Swiftsure’ with enormous convoy, wet to the Persian Gulf. Rotted at Bahrein. War declared on Turkey – Up Shat-el-Arab in broken down old launch ‘Garmsir’. Paid off at Abadan. Then on steam-launch ‘Lewis Pelly’. Went up to Basra – got fever – then to the sloop ‘Espiegle’ for two days. Admitted to General Hospital in Basra. Returned to the ‘Ocean’ where I found that Mr Elkes had been killed at Kurna [2]. Back to Aden and then to Suez where we just missed the Turks.’

On 14 March 1915 Dudley wrote to his father from HMS *Ocean* describing his experiences in the Dardanelles:

‘We are now coaling – so all is dirt and noise. I am not on the Engine-room job now, but on watch-keeping again. We are in or near the Dardanelles no-a-days. We’ve done a lot of firing ...

As regards our present job. The first day, we steamed in with the [censored] and [censored]. We opened fire on a fort, which did not reply. We also put a few shots in two villages. Later we went further up. I was in the fore-top, and saw everything. In the afternoon, we and two other battleships steamed in circles, firing at some batteries near a big village. It was awfully hard to spot the batteries – they were hidden and you had to try to spot a flash. Shots were dropping all around, some very close. They make a not unpleasant whistle and a relieving ‘plop’ as they finish in the water. Then we heard a hissing noise and a shell passed very close in the fore-top and hit the steam-pinnacle (which was hoisted in), smashing it up. It was a 6 inch I should think. I didn’t realise what the noise was – it was quite different to the others

– and so I was the only one up there who didn't duck, more by luck than good management. Shortly after, another hiss, and were hit on the armour – without any damage. We have had several minor hits. We were supported by the 'Queen Elizabeth' one day. She fires over the peninsula. Last night, in night operations, Mr Lane, the mate, was killed [3] also a Petty Officer and 2 men.

The next letter was sent by Dudley to his mother from HMS *Lord Nelson* on 22 March:

'This letter will have to be condensed owing to the "exigencies of the Service". Some day perhaps I'll sent the 18 page letter which I had intended to send! On the 18th we bombarded some forts. I had to take the job of a warrant-officer, working the Dumaresq[4] , as he was wanted elsewhere. At 2pm we suddenly saw a French ship- the 'Bouver' turn turtle. It was all over in two minutes. At 2.30, we opened fire at long range on a fort. At about 3pm the 'Irresistible' was mined and later they abandoned her - many men were killed in doing so. The Turks concentrated on the rescuing destroyers and the unprotected men on the quarter-deck.

At about 4pm fire around us became rather hotter. One shot hit the foremast and shook us up a bit. Another hit the waste steam pipe , clouds of steam which I thought was a fire at first. The wireless went; a bit of shell hit Mr Gibbons and just drew blood. Another hit my finger, but didn't even draw blood. We must have been hit by about 50 shots. An 11-inch smashed up the gun-room. Then about 5.30pm we hit a mine and abandoned ship. Destroyers were quickly alongside, the destroyer I was on was hit, but just got alongside the 'Lord Nelson' where – worse luck – I still am. Everyone (bar one scalded stoker) was saved. I had my life-saving collar, which wouldn't blow up. I've got no clothes at all, bar what I stand up in. However, I've got my wrist watch and a knife and 2 pencils too. There's a chance we may go home.

No time for more now.

Notes:

1. HMS *Formidable*, part of the 5th Battle Squadron, was torpedoed and sunk off Portland Bill on 31 December 1914.
2. A mis-spelling of Qurna. A force of two infantry battalions aided by a small gunboat fleet were dispatched to capture Basra in December 1914. Although the attacking force succeeded in pushing Turkish batteries from the east bank of the Tigris opposite Qurna, it was unable to cross the river and the force came under heavy fire from the town itself.
3. Lieut. Commander F J G M Elkes, RNR, HMS *Ocean* (attached Shaitan) was killed in action on 7 December 1914. He is buried in the Basra War Cemetery.
3. Mate Thomas Edward Lane, HMS *Ocean*, was killed in action on 13 March 1915. He is commemorated on the Plymouth Naval Memorial
4. A Dumaresq is described by Wikipedia as 'a mechanical calculating device – a form of analogue computer - invented around 1902 by Lieutenant John Dumaresq RN. It is relates the variables of fire control to the movement of one's own ship and that of a target ship'

Sunset And Evening Star And One Clear Call For Me

Epitaph on the headstone of Second Lieutenant Alfred Victor Smith VC, CdeG.
5th Bn East Lancashire Regiment.
Killed in action when he threw himself on a grenade, 23 December 1915, aged 24.
Twelve Tree Copse cemetery, Helles.

GENERAL FAHRETTIN ALTAY AND KING EDWARD VIII

Gavin Pinar

In 1936 General Fahrettin Altay was 56 years old and commander of the Turkish Army, when he was instructed by the president of Turkey, 'Kemal Atatürk,' to meet and welcome on his behalf King Edward VIII who was sailing in the Aegean Sea aboard the yacht *Nahlin* en-route to Istanbul.

These are the memoirs of General Altay concerning the three days he was with the King on the Gallipoli Peninsula and in Istanbul.

The order I received on 1 September, 1936 was thus; "Edward VIII, King of Britain, will travel to Istanbul under a different name, on board the yacht *Nahlin*. He will visit the Gallipoli battlefields en-route. Take two torpedo boats to the entrance to the Dardanelles, meet and escort him and show him around."

I was given this task because of I had been Chief of Staff of the corps that defended the Ariburnu front in 1915 and because I was now commander of the army responsible for the same area. Two interpreters were assigned to me besides Mr Woods from the British Embassy and the officer responsible for the British cemeteries on the Gallipoli Peninsula

We departed Istanbul aboard the torpedo-boats *Kocatepe* and *Adatepe* and on arrival in Çanakkale inspected the preparations for the royal visitor. We left Çanakkale after midnight for the entrance to the Dardanelles. We had with us a beautiful wreath made of yellow and red flowers of Çanakkale.

When we arrived north of Tenedos Island at sunrise on 3 September 1936, we saw three ships cruising towards us. *Nahlin* was followed by two light blue torpedo-boats and looked splendid under the bright sun rays. We stopped our boats, which were positioned in a line and all Turkish naval staff aboard each lined the decks ready to salute the important visitor. Our band played the British national anthem while the three visiting ships cruised in front of us returning our salutes. They then headed towards Suvla Bay, and we followed them. The Turkish corps commander in the Dardanelles area informed the British commodore by wireless that his corps was at their beck and call.

After dropping anchor in Suvla Bay, wireless messages were exchanged between the two parties and we took a motor-boat to *Nahlin*, where to our surprise we saw the young-looking blond King on the top deck looking smilingly at us. The King's aide-de-camp, who wore a civilian suit, came down to lead us up onto the deck and presented us to His Majesty, who received us with great courtesy. The delicate and polite King was of medium height and looked much younger than his 42 years. After having presented him Atatürk's respects and some mutual official words, the King inspected on a map and also by binoculars the shore on which the British troops landed in August 1915. As the ships weighed anchor and headed for Cape Helles one of the crystal glasses used to serve us cocktails dropped onto the floor and broke. The King commented, 'it is a sign of good luck...'

As we cruised off Ariburnu the King again carefully examined the coast and its hinterland. Pieces of a partially completed jigsaw of a map of Spain, scattered on a table, attracted my attention. The King smiled at me when he saw what had attracted my attention and commented, "it's a nice entertainment during long sea voyages." I replied, "Yes Majesty

but much patience must be needed,” and he responded, “Very correct. That part you see took two weeks to complete.”

Something else in the cabin attracted my attention and made me wonder if it was he himself who was occupied by this jigsaw or if there were other travellers too. This suspicion was triggered by the sight of a silk topcoat left on a chair at the table and by the smell of sweet perfume that spread from it. The owner was nowhere to be seen.

During our cruise towards Cape Helles, a wireless message from the Turkish commodore was presented to the King which read,

Nahlin will soon be cruising over H.M.S. *Triumph* torpedoed by a German submarine in 1915. If his Majesty will permit a stop there for a few minutes, Turkish sailors will drop a wreath there in memory of the gallant Britons.

So was obtained imperial permission and the wreath-laying ceremony took place accompanied by the British and Turkish anthems and also by the lowering and hoisting of the Turkish and British flags. The King stood calmly and quietly during the ceremony in full respect, then commented, “A very noble and well-thought action.”

We dropped anchor at Cape Helles just before noon. A lot of wrecks from 1915 were still evident. They were mainly grouped around the makeshift jetty there built up by the collier *River Clyde*, which had been beached on 25 April to provide a landing for the troops hidden inside her, but which in fact served as a giant coffin for the whole day. A meandering channel through this mess was marked by small streamers, wide enough for our launch and that of *Nahlin* to safely land the visiting King. He shook hands with Nizameddin Bey, Governor of Çanakkale, and also with the military commander, both of whom were waiting for him there. After carefully examining the two cars, one open and the other hard-top, sent by Atatürk for him, King Edward VIII preferred the hard-top, and invited me to sit next to him. The officer responsible for British cemeteries occupied the seat opposite, and thus we set forth for the Seddulbahir battlefields and the British cemeteries and memorials in the area. During this tour the King asked me with great kindness if he was allowed to take photos, acknowledging that the peninsula was a military zone in those days. I thus responded him, “Everything is for your orders Majesty. Nothing can be forbidden for you.”

The King was much interested with the tiny sandy beach north of Teketepe on the west coast of the Peninsula which was named as X-Beach by the British. The British troops had landed there without severe Turkish resistance but could not advance and stopped on top of the beach for the whole of 25 April. I thus offered him an explanation;

Your Majesty. Two opposing faulty actions had clashed at this point. When ours defending Teketepe saw that this point was occupied by yours they believed that they would be cut off from the rear, and thus evacuated it too early. And yours did not move forward. Ours could have stayed where they were.

“Wouldn’t the defenders be really cut-off if ours had moved forward?” asked the King. This was a fabulous courtesy. He was bearing the blame on his troops.

While touring the battlefields the King inspected everything with an expert eye, wandered in the cemeteries with deep reverence, studied the headstones, and compared the topography with the map in his hand. We walked amongst the ruins of Krithia village, which had been bombarded and smashed by the British battleships, looked at the new houses built for new settlers who had immigrated from Romania, patted the curious children gathered

around and took their photos.

The King's not taking his eyes off Alcitepe Hill during the whole time had much attracted my attention. I could sense the sadness in his eyes while looking at that high point which seemed so close as if could be reached by a horse's jump. How come the enormous British and French armies couldn't make this leap and had evacuated the place after having viewed the hill with longing for months? The King also viewed the ridges west of Krithia village with sad eyes while looking at the pages in his hand and discussing with his friends accompanying him. Why shouldn't he be sad? Behind those ridges is the Zigindere which they had named Gully Ravine, and also Y-Beach. History would have been different had the British troops landed there persevered against the attack by a weak Turkish detachment and not retreated and hastily re-embarked into their ships.

Then the King's aide-de-camp approached me and whispered, "Would we be able to go to Ariburnu from here by car?"

I instantly understood the situation; he was scared of encountering a difficult situation. It would be lunch time when we arrived back at the ships and he would have to invite me to lunch on *Nahlin* but the 'condition' on board her was not suitable for this. I had to save them from this difficult position.

This is possible but it is already 1.00 p.m. His Majesty is tired. To travel one more hour on bad roads, visit Ariburnu area for another hour and return to the ships for one more hour will cause him great discomfort. Having considered this, we had made a different programme i.e. return to our ships anchored at Cape Helles now and leave the King alone on board his yacht, and we also go to our ships and all ships cruise up in the Dardanelles to view the shores and enable our soldiers in the area to see us. The decision is of course up to his Majesty but we shall much appreciate if he will permit the people of Çanakkale city and the Turkish soldiers waiting for him on the shores to show their respects.

Our suggested programme was pleasantly accepted and we set forth for Cape Helles. The suggestion by the officer responsible for the British cemeteries on the Gallipoli Peninsula to visit the French cemetery on the way was not accepted by the King. The French Embassy had on the previous day sent an officer there and made ready for a likely royal visit. I wondered what the real reason for this 'royal dissent' was... A political thought or 'the longing of a friend' waiting on board the yacht?

Nahlin at the head of the line, followed by the two British torpedo-boats and our two torpedo-boats following them, cruised up the Dardanelles. The imposing Turkish batteries on the two shores that had repulsed the British and French allied armada on March 18, 1915 looked like dead lions today. The giant guns in their hearts were smashed by the British occupation troops after the armistice. And Turkish soldiers on top of them today were crying 'Long live...', 'Hurrah...' saluting the visitor King in the same way as the people of Çanakkale were, from the shore and from the many boats they had crowded into. The memorial on the hill-slope over Çanakkale reminding all passing ships of the events of 18 March 1915 – a large red sign with the simple words: **18 Mart 1915** : was as if smilingly watching the royal visitor.

The five ships finally dropped anchor at Kiliya Bay which was overlooked by another giant placard as if thanking the King. On it read "20.7.1936", the date the *Montreux Convention Regarding the Regime of the Straits* was signed which gave Turkey control over the Bosphorus

Straits and the Dardanelles.

The King came ashore at 4.00 p.m. First he again to carefully inspected the hard-top car specially made for Atatürk in America, and told his entourage what an excellent car it was. Then we set forth to Chunuk Bair where Atatürk's brave actions were remembered with discretion and from where the Anafartalar Plain was viewed, and the memories of the events of 10 August 1915 were remembered. Bits of grass were picked which had undoubtedly grown fertilized by both Turkish and British blood. The representatives of both nations didn't know there how each one would look at the other's face.

While visiting the Mehmet Çavus memorial at The Nek, the King asked me, "Please General, stand in front of the memorial and let me take a photo of you."

We visited Merkez Tepe where the trenches of the two sides were 5-6 meters apart were viewed with great astonishment and discretion. The King was told of the unofficial armistice practiced by both side's soldiers, of not throwing grenades at each other at lunch times. All visitors searched for a pine tree at The Nek on which Australian and New Zealand soldiers were said to have carved an inscription just before their evacuation. Though we could not find the tree, the inscription had been witnessed by the first visitors to Gallipoli after the evacuation, and was mentioned in a book. It was noted that the inscription was 'the cursing of evacuating this place in shame after all that blood was shed to get it'.

Just before leaving Chunuk Bair, the King once again viewed the Alçitepe Hill and then asked me;

"Was success probable if landing was made at one point instead of two?"

"To say 'probably' is difficult for me Your Majesty. No doubt you comment well. To have command of Alçitepe Hill would have eased the clearing of the lines of mines in the Dardanelles. Therefore concentrating all force there would be more appropriate."

We returned to Kilia Bay, bade farewell and set sail for Istanbul.

We dropped anchor at Istanbul port in the morning of 4 September. I landed at Tophane Dock before the King where Atatürk was waiting for his royal visitor. I informed him about the events of the previous day and he was very happy with all I told him.

King Edward VIII came ashore aboard *Nahlin's* launch. Atatürk reached his hand out from the quay while the King reached out from the launch, so the two great hands joined just where the sea met the land. The scene was as if the hearts of the two nations united forgetting the past pain and awakening new affections. The ceremony was designed for a certain 'Duke of Lancaster', as the King was travelling under that name. We drove him to the British Embassy at Pera, and so was completed my duty of 'escorting him and showing him around'.

The King, after having paid a return visit to Atatürk at Dolmabahçe Palace, toured Istanbul as a standard tourist. Some photos of this tour were published in Turkish newspapers, and the women accompanying the King appeared in the photos. It was no longer a secret to the people of Istanbul that the King had fallen in love with one of those women; everyone was curious to see her.

When I went to Park Hotel in my civilian suit on the third day, the grand saloon was crowded. The King and his friends were sitting around a table. I managed to get a seat

around another table with two Turkish ministers. The King was seated with his back to our table, two women were seated to either side, and his aide-de-camp was also there. We caught each others' eye just as I was sitting down and exchanged greetings. The King turned his head, slightly greeted me, and immediately after half-stood up and more deeply greeted me. Probably at his first glance he hadn't recognised me in civilian outfit but was instantly informed who I was by his aide-de-camp, and so came the second royal deep greeting. I was unsure if I should walk to his table and thank him for this most kind gesture, but decided in that moment that, since he had not permitted me to meet those women on *Nahlin*, that I shouldn't interfere with their privacy in this saloon today.

Music and dancing went on, with the aide-de-camp dancing with the two women. All tables were full, and everybody was curious about the King and his companions. We asked the steward what drink the King had; "a little rak," he replied. Later on they called the steward and paid the bill, and all stood up. But instead of walking towards the exit, they walked towards our table, the King leading the small group. We stood up and saluted them; His Majesty and the ladies all shook our hands with great courtesy, asked how we were and said that they had had a nice evening. We followed them to their car and bade farewell. This is how we had the honour of meeting Madame Simpson, still reputed in the world. A tall and very polite lady.

The group attended the boat races at Moda Bay the following day, *Nahlin* and Atatürk's yacht *Ertugrul* being anchored side by side. The British Ambassador came to *Ertugrul* informing Atatürk that the King wanted to visit him on his yacht. Atatürk welcomed the King and the ladies around a table on the deck. We cruised together to Florya* where a lavish buffet was readied at the presidential mansion there. We had tea and cakes. Miss Simpson much liked the gladiolus flowers decorating the table. The King bent down on the beach and took in his hand some sand while showing it and saying how nice and fine the particles were, Atatürk told him that the mansion was at his disposal any time they felt like staying, and addressed Miss Simpson;

"I expect you to take his Majesty here next summer."

The King invited Atatürk to Britain and told him that he would be more free if he came with a different name, just as he had done on this tour.

The royal party left Florya after much mutual and sincere conversations, as they were to leave Turkey at 11.00 p.m. by train. Atatürk had put his private train at the King's disposal. He with some ministers were ready at the Grand Sirkeci Station just before 11.00 p.m, while his visitors arrived at the station at precisely 11.00 o'clock. Atatürk had organised for bouquets of those flowers for the ladies they had liked at the Florya mansion. When they appeared at the balcony at the rear end of the saloon wagon, all holding their bouquets, the King bade farewell and spoke of his personal appreciation for my service during his visit. At the same time his aide-de-camp presented me - on behalf of the King - a silver cigarette box with Edward VIII's initials and crown in a corner, and explained that to take golden objects out of the country was forbidden in those times. I believe such a souvenir from a very short reign is indeed rare memorabilia.

Notes

* Florya Atatürk Marine Mansion, a historic presidential residence located offshore in the Florya neighborhood of Istanbul. It was built in 1935 by the municipality of Istanbul for Mustafa Kemal Atatürk's recreational use. The building is a historic house museum today. (G.P)

FLASHBACK TO GALLIPOLI

An Evacuation Story - A Miracle?

John F Forrester

(Gallipoli was evacuated in January 1916. This story perhaps poses a question such as “Who were the Angels of Mons?” I offer no solution — EDITOR.)

Davie was a serious-minded soldier, and as the sun set behind the mountains of Imbros on Hogmanay 1915, when he was on guard duty, in the reserve line on the Cape Hellas front, his thoughts turned to his home in far-away Scotland — to other sunsets viewed across the Firth of Clyde behind the Cowal Hills on the Duke of Argyle’s Bowling Green.

Davie’s musings were somewhat unceremoniously interrupted by the Company Orderly Sergeant ordering him, with several others in the vicinity, to fall in for fatigue. They fell in again, and gathering up their equipment, were marched to ‘X’ Beach, where that grand old ship the River Clyde was being used as an emergency jetty. Sirens began to blow, and the lads raised a faint cheer, for 1916 had arrived. Davie found himself on Mudros and realised that the fatigue was for setting up of a camp to receive the rest of the Battalion, and that the evacuation of Helles had begun.

At dawn on the seventh day they awoke to find the harbour filled with troopships. The evacuation had indeed taken place and, miraculously, there had not been a single casualty.

Each man had been issued with two Mills hand grenades — just in case. Most of them had not handled these before. Many had never even seen them. They knew little or nothing of their mechanism, beyond the fact that, before they were thrown, the pin must be withdrawn. These grenades had arrived on the Peninsula only a short time before.

The men had been allocated to various tents, blankets had been issued, and guards had been posted. At the end of the day they settled in for their first night for many months away from the sound of shell and rifle fire. It was so quiet and peaceful that they simply could not sleep. They lay talking. One or two even managed to produce candles, lit them, and read or played cards. Davie had chosen a place near the door of his tent. He had not yet become used to sleeping under cover, and wanted as much air as he could get.

He was making himself comfortable in preparation for sleep, when the door of the tent was pulled aside, and a Sergeant in the Battalion uniform ordered him to bring his kit out and move elsewhere. Davie wondered at this order, and asked for an explanation. None was vouchsafed.

Davie was upset, so were the lads in his new abode, and there could have been no appreciable improvement in the lot of those in the tent he had left. Who was this officious blighter, anyway? Davie did not recognise him, and having been in the Orderly Room for some months on Gallipoli, he thought he knew all the Sergeants. The stranger wore a Mackenzie tartan kilt, so he couldn’t belong to any other unit. The whole affair was most mysterious. He’d look into it further in the morning. Meanwhile, the only thing to do was sleep.

Once again he was preparing for rest when there was a loud explosion. Every man jumped to his feet, grabbed his rifle, and rushed outside. Had the Turks followed to Mudros? No, they hadn’t sufficient sea power. Was it an air raid? No the explosion wasn’t loud enough for

that. What was it, then? There was considerable activity in and around Davie's original tent, accompanied by cries for stretcher-bearers. These arrived, and three of his comrades were carried out. One was already dead, the other two gravely wounded. Later they, too, died.

Davie pressed forward to learn what could have happened, and he was told of the incident. A private in the Royal Army Medical Corps was being shown a grenade. Given it to handle, he pulled out the pin and inadvertently opened his hand. The fuze was ignited. He heard a sound inside the grenade, panicked, and threw it towards the door. But the flap had been closed. The grenade fell back, exploded — and three men died.

Davie was stunned. 'Had it not been for that Sergeant, I'd have been killed too.' He had still meant to search out the Sergeant in the morning — but now it was to thank him. Next day he approached each Company Sergeant-Major, and even the Regimental Sergeant-Major, describing his deliverer. The search was in vain. No one knew him.

Davie is still alive, but to this day he has not the faintest idea of the identity of the stranger. Did he imagine the whole incident? If so, why did he change his tent? Did the Sergeant really exist? Then where did he go? And why was he unknown to his immediate superiors? Was he a practical joker, a private who had borrowed a sergeant's tunic? Was he a ghost? Or Davie's guardian angel? To none of these questions can I suggest a satisfactory answer. Neither can Davie! Can You?

Editor's notes:

1. This article by John Forrester appeared in the April 1956 edition of *The Queensland Digger*, published in Brisbane. It was stated in that publication that the article originally appeared in *The Claymore*, the journal of the British Legion in Scotland, but no date for this earlier publication was given. Please note that the first paragraph, enclosed in parentheses, was written by the Editor of *The Queensland Digger* in 1956.

2. The Highland Light Infantry (HLI) were evacuated from Gallipoli to Mudros 8 January 1916.

I believe that Davie's three comrades that died in the accidental explosion of the hand grenade are:

1783 Pte William Morrison, 1/6 HLI, killed 9 Jan 1916, aged 18.

2357 Pte Archibald Gibson 1/6 HLI*, died 10 Jan 1916.

33 Pte William George S Armstrong, 54th Lowland Div. Cyclist Coy. (formerly HLI), died in 18th Stationary Hospital, Mudros, 10 Jan 1916, aged 20.

The three soldiers above are buried side-by-side in the Portianos military cemetery; graves III.B.307, III.B.308 and III.B.309, respectively.

* Pte Archibald Gibson was listed as 'Accidentally Killed,' and his unit given as the 6th Highland Light Infantry (City of Glasgow), Territorials in the Aberdeen Journal of 31 Jan 1916 (p4). The CWGC, however, lists his unit as the 1st/9th (Glasgow Highlanders) Battalion.

No Bar Of Endless Night Exiles The Brave

Epitaph on the headstone of Lieutenant Laurence Whistler Street, 3rd Battalion, AIF.
Killed in action opposite Johnston's Jolly, on 19 May 1915, aged 21.
4th Battalion Parade Ground cemetery, Anzac.

BOOK REVIEWS

FRONTLINE MEDIC: GALLIPOLI, SOMME, YPRES

Editor: Michael Lucas. Publisher Helion & Company 2014. Hardback 221 pages, 32 illustrations, £25.00. ISBN 978 1 909982 89 5.

The diary of Captain George Pirie R.A.M.C. 1914-17, the eighth of nine children and the second son, born in 1888 on his family's farm, Leopards Vlei (Marsh of the Leopard), in the Eastern Cape, South Africa. After reading medicine at the University of Edinburgh Pirie graduated with distinction in July 1914 and applied for a commission in the RAMC. His diary commences in December and he sailed for the Mediterranean in March. During the first landings at Gallipoli he was disgusted to find himself on a hospital ship rather than ashore, though he did describes the 25 April as 'the most wonderful day, I should say, I have ever spent!' His wish was eventually granted and Pirie went ashore on 16 May, quickly finding it to be 'a mighty nasty experience.' Other than several days on Lemnos in mid July he remained on the Peninsula until hit by shrapnel in the back on 4 September resulting in evacuation to Malta and then to England. Having recovered, Pirie in December 1915 became Medical Officer of the 9th Battalion East Surrey Regiment, remaining with them on the Western Front for almost the whole time until his death when a shell hit his dugout on his birthday, 24 July 1917. Although Pirie's diaries have been lost it was fortunate that a family member had made a typed copy and that Michael Lucas tracked this down and ensured publication, here wonderfully reproduced and illustrated, another gem made available for us to enjoy.

THIS BLOODY PLACE

Author: Major A. H. Mure. Publisher Pen & Sword 2015. Hardback 160 pages. Price £19.99. ISBN 978 1 47385 792 6.

Some members may be fortunate to possess a copy of *With the Incomparable 29th*, first published in 1919. This is a new edition; a pity about the change of title, but perhaps the new one will help sales and at the same time generate interest in the Gallipoli campaign, so hurrah to that. It means that this little gem, a personal memoir of service at Gallipoli, is now easily available and deserves a place on all Society member bookshelves. The author, a company commander in the 5th Battalion The Royal Scots watched the first landings at Helles and finally reached the shore almost forty-eight hours later. Commanding the pinnacle which carried him was a Midshipman described as being 'as merry as a cricket', despite having been at it for over seventy-two hours. Indeed such observations and such details spring from almost every page. Mure waxes eloquently about the habits of lice, a favourite topic down the years of many a Gallipoli veteran, as those of us who sat with them at our lunches and dinners will testify. He says of the Third Battle of Krithia, 'every fight I saw in Gallipoli defies and baffles all description, the thrice-bloody battle of Krithia beggars every other' and then describes his breakdown, shell-shocked after forty-three days, and how he felt a deserter as he was evacuated home. A short, succinct introduction is provided by Richard van Emden. Albert Mure died, aged just 64, in 1943.

GALLIPOLI

Authors: Major General Julian Thompson CB, OBE, Dr Peter Pedersen & Dr Haluk Oral. Publisher Andre Deutsch 2015. Hardback in slip case 64 pages, numerous photographs,

maps and documents. Price £30. ISBN 978 0 23300435 8.

Major General Thompson is a member of our Association, Dr Peter Pedersen is one of Australia's best known military historians and author of nine books on the First World War while Dr Haluk Oral is a Turkish mathematician and history writer whose books include *Gallipoli 1915 – Through Turkish Eyes*. This is a large format book, 11.5 by 10 inches in a strong protective box. Its 64 pages are packed with photographs and greatly supplemented by three wallets of Memorabilia. Described as 'Hold history in your hands', these bring a special extra dimension to the book, for each contains reproductions of documents, letters and maps ranging from a Turkish mobilization poster to Birdwood's Special Order made to the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps before the first landings. Also included is a map issued with the Helles Landing Order and a six-page letter from Roy Dalrymple, a New Zealand casualty from the epic defence of Chunuk Bair on 8 August. These along with the author's description of their respective country's roles, make this a very special volume deserving a place on every member's bookshelves, however much they may already groan with books about Gallipoli.

THE KING'S PRIVATE ARMY

Author: Andrew Stewart. Publisher Helion & Company 2015. Soft back 136 pages, 40 illustrations, £12.95. ISBN 978 1 910777 28 2.

With the sub-title *Protecting the British Royal Family during the Second World War* the 'Coats Mission' was established in great secrecy as an elite bodyguard for the Royal Family who, in the event of a German invasion, would be moved from London. Yes there is a Gallipoli connection in that our last and much-loved veteran Vice President Lieutenant Colonel Malcolm Hancock MC (Obituary *The Gallipolitan* 60: 3-4 1989) was very much part of the bodyguard; indeed in the only group photograph with the Royal Family he stands behind King George VI and Princess Elizabeth. Initially led by Major Jimmy Coats, a Coldstream Guards Officer and celebrated winter sportsman, locations like Madresfield Court in Worcestershire and Newby Hall near Ripon were chosen as alternative homes for the Royal Family while in the worst of all circumstances evacuation to Canada was planned. Even in the most recent biographies and histories the plans and contingencies surrounding the safety of the Royal Family during the Second World War have largely been overlooked, or barely mentioned, so Andrew Stewart's well illustrated book is most welcome.

David Saunders MBE

GAEL FORCE ON GALLIPOLI – Some experiences of the Ross Mountain Battery (and others) in the 4th Highland Mounted Brigade RGA

Author: Colin Scott Mackenzie DL FSA. Scot. Publisher: Privately published by the author. Hardback. 618 pages with 136 illustrations, maps and photographs (some in colour), Price £30 (Limited hardback edition) £25 (Soft back) plus postage. Available from The Baltic Bookstore, Cromwell Street, Stornoway.

Gael Force on Gallipoli is an updated and condensed version of Volume Two of the author's previous work, *The Last Warrior Band*, a privately published trilogy completed some 15 years ago. This was not reviewed in *The Gallipolitan* at the time but the subject will be known to readers of this journal from the articles *Highland Mountain Gunners at Gallipoli* and *More on Highland Mountain Gunners and their Guns* by Michael Morrison which were published in the Spring and Autumn 2007 issues, and whose help (and that of another member, Rob

Langham) is acknowledged by the author.

Unlike the earlier trilogy, which was aimed mainly at those from Ross and Cromarty (and Argyll and Bute) whose fathers served at Gallipoli, or elsewhere during the Great War, this book is written for later generations; and will also be of interest to a wider audience. The early chapters deal with history of the Ross Mountain Battery (RMB) prior to 1914 and life on the islands during that time. The causes of the First World War, with particular reference to Gallipoli, are also briefly examined. Chapter 6 deals with the national figures – both military and political – of the opposing nations which had such a bearing on the Gallipoli campaign but also, more importantly, on the officers and men of the RMB (including the author's father) whose reminiscences, diary entries and correspondence form the basis of the narrative. These include training in Bedford and descriptions of the voyage from Avonmouth to Egypt which at times was very unpleasant for both the men and the RMB's horses and mules.

The RMB's guns and their teams were the first Territorial Force troops and the first artillery unit to go into action in the Helles sector, and later at Suvla. They played an important role throughout the campaign which is described in detail in the book; their contribution being recognised by Sir Ian Hamilton and other commanders. The RMB's success lay in the fact that their 10pdr. guns were very mobile and could easily be taken apart for transportation to a different sector and used in close (and welcome) support for the infantry. They were remarkably accurate in the hands of the RMB's well-trained gun crews.

The book also contains a list of all the men in the Brigade who are known to have served during the Gallipoli campaign and who are believed to have served on the Peninsula – something the author believes cannot be found elsewhere. Those with an interest in Scottish units, or in the use of artillery at Gallipoli, or simply in personal accounts of what life was like there should certainly consider purchasing this book.

Foster Summerson

WHO WROTE 'UNCENSORED LETTERS'?

Bryn Dolan

Vassal, Gabrielle M, *Uncensored Letters From the Dardanelles, Written to his English Wife by a French Medical Officer of the Corps Expeditionnaire D'Orient*, London, Heinemann, 1916.

The subject of the authorship of 'Uncensored Letters' is no major controversy, even among 'hard core' Gallipoli enthusiasts. Is authorship is, however, obviously unclear; the majority of sources either showing no author or attributing the work to Dr. Joseph Marguerite Jean ('Joe') Vassal. A few, including the British Library, list the author as one 'Joseph Subin.' There is a photo captioned 'Doctor Subin Dressing Wounded' in the book. Presumably someone has assumed that this is *the* doctor.

The book itself gives a few clues. In the 'Introductory Note' the author states, 'I have translated these letters' and refers to 'My husband' as their source. The author states also that she is '... glad of this opportunity [publishing the letters] which may rouse to a still higher degree all our admiration ...'

Other clues throughout the text of the letters include references to places the couple had

previously lived and visited in Annam (central Vietnam). Research reveals that Dr Joseph Vassal and his wife indeed lived in Nha Trang from 1904 to 1914. Mrs Vassal wrote a book - *On and off duty in Annam* - which was published by William Heinemann in 1910. The doctor was Deputy Director of the Pasteur Institute in that city. He served at Gallipoli as a major with the 6th Colonial Regiment, and later in Serbia and Salonika.

His wife was born Gabrielle Maud Candler in Uppingham, Rutland, England, in 1880, to Howard Candler, mathematics master at Uppingham School, and Edith Ellen, née Tabor. On Christmas Eve 1903 she married Dr Joseph Marguerite Jean Vassal in London.

After the war she accompanied her husband on various postings to Alsace, Germany, Gabon, Congo, Tonkin (northern Vietnam), and South China.

During this period she wrote more books, including:

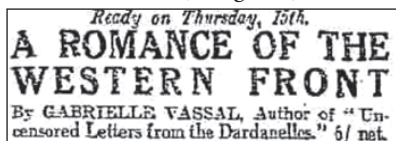
A Romance of the Western Front : W Heinemann, London, 1918.

In and Around Yunnan Fou : W Heinemann, London, 1922.

Life in French Congo : T Fisher Unwin, London, 1925.

It seems that Gabrielle was the author in the family, and surely it is proper that the anonymous *Uncensored Letters* be attributed to her. Yes, her husband wrote the letters. She, however, had them published in the French newspaper *L'Illustration*, then translated them into English and had them published as *Uncensored Letters From the Dardanelles*, providing serious students of Gallipoli with an all-too-rare insight into the French contribution to the campaign.

If more proof were required, the advertisement below appeared in *The Scotsman* of 15 August 1918.



Gabrielle Vassal served in the French Resistance in World War II, and died in England in 1959.



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 as an e-mail attachment, at the email 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.

Disclaimer

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 the Editor, or those 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. To keep alive the memory of the campaign and to ensure 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 River Clyde at V Beach, 25 April, 1915 by Charles Dixon

Reproduced by kind permission of The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment (Queen's and Royal Hampshires)

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, including 50,000 Australians and 9,000 New Zealanders, and 80,000 French. 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.